

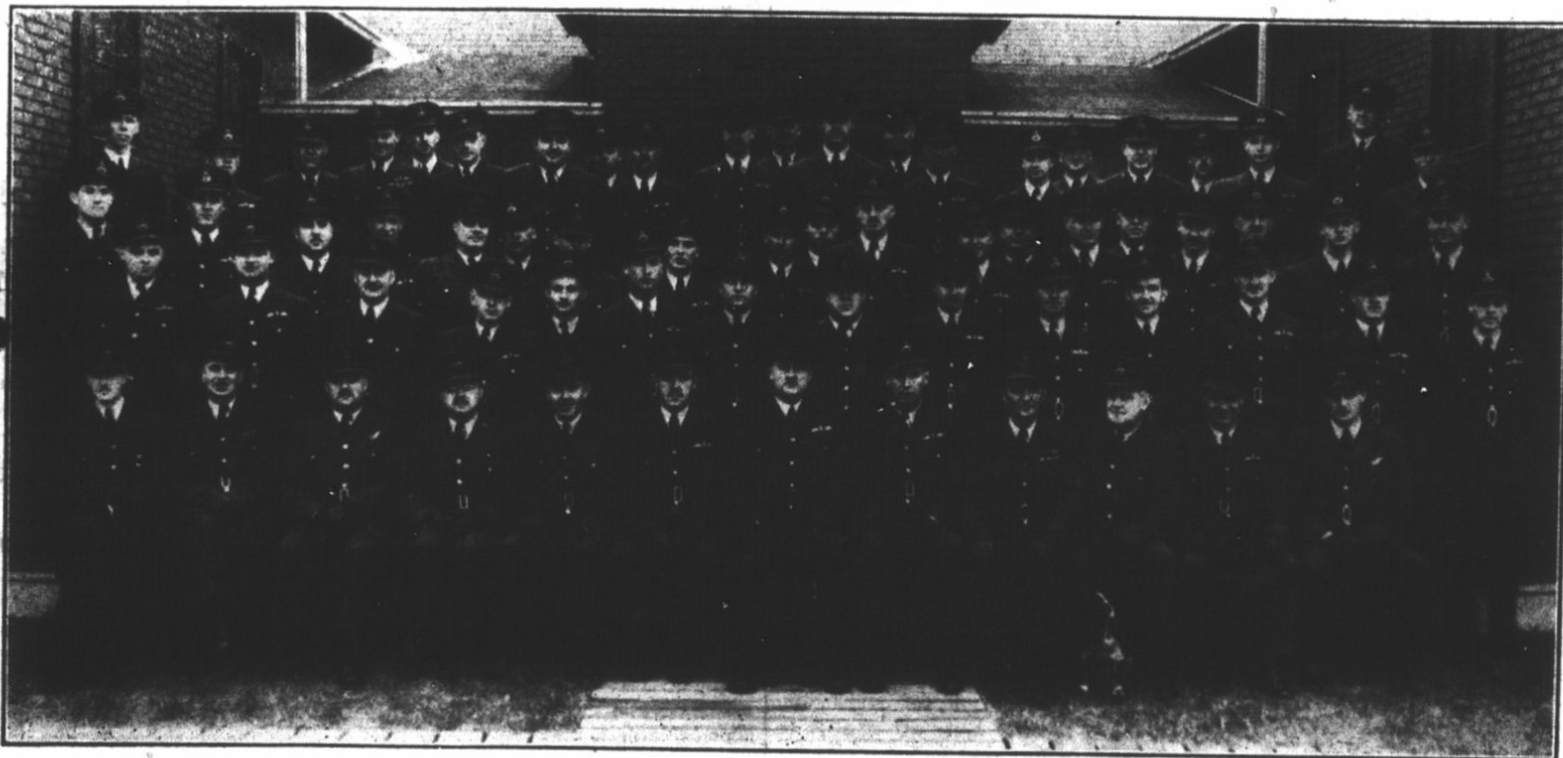
THE FINGAL OBSERVER

No. 17, Monthly

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

June 15, 1942

The Officer Personnel at No. 4 B.&G. School



Wing Commander Kennedy and 24 American Officers Say Farewell to Fingal

This photograph was taken at the close of an important chapter in the history of No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery School, on May 15th. Four days later Wg. Comdr. A. J. Kennedy handed over command of

the School to his successor, Wg. Comdr. D. D. Findlay, on the very day that twenty-three American Officer Pilots and the Senior Medical Officer interviewed the Joint American - Canadian Selection

Board and were accepted for service in the armed forces of the U.S.A. Six American Officers remained on duty on the Station. In the photograph are three New Zealand Pilots and two newly com-

missioned R.C.A.F. Pilots who were among those replacing the departing American Officers. The photograph shows:

- First Row (left to right)**—Flt. Lt. Currier, Flt. Lt. Coady, Flt. Lt. Whalen, Sqn. Ldr. Jackson, Sqn. Ldr. Massey, Sqn. Ldr. Gobeil, Wg. Comdr. Kennedy, Sqn. Ldr. White, Flt. Lt. Foster, Flt. Lt. Gray, Flt. Lt. Poupore, Flt. Lt. Wilkinson.
- Second Row**—P.O. Sprinkle, F.O. Erwin, Flt. Lt. Carroll, F.O. Morris, P.O. Zeiders, P.O. Sackett, Flt. Lt. Lamb, Flt. Lt. MacLean, P.O. Furrow, P.O. Peaster, F.O. Gilmore, P.O. Sprague, P.O. Nading, P.O. Guild.
- Third Row**—P.O. Hough, F.O. Price, F.O. Elliott, F.O. Fox, F.O. Sohler, P.O. Kingsborough, P.O. Hewson, P.O. McGibney, F.O. Dewey, F.O. Church, F.O. Riggs, P.O. Wilkinson, F.O. Proffatt, F.O. Mikkelson, Flt. Lt. Thomas, F.O. Elssasser, F.O. Lane, P.O. Dryden, Flt. Lt. Collins.
- Fourth Row**—F.O. Tait, P.O. Duff, P.O. Metcalfe, F.O. Frith, P.O. McMahon, F.O. Murray, F.O. Moore, P.O. Miller, F.O. Rondelez, F.O. Graber, F.O. Long, F.O. Savage, P.O. Mills, F.O. Robinson, F.O. Harvey, F.O. Milliken, Flt. Lt. Graham, F.O. Donnelly, F.O. Christensen, P.O. Burns, F.O. Cousins.

A NOTE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER

I have been in command of this Unit for three weeks now, and would like to tell the Station personnel my impressions and policy.

Thanks to those who built the Station up from farm lands, it is now about the best non-permanent station I have seen. The aerodrome is splendid and the targets are ideally situated. Despite the loss of many American pilots, the work goes on. Our Women's Division is a welcome addition and should convince every doubting man that certain jobs can be done better by the girls.

Long before I came here, this Station had the reputation of doing a good training job and getting it done on time. The job can be done only when all hands co-operate and overlook little

personal differences. After all, every one of us is here to do all he can to help win this war. My policy is to insist on every single soul doing his job to the best of his ability and, in turn, to give him the squarest possible deal. I have every confidence in this policy because I meet with encouragement and co-operation from all sides.

If the aircrew trainees who pass through this School can say, "We were well-trained and well-treated at Fingal", then we shall all know we are doing a good job. To this end I ask your co-operation.

D. D. FINDLAY,
Wg. Comdr.

HERE'S ESPRIT DE CORPS

Fingal, Ontario,
May 14th, 1942.

Air Officer Commanding,
No. 1 Training Command,
Toronto, Ontario.

We, the undersigned citizens of the United States serving the Royal Canadian Air Force in the capacity of Staff Pilots at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario, feel it our duty and privilege to in some manner express our appreciation of and admiration for our Squadron Leader, F. M. Gobeil, under whom we have served during our stay at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School.

We have found our Squadron Leader firm and yet courteous, a leader, not a driver, and possessing vast knowledge of his work.

Such Officers as Squadron Leader Gobeil have done much to enlarge the respect of the United States citizens for their neighbours residing north of the 49th Parallel.

In united sincerity,

—Flying Officers J. W. Erwin, H. S. Graber, M. J. Rondelez, N. H. Price, A. J. Christensen, P. Mikkelsen, R. H. McGibney, J. L. Cousins, D. H. Riggs, R. L. Long, G. G. Elsasser, A. C. Fox; Pilot Officers R. C. Sackett, L. E. Peaster, C. E. Wilkinson, L. E. Zeiders, F. N. Mills, M. Guild, W. D. Nading, P. E. Metcalfe, P. L. Hough; Sergeant Pilots M. M. Solberg, P. J. Martin, P. E. Kirk, W. McElwee, J. W. Allan, C. R. Crum, J. W. Doonan, M. C. Fuller, J. S. Stafford, O. E. Sparks.

To our American comrades-in-arms and very good friends who have recently left us:

The first flying personnel posted to this unit to open up flying operations were Americans who arrived late in November 1940, and we have had them with us in varying numbers ever since. It was with deep regret that we saw a very large percentage of them elect to return to their own country early last month and it can be said in all truth that the regret was evenly divided on both sides.

These American boys came up to us from the other side of the border when there was dire need of trained pilots to get the training plan rolling and we will always owe them a deep debt of gratitude for their whole-hearted assistance.

During their time with us, a great many firm friendships were formed. They developed a remarkable flying squadron pride and pro-

duced unlimited, consistently high quality, hard, loyal work in order to maintain our record of never having failed to graduate a class on the date set. On the other hand, in their off duty hours, they displayed a truly astounding ability for fun of every description and their high spirits and cheery good natures were a pleasure to have about the unit.

Now most of these boys have left us. We thank them for their help and wish them all the best in whatever branch of their own flying services they have joined. Whether it's "Carry On" or "Keep 'Em Flying", we know they'll give everything they have to the furtherance of our common cause.

—F. M. G.

In Charge of Women's Division



Section Officer Rowena Cantelon, who came to this Station from Regina, where she was in charge of the Recruiting Centre of the R.C. A.F. W.D. Formerly she was on the Staff of the Regina Public Library. Miss Cantelon is a daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. E. Cantelon, of Winnipeg.

How to live on \$15.00 per week:

Beer	\$9.00
Wife's Beer	75c
Groceries	Credit
Meat	Credit
Rent	Pay next week
Mid-week Beer	\$2.25
Coal	Borrow from neighbour
Two quick ones daily	\$1.20
House Sundries	75c
More Beer	\$1.00
Smokes	80c
	<hr/>
	\$15.75

As you will observe, this means goin' into debt 75c! so to eliminate this cut out wife's beer.

Rabbi Jacob Eisen Now Air Force Chaplain



RABBI JACOB EISEN

Air Force Headquarters recently announced the induction into the Service of Rabbi Jacob Eisen of Congregation Beth Shalom, Edmonton, Alta., with the rank of Honourary Flight Lieutenant. Flt. Lt. Eisen is elated in the fact that he is the first Jewish Chaplain to be appointed to the Air Force. Several others are slated to be appointed very shortly.

Born and educated in the U.S.A., Rabbi Eisen went to Edmonton in 1932 and organized the congregation which has grown into Beth Shalom Synagogue, serving more than half the Jewish population of Edmonton. Rabbi Eisen is proud of the fact that over 80 members of his congregation are serving in the Canadian Active Forces.

In the past 10 years Rabbi Eisen has travelled extensively, "mostly by cattle boats," he explains. During this time he made two extended trips to China, the last time having been in Canton during a Japanese bombing raid. When asked to comment on this he merely said, "They were a bit awkward." He was left behind when the last train left Hankow, the provincial capital, and finally escaped by plane when the government evacuated.

During his rabbinical term in Edmonton, Rabbi Eisen has often lectured in the United Church Theological Seminary. He also conducted a series of radio talks under the auspices of the Extension Department of the University of Alberta.

"You hammer nails like lightning."

"You mean I'm a fast worker?"

"No, you never strike twice in the same place."

Gentlemen of the R.C.A.F. THE Empire Hotel

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COFFEE SHOP and SODA BAR
Excellent Service - Reasonable Prices



NEWLY INSTALLED
COMPLETE FOUNTAIN SERVICE

Au Revoir, Mrs. Savage!

Many kindnesses have been extended to all of the personnel on this Station by our congenial hostess, Mrs. Alice Savage, at the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House. She has been with us now for almost a year and her friendliness will be missed as she leaves us on June 10.

Next to the boys of the Guard House (they call them Service Police), the aircrew will miss the hospitality shown them at the house outside the gate. They must be well treated there, or they wouldn't stay so long. But, nevertheless, to you, Mrs. Savage, we want you to know we will miss you and wish you oodles of good luck!

O.C. Presented With Pennant

ST. THOMAS, May 19 (Special)

—A picturesque ceremony took place at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School this afternoon when the Station command was turned over by Wg. Comdr. A. J. Kennedy to his successor, Wg. Comdr. Douglas Findlay, who was recently transferred here from Victoriaville, Que.

The ceremony took place on the drill square with three squadrons of officers and men on parade. Wg. Comdr. Kennedy's voice broke as

he delivered his farewell address and he found it difficult to proceed. He was the first officer in charge of the School, taking over in the fall of 1940 before it was completed. He told of his deep attachment for the institution and of the pleasant memories he would retain of his associations there. He is returning to Royal Air Force service.

The School pennant, which has been flown since the opening of the Station, was presented to Wg. Comdr. Kennedy by Wg. Comdr. Findlay as a token from the officers, non-commissioned officers and men. A Toronto man, Wg. Comdr. Kennedy went to England to enrol with the R.A.F. after graduating from the Royal Military College and saw considerable service in India.

Two cyclists pulled up for the night at a hotel.

"Well, I think," said the host, "that you'll have a comfortable night. It's a feather bed."

At two o'clock in the morning one of the cyclists roused his companion.

"Change places with me, Dick," he groaned, "it's my turn to lie on the feather."

A LETTER TO THE R.C.A.F.

The practice of receiving, for publication, letters from the man in active service was reversed recently, when a father from "home" wrote to his son in the R.C.A.F. as follows:

"Dear Son,—

"Your Dad has a job at last, the first time he has worked in 48 years. We are rich now, \$17.25 coming in every Thursday. So we sent to one of the big departmental stores for one of them new fangled bathrooms like you say you have at your Airplane School in Canada. The bathroom outfit came yesterday and you should see it! Over on one side of the room is a big long white thing like the pigs drink out of, only we can get in and take a bath all over at once. Over on the other side of the room is a little white gadget hanging on the wall called a zink. This is for light washing, like hands and face. They also sent us a roll of writing paper, but its kind of cheap stuff, I think, as it rips so easily when you scratch it with a pen. In the corner of the room we got a thing for washing your feet. You put one foot in it at a time and scrub it until it gets clean, then you pull the chain and get fresh water for the other foot. Two lids came with

the things and we ain't got no use for them in the bathroom, so Ma is using one for a bread-board and we framed Gran Pa's picture in the other. I'm running short of writing paper; I'll have to stop for now. I have been writing lots of letters lately and have used up a whole roll of the new paper we got.

"Best of luck,

"DAD."

Things We Would Like To Know

1. Did L.A.C. Everett in Parachute Section meet the bear on his seven days?
2. What has happened to the Parson's Son and Democracy?
3. When is "Cap" Flt. Lt. Foster going to shell out and purchase 1942 plates?
4. What is P.O. Furrow going to do with all the gas coupons he is accumulating?
5. Now that "our friend" Capt. Porter is in the hospital, is it Influenza or Miss —?
6. How come the boys in the M.T. Section now say "My Blessed Nerves?" — a huge improvement.

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Welcome AIRMEN!

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Good Food ..

Perfectly Served

It is our sincere aim to make you feel "at home" during your visits to us while at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School. Your patronage is appreciated to the fullest extent and it is our desire to serve you well. We invite you to make this hotel "your home away from home" ... a place to dine and entertain amid surroundings that are pleasant and genial.

Headquarters for Service Clubs - Chamber of Commerce - Ontario Motor League

THE R.C.A.F. IN U.S.A.

There was nothing unusual in the dawn of Wednesday, May 27th, nothing noteworthy as we were shepherded across the tarmac, cursing our luck at having to bomb from the oily belly of a F... Battle.

Our pilot was obviously keen on making his first bombing exercise a Pickle Barrel epic—previous rumble fees were also getting us down—so it was to be a specially good flight. It was in more ways than one! Maybe if such concerted efforts had not been made to find the super-colossal of all winds our ship would not have strayed so many miles from home. Anyway, take two "navigators" (sic) minus maps plus heavy ground haze—and remember what a helluva time you had explaining a haze of one sort or another (especially to your wife)—yes, we too were irretrievably LOST. So let's skip it and rush two hours through space to the greatest little town in the United States.

Gas running low, we were expecting to pull a rip-cord free of charge when the pilot started circling a small emergency field. After a trial run, he made a three-point landing, but God Bless America and that barbed wire fence at the end of the field which buckled our pressure-head and strained our undercarriage!

We had hardly clambored out to secure the safety pins in the bombs when with screaming brakes the first of a multitude of cars skidded up. One of our good neighbours vacationing north of the border—hell no, for here were others all with OHIO plates—we were dumb-founded and delighted.

The sheriff (complete with badge and six-shooter) soon had a posse mounting guard over the aircraft "that had survived Dunkerque", and the news spread like a bush fire. Soon all those gay, hospitable citizens of Defiance, Ohio, were flocking round the Fairey Battle.

The sheriff's men were doing a splendid job keeping them at bay, so we accepted the highway chief's invitation to dinner—oh boy, what a dinner, everything from soup to nuts (except an attractive W.D. handing it out)!

The rest of the day we stayed by the plane surrounded by beautiful girls, signing autographs by the score and posing like heroes for batteries of cameras—only we weren't heroes, just bum navigators with 50 cents between us.

Someone offered us a cigarette; within ten minutes the Highway Department all chipped in and rushed a whole carton of Camels up to the field—another generous gift presented us each with fifty book matches.

The airfield, we learned, was used by the Civilian Air Patrol, one of the grandest bunch of fellahs who work all day in defence factories and spend their free time flying Piper Cubs. It was nothing for them to drive five miles for Cokes if they thought we were thirsty, and in the evening they just insisted on watching the plane all night so we could celebrate in town.

Well that evening the Defiance Crescent News gave us and "THE BRITISH BOMBER" a terrific build-up, and from then on it was one big happy party on a 24-hour basis.

Of course you'll all want to go to Defiance, so we might as well steer you straight to the "Old Mill" which, for three glorious nights and days was R.C.A.F. local headquarters—Bob, the proprietor, is one in a million and the bar is a dream, with magic glasses that are never, never empty, and the girls are... well, ask the Sergeant Pilot! It was Paradise!

The "Flamingo" is another gay and glamorous place with the same magic glasses and it was there

that the Officers who flew the Anson to the rescue finally located us. They were swell to us, and it was good to change out of greasy fatigues into our uniforms with a few shekles to reciprocate some of that wonderful generosity.

The next day the mechanic went to work on the damaged Fairey. Each time he threw away some twisted piece of metal there would be a general stampeade among the onlookers and we would all have to autograph it for the lucky owner; once the detonators were removed, it was a wonder we didn't lose the bombs!

The fact that we never quite knew when the plane would be able to leave must have been a headache to the Highway Patrol, for rumours were rampant and one word was sufficient to bring every automobile for miles around careening up to the field for the take-off.

That night we remained on duty waiting for the U.S. Army Air Corps to arrive with high octane gasoline and by the time the tanks had been filled it was 0100 hours and we were thinking of bed and shut-eye—one for the road at the "Old Mill", however, was our undoing, for everyone was waiting there to stand us a drink and it was just the start of another mammoth party. Seated at the bar with a very delectable mint julep, I felt like Clarke Gable when a beautiful blonde put her soft arm round my shoulder, until I discovered she was twisting an R.C.A.F. button off my tunic for a souvenir and I caught sight of my haggard face in the mirror.

In the space allotted, we simply can't begin to recount all the fun and frolic, but the Air Force has a good imagination, so let's leave it at that!

Time flew and we almost lost count of the days and for two whole nights we never went to bed, but all good things must come to an end and on Sunday the plane took off—the roads were so crowded we could hardly get there

in time to hang on the wing tips.

It was sad saying good-bye to such a swell gang of friends and each one of us is just waiting for engine trouble the other side of the lake.

In the afternoon we drove to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where the landing gear had to be checked, but our adventures were not yet over for we spent the night with the U.S. Army Air Corps at Bear Field and it was a great experience to sleep and eat with our cousins-in-arms and compare notes about the chow and Sergeant-Majors. We took some of the boys to a show in town but, thanks to no late passes, we got home earlier than usual.

The next morning it was quite a thrill watching B-26 (Martin Marauders) landing at 130 m.p.h. on their tricycle undercarriages with tires smoking from the terrific friction—those pilots are going to show the Japs plenty and pronto.

The Anson took off in a very dignified manner, using only one-third of the gigantic runway and, with the Fairey Battle, we headed back in formation. Was it unstable air, our imagination or coincidence as the Anson skimmed over Defiance and the wing dipped in tribute over the local ladies before we waved a last farewell to the folks we'll never forget?

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Flt. Lt.**O'Reilly, John Michael**

Padre O'Reilly was ushered into this world in the prairie town of Winnipeg, Manitoba, but left his playmates there, after a five-year sojourn, and settled for his early education in the town of Sturgis, Saskatchewan. His next move was back to the province of his birth, but this time located in the fur trading town of Flin Flon.

For higher education, the Padre made his way to St. Mary's College in Brockville, Ontario, and later to the St. Alphonse Seminary in Woodstock, where he completed his studies and was ordained in 1936. For the next five years, he took up the duties of a teacher at St. Mary's, in Brockville.

From that time till the present, the Padre has been jostled around until now we have him here for a while, we hope. This jostling included the duties as Chaplain at the Toronto General Hospital, part time at the R.C.A.F., Crumlin, and assisting at St. Patrick's Parish, in London.

We have found that our friend has been an outstanding player of softball and basketball, but when it comes to hobbies he prefers gardening, so long as someone else is at the hoe handle. We welcome you to Fingal, Padre O'Reilly, and trust your stay with us will be a long and happy one.

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Flt. Lt. J. W. Witzel (Padre)

With the posting of Flt. Lt. Maclean to Labrador we were again fortunate in having posted to Fingal as our more permanent Padre, Flt. Lt. J. W. Witzel. This man first saw light of day down near the capital city at Pembroke, Ont., but this was too cold for him, so the Witzel parents moved him west to Elora on the Grand River. Here he received his early education, but again transferred to North Bay, where he graduated from Normal School and taught school for the three years following.

Padre Witzel was none too happy in the little red schoolhouse and decided to obtain further knowledge from the University of Toronto and graduated from here in 1932. Teaching called him again to the United Church College at Stanstead, Quebec, and here he remained only a year. He returned then to the University to complete a course in Theology, from which he graduated in 1936. How this man gets around!

We follow him again then, to the Red Lake Mining district, where he ministered to the miners of 16 different mines, later to a mission field near North Bay for a three-year period and just before coming to Fingal, the Padre was minister at Honeywood, Ont.

With the varied experiences and localities that our Padre has served, we can be assured he is well fitted for the mission work he is taking up in the Air Force. He will help you solve your problems and will meet the personnel of the Station at your convenience. The Padre's office is located in the Lounge.

At a bar dinner, Sam Ewing, a lawyer and a great punster, was called upon for a song. While he hesitated, Judge Hopkins observed at best it would be no great matter as it would be but Sam (psalm) singing.

"Well," replied Ewing, "even that would be better than him (hymn) singing."

**HITLER'S DREAM OR
LOST SOUL**

Now here is a story of a terrible schemer,
Of Hitler the Nazi, the terrible dreamer.

Being tired of his Allies he laid down in bed
And amongst other things dreamed he was dead.

He was all straightened out and lying in state
And his little black moustache was frozen with hate.

He wasn't dead long when he found to his cost
His plane and passport to the next world was lost.

He left the earth and to Heaven went straight
And proudly stopped at the Golden Gate.

But Peter, looking out from his heavenly sphere,
Said "On your way, Hitler, you can't come in here."

He turned on his heel and away he did go
At the top of his speed to the region below.

But the lookout angel was well worth his hire,
He got to Satan and gave him the wire.

"Now lads," said Satan, "I'm giving you warning,
We're expecting Hitler the Nazi this morning.

Now hear this out straight and get it clear,
We're too blasted good for that fellow down here."

"Oh, Satan! oh, Satan!" Herr Hitler cried,
"Please find me a corner—I've no place to hide."

And Satan said "No, no, a thousand times no."
He kicked Hitler back then vanished in smoke.

And just at that time Herr Hitler awoke;
He was lying in bed all covered with sweat,

Shouting "Doctor, oh Doctor, it's the worst dream yet.
I won't go to Heaven I know full well,

But it's bloody hard times
When you're kicked out of hell."

Doctor: "Your husband, madame, is suffering either from overwork or excessive indulgence in alcoholic stimulants; it is difficult to say which."

Anxious Wife: "Oh, doctor, I'm sure it's overwork! Why, he can't even go to the theatre without hurrying out half a dozen times to see one of his partners."

Gunnery Flight Groans

Since most of the old hands in this section have been posted, and new men have come to the section, let's see what is going on around this place.

Any day now W.O.2 Shaw is going shopping for bright-coloured ribbons. Something about some sort of pole.

Now that winter is over, Sgt. (Do you play ball?) Miller is going to let his upper lip face the wild wind, unprotected.

Congrats. to Sgt. Tripp. The only thing is, unaccustomed as his arm is to the extra weight of that third hook, we believe he'll survive.

Sgt.-Majors Thornes and Emmerman are now recuperating after their tiring shopping tour. Both were in the market for crowns, due to their promotion a few weeks back.

This lad Forsythe is hard to make out. He's always objecting to something. Even if his last objection was a little one, we just about won.

The latest tune around the hangar is "Who's Got Nickels." The words and music still have to be written.

Well, lads, Girdlestone just went out with our last ladder, with "Red" Patterson along to make it look good, so maybe I'd better go out and see if it's time to go home yet.



R. C. A. F.

Steele's St. Thomas office is one of 5, operated by Canada's largest firm of Optometrists. Our local optometrist has been in charge for 19 years. Come in with confidence — for free adjustments and service. Thorough eye examinations, and glasses if necessary, at reasonable cost.

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TUESDAY and THURSDAY

★ Over-Nite Service ★

ARMAMENT SECTION



Collins: "Fill her up, chum!"

As Adolf Hitler will swear when he reaps his FINAL victory, it's getting too hot to even think, let alone write columns. But it's not so long ago since we were calling down those fresh air fiends who sneaked the windows open after "lights out" and all but froze us by morning. Remember those mornings? It was so cold you could break up your breath into chunks and throw it at the cat that howled to be let out. They were the days when Collins was learning to play a bugle—in the flattest and sharpest notes heard by man or beast. We asked him how he made out when the C.O. took us on that hike around the runways. "Oh!" he gasped. "I'd take a toot and then a breath." We hear he's going to resort to some kind of wind reservoir after the pattern of bagpipes. He could always fill that up, he says, from the air compressor.

One of the most annoying things we seem to be heir to, besides being broke just before forty-eights, is rumour. We are going

REFRESH ...



From The Sections

along peacefully doing our chores, with nothing more to worry us other than wondering if we need a hair-cut before the next C.O.'s parade, when, "smack", some smart Alec drops a rumour as neatly fused as a time-bomb. From then on life becomes bedlam. So here we are debunking: Any resemblance between Cpl. Powell and Clark Gable—or the Thin Man, for that matter—is purely coincidental. Nor is there any truth in the statement that he ever doubled for either of these celluloid satraps. Nor does he kill ladies for a pastime. His pastime is playing cribbage with Rusty Bryans. This we can vouch for, because they undertook to teach us to play the other night. We've been going around in circles saying "Fifteen-two, fifteen-four and one for his Nibs (whoever that is)," ever since.

At this writing Cpl. Baker is in the hospital. It's pretty hard to feel sorry for him. Bevis went down to see him today and brought back mouth-watering news about a huge beefsteak he saw Baker chewing. Who wants sympathy poured over a beefsteak? Personally, we'd like one just as is.

Speaking of edibles, there's one thing we can't figure out: just exactly where does that blonde Armourer (bombs) tuck away FOUR helpings? Named Sklar, he's a long streak of pump water, anyway. Maybe it's the feminine touch that we now enjoy. Our mess hall is certainly the more appetizing thereby. Well, Sklar, did you or did you not get a date?

And while we are on the question of Mesdames, they've certainly scored a point for us. You never have to look far for an Armourer these days. Even when there's a "washout" they still hang around. In fact, they have to be told that they are off duty, believe it or not. Ah! me. God bless the little women. As Mathews might put it in his philosophical way, Eve quite probably was the downfall of Adam, but the 1942 Air Force edition certainly takes a load off the N.C.O. i/c's mind.

Incidentally, something will have to be done about these upper bunks. Some time ago a certain Airman, who occupied a lower bunk beneath a vacant upper, went to bed. There was quite a draught and, having a slight cold which he was scared to aggravate, he climbed into the upper bunk. But it was so hot in the upper bunk he

returned to his lower one. (Are you following us?) However, he decided that the heat was better for his cold than a draught and climbed back into the upper bunk. Finally he fell asleep. Came the dawn. The alarm clock went off. By that time the fellow forgot where the devil he was. So he just sat up and climbed out of bed. He thought he was in the lower bunk. Which he wasn't, incidentally. Now, Batter, Armourer (Guns), turned over the other night. But he should have known better because he occupies an upper bunk ALWAYS. He turned over too far. Something pyjamaed wizzed past Aletter's head. Batter went splatter and now can't squatter.

Question of the month—Any postings in?

Miracle of the month—We were given a lift the other day down the highway and we were NOT asked that fatal question, "Do you fly?"

Speaking of flies, they'll soon be zooming—but we won't talk about that.

Soldier (finding a wasp in his stew): "Hi, what's this?"

Mess Orderly: "Vitamin bee."

G. I. S. NEWS

G.I.S. scores again!

After playing four games in the first round of the inter-unit softball series, G.I.S. are on top of the league, winning all four by fairly good margins, with the exception of Maintenance, who were very lucky to run a close second. They say they'll do better next time but we doubt it.

Let's have some competition in the next round of the series.


In the past month we have lost three very fine instructors. Flt. Sgt. Hopkins, known as "Happy", who was posted to an R.A.F. Station; Flt. Sgt. "Ted" Rumford, posted to good old Ottawa; Sgt. Cliff Awcock posted to Hagersville. A worthy trio to the benefit of any Station. Alas! our loss—their gain.

A newcomer to our fine crew of Instructors is Flt. Sgt. "Ted" Hawley from Uplands, who replaced Flt. Sgt. Rumford. He has already made considerable headway on the Station and was immediately taken on the strength of the Station orchestra and did a very fine job of playing at the last Station dance.

Another loss we very deeply regret, to a mighty fine fellow and Instructor, Flt. Sgt. Nelson, in the death of his wife. We offer our sympathy and deepest regrets.

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R.C.A.F. LOUNGE AND LIBRARY

I do not suppose that I need to introduce the Lounge or the Library to anyone, as from what everyone has seen of it, there is no doubt but what it has been very successful. Both Airwomen and Airmen have enjoyed the quietness and comfort of the Lounge. The distinctive colouring and design of the Lounge makes the atmosphere a very pleasant one indeed. I do believe that since the Airwomen have come to this Station, the Airmen have come to the Lounge more frequently! It is also very noticeable how the girls meet their "dates" during their leisure hours, and many enjoyable evenings are spent together.

The reading material in the Lounge is varied and makes very enjoyable reading. An attempt is being made to produce more up-to-date reading material in the interests of all concerned. The writing room also has been a source of pleasure to all.

For the last week the R.C.A.F. Library has been opened to both Airmen and Airwomen, in the hope that this would be an opportunity for those who enjoy reading during their leisure hours. The Library has been very successful as far as it has gone, and we are hoping it will continue.

The Library is open to all from twelve hundred thirty to thirteen hundred hours, and from eighteen hundred to twenty hundred hours. There is a great assortment of books in the Library, containing both fiction and historical matter, as well as mathematical books for those who are interested in study. The Library books are checked in and out by the card system, and in that way one can tell when a book is or is not to be returned. Books may be taken out of the Library, and must be in at the end of seven days. If these books are not brought in at the end of this time, a fine of one cent a day is charged. I would also ask, as the Librarian, that the books be taken care of as much as possible, as a great majority of them are quite old, and have been used a great deal.

I greatly appreciate the interest shown concerning the Library.

HEADQUARTERS NEWS

Well, here it is the month of June, the time of when poets sing. The ladies of the Air Force are now to be found in every nook and cranny of the Station. The reserve with which they were first greeted has given way to a spirit of harmonious accord, since the fellows have found that the girls are willing to do their share, without shirking or trading upon their femininity. As one of the boys put it: the W.D's are "Regular." That, I think, is the way the girls want to be thought of, and it is indeed a high praise. Since the advent of the ladies, a lot of the familiar faces are disappearing from the scene. Rock and Middleton have gone from the hospital, seven of the cooks have left, and our friend, Eddie Heath of the Orderly Room. Well, good luck, gang, and mayhap, when this mess is over we shall meet again and have a laugh over a glass of beer. Now all the boys are running around trying to collect their outstanding loans, because with all the postings coming in, you know not the day nor the hour. There is one thing that the chaps will give the girls credit for. Since their coming, the meals have shown an enormous improvement, are becoming more palatable. Our friend Clarke's (in C.R.) marital affairs seem to be progressing smoothly once more; at least there haven't been any more intimidating telegrams come in. Yet most of the boys seem to be a lot happier now that the gals are with us. At least, they are whistling a lot. You know, one short and one long (corn). Well gang, I hope you pardon the fact that this is a short one; we had a long one up in London last night and are not up to our mark this bright and cheerful day. Adios.

The collectors were pressing down on Rastus Jones during a drive for church funds. "I can't give nothin'," pleaded the old Negro. "I owes nearly everybody in dis here town already."

"But," said one of the collectors, "don't you think you owe the Lord somethin' too?"

"I does, indeed," said the old man, "but He ain't pushin' me like my other creditors is."

Fire Facts

The boys at the fire hall are busy with their Spring training. The section is divided into crews and strong competition now prevails. Some of the Firefighters are posted here for contact training; they are taking a great interest in their work.

On inspection of the Station the fire wardens are found in every section to be making a good job in keeping down fire hazards. This all important work takes extra time and thought. Let us give them a order and vigilance:

Some Direct Causes of Fires

Fire can usually be traced to direct cause, i.e., faulty construction, disobedience of orders, careless handling of materials, deliberate intent, etc., matches, gasoline or other lighters and naked lights. Personnel are strictly forbidden to carry naked lights, lighted cigarettes, cigars or pipes, or matches, other than safety matches, into hangar or shed containing aircraft, or into buildings in which highly inflammable material is used or stored.

Matches of "non-safety" type are not to be carried by occupants of aircraft while in the air.

No smoking nor any flame is to be permitted within 100 feet of an aircraft being refuelled. In order to obviate as far as possible the careless disposal of live cigarette butts in waste paper baskets or

other receptables for combustible rubbish an adequate supply of incombustible ash trays are to be provided in all buildings where smoking is permitted.

We don't want to be like the hen who said when she saw the farmer crossing the yard, "there is the guy I am laying for."

A FALSE ALARM Thank You!

Dear Chief:

Enclosed please find a cheque for \$10,000 which I wish to contribute to your building fund. I have been a fire buff for years and I am very much interested in your department and am showing my interest by this slight contribution.

As I wish to remain an anonymous contributor, I am leaving the cheque unsigned as well as this letter.

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GUARD HOUSE NEWS

We have had many changes since the last edition of the Observer.

Cpls. Langton, N. and Edwards, L. have been posted to Ottawa. Wishing them the best of luck.

Cpl. Bell, the Casanova Kid, has been discharged to civilian life. We wonder if this came about through so many trips to Toronto.

Cpl. Murry is away home on 14 days' sick leave, but upon returning he may take up Cpl. Bell's duties. Come early, girls, and avoid the rush.

Cpl. Ezeard, commonly known as "Paddy", is in the T.T.S. Hospital. We wish him a speedy recovery.

We greet A.C.1 Brazeau, J., who came here from Montreal. He is a good chap, lads, and likes the Station here.

Sgt. Frizzell, "the lady killer", thinks the female sex of the Station are very *sarcastic*, but why does he spend most of his time at the Airmen's Lounge?

A certain Cpl. of the S.P.'s claimed one of the W.D.'s had too much paint on, and would have to remove some of it. She did, and was his face "red"? So girls, please go easy on the red paint, as it makes it rather embarrassing.

Our good friend "Scotty", the Book man, is going on seven days' leave. Now Scotty, don't bend the elbow too frequently, as we would like to see you return in good health. Why is Cpl. Ross so strict with the W.D.'s? Did he, at one time or another, have a disappointment, or "is it that he just doesn't like girls?"

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Hot Dogs and Sandwiches

MAINTENANCE DIGS AND DOINGS

This article is a feeble attempt to take the place of the wit and good humour column edited by our good friend Cpl. "Rocky Stone", who at present is learning "the score" at T.T.S. We hope he will soon be back in harness again and so—

Again our kindly advisor Sgt. Miller has started another drive for Maintenance Sport Honours in that he has organized another group of ball players and would-be ball players, to defend us in the sports field. Lots of luck, fellows.

In a recent ball game on June 4th, 1942, Maintenance tackled the tough team of Fingal Officers and after a hectic start wound up with a roaring finish of 16-13 in favour of Maintenance.

Looks as though a few changes have taken place in Maintenance Hangar, the Instrument Section, with promotions to a couple of swell guys—Sgt. Armstrong and Cpl. Shindelka. Maybe we can get some work done now! Congratulations to you, fellows!

The day finally came, as we knew it would, that our domain would be invaded by the fairer sex. But you can take it from yours truly that these gals can hold their own—or can they? One in particular, situated at a round table during working hours certainly has a fair idea.

That "Beau Brummel" who handles (?) the affairs in the office of No. 1 Maintenance certainly is trying his darndest to create some attention in the "Log Room", but he doesn't seem to be getting very far. No harm trying.

Lucky guys, those riggers in No. 1 Maintenance, in the person of Cpl. Conlin. He was fortunate in securing a trip to Defiance, Ohio, U.S.A., to repair a Battle which flew over to the other side by mistake—?. Mighty funny that it took him four days to repair that ship. Those American gals must appreciate a good Canadian.

As "Rocky" would say, the stork done did it again, and A.C. Cussons and wife were presented with a bouncing baby boy. We wish them the best there is.

That well-to-do and well-known hockey player Krasnowski was seen passing out chunks of old hemp, made to resemble cigars, in honour of a blessed event. Despite the aroma and quality of your smokes, Kras., we all join in wishing you and the Mrs. every bit of luck with the new daughter.

Looking out the window a few minutes ago at the garden in front of Maintenance, the scene was changed. A Flt. Sgt. and a couple of A.W.2's were taking quite an interest in the art of pulling weeds. Sounds interesting.

Sorry that we are losing Jim Borland and Bill Gordon, a couple of good hockey players. They are going to St. Johns, Que., Best of luck.

Comes the deadline and the news must be in the office of the "Observer" and I am going on a 48.

Yours truly,
"Subbing for Rocky."

P.S.—How about the game between C.I.S. and Maintenance? Score 5-4. A good loser should be a good sport, too!

Collector's Items

A man we know neglected his account with his laundress for months. Finally he found this note among his clean clothes:

"Dear Sir: You have owed me six dollars for four months. If you do not pay the whole by next week I will put too much starch in your collars. Cordially, Mrs. Smith."

Officer Fined for Speeding

Flt. Lt. Harry Hinton, formerly of the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School and at present stationed at the Trenton R.C.A.F. centre, paid a fine of \$20 and costs at county police court Tuesday, on a charge of speeding under the new 40-miles-per-hour wartime regulations. The charge was laid by Traffic Officer Harry Gilchrist in West Elgin last May 8. The R.C.A.F. officer was moved to Trenton since that date.

What a Life!



Don't be fooled by this aviator He isn't a bit of a woman-hater.

If he'd only learn, he could win a friend— He has to perspire, but need not offend.

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY

The ONE soap especially made to prevent "B.O." (Body Odor)

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St. Thomas, Ont.

This column has a new correspondent (not that kind, Stupe). The former scatterer of Bombing Bits has been posted to Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. To him, L.A.C. Porter, from all the gang, "Good-bye and Good Luck."

Bombing wants to be amongst the first to welcome the ladies of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.), and from what the lads tell me this is one invasion they are delighted with.

There is only one slight recession—we found that the issues of D.R.O's that have been so mysteriously vanishing were taken by Airmen to prove to their wives that they positively were on Duty Watch the night before. "See, it says so right here."

McPherson, of our flight, at the present writing, is walking in tight little circles muttering under his breath, "Oh, my shattered nerves. I can't stand it, I can't stand it. Are all storks as slow as our new Ansons or has this one got lost in Ohio, too?"


We certainly hope the "little bundle of joy" will be what Mac hopes it will be.

We would also like to say good-bye to all the American pilots from Bombing Flight transferred back to the United States. We sincerely feel it is a case of "Canada's and Fingal's loss and United States' gain." So to them, wherever they are and whatever they're doing, "Loads of Luck."

Waite, Bombing's Don Juan, moans weakly (and daily) that all he wants is a six-month leave twice in the next year so that he can catch up on his sleep. "But," he told us confidentially, "she's worth it."

We are going to keep it a secret,

Compliments
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HOTEL
WHY=NOT
PORT STANLEY



MR. OLIVER BOUG, Prop.

BOMBING BITS

By Ben

because in his condition he probably couldn't fight off any competition.

All of which reminds us that with night flying and bombing going full swing, and the boys working till the wee sma' hours of the dawning, that many a feminine heart must be lonely these balmy June evenings. If such there be, an address sent in to our one-man "Solace and Sympathy Department" will be personally attended to by ye scribe. No fee attached.

It was nice having our new C.O., Wg. Comdr. Findlay, as our guest in the Airmen's Mess. We certainly hope he enjoyed eating with us as much as we enjoyed having him.

Wouldn't it be swell if we were invited, sort of turnabout affair, to the Officers' Mess. Quick. Pass me the needle, Watson, the last shot is wearing off.

Seriously speaking, the Airmen's Mess has improved a great deal lately, not that it wasn't good before, but it was kind of monotonous.

We have been speaking to quite a few of the Airmen, and the ones we spoke to seemed to be heartily in favour of having a certain sum taken out each pay and added to the Canteen Mess Fund, to buy those little extras that help to improve the meal so much.

We are offering it as a suggestion to the powers that be.

Bombing's Miss Givens, the new timekeeper, has caused the boys to really spruce up. Why, even the armourers have put on clean shirts.

Incidentally—a word to the wise—those new dainty wiper towels that are being issued to the mechanics are not for putting an added shine on shoes.

Like all great men, we have had our lives threatened. One of our

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AGNEW-SURPASS
Shoe Store St. Thomas

N.C.O's promised to break our neck if we mentioned his name. It wasn't Cpls. Bennett, Dixon, or Ball, nor yet Flt. Stg. Gosby. Guess who?

The truth of the matter is underneath Sgt. Brown's tough exterior beats a heart of gold—and as hard, should I say? No, I shouldn't, 'cause tain't so. Besides, I think he can run faster than I can.

We have a private moan of our own. We would very much like to see our L.A.C. appear with our "B" group on D.R.O's, and so would lots of others. They are long overdue.

You understand we are not very vain, but our sleeves would look so much nicer with the props on them, and at the same time as we were getting them from clothing stores we could also get a new "Caps-field service, blue, airmen for the use of a size larger and save everybody extra trouble."

Well, au revoir 'till next issue, when we will try to have more bomb fragments for you.

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A Scottish church held a self-denial week. At the end of the week one of the members handed over a donation of 5s, 3d, all in threepenny pieces.

"Tell me, Jock," said the parson, "how is it your contribution is in threepenny bits?"

"Well, ye see, sir, it's my custom to have three whiskies and sodas every day, but as we were holding a self denial week I felt I must give up something." Then, nodding towards the small coins, "These are the sodas, sir."

Joking Customer: "How much are your four-dollar shoes?"

Small Salesman: "Two dollars a foot."

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THE RANGE CREW HAS A SAY



Pleased to note in the May issue of THE OBSERVER that more sections are donating to the Station paper. We of the Range Crew and Plotting Office have seldom been heard from with the exception of the poem "Why" which we knocked together some months ago.

Now that more of the sections are coming through with their little bits of news, we feel that we should not be an exception, so we shall try to tell you a little about ourselves in our first major try at journalism.

Our section is made up of men from coast to coast. At the head of our section is our officer, F.O. Moore, better known as "Min" to his officer friends. For those who don't know him and you see a portly, jovial and moustached gentleman that shivers like jelly when he laughs—that is the boss. Orchids go to our officer, who is highly respected and liked by all of our personnel. F.O. Moore has had much experience in the vast wilds of Newfoundland and Northern Ontario, serving as a mining engineer. His stories of the north country are full of interest and adventure.

Next we have our senior N.C.O., Sgt. "Benny" d'Entremont (commonly known as "Pay-off" d'Entremont), who hails from "somewhere" on the east coast. If you want to know something of salt

fish, women, or hardball, ask our curly-headed sergeant.

While we are down on the east coast we have another guy; his name is Barrie. If you hear somebody say, "You know, those queer little things," that is Barrie (yes, we know what you mean, Bill).

Then there is Sgt. "Slim" Wilson; he hails from the ambitious city (Hamilton to you). Sgt. "Slim" is the fellow that stands about a head above everyone else on parade. Getting used to the idea of being married, and definitely liking it, is Cpl. Free, a bridegroom of the last season, who took for his bride the sister of another of our men, namely Thain. That is what you get for taking him to Woodstock, Jerry.

Incidentally, while we are in the Wagon City, there is Robinson, boss of the gunnery section office. You will usually see Robbie high-tailing it through the Gunnery hangar to the crew room looking for some Air Gunner who has made out his flying sheet in a very unusual manner. We are having a time trying to appease Robbie since he has no W.D.'s in his office—the Plotting Office has them all.

Dan Cupid has a brother in the Air Force—J. J. Love (Cupid). You should see him after his forty-eights. We are thinking seriously of writing a letter to a certain "Mary" in Toronto, asking her to send him home a little earlier at night.

Miss Birk (not a W.D. but our own John Rudolph) does a swell job in the Plotting Office looking after those wild bombs that Observers claim just missed the target. We think that J. R. is holding out on us; he is always sporting a nice new cold sore after his "48". Harry Brooker, the Capital City's contribution, must have an attraction in Hamilton now; we notice he spends his "48's" with Birk in Hamilton.

If you should ever get down to the Dutton Bombing Range, take a look in the quadrants; you will find, most likely, Cpl. Cooper (a veteran of the last war, a pretty fair brick at that). With him you will find L.A.C.'s Jaasund and Clark. We think that Jaasund was formerly one of the "Old Cow Hands" they sing about from the West. Clark, he is not happy unless he is moaning. Brown hails from the Pickle Town—he is one

of the 57 varieties—Leamington is the place. Jennings, one of the local boys who has made good, is from our own Port Stanley. Ask him about the time he was sporting a bandaged hand one day on the Station. The story under those bandages is very interesting.

Follow No. 3 Highway back to Iona, turn left and go another ten miles to the Melbourne Range and you will find Cpl. Riopel, one of the recent additions to our section. LePage, another addition but an old-timer on the Station—you have likely seen him at one time or another in the guard house. Then there is Gord Gilbert, little Midget, our protege, Bill Hudson, Joe Henry and Meryle Olson. Gilbert, Nadgett and Henry hail from the "Queen City" and always wishing

they were back in the Queen City. Olson very recently became a daddy for the second time and is wondering if his transfer back to the West is ever coming through.

Did you ever hear of Granton, Ontario? Darned if we have. Well, that is where Bill Hudson hangs his hat on his forty-eights. Last but not least, we have Cpl. Vogel and his E42's buzzing around. "I wonder if I will ever get that third hook," he muses to himself. We think you will, Vogel, so don't worry too much over it.

Something new has been added! Yes, three members of the W.D.'s. To you, A.W.'s Disley, Smith and Shaughnessy, we hope your work here gives you as pleasant a time as our work has given us. You will

(Continued on Page 13)

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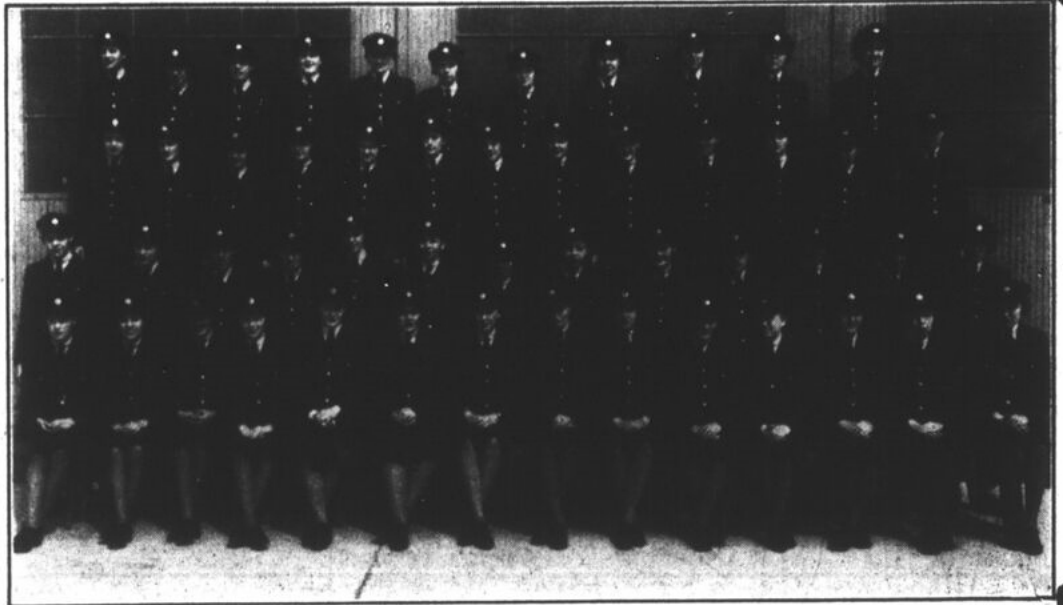
WELCOME

Cordiality was the key-note of welcome that awaited the Women's Division when they hopped off the bus on that eventful Saturday, May 23rd, 1942. It was a red letter day at Fingal and also for the fifty-three airwomen whose journey from Guelph, Toronto and Rockcliffe was to end at No. 4 B. & G.

Forethought and a kindly interest in their welfare soon became obvious when they found their Barracks painted grey and apple green, hot water ready at the tap and a well-stocked canteen across the road. But an even greater sensation was created when news of the combined common and writing rooms, with a library on the side, was broadcasted. The luxury of its furnishings, the soft lighting, and the free and easy atmosphere were a revelation to the airwomen who were prepared to endure a spartan existence and the rigours in strict discipline.

Anticipation may be the better part of pleasure, but it is also a paralyzing force when coupled with ignorance, rules and fear of transgression. It's so easy to get lost at a Station—all these planes flying around—you look up above and when your gaze returns to earth you wonder whether that was the building you've just passed or were just approaching. Those must be the hangars across the parade ground—just how many aircraft do they keep on this Station—but airwomen don't hang around the hangars. That's an attention area, so watch your step—and are those officers wearing service flying caps, or merely airmen? Airwomen salute all officers, and it's very confusing if they refuse to let themselves be identified at a reasonable distance. It's fun to feel a part of the R.C.A.F., but it's terribly nerve wracking at the same time.

A Wings Parade! A very big moment for a very special few, but the airwomen weren't missing anything on their first day at Fingal. Could they go as individuals? Would it be a parade? No matter, so long as they shared in the event, so long as they saw how the wheels



"The Originals"

The above group of the Women's Division arrived at Fingal on May 23rd, 1942 and are known as the Originals of the W. D.

went round at a Bombing and Gunnery School.

But to really know an airwoman—ask her where she works. Their trade settles the occupation of many—good cooks are indispensable at any time, so are capable clerks and stenographers. The telephone so close at hand is only a nuisance unless a smart operator at the switchboard can handle all calls. And so it goes—the girls are sifted into the various offices—some to deal with duties, seemingly difficult, but every man to his profession and doubtless you know of the top-notch training these girls have had before coming to No. 4.

Therefore, it is with this training and background that our girls have invaded this Station of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan and with your co-operation we hope to help to make Fingal a more efficient, more productive centre of aircrew.

How They Come and Go!

'Twas only on May 25th that A.S.O. Satterly was sent to Fingal on temporary duty from Dunnville and now she ups and leaves us, just when we began to like her and felt that she was part of our "new feminine set-up."

As many of us realized, she was very necessary in the administrative end of our work and came to us from a station where the Women's Division has been serving for some six months, proving their efficiency and capabilities.

Assistant Section Officer Satterly will be missed from No. 4 Bomb-

ing and Gunnery School but we may see her again, as she promised me should bring that vivacious, hard-hitting team of lady softballers up west, to show us what a good ladies' softball team looks like in action.

An itch for love often makes a girl smart.

The hope of the family returned from his first day's work at a munitions factory with fingers bandaged.

"Ho, Bert," said his father, "how's this?"

"Well," said the bright one, "the foreman said the machine was fool-proof, but I soon showed him."

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RANGE CREW HAS A SAY

(Continued from Page 11)

find us a pretty fair bunch, and if we should ever make a tiny slip, just ignore us.

Some of the older fellows on the Station will remember our former Sergeant-Major who left Fingal to carry on his duties at Mont Joli. We speak of W.O.2 MacPherson. Before leaving for his new post, he took a plunge into matrimony, choosing his bride from London, Ontario. He was well liked by all in our section and, needless to say, we all miss him and his "gimme a match". Best of luck to you and the Mrs., Mac. We hope the submarines are not spoiling your honeymoon.

A lot will remember Bill Tobin, Rine, Archie Lalonde and Ruttan, who are now serving with the R. C. A. F. overseas. Crampsey, Benoit, Pouliot, and Noakes, who are now serving at other stations in Canada.

You now have the low-down on the personnel of the Range and Plotting Office and we shall endeavour to tell you in a following issue about our duties and any other dirt we can scrape up.

"ABOUT FINGAL" with Finiwinkle

Most popular spot "after five"—Lounge Room.

E.g., a most interesting conversation was overheard in our Lounge Room the other night. A member of our W.D., a lovely young lassie, strolled in and seated herself—all in vain was her attempt to be ignored, for in walked a husky young Airman and proceeded to start an argument.

Airman: Where are you from?

W.D.: The West—and where are you from?

Airman: Well, I'm from the East but I know the West isn't any good!

W.D.: And how long did you spend in the West?

Airman: Oh, about a year, I think.

W.D.: Well, chum, that's just like being in the Air Force one day and trying to tell the Wing Commander what to do!

HI, WESTERNERS!

"Station Flashes"

Maintenance—most exciting and interesting "line" about the offices—the "telephone line"—And I wonder why—shall I continue!

Control Tower

A certain young chum (W.D.) seems to enjoy going for rides in the link trainer—and wouldn't you girls like to know why—try it sometime!

Plotting Office

I hear that one of our girls has a fighting time trying to understand some of our boys' telephone language; better start night classes in grammar!

Canteen

Most important daily feature—"Fan Mail."

This month's orchid goes to the hard-working Headquarters "Cyclist" who pounds his beat faithfully about the Station delivering notes to W.D. personnel!

BARRACK HIGHLIGHTS

Favourite "Yahs" when lights are out—

"Ah, pipe down!" "Who were you out with tonight?" "Got anything good to eat?" "Hey, you in the upper bunk, keep still!" "Somebody put up the blind—I'm asleep!" "Gee whiz, I forgot to wash my face!"

Our barracks enemy when "lights out"—Squeaky doors.

Most exciting scene on "lights out." A certain cute blonde jumping into her upper bunk—and I'll bet she's got it "over on the boys" on how to get into bed!

Sports—The girls haven't chosen a baseball team as yet, but hope to have one in the very near future. A few practises have been held in the ball field and we seem to have some very snappy ball players. And by the way, boys—how do you like our fatigue clothes?

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HITLER'S TALK TO SATAN

Hitler called the Devil on the telephone;

The girl at Central listened to all they had to say.

"Hello," she heard Hitler say, "Is old man Satan home?"

Just tell him it is Hitler that wants him on the phone."

The Devil said, "Hello" to Hitler and Hitler said, "How are you?"

I'm running here on earth a Hell—

Now tell me what do to."

"My dear old Hitler friend, I have no help for you."

Hitler said, "No, listen and I will try to tell

The way on earth that I am running is a modern Hell,

I saved for this many years, and I've started out to kill

And it will be a modern job, for it is my will.

My army went through Poland, shooting women and children down,

We tore up all her country and blew up every town.

My planes dropped bombs on cities, killing both old and young.

And those the planes didn't get were taken out and hung.

I started out for Moscow, with the aid of plenty men,

The Russians, darn 'em, stopped me and wouldn't let me in.

"My submarines are devils, you should see them fight.

They go sneaking through the sea sinking ships on sight.

I was running things to suit myself until a year ago,

When a man called Roosevelt told me to go more slow,

He says to me, 'Hitler, I don't want to make you sore,

So be sure to tell your U-boats to sink our ships no more.

We have told you for the last time so, Hitler, it's up to you.'

I did not listen to him and they are coming after me,

With a million Yankee soldiers from their homes across the sea.

"Now that's why I called you, Satan, for I want advice from you.

I know that you will tell me just what I ought to do."

"My dear friend Hitler, there's not so much to tell,

For the Yanks will make it hotter than I can for you in Hell.

I've been a mean old Devil, but not half as mean as you.

And the minute that you get here, I will my job to you.

I'll be ready for your coming and I'll keep the fires bright,

I'll have your room all ready when the Yanks begin to fight.

For the boys in khaki will get you, I have no more to tell;

Hang up the phone and get your hat and meet me here in Hell!"

MacTavish purchased a pair of boots which were guaranteed for a year.

After eleven months, he returned, and complained that they were not standing up to the guarantee.

"Are you sure they fit you all right?" asked the manager.

"They fit me a' richt," was the answer, "but my brother on night shift says they're a bit too tight for him."

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OPENING LEAGUE SOFTBALL

The St. Thomas and District Softball League opened with a few cracked bats and hard balls on Monday, June 1st. Two of the St. Thomas officials were on hand to officially open the affair and, incidentally, bounced the first ball down to the catcher. The teams involved were the Fingal Bombers and Weatherheads Wildcats, and it was not at all difficult for the Bombers to chalk up their first victory to a score of 14-3. Most of these games will be played in the Michigan Central Ball Park on Wellington Street East and the team will appreciate your support. Thank you, Flt. Lt. Jack Gray, for coming out for our opener. Wouldn't it be nice to have the support of all the Officers at our future games? How about it?

Hats off to Sgt. Miller, who heads up this lively line-up of winners, and their names are: Berry, Sgt. Miller, King, Flt. Sgt. Noseworthy, Cpl. Cronin, Cpl. Taylor, Cpl. Baker, Chapman, De Gagne. Subs: Tessier, Craig, Brownlee, Zinn, Mazepa.

A young lady, finding herself stranded in a small town, asked an old man at the station where she might spend the night.

"There ain't no hotel here, but you can sleep with the station agent."

"I'll have you know I'm a lady."
"So is the station agent."



After being attached to this Station for almost a year now, I am rather surprised at lack of interest shown on this Station regarding Station and inter-unit sports.

You have the equipment and facilities for practically any type of indoor or outdoor sports, but apparently not the initiative among the major part of the personnel. Why?

Sports are the only means of exercise that you are requested to perform. Think it over; you owe it to yourselves and to your Station. To yourselves for this reason: Conditioning of the body — which, I'm sorry to say, a good many of

you lack. Also an excellent form of relaxation which creates within you a greater enthusiasm for your work.

To your Station for this reason: It creates esprit de corps, a general all-round good fellowship, which will, in turn, bring about a more co-operative spirit, vital both in work and play. You have a station and a position to be proud of; show your appreciation by supporting the inter-unit and station sports.

Remember—the boys did a good job with the hockey last winter, by putting Fingal on the map of sports. Let's do it again this summer with the Station softball, soccer, track and field, etc.—and especially the inter-unit competition. Surely you must indulge in some form of sport. If not, come out and get interested; you'll enjoy yourself while learning. If you're interested in some sport that isn't listed among the Station sports, let us know and perhaps we can get something lined up for you. Let's hear from you.

Walter Winchell's toast to the Jap navy: "Bottoms Up."

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COULD THIS BE TENNIS?

Once upon a time a little village slumbered in tranquility. Its peaceful inhabitants were oblivious to the heathen hordes massing for conquest, and so they might have remained had there not been conferred upon them the signal honour of being a mighty link in the struggle for freedom. Thus did the name Fingal appear upon the map.

From all parts of the earth came the Sons of the Empire and when interviewed they said, "The magnificent training here is enabling us to write the word Fingal upon the indelible pages of history." "You have your exquisite lounge, your amusing cinema, your splendid canteens, your excellent softball, your champion soccer, all of which have been enhanced by the advent of such charming ladies but, if we may respectfully submit so, the final contribution is still lacking—you must have a Tennis Club!"

Therefore, my friends, when you see some figures before No. 1 Hangar every night, do not regard them as returning to primitive man. They are seeking to excel in a game which gives the graceful poise, quickens the intellect and produces the esprit de corps so essential to our cause.

This world is very beautiful and never did it look so wonderful as on that early morning when man first walked through Eden. Lord of Creation, he seemed divine, and as he wandered among the glories of Nature the masterpiece was apparently complete but the Great Author of Life sadly murmured, "It is not good for man to be alone." Then came to him the lovely Eve and perfection was per-

- Entertainment -

Your Station Dance

Did you miss the three hooks and crowns at your last gala evening, girls? In any event, they were not in evidence and the dance was its usual huge success. It was held on Tuesday, June 2nd, and because of the new W.D.'s on the Station, we did not invite so many civilian girls from St. Thomas.

The Station Orchestra is still improving and will soon be up to the peak of performance, providing they are allowed to practice in

sonified. So dear ladies, it is with our tennis; it must have that feminine association without which nothing is truly successful. Will you, then, honour us with your presence and sign the paper that has been entrusted to your care.

You may be somewhat reluctant through shortage of rackets but are we not all crusaders in chivalry, and despite the fact that Ft. Sgt. Barr washed us off the courts the other night, we still believe that the title airman can be synonymous with gentleman. Gladly indeed will we lend you our equipment until you can procure such for yourselves, and now that these obstacles have been removed we will anticipate you as desired.

Finally, good people of Fingal, we extend to all and sundry a hearty invitation to join us in this noble pastime. If you are in doubt concerning our intentions, a conversation with Jay Shaver, our Y.M.C.A. representative; D. Clark, or the writer will clarify the situation.

Fingal is second to none in its military achievement and Fingal shall occupy a similar place in the realm of tennis. Vive La Fingal!

A public health nurse was calling at a Negro home where there was an expectant mother. The old grandmother suddenly asked, "Is you married, nurse?"

"Goodness, no!" said the nurse playfully. "I have enough troubles already!"

"Why, nurse," the old lady chided, "husbands ain't any trouble; they's just an added burden."

future as they have in the past. Several novelty dances were staged during the evening. The winners of the waltz contest were Jody Jackson of the M. T. Section and Harold Reid of Aircrew. As in two previous dances, the runners-up were Cpl. and Mrs. Nelson, and they deserve a big hand. The shy winners of the spot dance preferred to remain anonymous but took their share of the prizes nevertheless. Cpl. Strang and P.O. Burns acted as judges for the evening.

SCOTS DID IT

Much is heard these days about the "scorched earth" policy, says the St. Thomas Times-Journal, and it is spoken of as if the Chinese were the first to put it into effect against the Japanese at the beginning of the "China incident."

The Scots did that, however, six or seven hundred years ago against the English. The latter had more men and were better armed, and when they crossed the border the Scots retreated, taking with them the live stock and field products. The stuff that could not be carried away was killed or burned. The result was that the invaders were soon obliged to go back for lack of food. It was this policy that enabled the Scots to so often thwart their enemies.

No doubt, "scorched earth" is much older than that.

INTER-STATION OPENER

Our Station softball team got away to a good start in the Service League on Wednesday night, June 3, by defeating Aylmer on our own diamond to the tune of 13-10.

The game started fast and furious and both teams kept up the pace to the finish. "Muscle bound" Taylor, or ofttimes referred to as the "Slugger", is not the only one who knocks home runs. Our friend Berry, who is no raspberry, connected with a beautiful swing and rounded the bases in record time.

The handsome Flight Sergeant who hurled the good game, scored three of the total runs. (He gets his practise coaching the ladies' team.) All the players managed to get a run, which goes to show that, on the whole, the team is not lacking hitters; only someone should try to impress on the lads to connect a little more often, which might help a little.

The boys are out for a good season and, I believe, if they are given your support, the showing will be excellent; so let's turn out to see them play and bring the trophy home to Fingal and put our humble home on the map.

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ST. THOMAS

Mrs. William Laurence has been entertaining a large group of relatives from a distance the past several weeks.

Well, it's everybody's dream.

A Hollywood actress was shredding a reputation at a night club. She stopped back-biting long enough to order a chicken sandwich and a glass of milk.

"Wouldn't you," asked a friend of the victim, "prefer the milk in a saucer?"

"Good heavens, McPherson, you've holed in one!"

"Aye! It saves wear and tear on the ball."

Work of Auxiliaries Seen As Singapore Bright Spot

Word has been received of the work done by the Y.M.C.A., Salvation Army, and other voluntary organizations during the fighting in Malaya and Singapore. "One of the few bright spots in an otherwise dark picture was the magnificent work of the Y.M.C.A. and other voluntary organizations in Singapore and Malaya," said Lady Brooke-Popham, wife of Sir Robert Brooke-Popham, on her recent arrival in London.

"Up in the forward areas, through jungles and swamps, Y.M.C.A. and Salvation Army tea cars took incredible risks to serve tea and food to the troops," Lady Brooke-Popham stated, and went on to describe how in Singapore itself the workers of the organizations wore themselves out in their efforts to provide for the men of the services.

Great Snakes Alive!

Gent (rushing into beer tavern): "Quick! I want shome whiskey for a snake bite!"

Bartender: "Calm yourself, my friend. You filled up on whiskey an hour ago."

Gent: "Yeah, and one of the snakes it made me shee jubit bit me."

STATION COMMITTEES

Officers' Mess

President—Sqn. Ldr. F. M. Gobeil
Bar Officer—Flt. Lt. B. Foster
Secretary—Flt. Lt. A. Carroll
Mess Officer—Flt. Lt. R. Graham

Sergeants' Mess

President—Flt. Sgt. Wallis
Secy.-Treasurer—Flt. Sgt. Reilly
Chairman—W.O.1 Martin
Member:
Sgt. Fraser

Airmen's Mess Committee

President—F.O. R. W. Murray
Secretary—A.C.1 Doyle, C. N.
Members:
Sgt. Faulkner, R. A.
Cpl. Leadstone, G. A.
Cpl. Stone, R. P.
A.W.2 Davis, E. M.

Library Committee

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Vice-Pres.—F.O. L. E. B. Donnelly
Members:
Sgt. Barrow
A.C.1 Clark, F.
A.S.O. Cantelon
A.W.2 Schick

Fire Committee

President—Flt. Lt. Coady
Secretary—F.O. Maguire
Members:
F.O. A. Sohler
Flt. Sgt. H. Barr, Fire Chief

Airmen's Canteen

President—Flt. Lt. M. P. MacLeod
Secretary—F.O. R. W. Murray
Members:
Cpl. Renaud
A.C.1 Pentney

F. D. R. likes this one on himself. A couple of Negroes were walking along a Washington street when they were startled by the scream of police sirens and the roar of eight motorcycles preceding a long black car. Impressed by the number of police, one of the Negroes asked his companion who was in the car.

"Why, you ignoramus," said the second, "dat's de President ob de United States."

"Yeah?" said the first. "What he done?"

Young Mother: "The landlord called today, and I paid the month's rent and showed him baby."

Young Father (of crying baby): "Pity you didn't show him the rent and give him the baby."

Entertainment Committee

President—P.O. Burns
Secretary—L.A.C. Smith, R. G. L.
Vice-Pres.—L.A.C. Eaton, D. H.
Members:
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Sgt. Wood, F. E. H.
Jay Shaver, Y.M.C.A.

Fingal Observer Committee

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Vice-President—Padre
Secretary—J. A. Shaver, Y.M.C.A.
Members:
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Sgt. Cunningham
Cpl. Stone, R. P.
A.C.2 Chapman, E. H.

Airmen's Lounge Committee

President—L.A.C. Smith, R. G. L.
Secretary—L.A.C. Birk, J. R.
Vice-President—
Members:
Cpl. Thorsteinson
A.C.1 James, N. E.


Sports Committee

President—Flt. Lt. R. Graham
Secretary—W.O.T Mullen
Members:
W.O.2 Ordidge
Sgt. Miller
Honourary Members:
Padre
Mr. Jay Shaver, Y.M.C.A.

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Secretary—F.O. D. A. Lane
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1. Airmen's Canteen Committee
2. Sports Committee
3. Entertainment Committee
Honourary Members:
Padre
Mr. Jay Shaver, Y.M.C.A.

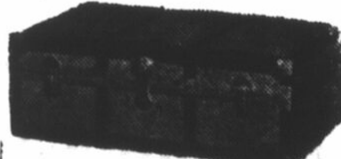
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