

THE
Fingal Observer



NO 4 BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL
FINGAL, ONTARIO, CANADA

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The Fingal Observer

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EDITORIAL THANK YOU, CANADA!

Back in Britain, after exactly a year spent in Canada under the Empire Air Training Scheme, I look back on many happy memories of my visit to your great Dominion. I am very glad to have had the opportunity of seeing as much of the country as I did, though it is a matter of regret to me that I never got as far westward as your wonderful Rockies. Westerners will immediately say: "Well, you haven't seen Canada!" Maybe not! But at least I did cover most of Manitoba and points east.

Those of us who were visitors from Britain are grateful for the training we received from understanding instructors, for the recreational facilities and luxurious rest-rooms available on the different camps, for the entertainments and cinema shows supplied by the "Y" on lonely stations, and the comforts of the hostess houses. Grateful, too, for frequent "48s" during which we enjoyed some wonderful hospitality in many Canadian homes, and for the friendships made that will last long after the war is over. For all these we say a heartfelt "Thank you!" Your splendid weather was a sun tonic to those accustomed to a more rainy climate, and the plentiful supply of fruit and eggs a real treat in these days of rationing. When we packed our bags to come home again, everyone carried away as much tinned foodstuff as his bursting trunk or kit-bag would hold and spent all his spare cash on silk stockings, cigarettes or other scarce commodities.

To those of you who have still to make the journey to the "Old Country" I would say: all that you bring with you in the way of provisions will be welcomed by the folks at home—BUT, Britain is VERY FAR from starving. One of the first things I noticed on coming back home was the surprisingly well-stocked fruiterers' windows, and the plentitude of

good food to be had: not only in private homes, but at Air Force stations, too! One hardly notices the effects of rationing at all.

Here are some of the things that will strike the Canadian seeing a wartime Britain for the first time. Air raid damage will be less apparent than expected, and he will find little evidence of a severe blitz. The blackout will seem incredibly black and will take a lot of getting used to. He will miss the soda fountains and drug stores of his homeland, but will find canteens aplenty to cater to his needs. There is less Sunday entertainment, too, here than in Canada, though in most English towns and some Scottish ones he will be able to do a movie in the evening. And then, of course, there is our climate which he will find a lot damper than his own, and it may even give him a cold until he gets used to it.

However, everywhere, he will find friends—real friends who are anxious to make him feel at home. There are the families whose sons or nephews have been well looked after in Canada and who are anxious, in return, to do all that they can for the wartime visitors. Yes, he'll get a grand welcome, and I know that, if any of you are lucky enough to visit the South-West corner of Bonnie Scotland, my own folk will be only too glad to take the chance of saying: "Thank you, Canada!"

YOUR EFFORTS

Time marches on and as we are well aware, 1943 has already invaded our lives, but what this year will bring depends on you and the degree of effort that you are willing to exert in the furtherance of our common cause.

Your Fingal Observer is being operated this year on a basis new to you and certainly new to the editors, but rest assured, we are abreast of the situation and pledge to give you as good a maga-

zine as possible—all this depending on the amount of material and the calibre of material that you send in from your sections.

At the present time your staff is endeavoring to produce a magazine for approximately \$150.00 a month, and this magazine should compare favorably with our former issues, which cost three or four times as much. Last year all the charges for printing, engraving and other operating expenses were paid by revenue from advertising and any profits were added to the Airmen's General Fund, but now the picture is completely reversed. Advertising has been eliminated from our paper and all revenues from this source is lost to us; therefore, the cost is being met by a monthly grant from the General Fund, a grant from the Sergeants' Mess and a grant from the Officers Mess. With this knowledge in mind, it is our hope that you will appreciate the Fingal Observer more than ever.

May we ask in closing that you cooperate now more than ever before, and if need be, smarten up to the point where you are equal to a recent definition of cleverness: A smart man is one who can split molecules and know how to tie them together again like "Nylon."

Letter to The Editor

279, Eldon Street,
Greenock, Scotland,
27th November, 1942.

Dear Editor:

I have been back home in Bonnie Scotland for a little time now and enjoying some leave between spells of further training. Since returning to this country I've been posted to Coastal Command and have completed a course on General Reconnaissance to fit me for the change-over to this command.

The work has proved most interesting and I am liking my new training a lot. At the beginning of next week I report to a C. C. station in the North of Scotland, where I'll be flying in "boats," my ultimate type of ship being either a Catalina or Sunderland. I'll be able to let you know how things go with me later on when I've had some experience of flying-boats.

Meantime I'm sending you an article for the Fingal Observer—that is, I should say, for your consideration. Am afraid that I haven't been as frequent a contributor as I'd intended to be, but you know how it is when classes and their attendant study crowd upon one!

By the way, the copies of the Observer which you were good enough to forward to my Canadian address never caught up with me. I don't think that the postal authorities bother to forward papers when the addressee has left a station, because I know of cases where books and papers have been sent from home; these never reached me (I having left Canada before they arrived), although several letters, sent later on, have come back to this country and followed me from one address to the other until they caught up with me. If you still

have any spare copies of the issue in which my drawing appeared, I should very much like to see it and would be greatly obliged if you could send them to me. My home address (above) will always find me, as the folks can always forward mail to the latest station.

I hope that all goes well with you and your multifarious activities. All good wishes for the Observer's continued success! The best of everything!

As ever, yours,

J. Wallace Bennett, P/O.

P.S.—Give my kind regards to any of my instructors still at No. 4, will you?

WING COMMANDER D. D. FINDLAY

Since our last issue we have had a change in the command of the Station. Wing Commander D. D. Findlay has been posted to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, to a newly organized naval air gunners' school. We are sorry to have to break ties with one whom we have come to know and admire. Our good wishes follow him to his new sphere of duty.

Wing Commander Findlay believed in rewarding merit wherever he found it. Consequently, under his regime promotions came quickly to those who deserved them. Airmen who were LAC's when he came on the Station were sergeants when he left. Comparable promotions came all along the line.

Wing Commander Findlay spared no effort in learning the workings of each section of his command. He had an eye to detail and believed it his duty to know his job. The welfare of those under him deeply concerned him.

As we say good-bye to him we all wish him happiness, success and God-speed in his new command.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR COM- MANDING OFFICER

Your editor has asked me to jot down a few thoughts for this issue of the Observer and I am very grateful for the opportunity.

In the few days that I have been at No. 4 B. & G. School I have had time to examine the "tools" that we have been given to do the "job" that has been entrusted to us. I am convinced that physically, we have as good a setup as any B. & G. school in Canada. It therefore becomes obvious that the quality of the product of this school depends on the effort that we, the staff, put into it.

Have you ever stopped to think that the aircrew that we train will have to shoulder the responsibility of placing a bomb load on the target or guiding an aircraft and its crew safely back to its base? If we fail them by not giving them everything we can in the way of proper training, not only will we be letting down the man himself but also the crew he flies with and the cause for which we fight.

I think I should remind you that no matter what section you work in or what

you do, it all counts. Let's make sure it adds up to 100 per cent.

OUR NEW COMMANDING OFFICER

With the New Year came a new Commanding Officer to No. 4 B. & G. School, in the person of Wing Commander J. G. Kerr. The Wing Commander is replacing Wing Commander D. D. Findlay, who has been posted to Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, after serving as Commanding Officer at this Station for the past eight months.

Wing Commander Kerr finished his academic training at Royal Military College in 1931 and immediately joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. He was stationed at Camp Borden and served at this point, and at Trenton for the next five years. In 1936, the Wing Commander was posted as Adjutant of No. 119 (Bomber) Squadron at Hamilton, and after a year in the Ambitious City was transferred to the position of Chief Flying Instructor at Trenton. Early in 1939 he returned to Camp Borden, where No. 1 S. F. T. S. was organized.

In 1940, Canada had assumed the responsibility of establishing the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan across the Dominion, and Wing Commander Kerr was detailed to assist Air Commo-



WING COMMANDER J. G. KERR

dore McGill in organizing No. 2 S.F.T.S. at Uplands. This assignment required until February of 1941. At this time Wing Commander Kerr and three assisting officers were delegated with the responsibility of organizing other Service Flying Training Schools in the Dominion, and when this assignment was completed he remained as Commanding Officer at the final S. F. T. School, St. Hubert, Quebec, until January of 1942. Prior to his posting here he held the position of Deputy Director of Air Training at R.C.A.F. Headquarters, Ottawa.

The personnel of Fingal welcome him and extend to him their wholehearted cooperation. We hope that while he is with us we shall make No. 4 B. & G. School the top-ranking station of its kind in Canada.

YOU SHALL SHINE

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful
time;
But you shall shine more bright in these
contents
Than unswept stone besmear'd with
sluttish time.
When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
And broils root out the work of masonry,
Nor Mars his sword nor war's quick fire
shall burn
The living record of your memory.

—William Shakespeare

A LINE FROM G. I. S.

Subject—"Doc" Whittal's journey from Fingal.

1—On the night of January 18th, 1943, amidst the roaring of the wind and about six feet of snow, six men and a boy started out on the dangerous journey to St. Thomas. "Doc" was at the controls, P/O McKinnley and P/O Scott were first and second navigators respectively, Cpl. Schellenberg was rear gunner. Cpl. Hardy was flight engineer, LAC Folkins and WO1 Desbiens were lookouts and back-seat drivers.

2—Upon take-off, P/O McKinnley froze both eyelids together, LAC Folkins froze his feet and F/O McMahan, who was an extra, got lost in a drift. The "Doc" was nervous that night, because he went 20 feet past the main road before he started to turn.

3—The outward journey was uneventful until we reached the graveyard just past Fingal. The "jeep" gave one last moan and died a natural death. P/O Scott took the distributor apart. P/O McKinnley vibrated. Cpl. Schellenberg, "the boy," just stared ahead.

4—After about an hour and a half out at the mercy of the elements, the crew began to abandon the "jeep." Cpl. Hardy,

In Memoriam

F/S PRENTICE, R123271
CPL. NICHOLSON, K. E. R74648

No words can adequately express our sorrow, or sombre theme ease our sense of loss. Their places shall be taken, but they shall not be forgotten. We shall remember them. And when our war against tyranny is over, we who survive shall treasure this blood-bought peace the more because of the exemplar courage of men like these.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

then LAC Folkins "baled out." The boy, Cpl. Schellenberg, STILL STARED AHEAD. The next to leave us was the rear gunner. It was a sad parting to see

Schelly go. He was SUCH a good watchman.

5—There were only four left when things began to happen. We were all slowly reaching the 21st stage of freezing to death. A good Samaritan finally dug us out and gave us a lift back to the metropolis of Fingal. It was hard to leave our jeep in the middle of the graveyard.

6—Needless to say, the general store at Fingal, with its Quebec heater, was a great sight for P/O McKinnley's frozen eyelids. After many minutes had passed, a bus appeared on the horizon, empty except for three passengers. It was one of those huge de luxe jobs with a built-in supercharger for operating at high altitudes. The driver was an experienced cuss who had thousands of hours and had graduated with honors at Richards' E. B. T. S.

7—We started out at once; again this time with a seven-man crew. It took all seven men to drive the bus that night. We pushed three miles, ran two miles, shoveled one mil and drove five miles. The "Doc" was flabbergasted and boy, did he catch it! Wow! Cpl. Schellenberg STILL STARED AHEAD! What a BOY!

WIRELESS SECTION



Front row, left to right—Sgt. Seeley, F/S Britton, Cpl. Pasquan.

Back row—AC Kerr, AC Skinner, LAC Rawson, AC Grant, LAC Dunsmore, LAC Gadsby, LAC Pulford, LAC Geary, AC Suggett, and LAC Herod.

Absent—Sgt. Taylor, Cpl. Fanjoy.

FEATURE SECTION

MAINTENANCE

SQUADRON LEADER SPRUSTON O. C. Maintenance Wing

Under F/L Spruston comes all aircraft maintenance on the Station. Maintenance Wing is made up of the following sections:

Electrical Section, located in No. 4 Hangar, Wireless Section in No. 2 Hangar, Instrument Section in No. 5 Hangar, Parachute Section in No. 1 Hangar, Station Workshops on Centre Street, Fabric Section in No. 4 Hangar, Dope Section in No. 5 Hangar, A. I. D. in No. 5 Hangar, and A. & G. Maintenance Squadrons made up of A.F.M.'s and A.E.M.'s in No. 5 and 6 Hangars, also a servicing squadron that goes around the flights doing minor repairs.

The following is an effort on the part of the scribes in the different sections to give you a more intimate knowledge of their doings:

SPARKS FROM THE SIGNAL SECTION

Well, the Signal Section sparks again, but this time it comes from a slightly different source. Yes, our former contributor, Jack Pulford, or the "big ape," as he was more commonly called, renowned throughout the Station as a singer, fighter, radio repairmen, basketball player, and a gift to the W.D.'s, is no longer with us. He left for St. John's, Quebec, a short time ago and is now at Moncton, N.B., where he is connected with a mobile squad, but we know that wherever his work may take him, there will be few dull moments.

However, we just can't lose good men without gaining others, and so we'd like to introduce the most recent newcomers to our section. They are Bob Suggett, Jerry Kerr and Bert Grant, all of Toronto, great and small, but jolly good fellows. We were hoping that Grant would be able to take Pul's place on the heavyweight team, but we have come to the conclusion that he is all bark and no bite.

As for interesting happenings that might have occurred during the course of the past month in the section—well, we haven't much to offer. Our day's work chiefly consists of chasing electrons while the Flight chases us. And speaking of the Flight, we don't wish to probe into his personal affairs, but we do wonder just why Mrs. Britton has chosen to desert him, for the time being at least. Gee, it must feel swell, to be able to stay out until 11 o'clock these evenings, eh, Flight? And if he is looking for a few tips on night life, probably Cpl. Fanjoy can help him out. Fanny spent a week in New York at New Year's and since his return he finds it rather hard walking with the weight of those bags under his eyes.



S/L Spruston

It is an old tradition that wireless men cannot hope to maintain their sanity for an indefinite period of time. Some crack before others, but few break down as quickly as one of our new ground operators. Because the mentally afflicted are most subject to offence, we find it necessary to omit his name, but here is his story. We quote: "The phone was ringing. I clutched the receiver and shouted 'Toronto here' into the mouthpiece. The reply came back 'Detroit speaking, O. C. of Bombing here'; unquote. Now that telephone line only stretches to Drogue hangar and we absolutely refuse to believe his story—can you blame us?"

Even Tom (Baldy) Skinner will soon be classed in the ranks of the "zombies" unless he reaches the crisis, but we may be able to pull him through. At present we are appealing for someone to donate some hair so that we can do a little graft job on his scalp. Feathers wouldn't become you, would they, Tom?

However, it is not alarming that we radio men go "buzzerk," because we have the "gremlins" to contend with, only to us they aren't really "gremlins," they're "squimps." Squimps are the little fellows who sit inside a loud speaker and hum at 25 cycles or sit and pout in the power lines and stop the current from passing through. Oh well, we can put up with a few maniacs in the section, but the time when we really get the inside dope on the fellows is when the finance collector comes around. Yes, Sgt. Seeley, we're referring to you—you're supposed to pay those hotel bills in advance, not three or four years later.

And by the way, if there are any of our readers who are interested in vocal lessons, we suggest that you apply to Vic Herod—he is doing a marvelous job at teaching Fanny the arts of voice. So long, folks.

A. I. D.

The blokes of the A. I. D. (Aircraft Intelligence Division), often referred to as the "Gestapo" by the men of Maintenance, are loathe to speak of their doings.

Confidentially, their occupation is to prowl around with five-cell flashlights, and with a skewer or fabric pen prod the inspection holes of the aircraft controls. They glory in placing aircraft U/S, making it legal by use of the L14 when possible. Further, this work affords great opportunity to show the effects of colds, excessive night life or Fingalitis, lowering serviceability in general. To justify this existence, the A. I. D. prepare inspection reports in seven copies for all to note.

In conclusion, the A. I. D. section is known for its conscientious work, which shows that A. I. D. is not quite "ALL IN DOUBT."

MAINTENANCE "B" FLIGHT

No. 5 Hangar consists of a crew of maintenance men and a servicing crew. The maintenance crew are responsible for maintenance of aircraft. The servicing pool, or better known as the bicycle squad, repair small jobs throughout the flights.

The new crack shot N.C.O.'s in Maintenance are: F/S Martin (in charge), F/S Fowler, Sgt. Chapman, Sgt. Dobson, Sgt. Dixon, Sgt. Keenan, Sgt. Rowe and Sgt. Smith.

The crack shot N.C.O.'s of servicing pool are: F/S Peterson (in charge), Sgt. Brown, Cpl. Bennett, Cpl. Hall, B.C., Cpl. Shuchuck.

The boys of this hangar are of the best, and can hold their own in any sport or competition there is on the Station. This is judged by the good show they are putting on with their work. It was noticed the other day that Cpl. Chapman and Cpl. Dobson went to Publications with two little black books. We wonder what goes in them. That's not the half of it. Cpl. Keenan was heard to say, "Where did you guys get those?" Look out, riggers! There has been a warning put out by the boss man in reference to the gremlins poking holes in Ansons.

Major-General Brinklow was heard shooting a line to those poor, innocent girls in the log book room about some smash-up in cars he nearly had. He also explained how he tactfully mastered the wheel to overcome hitting a number of telephone poles.

All kidding aside, boys, you're doing a good job. Let's see you keep it up.

FLASH: FROM THE LOG ROOM

Although some of the personnel in our dispatches are not of the Log Room, they seem to spend a great deal of their time conversing with the "gals" — of course all about the mighty Anson—better still, reminiscing over Christmas and New Year's.

We extend a welcome hand to Sgt. J. E. "Ed" Perron, A.E.M., recently posted here from St. John's, Quebec. "Ed" seems pretty shy, but I guess that is because his wife and son are arriving in St. Thomas to occupy his evenings. Kinda hard on the girls, "Ed," but they'll get along.

Congratulations are in order to F/Sgt. Fowler and our own "Herb" Stretton in their recent promotions.

"Alas and alack" (Lochinvar) cried the maidens of No. 5 hangar when F/O Dawson left this happy throng. Some of the girls recovered fairly fast, but I guess those curly locks got our "Steno" Jeanie. She is still sighing great sighs of regret. I hope she gets over it soon. Best of luck to F/O Dawson in his new adventure.

Spring is coming (so I have been told—forgot who said that, but it's sure d—cold), but "romance is in the air." Boy doesn't go out because girl friend is working days. Girl doesn't go out because boy friend is working on the melt shift. So they both stay in—the lounge—not very private—but? Could be that Laura is the home type. Time and night shift will tell.

From the latest reports "Our Boss" has been wending his way to St. Thomas, sometimes by bus, sometimes by what he terms a car—if and when it starts. Ask us; we know. Guess that Marion is still in town.

Of course there is always the Airman's "bugaboo"—his Nemesis—the "Gestapo" (A. I. D.). They sure can't get past this issue of the Observer, when such things as Sgt. Major Gosby's address book is still around—some of the boys would sure like to get it. We have always wondered why the Major alternates his forty-eights—Toronto, Windsor, (?)

We still know that F/Sgt. Murphy spends his evenings in barracks. Must be hibernating like the bear.

Newest addition to the "Gestapo" is "Pass-Me-the-Glass Prof. 'Jack' Miller." "Really cooking with defects" when he comes to examine the mighty Anson. Looks like he's started off on the right foot. He only believes half he sees, so he uses the glass to see the other half. Do you follow me? You're better than I thought you were.

Now we come to the "missing link" of the "Gestapo," F/Sgt. Sharp. "Jackie" has a new job—taking WO2 Fraser's position. Hope he continues to keep up his high standard of work, but we guess he misses his car—not being able to go to Tillsonburg. "She sure misses you all—Jackie and Georgie."

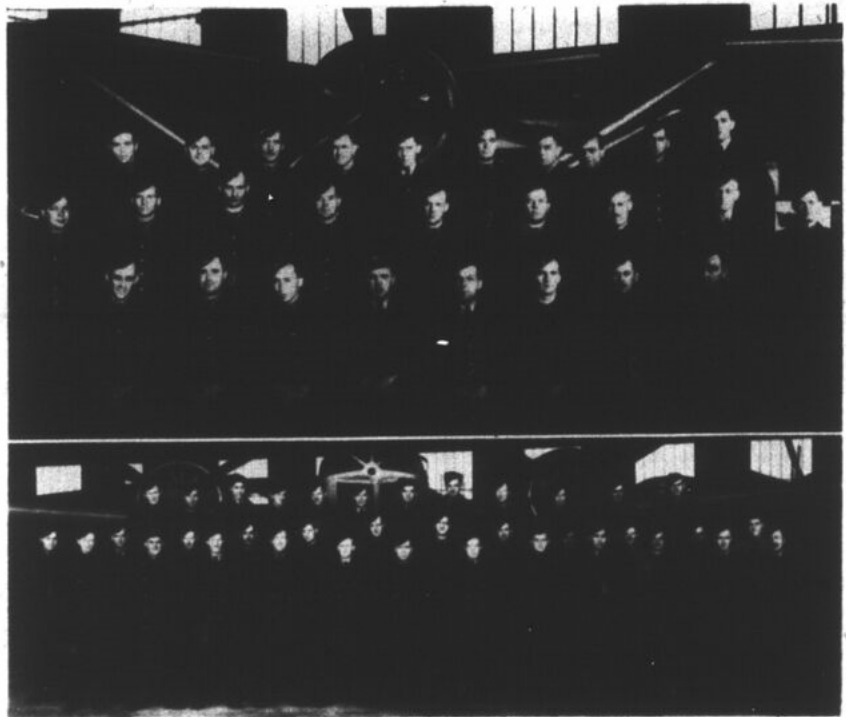
Almost forgot the "gals" here have taken to a kind old tottering man with

THE OFFICER AND SENIOR N.C.O.'S IN CHARGE OF CENTRAL MAINTENANCE

Rear row—Sgts. Perron, Brown, Miller, Workman, Flt/S. Fowler, Sgts. Stone, Conlin, F/S Post, Sgts. Lawton and Harrison.

Middle row—Sgt. Tripp, F/S Marton, Sgts. Shindelka, Stretton, Cass, Lindsay, F/S Murphy, Sgts' Vinal and McPherson.

Front row—F/S Larkin, WO2 Gosby, F/S Britton, S/L Spruston (in charge), WO1 Ordidge, Sgt. Armstrong, F/S Sharpe, F/S Peterson.

**THE LADS WHO "KEEP 'EM FLYING," OF MAINTENANCE A. FLIGHT**

Front row—LAC's Thorpe, Allison, Quibell, Heming, Millette, Cpl. Tribe, LAC Bonnycastle, Abbey Cudmore, Cpl. Evans, LAC Duke, Michaud.

Second row—Corporals Mugford, Heckman, Slute, Tufford, LAC's Spiegel, Taylor, Collier, Smith, Barry, Thornton, Banta, Colledge.

Third row—LAC's Olson, Keible, Gauchier, Allan, Adams, Harris, Titz, Moore, Burd, Paton, Biduleak, Herbets.

gentle features, soft voice (especially after 48s or pay night), who always greets them with "Good morning, children." If you know who I mean, bet you say "'taint possible"—good old Pete.

Which brings us to the end. If the weather continues cold—and snow still blows—bet you, too, hope it soon goes.

SERVICING POOL

Word has been passed around that the Servicing Pool's issue of a bicycle has been retracted, as no priority on bicycle tires can be obtained, so dog teams and sleighs will arrive shortly. Pat Diamond says this will be one sure way of getting home at night even if the busses do stop.

I don't know just how much I can get away with, as Sgt. Brown of the Servicing Pool keeps peering over my shoulder, every few minutes.

No doubt you will observe the happy and smiling faces, in the photograph of No. 5 Hangar. You might ask why so happy and smiling—why bring that up?

Still the fact remains that odd sounds, faintly resembling music, come drifting across at you as you are busily plastering grease on your coveralls. The wagon was nearly on its way down here for our new Cpl. Keenan, but it was discovered that he was yodelling, not screaming, in the far corner of the hangar.

Deserving of mention is the time taken by the photographer (to almost break the lens of his camera, which was set up that same night by our hangar). He carried nobly on until 5.45 p.m.

How clearly everyone can see, we of Maintenance are generally excused duty watch. To explain what we mean when we say "generally," this is specifically two or three days every four years.

I have just heard from the A. I. D. section. Sgt. Miller made the statement, corroborated by F/Sgt. Murphy, that "Maintenance resolves completely around the A. I. D. section." However, we have our own ideas about this statement, and perhaps you have too, so I will refrain from further comment.

BLOWN FUSES FROM THE ELECTRICAL SECTION

The Electrical Section, located in No. 4 Hangar, looks after and maintains all of the electrical equipment in the A/C on this Station. We are under Maintenance Wing and have for our C.O., S/L. Spruston. Next in line comes our section Senior N.C.O., Flt. Sgt. Larkin, Sgt. Eaton and Sgt. Williams (now posted to St. Thomas T.T.S.).

Congratulations are in order to our three new corporals, Horning, Prince and Walsh. Three swell fellows who have really worked hard to get promotion.

This Station is getting to be a second T.T.S. We send out "A" group electricians and in return we get standards and "C" group men, which our N.C.O.'s take in hand and build up to "A" groupers. Some job, as far as some of the men are concerned. Mind you, I am not praising the N.C.O.'s; I think the men and the A.C.'s and LAC's have a lot to do with it, when it comes to showing these new men the score.

Part of our work is servicing the batteries in the A/C, and we would like a little more co-operation from the boys who fly and service these ships. If you only would remember to turn off all the switches and radios, it sure would be a big help, not only to us but the whole service as well. Also, lads, the A/C battery is for emergency starting ONLY! And why, oh why, do you have to fly all over the country, scaring farmers and motorists and lovers in the parks with your landing lights. Some day you are going to need those lights for a landing in a hurry and you will find that your light burned out somewhere over London or somewhere else and you're going to be out of luck. We are having to change too many landing lamps for you to say don't use them. Think of what it costs in time and money to change them unnecessarily.

Another thing that gives us a pain in the neck is the way the flights don't bring back the starting dollies when flying is over. How about it, fellows?

The good showing of the Electrical Section must be credited to the hard work of the Senior N.C.O.'s, F/S Larkin, the electrical wizard, Sgt. Eaton, and the now departed Sgt. Williams (who by the way is now an instructor at T.T.S.). Not forgetting the good work of the Junior N.C.O.'s and the rest of the A.C.'s or Joes, as they are sometimes called.

Things the Section Would Like to Know

Why did F/S Larkin buy an electric heating pad—is it to keep him warm? Why does he, of all the F/S, just love to take the Parade in the morning? Is there a sugar shortage, or why does the Flight's wife not send any more cookies?—Cpl. Drouin keeps raving about how good they are and we would like to cut in on them. What is the attraction in London that keeps Sgt. Eaton hopping there every time he has a 48? We feel sorry for Sgt. Eaton for the amount of

STAFF OF ELECTRICAL SECTION

Front row, left to right—Cpl. Walsh, Cpl. Horning, Sgt. Williams, F/S Larkin, Sgt. Eaton, Cpl. Drouin, Cpl. Smith, Cpl. Prince.

Back row—AC Little, LAC Goodwin, AC Lemaire, AC Fowler, AC Seville, AC Graham, R. M., AC Davidman, AC Devanney, AC Irwin, LAC Cockcraft, AC Teeple, LAC Graham, H. H., AC Gallant, AC Morrison.



The lads—and one lassie—who "keep 'em flying" at Maintenance B. Flight. They are:

Top row, left to right—Moran, Pearce, Thomas, Weir, Goettler, Jackson, Meers, Rake, Wickhorst, Baird, Wright, Moren, Madsen.

Centre row, left to right—Blackwell, Nichols, Leech, McNab, Martin, James, Brinklaw, McLellan, Enright, McAlpine, Wyte, Patterson, Smith.

Front row, left to right—LAC's Carter, Laroche, Cpls. Chapman, Dobson, Bennett, AW1 Zubick, Cpls. Keenan, Smith, Row, Vollans, LAC Coe.

money he is losing every day he's in the service. I think we should have a tag day for him—or maybe the war should end. What makes the now departed Sgt. Williams love all the girls, praise one and all of them, and why didn't he come to say good-bye to the Electrical Section? Why do some of the corporals and Joes run to Detroit on their 48's, and during their stay on the Station accumulate vitamins for another trip? Can it be some attraction that draws them there—or what? Is it true that the newly made corporals throw their tunics on the floor to dirty up their hooks and try to make them look like veterans? Why do they call a man of 6 feet 1 inch "Little"? Could it be that his wife is short? Why does a certain W.D.'s heart go pit-a-pat when she hears Cpl. Horning's name mentioned? Could it be love? And why is it that two "C" group men came back from the Trade Test Board raving that they received an automatic

"A" and then only got a "B"?—over-confidence, I'd say! Why does LAC Graham always beef and groan before going on a job, thinking that the whole world is against him, when he has a beautiful wife and kiddy living in town? Pretty lucky, I'd say! Why do they call LAC Seville the "Mohammedan Padre"? Could it be that he can look farther ahead in this world than anyone else, or is it because he sits at his bedside and burns incense? Where, oh where, has LAC Rolling gone—and why does he always do things very fast? Who has Cockcroft and Devanney got in Detroit, or shall I say Flint, Michigan, that they run up to the post office every day—are they expecting any mail? Why does Gallant in his own quiet way go to Detroit and why does he take Goodwin with him? Can it be that Goodwin doesn't like to spend a "48" in Detroit, or that he doesn't like the American way of doing things? I wonder what the at-

traction in Vancouver is for AC2 Irwin, that he should want to go there instead of to his home in Port Dalhousie?

Five new men have been added to our section, namely: AC's Graham, Morrison, Ayers, Ostrom and Murray. We welcome you with open arms to share our grief.

Congratulations are in order to Cpl. Smith on the birth of a baby boy. AC Teeple, who has taken unto himself a wife—nice going, Smitty—tell Teeple the score on a successful married life. "You've got to be on the alert!" AC Lemaire has taken unto himself a bride and will be living in St. Thomas—we'd all like to be invited up for supper.

HIGHLIGHTS OF THE INSTRUMENT SECTION

Everybody should know where the Instrument Section is located. We repair anything that is repairable. Give it back to you and say, wear it, tear it, compare it, don't spare it, and if it's not the —***—well, anyway, we do a good job.

Before we go any further, I think we should give credit to the promotions of N.C.O.'s in the section. Congratulations are in order for Sgt. Sretton, who received his third stripe, and Cpl. H. Dunlop, Cpl. J. Eichenberg and Cpl. D. Eldridge, who were promoted from the rank of L.A.C.

AC1 Digney, J. G., was married on the 23rd of December, in St. Thomas. They are now living in St. Thomas, but Dig won't tell where. All the gang's behind you, Dig, and we hope you'll have as

many troubles as a chicken has teeth.

Sgt. Armstrong must have a "gal" in Kalamazoo, because he's always going across the border. (What's the attraction, Sarge?)

The Instrument Section has one of Ontario's best table-tennis champions, namely, Armand Goudreau. He'll take on all comers.

We have quite an array of talent in the section. Sgt. Armstrong knows the score on all the love affairs on the Station because he does all the engraving for little Cupid.

Sgt. Shindelka is our whiz-bang watchmaker, but don't let him toss you for "cokes" or you will be another person buying the round of drinks. Not that he cheats or any thing(?).

Sgt. Sretton is the bass player in the local orchestra, and it is to him as our able orchestra leader that a great deal of credit is due. Through his leadership, our snappy orchestra has reached a peak of perfection never before known on this Station.

Cpl. Earl's' 48's are always a Christmas when he goes to Blenheim. Only HE knows what this means.

We are well protected in this section by Golden Gloves Petroski. He used to be Dominion amateur welterweight champion, known as King Petroski, but now his wife is champion.

AC1 Jack Gutsell is going to join up in the Russian Fighting Forces (he thinks).

Les Maddaford is our drummer boy, has been playing for 14 years, and in musicians' opinion he's still one of the best skin slappers.

Cpl. J. Eichenberg is, I think, related to Fred Allan, because he's always saying that his travelling bags are bigger and better than Allan's (Allan gets paid for his). On the whole everybody in the section is tops, even Cpl. Eldridge.

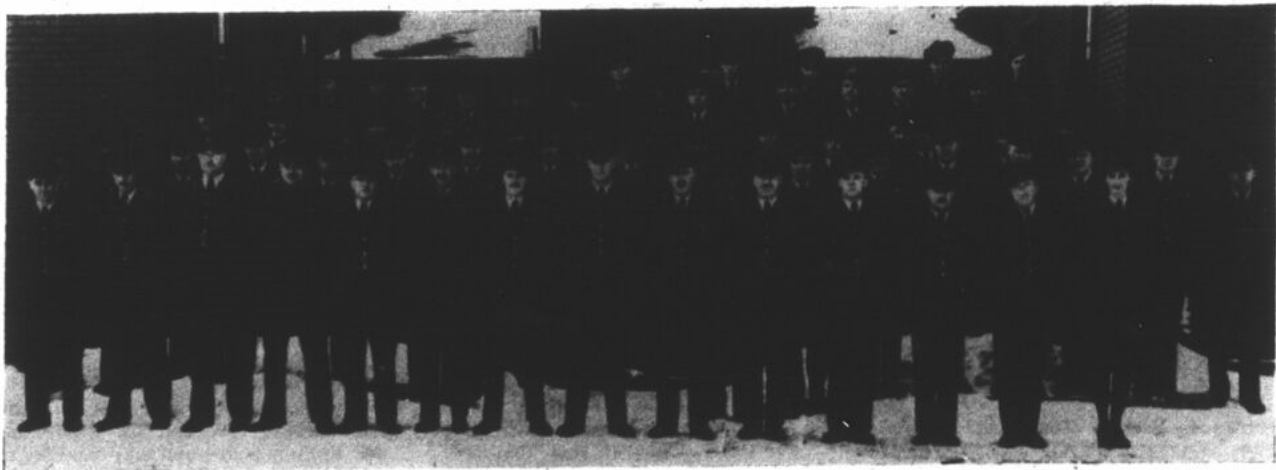
If we can assist you in any repairs, domestic troubles or planting corn, just give us a buzz.

"SHOTS" FROM THE STATION HOSPITAL

Well, the holiday season has come and gone for another year, and we sincerely trust that a good time was had by all. We can vouch for the fact that all those who were on the Station at Christmas had a very enjoyable time and would like to take this opportunity of thanking all the officers who were here on December 25th for their very successful "all out" effort to provide a merry Christmas for the Airmen and Airwomen. Although we were not present for the New Years Day celebration, we have been given to understand that the same spirit of revelry prevailed at that time, and thanks are also in order for the officers who made that celebration such a successful one.

We should also like to offer sincere thanks on behalf of the Senior Medical Officer and all personnel of the Station Hospital to the ladies of the Southwold Red Cross for their kindness in decorating the Station Hospital for Christmas and for the gifts which they provided for all patients in hospital during the holiday season.

Expressions of gratitude are also tendered to our industrious "Y" representa-



OFFICER PERSONNEL OF NO. 4 BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL, DECEMBER, 1942

Front row, left to right—F/L Poupore, F/L Lowe, S/L Westman, Capt. Porter, F/L Coady, S/L Gower, S/L Blagrave, W/C Findlay, S/L Massey, F/L Bales, S/L Spruston, S/L Whalen, S/L MacKinnon, S/O Satterly.

Second and third rows, left to right—S/O Willson, F/O Baillie, F/O Bullied, P/O Thurlow, P/O Ellis, F/O Savage, F/L Morris, P/O Living, F/O Powell, P/O Greenbury, F/L Milliken, P/O Edmunds, P/O Beggs, F/O McMahon, F/O Player, F/L Witzel, P/O Brewer, Capt. Valliquett, F/L Hallett, F/O Murray, F/O Harvey, F/L Webster, F/O Donnelly, P/O Lowe, F/L Gaudin, P/O Hinchey, P/O Ingram, P/O Scott, F/O Maguire, (upper) F/O Washer, F/O Kelman, P/O McKinley, and P/O Posliff.

Rear rows — F/O Davies, F/O Warner, P/O Dryden, F/O Chads, P/O Hammond, F/O Sohier, F/O Furrow, F/L McLeod, D.F.C., F/O Cleworth, F/O Burns, F/O Spencer, P/O Harris, P/O Menzies, F/O Kistler, P/O Tanner, J. Shaver (Y.M.C.A.), F/O Sprague, P/O Adler, F/O Van Beek, F/O Jacobs, F/O Lesesne, P/O Whitelaw.

tive, Jay Shaver, for his never-ending attempts to bring sunshine into the lives of all at the Station Hospital—patients and staff alike. These attempts are usually successful, too.

Speaking of the "Y" reminds us that we ran into our old friend Don Marks at New Year's. Don is now stationed at Trois Rivieres, Quebec, and requests that his best wishes for 1943 be conveyed to all his old friends—and they are many—at No. 4 B. & G.

We also had word of several of the old gang from the hospital lately. Dick Roach was successful in passing his course at I. T. S. and is now in training at E. F. T. S. in Goderich. "Mac" Carr is at Mont Joli now—a corporal, and expecting to go overseas shortly. Joe Hornstein is also a corporal now and is stationed right at home at No. 5 "M" Depot, Lachine, P. Q.

During the last month (since the end of the holiday leave period) we can almost guarantee that the Station Hospital has been the busiest section in the camp. We have had a full house almost every day and it is now a case of phoning in to reserve a bed if you are coming on sick parade—we are that short of beds. However, a great deal of this can be traced to the changeable weather which has been experienced lately and which we have been assured by residents of Western Ontario is "very unusual." However, we once again wish to remind everyone that the cure for a common cold is much simpler and quicker than the cure for pneumonia, so please don't hesitate to come and see us at the first warning of an oncoming cold rather than wait till it develops into something more severe.

In addition to the increased number of patients, both in hospital and on sick parade, the hospital is functioning under an additional handicap due to the absence of Squadron Leader Westman, who is at present on a well-earned 14-day leave. We trust that the Squadron Leader and Mrs. Westman will have a most enjoyable holiday—they certainly deserve it.

Now, before signing off, there are a few personalities around the Station we'd like to meet. Does anyone know: The young man who broke his leg while playing rugby on Talbot street recently?

The fellow who just recently said: "Throw me that egg, will you—oh, well, I had to have this uniform cleaned anyhow."

The fellow who, at the Station Hospital, picked up the phone and said: "Give me the Hospital, please."

The W.D. who wants to know if we have no Medical Selection Board at No. 4 B. & G.?

The Airman who saluted Cpl. Hodges? The Airman who came to the Hospital with his name already on sick parade and did not want to have it added on when he got here?

Can anyone give us an introduction to any of the above named people?

'Sall for this month.



F/S and Mrs. Payton in an informal wedding pose.

SGT.-MAJORS' OFFICE SPEAKS

The Eastern Air Command has another good man, WO1 Thorpe, who has gone east. We're all sorry to see him go as Jack was undoubtedly one of the best liked men on the Station. We'll all be keeping our eye on Torbay and wishing him the best of luck. Replacing WO1 Thorpe is S.W.O. WO2 Jenkin, formerly of No. 6 R. D., Trenton. From WO2 Jenkin's past records, Fingal is very fortunate in getting such a good man. Let's all give him our wholehearted support!

Bomber Fashions for '43

When slouching through the attention area, be sure to unbutton your great coat, light up a fag, and put your hands in your pockets—there is always the danger of having your pocket picked by a Discip or S.P.! If the little woman is along, don't let a wolf get her. No, sir! Make her clutch your arm. It always makes a smart salute!

Since Santa arrived at Fingal, new fashions have been raging: Turtle neck sweaters, white scarfs and non-issue gloves. Incidentally, could one of you lads tell me when I'll be getting my issue of dress oxfords? You know... those fancy pointed canoes that all the boys are wearing on daily parades.

(Rumor has it that "there'll be some changes made!" Let's watch it, gang!)

That Talkative W. D.

"Speechless" Spencer—the gal who can give us a few tips on duty watch parade. Its all right, Ann, we all get flustered at times.

A New Medicine

Rationing in a free democratic country is a hard pill to take—but we can take it. This is the general feeling of the Canadian public. So let's you and I take our pill and all do our part!

"Anybody from the West?"

The lure of the romantic old West is still deeply entrenched in the hearts of those who live there and have contributed so much to its development. So that's why all the boys and girls want to go back home.

The R.C.A.F. motto, "Through Adversity to the Stars," is a fitting tribute to the Canadian Airmen who are doing just that on the many battlefronts of the world today.

GUNNERY GROANS

Yep, we are now in Gunnery Flight. We get transferred around so much with this new system of change-over in Central Maintenance that we often get confused ourselves to where we actually are working. As a matter of fact, one stormy morning the other day we had an Anson half washed before we realized we were now playing nursemaid to Bolies instead. Loud shrieks of anguish rent the air and there was a wailing and gnashing of teeth, for if there is one job we hate it's washing aircraft. It won't happen again.

At the time of writing (January 15th) F/O Kistler is counting the days until wedding bells will peal on January 30th. Some wit put on the Pilot's roster board:

F/O KISTLER

15 DAYS TO LIVE

and underneath, in smaller letters, someone added the word "Alone."

We hope that Mr. Kistler and the future Mrs. Kistler (AW Leghorne of the Accounts Section) will be very happy together, as does all the rest of the Hangar.

F/Sgt. Payton and Sgt. Stott must also have been bitten by the love-bug, as they have recently been married. (Of course, not to each other, Dopey). Maybe that's how come the worried expression on their faces of late. We're only kidding, but our sincere congratulations are extended to both couples. Incidentally, both the blushing brides are wearers of Air Force blue.

We'd like to know what it is that AC Bill Holmes has that we haven't got. We were replacing him in Stores for a day or two and business dropped off remarkably. When the W.D.'s came over and saw us instead of Bill they were horribly disappointed, no foolin'.

We are going to read and digest Dale Carnegie's book, "How To Win Friends and Influence People," and see if that helps any.

One Airwoman remarked to us with a plaintive sigh as Sgt. Wilkins happened to walk past, "It seems that all the really cute sergeants are married. Isn't it a shame?"

Don't worry, "Babs," we won't tell anyone your identity, except, of course, Sgt. Wilkins, if he's interested, and something tells us he will be.

All the recent postings that have come in have certainly been felt on the Station. We surely do miss the ones who have left and envy them a little, too. Lots of luck to them all when they get

overseas and "bon voyage" on the trip over.

They claim in Germany that there are two lunatics who think they are Hitler. Cpl. MacIntyre says he'll bet that one of them is right, too!

AC Barnes tells us his wife has a very deep problem on her hands. It seems she can't make up her mind whether to spend the whole \$1.40 that the Government has so munificently bestowed, or save part of it for a rainy day. The only difference to Barnes, so he says, is that after he signs over the extra \$3, he'll only have to borrow \$3 more from the financial head of the family.

We were walking down Talbot Street the other day with LAC Swackhammer and he said, "Those fellows from T.T.S. better hurry or they'll be late getting in."

"How do you know they're from T.T.S.?" we asked.

"Oh, that's simple, they have that starved and beaten look," he replied.

"Well, how about those fellows over there?" we queried, although we knew darn well they were from Fingal.

"Fingal," he replied, "because they have that dazed and worried look."

"Very, very good," we commented, "and those over there?"

"Aylmer," he shot back. "See, they have that carefree, happy air about them."

We are going to have the situation looked into, for they really were from Aylmer.

Well, that about finishes our news, so we'll be seeing you again next month.

TRANSPORTING '43 STYLE

We are the gang that keeps them rolling—when you call up and order transportation in a hurry, it's this efficient Transport Section that heeds the call.

Our genial O.C. is none other than P. O. Ingram, who is doing an able job, succeeding F. O. Savage. The latter officer craved more action than he got as a Link Trainer Instructor, and has therefore remustered to become a pilot and is at present stationed at No. 6 I. T. S., where he is known as just P. O. Savage.

In dealing with our present personnel, first in line is Sgt. Faulkner, who has been handling the reigns since F/S Herbert has been posted, and oh, how that guy Faulkner can shout. Then we have our recent promotees in Sgt. Williamson, that large and husky guy who, when answering the telephone, always says: "Transport, sir." Our Junior N.C.O.'s include Cpl. Gallagher, Cpl. Hogsdon, commonly known as "Pop," and upholding the W.D.'s is Cpl. Julien.

Transport Section is doing its bit to keep up with the flying personnel. LAW Newton and LAC Sinnott took their marriage vows during the holiday season, and they are now known as Mr. and Mrs. E. Sinnott, and both are wearing Air Force blue.

In the Transport Section we have a lot of trailers, but now we have a trailer pup. Congratulations to LAC Ferguson on the birth of their nine-pound baby boy (still waiting for the cigars, Fergy.)

Of course you want to know who the rest of the gang are, and we're happy to tell you they are: LAW Price (Dafoc Kid), LAW Nixon (better known as Short), LAW Brulotte (censored), AW2 Sheldrick (the Corsage Kid), AW2 Hoogaven (the Sailor Kid), AW2 McGeagh (known now as Mumps McGeagh), and AW2 Woods (in name, and name only).

In the next edition we hope to give you the low-down on the rest of the motor overhaulers — in the meantime, our moto is: "We can take it."

GUARD HOUSE NEWS

Happy in the Service? Well . . . we really are again. After all the "headache" season is now over—and what a headache! Between the chopping of flagpoles, retrieving greatcoats from chimneys and being nursemaid in general, all of which nearly spoiled our share of Yuletide enjoyment. Had it not been for a few humorous sidelights and our philosophical understanding that our Christmas leave will be ours before February 1st, when obligations are not so taxing on the depleted coffers.

At this time we wish to introduce those two new new Service Police—Cpl. Clark and Cpl. Dawson—who daily try to decipher your scrawl in the Guard House books. Hope you like them, because they like you.

Poor Lew Evans, that jovial corporal who was the MacDonald, Man, draft escort, was really disappointed when the draft was cancelled. Well, after all, he did have seven days' leave with it, and Winnipeg is his home town.

Here is an other season's greeting some of you missed. Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians, broadcasting over NBC from New York on the Chesterfield program, dedicated that popular number, "White Christmas," when he wished us all here at No. 4 B. & G. School the season's greetings in "Hands Across the Border" fashion. Your correspondent, who knows him, phoned him a few days before Christmas, and found him enthusiastically willing to help brighten our holiday season in this way.

Incidentally, did you hear what happened behind the Supply Depot just at midnight, New Year's Eve? Well, ask Sgt. "Ernie" Smith and Cpl. "Bill" Littlejohn, and don't let them tell you they didn't get wet.

Telegrams, as we all know, are apt to have messages anywhere down the list from hatches, matches and dispatches, to postings, and posting cancellations (page Cpl. Lew Evans), but here is one for the book, received by everybody's admiration:

"F. O. Sohler, A. (our D.A.P.M.)

"Late, impossible, good story.

"Signed, AC2"

Oh, to b a D.A.P.M.!

MAINTENANCE MOANS

Well, here we are again. As Jay Shaver so aptly puts it, "the Observer still lives."

Conversation on the phone overhead in the Electrical Section:

"This is Sgt. Eaton. I would like you to send over your battery dollies as soon as flying is washed out, so that we can put them on charge.—No, no, I'm not threatening anyone! I won't put anyone 'on charge!' I merely said that the battery dolly that you have on your charge should be returned to our charge, so we can put them on charge.—Look, I'm not going to charge anyone for anything! It wont cost you a cent. All I want is for you to return the dolly you're charged with. — What's who's second name?—Dolly's? Are YOU screwy or am I?—I know you have no W.D.'s in your flight. I know it, and it's very sad, and my heart bleeds for you; but what's that got to do with returning our dolly?—No! The damn thing don't say 'mama' and close its eyes! But that's probably your speed. THIS dolly is for starting aeroplanes and it's charged to you and we want it back as soon as possible so we can take it off your charge and re-charge it.—What do you mean there is no sense to it? I'll make it very simple; you have a dolly and I want it!—I am not mixing into your personal affairs, in fact I don't care if you have ten dolls crazy about you! All we want—never mind, never mind, I'll send a man over for it. Good-bye!"

Maintenance would like to say "au revoir" to LAC's Spencer and Hsley, who were posted to Newfoundland. We all are certainly sorry to see you go, and wish you both the best of luck on your new station.

Now that Spencer, who occupied the bunk above us, is gone, we wonder who will be the new tenant. The Lord preserve us from getting one of these fresh air athletic fiends. The type that leaps out of bed with a yell, and lands in the correct position, heels raised, knees bent, and incidentally scares the living day-lights out of you with the noise. Then throws open the window and inhales deeply ten times of the fresh snow, while you catch pneumonia, all the time emitting weird yells at your squawks which sound remarkably like, "It'll do you good." As if we want to be done good by. We just want to rest in peace.

Who is the rigger in Maintenance who, when assigned to a 60-hour inspection, was going to do all the items marked "60" only, instead of all the items PLUS the ones marked "60"?

Our sister wrote us and asked us recently if we knew what A.W.O.L. stood for. Having a dim inkling of what it meant and always biting at gags, we wrote back and told her. Two days later we received another communique from the home front, which said: "No, you're

wrong. A.W.O.L. stands for 'A Wolf on the Loose.'

We do not wish to detract anything from the bravery and gallantry of the Russians, but we have lately learned something that might help account for Hitler's woe-begone expression every time he thinks of our allies on the eastern front.

Seeing as it was the festive season, we dropped into see a friend of ours in St. Thomas, to wish him and his the best of everything in the new year. Naturally we had to drink a toast on it, and when he proudly produced a mildewed bottle from his cellar with the words, "you can't get this stuff any more," we congratulated ourselves for dropping in to see him. He brought out a water glass and proceeded to pour us a fair-sized drink. It looked exactly like gin, although it didn't smell quite as purty, in fact we couldn't identify the aroma at all, and the dust covered the label so that we couldn't read it. When we inquired what sort of heavenly nectar it was (not that it made any difference to us, you understand), he replied, "taste it and see if you like it," which we did; only we took a fair taste, about half of the glass. When the blueness had receded from our face back into our uniform, and we had combed our hair flat again, we examined ourselves to see if the scars would show where the horse had kicked us in the stomach. Upon a polite enquiry we learned it was nothing less than special imported Russian "kummel"—vodka.

We had thought that all explosives were being used for the war effort, but here was a holdout.

It's easy to see that all that would be necessary would be to put a glass of kummel in a Russian's left hand, and a gun in his right, point him at the German lines and then jump clear. We think he would take a lot of stopping.

The British Navy seems to believe that the occasional spot of rum improves the fighting quality of the sailors, for every once in a while we read that the order, "spice the mainbrace," has been given. We think that is the nautical term for "have one on the house," although we may be wrong. What we are driving at is, what happened to the pint of beer we have grown to expect with our Christmas dinner? It was just like the little man, it wasn't there, much to our sorrow.

Cpl. Storm (do you notice, Stormie, that we spelt your name without the extra "s"?) has graduated to a larger circulation, for with the first copy of the R.C.A.F. official publication, "Wings," "Storm Centre" will become nationally read. Nice work, fellow libeller, we'll be anxiously waiting to get our copy as soon as it goes on sale at the Canteen, which should be early in January.

Be seeing you next month.



"Smudge-Pot"—of flare path fame, sitting at his desk in Bombing Flight—on strength as Cpl. Dixon.

» Letters to Rocky «

Dear Rocky:

There are two words which puzzle me—could you look thro' your encyclopedia and give me the stuff. Is a jig the same as a clog? (Signed) Fly Paper.

Answer—Well, Flip, your problem isn't so tough. A jig is a half drink of rum—you know what a jigger is—well, a jig is half as much. A clog is a wheel with teeth in it—makes machinery go, you know, a clog wheel—or it could be sumptin' stuck in a drain pipe, like tea leaves or a dish rag, and all stuff like that there.

Dear Rocky:

I feel terribly bad because I can't figure out where my lap goes when I stand up. Do you know?

(Signed) AW1 Bash.

Answer—Well, Bongo, when you stand up, you haven't any place for anyone to sit but yourself. But don't worry, it'll come back when you sit down again. When you stand up it goes up in your chest and down in your sox. But don't let too much get down in your sox 'cause nobody likes big ankles. Of course, you could lean over and let your boy friend sit on your back. Say, where does the guy in the mirror go when you walk away?

Dear Rocky:

I am a good-looking kid, about forty years young, but my head she's a mess—the hair cut, she's got a hole in the middle. How's it to growing new hairs by the top?

(Signed) Sgt. Wrinklebonk.

Answer—Well, Cleekyzump, I'm indeed sorry for your eggy-looking coco, but have no fear, for your appearance—you have indeed come to the right party. How's about a toupe, eh? You can make a good one out of an old sweater, or a potato sack, but I guess you have an old

bag around somewhere. Say, an idea just comes to the ole master mind, lucky you. I'll put you wise—smear your dome with glue—quickly, before it dries, slit a pillow and stick your haid in it—see—ain't that just dandy?—what'd I tell ya—now you can once more not have them laugh when you sit down by the piano. Do I think you could pass for Joan Blondell? Well, that's another question—only one at a time, you know.

Dear Rocky:

Sometimes I think the world is screwy, and here's the reason why. If a guy is drowning, he hollers "Help." Does he want someone to help him drown, or what? (Signed) Smoots.

Answer—Well, Pots, it sure is silly, all right, the way you put it. Do you feel all right? But I see your point fortunately. When a person is fainting they holler "Water," which is correct, but if a guy sees a house burning, he hollers "fire"; goofy, isn't it? He has the fire, why don't he holler "water"; that's what he needs. Now if we go back to the guy getting drowned—if he's still there—according to the fire theory, this guy should holler "water"; for you I'd say, while you're drowning yourself, good-bye to nuthin'.

Dear Rocky:

I am in a bad way. I wear long combination underwear. Well, the buttons are all off the front, and believe you me, the situation is terrific.

(Signed) I. Sickle.

Answer—Well, Pickle Puss, take the one side of your underwear and cut a two-inch hole in it, then pull the other side through the hole, and tie a big knot in it. Slick, isn't it? Lumpy, though. The only trouble I find with this underwear holdershutter is, it pulls the back wide open. Oh, well! you can sit on that half, or just let the past take care of itself. One MUST keep up a good front, ain't it.

STORM CENTRE



With trepidation born of experience, we greet a brand new year. No doubt we shall be rationed and taxed to death—"a mere exigency, my dear Watson!" We shall break all our resolutions and suffer untold miseries during the dark months of late winter and wish to the devil we were blessed with eternal summers. And then, suddenly, spring will come. The road to Fingal will be full of boobie traps and bottomless pits. These and other sorrows shall be our travail. Such cars that are left will bounce and groan and suffer flats where the mud is deepest. The Gremlins will see to that! But even so, in spite of ruptured roads and mud and Gremlins, our lot is an easy one. The road to Fingal does not wind through the Caucasus or cross the River Don. There are no dive bombers, or snipers, or mine fields. We do not dash beneath a blanket of enemy fighters, going like mad to the next oasis. We are privileged in so many respects. Dead and rotting corpses do not bar our progress. We are so fortunate that we are apt to forget these things, remembering only the trivial irritations of service existence.

Typical of the Battle of Russia is this story from Stalingrad. Ivan and a fellow comrade were crouching in a cellar. Surrounded by Nazis, they had but a rifle apiece, a little ammunition and a few hand grenades for comfort, and a dark, damp cellar for a hideout. Upstairs les boches, six of 'em, were sniping like mad from behind boarded up window frames. Ivan grew restless. "Let's go up and murder the devils," he urged. But his friend held him back. "No," he pleaded. "Listen to the different voices. There must be five or six of them!" Ivan was unmoved. "That's fine," he said. "Just makes it right." His comrade asked him if he were crazy. "No doubt, they are well armed—and three to one!" But

Ivan was still unmoved. "That just makes it right," he repeated. "Promise me you will kill only one of them." "And leave you five?" his comrade asked. "That's right," Ivan replied. "They killed my mother at Moscow—one! They killed my two sisters at Leningrad—machine-gunned them from the air. That makes it three! My father they hanged at Karkov—four! And my brother they murdered while he slept from sheer exhaustion right here in Stalingrad. So! I want five of them." Next day Ivan and his friend managed to join some of their comrades who were holding a factory further up the street. "Where have you been?" they were asked. "We thought you must be dead!" Ivan gave a grunt of satisfaction. "Killing Germans," he said quietly.

We spent the night at the London Active Service the other forty-eight and were polishing buttons and boots next morning about nine o'clock, when the houseman made his rounds, calling late sleepers. Diplomatically, he tapped the prone figures on the shoulders with a gentle, "All right, boys. Turn over." Each man obediently turned over—and went to sleep again.

Incidentally, we'd like to plug those Active Service breakfasts again. Where else can you get a couple of eggs, bacon, toast, jam and cereal for a quarter? I bet that would cost you a buck in Piccadilly Circus.

Faux pas, Mark II. McClennan was standing just outside the Gunnery Flight hangar when a couple of flying-suit toggled-up figures cast shadows across his path. He looked up, scowling. "Hey!" he edged. "Why didn't you bring in your empty shell cases and



"The Beaver Club"

links? Didn't your S. A. I. tell you always to bring 'em in after each exercise?" The fliers exchanged surprised looks. But not so surprised as McClennan's when they informed him, "We aren't students. We are P.O.s!"

What are things coming to around No. 4 B. & G.? Last fall we duly chronicled the plague of bats that flew around the Night Personnel. Now we have beavers. Yes, believe it or not (apologies to Ripley), we have beavers. And if there are any who do not credit our word, may we point out the knawed flagpole as evidence. Who wants to join the Beaver Club? The fees? Oh! thirty odd dollars and something.

An Airman friend of ours was pumping our hand on a well-known London street about Christmas time. The reason? To congratulate the writer upon his becoming engaged—in spite of 25% war tax. Suddenly the Airman let out a yell. He had lost a precious dental plate with a tooth or two fixed thereon. We poked about in the deep snow all in vain. By Gremlins, we couldn't find the darned thing. So, preoccupied with his loss, the Airman went his way and we ours, feeling a trifle guilty, we may as well admit. Two weeks later we ran into this fellow again. His smile was as toothful as ever. "Buy a new one?" we asked. "Nope!" was his happy reply. "I found it on the very spot I'd lost it, ten days later!"

Old picklepuss Schickelgruber, Adolf by Arian name, is having a tough time of it these days. Why, reports have it that glass is so scarce in Nastylund that it may be purchased privately only if it is required to frame Adolf (Hitler) Schickelgruber's picture. The sore point is that some of his more incorrigible patriots are removing the glass from his picture, buying more glass to frame it, removing that piece and buying another, ad infinitum, until they have enough glass for a cucumber frame. No wonder his patience is exhausted, poor chap. Why doesn't he threaten the lowly cucumber till it grows without glass? After all, he IS Der Fuehrer.

Barrack overtones: "Why was he flying so low?" asked Sammy Sklar, during the discussion of a recent crash. "And why shouldn't he fly solo?" demanded Nykolaychuk. "He's been doing it long enough!" Which reminds us of a certain Fingalite who used to think that every piece of equipment marked "U/S" was the property of the United States of America.

Here's to the boys on Guadalcanal
Who toll the Japs' death knell.
Make 'em hop to your bayonet pricks
And give 'em your version of—
censored!

One thing more, to quote a well-known magazine: "Help to beat Hitler by calling him SCHICKELGRUBER."

S/O LITTLE IS POSTED

It is with a very real sense of loss that we see the departure of the Station Messing Officer, S/O Little, who is leaving for Halifax at the end of the month—not to go overseas, but to remain on the staff of the "Y" Depot. So, don't feel when you're posted overseas that you'll never eat again like you did at Fingal, for you'll meet the same excellent fare and be able to store up a mine of vitamins at the "Y" Depot, while waiting for your sailing ticket. Miss Little promises a hearty welcome to everyone, and will be disappointed if you don't look her up on the way through.

S/O Little has the unusual distinction of being at one and the same time the most popular and most criticized officer on the Station. You just can't hope to please nine hundred people three times a day all the time—even Mr. Barnum admitted that—and the public's choice in entertainment is no more fickle than an airman's appetite. With all this discussion of eating to keep fit, it still remains true that more people eat for enjoyment than to stay healthy—or why so much crabbing? From observation, and from being told so, pretty often, Miss Little can tell you that no one wants vitamins, they want a good meal. However, any good meal has the vitamins, so you get them in spite of everything.

To satisfy the wayward tastes of the Airmen and Airwomen on this Station is by no means the only problem of a Messing officer. Everyone welcomes advice, and anyone who can boil an egg or make mustard has felt called upon to help Miss Little out in her arduous task. Like the bachelors and spinsters who know all about raising a family, it's your Airman who is least versed in culinary art, who points out to Miss Little the faults in her menus, and her ignorance of correct cooking temperatures. Do you know, for instance, that there is only one dish that requires an oven temperature of over 450 degrees F.? You don't? Then don't let it worry you; Miss Little didn't, either. So we'll let you know—the answer is tea biscuits! You can see that Miss Little has a lot to be grateful for—she's learned a lot about cooking that her eight years of training and experience failed to teach her.

All pioneers have a hard time at the beginning, and S/O Little found that she was no exception. With no bed to lie on, no office to sit in, her welcome was a warm one, indeed. However, they found a place for her to sleep, and they found a corner for her to work (it was another Black Hole of Calcutta, with the heat and the flies and the coal dust drifting in the window), and after she'd bucked her way through a heap of trouble and a pile of difficulties, she found everyone saying what an improvement there was in the meals, and what a swell idea it was to have a W.D. Messing Officer. Now she has an office (call it a gold fish bowl, if you will) and, as the height of luxury, a telephone (strange how neces-



S/O Little

sity can be so miscalled) which is on the Supply Depot line, so you can guess how often it is free to use.

We're surely sorry to see you go, Miss Little, and we'll promise to do better by your successor. She may consider herself fortunate in that you have so firmly established the need of a Messing Officer at Fingal. We wish you the best of luck in your new job.

HEADQUARTERS

The new year finds many new faces around Headquarters Squadron. W. C. J. G. Kerr has replaced W. C. D. D. Findlay as Commanding Officer, and

may we take this opportunity to welcome him to the Station? Two other familiar members of this section have also been posted within the past month, namely, F.L. A. L. Carroll and F.O. W. R. Maguire. Word has come through that S.L. J. T. Plowright will soon be plowing his way through the snow en route to Winnipeg and will be replaced by a new Senior Administrative Officer.

Aching heads and hearts were noticeable around Central Registry after a farewell party for Sgt. McDonald, L.J., who has been posted overseas. However, the new W.D., AW2 Davidson, H.M., should add a touch of color to the general atmosphere, and we hope she will be happy in her new post. AW1 Wedenkamp, M.L., has also left for Guelph to take a Code and Cypher Course. That hopeful look in the eyes of Ann Bennett, Vicky McAloney and Isobel McMurphy might indicate that an overseas posting may be coming their way.

All are happy to see Cpl. Ledingham, R.W., back after several weeks spent in T. T. S. His mysterious limp is caused by a plaster cast, which heresay has it Hedy Lamarr has autographed.

Sgt.-Major McCarthy informs us that he has never been taken on the strength of this unit, but we still think he wields a powerful shoulder.

And now, Mr. Shaver, may we sign off until next month when, providing our typewriters hold out, and we are not completely snowbound, you will hear from us again.



O. R. Mess on New Year's Day, 1943, and capable kitchen staff. They are:
 Standing—AW1 Payton, M.; LAW Landale, C. F.; LAW Hudson, V. E.; AW1 Burgess, W. F.; AW1 Pridding, G.; Sgt. Smith, I.; LAW Sutherland, M.; LAW Coombes, E. M.; AW1 Gaucher, S.; LAW Edmonds, L.
 Sitting—AW1 Williams, S.; AW1 Elliotte, A.

“ SPORTS “

HOCKEY MINDED

After a great deal of telephoning, calling emergency Sunday afternoon, meetings and arranging certain postings to different stations, what is now known as the St. Thomas and District Hockey League was formed. The league is made up of the following teams: The Army of No. 1 M.D.; the Old Mill team; Michigan Central team; T. T. S. team, and the famous Fingal Bombers.

The opening game, while not in the schedule, was an exhibition game on January 4th—all proceeds going to the local Red Cross Society. In this bout, Fingal nosed out the Old Mill team by a score of 5-4. Since that date, the Granite Arena in St. Thomas has been kept busy with an average of three games per week. Playing before a packed house of enthusiastic fans at the moment, the Army and T. T. S. teams seem to have a select group of power players, but this war must be won, and postings come into these large stations to continually drain them of old personnel, whether they be hockey players or no.

Therefore, here at old No. 4 B. & G. we carry along with a steady pace and with plenty of cheers from the sidelines, and utmost co-operation given to our WO1 Ordidge, hockey manager, the Bombers will emerge with the victory they seek at the finale of the season.

Good luck to you all.

FOLLOW THE BOUNCING BALL

Hurry, hurry, hurry! It's starting on the inside of the Airmen's canteen; yes, sir, your monthly ping pong tournament is due again.

Last month's tournament showed some real action, with sparkling ping pong being shown by all entries. Lee got a break by drawing a "bye" into the final round, then "bye bye" Lee in a hurry. Gaudreau handles his ping pong bat with the same skill that he handles his instruments, and smashed through to another victory in the tournament. I thought I would take a look at Cpl. Harwood warming up the other night; your columnist sees a victory for him in the near future, if he can shake that Gaudreau jinx. We expect to see Sgt. Milne's entry in next month to give us a representative for Headquarters, and it looks as if hostilities will resume on Thursday, February 11th, at the Airmen's canteen, so come on out and follow the bouncing ball.

PAST AND PRESENT

Smash hits, you can say that again! Our Tuesday night informals and Thursday night sessions become more popular with every passing week, if this is possible. No wonder, with the Station band swinging out with the season's latest tunes, and the W.D.'s going to town with the newest steps, these nights are turning out to be real jitterbug jamborees.

Dave McGowan's fine show went over with a bang, everybody going home



The old family group—and they didn't look much like Air Force personnel the evening of the Station Variety Show, Dec. 17th. They are: LAW Langley, LAC Asselin, LAW Dowding and LAW Morrison.

talking to themselves about his marvelous bird imitations and terrific monologues.

Hit Parade of the Month

The colossal time had by the O.R.'s at Christmas and New Year's; a big hand to the Senior N.C.O.'s and Officers.

Most popular tune at our Tuesday informals, "There Are Such Things."

The only word for the Merry-Go-Round All-Girl Show — "Deluxable." Let's get friendly; come back often.

"Congrats" to all Station personnel who turned in a sparkling performance on the 17th of December. This was the best variety show or amateur show to be staged through our own efforts, and special thanks go to Sgt. Case, "Mickey" Calhoun, Muriel Langley and Ken Lancaster and the orchestra. Many others assisted in a big way—thanks to you, too!

TO BE OR NOT TO BE

This question regarding our Tuesday night sports shindig in the drill hall is giving your correspondent quite a headache. After so many departments of the Station working very hard in the old year to build up sport teams—volleyball, badminton, basketball, etc.—to really make

our Tuesday night sport session a fun fest, it is very disappointing to see such a letdown in the old Fingal co-operation in the past month, with the wealth of sports equipment on hand in our Station, and the time and trouble involved in arranging the various schedules, we feel that it is the duty of every Airman and W.D. to put their nose, or better still, put a badminton racquet, a basketball or a volleyball in your hand and be over to the drill hall at 1900 hours every Tuesday night.

Old 1942 was a big year for sports in the drill hall for all Station personnel; now that we have all recovered from the effects of our cranberry sauce (I said cranberry sauce) we had over the festive season, let's roll up a new high in our sports score for 1943. See you all over at the drill hall Tuesday night.





FIRE HALL NEWS

by
F/S Paveling
Jokey Smo,
the Fire Eater.

Guess we'll start off by making our New Year's resolutions, some of which we'd like to keep, and the others don't matter. Here's a couple of items we'll try to avoid in 1943:

Sleeping on a railway station waiting-room bench.

Missing any train, bus, trolley, coach or conveyance of any other sort which would mean waiting for the next one—as the next one is always late, and crowded.

Leaving the job of writing our few lines for the Observer until the last moment, especially when a whopper of a head cold has got us feeling low.

Being absent when they're "on the house," or when there is ice cream for dessert.

We'll try hard not to overeat, oversleep, or overdrink, but, by gosh, we'll also try to get as much of each as we are legally entitled to.

We hereby promise not to get mad, even if a thousand people telephone us about a "dear little pussy cat up a telephone pole."

"And Speaking of Poles"

These little red and white boxes which have recently been fastened to the hydro poles around the Station are NOT letter boxes, but fire alarm boxes. As one W.D. mentioned recently, "Sure I know why they put manure around the fire hydrants. It's to stop the frost from killing the roots, but how do they expect us to mail parcels in such little mail boxes?"

But joking all aside, our Station is now equipped with an up-to-date fire alarm system. It is modern in every respect, and is just a small edition of those used in the large cities, so a few words here of how the system works might not be amiss.

However, we must start off by telling you this: You can't send in an alarm of fire if you don't know where the box is, so make yourself familiar with the location of the alarm box closest to your place of work, and also the one nearest your sleeping quarters; in case of fire, seconds count.

Let's suppose you have to send in an alarm from box No. 24. You open the box door and pull the inside alarm handle all the way down, and release it. This starts the siren blowing, as well as the gongs in the Fire Hall, and at the

main switchboard, tapping out the number of the box. At the same time a paper tape register, something like a ticker tape, is punched with holes corresponding to the number of taps on the gongs.

For box 24 we would get 2 taps close together, a three seconds pause, to separate the tens from the units, and then 4 taps close together. If you were to ring in box number 6, we would get 6 taps close together, with no pause. Each complete box number is repeated 4 times at 10-second intervals to avoid mistakes. The switchboard operator can also check the box location from her chart, and telephone all personnel concerned (Commanding Officer, Orderly Officer, Security Guard, etc.) while we are, or should be by this time, well on our way. Do not leave the box until the firemen arrive; it's the only sure way we have of getting the EXACT location of the fire. The alarm system has its own bank of storage batteries, so even if the hydro power is off, we still get the call. Another fool-proof feature of this system is that a broken wire anywhere in the whole circuit automatically starts the siren blowing and a trouble bell ringing.

So much for that, and regardless of it being an excellent system, if it is never used to send in an alarm of fire, all of us

in this section will be truly grateful. Those of us in the firefighting game appreciate this fact, that when we are called on to extinguish a fire, the resulting loss of money, labor and time is never made up again, consequently this Station's war effort is retarded.

The Art of Rinking

The other day we happened to be watching the efforts of a few chaps who were working on the new skating rink, which is located just underneath our drawing-room window. They were busily trying to defy the laws of gravity by coaxing water to run uphill and stay there.

An officer (we can't recall his name) wanted to know if we were in charge of the job. Drawing ourself up to our full height of 5 feet 4½ inches, and throwing out our chest (the upper one), we fixed him with a baleful stare. (Hmm, quite a word that, baleful; has unique poetic possibilities. First part rhymes with a pailful. Must file that away for a not too distant future). So as we were saying, we really gave him the old eye-to-eye stuff and started in: "Sir," we said in our best drill square voice, "did you say JOB? That which you are looking at, sir, is nothing less than a project. You

Self-conscious—or just happy? Sergeant and Mrs. Stott holding hands—would this be the first time?



One big happy family—or a wedding for sixteen?

possibly could use many other ill-timed descriptions, such as development, enterprise, landscaping, creation, etc., but that would be only a feeble attempt to portray the future loveliness of this noble undertaking." And edging around in front of him so he couldn't get away, we carried on still further: "We would have you know, sir, that the blood of five generations of rink maker (and don't slip a "d" in front of the word rink, Mr. Editor) courses through our veins, and you, sir, like many others, will be surprised to learn that this Station is going to be granted the special pleasure of skating in July."

At this stage, the gentleman seemed to be getting a bit restless, but we stuck to our guns: "Yes, sir," we proclaimed, "it's a well-known fact that anything started late must of necessity finish late, so that's why we can promise you skating until midsummer. Just think of being able to waltz around the ice, at the same time eating a dish of fresh strawberries and cream. So now you understand, sir, why we were so put out, and when you likened this masterpiece of rinking" (yes, back home, Pappy used to call it rinking) "to such an ordinary commonplace level as a JOB, it was a bit more than we could stand."

So, having had our say, we saluted and turned about—well, that is, we nearly turned about. Unfortunately for us, the roadway was slippery, and not being used to standing on ice, other than our own make, we promptly did a reverse "bottoms up" on the hardest part of Bishop Street.

"Well, fat stuff," said the officer, as he stepped around us, and neatly kicking us in the ear before we could get up (proving to us that he must have been quite a clean rugby player in his younger days), "after taking a second look, I'll agree with you one hundred per cent; I shouldn't have called that a JOB." We wonder what he meant.



"Lucky seven," huddled around the serving table, all set to dish out 500 pounds of turkey on January 1st — LAW Davidson, LAW Procter, Cpl. Barham, LAW Dini, LAW Edmonds, LAW Sutherland, LAW McLeod.

Just Jottings

LAC Alexander wishes everyone to know that he is a proud daddy. A girl, Mary Ellen. Congratulations.

* * *

Here's a little "On to Victory" cheer for our hockey team, pre-war style:
Fingal, Fingal, Rah, Rah, Rah,
Fingal, Fingal, Liz, Boom, Bah,
Fingal, Fingal, eat 'em raw,
And they'll go home and tell their Maw.

But following the advice in D.R.O.'s to "Save words, save paper," here's the same thing, war style:

Fingal,
Eat 'em,
Uncooked.

* * *

Sergeant Stuart has been posted from this section to No. 1 B. & G. School, Jarvis, and is replaced by Sergeant Gilhooly, from that station. Corporal Brooks, from

No. 1 Manning Depot, is another newcomer to the section.

And so, this is Joe Smoe saying so long, but reminding you that all the great disasters resulting from fires are invariably caused by careless or pigheadedness.

MOSSBANK

This bloody town's a bloody cuss,
No bloody tram, no bloody bus.
And nobody cares for bloody us,
Oh bloody, bloody, bloody.

No bloody sports, no bloody games,
No bloody fun with bloody dames.
Won't even give you their bloody names.

Oh bloody, bloody, bloody.

If it isn't dust, it's bloody snow,
The bloody winds they bloody blow,
They take all your bloody go.
Oh bloody, bloody, bloody.

All bloody clouds, all bloody rains,
All bloody mud, no bloody drains,
The ministry got no bloody brains,
Oh bloody, bloody, bloody.

And everything's so bloody dear,
Twenty cents for a bloody beer;
And is it good? No bloody fear.
Oh bloody, bloody, bloody.

The bloody flicks are bloody old,
The bloody seats are bloody cold.
You can't get in for bloody gold,
Oh bloody, bloody, bloody.

A certain guy, a bloody Sarge,
A bloody menace, at bloody large;
We're always on a bloody charge,
Oh bloody, bloody, bloody.

The bloody dances make me smile,
The bloody bands are bloody vile.
They only cramp your bloody style,
Oh bloody, bloody, bloody.

The bloody planes, they bloody roar,
Can't even get a bloody snore.
It's time this bloody war was o'er.
Oh bloody, bloody, bloody. —Aussie.



Three smiling "Joes" in the O. R. Mess on New Year's Day, 1943 — Cpl. Barham, LAW Coombs, LAW Dini.