

THE
Fingal Observer

NO 4 BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL
FINGAL, ONTARIO, CANADA



VICTORY LOAN ISSUE

“Back the Attack”

BUY VICTORY BONDS

The Fingal Observer

The official organ of No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario, Canada.
Published under authority of Wing Commander J. G. Kerr, Commanding Officer.

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LAST MONTH'S PRIZE WINNER

At the suggestion of the Commanding Officer of this Station, a monthly prize of \$5.00 (five dollars) will be awarded each month for the contribution to this magazine which is judged the best in that particular issue, the decision to be made by the Fingal Observer Committee.

This prize may be won by any of the personnel of Fingal and the prize-winning article may be constructed in a number of ways. It may be a poem of your own composition. It may be a true story of your experiences prior to joining the service but preferably a story of some of your experiences since joining the service. Then, too, it may be a fiction story, describing some subject for which you have a flare. Lastly, may we add that the Airman or Airwoman who may be reporting only on section news, might write his or her story so vividly that it could be the outstanding contribution of the month.

The April issue of the Fingal Observer marked the first month in which contributions would be judged in order to select the winner of the new five-dollar bill (one-tenth payment on a \$50.00 Victory Bond) and in that issue, the article submitted by Corporal Storm won for him the coveted prize. Congratulations, Corporal, and may this award be an incentive for you and all others on the Station to co-operate one hundred per cent to keep our paper the best in the Command.

R. C. A. F. Station,
Coal Harbour, B. C.,
March 25th, 1943.

Dear Editor:

Just received a couple of Observers from a friend back in Fingal and am reading some of the letters from the boys and girls who are spread over the globe and they gave me the idea to drop a few words on my own. I left Fingal last

August after being there since November 15, 1940, so you can well imagine the memories the Station has for me; very few of the "Originals" are on the Station now. There were 13 of us left Toronto and three have met their Maker. It was with sorrow I heard of the disaster to Cpl. Hilchie and Cpl. Nicholson. The pictures are grand of the personnel of the Station.

What a big difference now from the days of mud, no roads or transportation to and from the Station. WO2 Martyn was the S.S.M., who incidentally was the S.S.M. here for three months and is now WO1 at Boundary Bay. Hope WO1 Thorpe likes his posting to Torbay. I am sure he will find it a change from Fingal. We have a grand station here and the fellows are swell, the Commanding Officer is one of the best. The only thing I miss is the regular 48's and we don't get them; seven days every six weeks is our system; if we want to stay in camp, it's our privilege. For my part, I have been out in the bright lights twice in seven months. Jolnie Caille has just gone to Vancouver, the first time out since August, and the boys who are back there and remember him will understand the change in him from when he was back east. Mr. Nixon is the Y.M.C.A. representative here and we sure appreciate the sports and recreation facilities we get. A show every night but Saturday, also badminton, table tennis, and numerous other recreational activities; we also have the use of the row boat any time we want it. In the December issue of the Observer, Jack Fitton gave a very vivid description of this place; now he has gone to Edmonton. He was at one time a Fingalite and missed Ontario very much; hope he likes his new station. Read over AW1 Davis' and AW1 Schich's letter from Halifax and sure was surprised to learn they were there. Remember the day well they arrived on the Station, a Saturday afternoon. They sure were plenty bashful for a few days.

The old Guard House is pretty well

cleaned out; Sgt. Dick, Cpl. Ross and Cpl. McWilliams were the first S.P.'s. Never many guests.

If any of the old Marine Section are still there, one of their numbers is in the Marine Section here—LAC Mires. LAC Fry was here, but is now at Sea Island.

The Droque Section had quite a few of their men here, only one left recently, LAC Matheson. Al Wigg is now in Vancouver. The old crowd is well split up. Met Doug Peterson of the switchboard in Vancouver the week before Christmas. Also "Scotty" Cruickshank. They are both doing well. Pete Seary has gone overseas. Also met Jimmie Wilkinson of the M. T. Section. Had quite a big surprise one day last September when I saw Wing Commander Van Vleit walking around the station; he was our first C.O. at Fingal. Took ill and was flown to Victoria. Notice in both letters of Cpl. Grigg, who is overseas, mentions our former C.O. He does not give Sgt. Faulkner much credit on his cooking abilities.

We have no W.D.'s here, but plenty of rumors to the effect that some day they will arrive. If any of the girls from Fingal do come they have a nice long journey ahead.

Well, will close, and the boys from there tell me to say hello to you all back there.

Sincerely,

Cpl. Dave Arthur,
R73694.

SUNDAY A. M. SPECIAL

Stunned by the suddenness of the occurrence and unable to believe what they had seen, a truckload of amazed Senior N.C.O.'s staggered into the mess on Sunday at noon. Here were men who had scoffed at Superman's strength and laughed at Lil Abner's amazing actions, and yet what they had witnessed was something they would have claimed as impossible as the feats of either of these comic heroes.

One big question these men asked themselves as they went in to eat: "Could it happen again?" If so, a new era had dawned for Fingal.

Yes, fantastic as it may sound, at 11:54 hours, on Sunday, April 11th, 1943, Richard's bus passed an M. T. truck and left it and its incredulous N.C.O.'s in a cloud of dust. . . . Truth is certainly stranger than fiction.



FEATURE SECTION

GROUND INSTRUCTIONAL SCHOOL



S/L Whalen busy (?) at his desk.

THE BRIEFING ROOM

It seems that a large number of the personnel at Fingal are unaware of the existence of the Briefing Room.

The term "Briefing Room" immediately brings to the mind, a mental picture of congregated crews being given the latest "Gen" on their "target for tonight." Well, it's the same down in No. 2 Hangar here at Fingal!

Unless inclement weather has grounded our mighty bombers, then the Briefing Officer is on the job, giving the air bombers minute instructions, concerning their targets.

Oh, yes! We have carried out several hundreds of raids upon Melbourne and Dutton, and on many occasions have left fires burning in the target area! Although it must be admitted that occasionally (owing to reasons which are best skipped over here) the mighty Ansons have unloaded their deadly loads of 11½-pound practice bombs on neutral territory with rather alarming results, so much so our Government was forced to tender apologies and explanations to the neutral parties concerned.

But all in all, the Briefing Room has served a very useful purpose, and now G. I. S. is reasonably safe that the air bombers at least know what the target looks like, which is a great consolation to the crews who work on the edge of the range, plotting the position of the bomb bursts.

"SHANGHAI"

Barely five years has elapsed since the last Sino-Jap war in 1932, when Shanghai was again subjected to an attack of even greater intensity.

The first sign that trouble was brewing came when the peaceful countryside was overrun by Chinese troops.

Peking saw the flame of war kindling, when the Japs held their manoeuvres in the Chinese garrison there. The Japs did not believe in masking their intentions of aggressions. Once again China, the land of four hundred millions, was at war with Japan.

Before long, Shanghai, over a thousand miles away, was ravaged by war. The inevitable incident occurred when a Japanese army staff car, challenged by guards at the entrance to Hunjao aerodrome, drove straight on. It was not long before its occupants entered the presence of their honorable ancestors.

The Japs thought it would be a comparatively easy task to take Shanghai, and boasted that the town would be theirs in a couple of days. In actual fact it took three months of continual siege; and had not the Jap navy sailed up the Whang-poo, headed by the flagship "Idzuno," formerly of the Russian Navy, it is doubtful whether Shanghai would ever have fallen.

The "Idzuno" was anchored less than half a mile down the river from the Bund, the waterfront of the International Settlement. Fighting was going on on either side of the river and by day and night, shells from the Jap squadron and from Chinese land batteries whined over the Settlement.

Each evening the flagship sent up a warning signal and within twenty minutes Chinese bombers came out of the setting sun to rain bombs on the Jap fleet. Unfortunately no vital damage was done to her. Perhaps she bore a charmed life, or perhaps it was because the bomb-aimers hadn't been at Fingal. Whatever the reason, her guns continued to pour steel on the unfortunate Chinese.

Perhaps the most tragic event took place one Saturday in June. It was a hot day about noon and the streets were

crowded with workers, shoppers and refugees. A bomb intended for the Idzuno fell on Nanking Road, the main street of the International Settlement, bringing masonry down onto the crowds below. Hundreds lost their lives, the roadways being almost transformed into a river of blood. Five brigades and rescue parties did heroic work in clearing away wreckage and digging out victims.

That day is remembered by all in Shanghai as "Bloody Saturday."

Daily, open trucks carrying wounded and dying passed through the International Settlement from the battle zone to the hospitals, leaving a trail of blood behind them.

Hundreds of refugees died of starvation, and each morning trucks went out to gather up the dead.

After three months of fierce and bloody conflict, fighting shifted further inland as the Chinese were driven back, and Shanghai was comparatively peaceful once more. The war was forgotten except for the distant rumble of gunfire when Chinese guerrillas penetrated far into the enemy lines.

With the outbreak of war between the Allies and Japan, the International Settlement ceased to exist.

And now, after six years of unceasing struggle, the Chinese are still resisting the common foe.

(Reporter's note: LAC Main was born in Shanghai and lived there until 1935. His family originally came from Aberdeen, but moved to Shanghai many years ago. His grandfather planned and installed the waterworks in the International Settlement.)

A. M. B. T.

Wondering what the title stands for? None other than the "Air Ministry Bombing Teacher," or the "Black Hole of Fingal."

No doubt many of you stroll, or rather march smartly, past our skyscraper, as we like to think of it, being one of the highest buildings in camp, each day without giving us a second thought. You see the sign over the door and hear the hum of the motors driving the intricate and costly machinery, but never think of coming up and seeing for yourselves the amount of work and training that is going on. Why not arrange with the instructors to see a class at work in your spare time? These boys you will see at work are the same ones that in a very few months will be flying over Germany, dropping tons of high explosives on all important targets to blast Hitler and his regime off the face of the map.

Now to clear up the name we instructors call our work shop, namely the "Black Hole of Fingal," and to do this

we will meet you at the front door and try to outline what is going on.

After entering, we close the door behind you and you find yourself in total darkness. (W.D.'s, please note.) The reason for this is that to operate, the student must be in darkness in order to see the screen.

We climb the first set of stairs to the bombing floor, using our cat's eyes to make it, and find three students hard at work. One on the bombsight, one on the controls which operate the machine, and one picking out the targets for the Air Bomber to hit.

Moving closer and looking down the black hole, we see the landscape moving slowly along. This landscape is an actual

the men for their future, all too important task that they have volunteered for.

So the next time you have time to spare, come over and we believe you will find it very interesting.

If you happen to find an instructor pounding his head against a wall, don't be alarmed, as he is only relaxing a minute and will soon be normal again.

THE TURRET SECTION

Turrets are just the thing for the budding young Air Gunner or Air Bomber. They are swell to sleep in or to write letters home. One can get such a lovely view from the turret, too. You can see

one 'know that the Turret Section really exists.

INNOCENTS ABROAD

The following is submitted as being one of the "green rookie" gags of the year. One sunny afternoon at 4.30 p.m., WO1's Desbiens and Hawley were busy in the former's office. (Well, they were IN the office, anyhow). A tall, bronzed young aspirant to aircrew fame and glory entered, bursting with indignation. After his blood pressure had subsided to normal, he divulged dramatically the reason for his being there. We were all ears. It seemed that he had been strolling through the attention area in the vicinity of the S.W.O.'s office, and had



G. I. S. INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF

everything that is going on during flight if you feel so inclined.

To take a more serious view, though, turrets are the most advanced method of manipulating guns to ward off enemy aircraft. An Air Bomber spends most of his trip in the nose turret and an Air Gunner second wireless operator spends all his time in the mid-upper turret. The Air Bomber only leaves the turret long enough to drop his bombs.

Students are required to spend a minimum of ten hours learning to manipulate a turret until it becomes second nature to them. It is a long and tedious grind and every effort must be made by the instructors to maintain interest.

The Turret Section labors eleven long hours each day to give the student the time and knowledge required. Every instructor is a graduated Air Gunner and in addition we have the added Pukka Gen from two flight sergeants who have been over and now have the valuable knowledge of operations to impart to the students. In addition we have the new trainer, which simulates the actual attack of an enemy aircraft on the tail of the bomber (thanks to the WO1 in the Armament Section).

Well, anyhow, this is just to let every-

ABSENTMINDEDLY, from sheer force of habit, of course, put his hands in his pockets. A corporal, seeing this, had accosted him, pointing out the error of his ways. The trainee eventually wound up in front of S/M Finlay's desk. The S.W.O., after a lecture that, shall we say, was straight to the point, sent the offender back to G.I.S., with instructions to sew up his pockets and report in the morning.

We listened. The plaintiff paused for effect. Then came the piece de resistance. "Don't you think it's all a lot of (censored)?" he asked. The W.O.'s gazed, first at the student, then at each other; speechless, but NOT with admiration.

Our hero can no doubt find solace in the fact that he actually succeeded in rendering two WO1's "hors de conversation."—Anon.

THE ART OF BOMBING

"Bombs Gone" is a well-known phrase to many of us. Training students to say this phrase at the right time and guiding a pilot over the target on the last half-minute of a seven-hour flight, is the reason that most of us are here. Bomb aimers go through hours of tedious ground instruction and take hours of air training here so that some day they, too,

will be able to play their part in the climax of an operational flight and say these welcome words over the intercom to the rest of the crew.

It is the object of this article to give our readers an insight into one important phase of this training. This concerns three sections of school here, namely: Plotting Office, Analysis and Despatch sections.

After several weeks of ground lectures, a student is ready to start his practical air work and the class is taken over to Bombing Hangar. Here he is introduced to the mighty Anson, that monarch of the Fingal skies. He is given a thorough check, shown all switches, controls and instruments which he will use in the air, and told how to use a parachute, and abandon an aircraft in an emergency.

Finally the student is considered ready to fly, and he reports to the Briefing Room fully equipped for flying. In the Briefing Room he is given final instructions as to what exercise he is going to do and full particulars, such as height and weather conditions. Two students fly in an aircraft and drop six bombs each. Before take-off, the bomb-aimer must check his carriers, switches, bomb sight and all the equipment he will use in the air. Bombing is done from 6,000 feet, and before dropping bombs, each student must find the wind velocity, because it is impossible to bomb accurately unless an accurate wind is set on the sight. Having found the wind, the pilot then makes an attack on the target and the bomb-aimer gives the pilot directions so that the aircraft will be in the right position in relation to the target when the bomb is released. This calls for very close co-operation between pilot and bomb-aimer and is the basis of all good bombing. When the bomb hits the ground, a puff of smoke is seen and the bomb-aimer plots the bomb burst, on a form he carries. At the same time the bomb burst is sighted from two quadrants and two bearings are taken. The boys who take these bearings are known as the range crew, and their job is quite an important one. They must be constantly on the watch for the bursts and take the readings accurately. The readings are then phoned into the Plotting Office. Here the readings are plotted on a chart which is like a scale map of the range or target area. From these charts a score is taken and the proficiency of a bomb-aimer is judged, so our range crew and Plotting Office staff are important cogs in the training machine.

By this time the students have completed their trip and they are sent to the Analysis Section. The staff of this section are a group of experts who go over each bomb burst and compare the chart with the form the bomb-aimer has filled out and diagnosed the errors made. Wrong height and airspeed settings, wrong wind used, levels not set correctly and a multitude of other errors are brought to light and explained to the bomb-aimer. Into the air he goes again and this routine is kept up for several

weeks and gradually the bomb-aimer becomes quite proficient.

Another important cog in the training machine is the Despatch Section. Their task is to see that students are ready to fly on time, that aircraft are sent to the proper target, that pilots have their crews, that scores and number of bombs each student drops are entered up, and a hundred and one other details that must be looked after if efficient training is to be carried out.

It is through these sections that ground training and air training are blended together and the finished product is turned out so that on graduation days these various sections should feel that they have contributed in no small way to helping the bomb-aimer win his wing.

Since this Station has been opened, 16,873,810 pounds of bombs have been dropped.

beer as much as any of you; but the winning of this war is much more important than worrying about my own personal enjoyment.

If you still insist you won't buy, that is all right with us; but don't make your excuses to the bond salesman. Write them in a letter—and address it to one of our fighter pilots in Malta. Yes, you had better send a copy to one of the lads who has helped chase Rommel across North Africa.

I am willing to wager that you won't have the nerve to mail them.

Will You Buy a Bond?

A good car-pooling slogan: "If we don't ride together now, we will walk together later."

The bus service between Fingal and St. Thomas is not all we should like it to be. However, many of the chaps are filling their cars going to and from town.



Being Briefed for a Bombing Exercise by P/O Ellis and P/O McCloy

NO BEER — NO BONDS

"If they won't give me enough beer, I won't buy any Victory Bonds."

You and I have heard this statement. What weaker excuse could one possibly give for not buying Victory Bonds?

To anyone who would put beer ahead of the Victory Loan these questions are pointed:

Are the men in the 1st or 8th Armies in Tunisia getting enough beer? No! Are they complaining? No! Would they refuse to buy bonds? Of course not! Beer or no beer, they are men enough to fight both with their lives and with their dollars. You men have offered everything except your dollars. Decide now to make your spring offensive by investing every possible cent.

Now some of you may say: "Here is a grouch who has 'signed the pledge.'" Quite the contrary. I enjoy a bottle of

This helps the situation a great deal. It has come to our attention that some cars are leaving camp with empty seats. How about filling them, fellows? And you chaps who are offered a ride, don't forget to pay your share.

Old Lady to Flight Sergeant: "What does the crown and three stripes stand for?"

Flight Sergeant (jokingly): "Well, the crown means that I am married and the stripes tell the number of children."

The old lady seemed quite satisfied and proceeded on her way. Suddenly, as she saw a corporal walking by, she rushed up and hit him over the head with her umbrella and said, "You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

This is the year of Victory gardens. How about one for No. 4 B. & G.?

Congratulations to the men of G.I.S.

who organized the new work plan for the school. It shows a great deal of thought. In fact, it is now possible to tell a class where they will be; and what they will be doing at any time during their course.

Sgt. Avery was the originator, and WO1 Desbiens the co-ordinator.

Teacher: "Now, children, every morning you ought to take a cold bath, and that will make you feel rosy all over. Are there any questions?"

Boy in back of room: "Yeah, teacher, tell me more about 'Rosie.'"

Maisie was in beverage room having a beer, when a friend from England walked in. "I sy, Maisie, are you 'avin' one?" Maisie: "No, it's just the cut of me coat."

Note—Jokes are from "Old Bill's Column"—Dunnville Chronicle.

HERE AND THERE

The other night as I waited for the bus to take me into the metropolis of St. Thomas, I listened to a conversation, one that was general among some of the lads in the line. Expressions of dissatisfaction flowed freely, and were contested zealously by a couple of lads who were proud to wear the uniform.

A double picture flashed before me. The one of any training school here in Canada, where the great game of war is learned, and the other, in the skies of Europe or over any of the world's battle fronts. The former showed me two boys, shall we call them, Johnny and Percy? Both joined up in the Air Force to serve King and country. John, however, failed to grasp the importance of HIS job. He listened to other discontented lads during his stay in Manning Pool. At I.T.S. the same feeling created dissatisfaction in his own mind. Then he went to B. and G. School. By this time he had formed the opinion that all Officers and N.C.O.'s were out to get him. Owing to uncontrollable circumstances, a pass or two was cancelled. He led his whole class into a state of unrest. On the other hand, Percy (a likeable chap) was not easily discouraged, he was not led by robbed outbursts of others. In fact he created around himself an atmosphere of a fair degree of contentment. While John dozed in class, Percy was alert to catch every little point that might come up during the lecture. Inspections and regulations had no terror for him. They became part of his general routine.

The other picture is a sequel. Both men go overseas and are appointed to squadrons. John is rear gunner in a plane raiding Germany. He thinks it a cushy job, great night for star-gazing, yea—day dreaming a little—what was that? A sudden burst from nearby, a Jerry plane that John never saw. Another attack from the rear, no answer from silent rear guns and the thing that was an Allied plane goes down in flames. Five men pay the price and firesides from back home are stricken with grief. Percy's plane fares better. He's an air bomber,

but has confidence in the rest of his crew. Though attacked they get through, their bombs, well directed, destroy the objective. Back at home base again, they glowingly tell of their results.

How often these pictures prove true. How much better it would be if all could see it when they take their first step. It seems to me a lot of sorrow could be prevented, a lot of senseless loss and time could be saved, and thereby the war be brought to an earlier and happier end.



Crew Being Briefed for a Gunnery Exercise by P/O Robinson

WEEKLY SHORE PATROL

April 15th—Mild and mucky—no flying—naturally!

April 16th—Weather looks bad — no flying.

April 17th—Industrial haze—no flying.

April 18th—Usual spring weather, but not quite so much snow—no flying.

April 19th—Cloud gremlins reported—no flying.

April 20th — Comes the dawn! It's miraculously clear with visibility fair and ceiling about 3,500 feet. The "pilots" (?) are attracted to the hangar area by the predominate, unusual, hum of, could it be, aircraft? Arriving on the scene, we find that our hopes are being fulfilled because the A/C are being warmed up and made ready for instant action.

Twenty minutes later the bell rings, the officer in charge races madly for the phone, while the remainder tear to their lockers and scramble into their flying gear. The Flight Commander speaks, above the hustle and bustle, into the phone.

"Flight Commander here!"

"Where," is the reply.

"Let's get mobile," breaks in a flight sergeant pilot, who has just thrown a parachute on his back and started in the

general direction of the time desk to get his "ship."

"Yes, how many?" continued the Flight Commander.

"Okay," we'll have three on the shoreline at 3,000 feet in five minutes."

The first three pilots crush their cigarettes under a nervous foot and valiantly wade so-long to the remainder. In quick succession, the three aircraft taxi out, take off and climb to their aforementioned rendezvous.

A TYPICAL OPERATIONAL FLIGHT

The time is 8 o'clock in the morning; you get up and, still half asleep, get dressed for breakfast and on your way over to the mess you glance at the sky and see by the fact that it is clear, that there will probably be "ups" tonight. A clear sky at base doesn't necessarily mean good weather over Germany, so you may still have faint hopes of spending the night in bed, and with this in your mind you figure out a way to get the "gen" from the net man.

Breakfast over, you proceed in the direction of the hangar to pick up the equipment necessary to do the daily inspection on your aircraft. On your arrival at the hangar you hear all kinds of rumors, but having been caught by these before you ignore them, but some of the wilder ones still keep invading your subconscious mind and you begin to wonder whether it will be Essen or not. Essen seems to be a likely place and they have been concentrating on it for the last two nights.

Your daily inspection over, you talk about girls, drinks and other topics of the moment with the ground crew until it is time to have lunch. During lunch you again hear some wild speculations on where you will be going that night and you make a few wild guesses yourself.

After lunch you again go to the hangar where the whole crew congregates prior to going up on an air test. After transport is procured, you proceed to the aircraft and climb aboard. As soon as you become airborne each man in the crew tests all the equipment he has charge of. Thanks to a swell ground crew, you find everything in tip top condition and you return to base to make your report and await developments.

Time staggers on and at about 5.30 a man comes around and yells, "Briefing at 7 o'clock." The ground crews have by this time begun to haul the long trains of bombs out of the bomb dump and are soon busy loading them into the bomb bays. You notice at the same time that there is a strange tension in the air and everyone becomes very efficient and wide awake.

At supper nobody bothers much with rumors as they have pretty well run out of them. After sitting in the mess until about 6.45, you proceed to the briefing room.

The first thing you look at upon your entrance to the briefing room are the black tapes stretched between two points on a big map of Europe on the wall of the room, and sure enough you see one end hooked to your base and the other to that place in Happy Valley called Essen.

At 7 o'clock the Intelligence Officer, together with the C.O., arrives on the scene. The room comes to attention and at the C.O.'s wave resume their seats and briefing begins.

The route to and from the target is gone over very thoroughly and the wireless signals explained. Night fighter areas

are pointed out even though you know them all by heart by this time. The next thing on the list was the target and number of aircraft engaged. There are 400 aircraft on the target, so it will be pretty crowded over there as they all arrive at approximately the same time. The defences of the target are outlined and they are very heavy as Essen is the home of the Krupp's Munition Works. Order and time of take-off are given and briefing is over.

Take-off is at 11 o'clock, so we don't have to go out to the aircraft until 10 o'clock, so we go and sleep until about 9.45. At 9.45 we go over to the hangar and start to get all our heavy flying equipment on; as freezing level is 5,000 feet, it will be cold up at 18,000 to 20,000 feet.

At 10 o'clock we gather together as a crew and proceed to our dispersal area to get our equipment into the aircraft, and are soon taxiing to the flare path. It is now very dark out and the blackout is broken only by the long flarepath and obstruction lights. We can hear the queer musical sound in our earphones which means the enemy is trying to jamb our radios.

At 11 o'clock on the dot we get a green light and the throttles are opened for take-off. Soon the fields of England give way to the slate gray color of the North Sea and we are on our way.

At the end of about twenty minutes we can see the enemy coastal flack bursting ahead of us. This flack isn't very concentrated, so we won't have to worry much about it, but when we are 20 miles from the enemy coast we will start weaving constantly in order to prevent our being accurately predicted.

The enemy coastline flows under us and we meet our first flack. A number of lurid flashes break out around us and we can hear the queer crumping sound of the closer shells. The aircraft tosses as if we had hit an air pocket, telling Pat the pilot that it is time to do some more violent weaving.

We have been in the night fighter zone for some time, so Larry, the front gunner, and myself haven't relaxed for a second. Bob, the wireless operator, is now in the astro hatch as we are at 15,000 feet and over Holland. Their predictors will be plotting us more accurately than ever and a few predictor searchlights are already probing the sky around us, but Pat skillfully manoeuvres the aircraft away from them. Every so often we can hear Jerry, the navigator, giving Pat the new courses, and as we have been weaving quite a bit the changes are frequent. Jerry has quite a tough job as he has to guide us around the defended areas we were warned about at briefing, and thanks to Jerry's good work, we don't run into any concentrated flack.

The Rhine defences can be seen streaking the sky ahead. We are now at 18,000 feet, so the ground is nothing but a black pit as far as we are concerned, but the flare fore and incendiaries will be ahead of us to light up the target.

We bore into the Rhine defences twisting and diving, and in a few minutes the flares and fires at the target come into view. The flack is very heavy now and the aircraft jumps around considerably when it bursts close to us.

Larry has received word to take over the bomb sight. After he is settled, Pat points the aircraft at the target and, doing mild aerobatics, we go boring in. We are all reporting flack and searchlights now, and this is punctuated by "bomb doors open"—left, left, steady—"bombs gone"—and the aircraft jumps with the sudden release of its load, and so with nose well down we go sailing out of the heavy defences of Essen into the relatively light defences of the Rhine.

The target is a mass of fire and the following bombers can be seen streaming across the fires and dropping their loads. The sky is full of flack flashes at the higher levels, and the lower levels are interlaid with streams of bright tracer shells.

We are now 40 miles from the target and the fires may still be seen. There doesn't seem to be any searchlight or fighters activity at the present moment, but relaxation is the furthest thing from our minds as we are by no means out of danger.

We are rapidly approaching the coast of Holland when I suddenly spot a dark blur on our port quarter which suddenly materializes into a Ju. 88, and at the same time I yell to Pat to turn port. The night fighter's stream of tracer passes by us a little too close for comfort and as he sees our tracer coming close to him he pulls off and disappears into the darkness. Pat straightens the aircraft up and resumes course while the rest of us, with the exception of Jerry, look for a second attack, but evidently the fighter doesn't want to play as he hasn't reappeared.

The coastal defences are crossed again and we are once more over the North Sea. Pat takes the aircraft down to 4,000 feet and we continue our way home.

In about 30 minutes the English coastline passes under us and we set course for base, where we find everything ready for our arrival. The other aircraft of the squadron are already circling the drome, and after our turn comes to land we get a call from control and go in. Pat makes his usual good landing and we taxi up to our dispersal, where the duty ground crew take the aircraft over.

In a few minutes we are in the interrogation room and telling the intelligence officer about everything. These reports are very detailed, as from these reports they glean a lot of information concerning the enemy's defences.

After interrogation we go to breakfast, but we are so tired that we don't feel like eating too much, so we all proceed to go to bed.

By the time we get to bed it is 8 o'clock in the morning, so sleep comes easily. At about 4 o'clock in the afternoon we go to check on "ups", and finding that there isn't any, we make plans to spend the evening at the local "pub."

—F/O Craddock, D.F.C.

have as much flying time as the operators.

The search is being continued for those devilish little Gremlins who persist in pushing the "Lizzies" round and round and round.

In case you're interested, the hero of "Weekly Shore Patrol" was Sgt. Macklin. That's about all we see on our time sheets!

Our matrimonial agency is still running true to form. The latest recruit is the "Woodstock Kid," otherwise known as F/S Pooley. When's the big day, Flight?

Will someone please communicate with Washington for the American pilots still here? We, too, wish they'd get a second chance.

We're glad to report that Sgt. Scott finally decided to pack up his suitcase and come home from Bermuda, after only eight days A. W. O. L. Thanks, Scotty!

Please excuse all spelling and grammatical errors. After all, we're only pilots!

« SECTIONS »

"HOSPITAL MOANS"

This is the health resort having its "say" again. Did you know that the word "hospital" is a derivative of "hospitable"—which means that we are all here waiting for anyone what looks at all sick, at which time he will be pounced upon and dragged to the ward, and not heard from for weeks on end (or at least a few days, anyway).

A word on behalf of the patients: How's about visiting us for a few minutes now and again—visiting hours from 1900 to 2030 hours every night. Well, I didn't ask them, but I SUPPOSE they welcome any friends who come to see them.

The staff was sorry to see Cpl. Ryan posted east a while ago—and he a Western boy, at that! Don't suppose there are many medical stenogs who know their job better than he knew his. An' he sure knew how to handle a pack of cards, too.

Gee, just think of all the patients we can have now, what with the new addition coming right along! And here is a good place to express appreciation of the work the civilians—those men in a foreign country, as it were—are doing. May we never fail to appreciate them.

Now that he's gone, I guess it'll be all right to let you know that it was Cpl. Ryan who used to write these articles. I think he wrote too long an article, don't you? Gee whiz, think of all the other sections who have to put their views in the Observer. So this will be for one month: you had better head me off because if I don't clothes my big mouth, who nose, someone might ear me and put a foot in it, or even brain me. How could I face my friends? What friends! That's what I knees. Eyes all alone in this leg of land. Eye don't know how gum, unfolds it's because arm away back in this neck of the woods, it smiles from no wear

(smells from no air). I tail you (how did that get in?) I just skin stand it no longer. Bet you can't, either, so I'd better lid you get back to your glasses (that is, if you still have some skull work to do). Doesn't it seem like a waist of time? Well, I'd better paws now — no, "stop" is the word.

"YOUR PARACHUTE IS OPEN!"

"The Most Important Section on the Station"

When the C. O. wants his battle dress fixed, where does he take it?—To the Parachute Section.



Sgt. Johnson receives his wings from Group Captain Keens, A.F.C., Commanding Officer at the Technical Training School.

When the officers are promoted, where do they take their tunics?—Parachute Section.

When Miss Satterly has curtains to be sewn, who does she think of?—Parachute Section, of course.

When Sergeant-Major Reilly's overalls are too long, where does he take them?—Parachute Section.

When Major Sweet wants a tarp, for his boat at Port Stanley, where does he go?—The Parachute Section.

When F/S Hunt is seen taking flags to be repaired, where is he going?—Parachute Section.

When the Service Police had a prisoner with no seat in his pants, where did F/S Smith send him?—Parachute Section.

When the Sergeants' Mess needed pot holders, where did F/S Wheat head for?—Parachute Section.

When Drogue Flight had to have more bells to keep the Lysanders flying, where did F/S Pooley pour out his troubles?—Parachute Section.

When the M. T. Section need to have their car seats upholstered, where do they come?—Parachute Section.

When Flt. Armstrong wants tool kits made, where does he order them?—Parachute Section.

When Sgt. Harrison misses anyone on

parade or wants a "Joe" for Duty Picquet, what section does he turn to?—Parachute Section.

When Sgt. Campbell wants zippers put in tool kits, where does he take them?—Parachute Section.

When the O. R. Mess need towels hemmed, where do they send them?—Parachute Section.

When some poor unfortunate AC2 picks up a parachute by the shiny handle, where does he run to?—Parachute Section.

When Mountain View needed a top parachute rigger, where did they find

Dot Whalen?—In Fingal Parachute Section.

Yes! it's a busy little place, but those working in it consider themselves fortunate to be working there under an officer like Flying Officer Kelman, who keeps them right on the bit.



Chief Boatswain's Mate—"How long have you been working in this compartment?"

Apprentice Seaman: "Ever since I saw you coming down the ladder."

(Perhaps adaptable to some persons in some place of No. 4 B. & G.)

First Airman: "Stop acting like a fool."

Second Airman: "I'm not acting."

Bomber Blitz



LAC Halter

Yes, indeed, we are back in Bombing again! Unnoticed by us, the personnel has changed so completely here that there are only three originals left. One is LAW Margaret Givens, the time-keeper, and she didn't exactly greet us with open arms on our return, much to our sorrow, but we forgive her, because every once in a while she breaks into a plaintive little song which sounds like "O bring back my Bobbie to me, to me."

We are advertising for help! If you know anyone desiring a part-time job with good pay, no work, a 48 every 10 days, and 14 days off each year, send them to us. We urgently need a food-taster. Yep, our big mouths have gotten us in the soup with the cooks in the O. R. Mess. Since last month's Observer column appeared in print with the "apple-sauce" story, our insurance company has informed us that they no longer consider us a good risk and they have cancelled our policies; but at a time like this, who worries about money, because we think we are too young to die, especially of poison. To say nothing of the ribbing we take every meal. Sugary comments like "Tch, tch, no applause again today. Isn't it too bad, too, too bad?"—greet us as we approach; and if we weren't so hungry we certainly would duck and run, being of a very bashful nature. Please, girls, say that all is forgiven and end this dreadful suspense. We promise we won't do it no mo', honest!

A little Gremlin walked over to us the other day, weeping bitterly into a crying towel. Now, as a rule we have no use for those little Imps of Satan, who so mischievously annoy our best pilots and cause so many accidents, but this one was sobbing so bitterly our hard heart softened and we tenderly patted him on the back, meanwhile murmuring, "As there, there, you little weasel, it can't be as bad as that."

"It's worse," he replied, "no one can possibly know what I've been through."

"Well," we asked politely, "what have you been through?"

"Dirty picquet," he shot back, as if that answered everything, and then proceeded to inform us, "They must use the Cumbersome System when they pick the Gremlins for the picquet, because I was on three weeks ago and here I am again.

Not only that, but I have been on four nights, and I have been Joe'd every night till late. Monday night it was the Gremlins' Association movie and I had to keep telling the other Gremlins — my pals, mind you—all during the show not to create a fire hazard by smoking, and so getting myself violently disliked because I am a Non-Commissioned Gremlin. Then, after the picture was over, I had to clean up and didn't get through till 11.20 p.m. Tuesday night I was put on duty in the Gremlin's canteen and didn't finish with the cleaning till 10.15. Wednesday night the show again, and finished at 10.45. Thursday night I cleaned up the hall after the big dance and finished at 1.10 a.m., and only got a half hour off from duty the next morning. As a result I happened to come in to work at 7 minutes after 7, and the head Non-Commissioned Gremlin cut a strip off my hide a foot long and nailed it up with the other strips on the orderly room wall for being 7 minutes late."

"Yes," we yessed, "it is pretty bad. How would you suggest the Head Gremlin change things to help matters?"

"Well," he sighed, "the object of all the Administrative Gremlins, I believe, is to keep us working Gremlins as happy and contented as possible, so we can concentrate on drinking up gas, flattening tires, loosening hose clamps, etc., etc., and really do our work well. Now, if they would take absolutely every name on the Station except fire-fighters and cooks, and if a detail of 40 Gremlins and Widgets was necessary each week, arrange them so that every one was put on it, no matter who, it would take more than three weeks for a repeat performance. Next, every Gremlin of the 40 would be put on Fire Picquet one week of every four they are on Duty Picquet. Also have the names in a certain arrangement so that everyone would know months in advance when they would be put on it so they could plan their annual leave ahead and they wouldn't have to have a stand-to, whom they would have to practically hypnotize into taking the furlougher's place. Then I would have the one stuck with a dirty or late job not get another until everyone else on the Picquet had also had his or her turn."

"It does sound very good, and it seems fair all around," we said. "Why don't you do something about it?"

"Oh, it would be presumptuous of me for one thing, and I am sticking my neck out even talking to you this way. Another thing, on our Clothing Stores there is a sign which says—

KWITCHERBELLIKIN

THERE'S A WAR ON

—so I guess I'll just go on and suffer."

We are indebted to Cpl. "Cy" Lund, also one of the Originals of Bombing, for the new title to our column. He also tells us that on his return to Bombing he traded in his tool kit for a blacksnake whip, and boy, does he crack it! The other Original is Cpl. "Flare-pot" Dixon.

If he stays on nights much longer, he won't be able to see in the daytime.

We'd like to congratulate F/Lt. and Mrs. Gilmore, and Mr. and Mrs. Shaver on the arrival of their Blessed Bundles of Joy. Also LAC and Mrs. Halter take pride in announcing the birth of a daughter, Elaine Harriet. The reason we mentioned it is because an amusing incident occurred at the hospital. Another Airman and we were holding anxious vigil awaiting the arrival of the tardy stork. After about eight hours of this, we had gotten it down to shifts. One hour he paced up and down while we rested, then we paced up and down while he rested. The only difference was, we walked north and south and he trotted east and west. We figured that breaking it up that way the trail in the linoleum wouldn't show too plain, because we didn't want anyone to think we were those kind of anxious fathers you read about in joke books.

Anyway, after what seemed an interminable wait, the nurse came bustling out and said to the other Airman, "Congratulations, you're the daddy of a baby girl!"

"Thank God," he almost sobbed, "thank God it's a girl!"

"Why!" exclaimed the nurse, "I thought you had your heart set on a baby son!"

"I certainly did!" replied our fellow-sufferer, "but thank God she's a she, because being a girl she'll never have to go through what I've just been through!"

We, of course, continued to wait, making a general pest of ourselves, till one nurse told us sternly that all fathers were a darn nuisance, that they could do entirely without and that I should settle down because as yet they had never lost a father, but if I didn't they were going to deliberately mar that record and my offspring would be born an orphan. We found a convenient corner and sat and sulked and smoked ourself blue in the face.

Eventually, after approximately 44 hours 36 minutes and 22 seconds of mental agony, the doctor came out and told us we were a DADDY!

Some day we are going to write a book entitled "Having a Baby," and enlighten the weaker and doubting sex on the trials and tribulations we males go through.

All of the day we were transferred to Bombing Flight we made life miserable for F/O Spencer and F/Sgt. Peterson trying to get put on No. 4 48 pool, and finally two days later it was made official. The very next day the two Airmen we chummed around with were accepted for overseas posting and we were left high and dry; and after four months of trying! Now we would like to get back on our original pool, but F/Sgt. "Pete" stands about 5' 11", and we stand only 5' 7", and he outweighs us by at least 50 pounds, not to mention how much louder he can yell—so-o-o-o we are now on No. 4.

Sgt Vinal, Cpls. Phillips, Thoms and Madsen, with the aforementioned N.C.O.'s make up the "Brain Trust" of Bombing. We don't want to slight them by leaving them out of the column, and have them feel belittled, or perhaps we should leave them out and not take any chances of it working in reverse, and have them haunt us for mentioning them. Either way it looks like we won't have a chance to let the broom callous on our hands soften up. What a life!

FLASH: Just as this column was going to press, we wandered into the Mess, and what do you know, we were given an extra spoonful of applesauce! Yes, sir, it sure looks like all is forgiven, and we can start sleeping at nights again.

"I prayed like hell every damn night," said Marine Private Murphy to Secretary Knox after a long session in the South Seas—Boston Herald.



Pilot Officer Rioux, now on his way to do "dirt to Axis" as an air-gunner. Dan was a faithful switchboard operator at Fingal for 18 months.

—Cut from the Toronto Star

BEAUTY TREATMENT

Extract from lecture by N.C.O.: Your Browning gun is your best friend. Treat it like your wife. Take every care of it! Rub it all over with an oily rag every day.

BETTER DUCK

A certain sergeant was inspecting some trainees at 25-Yard Range.

Don't you know better than to point an empty gun at me?, he asked a certain trainee.

But it's not empty, Sarge, protested the trainee.

Girl Friend: I won't go out with any other boys as long as you are at Fingal G.I.S.

LAC: Don't be a dope; do you want to die an old maid?

FOREIGN COOKING

Officer (to Tommy applying for job as cook in Officers' Mess): "So you used to be a chef. Ever do any foreign cooking?"

Tommy: "Oh, yes sir, every day I did Brussels-sprouts and Spanish onions."

TRAINING WING HEAD-QUARTERS

Situated way over at the back of No. 2 Hangar is a small but very important building known as the T. W. Headquarters. The inmates of this noisy but completely essential building are always to be found in a happy and industrious mood.

After another nerve-racking month we find ourselves in the same condition as we were last month, only worse. Ann



ANALYZING BOMBING CHARTS

Spencer finds that after working for weeks and weeks on the flying time that two and two will add up to four and does not make twenty-two. (Now we wonder who told her!) Cpl. Eamer keeps on asking, "Who put THIS in THIS basket?" (Foolish question No. 777). Across the hall, F/S Weston gives out with the aroma of his favorite pipe, which would never be approved of by any of the advertisements. F/O Murray keeps his slender waistline by running back and forth between the two rooms looking for the form that was here just a few days

ago, but darned if he can find it now. Sgt. Ledingham would like the information on how to make the F11's and the Log Books give when there is a difference of dates and time? (Should we blame the Sergeant Pilots?) AW Mossey is still under the impression that the adding machine must still be wrong, even after she has done the same list of numbers twice. (It could be Mossey, but Einstein says no, and who are we to argue with Einstein?) A common cry heard around this

section is "Brazeau—take this to—and be SURE to get it signed." Does LAC Whitworth know that the wrinkles on his forehead are caused by his worrying over the fact that the Log Books and the time sheets are out only about ten or twelve hours and not from the algebra which he claims to be studying at nights? Why is it every time that Dot MacDonald gets a cigarette all set to enjoy that she gets called over to the other side of the hall and has to let it burn till it is nearly all gone? Could be fate, couldn't it — or could it?

This month we say good-bye to F/L McLeod, who has been posted to Vulcan, Alberta. To you, sir, we wish the best of luck at your new station.

Recently installed in our office was a railing to keep out the curious hordes who wander over to see how we keep ourselves busy. Sgt. Ledingham even made a sign to say that beyond this railing was out of bounds, but we have come to the conclusion that the people around here need glasses, 'cause first thing we know we find ourselves on the other side of the fence asking, begging, pleading for the use of our own desks and machines, and do we get it?—yes, in about an hour's time.

So, with one eye on the weather and the other on the eraser I have kept hidden so well this last month, I take time out to sign my initials.

A chaplain preached a forceful sermon on the Ten Commandments, leaving one private in a serious mood. But eventually he brightened up. "Anyway," he consoled himself, "I never made a graven image."—Reader's Digest.

P/O Harris, Cpl. Truan, P/O Robinson

"Bare Facts About Victory Bonds"

Like everybody else, I'm fed up with propaganda. Phooey on you, Mr. Goebbels and company. Nothing is more nauseating than all the bla-bla one reads and hears these days. Nobody retreats. He's everlastingly "consolidating positions" or else he's "straightening lines of defence." We are going hell bent for leather and suddenly the morning paper brings us up short with "terrible terrain," "rainy seasons," or a "hitherto unknown strong enemy force." Or else you are a bit of a heel if you sit smugly at home while your boys are out there without tanks or guns or ammunition. The latter upsets me more than anything. I'd like to believe that our Government has guts enough to give the boys tanks, guns and ammunition and tell you and me that we can go to the devil if we don't like the taxes, etc., that inevitably must follow. Personally, I think we can take it—like the Scot—straight.

This Fourth Victory Loan Campaign, for instance, has me on edge. I'm wondering how they are going to put it across. It seems to me that it is time somebody remembered that all of us have had, at least, some high school education and that our well-worn library shelves keep us informed from fiction to social science. I am tired of being "talked down to." Now, if, instead of telling me that I must, by duty, purchase a Victory Bond so that the boys may have tanks and guns and whatnot, they'd only tell the truth, I'd feel much better about it. Why doesn't someone let us in on the fact that we are teetering on the edge of precipice inflation and that if we don't hang on we're done for, victory or no victory? The defeat of Hitler and Tojo won't settle matters. They are only small fry compared with inflation. Hitler will never come over here to lay waste our towns and cities. But inflation—it IS here, struggling in its chains to break loose and destroy us. But why doesn't someone tell us these things? I, for one, would rather have this truth than all this rant about guns and tanks and planes.

A Rolls razor costs \$1,000 in China today. It costs \$5 for a haircut! These are facts. A friend of mine wrote to tell me so. Bobby pins (W.D.'s, take note) cost a nickel apiece in England. A toy that used to sell for a dime cost \$3 in English stores last Christmas. One is lucky if he can buy a loaf of bread in China for \$8. That would be a bargain. And that is inflation. And this is the reason—but why won't they tell us—why I am going to buy another Victory Bond. Peace and prosperity are measured by a nation's ability to keep purchasing power and productive power on as equal a basis as possible. A nickel's worth of potatoes must cost a nickel and no more. If there is a scarcity, then that nickel's worth may cost a dime. For, after all, the producer has to live. And he must double his price if he has only half as

much to sell. Luckily, price control is keeping such vital things as foodstuffs at a decent level, and, as far as possible, what luxuries remain. But in days like these, with everybody earning higher wages (more money to spend) and with civil production at low ebb (less to buy), the temptation on the part of Mr. Public (you and me) to buy and the devil take the cost, overcomes him. He'll willingly pay \$10 for an article that was originally worth only \$5, thereby reducing the value of his country's dollar to fifty cents! Let ten thousand Mr. Publics complete a similar contract and you have ten thousand dollar bills each worth fifty cents. Make it five million and you have a national headache that no aspirin will cure. Fifty million dollars cut neatly in half! Now the trouble begins. We want to buy some stuff from Uncle Sam. So we plant the fifty thousand bucks on his counter and say, "Give us the goods, Sam." But Uncle has already heard about the financial racket back home. No soap!" says he. "Your Government will only give me twenty-five thousand bucks for this mess of bills."

At that, we rush back home and catch Mr. National Mint by the lapel. "Give us some more dough!" we holler. He shrugs his shoulders and prints us another fifty thousand lousy bucks. And it's lousy they are. He should have stamped "LIAR" on the backs of 'em. Well, we take the money to Sam and think that's that. But it isn't. Next week Sam comes to us to buy some cattle. In fact, he buys us out; a hundred thousand bucks' worth! (Remember the fifty thousand we gave him, and the other fifty thousand we had printed? That's it.) Anyway, it was a nice deal. We pay feed bills and wages and find ourselves sitting pretty with twenty-five thousand dollars profit. And just when we are counting it, along comes Mr. Mint, all hot and bothered.

"Brother," he says, snatching up the twenty-five thousand. "I've been going over my books and I find you owe me fifty thousand smackers for those bills I printed. Now, hand over another twenty-five thousand or I'll have to foreclose." He had us there, all right. "Look here, Mint," we pleaded, "if you put us out of business what are these men I employ going to do?" That stuck Minty. In the end he had to print another batch of bills, only buckshee. And next day the hired help raised heck. My dollars were worth only fifty cents, so the tradesmen had jacked their prices up. "We just gotta have more money," the men pleaded. I phoned Minty. Did he groan! "I'll print more money," he agreed. "But that'll make a dollar worth a quarter." I hung up and went out for a haircut. You should have seen my face when I handed the barber forty cents and he barked, "Another dollar-twenty, Canuck. This cash is only worth a dime!"

If the Mr. Publics had only given those ten dollar bills back to Mr. Mint and

asked him to hang on to them until after the war instead of buying five dollar articles with them in the first place, things might have been different. Personally, I'm all for the idea. It's not a matter of patriotism. I just don't want to cut my own throat. I want to buy a typewriter very badly. I know a fellow who has one. In the days when these articles were available, these machines (his—second, no! at least third hand) would be worth no more than twelve dollars. He wants twenty-five, because they are unobtainable. I suppose my twenty-five dollars shouldn't make much of a stir in this country's finance. But five million men like me doing something similar to this would make quite a ripple. I'll buy a Victory Bond instead!

"Here! Mr. Mint. Take this dough before I do something rash with it."

"Okay! old man," he said, looking up from his printing machine. "I only wish some of the other boys would bring some in. If they don't, then I'll have to print a batch. And to tell the God's truth, I haven't got a speck of gold to back 'em up."

When the aircraft carrier Yorktown was sinking, two carpenter's mates were trapped five decks below. There was water all around them and rescue was impossible. "The telephone was still working," said the coxswain, "and we called down to them: 'Do you know what kind of fix you're in?' 'Sure,' they called back, 'we know you can't get us out, but we got a helluva good acey-deucey game going on down here. When you do sink her, put the torpedoes up forward. We don't want it to last long.'"—Newsweek.



GROSSE GOTT!

DON'T

buy VICTORY BONDS



FIRE HALL NEWS

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

Easter, 1953.

Howdy, Everybody:

Remember me? I used to get a lot of fun scratching out a bit of a column for your Fingal Observer during the last world war.

It was just ten years ago this Easter, I remember, when the Fourth Victory Loan drive was launched, and we were asked to lend Canada every dollar we could spare. Well, I want to tell you folks that I couldn't see it that way, at first. I sort of figured it out like this: Here I am in the Service for three years, and every six months or so somebody yells at me to buy bonds, bonds, and more bonds.

Whatinell, I says to myself, isn't it enough that a man joins up and leaves his family to look after themselves, without having to spend his pocket money on bonds? And besides that, the wife has already bought two bonds, as well as lots of war stamps. Yes, friends, that's the attitude I took.

I was still straddling the fence, trying to make up my mind whether I'd buy a bond or not, when I happened to notice a poster in the Airmen's Mess Hall.

I remember this poster distinctly. It was over near the Bishop Street door. It pictured a grief-stricken woman looking straight out at you from the ruins of a burned-down home, of which the chimney is the only part left standing. This poster was titled: "And WE talk about sacrifice." Believe me, folks, that picture started me thinking. The woman may have been Russian, British, Dutch, Polish, or she could have belonged to any one of the Allied Nations. It made me wonder whether the same thing might happen in this country of ours. Right then and there I decided that if Canada was worth fighting for, the least I could do would be to let the Canadian Government start a savings account for me. So I signed up for a bond, and they gave me a certificate to say that I was a good citizen.

Well, we finally got Hitler and Hirohito polished off (Mussolini was never really in the scrap, anyway), and we all went back home singing, "Happy days are here again." The very first thing I did, and I suppose hundreds of others did the same, was to tear up the ration books, and go out on a spending spree. Clothing allowance, rehabilitation grant, gratuity,

it all melted away before I got a job and settled down again.

Times were pretty good for a couple of years—steady job, steady pay, lots to eat (and drink), then—well, you people know what happened as well as I do. You can all remember how the bottom dropped out of business and industry, banks folded, bread lines formed and we began to wonder if this was the "Peace" we had been fighting for. I can tell you it was about this time that I appreciated what the bond people said of me in 1943. "A good citizen," they said. Sure, I was a good citizen. I'd bought some bonds to help win the war. But they didn't know

tall, charming young lady who breezes majestically down Van Vleet Drive twice a day for her fan mail.

Taking things all around, spring is here to stay. Now, looking through the front window, I see a large banner, "Give Hitler Hell." Now, ma'am, as one of the committee responsible for that sign, you know, even the powers that be over these do not know where he is, so I guess it will be up to the Service Police of Fingal to find him, turn him over to the committee and you can wield that cast, which we are sincerely hoping you will be rid of soon, over his ears. Like the Mounties, we always get our man. Period.



Hello, Hulu! The London Little Theatre brings the Pacific to Fingal.

the half of it. Those bonds helped the wife and I win a fair-sized battle of our own.

When tough times came along, we were able to keep our little home and family together. Yes, folks, the old wolf was on our street all right, but the Victory Bonds kept him away from the door. But ten years roll around quickly, and here we are in 1953. So, I thought I'd drop a line for old times' sake, and let you know that I came through the post-war period all right, and I sincerely hope that every one of you did the same.

Yours truly,

J. Smoe,
Ex-F/Sgt., R.C.A.F.,
Fingal.

And so, this is J. Smoe saying so long, but suggesting that "While you are 'Active,' make your money go 'Reserve.' Buy Bonds!"

CLINKERS FROM THE CLINK

Looking through the rear windows of the Guard House this fine Spring day, we get a clear view of Nature at its best. Beautiful green grass (soon will be), spacious parking lot full of cars of all vintages, mountainous coal pile (coal piles don't talk), iron fence, and last but not least, the Hostess House in all its glory, veiled with an iron fist by that



FOR MEN AND WOMEN IN UNIFORM

There are two important things accomplished in the purchase of Dominion of Canada Victory Bonds. First of all, bonds represent a saving to the individual who purchases them. Now, it is entirely up to the individual whether or not he is interested in saving some money. It is only a matter of common sense and foresightedness to appreciate the value of money in the bank. Secondly—the purchase of Victory Bonds is absolutely essential in order to maintain economic

000,000 over and above what was subscribed in the last Victory Loan has been spent on war products since the last campaign. All the time there is more and more money in the pockets of Canadians and less and less to buy with it. The results of this economic conflict are well known to everybody, and this is where we as Canadians must be vitally concerned with maintaining the highest possible degree of equilibrium. Think for a minute of the numbers of Canadians citizens that are represented by men and women in uniform. There are a good many more



Turret Manipulation Section—F/O VanBeek and Sgt. Bishop

stability for the whole country. It is from this point of view, equally with the savings point of view, that men and women in uniform should approach the present Victory Loan Campaign.

There are normally hundreds of large financial establishments who purchase the large majority of Victory Loan subscriptions. For instance, the capital which the banks and the insurance companies call assets is largely in the form of investments in Dominion of Canada Victory Bonds. In other words, your insurance policies and your bank deposits are backed by Dominion of Canada Victory Bonds.

This brings up the question of the value of the Victory Bonds. If the Victory Bond is not negotiable, then the \$1.00 bill in your pocket is not negotiable. The Government is bound to honor your Victory Bond when such a large percentage of the country's wealth is represented in Victory Bonds and when such a large number of the country's voting population hold Victory Bonds.

Today there is \$168,000,000 more money in circulation than there was in February, 1942. There is also \$440,000,000 more in bank accounts than there was in February, 1942. This total of approximately \$600,000,000 being circulated must be taken off the market. In addition, \$800,-

than there were in the whole of the last war. They are better educated. They have cultivated a higher standard of living and when the war is over you and I will be the man in the street with a vote and an interest in our country's welfare. We will be extremely disappointed if our dollar is only worth 20c when that happens, and as surely as you are reading this your dollar will be worth only 20c unless everyone takes the excess currency off the market by purchasing Victory Bonds. This is the only way we can prevent the calamity.

Canada's economy at the present time is actually something to be proud of. The Canadian dollar will buy more than any other money in the world in spite of the fact that we are using it to produce weapons of destruction instead of farm implements. There is a big difference between these two things. Weapons of war are non-productive and we must absorb the price of their manufacture as we go along.

You will never get any marks for being a spendthrift. Recognize your responsibility to yourself by saving your money at 3% interest; and recognize your responsibilities to your country—BUY VICTORY BONDS TO THE LIMIT OF YOUR ABILITY.



In Dallas, Texas, a Negro accused of making moonshine was asked if he pleaded guilty. "Yes, I pleads guilty and waives de hearin'." "What do you mean, waive the hearing?" "I mean I don' wan' to hear no mo' 'bout it."

SCOTCH SWING

A deaf old Scotchwoman carried her ear trumpet to church. A sexton, unfamiliar with such newfangled devices, leaned over her and whispered, "One toot and you're oot."



Ride 'em down—
buy VICTORY BONDS!

Women's Division



THE WEAKER SEX

You are all aware of the fact that permission has been granted, allowing the W.D.'s at Fingal to shed their manly costumes at the Station's informal dances and indulge in the frivolity of dainty blouses, high-heeled shoes and, delight of delights—silk stockings.

Also, at a Domestic Evening, held Monday, April 19th, in the W.D. Canteen, it was announced that the further concession had been granted of allowing us to wear slacks to the movies. In gloating over the above mentioned changes we hope no thoughtful young ladies will ruin this improved state of things by appearing at Station entertainments with their tunics over their sports blouses, or horrors of horrors—shorts. Remember, shorts are for sports.

Postings Out—LAW's Lee Greer and Jean Harrack to Uplands. LAW's Williams and Burgess to T.T.S. Lee's cheery personality and songs will be missed around here, specially around the Rec Hall at the informal dances, while Jeannie's posting has left a gap in the ranks of the Accounts Section. Uplands: You've got something there! Williams and Burgess will be best remembered as the girls that serve in the O.R. Mess, and we know for a fact that they decidedly hated to leave here for that neighbour fortress. The latest posting has been that of AW1 Briggs to Washington, lucky person.

Postings In—The Accounts have added to their midst A.W.'s Clements and Shaw from Trenton, while A.W.'s Henderson, Fox and Sura have arrived from Rockcliffe. We who have been here for nearly eleven months hope you new W.D.'s enjoy Fingal as much as we have. (And here's a reminder for any cynical readers: Would you like Williams' and Burgess' postings?)

LAW Marge Stott, formerly Norman, left here on discharge for the west coast recently. It was fun knowing you, Marge, and we hope it won't be long till you and Frank are reunited. We'll be thinking of you.

Approaching Events—LAW Nita Laing soon will take the fatal step and give up her little bunk over in the West Wing of the W.D. Barracks, when on April 27th, F/Sgt. John Johnston of Bombing Flight assumes command.

Sports—Now that we have an organized sports committee, there'll probably be more sports doings. Several girls have taken part in the impromptu baseball games on the diamond back of the W.D. Canteen, and despite mud and low temperatures, seemed to get a kick out of it. Badminton still draws a fair number of girls despite the alarming scarcity of

birds. We'll be swiping neighboring chickens and making our own nest.

Orchids To—The C. O. for permission regarding wearing of lighter apparel at dances. The sponsors of the building of a swimming pool. The men who are laboring in the Airmen's Canteen, for we hear we're to be permitted to enter that prohibited spot in the near future.

Groans Against—The honestly terrible bus service out here. It's got so that it's a return to the seventeenth century with regard to speed and comfort. Airmen that come to the dances and seem intent solely on forming a reviewing committee in the form of a bulging stag line, then grumble because the W.D.'s aren't friendly enough. We don't know who is to blame, but why have most stations received the new hats and uniforms while Fingal goes marching on in the old style?

Night Life—What blonde, recently mourning over the overseas posting of a former aircrew Don Juan, found a substitute within a week of said posting? What W.D. frequents the Hostess House nightly—and why? Could it be that the H.H. is the one place on the Station where the term "ranks up to and including that of corporal" does not hold true? Who is the tall, dark beauty who presides over the steam table? It would sure be a quiet, dull camp if Midnight wasn't around. The new soft lights at the dances



"Dog-on-it, these M.T. vehicles are the toughest things to keep clean," says popular Rita Brulotte, but how she wields them through the Fingal mud!

plus the current season have fostered a new high in the amount of "love 'em and leave 'em" affairs around No. 4. That Irish girlie from Maintenance has gone for walking in a big way. (Sure and would you be blaming her, the moon's so grand lately?)

Teamwork—Corporal, W.D., blonde, one, plus Sergeant, R.A.F., one, equals: an inseparable combination. The corporal at Works and Buildings, and the blonde cook in the O.R. Mess. The mail clerk in C.R. and the moustached Romeo on Course 73. The F/Sgt. with "Canada" up and the one girl with initials under her shoulder badges, on this Station. Digger and her corporal who have gone for bowling (?) in a big way.

Recent Events—The knot was tied in the Hostess House. The date was April 9th. The girl was LAW Edmonds of the O.R. Mess. The boy was AC1 White, now on embarkation leave. The Padre officiating was our own F/L Witzel. Our best to you both.

Well, guess that's all for this issue. We hope we haven't spilled anything. The Observer and the writer will not be responsible for consequences, so here's hoping those mentioned herein can take it. We'll be back next month (unless we get posted) with more "Observations on the Military Life." So, until then we'll sign off with the reminder that "Planes, tanks and guns" may be important in this struggle, but that Morale and Unity amongst ourselves in working towards our common goal are what will really help us "Put it Over."

EVERY INCH COUNTS

When people hear someone mention physical training, all they can think of is physical jerks, or a workout, as the men say, followed by aching and creaking joints. By the majority it is regarded as a waste of time, something only fat people should do, who seldom if ever get around to it. Few people realize the benefit they themselves might get out of it. Physical training is to create a different spirit among Airwomen, to teach them to work with zest and good fellowship, help them continue doing their necessary jobs, which they have been doing superlatively well.

Somehow, after being in the service for a few months, the glamorous setting they had at the Basic Training Centre fades. Everyday work becomes something they dread every morning they get up. Life becomes monotonous, the daily routine, drill, parades, shiny buttons, shoes, spotless huts and tidy hair. All the excitement and thrills they visioned when they first saw the uniform never seems to come their way.

To some people P. T. is to make muscle-bound legendary supermen out of human beings. This is entirely wrong; it is to make you supple, correct your posture, and take that woebegone look off your face. Rhythmic P. T. does not increase the size of your muscle, or make them hard and bulging. In ordinary, every-day life there are numerous muscles which are never used, and when

Easter Message

Easter is the festival of the Resurrection of Jesus Christ. It is essentially an occasion of joy and hope. The joy is the result of the hope. Tolstoy has said that one could not bear to look on the face of a man without hope. The face of one without hope is like that of the dead. Easter brings us the assurance that death and the grave are not the end. Our Lord rose from the dead. Although He was God, He was also the man; what was accomplished in one man may take place in the lives of others.

Thus Easter fills the human heart with joy because of its assurance that beyond death there is a life of blessedness and felicity greater than any we have known on earth, in the presence of Christ and His Angels and that great host of the faithful who have passed on.

Some today explain the slackness in morals owing to the war as the result of a certain attitude on the part of many.

The attitude is, "we do not know how long we have to live; we may die tomorrow, let us therefore live while we may." In the first place, I doubt greatly if one with this attitude really does live and experience abundant life. In the second place, a man makes a bad bargain indeed if he by immorality—this so-called seeing life—endangers his chances of immortal blessedness, we live but a few years on earth at the longest. But each has the opportunity of living with our Lord forever in a better world than the imagination can picture.

Let us raise our sights in regard to life. Let us include in our conception of life not only the period between birth and death, but also eternity. If we live in the light of the eternal, our lives will participate not only in the temporal and evanescent, but also partake of the permanent and abiding. And we live in the light of eternity simply by living in the presence of God daily. God dwells with every man who will open his life to receive Him. If we live with Him here, we shall also dwell with Him hereafter.

"LO, THE POOR AIRMAN"

(With apologies to Ogden Nash)

My heart really goes out to all those poor fellows who are finding Air Force life so tough, it makes them awfully blue. Form morn till night, everything's wrong, they can do nothing without a dance and song.

Of course I know it's an awful shock to rise and shine each morning, when bugles blow six o'clock; And of course they all had good jobs, making fifty or more each week, And to ask them to work for anything less is simply a lot of cheek.

They always ate chicken and caviar, drank nothing but champagne; Can we blame them if they whine, when all they get is beer or wine, And sometimes are out in the rain? Sometimes in the mess they run short of serviettes, and the silver isn't



The Corporal says: "More P. T. or else smaller rations."

they are not kept in condition, the number of capillaries decrease. This is the only way food is supplied to the muscle cells; that is why they would not be getting the proper care they should have. That is why people get stiff and sore after taking part in strenuous exercise when they have not been used to it. Due to the few capillaries the muscles cannot get rid of the waste products as fast as the food is burned. Your body then is left with aching muscles which are not soon forgotten.

Sports to some people is some form of competition. They do not think of the benefit they themselves can derive from a game, but play for the glory of winning, and winning only. That is why the Europeans call Canadians the sports crazy nation. In Norway, Sweden and Holland, people go in for sports for the pleasure and enjoyment they derive from it, not to compete. Old and young alike ski, skate or play a fast game of rounders. They have the most wonderfully equipped gymnasiums in the world. After a hard day's work they forget all their worries and cares in an evening of gym or games. That is why they are such a happy, contented race. The percentage of illness is much lower, too.

So, for your benefit, not mine, find out what a difference exercise will make on your disposition. To have a sound mind you have to have a sound body. Help us keep healthy Airwomen, who are part of the heart and soul of the Royal Canadian Air Force, which guards and keeps this country safe.

A man can fail many times, but he isn't a failure until he begins to blame somebody else.—Buffalo News.

"Rogers" and the china isn't "Crown". And when one isn't used to it, no wonder that they frown.

They must carry their own dishes, and may have to scrape a plate, So, let's all sigh with them while they bemoan their fate.

They are weary of too many duties, such as guard or fire picquet; Between them means you'll hear them groan, "I say, is this cricket?"

Of course we have heard rumors that our country is at war, And war is hell, so they might as well put up with the beastly bore.

Many brave men are giving their lives, to safely keep the above mentioned guys;

Women and children are being bombed and killed, while they complain of being marched and drilled.

Thousands have lost all that they held dear, but their troubles don't compare with the poor boys here.

They've just lost their lives, and homes, whole countries live in shame, While our poor lads dance all night with some dizzy dame.

To hear them talk it's a question whether the Air Force isn't to blame for the weather.

It's a terrible life, just struggle and strife, and they really deserve your pity.

But you've heard them before, they're a terrible bore, so here ends this ditty.

L'Envoi

Cheer up, fellows, try and bear your cross, It can't last forever, and then you'll be boss.

And when victory is won, and the battle is o'er,

You can tell the grandchildren, HOW YOU'RE BRAVERY WON THE WAR.

"SURE THING, I'M
buying VICTORY
BONDS!"



Ston. A.

"JUST OUT OF A.O.S."

Well, that was the hardest grind I have ever done but, by golly, it was worth it. I can do something—I can help navigate an aircraft from anywhere to anywhere. I can search for and intercept a ship or another aircraft. I can prove it with photographs. I can handle a number of mysterious instruments. I can read a weather map and give a pretty sound picture of tomorrow's weather . . . and now for No. 4 B. & G. School and some excitement. . . . (Just out of A.O.S.)

DRILL

"No. 58 Course—" "Present and correct, sir."

"Stand at ease."

"No. 58 Course—HALT."

"You come here to be trained in the offensive part of your job. Remember, that though you might be the finest man in the Royal Canadian Air Force, you are useless unless you can drop your bombs dead-on your target. Remember, also, how

the designing and building of your aircraft, the training of your pilot and crew, the patient and never-ceasing work of maintenance, the thousand and one things that go to make an offensive bombing attack possible, are ultimately dependent for their success on your ability to hit your target. There is also your defensive armament to learn. You must be prepared, at any moment, to defend your aircraft with your gun. The great air fighters of the last war—Bowes, McCudden and Bishop—all suffered bitter disappointment until they made the discovery that victory was possible only to the expert gunner. After that, they spent every spare moment practising bring and lining up their sights. You will find your lectures, ground exercises and flying exercises will occupy your whole time but, when you leave here as sergeants, you should be able to do anything in an aircraft except fly it. The operational squadrons of the R.C.A.F. are waiting for you; don't keep them waiting.

"Attention—right turn—by the left—quick march."

And it was quick march back to the lecture block, but after the complications of navigation I found the theory of bombing not too bad, and then came practical exercises in the bombing teacher. Just inside the door of the slim, high building, a ladder leads to a platform, on which is assembled the front turret of a bomber. Behind is the pilot's seat and rudder bar. Looking through the turret you can see the plain white square cement floor below. I sit in the front turret and don't forget, Murray, the routine and patter will be exactly the same over Bremen—right—we start. There is a click and the building is plunged into blackness. The next second, thousands of feet below, it seemed, but actually on the floor, a landscape projected from the roof begins to roll past underneath the dummy turret. Operational height 10,000 feet—height 10,000 feet. Indicated air speed 160—indicated air speed 160. The nose seems to swing three times and was steadied three times until I find my wind. Third course finished—third course finished—wind 110 degrees, 73 miles per hour. Your target is that clump of buildings on the crossroads, over to starboard. See it? Yes, sir. Ready for the first run, Turning onto Attack—Turning onto Attack—Attack—Attack—Select your Bomb—Bomb selected—Left, Left, Right, Right, Left, Left, Steady, Steady. The nose swings, or seems to swing, until the target is dead ahead. It comes into the two drift wires on the bomb-sight. Slowly the distant buildings slip down the wires, past the first bead, on to the second bead—Left—Left—Steady—Steady—Steady—Bomb gone. The landscape rolls past and stops and down below six tiny white lights flash across the crossroads and touch the buildings. A second more and a bright red circle surrounds the white lights. Eighteen incendiaries have straddled the crossroads 10,000 feet below. "Bomb's got it, sir"; "Not bad, one of your A.T.'s hit the

buildings. Crossroad's completely gone. Quite good, but you're bombing now under ideal conditions—flying dead straight level. You ought to hit the target dead centre every time." I spent hour after hour at that building until I could hit the target ten times out of ten, and it wasn't until that time that I went up into the air to put into practice what I had learned in lecture rooms and bombing teacher and that was a big moment, sitting for the first time in the front turret of an Anson, bombed up with practice smoke bombs. "Hello, Murray, we're flying straight and level; level your bombsights—level the bombsights and then find the wind." Once it was torture, now automatic.

The Anson is now flying over the coast. Ahead, anchored in the lake is my target. Below on the shore by the side of me are two reporting stations. Ready to Bomb—Ready to Bomb—Turning onto Attack—Turning onto Attack—No. 1 Bomb selected. No. 1 Bomb selected—Target in View—Left, Left, Right, Left, Right, Right, Steady . . . No. 1 Bomb gone. The white practice bomb slips from the rack and sails along under the Anson as if fastened by an invisible wire. I am watching it, fascinated. Suddenly the nose dips, slips through the air in a white arc—it hits the water. A puff of white smoke gushes up. . . . Hell and damnation, it is yards wide.—"Bomb plotted 100 yards ahead and well to the right, sir." "Try again." Again the smoke shows a bad hit—Good God . . . "I'll tell you what's the matter, Murray, you are correcting much too late, but you can't hope to hit your target unless I fly straight and level. I'll now try again—get your head well down, see your target well ahead and finish the corrections with three or four steadies—O.K.?" Target in view." "Target in view"—Left, Left, Right, Right, Left, Left, Steady—Steady—Steady—Steady . . . Bomb gone. "That's better—try the others."

While I was dropping those bombs, the shore quadrant were taking cross bearings of each burst and the results were phoned through to the plotting office. By the time I got back the bombing instructor was already studying the scores. "Hello, Murray, enjoyed it?" "Well, I enjoyed the bombing, sir, but plotting the burst wasn't exactly a thrill." "No, your first two bombs were a bit wide; what was the matter?" "He was correcting too late, sir, but we cleared that up." "You were also using an incorrect wind, you were 11 miles an hour out. The rest of your bombs were quite nicely grouped. With a correct wind you would have done some damage."

Well, things were moving now. Unless the weather was too bad I was up every day—low level bombing, high level, up, down and across wind, bombing moving targets. I found I was sighting more easily and the targets were coming steadily down my drift wires and I was correcting better and all the time I was busy with the A/B's other weapon—the gun.

I am in a Bolingbroke on an air firing experience, a towing plane passes our bow streaming a drogue 1,000 feet behind it. "There's your target—what's range, Murray?" "About 800 yards, sir." "Okay, 200 rounds in bursts of 10—allow for relative speed."

"Exercise completed, sir." "Okay, return to your base." But that's not the end of that; oh, no. The towing plane lets go the drogue over a dropping field and the holes are counted. Some are circled with red, for the other gunner has been using red tipped bullets to make exact scoring possible.

Back at the aerodrome I report immediately to the Scores Office. Scores Office—Dropping Field calling Scores Office—Dropping Field calling Scores Office. "Here's the score on Course 58—24 front, 15 rear. "First attempt isn't it, Murray?" And in the manner of the R.C.A.F. it was suggested politely, but firmly, that the next time I went up I should do much better and, on no other occasion should I do as badly, so I spent hour after hour and day after day in practicing range estimation and turret manipulation until I could stick a pencil in the end of the turret gun and write my name quickly, smoothly and neatly on a sheet of paper held against the pencil. Naturally, I didn't get like that until the end of the course, but it was only a few days later that I got the biggest thrill I ever had in the R.C.A.F. We were gathered in the lecture room for the last time at No. 4 B. & G. School. One by one, we marched up to the C.O., who handed us our sergeant's stripes and the brevets of the Air Bomber— you know, the single wing flying from a circle.

The O.C.: "Sergeants, you have finished your training here as Air Bombers." It was that first sentence which counted, "Sergeants, you have finished your training here." Sergeant Frank Murray, Air Bomber, R.C.A.F., but that first flight over Germany is still a long way ahead yet. There is a buffer, an operational training unit between training and fighting. Again there was a train journey and again there was a lecture room and the first address, but this time with a difference. The room was crowded with men proudly wearing the brevets of pilots, of air bombers, of wireless operators and air gunners. "Your instructors here are men who have learned by experience the tricks of the trade, which they will pass on to you. Listen carefully, listen ceaselessly. You are men selected for a big job. You will shortly form part of the spearhead of the R.C.A.F. effort. Work. You will learn here things which your training schools could not touch, but never forget—work. Never forget you are an air bomber now, but every flight has two purposes—bombing and reconnaissance, but when you brief for operational flights you will be given information about your target, about German defences, balloons, flaks, aerodromes; but where do you think that information came from? It came from observers who had been over the previous week, the previous night. You, too,

must bring back information—and be exact.

I am at last happy. I am at O.T.U. and quite confident of the fact that I'll soon be over Germany laying my eggs precisely and exactly—due to the splendid type of training I've had throughout.

If you think that the world is unfair, boys, And you are repeatedly "Joe," Just see what the other guy's doing, And I'm sure that you won't find it so.

A Course 41—all Air Gunners— Were asked to give some of their dough To our Victory Bond scheme, and remember, Those boys give the Hun all they know.

They are leaving their homes and relations, And going where things really hum, Where life is a day-to-day matter, Where you fight against men worse than sum.

But they offer their lives very gladly, That you and I may (you'll agree) Live in peace with the world very soon, chum, That your life may be happy and free.

So they each bought a Bond, with a smile, chum, 'Cos they knew every little would count, And when little sums go together, They make up a tidy amount.

And these boys, they are giving their lives, pal, And they're giving up all that is dear, And they're putting their cash on the outcome, For the ultimate end, pal, is clear.

So don't let's sit back, nice and smug, pal, Think your place is reserved in the sun. Buy a Bond with your next bit of cash, chum, In respect for this course—Forty-One.

—GB1255521 LAC Duncan, C.S.

(Note: Course 41 bought \$1,350.00 worth of Victory Bonds.)

THE WINNER!

The annual table tennis tournament for the City of London and district took place at the London Y.M.C.A. on March 31st. As usual, the management of the tournament sent out invitations and posters to the various military schools in the surrounding territory, asking for any and all of our good players to assemble on the above date.

While a good representation intended to participate in extracting the coveted honors from the "City in the Bush," only one man turned up on the appointed date. Sergeant Milne, from our Station Hospital, was the official representative from Fingal and like last year, Sergeant Milne lifted the championship cup to hold it for a second year in a row. Through the series of elimination games,

the Sergeant swatted the little pill back and forth with such skill and determination that in a few hours' time the handwriting was on the sheet, saying that our own Fingalite must emerge victorious.

And so for another year, Fingal has shown the way to victory in this competitive sport. To you, Sergeant Milne, may we extend our heartiest congratulations, and when we meet you on the street, it'll be just, "Hi, Champ!"

The U. S. submarine Sturgeon radioed to its flagship after sinking its first Jap ship: "Sturgeon no longer virgin."—Time.

Corporal Baker, opening door of lecture room, and interrupting instructor to a large class of L.A.C.'s:

"Are you giving a lecture in this room?"

Instructor F/S Weston—"Yes," Corporal Baker—"Oh, I see."

A SCOTCH PROVINCE

A class in Aberdeen was asked by the teacher, "Where is the country they call England?"

One bright lad put up his hand and said: "Please, sir, ma feyther says there isna sic' a country. England is jist the name o' the southern part o' Scotland!"

LIFE
may not be



A bed of roses
— in '53,

so—
BUY
Victory
BONDS

Get tough on the Axis with your dollars.

—BUY VICTORY BONDS





*Clear the skies
FOR VICTORY...*

BONDS build planes: BONDS train pilots: BONDS load the guns, shoot the enemy from the skies; the first step in the big attack. The more bonds you buy the bigger the margin our boys will have. Back them for all you're worth. Do without to give them plenty. They're risking their lives. You're *lending* your money. Lend it *now*. Back the Attack with War Bonds.

BUY THE



VICTORY LOAN

... AND BACK THE ATTACK