

THE  
*Fingal Observer*



**NO 4 BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL**  
FINGAL, ONTARIO, CANADA

PRICE: FIVE CENTS

Vol. 3, No. 27  
JUNE, 1943

# The Fingal Observer

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

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W302809,  
Cpl. Mary F. Howden,  
No. 7 S.F.T.S.,  
MacLeod, Alta.,  
April 21st, 1943.

Somewhere in England,  
Feb. 28th, 1943.

Dear Editor:

"Vos, you dare, Charlie?" You old "bloke." How are you? Guess who? Yes, you're right—Geo. again, as I promised I would drop you a line.

Well, sir, have been in this country pretty near one month now and can say I like it. Have good quarters, central heating, good food, a "cinema" and a "gym" here, so no one need leave the station for entertainment—even lots of Waafs. Can't say they are as good looking as ours, but they will do—any old port in the storm, you know, "Old Boy."

Had a nice crossing, to be exact, a bit rough in spots, but otherwise it was O.K. F/Sgt. Dulhanty was with us up until two weeks ago and he has been posted along with Sgt. Bourgum to another station about 50 miles from here.

The country is beautiful, everything green, and spring flowers in bloom. I can't tell you where we are stationed or the kind of "kites" that fly out of here, but you can bet they are the biggest and best. It is an R.C.A.F. station and Group Captain Johnson, formerly of Brantford, is O.K., and the C.O. Have met a number of former sergeants who got their wing at Fingal, and is nice to reminisce a bit.

The English money is rather difficult to get on to. One way to learn it thoroughly is to play "poker" or "crap" Paging W.O. Ordige. Wish you were here, Headly, also Pete Peterson. We have a station hockey team and "Porky" Dumart is the captain — again paging W.O. Ordige.

Had a pleasant surprise at Halifax. WO1 Thorpe was there, also F/Sgt. Heidman in the orderly room. WO1 Thorpe was trying to stay at the "Y" Depot and I do hope he was successful.

My congratulations to all the WO1's, Noseworthy, McAdams, and if you see WO1 Nelson, please tell him to write and I will send him the "buck" I owe him; Cpl. "Joe" Baker of G.I.S., and F/O Murray, also of G.I.S., Sgt. "Eric" Douglas, Sgt. "Harry" Lawrence of Pay

and Accounts, and WO2 McCarthy of the Orderly Room. Mac, I hope you don't get any more letters like the one I gave you. Ask him, Jay; he'll tell you why. McCarthy's former side kick, Sgt. McDonald, of C.R., is posted somewhere in Ireland.

I am just completing a 10-day backer-up course and, believe me, it takes the old waist line down. But then, again, I could stand it.

Would it be possible for you to get me Flt. D. A. Lane's address? I sure would appreciate it.

Sincerely,

Geo.

Can. R66015,  
Sgt. Leadston, G.A.,  
Att. R.A.F.—R.C.A.F.,  
Overseas.



Congratulations to Group Captain Kerr on his well-earned and popular promotion.

## SHIP PHOTOGRAPHS

Instruction in the subject of ship recognition has been launched at G.I.S. The co-operation of all Station personnel is requested in securing photographs of ships from various newspapers and magazines.

These may be collected and handed to section N.C.O.'s, who can then forward them to Sgt. Costin.

All types of photographs of merchant shipping and warships are needed, and any aid in accumulating a collection of photographs will be greatly appreciated.

Dear Fingalites:

It's been a long time since I left your station, and I hope you will forgive me for not having dropped you a line sooner. I look forward each month to receiving my Observer and reading the news about my old friends.

Being the P.T.I. here keeps me very busy, as my work also includes entertainment, sports and drill. Plans for a swimming pool are already under way, and the tennis courts are much in use right now. We haven't any Port Stanley, Wonderland, or even a town half as large as St. Thomas—so, you see, we spend a great deal more time right on the station.

We have a large station—dance once a month in the drill hall (as a special interest to the W.D.'s, I might add that we Airwomen are permitted to wear civilian clothes on these occasions).

Now that the weather is getting quite warm—it reminds me of the grand times I had in Ontario. There is little to do and absolutely nothing to see out here on these "lonesome prairies." Macleod is so small that I'm sure it would never even be missed off the map. But I must say something nice about this country—and that is that we have the most beautiful blue skies, and on a clear day one can even see the Rockies. When the chinook winds go on a rampage, a person can't even stand up straight and one gets what we call the "Macleod lean." In one windstorm, the M.T. roof was blown off, and I assure you it looked just as funny a sight as one can picture. Thinking it all over, I really like it here and am very happy in my work.

I was only at Fingal three months, but I still haven't forgotten you all, so I send my regards and a big "hello" to all my old friends at Fingal.

Lots of luck to the Observer, and I shall write soon again. Sincerely,

Mary F. Howden.

# FEATURE SECTION

## WOMEN'S DIVISION

### R. C. A. F. (W.D.)

May 23rd marked the first anniversary of the arrival of the Women's Division at Fingal. A little over a year ago, No. 4 B. & G. received its first contingent of R.C.A.F. (W.D.) when fifty-three Airwomen, some veterans of a few months, others fresh from trade training, arrived. It was a red letter day on both sides, and the welcome accorded them was no less enthusiastic than the girls' thrill and delight in coming to a flying station and getting started on the job of taking over certain trades to release Airmen to aircrew and overseas duties.

Those were still early days in the organization of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.), and even at this unit a year has shown considerable progress in the number of responsible positions delegated to the Airwomen, particularly in clerical work, and in the increased number of trades in which they work.

Some of you may have forgotten that it was on October 23, 1941, that the first hundred and fifty Airwomen started their training in old Havergal College, Jarvis Street, Toronto. It was known as the C.W.A.A.F. Training Depot in those days—C.W.A.A.F. for Canadian Women's Auxiliary Air Force. It was in the preceding July that an order-in-council authorized the formation of what is now known as the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division). That later name was decided upon when it was realized the girls formed a component part of the Service, that the part they were to play was not in any sense auxiliary, and that C.W.A.A.F. was a misleading nomenclature. So on February 3, 1942, the powers-that-be decided to call a spade a spade and the organization was redesignated R.C.A.F. (W.D.).

That first group of one hundred and fifty took an Administrative course, and were to be followed in quick succession by other trades, the next in order being that of cook. Good food and nutrition is a mighty important factor in the efficiency of any of the services, and the Government wasn't overlooking that fact when they figured that women could make a very real contribution in turning rations into the best of meals. The girls went to Guelph for special training for six weeks, and everyone here will agree that whatever the Airwomen learned in six weeks, the meals at Fingal are a satisfactory result.

Week after week, starting December 6th, 1941, Airwomen arrived at Jarvis Street to receive training in whatever trade they had experience and had been enlisted. (The C.W.A.A.F. Training Depot became No. 6 Manning Depot and finally, a few months ago, when Rockcliffe got into its stride, changed its name to No. 2 K.T.S.). With a new squadron



The ladies who endeavor to keep the Women's Division in line at Fingal. They are S/O Graham, in charge of our food; S/O Satterly, in charge of Administration; and S/O Willson, Assistant Adjutant.

arriving each week, the Airwomen began their duties at stations, a squadron leaving every week. The first contingent left for Uplands, Ontario, on January 3rd. Next week saw a squadron off to Brantford, the week following to Moncton, etc. The S.F.T.S.'s were "honored" first, the B. & G.'s to get their quota next.

The number of trades in which the Airwomen were enlisted were limited at the beginning. While it was certain that the women of Canada could make some contribution on active service, there were still many who feared the effect of the feminine touch, and with praiseworthy caution opened up to the Airwomen just those trades in which women had already proved themselves to excel in civilian life; trades such as Clerks Stenographer, Accounting, Dental and Hospital Assistants, Motor Transport Drivers, Telephone Operators, Cooks and Messwomen, Fabric Workers, Parachute Packers and Equipment Assistants. But the Airwomen soon showed that their motto, "We Serve that Men May Fly," was no empty boast. They were ready to take on any job that their physical strength was suited to. That original short list of trades has grown until there are now over thirty-five trades. Here are some of the later additions: Aircraft Recognition Instructor, Bandswomen (yes, Trenton can boast of such), Hairdresser (a popular gal at Gander or Torbay, don't you think?), Clerk (Code and Cypher—sounds intriguing, but you have to be a good mathematician), Clerk Operations, Clerk Postal, Instrument

Maker, Laboratory Assistant (Nutrition), Meteorological Observer, Pharmacist, Photographer, Radiographer, Tailoress, Teleprinter Operator, Wireless Operator (Ground) and Wireless Mechanic. As can be readily understood, many who enlisted in these trades were already qualified in that line before enlistment, to others the trade had been a hobby, and additional training gave them the necessary theoretical background and experience. Some trades were pretty novel—such as Wireless Operator (Ground), but given a good ear and enthusiasm, the Airwomen went off to a six months' course in Montreal and made the grade.

The fifty-three Airwomen who first arrived here have more than doubled in number, and you'll find Airwomen working in nearly every section on the Station. Headquarters is almost entirely composed of girls, and with the experience of six or eight months, they are beginning to take responsible positions. In Accounts, the Orderly Room, Central Registry, Equipment and M.T., the girls have shown that they can take it. Training Wing and Maintenance both figure their Orderly Rooms wouldn't be the same without those efficient clerks. And so it goes—anywhere on the Station, if there's a job that can be handled by a woman and there is one available, you'll find her doing it. When Armament needed some ammunition packed they found the Airwomen were quicker at the job than the men, and LIKED it. It was monotonous but necessary, and any Airwoman is happy at her job when she sees

that it brings results. Take cooking now—the girls work hard in the kitchen to produce those meals you Airmen enjoy—and it's pretty well agreed that the women have made a real improvement in the standard of Air Force menus and meals.

The Airwomen live under the same conditions and regulations as the Airmen and are just as subject to a posting from here to Timbucktoo. Overseas service is voluntary, but the girls are keen to get there and over sixty per cent volunteered last January, and many of those girls are still anxiously awaiting their sailing ticket. Only ten of the Airwomen have gone directly from this unit overseas as yet, but many who left here on special courses such as Code and Cypher (did you know Millen led the first course?), and Wireless Operators (Ground) have not stayed in Canada. It's impossible to guess what trade will be called for next, so the girls are still hoping. Besides losing girls on postings, there are always the few who marry and eventually leave the service. There's no hindrance to romance at Fingal, and there's many a girl with a diamond on her left hand who has decided it would be wiser to wait. Frequently, the lucky man has gone overseas, so it's just one more reason for that overseas posting.

The Airwomen work all over the Station: they act as timekeepers in the flights; they look after the log books and records in the Control Room, Maintenance; they shoulder a camera about the Station and develop their catch in the dark room; they repair drogues (and stitch curtains for the Airmen's Canteen); they hand out mail (a nice job until someone reproaches you with losing his letters); they plot bomb exercises and keep score for the aircrew in training here; they do their best to make things a little easier for the patients in the Dental Clinic and Hospital; and no matter when, there's always a gal waiting at the other end of the phone to say "switchboard."

But it's not only on duty that Airwomen try to make the wheels run a little more smoothly. They take an interest in Station activities and hope the social amenities are improved by what they can contribute. The girls organize and sponsor one dance a month and hope the Airmen get a little more fun because they have chosen to take a little trouble. The lads find the Station lounge and library a more agreeable place to relax in, now that the girls are free to use it every day. On open nights in the W.D.'s Recreational Centre, the Airwomen hope the men will allow them to play host—whether it's dancing, ping pong, darts or cards.

No matter what, the girls are really in there pitching, and want to play their part. Of course, there is the usual grumble—that's a service privilege. They know that they have it in them to carry on as heroically as the English, Chinese, or Russian women, should occasion arise. They hope in the many ways they serve



Regardless of how dull the weather is, you'll always be sure to get a smile from the Women's Division. Cold, Kroker?

on this Station, that somewhere in combat an Airman comes out on top because they had a small share in his training, and because one of them is doing a job that otherwise would have kept him grounded.

#### HOW GIRLS GET AROUND

This being the first anniversary of the W.D.'s arrival at Fingal, it would be of interest to call to mind some of the girls who were with us and have been posted out—some far away, and some not so very far.

The first great excitement came last July over the posting of McLeod, McBride and Lee overseas—the first overseas postings from this Station. The girls seem to be having a good time, and everyone saw the charming picture in a recent Observer of McLeod talking to the Duchess of Gloucester.

Then four girls were sent to Eastern Air Command—Smith M. I., Schick, German and Davis. Poor Smith was so excited she didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so she did a little of both; and Schick was very unhappy as she was was planning to be married soon. It didn't stop the wedding, though, and she is now Mrs. Taylor.

Jackson of red hair and baseball fame went off to the Admin. course and is now at Mont Joli. She was followed to the Admin. course by Walker, E. K. M., Rutherford and Howden.

Leitch, LeClair and Carter got in on the first Wireless courses for the girls. They had a long six months course, and we hear they had to work pretty hard. We hope they're enjoying their new work.

Perrin, Mair, Burrige and Ray were among the first girls posted to Trenton. Wonder if Burrige entertains them down there with her acrobatic act.

Our first Postal Clerk to leave was Griffiths, one Western girl who did NOT want a posting back home—and she got it.

One of our enthusiastic baseball players was Grewcutt, who went to Toronto for the Clerk General course and was posted back home to B. C.

Sheppard and Moffat were sent to A.F.H.Q. and now both have their hooks. We all enjoyed at one time or another Sheppard's lovely voice.

In January another flurry was caused when McRae and Brownlee (two Clerk Accountants) got overseas postings. The Account Section were also responsible for some further excitement when AW Leghorn married F/O Kistler. She was posted over to T.T.S., and is now living happily in town.

Cpl. Barham and LAW Paget (the latter since married) were sent to A.F.H.Q. and are busy keeping the hungry clerks up there well fed.

Millen and Wedenkamp were sent to the Code and Cypher course at Guelph, graduating as sergeants. Millen is now in Newfoundland and Wedenkamp on the west coast.

February brought another overseas posting, when McGillivray, Nixon, Davidson, F. E., and Haslam left us. We hear the girls are in Yorkshire, bah gum!

Callard and Shaughnessy were sent back to B. C., and Cpl. Julien, after a lot of hard luck while on the Station, had to have her discharge owing to the ill-health of her mother.

In March came the posting of Cpl. McMurphy and Halliday, E. B., to A.F.H.Q., Blakely, E. F., to Training Command in Toronto, and Zubick to the Clerk Operational course at Rockcliffe. McMurphy went to Ottawa with the prospect of an overseas posting looming brightly in the background. The posting came along, but it was for only one of two girls. It was a toss-up, and McMurphy lost. Tough luck, Mac, but may you be the winner next time.

In April the Account Section lost LAW's Stott and Harrack, and Briggs from the Orderly Room got a very enviable posting to Washington. The Parachute Section lost one of its popular members in little Dot Whalen.

Williams and Burgess started a general exodus to T. T. S., being followed in May by Buxton, Holden and Cpl. Granger. Wonder what the attraction at T. T. S. is.

May brought another overseas posting—Cpl. Garland being the lucky one this time. We're glad she got it—she was very anxious to go.

Another member of the W.D.'s missed around the Station is "Gosh-Whiz" Taylor. Her friendly smile across the steam table started the day off right, didn't it, boys? The boys in Vulcan, Alta., have the full benefit of it now.

Kennedy, one of our Canteen Stewards, has left us to go back home, where she was badly needed. We were sorry to

see her go, and wish her the best of luck.

This is not by any means all the girls that have come and gone during the past year, but space will not permit us to mention them all. Wherever they are and whatever they're doing, we hope they are enjoying life in the Air Force and that they have a kind thought for good old Fingal sometimes. We know some of them would like to be back with us, and we would like to see them, too.



"Myrt" of Switchboard fame. Cpl. Garland has recently been posted overseas. Don't get your wires crossed.

### RAMBLINGS OF THE PAST

Your roving reporter decided to do some delving into the pre-enlistment lives of some of the worthy members of that little band of women doing their bit for the war. It is so easy to sit down and chat about the commonplace that one does not realize what interesting and varied lives many of these Airwomen led prior to the interfering hand of Hitler.

The first bed I sat on 'was that of AW Sura, who greeted me most responsively, outlining her life from the time she left Hungary at the age of one until her entry into the R.C.A.F. Her war effort is not solely confined to the W.D., as this Airwoman knows how the wheels of industry revolve in an aeroplane factory. She outlined her experiences as a riveter in the Noorduynas Aviation Ltd., in Montreal, manufacturers of Harvard and Norseman planes, where she was employed for seven months. I wanted to know if any special equipment was required for this work, but was informed that masks are only required when boring. AW Sura is also violinist of no mean ability, having played for five years in the Manitoba Junior Symphony. This orchestra consisted of from 75 to 100 members, all young boys and girls. Possibly some of you have heard this orchestra, as they played over the air every Saturday morning. When questioned as

to her desire to play in a Station band, she was most enthusiastic.

Now I take you to a little red head who unbeknown to most of you, enters into your life every day. This Airwoman has been turning out D.R.O.'s for over a year on this Station. The routine of Air Force life should be nothing new to Cpl. Irwin, as this able Airwoman worked for several years in a Michigan State institution for delinquent girls. In her most interesting manner she outlined the wonderful vocational and academic training given these girls. Her first position with this institution was in charge of parole, for which she was obliged to pass a state examination. From this post she was promoted to assistant superintendent, which required the passing of two more state examinations, in which capacity she acted for three years. Cpl. Irwin frankly admitted she would like to go back to the States when the war is over and she has done her duty. The go-aheadness of the Americans has a strong attraction.

Always prepared for something new, my next stop was with LAW McGeagh, who, being somewhat modest, was somewhat reluctant to talk about her talents as a drummer. After a great deal of persuasion on my part I found she played the snare drum in the Kitchener Ladies' Band, composed of 90 members. This band was well known in the Niagara District and can even boast of playing at the Roof Gardens of the Royal York. I had no intention of rounding up a ladies' band, but upon questioning McGeagh about her interest in such a band her modesty soon vanished and she was most enthusiastic.

Next I found myself chatting with a little lady from Yorkshire, LAW Russell, who has crossed the Atlantic eight times, and would very much like to make



You haven't seen the Women's Division until you've seen Fingal. That's why it's so hard to keep up the establishment.

another crossing to join her husband, serving in the R.C.A.F. overseas. Time will not permit me to dwell on all the interesting anecdotes in this Airwoman's life so I shall relay a few of the facts given to me on her stay in the Transvaal while her husband was supervising a

citrus farm. On this farm were grown many fruits such as oranges, grapefruits, mangos, pawpaws and avocado pears. To do the work on this farm it took 1,500 natives and 100 whites. She described the country as semi-tropical, 85 degrees being the coolest in the winter months. Feeling hot myself for the first time in months, I asked her what she did in the summer months, when the heat registered 115 degrees; she bashfully admitted she went home to England. Tropical



Misses of the messes. Everyone starts to gain when they get posted to Fingal. Can you blame them? Sutherland, Procter, —, MacKay.

countries and snakes always go hand in hand with me, so I asked Russell if she ever encountered any deadly poisonous snakes, and without batting an eye she informed me she had killed a cobra with her bare hands. From a life of luxury on a citrus farm to the many laborious chores of the Air Force came this Yorkshire lass, which to my way of thinking is highly commendable.

And now "tempus fugit," but I must see the great aunt of those very famous little girls, the quintuplets. LAW Demers is well known for her talents as a cook in the Officers' Mess, but her fame began long before her deft fingers concocted such rare dishes of which, sorry to relate, we only hear, but at least see the results. This French lass, who is the aunt of Mrs. Dionne, cooked for the quints prior to her enlistment, and all of us can well imagine the thrilling and interesting experience of living in the same house with these five little girls. I might add that while she was employed she signed a contract not to divulge any information regarding these young ladies until one year after such employment ceased.

# SECTIONS

## 73 COURSE — AIR BOMBERS

Here beginneth the chronicle of one of the tribes of Brit called Raf, which is copied by Sec the Scribe.

And behold, likewise look here many of tribe called Raf did gird their loins about them and journey far together, even down to the sea; and there they did see lying close to land a ship, yea, even a steamship adorned with much mist, and she did measure twelve thousand tons called gross. Other wise ones did compute her to measure eight or even twenty thousand tons. But nevertheless a goodly number heavily laden with their chattels, viz.: to bags called kits, and great packs on their back laden with containers of tin such as the tin called mess; and the bottle called aqua, did board her with cheer and great heart.

And they set sail. Rather let the memory of that journey over great waters remain in oblivion than recount its discomforture, which were great and many. Suffice it so say the men of the tribe of Raf did groan inwardly and acclaim their choice to leave the land which did bear them, and which their fathers and forefathers before them were content to dwell in.

Verily, many days after they did set sail, they came unto a strange land; and the people did receive them heartily, even as kinsmen, which in sooth they were.

And verily a mighty cold did spread over the land. Indeed, so cold was it that the Fahr did record below 30 of the degrees called frost; and Cent below 15. And there was much chilling of ears.

But the children of the tribe of Raf were not to remain but two moons in the place called Monc; but they needs must journey deeper into land called Can to the place of Fing; and there was a certain number of the tribe of Raf who did moan and lament greatly as they had heard of a great land called West, and did want to behold this land which is smiled upon by Apollo and which is thronged with comely maidens; so it is uttered by some members of the tribes of Canuck. Whereupon the elders of the tribe who had come afore time to the place called Fing did shake their heads, murmuring: "patience," rats, till ye have beheld Sain Tom, and the Tribe of Ont. for they are indeed of great heart and generous spirit. Whereupon the company did cease wailing.

But yet the children of Raf did murmur inwardly. For they beheld writ and inscribed upon the place where they now dwelt: "4 Be & Ge"; and this did cause them to grieve for they did hear that the tribe of "4 Be and Ge" did eat but frugally—did labour many diem without cease. And this caused them to be shaken mightily.

Thus it was that the member of the tribe of Raf from Brit did come to the place called Fing to slave, yea, even unto the 18th hour to earn a wing which is emblazoned on the breast-plates of their learned ones.

Here ends the chronicle of the tribe of Raf which was copied by Sec the Scribe.

—C. Hamlyn, Course 73C.

The three essentials for success, said Thomas A. Edison, are Hard Work, De-



The "assistant adjutant" of Training Wing, Cpl. Eamer, busy on the telephone. 'Twould be better, Corporal, if you'd release the hook.

termination and Common Sense—Nothing impossible in anyone—They lie within the range of all—But they are not natural growths; they must be cultivated.

### From Me To You

If nobody smiled, nobody cheered  
And nobody helped us along,  
And each every moment looked after  
itself,

And all good things went to the strong.  
If nobody thought just a little about you,  
And nobody thought about me,  
And we all stood alone in the battle of  
life,

What a dreary old world this would be.  
Life is sweet just because of the friends  
we have made,

And the things which in common we  
share,  
But we want to live on, not because of  
ourselves,

But because of those who care.  
It's giving and doing for somebody else,  
On that all life's splendour depends,  
But the joy of this world when we've  
summed it all up,

Is found in the making of friends.

Judge: "I'm sorry, but we can't issue a license to your grandchild, she's only 15 and too young."

Old Negro Granny: "Lawdy, mister jedge, wat we gwinna do? She's ol' 'nuf to do what she done did."

Did you hear about the girl who bought a bicycle so she could pedal a little in the country?

## TWO W.D.'S AND G.I.S.

The courses come and the courses go, but we go on forever! Or so the saying goes.

May we introduce ourselves? The two lonely and forlorn (?) W.D.'s down at Ground Instructional School.

By what we understand, it is the envied position of all the W.D.'s. I wonder why. Could be it was the fairly large number of males that wander around. Come to think of it, there are a lot of men around here! No wonder we are so glad to see a female figure at the end of the day. I often wondered why. Now I know.

Well, dear friends, you will want to know what we do besides look at men all the day long (and that's really not so bad, you know).

We have the all-important flying program and daily detail sheet to be put out each day. On this, the whole flying personnel depend. So that gives us something of importance.

Also, down here we run off your daily newspaper, namely D.R.O.'s. I wonder who would be the first to complain if the D.R.O.'s failed to turn up?

And if you want a stencil run off, where do you come? Stoodents! None other than down to G.I.S.

Actually, G.I.S. is the mainstay, the backbone of this dear old Station of ours. It just couldn't get along without us. If you don't think so, just come down and see us sometime! You will soon change your mind, one way or another . . . just wait and see. At least the W.D.'s would.

Cheerio for now, from the two little W.D.'s at G.I.S.

## AN ADJUTANT IS AN UNCOUTH BIRD

### Studios Recruit Gives Correct Answer to Army Examination Board

The adjutant of the unit one Canadian recruit-goes to may be in for some surprises.

A university graduate, the recruit was before the Army examination board and was asked, "What is an Adjutant?"

Without the blink of an eye came the answer:

"An Adjutant is a large bird of uncouth appearance. It has an almost bald head, a tremendous capacity for eating, and acts as a public scavenger. It can swallow a cat with ease."

Adjutants interested may consult the National and Everyman's Encyclopedia. The recruit had given an almost perfect answer—according to the encyclopedia.

### THE EQUIPMENT SECTION

This being the W.D.'s issue of our Fingal Observer, we must get our plug in also. There are nine of us in the entire section, and here they are:

In Clothing Stores we have LAW's B. P. Thomson, M. V. Wilson and M. Wilson, better known as "Squeaky." Barbara Thomson hails from Edmonton and would do practically anything to get back West, even go so far as to start a romance (?); E. 42 demands cannot be accepted in this case. Then there is M. V. Wilson, the small, quiet girl who really makes everyone smile with her dry sense of humor and who does all the typing she can lay her hands on, as she would really like to be a private secretary better than anything else.

"Squeaky" is from London and is fortunate enough to have a sister in Port Stanley, so that explains why she finds it so difficult to "navigate" a pencil early in the morning.

LAW's Pat Sillers and Lenore Arnst, both from Saskatchewan, handle barrack stores very neatly. Pat, better known as the "Dust Bowl Kid" from Estevan, is also the "No, sir" girl; when asked by the higher-ups if she had any reason for staying out after hours, she calmly replies "No, sir," not only once but several times. Could being a bond saleswoman have anything to do with scrounging pie and milk from the O.R. Mess, Pat? Also, could it be possible that a posting in the Works and Buildings Section has anything to do with that sad look in your eyes?

LAW Arnst is also another very cheerful person to have around. Besides handling the laundryman very easily, and the sheets, she also handles an LAC who works next door and who quite accidentally gets lipstick on his shirt, so he blames Nora, but Nora can handle the LAC, the laundryman and the sheets very nicely.

Eileen Thorsen is the one and only W.D. who handles Publications, and does a fine job of it. She is also from the West, very close to Edmonton, and really isn't terribly anxious to get back. The precious little gem on her left hand and those frequent trips to Montreal must have something to do with it.

Down in the front office, looking after the Provisioning of Equipment, we have LAW Agnes Laidlaw, also from the West. For some reason or another she visits Detroit very regularly; she could have cousins residing in that fair city, but we all agree that the photo of an Army Air Corps lad on her locker has something to do with it.

LAW Melba Doswell is from Toronto and for the present reigns supreme in Maintenance Stores. She can be found most any time after work at the Hostess House, not alone, but with a handsome R.A.F. chap, of course.

Then, in Technical Stores we have LAW B. Acres from Delaware and LAW D. Hoenmans. B. Acres is the young lady who wakes up the entire barrack block with her nightmares. The twins and a certain little LAC in the same section are probably the cause of that. But

we are all prepared for an E35 "Application for Write-Off" to come before Squadron Leader Massey any day now.

That tall, dark beauty who runs "C" Group also hails from that little bit of heaven; that well-known province; that home-away-from-home — Saskatchewan. The tall, dark corporal who has just taken to smoking a pipe seems to have taken to that self-same beauty in a big way. Where else but from the West could he find a girl who can do all the issuing and still keep tally cards posted?

So that's a hello from everyone, including our Corporals, LAC's, Senior N.C.O.'s and Officers, but this being the W.D.'s issue, we'll not mention them, except we wish to say they're a grand bunch of "fellows" to work with.

### EQUIPMENT ASSISTANT'S LAMENT

Though I know that I can't have it, yet just once before I die

I'd like one day, untormented by the ever present cry—

Have you any stripes or eagles, are the workshops tool kits through?

We've just found we need some pencils, will you see what you can do?

What about that roller bearing for our Harvard's airscrew race?

See this uniform I'm wearing — it's a shame and a disgrace.

What about that air compressor that we ordered weeks ago?

Our new barracks needs a dresser; can we buy one L.P.O.?

We all know of your collections, sitting up there on the shelves,

Which you won't give to the sections, though you use the stuff yourselves.

It's a lovely way of living, as you hear each Airman swear

At the service you are giving, and your jobs made still more fair.

As you struggle to unravel all the trouble there's in stores;

By the knowledge you can't travel down dark alleys any more.

Brothers, take these words out with you to all Airmen in the land;

And all those who are about, join, and give our boys a hand.

Spread it round to all and sundry, to each civie that you see.

Who desires to serve his country, give this kind advice from me—

Be a fitter — an observer — motor transportman — or cook —

Be an airframe man with fervor, learn your aircraft from a book.

Know the whole bright Air Force story, but stay out of storehouse doors;

Choose some other path to glory — brother, stay away from stores!

### Final Standing of the Victory Loan Subscriptions at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School During Its Recent Campaign from April 26 to May 15.

Women's Division—\$3,900.00.

Service Police, Motor Transport, Fire Hall and Post Office—\$3,050.00.

Works and Buildings—\$2,700.00.

Equipment, Hospital, Dental—\$2,700.00.

Maintenance (Servicing)—\$3,600.00.

Maintenance (Repair)—\$9,800.00.

Armament—\$2,550.00.

Armament Training Section—\$7,600.00.

Ground Instructional School—\$15,050.

Administration, Canteens, Civilians and Messes—\$7,400.00.

Grand Total—\$58,350.00.

We Bought 'Em—Now Fly 'Em!



The novel Barometer that indicated which sections dropped the most bombs on Hitler.

## Bomber Blitz



LAC Halter

We take pleasure indeed in welcoming F/Lt. D. Morris back to Bombing Flight. It seems lately that the procedure down here has been the opposite way. We've been saying "Good-bye and good luck" to so many that we are actually beginning to feel lonely, and in regards to that, if any more ground crew are posted out of here without replacements, the pilots are going to have to do their own starting of aircraft and also gas and oil them. Wow! wouldn't they love that?

F/Sgt. Pilot Stevenson claims that from now on when he goes up flying he is going to take the hangar guard's billy with him, and if he meets up with any more chicken hawks in mid-air he is going to lean out and give them a bat on the head. The "noive of the boid" making a hole in his wing and causing him to abandon his exercise. They can't do that to him, he just won't stand for it.

We always considered Bombing Flight the "madhouse" of the flights; but we take that back and apologize deeply, for with the way things are going here now we'd like to go to a real madhouse for a rest. The mere fact that there have been times when 20 or more ships have been up at the same time, with only four or five mechanics to start, catch and service, should help explain the reason for our expecting a nervous breakdown at any time. Maybe someone knows where there is a nice quiet war? We'd like to join in and get a little peace and tranquility.

WO1 Weary (Pilot) must have thought he was flying one wing low, as the mighty Ansons have a habit of doing, when the starboard side of his undercarriage collapsed under him. Maybe he got a scare at that, but they say that AC Klymanko, the mechanic who was underneath with the battery dolly, now starts all his aircraft by remote control, and from personal observation we can say that his hair still stands on end no matter what type of Air Force grease he has put on it.

We cannot for the life of us see why Maintenance, which includes servicing, is Joe'd to do other sections' work for them. Yes, we are referring to Duty Picquet and what happens to us when-

ever we get stuck on it. The Armourers never do Maintenance work, and for us to unload their bombs may be helping the war effort, but we think they are quite capable of doing it themselves, and that goes for washing windows for Headquarters or G.I.S. There is no section on the Station as understaffed as we are, yet we don't go running to the Duty Picquet for help. We have no "bed of roses," but if anyone thinks so, here is our schedule:

On parade at 7 a.m.  
 No smoke period in the morning.  
 Dinner an hour, sometimes less, when you can be spared.  
 No smoke period in the afternoon.  
 Quit at 6 p.m. or when flying is washed out and the last ship down.  
 Eat supper, if there is any left.  
 On Duty Picquet at 7 p.m.  
 Work as late as you are Joe'd.  
 Go to bed sometime.  
 —and repeat the next day and the next day and the next day. Monotonous as hell, ain't it?

It looks like congratulations are in order for F/Lt. Sprague, on his receiving his promotion. The O.C. of Bombing and the assistant O.C., F/O Furrow, have of late been exhibiting hidden talents. Their tree-planting and general prettying up of our lawn was in the nature of expert work; but what amazes us is the fact that all the digging and wheelbarrow pushing was done by the pilots. We wonder, though, if the reason they transplanted all the dandelions so carefully was because they heard strong wine can be made from them. Surprising what rationing can do, isn't it?

Miracles will never cease! As if seeing Mr. Sprague pushing a lawnmower wasn't enough, F/O Spencer, O.C. of Servicing, was right in there pushing a brush, helping us wash an Anson, and we might add, as one expert to another, he wasn't at all bad. Come again sometime soon! We appreciate any help we can get.

F/O Hull, new arrival from Gander Bay, tells us there are three steps to complete "Ganderization." They are:

1. The first step is when you catch yourself talking to yourself.
2. The second is, when you catch yourself answering yourself.
3. "Ganderization" sets in when you ask yourself for a repeat because you didn't catch it the first time.

We had occasion to drive some of the Station Orchestra to Rondeau Park to fill an engagement on the dance pavilion's opening night, and they never sounded better. The amount of favorable publicity No. 4 B. & G. School and the Air Force is getting through this orchestra surprised us tremendously. Sgt. Stretton and the boys are really in the groove and the rug-cutters and hep-cats really mow them down when they get in stride.

Accompanying the orchestra was Sgt. Bob Conlin, and whilst he was dancing a number I happened to overhear one girl say to her escort, "Look at that wolf of an Airman. Whv, he's old enough to be that girl's father!" And the funny part of it was he is?

After that one we'll have to stay clear of No. 6 hangar if we want to stay healthy.

The other day while out wheeling the Halter pride and joy, seven-week-old Elaine Harriet, we happened to meet up with Cpl. Dixon.

"Is that the baby?" he asked us.  
 "She certainly is," we replied, our chest going out a foot or so.

"Kinda small, isn't she?"  
 "Well, quality before quantity," we shot back.

"Yes, sir," he said, "she looks exactly like you."

Out went our chest another foot.  
 "Well, anyway," he continued, "let's hope the poor kid will be of good character."

We always thought Cpl. Dixon had all his taste in his mouth, anyway.

Be seeing you next month.

—LAC B. Halter.

### "WONDERING" ABOUT THE ADMIN. BUILDING

WONDER—

Where Corporal Kasdorf gets all her energy.

Why Ruth Smith and Dot Graham prefer R.A.F.

Tr Rena Sickles will ever settle down to be a "one-man woman".

Why Ken McKay always smells his personal mail to see who it's from.

If the Adjutant will ever get his 48's regularly.

Why the new file clerk in C.R., Bill Holland, always enjoys his 48's in Montreal so much.

What red-head in C.R. thinks what Flight Sergeant "cute".

Whether Evelyn McDevitt, Pat McKenzie or Vic McAloney will ever get those postings home.

How Helen Wilson manages to get along with her "Moustached Romeo" mentioned in the last issue.

Why Kay McKay and Marg Kennedy enjoy themselves so much in Detroit.

If Sergeant Harrison is trying to disguise himself by wearing those dark glasses at work. "Come out from behind those glasses, Sarge. We know you."

What there is about the calendar in C.R. that "gets" the men (as if we didn't know).

If Major Douglass is trying to reduce or if he's just practicing for a track meet.

When this Bl—v war will be over!

What in h—l I'm wasting time wondering for, because I'll never find out the answers anyway.

WONDER — WHY?

### NOTE

The Editor of our humour section wishes to thank the Dunnville Chronicle for its various selections of wit.

# STORM CENTRE



It was Sunday morning, May 9th (1943). The hour was 9 o'clock. The place Bizerte. A German staff officer, complete with Iron Cross, strode into the tent of Tunisian victor Eisenhower, clicked his heels and demanded, "What are your terms for surrender?" Thus Tunisia crumbled before the terrible onslaught of the tireless troops of the United Nations. The remainder was merely to be told. And well it has been told to a neat "finish." Many have not returned, but lie snugly tucked in sandy graves along the march to triumph; husbands, brothers and sweethearts, some hurriedly shovelled into holes because of the rush of battle; others, where time allowed, interred in neat rows with wooden crosses to mark their decease. We may have gone over the top in Victory Bonds. These men went over the top with their lives and flung all their hopes and ambitions into the face of the enemy. Blood donors in the utmost sense, they paid the price for our ticket into Hitler's Festung Europa. Well, the battle has just begun, so let us get into it up to our necks. There can be neither fear in our hearts nor lag in our steps when men like these have shown the way.

Fl/Lt. Blurpenblurr greeted us warmly when we dropped into his sanctum sanctorum the other day. "Come in and sit down," he said. We went in, sat on his desk and put our feet in his lap—a delightfully democratic cuss, is Blurpenblurr. "What I'd like to know," he said, pointing out of the window with the stem of his pipe, "is who the devil's that miserable-looking wretch standing in the rain by the Post Office?" We told him that "that miserable-looking wretch" was the Station Sergeant-Major's pride and joy; the Duty Patrol Corporal. "And what's he supposed to do?" Blurpenblurr pressed. "Stop airmen from doing cart-wheels, sauntering with their hands in their pockets or whistling "Sally From Our Alley" while in the Attention Area," we replied. At that our old confidant became thoughtful. "Why just Airmen?" he asked. "Or are Senior N.C.O.'s and Officers exempt by some special dispensation from the Lord Almighty?" That was food for thought, but we kept a wise silence.

sation from the Lord Almighty?" That was food for thought, but we kept a wise silence.



EG BLURPENBLURP

As chief G.A.I. (Gremlin Activity Investigator) for No. 4 B. & G., Blurpenblurr has discovered a new type of Airforce Pest. In fact, there are two: Dingbells and Fifinellas. Dingbells and Fifinellas are sisters of the well-known Gremlin. W.D.'s, take note: the Dingbelle apparently is the little she-devil that pulls your hair out of place and makes your head look like a hay stack with a hat on it. However, the Commanding Officer informs us that he is loathe to accept any such explanation for an unruly coiffure. The Fifinella devotes her time to jumbling typing and messing up files. Corporal "Anne" Bennet, of Central Registry, tells us that her files go hay-wire every once in a while. "And for no reason at all!"

Among the "Unmentionables": The other Tuesday night the members of Barrack 13A were cleaning windows preparatory to the C.O.'s inspection of the following day. "Someone give me a rag!" hollered Corporal Turk as he tore off his tunic. Someone did, and Turk went to work with Bon Ami. It wasn't until he had cleaned the last pane that he discovered that the "rag" was a piece of his own underwear.

What Price Femininity: We were somewhat surprised to learn that, until quite recently, the unimaginative British Government rated the loss of a female leg (to enemy action) at about seven

shillings (somewhere around \$1.75) below that of the corresponding masculine article. But, thanks to the efforts of Mrs. Mavis Tate, M.P. (Conserv.-Froime) a British woman may now lose her limb to enemy action, happy in the thought that it is not worth a cent less than the male appendage. Jay Shaver says they are worth a darn sight more any time, any place and anywhere, for which we award him with the S.I.L.L. (Specialist In Lady's Legs).

Decadent Democracies: It was on the Somme sometime in 1916, and the 8th Battalion of the East Surreys were on the move. They advanced for more than a mile against the mighty Hun . . . . . kicking four footballs. They kicked the balls right into the enemy trenches and the enemies out. That was in 1916.

It was 1943, the place Takrouna, that sugar-loaf hill which barred the Allied advance upon Tunis. "In the flash of grenades," reports the Time correspondent, "you could see them (Montgomery's men) whirling bodies and Germans over their heads and flinging them over the cliffs onto the rocks below."

And the man who flung "Decadent Democracies" at us, while he was gassing unarmed natives in Ethiopia, recently sent frantic cables to Hitler, begging for help against these decadent democracies. Watch out, Wop, we are coming.

Good-bye, Major: Popular man-about-Fingal, Major Reilly (R.A.F. on loan to us), was given a farewell splurge at the Orion the other week. Times were good and casualties few. Among the latter: Sgt. Senechal climbed upon a table to speechify the assembly, lost his balance and went into a dive without flaps. His undercarriage collapsed immediately upon landing, but he escaped with only a bruise or two. F/S Spry, with similar intentions, stood up with arms aloft and mouth agape. Silcox immediately let fly with a pickled egg, catching Spry in the nape of the neck—and the nick of time—rendering him momentarily, and from there on, speechless.

Genial, big-framed F/S Peterson (who has become a glorified G.D. around Bombing Flight — you are liable to see him wielding a broom almost any day), contributed valuable service as a sort of forceful pacifist. If anybody got too noisy he either shut up . . . or shut up.

Post War Problems: We hear a lot of talk about how we are going to settle things after this jam session is over. Post-war problems were nicely solved—as far as they were concerned—for a couple of embittered Nazis by their lone 1st Army captor on the slopes of the Medjerda Valley during the Tunisian drive. "Cripes!" said the Tommy. "Loosen up your sour mugs and 'ave a blinkin' cigarette. I've got three brands here!"

Overheard on the Fingal bus: (The voice a W.D.'s). "I don't know whether to wire home for fifty dollars or see if they take the hint." Now, you little gold-

digger, you know that a hint "is as good as a nod to a blind horse." Waddy wan-a-do with it, buy a bond? Anyway, do tell us how you made out. We'll keep our ears open.

Speaking about V. Bonds, a Goslerich salesman was explaining to a Chinese waiter that his \$100 bond would pay him three per cent interest. "Never mind the interest. Give the Japs hell!" retorted the Chinaman.

News from Overseas: Letters from Aletter, Traves, Goync (of "Goync's goyn on a forty-eight" fame) tell us that they like it over there. They all report that, "Everywhere you go you meet a Fingalite," that "We have four meals a day," and "The people are very hospitable." Unanimously, the boys like it a lot.

The new Airman's Canteen is a doozer. The Waldorf Astoria has nothing on it. If the fellows who planned it and brought it into being could only hear what the Airman says about it, they'd be running for cover. Pete Dodds in Clothing Store has new and bigger hats. May our new hats be their thanks. The mural painter is a bit, so we went down to G.I.S. to see P/O Duern, who was the man behind the brush that did this masterpiece. He told us it represents the canteen dromes of Airmen since the opening of No. 4 B & G. The semi-nude figure of the Airman who is the centre-piece, for instance, harks back to a certain wild night when some over-enthusiastic Fingalite (name withheld because he is still on the Station) did a strip-tease to the tune of Hot Hoof from the Wurlitzer. The S.P.'s (in the mural) saved the day and Air Force dignity just as the S.T. got down to the seventh veil. The "Veronica Lake" W.D. is a well-known (former) Fingalitesse, better famed as "The Blonde Bomber." And the quartet at the piano and the ping-pong players—and those guys subversively shooting craps—are symbolic of the wild, woolly Western days when No. 4 B. & G. was a mudhole in a mudhole. We are more stream-lined now, but we are loathe to let our robust past go by forgotten. Thanks to P/O Duern, we may find it all pictorialized for us on the west wall of the new canteen. How about a bow, Mr. Duern?

Censor Sarcasm: A weary censor in Palestine was reading his last letter at the end of a hot day recently. The writer of the missive was bewailing the fact to a friend in England that the cedars of Lebanon had been cut down by modern man "for his crass industrial and military purposes." This was too much for the censor, who was tired of reading about the sins of the British Empire. He made a terse note at the end of the letter: "Also cut down by the Phenicians, Turks and Romans!"

A lot of stories have come out of England since the Germans tried to blitz it

into the hereafter. About the freakiest one we've heard is as follows: A Mr. X used to pedal to work on a bike (Wing Commander Blagrave, take note), blackout or no blackout, bombs or no bombs. One night he kissed his wife and went his undaunted way. But Jerry came over before he had reached his destination. He heard the shrill scream of a bomb, leaped from his wheel and went sprawling into the gutter. The air split apart as the bomb exploded, taking most of his clothes with it. However, the bike was still serviceable, so Mr. X jumped on it and continued on his way. Imagine the surprise the guard got when Mr. X showed up at the factory gates—in his B.V.D.'s!

Often when on Duty Watch  
Among the thoughts we've had  
Is whether Corporal Hitler was  
"Joed," and so got mad.  
Now we would hate to prophecy,  
Yet we don't want to think  
The S.M.'s making new Adolfs  
Who'll some day raise a stink.  
(Anonymous—Yeard?)

"Limey": Many of us use the word "Limey" when we wish to indicate an RAF, but we wonder if half of us know how this word came into lexicography. Back in the year 1795 Sir Gilbert Blake introduced limejuice as an anti-scurvy measure. The results were so good that the British Navy forced the "Tars" (British sailors) to drink it regularly. From then on, the British sailors were called Limeys" in derision by their Yankee cousins. The name stuck.

Note to Benny of "Bombing Blitz": We are definitely not going to squabble among ourselves. We have a big enough fight "over there." But our undercover agent brings us the sad news that the "Bombing Blitz" column of this issue will feature a complaint from Maintenance to the effect that Maintenance men are tired of unloading bombs. Oddly enough, we agree with their squawk, much as we hate to air this matter. The fault, however, does not lie with the Armourers, but with the people who ship the bombs to Fingal at unearthly hours of the night. The Duty Watch therefore has to shoulder the brunt—and there are always four Armourers on each Duty Watch to share this burden. Speaking from bitter experience, we helped to unload bombs EVERY shipment for months on end last year. If the bombs come in during the daytime, the Armourers look after the unloading. The other day a load came in at five o'clock at night. The boys who had been working since seven-thirty (now it's seven o'clock) a.m. had to pitch in. Let us have no hard feelings, gentlemen. We are all in this war together.

Have you heard about the moron who threw a cow over a cliff because he wanted to see the jersey bounce?

Over to you — over.

(Editor's note: Cpl. Storm has just been posted to Gander Bay, Newfoundland, but has assured us that he and Flt/Lt. Blurpenburp will continue to submit regular contributions for the Fingal Observer. We hate to see you go, "Stormy," but our loss is their gain.)

#### LAST WILL OF ADOLF HITLER

I, Adolf Hitler, of unsound mind and misery, and certain of a swift death to overtake me soon, declare this to be my last will and testament.

To France I leave all the beautiful madamoiselles, in all their lands. I never could understand them. They think I'm nuts.

To England I leave all my planes, which their R.A.F. knocked out. I had written a different finish in Mein Kampf, but their fiers got me in the end.

To Norway's Quisling I leave my Double Cross. He was a piker compared to me, when it came to double crossing.

To Poland I leave a 16x10 gold-framed photograph of myself to hang in their public places to see what a fanatic looks like.

To the Jews I leave their freedom and liberty, a new holiday which they will celebrate annually, commemorating the day of my death.

To the American people I leave the assurance that ultimately Democracy triumphs. (What a dope I was to think otherwise.)

To Mussolini I leave my Chaplin moustache, to make into a toupe for his ivory dome. He will need a disguise to hide from the Italians, who will want to extinguish him for the awful jam he got them into.

To Russia I leave all my "frozen assets." I never could warm up to Comrade Stalin, or get near enough to Leningrad to even smell vodka, which I detest. (Is there anything I like?)

To Franklin D. Roosevelt I leave my apology for interrupting his fishing, but he got even. His "Unconditional Surrender" agreement at Casablanca certainly cooked my goose. It spells F-I-N-I-S-H.

To Goebbels and Ribbentrop I leave my illegitimate children, who will make life miserable for them until the day of their death, which I hope will be soon.

To Count Ciano (Mussolini's stooge) I leave the Italian Boot, with which his people will kick him in the pants. (He deserves it.)

To Japan (land of the Rising Scum), and Hirohito, I leave all my medals (junk to you), which will help him sink quicker when his ships go down in the Pacific.

To the German people I leave pictures of myself, printed on soft paper, as I know what they will do with them.

To Himmler and Goering I leave the final execution of my will, as they are experienced at executions.

To the entire world, I just leave, and will they be glad when I do!

My final wish is that I be buried in an asbestos suit, as I will need it where I am going.

(Signed) Adolf Hitler—the Rat.



# SPORTS



## SPORT HIGHLIGHTS OF FINGAL

The event of the month took place when WO2 Dougall and Sgt. Littlejohn challenged F/Sgt. Armstrong and Sgt. Harrison to a game of badminton, best three out of five. The stakes were that the losers would circle the sports field track once every morning 0700 hours for one week. In the event they failed to run, the alternative was that there would be a forfeiture of five dollars each to their worthy opponents. The match was run off under the supervisory judgment of F/Sgt. McClelland and Sgt. Cadieux, two men of high standing and renowned ability.

Apparently WO2 Dougall and Sgt. Littlejohn were not aware that their worthy opponents were experts in the art of badminton. The game commenced and the great match was on. Both teams were tensed and played very carefully. At the end of the third game two games were credited to the Armstrong and Harrison team and one to the Dougall and Littlejohn team. Consequently the results of the fourth game in favor of the Armstrong and Harrison team were very devastating and embarrassing to the Dougall and Littlejohn team.

As the losers were compelled to circle the track, the Dougall and Littlejohn team were on the side of the track bright and early the next morning. Of course under the supervision of the Armstrong and Harrison team. Off they went! Littlejohn setting the pace. About quarter way round, the pace slackened noticeably and clothing was being loosened about the necks. About half way round the track there were a few benches on the side, and for a moment the Armstrong and Harrison team thought the Dougall and Littlejohn team were going to resort to the benches and pay the forfeiture. However, they made the grade past the benches and carried on. They now turned on the last half and the toughest. By now the pace had dwindled to practically a fast walk and it was all they could do to keep off their knees at times. At last the finish line and both Dougall and Littlejohn fell over. All in all a very good show was made, especially in sportsmanship. Since then, due to inclement weather and 48's, the track has not been circled, but the Dougall and Littlejohn team have good intentions. It's either run or pay, sink or swim.

Since the great match the Dougall and Littlejohn team have challenged the Harrison and Armstrong team, but to no avail. The opinion of the Station Warrant Officer, WO1 Findley, and many other witnesses is that the Dougall and Littlejohn team are a little too old for such a fast and strenuous game. Especially when they are up against such strong odds. As it happens in horse racing, when a horse gets too old to run he is pulled off the track and led out to pasture for its remaining days. So it is

our opinion that the Dougall and Littlejohn team would be wise to spend their evenings over a quiet game of chess rather than on the courts of action.

—The Armstrong and Harrison Team.

## SPORTS

Plans are under way for a full summer of sport. Softball, soccer, track and field, and tennis will probably be the main activities, but there will also be opportunities to take part in volleyball and horseshoe pitching. The weather man is not on the sports committee. In fact, he could almost be accused of sabotage. Should the sun shine for a day or two, all personnel are invited to get out with a softball or soccer ball and start getting in shape.

The sports line-up for the year is expected to be something like this:

### Softball

The eight-team league which has had a month of play in the drill hall, will move outside. Each team will start from scratch. The games that have been played will be regarded as training games only. Each team should arrange for practice periods.

The Station team will participate in the St. Thomas City League. An effort is being made to organize a Service League with Aylmer and T.T.S., but lack of gas and tires may prove an insurmountable obstacle.

### Soccer and Tennis

The Sports Club is trying to arrange exhibition soccer games for a Station

team. The field is available every night for practice.

We are also trying to arrange for two outdoor tennis courts. Here's hoping we get them.

Mother had sent little Jimmy upstairs to mend his trousers. Later on, the quietness of the boy aroused her suspicions. She went upstairs to find the trousers hung over a chair but no sign of the boy. Returning to her work, she perceives a moving about in the basement. In a stern interrogation, she calls out, "Are you walking about down there without your pants on?"

Voice from below: "No, ma'am, I'm reading the meter."

The English tell the story about the reluctant conscript, asked by the army oculist to read the chart. "What chart?" asked the man. "Just sit down in that chair and I'll show you." "What chair?" he asked.

Deferred because of bad eyesight, the wily fellow went to a nearby movie house. After the lights came on, he was horrified to discover the oculist sitting in the seat beside him. "Excuse me, sir," said the gent as calmly as possible, "does this bus go to Shipley?"

Mother to young daughter: "Have a good time at the party and be a good girl."

Daughter: "Well, make up your mind, mother."

He: "Darling, may I kiss you?"

She: "Yes, if you please."

He: "And if I please, then what?"



If the weatherman only gave us a chance, we'd prove to you we're as good as we look. Sitting—Elliott, Gibb, McKay, Sutherland. Standing—Thompson, Heale, Cpl. Kasdorf, Merow, Landale.

## "CANADA AT WAR"

**The Issues at Stake:** We ask ourselves the question, "Why are we at war?", or "Why are we engaged in this bitter struggle for life, the outcome of which will exact from us all a heavy toll of hardship, anxiety, agony and death, and will leave its mark on many a family?" We are not looking for glory. We do not like to be engaged in the slaughter of men. We do not want unnecessary starvation and disease. These to us are horrors.

**We Loathe War:** We have not been taught that in war man finds his greatest opportunities for sacrifice. We prefer to discover our fulfilment in the quieter and ennobling processes of peace. We have come to the conclusion that war is not a normal manifestation, but is rather a calamity for all the peoples involved, whether directly or indirectly, for no person, however remote from the scene of action, can escape the effects of war.

This is our most serious difference with Fascism. Herein is the strength of our position. We fight passionately against wars and the burdens it places on the ordinary people. It follows that when we have won this war we must tackle and overcome the conditions which make war possible.

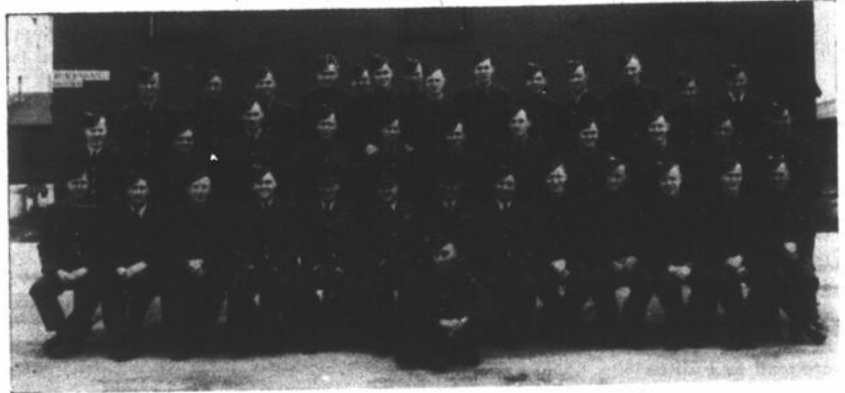
**Fascism is reactionary.** It is the reaction from the forces, recently operating, which threatened to wrest the power from autocrats and small groups and give it to the people. Fascism arose as a doctrine of fear. In all the progressive movements the Fascist saw not the awakened hope of the oppressed, but the upsurge of ideas threatening the power which resided with the few.

Democracy appeared to them as a process of disintegration. Liberalism as paving the way to anarchy, and Socialism as sentimental aspirations towards a social order where suffering and pain of the humble folk would disappear. These doctrines were too humane. They placed the emphasis upon a common humanity. These friends of liberty stressed the possibilities of reasonableness. Fascism stressed force. To the Fascist the ballot box was an infernal machine filled with the explosive aspirations of the mob. According to the Fascist, democracy, by equating the nation to the majority and the rule of argument and persuasion and forces the rule of the single group "the party", and of a single individual the dictator. Or Fascism, by equating the nation to the political group, lowers it to the level of one individual, "the dictator."

The Fascist state takes over all the forms of the moral and intellectual life of man. Despising the people and afraid of them, they demand to remake, not the forms of human life, but its content, man, character, faith. To accomplish this they require discipline and authority. The possibility of political opposition is too dangerous to be allowed. Fascism thus admits vulnerability, being too unsure of itself to suffer the voice of criticism. This

is a damning weakness. Criticism, vigilant and unceasing, is the condition of progress, the spur to statesmanship, the vital gland in a democracy. Britain today is a striking example of this. Criticism is allowed full sway and yet all parties in the state and the mass of its citizens hold together under the leadership of Mr. Churchill.

The debate, the free right of criticism, as the British have applied them, have demonstrated their validity over the barbarous negations of Fascism. Those who



**OLD-TIMERS**

Most of these men have seen three Christmases at dear old Fingal. The exact length of terms will be furnished upon request.

oppose this war can hold their meetings, print their manifestos and run, if they choose, for parliament.

The discussion and debates must go on, for victory has its hazards and peace its disasters.

When Mussolini undertook to overthrow the existing powers in Italy, he had no specific theories or plans. His doctrine was a doctrine of action. Every Fascist movement has sought support by promising action. It was like an obsession for speed, direction or destination maturing nothing. The Fascist and Nazi movements had first to conquer their own people. This they did by whipping them into a frenzy of nationalistic passion, and by silencing all opposition by methods of cruelty and terror. Fascism, then, is a doctrine of conquest. It first conquers the state and then leads the state to the conquest of others. This means international war. This decision is made by the dictator, not by the representatives of the people. Left to themselves and not driven by the Fascist belief in war, the people would have decided otherwise. In the countries occupied and controlled by the Fascists and Nazis, who occupy the seat of all wisdom—Hitler, Mussolini or God?

The Nazi leaders added another element in their appeal to racial hatred. Hitler conceived the nightmare of racial superiority for the Germans. All other races were to be reduced to the status of slaves to their superiors, "the Germans."

In the carrying out of this policy, Germany has done away with millions of people. When a crime so bloody and sadistic could be perpetrated by one country, the moral foundations of all other countries are shaken. This new paganism is a denial of the universality of the Christian doctrine. There is no need for intelligence among the other races, for thought is dangerous to the conqueror. Schools and universities must be controlled, teachers intimidated. The writer, the publisher, the lecturer, or the preacher who speaks freely, are silenced by the gestapo. Education in Germany must each conform to the Nazi creed.

What does this mean to Canada? Deny

us the principle of racial equality and we cease to exist as a nation. By the same argument the British state is a delusion. There are Welshmen in it, and Irishmen, and Scots, and the English themselves are a mongrel breed, sprung from Celts and Saxons, Normans, Danes and a number of other races. Hitler's attack on Czechoslovakia was an attack upon us all. It threw Canada into jeopardy. The blow struck against the principle of the state composed of many nationalities, imperilled Canada more than most on account of our mixed racial origins. Our national existence depends upon the fusion and the co-operation of a great many diverse elements.

We have in Canada:

120,000 Indians;

3,500,000 whose ancestors came from France;

5,500,000 whose ancestors came from the British Isles, and

2,500,000 from other European countries. Of these two and a half million, six hundred thousand came from Germany, three hundred thousand are Ukrainians, a hundred and seventy-five thousand; Jews, one hundred and fifty thousand; Poles, one hundred and fifty thousand; Netherlanders, a hundred thousand Norwegians, a hundred thousand Italians, eighty thousand Swedes, sixty thousand Russians, as well as large numbers of Finns, Danes, Greeks, Chinese and many other nationalities.

Inject the Nazi doctrine of race into this association of peoples and all our

hopes for Canada dissolve into chaos and anarchy. Our national life depends on international co-operation within the borders of our country as beyond them.

Hitler's theory of race is disastrous as a political doctrine. It is also quite without scientific validity.

The question may be raised why such a regime came to be established over a people as intelligent as the Germans, why such a doctrine came to be accepted by a people as gifted and attractive as the Italians. One reason is that the thing was forced on them. Another that by surrendering their freedom to Fascism they were told they would escape Bolshevism. A third is that both these peoples, German and Italian, are ardently nationalistic and easily responded. But another and very important reason why the German Social Democrats fell to Hitler was the economic depression which gave the Nazis their opportunity. The Nazi cause won its adherents by offering them a part to play in the drama of national resurrection. The lost man's manhood, muscle and brain were wanted at last. The democratic states still nourished social injustice, supported contrasts of wealth and poverty, and safeguarded property with greater diligence than they did the welfare of men. This led a number of people, who feared that the sufferings being undergone by many of the citizens might lead them to Communism, to look to Fascism as a preventive of that disease. They were blinded by their hatred of Soviet Russia to the nature of the yrrany nearer home. This is the tragedy of Fascism, that it pulled into World War II, millions of peoples both devotees and innocents alike.

There is, however, a great and positive good coming from this welter of evil. Some of the democratic peoples have lost their initiative to help themselves, which is the essence of democracy. The British people are today examining the conditions under which they lived and are testing those conditions with reference to a positive democracy. They are no longer satisfied by the easy-going compromises of the past. A social revolution has already taken place in Britain. Britain is now a better and stronger democracy than she was at the outbreak of war. But, there is much to be done. Democratic success depends on every man and woman concerning themselves with our public affairs. Their effects come close to our everyday lives. The decisions must be made by us, not left to others.

To build upon the ruins of war the enduring structure of an international order we will need national unity at home. We will need a spirit of self-denial and sacrifice, we will need true friendship between the nations who have fought as allies and we will require to pledge ourselves to play our part in building a peaceful, active international society. In this there is a part that each individual can play. The first step is to discover the issues at stake and to see that those we elect to govern in our name (not to govern us) shall be as de-

termined as we are that Canada shall not betray the generation for whom this war is not an end but a great beginning.

We fight for a free world.

### DOUBLE HARNESS

Marriages may be made in heaven, but they get down to earth in a hurry.

Love that won't stand without hitching isn't worth running after.

What is the bride thinking about as the organ plays the wedding march? "Aisle—Altar—Hymn!"

The "average husband" is one that isn't as good as she thought he was before marriage, nor as bad as she thinks he is afterwards.

Marriage is a hit-or-miss proposition, girls. If you don't make a hit you remain a miss.

Sadder than a mighthavebeener is a gogetter who's sorry he gotter.

One is peace and plenty; two is company and half rations; three is a corporation, regulation and taxation.

"Men are really all alike," she says. "That's why nature gave them different faces, so we women can tell them apart."

A kiss is such tenderness! Such ecstasy it brings!—flavored with cosmetics, smoke, gin, and all such things! —Boston Herald.

Before marriage a girl has to kiss her man to hold him; after marriage she has to hold him to kiss him.

A dissatisfied bride puts it this way: "I gave up the attentions of several men for the inattention of one."

Have you heard the one about the traveling man whose wife was so homely that he always took her along with him, rather than kiss her good-bye?

If she carries the kid like a sackful of eggs, it's her first baby; if she carries it like a raincoat, it's her fourth.

A magazine used four pages to tell its male readers "How to Get Along with Women," when all any man has to do is to go right along with 'em when they say "Forward, march!" — and keep in step, of course.

A man hopes that his lean years are behind him; a woman, that her's are ahead.

A monologue is a conversation between a spinster who has just had her appendix removed, and a mother of six children who was never in a hospital.

Practically all the disagreeable domestic tasks can now be performed by electricity, except changing the baby and firing the cook.

The only thing the modern obstetrician has in common with the traditional stork is the size of his bill.

The only musical accomplishment most of us men can boast of is playing second fiddle at home.

Maybe you have wondered, too, what a woman thinks about when she's talking and playing bridge.

The Seven Ages of Ambition: To be like dad; to be a fireman; to fly an airplane; to be famous; to make a lot of money; to make ends meet; to hang on long enough to draw an old-age pension.

Thank God for the exuberant conceit of youth! Without it, boys and girls of 17 might droop and pine away and perish at the frightful prospect that some day they will be as dumb as their parents.

Wise indeed was he (or she) who said: "Educate a boy, and you educate an individual; educate a girl, and you educate a whole family."

—From The Scrap Book.

Joke from Russia:

"What was the first thing you did on your furlough, Ivan Ivanovitch?"

"None of your blasted business, Nikolai Nikolavitch. But I'll tell you the second thing I did."

"What was that, Ivan Ivanovitch?"

"Took off my skis, Nikolai Nikolavitch."

A Polish officer on leave spent a giddy week-end in the company of a comely young lady he happened to meet in a not too proper section of London. When it was time for him to depart on his train, the young lady narrowed her eyes and unctuously remarked:

"How about a bit of change, mate, as a going-away present?"

The soldier drew himself up to his full six feet four and stiffly answered:

"Madame, Polish officers never accept money from women."

A ship's gunner, home from battle on furlough, was sitting before the fire, his cat on his lap. The wife stepped out to visit a neighbor, cautioning him to keep the fire going as it was snowing out.

He fell asleep. On returning, the wife took one glance at the hearth, shivered and screamed "Fire!" The gunner leaped to his feet, tore open the door of the kitchen oven, rammed in the cat, slammed the door shut and cried out: "No. 1 gun ready, sir!"

First Drunk: "We're getting closer to town."

Second Drunk: "How do you know?"

First Drunk: "We're hitting more people."

Girl: "My, those hamburgers from that stand smell good."

Modern lad: "Yes, they do. I'll drive a little closer so you can smell them better."



FINGAL 1940



FINGAL 1943



ENLISTMENT CENTRE



MANNING DEPOT



INITIAL TRAINING SCHOOL



ELEMENTARY FLYING



S.F.T.S.



CONVERSION SQUADRON



B + C.



"MORE B.C."

"ODESSY OF A STAFF PILOT"



ZOOM

FINALE



BY

**STATION INSTITUTE FUND**

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

April, 1943

**General Account—Statement of Receipts  
and Expenditures**

Receipts—	
Dance Revenue.....	\$ 48.10
Barber Shop.....	20.00
Library Fines.....	16.00
Donations from Officers.....	79.50
Donations from Sergeants.....	89.00
Hockey Proceeds.....	15.50
Exchange .....	.05
Fingal Observer, Grants from Officers .....	20.00
Fingal Observer, Grants from Sergeants .....	25.00
Net Operation Profit of Canteens for Month.....	1318.87
<b>Total Receipts.....</b>	<b>\$1632.02</b>
Expenditures—	
Public Address System.....	\$ 116.21
Wax and Shellac for Floors.....	65.80
Paint and Brushes.....	6.51
Sign Painter's Cotton.....	4.82
Pens and Engraving.....	16.17
G. I. S. Prizes.....	3.75
Sash Cord for Band.....	3.09
Newspapers.....	5.46
Ink for Lounge.....	3.75
Printing and Stationery.....	10.00
Advertisement.....	2.10
Telephone .....	3.40
Motion Picture Operator.....	10.00
Busses for Troupes, etc.....	52.00
Bingo Prizes.....	9.85
Entertainment, London Life Troupe .....	2.50
Dance Expenses, Including Orchestra .....	20.95
Repairing Badminton Racquets...	2.34
Badminton Birds.....	2.63
Freight and Express.....	2.05
Repair of Soccer Boots.....	18.00
Umpire Indicator.....	1.69
Trophy Cups.....	18.60
Canteen Alterations.....	277.33
Fingal Observer.....	203.55
Voted for Extra Messing.....	425.00
Depreciation .....	115.93
Insurance .....	9.05
<b>Total Expenditures.....</b>	<b>\$1412.53</b>
<b>Net Profit for Month of April.....</b>	<b>\$ 219.49</b>

**Extra Messing Purchases for Month  
of April, 1943**

Meat .....	\$ 94.59
Fruit .....	31.30
Vegetables .....	134.00
Desserts .....	216.45
Baking Ingredients.....	28.65
Sauces .....	59.46
Breakfast Foods.....	28.34
Equipment and Cleaning Material	28.26
Telephone .....	.70
<b>Total .....</b>	<b>\$ 621.75</b>

**FATHER AND SON IN SERVICE**

The Cocks father-and-son combination are in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Both men have been in the service well over two years, with the elder having served in the First World War for four years.

These men claim Smithville as their home town and prior to present hostili-



Sgt. Cocks on the left and Sgt. Cocks on the right. This father-and-son team are at Fingal and Crumlin respectively.

ties, Sgt. Cocks was engaged in the farming profession, while his son was employed as a school teacher. In civilian life the junior of the team won great fame for himself as a softball pitcher, and this ability has made him most popular in the service when he pitched for the Fingal "Bombers" during the summer of 1942.

At the present time "Father" Cocks is a sergeant on this Station, attached to the Service Police. He carries two medals from the last war, namely, the General Service Medal and Victory Medal. The son, Sergeant Cecil Cocks, is a bombing instructor at No. 4 A.O.S., Crumlin, where he has been since last September. Both of these men were loyal supporters of the recent Victory Loan campaign, and it is rumored that one of the largest bonds to be purchased at this unit bears the name Cocks. May we have more such teams.

**SCENES BEHIND THE SCREENS**

Did you hear about:

The Airman who was put on fire picquet and was seen carrying a bucket of water around the huts? Finally, when he was nearly exhausted, a sergeant stopped him and told him what fire picquet meant.

The Airman who received a letter with the stamp pinned on? Underneath were the words, "Too dry to stick a stamp." Must be from the sunny West.

The two senior N.C.O.'s who were

seriously worried about their waistlines? They went through all the trouble of losing a few games of badminton, with only one thing in mind, "losers circle the track." To say they were doing it to regain their waistlines would sound too much like women.

The sergeant who gave the command, "Steady in the blank file"?

The transport driver who was told to double clutch a vehicle and hit the curb trying to find the second clutch?

The pilot who wired back for gas coupons when he ran out of gas?

The orderly sergeant who had too much kick-a-boo juice for supper? He forgot about collecting the money at the W.D. Canteen. At 2245 hours he vaguely remembered something about the canteen, he missed the canteen and walked into the W.D. barracks.

The service police who gives instructions in "How to Block Forward Passes in Chesterfield Rugby"?

The Airman who sleeps with a bandage on his upper lip every night? That's so his fellow bunk mates won't clip his cookie-duster.

The officer who goes up to the Hospital every night to drink cough medicine? Must be the shortage of liquor.

The Airman who gave his raincoat to one of the Airwomen the other night coming home? It was raining, too.

The Airwoman who was recently posted in, wearing a new issue uniform, and sent to work in one of the flights? All the poor girl heard about all day was: That's a non-issue shirt. You clipped the edges of your albatross. That's not a regulation skirt. You changed the buttons on your tunic. Some day the men will smarten up and realize that, in or out of uniform, women's fashions always change.

The F/S service police who had two right feet on parade? Find your left foot, Flight.

The WO1 who wears his raincoat and field service hat down the main Station road, just to see how many salutes he can collect? Let's hope he gets a fractured arm one of these days.

—Fingal Commentator.



Oh yes, are you one, too?



The swankiest Canteen in No. 1 Command. That is the boast of the Airmen who enjoy the atmosphere of this recently remodeled building.

### FLYING IMPRESSIONS

This morning I was detailed to fly. It was an ordinary routine flight from the point of view of the Air Force, but to me it was very special. Special, not because of the flying, although that was a contributing factor, but because of the impressions received while speeding through the clouds high above the Capital of Canada. My instructions stated that I was to carry out aerobatic practices at a height of six thousand feet.

I donned my parachute and went out to my Harvard, where the ground crew, upon whom so much depends, were standing by to assist in starting the motor. I clambered into the cockpit, started the motor, and taxied out to the runway. I got the green signal from Aerodrome Control and I was away! Gathering momentum rapidly, I reached flying speed and took off.

Wheels up, throttle back, aircraft trimmed, up—up—one thousand feet, two thousand feet, right up to five thousand. At that height, I was at the base of the cumulus clouds and, still climbing, I flew up through them. The sun was streaming down through the clear spaces, and it looked almost as if I could step out of the plane and climb up the sunbeams. There was one such opening on my left; a sort of tunnel through the cloud, going up on a slant and lined with fleecy white wool. I banked over and started up through it and immediately was struck by a feeling of being in a fairyland—nothing but fluffy whiteness surrounding me, with a spot of blue sky up ahead. A minute or so later I emerged on top of the cloud layer in a bath of sunlight, and here, again, I was struck by the foreign beauty of the cloud formations. There

were cloud canyons, pinnacles, valleys, and even tunnels. In fact, all of the different types of scenery were rolled into one and painted white.

On reaching an altitude of six thousand feet, I levelled off and looked about me for an open space in which to manoeuvre. Seeing one to the right a few miles away, I flew over it and made a few steep banks to make sure that there were no other aircraft about. All being clear, I tried a few slow rolls, after first lining myself up on a straight road far below. First a roll to the left. Over—over—on my back—around—level again. The control column wasn't over quite far enough, but it wasn't too bad. Try again, this time to the right. Nose down—160 m.p.h.—nose slowly up past the horizon—over—over—on my back—around—level again. Perfect; no altitude lost, still lined up with the road, very smooth. One more to the left and another to the right.

Now for a loop. Nose down—180 m.p.h.—control column gently back, nose above the horizon—harder on the control column—up—up—am I going to stall? I'm hanging upside down—airspeed very low—now I'm on my way down, around—faster—faster—pull out gently—back to level flight. Not very good; I was a little out of line, lost two hundred feet, was too slow on the top. Try another—180 m.p.h.—back on the stick—up—up—over—around—down—level again. Ah! much better; right on the nose that time.

Next comes a combination of the two; an Immelman turn, or a roll off the top. There are still no other aircraft near and I'm lined up on the road again. Nose down—210 m.p.h.—back on the stick; I'm sinking in my seat; up—up—throw my head back—wait for the horizon—there it is—stick over to the left—upright again . . . say, what's this? I'm smack in the middle of a cloud. I get on the

instruments quickly, keep straight and level and wait for it—there it is—back in the open again. It rather startled me for a second; I'll have to be more careful.

The next manoeuvre is the same, but reversed. I start with a slow roll, stop it half way over, pull back on the stick, close the throttle and half loop out—down—down—back on the stick. I wonder how many G's; I'm blacking out—can't see—beginning to clear—all right now and back to straight and level flight.

I did a few more loops and rolls, half rolls, etc., and decided to finish off with a tailspin to lose some altitude. I found a good hole in the clouds to spin through, closed the throttle—stick back—speed decreasing—back—back on the stick—nose up—almost stalled; I kick on left rudder; over, down and around—here we go, winding it up—once—twice—three times—four times—better pull out—right rudder—controls central—spin stopped—still diving—back on the stick—gently—gently—now out on the level below the clouds.

I looked about me to orient myself and found that something was depressing me. I was feeling gloomy; it was the contrast between the bright whiteness of the world above the clouds and the dismal dingyness of the world below. I wish I could stay there forever in that clean white heaven!

I finally pin-pointed myself and headed back to the aerodrome. Arriving, I did a very poor circuit and landing, being too preoccupied with thoughts of the world above to concentrate. I taxied back, parked the aircraft, got out, and reported to the timekeeper.

I felt very satisfied with myself as a result of my aerobatic practice, but I couldn't get over the idea that we could possibly, sometime, somehow, build this war-torn world into as lovely a place in which to live, as that wonderful world above the clouds.



"Jones, what the devil's wrong with everyone this morning?"  
"Well, sir, you said the S.A.S.O. was coming and everybody had to be on his toes."