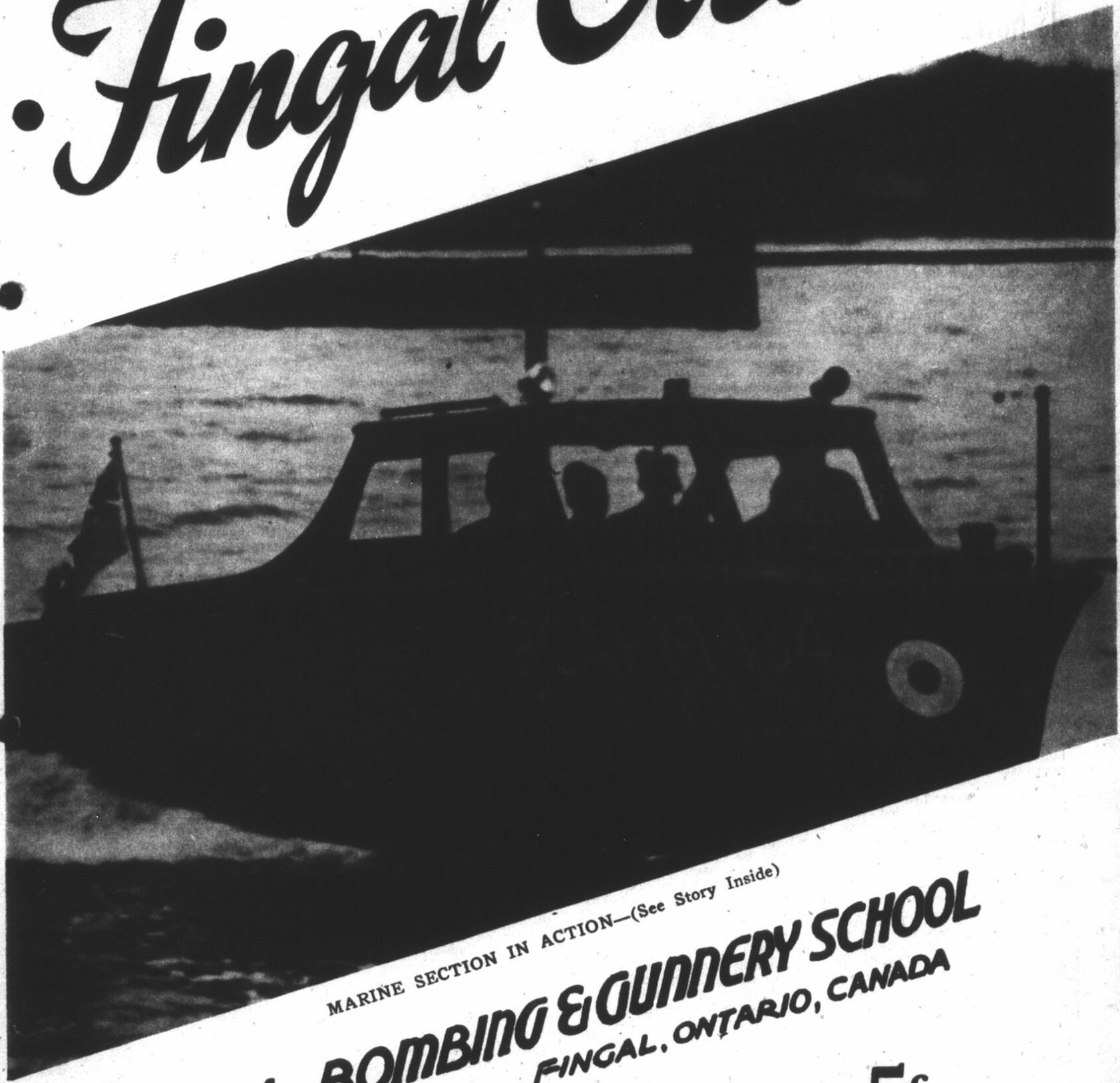


# Fingal Observer



MARINE SECTION IN ACTION—(See Story Inside)

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

5<sup>c</sup>

JULY, 1943

# Fingal Air-Gunner Returns With Decoration

## F/SGT. "MAC," D.F.M. IS NOW INSTRUCTOR

Overseas for Two Years, "Mac"  
Has Four Definites and  
Two Probables

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

Three years ago next month he graduated from Fingal with a class of straight air-gunners.

Today he is back on the station as a gunnery instructor, following a sensational two-year operational tour during which he bagged four Nazi aircraft for certain, scored two probables, and received the Distinguished Flying Medal from the hand of the King at Buckingham Palace.

But F/Sgt. Thomas Oswald McIlquham deprecates the whole thing and regards this interviewing business as a poor show. "I don't want to be a line-shooter," he told us. "So how's about interviewing somebody else?"

McIlquham doesn't have to line-shoot. His official citation reads as follows:

"One night in May, 1942, this airman was the rear gunner of an aircraft detailed to attack Cologne. Whilst flying at a height of 9,000 feet his aircraft was attacked by a Focke-Wulf 190. McIlquham waited until the fighter was within short range and then opened fire. Upon a second attack being made, he fired a long burst, which sent the enemy aircraft spinning to the ground. Later the same night, F/Sgt. McIlquham destroyed another Focke-Wulf 190. One night in June he was rear gunner of a bomber detailed to attack Bremen. His aircraft was attacked by a Messerschmitt 109. He fired two bursts and the enemy aircraft broke away and fell out of control, with the engine on fire. F/Sgt. McIlquham is a cool and skillful air-gunner, whose courage and determination are an inspiration to his squadron."

It was during the 1,000-plane raid on Cologne that Mac got his first Nazi fighter, and his second a few nights later. Holding his fire on both occasions until sure his bullets wouldn't miss, Mac ripped accurate bursts into each adversary. The Cologne raid was a hectic one for him. Before he destroyed his first victim he drove off another Focke-Wulf which made two attempts to shoot down his aircraft. By the light of the full moon he spotted the Nazi 1,000 yards astern. He waited until he was within 350 yards before he fired.

The fighter was forced to break off the engagement, but returned, firing all the time. Mac pressed the



F/Sgt. McIlquham with pupil (left) and C. O. (right)

buttons and saw his bullets rip into the Nazi, who stalled and went into a flat spin. His destruction was not confirmed because no one could keep it in observation all the way down.

Half an hour later, Mac sighted a second F.W. 190. The Nazi attacked from below, astern, and again Mac waited until his target was in close range. He gave it a five-second burst. "Almost at once," he said, "the fighter stopped firing, caught fire and dived. I and other members of the crew saw it hit the ground and explode."

Mac was suffering from concussion when he destroyed the M. E. 109 and was unaware of it until afterwards. The night before his encounter he was hit on the head by a shell fragment which ripped his helmet open. He believed he was uninjured, however, and joined the Bremen attack.

Mac's log book entries on the Cologne and Bremen hops are masterpieces of understatement. We quote them verbatim:

"Operation. Cologne. Heavy accurate flak, with numerous searchlights. Large holes in A/C. Attacked by F.W. 190. Shot down same. Attacked again by second F.W. 190. Shot down same on fire. Attacked by third F.W. 190. Got away from fighter. Attacked by Me. 109. Got away from same."

"Operation. Bremen. Formated in V with E and H. Lost formation owing to vis. Heavy, accurate flak. Turret badly damaged. Hit on head by flak. Machine-gunned searchlight and gun batteries from height of 100 ft. Shot out 7 searchlights. Flew across Germany at 100 ft. Gunned everything in range."

During his tour of ops, Mac flew in Halifaxes and Whitleys. His log book reads like a Cook's tour of Europe. He's been to Emden, Le Havre, Mannheim, Frankfurt—just to mention a few—and he's had the thrill of seeing Paris in the spring,

from the rear turret of a Halifax, in May of 1942.

On one occasion, when he went to Bremen in a Halifax, they were attacked by an Me. 109 near the target. "Shot down same on fire," read his log book entry. It was a full moon night and the visibility was excellent. They were at 19,000 feet when attacked by the fighter, accompanied by other fighters. The others got away. They went on to bomb Bremen, ran into heavy flak and the aircraft was badly damaged. They got back to base without any serious trouble.

On a trip to Frankfurt they ran into heavy flak. The aircraft was hit and the front turret went U/S. An Me. 109 passed at 400 yards and two Me. 109's were seen in the searchlights, but no attack was made. On Nurnberg one night they were followed by an Me. 110 at 1,000 yards, but he didn't attack. On St. Nazaire one night, they ran into heavy flak over the Channel Islands. On a 6½-hour trip to Kiel they had an oxygen failure right over the target. The flak was heavy and there were many blue searchlights. They were caught in cones of searchlights and got away by taking heavy evasive action.

Going out to bomb Wilhelmshaven one night they were fired on by a British convoy just off the English coast. Off to Hamburg, the wireless went U/S 90 miles off the coast and they returned to base and landed with full bomb load. On a trip to Dunkirk, Mac shot the tail off an Me. 110.

Mac has had three narrow escapes from death, and lost three crews during his operational career.

First time was on the way home from Nurnberg and their Whitley got lost. Lucky they hit Land's End or they would have kept on going across the sea. They turned there and found themselves first in one balloon barrage and then another. They got out of that all right and kept on going, but they kept losing height. The navigator

baled out. Then the second pilot went. Then the motors went dead at 2,000 feet. The intercom went dead. The wireless op. jettisoned the side door. He yelled to Mac to get out and then he baled out himself. Mac got out of the rear turret and climbed out on the tail-plane, ready to jump. But he noticed his guns were up. He climbed in again and turned them down, so they wouldn't foul his parachute. He got out on the tail-plane again, and by this time the aircraft was at 1,000 feet. Too low to jump. Mac opened his chute and walked off after it. He swung with the chute and hit the ground with a terrific wallop. His legs were injured but luckily he had landed smack on a road. He lay there for a couple of hours until an ambulance found him. The pilot went down with plane that night. They had run out of fuel.

His second narrow escape from death came one night when they were off to Boulogne in a Whitley. The plane crashed on the flare path with a full bomb load. Mac was the only one to get out alive, with hands and face slightly burned. The next night he was operating again.

The third time, he was on leave when his entire crew was killed in a crash.

Mac served with 102 Squadron (R.A.F.), which was a picked squadron. They generally went into the target first and were among the early Pathfinders, before specific Pathfinder squadrons were formed. Later, Mac was posted to 35 Squadron (Pathfinders).

Altogether Mac did 21 operational trips before being repatriated to Canada on medical grounds. His navigator on the Cologne trip was P/O Frankie Myles, who also trained at Fingal, and who was awarded the D.F.C. Frankie, with 31 trips in, is now an instructor in England. Their pilot got the D.F.C. for the Cologne show, as well.

Mac's home town is Carleton Place, Ont., and before he joined up he was an electrician.



# Fingal Observer

No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario, July, 1943



## WHO IS FINGAL'S PIN-UP GIRL?

### FEMALE INSTRUCTOR ARRIVES FIRST IN FINGAL'S HISTORY

Sgt. Mary Mattaini Is Teaching Aircraft Recognition To Aircrew

#### KEEN ON HER WORK

"I've always been interested in aircraft recognition, and after the Japanese entered the war I used to keep one eye on the skies just in case," said Sgt. Mary Mattaini, first W.D. instructor in the history of Fingal.

Miss Mattaini is a member of Canada's first group of W.D. instructors in aircraft recognition. Of the 25 students who graduated with sergeants' hooks on June 18, 13 were W.D.'s. They studied at Rockcliffe.

Sgt. Mattaini, who is an arts graduate of Western University, was a former high school teacher. She had classes, at various times, in French, Spanish, Latin and commercial subjects. She spent one year in Grand-mere, P.Q., and three in Chatham, Ont. Her home originally was Fergus, Ont.

Sgt. Mattaini joined the R.C.A.F. a year ago because she felt it the duty of every girl not employed in some vital war industry to be in uniform. "I have never been sorry I signed up," she said. "Of course, many things aren't the way you'd like them, but when you think of the boys over Germany every night and realize what it means when they say: 'Ten of our aircraft are missing, you forget about the little things you don't like.'"

She was delighted in the station at Fingal, mentioning particularly the layout of streets and buildings. "I had never been on a flying station before and imagined it would be terribly spread out and I would have to walk miles to get anywhere. It's wonderfully compact."

This is also her first experience of barrack life; previously she lived



SGT. MATTAINI

out. She finds the life exciting and interesting. "Something I'm looking forward to very much is my first flip," she said. She had hoped to be allowed up on a bombing or gunnery exercise and was disappointed when told that recent rulings made this impossible.

Regarding her work here, she said that she planned to emphasize a thorough groundwork in silhouettes, to familiarize the students with the general features of the planes and what to look for to identify each. Then would come a thorough course in actual photographs, with flashes beginning at 1/5 second and working up until the classes were adept at identifying craft in 1/25 second.

She speaks of the co-operation she had thus far received from the students. "I'm sure I'll like it here," she said, "and I hope my instructing may help in some small degree to save the lives of some of the boys I am teaching."

The father is Sgt. W. S. Pringle, of works and buildings here, and his son is Sgt. William Pringle, 22, of Toronto. Sgt. Pringle, an ex-salesman, trained at Guelph before coming to Fingal, where he was one of the top three men in the graduating class.

Sgt. William John Findlay, 25, former Toronto electrician, topped the course and received an engraved fountain pen. Sgt. W. W. Reid, of New York, ranked in the top three.

### SGT. SON GETS WING FROM SGT. FATHER

Fingal Airman Sees His Own Son Graduate as WAG

A proud father in air force blue had the thrill of pinning a WAG's wing on the tunic of his son at a Fingal wings' parade.

### ALL WD'S ELIGIBLE FOR GLAMOR TITLE

Every Section Is To Select Its "Purtiest" Airwoman This Month

ENTER NAMES AT ONCE

By BYRON FISHER

THE Editor started it all when he said, "Let's find Fingal's pin-up girl and run a full-page picture of her."

"Right," we agreed, and promptly dismissed the matter from thought. To us it seemed a very stupid suggestion. Each fellow's pin-up girl would naturally be his own sweetheart, as any fool could plainly see, and any plurality in pin-up choices would, if revealed, only lead to estrangements and un-Christianlike sentiments.

It was a couple of days later that we sat in barracks when a number of claps had their lockers open. Under each lid was the picture of a girl.

There was Betty Grable in a bathing suit beside a concrete pool. There was Bonita Granville on a Hollywood beach. There was Paul-ette Goddard in a cute one-piece outfit. There were numerous other ladies, all in bathing suits. The bathing suits were passing fair, though we couldn't see that they amounted to much. But evidently we had happened upon a group of swimming enthusiasts.

"You hope some day the air force will pay you enough to buy one of those suits?" we asked the man with Betty Grable.

"Suits?" he queried. "Oh yes, she is in a bathing suit, isn't she? No, chum. It isn't the suit, it's the girl."

"Your girl friend?" He looked scornful. "No, she isn't my girl friend. That's Betty Grable."

"Yes, yes." We vaguely recalled having seen her with some news-men or somebody in Club 21 or some place during our reporting days. "But why is she your pin-up girl?"

"She's an actress," said the airman. "All actresses are pin-up girls—dream girls."

Actresses! We shuddered. Our last interview with one had been a Virginia Wheeler or Whistler or something on the corner of 52nd and Broadway—a saucy, 13-year-old brat whom we wished righteously to spank. Actresses—dream girls—yes, nightmares!

"Why don't you pin up girls you know?" we asked. "There are many

### WHO'LL SHE BE?

The contest is on—to select Fingal's own pin-up girl.

She gets no screen test, no free trip to Hollywood, no \$5,000 cash prize. But the lucky girl will have the distinction of being chosen as Fingal's pin-up girl and she will hold the title for one year. A full-page photo of her will be published in our next edition, along with the runners-up.

Here's how it works — and it's simple.

Each section commander is asked to submit his section's W.D. candidate for the title, the choice to be made by the entire section. Final decision will be made by the officer committee and editorial staff of this newspaper.

Names should be left in the Y.M.C.A. office with Clarke Edwards by July 15th.

Get organized today and pick your section's representative.

pretty W.D.'s on the station."

"Pin-up girls," he explained painstakingly, "have to be in bathing suits."

To us this was an amazing phenomenon. But then, we have been rather out of touch since our last wife divorced us (Marion or Marilyn or whatever it was—the short, fat one). We ventured:

"If we put a W.D. in a bathing suit and ran a full-page of her in the Observer—"

Others crowded around. There were glints in eyes and one man gave a suspicious indication of licking his chops. "You mean if we picked a W.D. your editor would make her a station pin-up girl?"

"I think so. He's an amiable soul."

There was pandemonium then. Somebody began tearing up Paul-ette Goddard and the owner of Betty Grable made a vulgar noise at her with his tongue.

That's how it all started, this magnitudinous, stupendiferous, colossulossulus—oh, heck, skip it—Anyhow, here's the set-up:

Each section containing W.D.'s will select its representative for the pin-up girl contest. Pictures of each girl will be taken and considered by the committee of officers in charge of the Observer and members of the staff. Majority vote will decide the winner.

In next month's issue, the Observer will publish a full-page pin-up picture of the winning girl, along with two or three runners-up.

How about it, boys and gals? You choose your section's most pulchritudinous, glamorous and oomph-burdened W.D., leave her name at the "Y" office, and we'll do the rest.

# The C.O.'s Dog Speaks Out--An Exclusive Interview

## HOW SHE RUNS OUR STATION ASSISTED BY GROUP CAPT.

Firefighting System Is Very Weak, Says Del—Fingal's Crying Need Is Hydrants, Thousands of Hydrants

By BYRON FISHER

IT WAS in front of the administration building that Tex met Del. Del was dragging a bone in the direction of Works and Buildings. The bone was huge and Del was having quite a bit of difficulty.

"Hello, pooch," said Tex. "Where are you taking that?"

"If it's any of your business, I am going to bury it," growled Del. "And don't call me pooch. Do you know who I am?"

"I don't care who you are," snapped Tex. "I'm an S.P., and burying bones in wartime is hoarding."

Del looked abashed. She wagged her tail appealingly. "Well, to be frank," she said, "I'm just saving it for the next shipment of bones to the dogs in Greece. Poor Greek dogs," she sighed. "They tell me some of the starving creatures have resorted to eating cats. Digusting thought."

Tex sighed too. "Yeh, that's tough. You go ahead and bury it, pooch, till the next shipment. By the way, who are you?"

Del's tail resumed its customary erect dignity. "I'm the right-hand dog of the C.O. He helps me run this station."

"Oh!" said Tex. "Oh! oh! The Fingal Observer wanted me to interview you."

"Interview away," said Del patronizingly.

"Well," said Tex, "just how does it feel to be the C.O.'s dog? What do you do?"

"Oh, welcome the big shots and so on. The C.O. tags along with me, of course. You meet some interesting people. Most of them are good eggs, but you meet a few heels. I remember an air commodore who consumed one of the nicest steaks you ever saw without offering me a sniff. You wouldn't believe that, would you—an air commodore!"

"What else do you do?" asked Tex.

Orderly room cases are interesting. Do you know what will be our

biggest shortage after the war?"

"What?"

"Grandmothers. Scarcely a day passes without a grandmother dying. One man had a grandmother who died three times. Twenty-eight days eventually, poor fellow."

"How do you keep in shape?" inquired Tex.

"P.T.," answered Del. "I go with the C.O. when he runs on the track. Keeps me in the pink. If you weren't an S.P., I'd admit that chasing the odd cat is a great conditioner, too. There's a suggestion. Have the P.T. sergeants get a supply of cats and make the boys tree them. Ten cats to a class would be about right."

"I'll make a note of it," said Tex. "Any other suggestions?"

"Just the fire control system. There's a weak point. They shouldn't use chemicals. It's a waste of money when other methods could be used."

"What change would you suggest?" asked Tex.

"Instal hydrants," said Del eloquently. "Ah, yes, hydrants. Dozens of hydrants, hundreds of hydrants, thousands of hydrants!"

### Hey, Fellas!! Wanna Buy a Wash Machine

From G. I. S. comes a constructive suggestion to solve the laundry problems of the station.

Due to transportation difficulties it seems that most of the G. I. S. boys are doing their own laundry. The suggestion is that a washing machine be procured, if possible, and set up in a drying room. It could be purchased from canteen or other funds and the money repaid and upkeep covered by charging a certain amount per hour for its use. If funds were not available it is felt that money for the original purchase could easily be obtained by subscriptions from members of the course. Opinions and suggestions on this matter will be welcomed by the Fingal Observer.



### FIRE! FIRE!

Meet I.A.C. Doug. Goodwin, age 20, who is the youngest firefighter on the Station. He hails from Windsor and is a recent arrival at Fingal. Oh, yes, the lovely lady in the picture is Mrs. Goodwin. They were married in Saskatoon.

### HEARD IN HANGAR FIVE

"Betty, is my purse in that drawer?"

"Is it a brown leather purse with an air force crest?"

"Yes, that's it."

"Has it got your initials in one corner and is the lock a little bent and the strap worn?"

"Yes, yes. Give it to me."

"Sorry, it isn't here. There isn't any purse in this drawer."

### POME

I shouldn't have eaten that bombardier,  
Said the cannibal king with a frown.  
I'm about to prove the proverb old,  
You can't keep a good man down.

## PILOT MEETS SCREEN STAR SHE QUIZZES HIM ON R.C.A.F.

F/O Chads, of Droque Flight, Is the Lucky Guy — Jeanette MacDonald Is the Lucky Gal—It Happened on Train

By P/O C. A. MAGEE

F/O D. B. C. Chads, who recently returned from a two weeks' trip to Kansas City, reports that while en route he was quizzed about the R.C.A.F. by that star of opera, screen and radio, Jeanette MacDonald, whom he met on the train.

F/Sgt. Pooley has just returned from a 10-day leave in Woodstock, which is the old home town, or the home town of an old girl friend.

LAC Struchinsky, one of the first drogue operators to arrive on this station, is now reported posted overseas. He amassed over 900 hours as an operator here.

LAC Wiseman, drogue operator here for a year and a half, has mustered to aircrew and is now fly-

## AIRMEN MAY WEAR SHORTS ON STATION

Here's the Official Dope on Summer Dress

Personnel wearing summer dress off the station are to ensure that they are properly dressed at all times, with tunics worn and buttoned, shirt collars buttoned and ties properly done up. Service police have been warned to check personnel leaving the station improperly dressed.

Dress within the confines of the station including messes, canteens, offices and work parades is subject to the following exceptions:

Officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen may discard tunics provided that rank insignia is worn on the epaulettes or sleeves as applicable, belts are worn and braces removed, sleeves are rolled above the elbow, ties are worn and shirts and collars are properly buttoned.

Ties may be removed in the hangar area, i.e., the area south of and including Front St. At other times the ends of the tie should be tucked in the front of the shirt between the third and fourth buttons. Ties need not be worn with fatigue dress where such dress is permissible.

Shorts may be worn on the station under the same conditions that govern the removal of tunics, provided that khaki stockings are worn and properly pulled up. Caps are to be worn at all times except when dressed in sports kit.

Personnel not yet in possession of summer kit may wear blue trousers and grey shirts subject to the same conditions under which summer tunics may be discarded.

W.D. personnel may wear issue summer dresses on the station only. Personnel not in possession of summer dresses may remove tunics under the conditions outlined above.

ing on his own at E.F.T.S. at Fort William.

### IT'S NO SECRET THAT:

F/Sgt. Ziegelheim and F/O Kip Adler are running a close race for president of the "Time Scroungers' Fraternity."

F/Sgt. Straile, former athletic director and tumbler, has really tumbled. She resides in Detroit. Straile no longer resides. He's airborne 24 hours a day.

Incessant caressing and lots of mascara are doing wonders for the scattered underbrush on F/Sgt. Booth's upper lip, which he proudly calls his moustache.

Droque flight welcomes its newest member, Sgt. Chitwood, who hails from Illinois.



The C.O.'s dog runs afoul of the law, in the person of Tex, the S.P. Result: An historical interview, printed herewith for the first time anywhere.

**YE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG**

Editor,  
Fingal Observer.  
Dear Sir:

Although here only a short two weeks, at this writing, I want first of all to thank everybody for the splendid co-operation that I have had. I have enjoyed the jam sessions in the lounge, especially when Major Dugal got hot.

I must not forget to put in a plug for my right-hand man, Flight McLellan. His genial smile and willingness to help in any way has been a great help. However, I will



**SGT. BROWN**

**Cookie Tastes His Own Medicine.**

have to watch closely and not let my appreciation take concrete form as it were, because as he said himself at the mess meeting, there are too damn many bay-windows around the mess now.

Being rather on the spot as far as the meals are concerned, we on the staff will welcome your "beefs." If you like things, say so; if you don't like them, tell us.

Times and conditions being what they are, don't be too disappointed if you don't eat strictly what the menu calls for. We'll do our best, but Superman doesn't hang out around here. It's going to be a hell of a lot of fun spending that 10 cents a day plus.

Being as how some of the boys don't like waiting for their meals, I'd better sign off and get back to the oven we call a kitchen.

Yours perspiringly,

"BROWNIE."

(Editor's note: Sgt. G. L. Brown, new cook in the N.C.O.'s mess, is a native of Perth. He enlisted as a butcher in January, 1941. He had a cook's course at Trenton and after serving at Mountain View and No. 2 K.T.S., Toronto, was posted here.)

**CLASSIFIED AD**

If the person who took my pipe from the mess hall will return the raincoat it was in, no questions will be asked. Apply Box 23756, "Y" Office.

Irate father: "Young man, you've been down here with my daughter since 10 o'clock. Do you think you can stay all night?"

Young man: "Well, I'll have to call up home and ask."

**G.I.S. SETS TRAINING RECORD WINS CITATION FROM COMMAND**

**73 Air Bombers Complete Course in Record Time**

By AWI PHYLLIS CORBETT

While walking away from the Post Office the other noon, I was stopped by one Sgt. Major. "I'd like you to do me a favor," says he. So, kind-hearted as I am, I said, "Why, sure!" — never dreaming what the favor would be. And then there one of the "two little W.D.'s from G.I.S." was joed. Joed to write an article on her place of employment. I say "joed", but I really considered it an honor!

Now, that could be a very difficult assignment, in some cases, but not so with G. I. S. Why, G. I. S. is the one pride and joy of No. 4 B. & G. Just think of some of the compliments that have been afforded G. I. S. Take course 73 Air Bombers, for instance. They were given the citation of having been the first course in No. 1 Training Command to complete the maximum of training in a minimum of time. How's that for a compliment?

And it all goes to show what an excellent bunch of instructors we have here. All under the able leadership of Squadron Leader Whalen.

But that is not all—not by a long shot. The present graduating class, Course 79 Air Bombers, have kept up the good work of G. I. S. by attaining the highest average for any one course. These two outstanding incidents have happened within a very short time and so are some proof of the work that is carried out here at G. I. S.

There have been one or two items concerning the staff that might interest you. Perhaps the most important of all, I think, was that of our own Joe Baker becoming a father. Poor old Joe—he certainly took a beating about that. And we helped him celebrate for days afterward. We were all dishing out cigars in our sleep after a while. Then he barely gets over that addition to his family, when he gets posted to Mont Joli. That really shook all of us. Why, we couldn't imagine G. I. S. without "our Joe." He was here when the station opened and was one of the best liked corporals on the station. We'll miss him more than we can say, but wish him all the best of luck at his new station.

Promotions have been right on the bit around here. One day, a few weeks ago, one of our officers really tore D.R.O.'s apart when he discovered his F/O had come out. Congratulations and all the best, Mr. Johnston.

We were very sorry to lose Flying Officer Craddock, D.F.C., to the ever popular Gander Bay, but our sorrows were soon overcome by the posting here of Flying Officer Nick Carter, adding another live wire to our G. I. S. staff and giving the air gunners something to "gun" about!

Oh, yes, we really have what it takes down here at G. I. S., strange as it may seem. We are a crazy

**FIRST NEGRO PILOT TRAINS AT AYLMEY**

LAC Allan Bundy, 23, of Halifax, claims to be the first Negro to reach pilot's training at a service flying school. Bundy, now at 14 S.F.T.S., Aylmer, is former junior amateur mile and half-mile champion runner and pole vaulter of the Maritimes. He was in his second year at Dalhousie when he enlisted. "When I make the grade I intend to stay with the Air Force," he said. "If things go along well, I'll give up the idea of becoming a doctor."

bunch—but oh! so happy. Just try and imagine this station without G. I. S. It wouldn't be right, would it? Not only do we, as R.C.A.F. personnel, depend on G. I. S., but if you look far enough ahead, you'll find the whole world depending on every G. I. S. on every station. Each time a class of air bombers and air gunners leave this station, we are adding another cog to the wheel that is steadily rolling toward victory.

**R. A. F. AIR BOMBER PASSES IN HOSPITAL**

**Given Military Funeral by Fellow-Airmen**

Comrades of his course carried LAC Leslie Bland to his resting place in a St. Thomas cemetery on June 21. The 19-year-old air bomber, who was in training with course 79, died on June 18 in the station hospital as a result of rheumatic fever. He had been in hospital for 12 weeks. A member of the R.A.F., Bland's home was in London, England.

He was given a military funeral with full honors, and members of his course acted as escort and firing party and chief mourners. Sgt. D. B. Hardy was in charge of the firing party and Sgt. Taylor was in charge of the escort party.

Headed by S/L. A. P. Whalen, O.C. of G. I. S., a group of officers attended the funeral, including F/O Carter, P/O's Sutton, Robinson, Preston, McCloy, Bascom, Thompson and Knoir.

**FIVE-DOLLAR QUESTION**

Who was the air gunner seen knocking on a lamp post on Talbot St. and muttering, "Shifunny they don't answer, theresh a light upstairs."

Suppose you've heard about the order received by the sergeant in charge of M. T.:

"Four trucks to barracks at 1930 hours for hauling W.D.'s to dance. The bodies must be cleaned and seats wiped off. All curtains in place."



**A PERFECT FIT**

We haven't noticed anything about it in white orders, but there must be a new economy wave on. How else can we explain the two-in-one coverall issued to LAC Thompson, who promptly decided to invite his pal, LAC Aery, along for the ride.

**DROP US A LETTER AFTER YOU LEAVE**

**Especially If You're Posted Overseas**

Keep in touch with Fingal when you get posted, especially you aircrew fellows who are going overseas.

The Observer is keenly interested in publishing letters from personnel who go to new stations. Tell us of life on your new station, how you like it, what you're doing. We particularly want you to write when you get overseas.

Just address your letters to: Editor, Fingal Observer, Fingal, Ont. We'll be glad to print them, and what's more, we'll send you a copy of the issue containing your letter. Fair enough?



### FATHER-SON TEAM SERVE IN R.C.A.F.

You'd never believe it but the airmen pictured above are father and son. LAC Norman Francis, 20, was a lab. assistant at a government explosive plant until he enlisted in aircrew in September, 1942. Six months later his dad, LAC Alfred Francis, age 45, joined up. After four years' service with the Royal Engineers in the last war, LAC Francis, Sr., came to Canada in 1925 with his wife and son, who had been born in Birmingham. They settled in Valleyfield, Que., where he was a plumber. Today he is giving the Air Force the benefit of his experience and is serving as a plumber at Dartmouth, N. S. LAC Francis, Jr., is on Course 83C at Fingal, well on his way to becoming an air bomber.

### AIRWOMAN MARRIES TANK CORPS SERGT.

AW1 Baker Becomes Bride of  
A. D. Conrad

AW1 E. B. Baker, O.R. cook, is now AW1 A. D. Conrad. She was married recently in Barrie to a tank corps sergeant who has just arrived overseas. They combined his embarkation leave and her annual leave to have a honeymoon in Halifax, the bride's home town.

**Happy Day** — No names mentioned, but it's rumored a certain 37 Course Wag with a beer parlor aroma was seen in St. Thomas walking with one foot on the sidewalk and one in the street. A cop stopped him. "What's the idea? You've got one foot on the sidewalk and one in the gutter." Whereupon the Wag cried: "Thank gawd, officer; thank gawd, I thought I was lame."

### AUSTRALIAN AIRMAN ONCE FOUGHT JAPS

LAC Gordon McNair of 82C  
Saw Action With Army  
in New Guinea

LAC Gordon McNair, 23-year-old Australian airman, has already seen action in New Guinea.

For three years, McNair was with the Sydney University Regt. (Transport). Once while on a convoy in New Guinea he was attacked by Jap snipers with Tommy guns. They were up in the trees trying to shoot up the convoy, but it got through.

McNair, a former Sydney school teacher, is in 82C air bombers. He and LAC Allan Matthews, 21, of Trangie, New South Wales, are the only Aussies on the course.

Both arrived in Canada last November and were stationed at Lachine, Aylmer and Toronto before coming to Fingal.

### AIRMEN'S RIFLE CLUB SEEKS NEW MEMBERS

P/O Robinson and F/Sgt. Spry  
Are Executives — Meet  
Every Monday Night

"The women," said a well-known flight sergeant, "are getting out of hand. This latest is the worst of all."

"It's an outrage," said a WO2. "They gobble up the soft office jobs, they even replace the instructors of aircraft rec., they become aero engine mechanics and air frame mechanics. And now this! It is an insult to us men who wear the trousers—or do we wear the trousers? Anyway, it's an insult."

"Why let them get away with it?" asked a drogue pilot. "They're challenging us to show our stuff. So let's do something."

The reason for this turmoil in the sergeants' mess was, of course, the announcement that the W.D.'s had organized a rifle team. Yes, the young ladies of the station beat the males to it, but the males were not far behind.

An airmen's rifle club has been formed and all those interested in small arms are invited to participate in the summer's program.

Shoots will be held every Monday evening at 1745 hours, it was decided at the meeting. Funds will be raised to purchase a competition cup, and the cup will become the permanent property of any man winning it three times. Winning score will be taken from the average of the three best scores turned in for the month.

There was also discussion of the possibility of competing with the ladies' club if they wish, and working out a full program for the summer.

Membership fee for the men's club was set at \$1 on joining and 50 cents per month dues.

Sgt. Paul and Sgt. A. L. Brown were appointed official scorekeepers for the season. Club executives are P/O Robinson, president, and F/Sgt. Spry, secretary.

## FINGAL OBSERVER

Published monthly at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ont., under authority of Wing Commander J. G. Kerr, A.F.C., Commanding Officer.

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### AIRCREW OVERSEAS TO GET HOME LEAVE

Good news for aircrew!

Hon. C. G. Power, minister for air, has announced that Canadian aircrew personnel will get leave in Canada after completing one tour of operations and a tour of operational training instruction duty in the United Kingdom.

The minister said the British practice had been to send airmen back for a second tour of operations after they completed operational training instructional duty.

But it was felt the British airman had an advantage over the Canadian in this respect since, between operational tours, he was able to enjoy leave at his home.

Normally it takes about six months to complete a tour of operations and the operational training instruction tour runs six to eight months. Airmen will spend from one to two years overseas before returning.

The leave granted to return to Canada will be eight weeks, allowing four weeks to make the trip and four weeks at home.

### So You Hate the Dentist?

Well, Maybe the Feeling  
is Mutual

The average man hates us, but often the feeling is mutual.

Why should station personnel complain of a few hours' drill a week, when drill in the dental clinic is continuous?

The "Yank in the R.C.A.F." is not related to the Yanks in the dental clinic.

There is more pull in this clinic than in the C.O.'s office.

Getting at the root of the trouble is a daily affair here.

## VITAL STATISTICS

Stork and Cupid Do All Right By Us

### MARRIAGES

LAC L. G. Krauth to Alice Yvette Aubrey, at Moose Jaw.  
AC1 E. H. Hope to Aileen Mildred Robinson.  
F/Sgt. H. W. Johnson to Grace Annie Thomas, at Fort Erie.  
F/Sgt. J. S. McGuire to Valerie Adrienne Grace, at Toronto.  
Cpl. E. M. Horner to Jean Louise Irene Clancy, at Ottawa.  
AC1 D. J. Boswell to Margaret Evelyn Smith, at Hamilton.

### BIRTHS

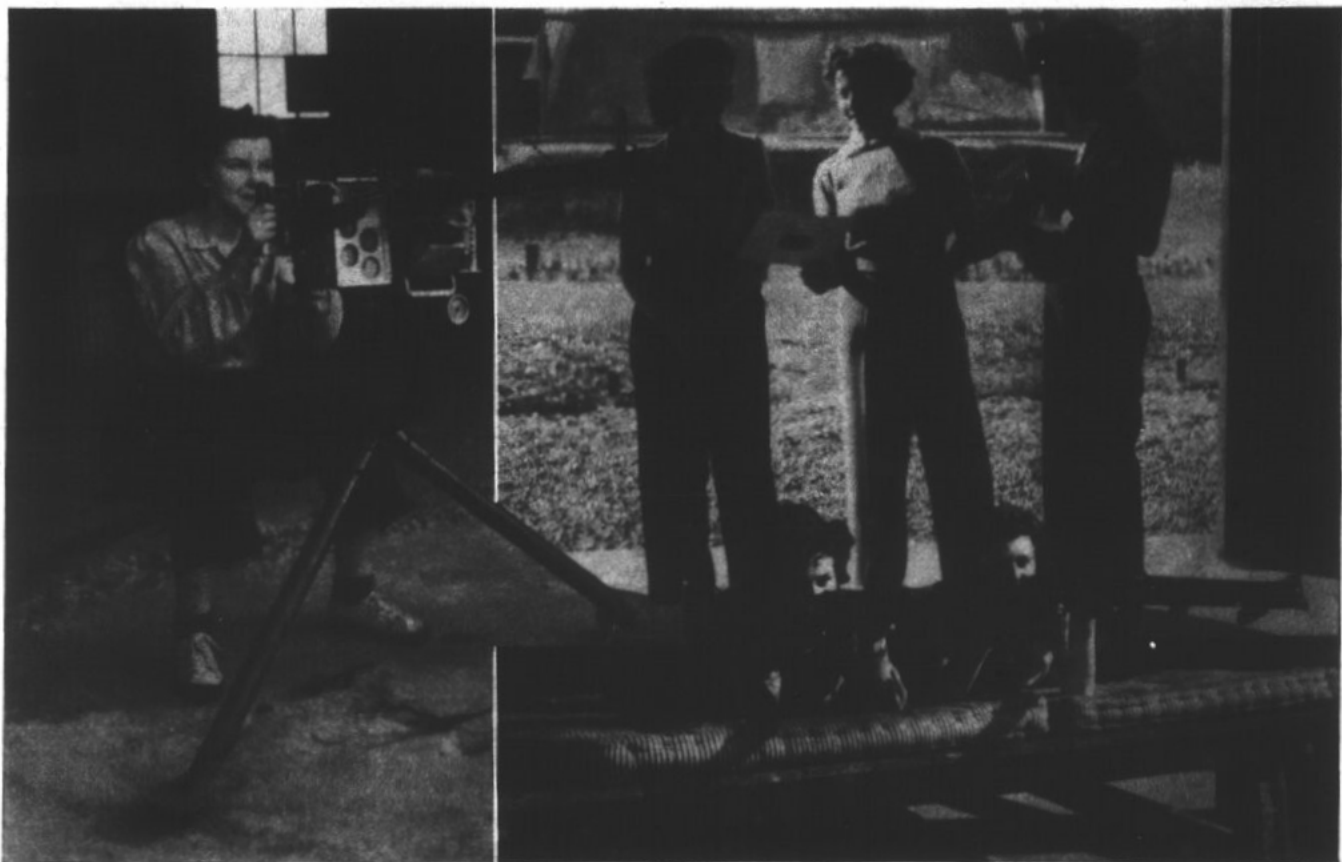
A son, William Walker, to LAC and Mrs. E. W. Doyle, at Windsor.  
A daughter, Myrna Eileen, to Cpl. and Mrs. W. A. Welburn, at London.  
A son, Thomas Willis, to P/O and Mrs. W. G. White, at Toronto.



### SMART WORK

Harry Switzer, over at Workshops, is the genius behind the station signboard. Harry has made a bang-up job of it. Now we hope he can be persuaded to display his artistic talent in the Observer.

# Here's Lookin' at You, Men--Through a Gunsight



## ELMER CELEBRATES HE'S NOW A DADDY

Eight-Pound Daughter Born to  
LAC and Mrs. Purdon  
of 84A

By TED RUSSELL

Air bombers of 84A are certainly representative of this great Dominion of ours. Every member is a Canadian and they come from Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario and Nova Scotia.

Steve Quinn, an Ottawa boy, is course senior. In civilian life, Steve worked for the International Paper Company. He attended St. Pat's college in Ottawa and was quite a prominent oarsman. He's tall and dark, and the Fingal girls will see plenty of his pearly smile in weeks to come.

Elmer "Pud" Purdon, an ex-oil salesman, hails from Powassan in the North Bay district. He's been in good spirits lately because he has become the father of an eight-pound baby daughter. Karen is the name. Father and daughter both doing well.

L. F. Dyson is from Guelph and he's the wit of the class. Dyce has been in the air force for over two years and was formerly at Mountain View working on the bombing ranges. Dyce figured that if everybody tried to drop bombe at him he could return the compliment. So he remustered to aircrew. Incidentally, Dyce thinks this is the best R.C.A.F. station he has been on.

Then we have Gerry Moore and Ray Markell, both from Cornwall, Ont. Gerry has three brothers in uniform. One is at Saskatoon I.T.S. One is in the army tank corps at Orillia. The third is a sergeant-WAG returned from overseas, and now taking a pilot's course at No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford.

Howard Fitzgerald is a native of Belleville, Ont., and worked in Kingston as a machine fitter. "Fitz" was a charter member of the Kingston Flying club in pre-war days.

John Pauley and Red Naugler are herring-chokers from Nova Scotia. They knew each other in civilian life and have been together since enlisting.

Harold Paisley is the veteran of the class as far as air force life is concerned. Harold hails from Swift Current, Sask., and at one time belonged to the 123rd Army Co-Op. Squadron as an air frame mechanic. Harold spent over seven months on the east coast and remustered for aircrew at Debent, N.S.

## BEAUTEOUS 'GUN MOLLS' ARE SHARPSHOOTIN' LOT

Officers and Airwomen Form W. D. Rifle Club, Including  
"Deadeye" Davidson and "Two-Gun" Arnst—Now  
They Want an Air-Gunner's Course

By HELEN KASDORF

After weeks of planning, June 19 was our first night on the rifle range. We have organized an Airwomen's rifle club, thanks to our commanding officer. With Pilot Officer Robinson's careful supervision and instruction we might turn out to be sharpshooters some day. S/O Satterly has given us a lot of assistance in getting the club started. S/O Wilson is giving her support as well.

Sixteen members turned out and we expect a lot more in the future. One of our most enthusiastic members is LAW McAloney, one of the first to try her aim. She thought she held the gun right, had her left eye closed and was pointing the gun at the target but strange none of the bullets hit the target. She forgot to use her sights. Nothing like trying again. You should have seen her second target.

The hospital was well represented. LAW Bourne, from Ottawa, is an old-timer with a gun. Cpl. Reed-

man almost set a record. I didn't say which way. AW1 Caldwell handles a gun as gently as a patient. "Deadeye" Davidson and "Two-Gun" Arnst feel quite at home on the range; gopher hunting, no doubt.

From Miss Satterly's and Miss Wilson's targets, anyone could tell, this was not their first experience with shooting irons. Cpl. Brulotte came near to burning out the bulls-eye. But then, is there anything a transport driver can't do?

LAW Smithers, Cpl. Lawrence and Cpl. Corbett, three of our dignified young members, had difficulty in getting used to the heavy guns. But with someone like P/O Robinson to help hold a gun, it doesn't take much effort to learn. LAW Mossey made a neat target. An air-gunner's course would be just the thing for W.D.'s. LAW Sickles let out an Indian war whoop when she looked at her target; rather surprised at her wonderful aim.

## A Short Story In 3 Pictures



**CPL. "POP" HOGSDEN** had a spot of leave recently. So he did a spot of fishing in Lake St. Francis. (See top picture.) Then, when day was done, "Pop" found himself a bit thirsty, so he stopped for the pause that refreshes. (See centre picture.) All of which brought on the antics pictured below. Left to right, in the bottom photo: "Pop," with Cpl. Dorothy Hogsden, his daughter; L/Cpl. Allan Hogsden, his son; and A/B Arnold Vaughan, his son-in-law. They had quite a family reunion down in Cornwall, but "Pop" managed to stagger back to Fingal M.T. section on time. You'll note "Pop's" army-style salute. It's a hangover from the last war, when "Pop" served with the 48th.

## STORK SCORES DIRECT HIT WITH G. I. S. AS ITS TARGET

Four Little Bundles From  
Heaven Arrive Safely  
Despite Heavy Flak

### THREE GIRLS, ONE BOY

By **CPL. JACK STODDART**

Congratulations are offered to two well-known and popular members of G. I. S. staff upon their recent promotions, F/O Johnston and F/Sgt. Monroe.

#### Births

LAC and Mrs. Doyle, a son—William Walker.  
Cpl. and Mrs. Joe Baker, a daughter.

Cpl. and Mrs. Solsberg, a daughter—Maxine.

WO1 and Mrs. Desbiens, a daughter—Mary Lee.

LAC Bland, L.D.—GB 1324936—passed away after a lengthy illness. Les. Bland was a true Britisher, showing a fine co-operative spirit and an ever-present desire to increase his knowledge. Canada and Canadians appreciate the privilege of working with such fine young men as Les. Bland. All his comrades here offer their heartfelt sympathy to his folks in England.

Two of the originals of Fingal have been recently posted: Cpl. (Joe) Baker and F/Sgt. Weston. They are on their way to the new B. & G. school soon to be opened on the east coast. Their experience and knowledge should be invaluable in their new work.

A posting we all know of is that of "Jay" Shaver, for quite some time the popular Y.M.C.A. representative for No. 4 B. & G. "Jay" has the happy faculty of making friends with all he meets; and naturally we are all sorry to see him go. "Jay," we appreciate your untiring work both on The Observer and the social programs you have arranged. No. 4 B. & G., one and all, wish to thank you and say "well done."

Clarke Edwards is replacing "Jay." To him we say "hello," and assure him of the co-operation of G. I. S.

**Regarding This War Business**  
God gave us two ends to use;  
One to think with, one to sit with.  
Success depends upon which we choose;  
Heads we win; tails we lose.

**A Word to the Wise**  
There have been a number of personal items "lifted" lately.  
Watch your personal belongings and keep your lockers locked.

#### War Information

This, I declare,  
I am standing pat on;  
Headquarters is where  
Hindquarters are sat on.

### CPL. A. G. STANTON Speaks for the Boys in No. 6 Hangar

**T**HROUGHOUT this world of nations, history has proven that the nations which have progressed the most were those which sponsored the daring and inventive genius of man to devise means of transporting themselves and their industries to any given part of the globe.

In the beginning of each new era of transportation some daring group would set out to prove they could get some place, usually in some crude means of transportation, which those less daring would call foolhardy. Once these daring pioneers had successfully made the trip, all man's inventive genius was turned to making that means of transportation safer and faster, with an emphasis on speed, safety and finally luxury.

Once such a system of transportation was started it had to be maintained, thus with each new form of transportation there springs up what is called maintenance, which is, and must be, as old as the transportation itself.

Without transportation we would cease to be a great nation. Without maintenance we would cease to be a great nation. It is an equation, and let no man forget this.

In this air force we have our maintenance wing, and it would be well for many who do not understand the working of a maintenance wing to watch the maintenance column in future editions of The Observer, that they may appreciate the complexity of providing transportation for our pilots, bombardiers and gunners. It is a full-time job, utterly lacking in glamor and heroics. You seldom hear of a grease monkey, rigger, wireless op. or electrician getting decorated for his service, yet it is all these men who make it possible for the recognized heroes to earn their decorations and get back safely to receive them.

#### The Wolf

If she throws her little "quiver"  
In the front seat of your flivver  
And says, "It's pleasant on the river,"  
Brother, she's a wolf.  
If the get-up that she's wearin'  
Turns your head and keeps you starin'  
'Cause the length's a little darin',  
Brother she's a wolf.  
If she's careless 'nuff to be  
Sure to show a little knee  
When there's plenty else to see,  
Brother, she's a wolf.  
If she really is bewitchin',  
If she kisses with a twitchin',  
As if her rosy lips were itchin',  
Brother, she's a wolf.  
If she really lets you pet 'er,  
Lets you snuggle in her sweater  
And you really think you better—  
Brother, BE a wolf!



#### VISITOR'S DAY

"And do you think my baby would like the W.D.'s?"

## OUR W.D.'S PLAY HOST TO CIVILIAN WOMEN

By **HELEN KASDORF**

It would be to the advantage of the Women's Division if the women's organizations of Canada were more fully informed of the important contributions to the war effort made by the airwomen in the service and the conditions under which they serve. Visits to the sections where the W.D.'s are employed give them a picture of what life in the service is actually like. All the strange questions airwomen are asked outside the station would make you realize why this is necessary. They are also able to see the quarters and messing, and arrangements for our sports and recreation.

On June 22, the leading organizations of St. Thomas, the Officers' Wives Auxiliary, Alma College, and the different church auxiliaries toured the station. The women's organizations of Windsor and Chatham were here on June 24. On June 29 the women's organizations of St. Thomas, Fingal and vicinity made their tour.

The visitors were given a short account of the work carried out by the airwomen, then divided into groups of 12 to 15 and escorted to the different sections by W.D.'s. The visitors asked the airwomen questions while at work, and at the conclusion of the tour, tea and light refreshments were served in the recreation hall.

At the present time the air force is badly in need of more airwomen. These organizations could indeed be helpful in getting more young women interested in joining the Women's Division of the R.C.A.F.

The object of these tours is to foster relationship between the women's clubs and the Women's Division. This will help them start organizations which make provision for airwomen going on leave,

**Officers Note:**

**Here's Pukka Gen on Your Own Gals**

By LAW COOMBS and AW2 HENDERSON

This is the officer's mess giving you a little inside dope on what's going on. We first congratulate Miss Graham on her promotion to S/O. She keeps us in action at the mess.

We were sorry to see LAW Demers leave us. We sure miss her delicious pies and her grand personality around the mess. Good luck to you on your posting, Grace. Then we have Cpl. Barber. We wonder why she spends all her 48's in Toronto. You are doing a grand job, Gwen.; keep up the good work.

There is another well-known cook, namely LAW Balding. We wonder why she remustered to a cook. Could it be that she heard that saying, "The way to a man's heart is through his stomach?"

LAW White is also on the staff. She hopes that the war will be over soon, so that she will no longer have that far-away look.

We hope Eddie will be back with us soon. Here's hoping for a speedy recovery for you.

AW1 Fuller has recently joined our staff and promises to be a very good cook, so don't disappoint us. You may get to be a WO1 yet.

Next we have LAW Coombs, who is a lively redhead. Edna delights in keeping the officers well fed.

Next in line we have the jugglers, better known as waitresses. Congratulations on your hooks, St. Marie. She is hopnig for a posting West real soon, so here's hoping you get your wish, princess.

The sweet little blonde of the mess is none other than LAW Arnold. Why does she blush so easily? Could it be that she is bashful?

AW2 Fox is that snappy little waitress who is always popular with the boys.

LAW Gaucher is the cute little girl who gets flustered when Yankee Doodle comes to town. How about it, Terry?

We must not forget our brown-eyed beauty, LAW Sawyer. Was it worth taking that long trip to Toronto, Mable?

Last but not least we have a Joe girl, AW2 Henderson, songbird of the West. She spends most of her time in St. Thomas. Could it be some interest over there?

In signing off, we wish our ex-waitress, LAW Reynolds, the best of luck at her new job as postal clerk.

P.S.—P/O's and above, please phone in all late dinners.



IT HANGS IN AIRMEN'S CANTEEN — NAME IT AND IT'S YOURS

**BIGGER AND BETTER "JERKS" RUN NEW SODA FOUNTAIN**

Airmen's Canteen Also Boasts a Colorful Mural by P/O Duern

**BUT WHAT IS IT?**

By SGT. REG. PECK

Well, folks, here we are at last, the old reliable canteen stewards. We're not much at writing for a paper, but we sorta promised we'd try anyway.

We are learning to be bigger and better jerks now, since we got the soda fountain in. But we can say one thing, fellows. We have the best canteen in the command now. Let's hope it stays that way.

We guess maybe some of you would like to know what the above picture really means or the story behind it. Well, no one knows for sure except P/O "Stew." Duern, who drew it out of his head (as you can see), and he won't tell anyone. But we have overheard a few comments on it. One fellow said it looked like a sergeants' mess dance or brawl. Another was that it looked like the re-selection board. There are a few more comments that wouldn't look good in print.

We really see quite a lot in the canteen, especially on pay nights. A while ago a couple of fellows managed to crawl out of the canteen and up the street on their hands and knees. They must have been drinking chocolate milk.

We must tell you of a little incident that happened on the night of the airmen's dance. First of all it was a misunderstanding; anyway, the coffee was supposed to be free and the sandwiches a nickel apiece, and we charged a nickel for the coffee. It all went for a good cause, so cheer up, lads, it will be different next time.

**HEIGH-HO HEIGH-HO OFF TO PORT WE GO**

In the good old summertime ... the exodus to Port Stanley begins. And this summer is no exception.

Fingal officers and airmen form quite a sizeable colony at the Port, headed by the C.O., who has taken up residence there. Others who make the round trip daily are: S/L Poupore, S/L Massey, F/O Thurlow, F/O Bailey, F/O Ingram, F/O Kelman, F/O Carter, P/O Duern, P/O James, F/Sgt. Nadeau, Sgt. Nelson, Cpl. Williamson and I.AC Laroche.

Laroche is running a victory garden at his place. He wanted to plant some flowers one day and found a package of seeds, which he scattered about the place. The plant, or whatever it is, is starting to come up rapidly, but he'll be darned if he knows what it really is.



**GOT A DATE, EILEEN?**

"Look at yourself; others do." So reads the familiar sign beside the guardhouse mirror, and apparently LAW Eileen Dixon, of the post office, is taking its advice. Primping and preening is a common sight at the guardhouse these days. Anyway, what woman could resist a mirror?

**NEW SWIMMING POOL TO BE OPENED,???**

Works and Bricks Are Really Going to Town—But Hurry, Please

By DICK DEWSNAP

One of Works and Buildings' big undertakings since we last appeared in print is the erection of the station swimming pool. The pool, when completed, should give water fans easy access to the fulfillment of their sport. We look forward to the day when we can see some of our W.D. bathing beauties.

F/Sgt. "Pop" Case, who spent many months here, has been posted to Dunnville. The popular works supervisor left No. 4 carrying with him the best wishes of a host of friends. Our office staff has been increased in the person of Miss Lillian Rogers, our adept stenographer. The labor department has been placed under the management of Sgt. Christie, who is proving to be a capable choice.

It's noon hour at Works and Bricks, and any of you that may wish to learn the fine points of operating a service station should hear Nick Decker and Walter Kniffen discuss the pros and cons. Of course, Nick and Walter never did soak any of their customers. Anyhow, if by chance you should require a tire fixed or some other accessory checked, be sure and call on Nick since he enjoys those midnight yells.

When it comes to story-telling, you must hand it to Earl Wilson, especially those huge fish stories. Ever heard Earl tell his pumpkin story? If not, you've missed a treat to say the least. Ask him sometime. Earl also has the distinction of piloting the Flying Fortress, due to leave Dutton daily at 7 a.m. And does that model T ever fly!

For some time past, the Hostess House has been undergoing considerable changes under the management of Sgt. Kelly, and when completed will give those in charge of the Y.W.C.A. a very nice place in which to work and live.

When it comes to brushing or spraying creosote, Rae Lumley and Charlie Jones take the floor. Rae, of course, has a special liking for those smarting fumes that escape from the creosote container. Never mind, Rae, Charlie won't spray in your direction.

**"WOODY" IS A DADDY!**

"Woody's" down to earth again. The wild days of passing out cigars and celebrating are over. He's getting quite used to being a daddy.

"Woody" is P/O Woodrow Bolender, of Kitchener, and he became the proud father of a

bouncing eight-pound son, named William John, on May 23. His wife is at present residing in London, and between visiting her and his son, and keeping things moving in the bombing teacher, "Woody" has his hands full.

# Fingal Airwoman In Training as Air Frame Mechanic

## TO BE A GREASE MONKEY IS MURIEL LANGLEY'S AIM

And She May Be the First Female A. F. M. in R. C. A. F.

TRAINED AS NURSE

By BYRON FISHER

PERHAPS the first girl in the R.C.A.F. to aspire to the trade of air frame mechanic, LAW Muriel Langley, dark, attractive Montrealer, is now training in hangar five on this station.

In the W.D.'s since March, 1942, Miss Langley took a parachute rigger's course in Montreal and then joined the service as a fabric worker. She had been working as a parachute rigger until about four weeks ago, when she decided to make the change.

Asked what prompted her to make the decision, she wise-cracked "They're teaching so many boys to wash dishes or scrub floors that I decided when I get married one of us wants to know how to make a living." More seriously she went on, "It is just that I find the work more interesting. When I was a youngster I liked to take alarm clocks and things apart. I think I should have been a boy," she added, although it is obvious that the gods had no such intention.

There are a number of W.D. aero engine mechanics, but so far as is known on this station, there are no lady air frame mechanics. Reason for this, she believes, is that A.F.M. work is more centralized whereas the A.F.M. "is all over the hangar and all over the plane."

Her work is concerned with undercarriage controls, hydraulic system, main-planes, fuselage, tail empennage, cockpit and cabin, and removing the propeller. Most interesting phase of her work, she said, was the hydraulic system; most boring, taking off gas tank covers. Heaviest work is removing the wheels, although none of the work is too heavy for her.

"Are there any unpleasant features to the work?" she was asked. Miss Langley laughed. "When you chip a piece of finger off with a chisel or whack your thumb with a hammer, it's not particularly joyous," she said, "but there isn't any perfect job, is there?"

Although she signed up in Montreal, she is a native of Kirkland Lake, and while at high school lived in Cobalt. Before the war she was a student nurse in Montreal. After the war broke out she worked for a time in a war plant manufacturing big guns. Today she is just under 21. Why did she join up? "Oh, the usual old stuff about feeling you ought to be doing something. I guess that was the underlying reason for most of us putting on a uniform."

She doesn't expect to follow her new trade after the war, but she believes the experience will be val-



LAW MURIEL LANGLEY

uable and may provide openings she otherwise would not have in other fields. "But I'm not worrying about that till later," she said. "All I want now is to be a full-fledged grease monkey."

## WE'LL FOLLOW YOU FOR BUCK A YEAR

Fingal Observer Will be Mailed Anywhere in World

Do you want to forget dear old Fingal when you get posted? If you do, it's okay by us. If you don't and would like to keep in touch with the old station, all you have to do is leave your name at the "Y" and the Fingal Observer will be mailed to you regularly. All for one buck a year. Take advantage of this cheap subscription rate when you're posted. We'll send it overseas as well.

"My wife is one of those adorably silly little women who attach great sentimental value to everything."

"Yes?"  
"Yes. Last night I returned unexpectedly from out of town, and she'd already hired a man to stay in the closet to protect her wedding gown!"

## So You Think The Observer's Corny? Well, Here's What You can do With It

HERE'S a suggestion, gang. Even if you do think the Observer is tripe, the folks back home like to know what you're doing, and the people you're meeting. They'd be glad to read about life on the

## Like Honeymooners Newzies Head for Falls of Niagara

P/O H. M. Sheed, of New Zealand, and P/O J. McPhie, of Australia, have finally realized a long-standing ambition. On their last 48 they went to see Niagara Falls and were duly impressed. Both are bombing instructors attached to G.I.S.

And McPhie is now, of all things, O/C M. T. section pro tem. How does it feel to fly a pic waggon, sir?

## FREE COPY TO ALL; EXTRAS 5c EACH

Some people can't understand why they get a free copy of the Observer each month, because of the 5-cent price on the front page.

Here's the score. Publication costs are covered by grants from the officers' and sergeants' messes, and from the airmen's canteen funds. This enables everyone on the station to have one free copy.

Any additional copies that you want may be purchased at the "Y" office and the price is 5 cents. So now you know.



## HERE'S THAT NEW "Y" MAN

Stripped for action is Clarke Edwards (above), Y.M.C.A. representative who succeeds Jay Shaver. Clarke comes to us after four months at Camp Borden. He has pitched right in and is assisting F/O Hull in organizing an extensive program of summer sports and entertainment. Before he joined up, Clarke ran a department store up in Midland in conjunction with his father.

## THE WORKSHOP BROTHERHOOD

By LAC R. D. CAVE

Some chit chat and happenings at station workshop:

We regret the loss of LAC White, LAC Don Clarke and Cpl Brooks, but welcome newly posted LAC Weaver, who remustered from drogue operator to carpenter.

LAC Burns is enjoying a few days' leave somewhere in the West. LAC Richards is happy to announce an arrival to his home. Hi, there, Pop!

We were sorry to see Cpl. Sewell leave the workshop for Works and Buildings. He has been in the section a good many months and will be missed.

Glad to see LAC Johnson and LAC Dickson back after their recent illness.

The two Western gentlemen are back from their 14 days in sunny Vancouver — LAC's Gibson and Cowan. The ducks on the lawn of station workshop conveyed to them the type of weather we had while they were away.

Have you heard about the Brotherhood of Workshop? I have not seen any initiation, but I think the fee is a coke. The other day the boys accused Sgt. Brown of going to maintenance smoke room looking for someone whose luck was down. Sgt. Brown did not know the boys had a double-sided coin. Maybe LAC Cormier could enlighten us as to the activities of the Brotherhood. Why were you looking through the lumber pile, Cormier?

Cpl. Birch has charge of his section and is doing a good job training us on aircraft repairs. We have been kept busy all winter as a result of cracks caused by the heat in the hangars and damage caused by moving aircraft.

The blonde was having a little argument with her mother the other evening. "A nice little girl shouldn't hold a young man's hand," reproved the mother. "But," exclaimed the blonde, "a nice little girl has to, mamma!"

## CALLING ALL NEWSPAPERMEN

ATTENTION, newspapermen! We have been informed that there are several former newsmen hiding out on this station. The Observer needs men with experience — ex-reporters, desk men, advertising men, cartoonists, artists, or anybody with journalistic experience. There're no fifty-a-week salaries, but at least it will be like old times. You may even hear the ancient city room jokes again. Drop around to the "Y" office and have a chat. And, as for you other guys and gals, if you'd like to learn how to be a reporter—well, come and see us.

## FEMALE WINCHELL GIVES LATEST DIRT

Observer Will Not Be Held Responsible for Her Statements

By LAW RENA SICKLES

**Night Life.** Despite hot evenings, dancing still holds first place popularity. At least for Chuck Dowling and her Johnny, tripping the light fantastic in the approved English manner. Didn't take long for Mary Wanless and Emily Clements to bag the entire crop of Course 84. Greedy girls! F/S Stevenson and Anne Kozlowski have developed a beautiful friendship. Melba Dowsnell's attractive R.A.F. friend will soon be leaving. What then, Melba?

Bea Acres and her Stevie sure keep an air of romance afloat between equipment assistants. AW Sura has been pretty happy lately. Could it be F/S Mosher that doxed it? Our Molly Wilson seems to be definitely that way about Pilot Earl Bessey, and it must be mutual, for we hear that she's persuaded him to forego his attempt at growing a mustache. Could it be Ivan in 11B that has Marg Kennedy singing, "Let's get lost, lost in each other's arms"?

**Questions.** What inmate of station hospital has Dot Hoenmans trotting over there nightly? No wonder they can't get his temp. down. Why couldn't Dotty Graham keep her mind on rifle shooting the other night? Is Fran Hutchinson really interested in the art of wireless? Who is that tall, mustached R.A.F. bloke that Caldwell keeps happy? Why does Barbara Boyle look so lonesome; could it be the posting of that redhead on Course 54? Will Lil Karn ever get her mind off that navy man?

**Postings Out.** D.A.P.S. seem to have forgotten Fingal lately. Some of us don't mind, but we pity those who crave Western postings. We have, however, lost five well-known W.D.'s lately. Cpl. Granger, I.A.W.'s Buxton and Holden to T.T.S., and I.A.W.'s Demers and Procter to that madhouse, A.F.H.Q., Ottawa. Cpl. Granger will be remembered by victims in the dental clinic, while Buxton and Holden held the fort in the post office. Demers and Procter specialized in preparing delicious meals in the officers' mess.

**Postings In.** With May came several new W.D.'s. Among them little Gilbert down in maintenance, Sgt. Sandham in the dental clinic, Woluschuk and Hickingbottom now hard at work in the control tower. Fuller to help Ma'am Graham dish out the vittles, Campbell in the photography section, Skundberg toiling away at D.R.O.'s in H.Q., Morgan and Nickerson in gunnery and bombing flights.

**Remusterings to Civilians.** LAW Kennedy, willing canteen Joe, and Betty LaRocque, of accounts, left us, on discharge, early in May and very recently Blakely of Photography, and little Penny Smith, M.T. whizz, took the Clearances Trail



Pastoral Scene at the Sergeants' Mess Dance—'Sprised Arentcha?

and won the Distinguished Discharge Certificate. Let's hope it won't be long before victory is won and we can all remuster to this envied position. In the meantime, this is Fingal.

**Rifle Club.** Sixteen girls turned up at the initial firing practice down at the 25-yard range. Three or four had done some shooting before, but for the majority it was a "first." And according to P/O Robinson, our patient instructor, we didn't do any worse than some airmen, and we're still learning.

**Sports.** Softball is in full swing now, with a regular schedule running between different sections. A couple of energetic girls have been out on workouts on the track, while the badminton courts still attract devotees.

**Orchids To:** Clothing stores for at long last issuing our new hats. (P.S.—Where are the uniforms?)

The staff of the various messes, laboring this hot weather to concoct dishes that despite limited rations, tempt our palates. (Does someone doubt? Well, do you starve?)

Any complaints or charges against us for above news will be gratefully accepted in a few months' time, when we hope to have mastered the art of shooting off a rifle as well as our mouth. Then we'll accept any challenge.

### NEW S. P. AT FINGAL

A/Sgt. O. O. Bakken is a new arrival in the service police section. He was posted in from Dunnville.

## SPORT IN SHORT

By CPL. H. QUICK

Fingal can now boast an outdoor swimming pool. Yes, that is exactly what it is, that construction back of the fire hall. It will be 60 ft. long and 30 ft. wide, with a depth of 10 ft. and a shallow end of 4 ft. The construction will be tarred, with a painted canvas covering, making a substantial water-tight pool. We certainly hope it will be completed soon.

While we are on the subject of swimming, have we any spring-board divers or sprint men or women on the station? If so, there certainly is plenty of competition at London and St. Thomas.

"Can Fingal boast of any track and field men?" is the question asked around Aylmer and St. Thomas. "If so, we have never heard of them." We have a good track on our sports ground and yet very few are taking the opportunity of good weather to get into shape for the coming massive sports day at Toronto.

There must be a good miler or a 200-yard dash man on the station. Come on, fellows, we need someone with experience in track and field events. We are sure to make a good showing in the final meet at Toronto.

There will be a complete timetable arranged for a competitive sports day in the near future, with

"Silver," and we do mean silver, and not from the O.R. mess spoons, given to the winners.

What's this we hear about a football club at Fingal? Here's hoping: for we have the material and we are sure that an E42 is not necessary to get these men out. There is "Tiny" Thurlow, former Sarnia Imperial flash. There's "Skinny" Living, also attached to the Imps, and don't overlook Flt. Lt. Witzel, the flying clergyman from Toronto Varsity, and jaw-breaker Gatenby over in dental clinic, who was also a Blue and White protege. Sgt. Taylor, Sgt. Cronin, Cpl. Quick and Hammond played Intermediate O.R.F.U. So all we can say is, bring 'em on.

What's the matter, fellows? Going soft? Looking over the sports equipment, the sports field and the weather, we find that a number of personnel prefer to play that exciting game of hit-and-giggle. Yes, my dear friends, we mean ping-pong. No wonder we find it embarrassing to put on sports clothes. We find our chest has slipped and our respiration is low. What's the matter?—we'll tell you—you're too stout and you look like the devil. Looking at Tarzan Taylor and his shadow—well, we kind of think we used to be like that. Well, you still can. The equipment is yours, so how about using it?

# Former London Bobby, 34, is Now Fingal Air Bomber

## LAC KESTELL-CORNISH, 84B WAS WARDEN DURING BLITZ

R. A. F. Lad Was Breaking Up Fascist Meetings Long Before the War—Was With London Mounted Police

**B**OUNDARY rider. Policeman. Real estate salesman. Mountie. And air raid warden.

That's the career of LAC Arthur Kestell-Cornish, 34-year-old member of the R.A.F., now training here with Course 84 air bombers.

Kestell-Cornish was born on the island of St. Pierre. His father was British consul for that island and Miquelon, when they belonged to France. They left St. Pierre when Arthur was a year old and went to Helsinki in Finland when his father was sent to take up the consul's position there.

After four years in Finland, which Arthur found much like Canada, he returned to England for his schooling. He left school at 17 and went out to Australia. For the next five years he was a boundary rider on sheep. He rode the fences, reported breakages, counted sheep and watched over their general welfare.

He returned to England, joined the London Metropolitan Police and became one of those famous bobbies you read so much about. He recalls several interesting jobs during his term as a copper. He directed traffic at Piccadilly Circus all night. He often stopped traffic to permit M.P.'s to cross the road to the House of Commons. He once apprehended a \$10,000 mail robber after being tipped off he was in a certain restaurant. He waited until the culprit came out and nabbed him. For this, he received the magistrate's commendation.

Following this, he returned to Australia, took up boundary riding again, this time on an estate that covered 35,000 acres, had 28,000 sheep and 2,000 cattle. Here he remained for two years and then took a shot at selling real estate in Sydney. Two months later he returned to England as an ordinary sea-

man on the "Largo Bay," sister ship of the famous "Jervis Bay."

As a result of his extensive riding experience in Australia, he was now eligible for the mounted police in London, and at the age of 29 he passed their stiff medical. As a London mountie he went right through the blitz, attached to Bow Road police station, which was hit one night.

About 35 were trapped in the canteen but none were killed. Kestell-Cornish had left a couple of seconds before the bomb fell. The place started to flood. The lights went out. He and some others smashed a door and got everyone out. Three were injured. Being an air raid warden was part of his regular duties as a mountie.

He recalls several interesting official trips to the West End to restore order at communist and fascist meetings. He was once called out to a meeting of Moseley and his black shirts at Albert Hall. The fascists threw marbles in the streets to trip the horses, and they had sticks with nails on the end to stick the horses' eyes out.

He remained with the mounted police until he joined the R.A.F. a year ago. He has found life in Canada very interesting and has managed to have a good time of it here. He visited the Montreal police and they showed him all round the place. He saw their stable of horses and they compare favorably with the London mounts, he said.

About Canada, he has this to say: "We realize in England that Canada is supplying a lot of food throughout the world. It has always helped us a great deal to know that Canada was with us from the start. I like the mode of living here. It's a free and easier style. Everyone seems to have a washing machine, a frigidaire and a car. All of which is jolly good."

His brother, a captain-padre with the Devons, was captured during the campaign in Greece, and is now a prisoner in Germany. Another brother is a lance-corporal in the Middlesex Regiment in England. His sister is nursing in a Wolverhampton hospital. His did is now retired, after serving as consul at Brest before the war.

"I 'aven't 'ad a bite for days," said a tramp to the landlady of an English inn, the George and Dragon. "D'yer think yer could spare me one?"

"Certainly not," replied the landlady.

"Tank yer," said the tramp, and slouched off. A few minutes later he was back.

"What d'yer want now?" asked the landlady.

"Could I 'ave a few words with Gorge?" said the tramp.

## C.O. DOES P.T. AND LIKES IT

**G**ROUP CAPTAIN KERR is a strong believer in P.T. He feels that all members of the air force should keep in shape, both air crew and ground crew. With his usual custom of a good example, he was seen taking his track workout, with his ever-present canine companion setting the pace for him. Rumor has it that a recently arrived W.D. mistook him for one of the new bomb aimers and was changing into sports clothes, when someone told her it was the C.O. She came to ten minutes later and is recovering nicely, thank you.

## HAS SEVEN TRADES IN R.C.A.F. SINCE '39

### Ex-Radio Announcer Gave Up His U. S. Citizenship To Enlist

LAC Charlie MacArthur, 21, has been in the air force since October, 1939—and at last he has found his niche. Charlie is in 82B air bombers, after having six other trades in the service.

He enlisted in Monton, N. B., as an air frame mechanic and successively went to sheet metal worker, equipment assistant and clerk. In March, 1942, he remustered to air-crew, and trained as a pilot and navigator before coming here.

Born in Albany, N. Y., Charlie gave up his U. S. citizenship when he joined, by taking the oath of allegiance to the King. For two years Charlie was a radio announcer on station CFCY, in Charlotte-town.

## This May Be Humor But We Doubt It

An anonymous contributor dropped a couple of paragraphs into the Editor's basket. Here they are, for what they're worth:

Realism at Port Stanley: Echoing Prime Minister Churchill's words, we fight them on the beaches.

The C.O.'s dog must be living in paradise with the sudden planting of so many trees on the camp.

### BAPTIZED BY PADRE

Tommy, the six-year-old son of S/L Spruston, was recently baptized by F/L J. W. Witzel.

Hil: "Yes, sir, I was in the service myself when I was your age."

Val: "And what was your official capacity?"

Hil: "Oh, four or five quarts."

## MEN OF SIX NATIONS ON COURSE AT FINGAL

84B's Cosmopolitan Crew Will Drive You Nuts, Too

By PELLISSIER AND GOLDSTEIN

This war has brought together gentlemen from all parts of the world, who under other circumstances would never have met. In 84B we have men from six countries: U. S. A., Canada, Ireland, England, Scotland and New Zealand. Meeting and conversing with such acquaintances is an education in itself. One finds it interesting trying to psychoanalyze their individual characters.

In a uniform, distinction is unknown. One may have been an executive, another a world traveller. And some have never been out of their home town. Such are these that are thrown together to form crews and act as one.

Some examples are: Bassett, Goldstein and "Jonesy" Pellissier of the U. S. A. Bassett is one of the blue bloods of Boston. Goldstein is from Long Island, and last but not least we come to "Jonesy," who hails from deepest New York. All these came to Canada to find adventure in the R.C.A.F.

The brothers, J. G. and R. J. Switzer, joined up six weeks apart, but fate intervened. R. J. broke his shoulder, delaying his training just long enough for his brother to join him. They are now on the same course in the same class.

Allen, bombardier de luxe, is following in his brother's footsteps. His brother, being a WO2 bombing instructor at No. 5 B. & G., Dafoc.

Russell, the doubting Thomas of the class, questions everything, including instruments, instructors, and what have you? He always has some injection of his own. What will become of him?

Williamson is cassanova of the class. At the tender age of 20 he has already dabbled in the wonderful institution of marriage. Not once, but twice, and is probably thinking of a third choice. Watch it, girls.

Hall, our meek, mild-mannered home boy, does his own sewing and washing. He'll probably make someone a wonderful housekeeper.

Maxwell, our class senior, who rises to the tremendous height of five feet one and three-quarters with his shoes on, guides us daily through our arduous routine. He has our undying gratitude.

This is our class, buddies one and all, thrown together by a violation of peace, each hoping to do a small part to regain freedom for all the world.

### 'NOTHER POME

Trothen eats peas with honey. He's done it all his life; It may sound kind of funny, But it keeps them on his knife.



KESTELL-CORNISH  
Air Bomber

# MYRTLE THE TURTLE OF 81B GOES AWL AND GETS NO CB

**Air Bombers' Unique Pet Was Captured on 200-Yard Range**

**SHE'S POPULAR GAL**

By **BYRON FISHER**

As in the new barracks, 81B, Fortmness, dejection, 'twas easy to see.

The bombers were weeping, lost in despair.

For Myrtle the turtle had flown from her lair.

But Myrtle was only en route to P. T.

She'd read D.R.O.'s and mistook them, you see;

Now Myrtle is back in her home, safe and sound,

And her barracks rejoice; she was lost but is found.

**I**N 81B quarters there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, for their cherished mascot, Myrtle, had disappeared.

Myrtle is a turtle, a diminutive turtle, but a very lovable and much-loved turtle. The turtle experts in 81B believe she is about six months old. She has been a member of 81B since a month ago, when she was captured, alive, on the 200-yard range.

Her shell, much to her delight, was pointed white with a blue border, with 81B in red letters, by the station sign painter.

She lives in a small, board-fenced plot beside the barracks. It's about three feet square—a very commodious apartment for a turtle in wartime, says Myrtle. She has her own private bath, a "wash pan" pool, comfortably installed so she doesn't have to climb too high. She has her own private tunnel, consisting of a tomato can covered with sod. In the tunnel she sleeps off the hot hours while her B.A. pals are sweltering in flying togs.

"Nice place," says Myrtle. "Only I'm wondering if there are any strings attached." Don't worry, Myrtle, there are none.

Her food? Believe it or not, devoted admirers have found a pet shop where they sell turtle food. Not so expensive when the whole is chipping in," says Parsons. "What difference does the cost make—it's Myrtle, isn't it?" says Turpin, who found her. The food

## FREE PICTURES

**I**S YOUR picture in this issue of the Observer? If it is, drop around to the "Y" office in the recreation hall and you may have the original print. But the early worm gets the bird. If it is a group picture, the first member of the group to call will receive the print, and we only have one copy of each.

consists of dried flies and ant eggs. It is placed in the water as she can only eat under water.

"Dee-leesh-us," says Myrtle.

Myrtle's explanation of the way she was lost is a decided slam at our orderly room. She read D.R.O.'s as usual and noted that M.T. was to report to the P.T. sergeant at 12 noon. Well, M.T. means Myrtle Turtle, doesn't it? So she started out at 8 a.m. When somebody picked her up at 4 p.m. in front of the airmen's mess, she was pretty worried about a hardy slap of A.W.L., but the boys assured her it was all a mistake and she was safe even from the intrigues of Douglas.

Incidentally, Myrtle belies the usual beliefs about turtles having bad dispositions. She has never tried to make a quick lunch of the boys' fingers. And she has forgotten the meaning of fear, never pulling her head into her shell, even when picked up and carried. The picture shows her promenading on a friend's back, and looking over the countryside with keen interest.

Now for propaganda. The boys feel that Myrtle should be taken on strength as their official mascot. They'd even like to take her on parade with them, anchored by a lead to keep her from dashing madly about the parade square. They feel that her rank for the present should be LAT Myrtle (Leading Aircraftsturtle). When they get their wings they'd like her to be made a sergeant bombardier—it would be easy to add three stripes to Myrtle's hard shell.

### HOW'S YOUR GRUB NOW?

Three new cooks have arrived from the R.C.A.F. School of Cookery at Guelph. They are AW11.E. McRae, AW1 V. Bantam and AW2 G. V. Hughes.



### COUSIN PINS WING ON COUSIN

When Flight Officer Dora Newsom, T.T.S. doctor, asked her C.O. for permission to attend her cousin's wings parade here, he arranged it—and more. He contacted our C.O. and fixed it up so that she would pin the coveted wing on the tunic of her cousin, Sgt. David Newsom. It was a unique presentation and Sgt. Newsom was proud as punch when he stepped up for his wing. Both Newsoms are from Edmonton.

## S/O GRAHAM HAS BIG JOB FEEDING HUNGRY STATION

**Her Weekly Food Order Would Stagger Any Grocer**

### READ IT AND WEEP

By **P/O W. L. BOLENDER**

**H**OW would you like to walk into the corner grocery store each week and order 2000 eggs, 1400 loaves of bread, 6500 pounds of potatoes, 800 gallons of fresh milk and 1300 pounds of canned milk?

That's what S/O Francis Graham has to buy this week and every week, and more besides. For hers is the task of feeding this hungry station.

Few people realize the huge amount of foodstuffs consumed by a station this size. In addition to the above, here are a few of the other items. Over 3200 pounds of onions, carrots, turnips, beets and cabbage help give us our weekly supply of vitamins. Lettuce and celery are also served as available.

Civilians have felt the pinch in meat rationing, but not the personnel of No. 4 B. & G., who have had sufficient with some 4700 pounds of beef or pork requisitioned weekly, with mutton, fowl and fish served when possible.

Another headache to many householders is tea and coffee. We consume about 30 and 150 pounds respectively, and it is not necessary to make a second entrance for another cup. In addition, there are

### HE'S A DADDY

Congratulations to IAC Raymond Tompkins, transport driver, who recently became a daddy.

about 50 pounds of cocoa consumed weekly. And 800 pounds of butter.

Our breakfast tables are brightened almost daily with the appearance of grapefruit, tomato and apple juices, of which we use approximately 800 pounds every week.

Sixteen cooks, nine general duty and 27 civilians cater to the needs of the thousand hungry mouths fed daily at the O. R. mess.

In addition to preparing three meals daily and a late meal for night flyers, the cooks are called upon to make lunch boxes for emergency workers, boys going to the ranges, boxes for the lads on the quadrants and refreshments for afternoon teas on wings parade, and dances.

To help make faces brighter and tummies fuller at the O. R. mess, extra messing available from canteen funds makes possible fresh vegetables not obtainable from supply depot, as well as canned vegetables, fresh fruit, dry prepared cereals and ice cream.

Fresh carrots and cabbage will be making their appearance within a short period of time. Canned beets, peas, corn and beans are also being substituted.

There is possibility that the fresh potato supply may be limited shortly, but dehydrated potatoes will be substituted.



"Oh, Myrtle isn't fertile any more." That's Myrtle the Turtle you see here. She's mascot of 81B and that fact is well advertised on her back. Air bombers are C-R-O-O-L, aren't they?

## OUR MOTOR BOAT CREWMEN KEEP E'M SAILING AT PORT

No Matter How Much You Envy the Marine Section, Life Isn't Just a Bowl For Them—Read On and Find Out For Yourself

By SGT. H. C. WILFORD

**N**ESTLING on the western bank of the Port Stanley creek (the Indians have a name for it), lies the Fingal marine section. Yes, it just lays there in all its glory throughout the summer months and invokes the envy of all who pass, since they picture the life we lead (and get paid for, mind you) as their own idea of a perfect holiday, for which they have to pay out money to achieve. Well, frankly, it is nice—we made it so.

We begin this tale in an eastern Canadian port. There were twelve of us who, on Nov. 11th, 1940, were posted to a place called Fingal. Where was it? Some place in Upper Canada and that's all that mattered. The most elated of these were Allen, Vogel and myself, who accomplished the impossible by getting cleared in about four hours. As luck would have it, they missed the train by five minutes, but by taxi, at a cost of five bucks apiece, they caught it at a town 55 miles away. The other originals from the east coast were Sweet, Fitkowski, Carr, Brown, Gilbert, Mires, Lalonde, Fox and Lamb. From Trenton came the mighty atom, McPherson.

On arrival at Fingal we took them by surprise when we told them we were motorboat crew reporting for duty. First of all, they never heard of us, secondly they had no boats, and thirdly, winter was setting in. Then there was talk of sending us back. Letters were written and signals dispatched. We were dismayed. We had come to love this pile of mud, so we held a conference and it was decided that if we were smart we would get cracking and make ourselves useful. This we did. Our jobs were many and varied, some were disciplinarians, others helped in messes. There were some in the orderly room, the canteen — yes, and even the fire department had our men.

**T**HERE is an old saying, "United we stand, divided we fall," and we knew in our cunning acey-deucey fashion that unless we got together soon the MBC's would be a lost tribe. Miracles happen, though, and our chance came when our officer, F/O McCombe, rounded us up to get the range in shape. Believe me, we worked and enjoyed it! Targets were lost in storms, but were soon replaced by the MBC's, who now acted as carpenters. Lake ranges were washed out as impracticable and land ranges

replaced them and were quickly readied by our lads.

Bombing instructors were scarce and were taken out of the plotting office to where they were most needed. We helped both in the office and in the quadrants. What I'm getting at is that we earned our bread and butter, and did all we could in our power to keep 'em flying.

In the spring of '41 our section was bequeathed a holy boat. I say holy boat because it rolled hell out of you. Later on we received a fine little boat, M-236. During this year, if my memory serves me correctly, Fry and Storey joined our happy home, while brother Carr was posted away.

It was early in 1942 that Fry and Mires went West (by train), while Lalonde, who followed them, by some queer quirk, ended up east with Fox. Hand, who remustered from telephone operator to MBC in this year, drew much of the Port Stanley fishermen's attention to our section by debating the superior methods of the Lake Ontario fishermen over those of the Lake Erie fishermen. It was all good, clean fun, and everyone enjoyed themselves. It was in the fall of this year that the section received a brand spankin' new boat, M-434.

1943, Allen, Wilford, Storey and Hand were posted to Trenton. It also came to pass that all marine section personnel in No. 1 Training Command were united and officially posted to Trenton under No. 1 Command Marine Craft Base. They are a swell bunch from the O. C. down, and it is expected by this arrangement that bigger and better things will materialize from the MBC's. This spring we welcomed McDonald, who had a long stay on the west coast, and two new wireless men, Gardner and Malloy. We miss Moldy Allen,



The last duty of the corporals in the new barrack hut before lights out.

Storey, Hand and Vogel, but expect to see them at the close of navigation back at Trenton.

In the above rambling account much has been left out for the sake of brevity. Our daily jobs are just as routine as any other section's. Of our work on the lake—well, it's not all fair weather sailing. Sometimes we have to patiently wait for proper weather to keep the danger area markers, splash targets, and bombing target in correct position and condition. Time must also be chosen to avoid interfering with flying schedules and we must never, never go out without notifying the proper authorities for fear the two-hundred-yard range should start slinging pellets while en route.

Above is the gist of what we have done and are doing for dear old Fingal. At other stations we man bomb-boats, tow aircraft, raise wrecked aircraft from the lake bottom, or work in conjunction with aircraft of navigational flights. We have our own divers, carpenters, mechanics, wireless men, painters, coxswains, and then ourselves — motorboat crewmen — A group G.D.'s.



HEY! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO BE DANCING

Our cameraman caught this group at the sergeants' dance—Dolly McCaw, Sgt. Lamont, Mary O'Brien and Sgt. Bishop. Lamont seems to be having a bit of a nap, lulled to sleep, no doubt, by the orchestra. P.S.—Ladies' phone numbers NOT furnished on request.

Idea-of-the-Month

## A DATE BUREAU

How About It, WDs

By BYRON FISHER

A pair of new arrival bomb aimers propose a date bureau to assist airmen in getting dates promptly and efficiently for shows and dances. Reason for acute need, they say, is the short time they're here—three months for B.A.'s and half that for Wags. Claim couple of valuable weeks lost mooching around to find out who's who. W.D.'s would have to operate it. Candidate for W.D.'s companionship would submit slip to key W.D., giving vital personal statistics. Key W.D. would then select suitable female. Suggested form for G.I.S. men:

Doe, John. Height 5' 1"; weight, 205; complexion, brown; hair, lemon. Is athletic; interesting conversationalist. Hobbies: butterflies, chess, sex and quits. Wishes W.D. companion with same interests to go bike riding in St. Thomas. Has late pass and \$4. Can borrow \$3 more if necessary. No musts as regards girl, but prefers one with figure, poise and personality of Betty Grable—especially figure.

**Silly Question No. 50,001** — Fred Leppard: "Oh, Brown, old man." Brown: "What do you want?" Leppard: "Nothing important, really. But the seat of your pants is afire. Would you be interested in my putting it out?"

**Succinct, Old Man, Succinct** — They tell this one on Dick Stafford, though we seem to have heard it before somewhere. Dick has a farm in Shedden, and it seems that in dear old Civvie Daze he was in the habit of meeting a neighbor we'll call Lem, on the way to market once a week, when the following conversation took place — Dick: Good day, Lem. Lem: Good day, Dick. Dick: It's a nice day, Lem. Lem: Yes, 'tis a nice day, Dick. Dick: Well, good day, Lem. Lem: Good day, Dick.

After several years of this, the conversation was abruptly changed one week. Said Dick: Lem, did you give your horse when he had the colic? Lem: Gave it turpentine, Dick. Dick: Gave it turpentine, eh, Lem? Lem: Yes, gave it turpentine, Dick. Dick: Well, good day, Lem. Lem: Good day, Dick.

Next week this took place. Dick: Did you say you gave your horse turpentine when it had the colic? Lem: Yes, gave it turpentine, Dick. Gave it turpentine and it died. Dick: So did mine. Well, good day, Lem. Lem: Good day, Dick.

**Today's Five-Dollar Question** — What piece did the illustrious canteen duo of Sid and Brownie render when Jock Walker asked for "The British Grenadiers"? Gave the canteen a revival night atmosphere, but who ever heard of a football game in Saint Peter's yard?

### DAFFYNITIONS

Barracks: A crap game with a roof over it.

Sailor: Wolf in ship's clothing.

Moron: An airman who studies all night for a blood test.

Sir: What an airman says to an officer instead of "Hey, you."

# ATTENTION: AFHQ, OTTAWA BENNY'S GOT A HOT IDEA

Maintenance Man Suggests  
Roundhouse Type of  
Hangar

HE'S GOT SOMETHING!

By LAC BEN HALTER

GAIN we greet you from maintenance, and we are happy to be here at that, for we were gradually forgetting everything we knew about engines, and no cracks from the bleachers, either! It does really seem a shame that so many qualified mechanics are forced to work down in the flights when they are so sorely needed in maintenance hangars 5 and 6. In our humble opinion, the boys there now couldn't work any harder if their lives depended on it. (Strange thought—maybe they do). Why, the first day F/Sgt. Martin was there he remarked as he watched the ships rolling out, "It looks like mass production has come to stay!"

One night everyone stayed late in an effort to catch up with the inspections which had poured in over the week-end. Because the fellows worked until 9.30 p.m., the officers in charge, S/L Spruston, F/Lt. Ramshaw and F/O Shatford arranged to have an extra meal served. Of course, all the regular red tape had to be gone through. Everyone had to have a special late-meal chit stating the bearer's rank, name, initials and number, the date, the reason the late meal was required, and the section to which the bearer belonged. The W.D.'s in the orderly room really got cracking to get all the chits signed and typed in time. In fact they raised quite a lather because maintenance isn't composed of any half-dozen men. Well, eventually they were distributed and everyone was happy, until they walked into the mess and got a beautiful supper composed of bread, corn syrup and tea.

We may be wrong, but it seems to us the boys don't say "good morning" any more. They say "good moaning" instead. We noticed on D.R.O.'s the other day where an airman was thanked for making a suggestion that helped make life happier and easier. Now we don't expect to be thanked for this suggestion, but we just bubble over with bright ideas. It's just something we never quite outgrew, and every once in a while we have to proffer advice to someone it, and then won't use it, or blows a gasket. Well, this time we think we have something, but, of course, as per usual, nobody else does.

Everyone has heard of a roundhouse for engines (steam, to pull trains, we mean). Well, why doesn't the air force build ROUND maintenance hangars? O.K., go ahead and laugh; genius is never appreciated anyway. It would really be very simple. The aircraft would be pulled in tail first, on the outside of the circle. Inside would come the tool cribs and stores for equipment, and in the very centre

## NEXT DEADLINE ON JULY 23RD

Leave Contributions For  
Observer in "Y" Office

DEADLINE for the next Observer is Friday, July 23.

All copy for the August issue should be left in the "Y" office by that date. Section reporters are asked to have their stories ready as early as convenient, and if possible, typed, double-spaced.

The Observer welcomes contributions from anyone on the station. Articles, human interest stories, pictures, cartoons, poetry—in short, anything you think may interest your fellow-airmen and airwomen.

of the hangar would be the orderly rooms, offices and washrooms. The doors could be of the easy-lift type, like the ones the M.T. section has.

Of course, not being in maintenance, you could not understand the one who doesn't want it, doesn't fierce delight the N.C.O.'s take in wanting the very last ship in the hangar pulled out. All we have to do then is move eight other ships out of the way, just to get at that one. We can't just move them to one side. Oh no, that would never do! We have to move them so that the tarmac won't be blocked, which means we move them half way to St. Thomas, and all this without benefit of a tractor, mind you.

Seriously, though, the hours upon hours of work that are lost in the course of one day, and which are unavoidable, would very soon pay for the difference in the cost, if there was any, of building this type of hangar.

By golly, I've even convinced myself now!

Apropos of the foregoing, suggestions from airmen are wanted at all times, especially of a constructive type. That's the why-for of the suggestion boxes in the smoke rooms. Any moans, suggestions, ideas, or criticisms will, you can be sure, be given consideration. If, unlike us, you haven't the nerve of a Dick Tracy, you needn't sign your name to the note you write. Also, we'll try and print as many of them as we can, and if you'll allow us, use your name. If not, it will be shrouded in the deepest anonymity.

"Well," said LAC Dave Roth the other day, "I went into town and watched the Magna Charta parade. It certainly is a wonderful piece of paper, that Magna Charta," he continued to the world in general. "Look what it did—it made all men equal, except, of course, N.C.O.'s."

Two sailors who had been on a binge stood watching the swing door at the umpteenth bar.

Suddenly a man entered, and as the door swung round a pretty girl stepped out.

"Darned good trick," one of them muttered, "but I don't see how that chap changed his clothes so quick."



IT'S RIGHT FOR  
CLASS SENIOR FEE  
LAC TAYLOR

### MEET MR. TAYLOR

LAC Culley, a commercial artist before he enlisted, has drawn this remarkably lifelike sketch of his fellow-air-bomber, LAC Taylor.

### MEET 57A

They're New Inmates at  
Fingal

By LAC JOHN PHILLIPS

We in 57A are new inmates at Fingal, but steeped in a hard school of discipline at WAGS. Yet, as a class we have marked individualists among us.

LAC Clare Moxley, who holds the academic award of 457 entry at No. 4 Wireless School in Guelph, carries on in the capacity of class senior.

Scotty, that is, LAC Charlie Graham, is a talented drummer boy from Winnipeg. Dan Lewis, of Glace Bay, N. S., is a whiz on the Morse key. He can handle well over 25 words a minute.

Don't mispronounce Jim Mewha's name. It's "Me" as in Marconi, and "Wha" as in Hercules. Put the two together and you have a top radio and track man.

G. T. Morrison is not only a top WAG but also a top husband, daddy and athlete. He hails from Hamilton. Phil Maddigan is our representative from Newfoundland. Dave Stewart, of Toronto, has a physique like Charles Atlas.

Our other classmates are Jerry Staples, J. R. Thrasher and D. Weed, all-round good fellows.

## J. J. IN DETROIT

Our staff cameraman is a ubiquitous fellow. Here he caught LAC J. J. Johnson in Detroit on a "48". The cuddly little woman is a southern girl, we understand, with an accent you can slice. Nice going, J. J.



## BRIGHT CHARACTERS MAKE UP CLASS 84C

Including a Man Who Thinks  
Women Are Wonderful

By LAC MAGUIRE

In a moment of mental weakness I volunteered to introduce and build up our class to the station. So, to start—I'm Mickey Maguire, 5' 5 1/2" soaking wet, from Toronto, and used to drop for a band (unknown).

Dave Lynch, class senior, hails from St. Johns, N. B. In another month he'll probably be a mental case, worrying about us.

Alex "Napoleon" Gorman is a sports fiend from Toronto "The Good" and has cause to be proud of his U. E. L. ancestors.

Keith Thomas, Nova Scotian, is outstanding because he claims he's never done anything remarkable.

Eddie Berialut, from Montreal, is a leading middleweight boxer who fought in the 1936 Olympia trials. W.D.'s note—this guy's got IT!

Carl Kennedy, an Ottawa boy, tells me his brother, an F/O, has four planes and a locomotive to his credit in Malta.

Art Dixon, also from Ottawa, has been in the hospital for the past week, so is being transferred back. Tough break.

"Army" Armstrong—blonde, plus a way with the girls, naturally equals a WOLF. From Ottawa, too.

Paul Carman, Collingwood, likes roller skating and is a softball pitcher of repute.

Bud McKinnon, St. Catharines—I'll lay three to one that he'll wind up with scrambled eggs on his hat when this war is over.

Erney Burke, tall, dark and handsome, is from Kingston (not the pen.). He's a swell guy.

Gene O'Keefe, Toronto, is an ex-navigator and a regular guy. Frank Gibbons, Hamilton, is the lad you see coming on parade at least five minutes late. Bob Hamilton, from Toronto, believes in rest. He can sleep in any position—and does all the time.

Dave Herron is from the U.S. and thinks women are wonderful. Don't we all. George Atkinson is a Hamiltonian whose main difficulty is the Aldis lamp.

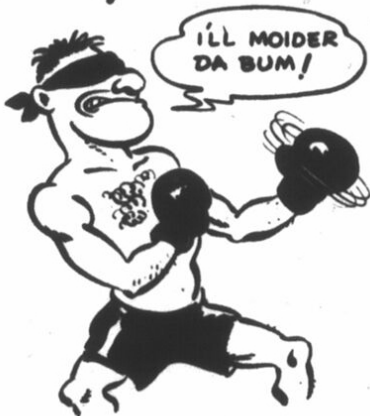
So there you have us—Class 84C, and you can be sure you'll know us better before our 12 weeks are up.

# Here's a Cartoon for Fingal's Aircrew



## Beware - Recognize! A GOOD POLICY

Pilots, Gunners, do you know who is friend and who is foe?



There's no sense in learning sighting if you don't know whom you're fighting.

BUT IT AIN'T THE SAME AS THE REAL THING

It's your job to know your stuff—silhouettes are not enough.



Spend a bit of time on swotting: Be a 'whiz' at air craft spotting.

And invest your recreation in insurance for duration!



FULL CREDIT FOR THIS ONE GOES TO L.A.C. DYKE -

№ 2 A.O.S.

FAR BE IT from us to moralize, or even try to tell you what you ought to know. But—when you get overseas, never let it be said of you: "He has 10 aircraft to his credit—all British." So we thought you might be interested in this humorous cartoon sent down from Ottawa. In fact, it put quite a crimp in our engraving budget for this issue, but we think it's worth it.