



Fingal Observer

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



THE SWIMMING POOL has become a mecca for Fingal's mermaids and mermen, and just how much fun they're getting out of it you can see from the pictures above. **TOP LEFT:** AW1 Herta Herman, Cpl. Dora Reedman, Cpl. Helen Kasdorf, LAW Hilda Jardine. **TOP CENTRE:** F/O Tom Sohter and P/O Stu. Preston under the shower. **TOP RIGHT:** LAW Terry Gaucher, a neat little number from the officers' mess. **CENTRE OVAL:** shows AW1 Dorothy Graham coming up the ladder. **BOTTOM LEFT:** The first three to dive in when the pool opened, all officers. Can you identify them? **BOTTOM CENTRE:** A gay group on opening night. **BOTTOM RIGHT:** LAW Mary Caldwell, one of the hospital honeys. **BELOW:** LAW "Tommy" Thomson, of accounts section, who certainly cuts a neat figure on the pool's edge.



YOUTHFUL INVADERS OF FINGAL WERE AIR CADETS NOT GREMLINS

And Boy, How They Learned the Tricks of the Trade In Ten Days!

HAD LOTS OF FUN, TOO

OLD soldiers at 15! That's how Fingalites described the 113 Toronto air cadets who spent 10 days here.

Take that Sunday route march on their schedule! The lads arrived Tuesday, hale and healthy. It was announced that a route march would be held Sunday. By parade time, no less than 26 reported on sick parade.

"Haw!" chuckled the sergeant-major. "They're not cadets. They're old soldiers now."

The 10 days at Fingal wasn't all marching and drill for the boys aged 15 to 17. "They're getting a training second to none, regardless of which service they later join, and having a swell holiday to boot," said F/L H. F. Sneath, of Toronto, who was R.C.A.F. officer in charge of the cadets.

The boys were absorbed into station life as soon as they arrived. They had airmen's billets, ate in the airmen's mess, and lived an air force life for 10 days.

THEY made a thorough inspection of the station, visiting the gunnery ranges, bombing teacher, control tower, parachute section, Link trainer, photo section, and various other sections. They probably got to see more of the station than many who are stationed here. A native never knows his own town, anyway.

The boys had lectures on theory of flight, armament, aircraft recognition, mathematics, navigation and bombing. Ex-operational men described their experiences overseas. And they were shown how an air force station is administered.

There was something doing for them every minute of the time from reveille at 0615 to lights out at 2200 hours. And they loved it!

Every lad got two hours a day on tarmac duty; pushing aircraft around, washing them, crawling over them, and generally learning the language of the service. They could do anything but fly, which was forbidden to them while here. Apart from tarmac, the only other work they were required to do was help serve meals to themselves in the mess hall.

"We don't bring these lads out to cut grass and do chores," said F/L Sneath. "We try to give them an air force life for 10 days, and let them have as much fun as possible."

SPORTS took up almost every evening for the boys. And since Fingal's new swimming pool opened, many of them went in for swimming activities. And at Sunday church parade, you could hardly get in for the cadets who were there.

They're keen as mustard, and

FOR MEN ONLY!!

WHEN summer tunics are removed, plain black belts approximately one inch in width are to be worn. Braces are not to be worn under any circumstances. This ruling, of course, applies to airmen only.

have certainly won the admiration of station personnel, who were just a bit puzzled about the cadets' enthusiastic behavior.

About that route march. You see, the station medical officer is an "old soldier," too.

When they all appeared claiming they were not well enough to take the march down the road, he prescribed the usual remedy in such cases: Work in the hangars for the afternoon.

The second group of 200 cadets came from Windsor, Brantford and Woodstock. An innovation of their training was the introduction of bike-planes by G/C Kerr.

A number of bikes were brought to Fingal by the cadets and our workshops rigged them up with miniature wings and tailplanes. They rode round the parade square with Fingal pilots, who gave them instruction in formation flying and airmanship generally.

A demonstration was put on by the boys for their visitors on the Sunday before they left. This unique new method of training excited the interest of several metropolitan newspapers, who sent reporters and cameramen to cover the event.

Air cadet N.C.O.'s will carry on with bike-plane training for their squadrons in their home towns.



FATHER AND SON Sgt. W. S. Pringle, of works and buildings, pins a WAG's wing on the tunic of his son, P/O Geo. Pringle, who graduated at Fingal.

TORONTO SHOW, TRAM ARE FREE ON SUNDAYS

Queen City Not As Dead As It Used To Be — Not Quite

WHAT'S Toronto coming to? First the T.T.C. announces that men and women in uniform can ride the street cars free on Sunday. And now the four leading downtown theatres are giving out free tickets for Sunday shows, starting at 1430 hours.

Theatre tickets can be picked up at any of the following places: Armed Forces Information Bureau, Union Station; Active Service Canteen, 12 Adelaide St. E.; St. Michael's Hostel, 25 Toronto St.; Women's Active Service Club (I.O.D.E.), 86 Yonge St.

Clip this out for reference when you hit Toronto on a "48".

IT'S ABOUT TIME THE INSPECTOR-GENERAL LET US INSPECT THE OFFICERS!

CLERK'S JOB TOO DULL SO HE'S NOW AIRCREW

Cpl. Jack Carter, of Moncton, Is Class Senior For 85C Air Bombers

By LAC'S PETERS AND WHITMORE

DEAR old Fingalites: It is our pleasure to bring to your notice the worthy members of 85C. All of us were once pilots, but it was discovered that as pilots we should make jolly good bombardiers.

First let's introduce our flight senior, Cpl. Jack "Red" Carter, from Moncton, who enlisted in 1940. Getting little excitement as a clerk-steno, he reentered to aircrew. Red's biggest chance of failure is the possibility of falling through a bombing hatch.

Bob Craig, of Orillia, was an accountancy clerk, but gave up the imprisonment of a desk for the rather questionable freedom of the air. Bill Cook, of Hamilton, who so recently took the fatal matrimonial plunge, is honeymooning on his none too frequent "48's". Bill has quite a voice and before enlisting he entertained the troops with the Hamilton Victory Chorus. Alec Brown was with a milk company in Niagara Falls before he joined up.

Now we come to the lads from the other side of the Atlantic. Reg. Legg was born in Derby, but at a very early age forsook the old country for Lahore, Punjab. Reg. left India in 1939 and returned to England. He enlisted in the R.A.F. last year.

CLIFF DICKINSON, ex-engineer, sent his Yorkshire accent over the radio during an interview at a Newark, N. J., station. Bill Olver, Cornwall mining engineer, was born in Detroit and went to England when he was four. Chance has brought him almost home again.

George Charlton, of Lincolnshire, and "Jack" Swanson, of Glasgow, were both with the General Post Office. Reg. Gould, of London, was a coal company representative. Oscar Hofmann, born in Switzerland, spent most of his life in England. Denny Russell, an Irishman, joined up in 1942, straight from school.

Arthur Young, of Cambridge, was employed by the Ministry of Health. Ted Vaughan is an ex-London banker. Johnny Whitmore, of Birmingham, was within sight of his wings at S.F.T.S., but fate decreed he should be an air bomber. Stewart Cook, of Brighton, learned the ropes in the air cadets before he joined up. Arthur Peters, of Kent, was with the Ministry of Labor until he joined as a clerk (special duties). He worked in an operations room until he decided that life in the air is infinitely better than working underground.

Air-Gunners' O.C. is Operational Veteran



WHEN F/O Nick Carter (then a sergeant-air gunner) arrived overseas on Christmas Day, 1940, his contingent was greeted by the Duke of Hamilton. TOP LEFT: The Duke chats with Nick. TOP RIGHT: F/O Carter today, taken at his desk in G.I.S., where he supervises WAG courses. BOT-

TOM LEFT: During his training days at Jarvis, where he graduated. BOTTOM RIGHT: Ground crew of Nick's squadron overseas pose with a 2,000-pounder for Hamburg.

F/O NICK CARTER DID 30 RAIDS WITH RAF SQUADRON OF WIMPS

He Attacked Germany Wearing His Issue Winter "Undies" Every Time, as Good Luck Charm—Chased Fire Engine Down Main Street of Munster From 2,000 Feet.

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

TRYING to interview Nick Carter was like trying to get a pass to see the opening ball game, or like talking to yourself in a mirror.

The man we mean is F/O Nick Carter, in charge of air-gunners' courses at G.I.S., whose exciting operational career equals anything done by his namesake of detective fiction fame.

"Any exciting trips overseas?" we started.

"Go way; you bother me!" "We're just trying to get an interview for the Observer, sir," we started again.

"Go way; you bother me!" Well, a man can only stand so much, and after about 10 days of this sort of thing he finally broke down and gave us some bits and

pieces, which we'll try and weave into a story.

A former Toronto stock-keeper, Nick joined up in May, 1940. He was in the first class at No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, and in the first class to be winged at Jarvis. He graduated in November, 1940, and spent 17 months overseas.

ON 57 Squadron, R.A.F., he was the only Canuck in his crew and did 30 trips in Wimpys, totaling 190 operational hours. He's been to Ostend, Kiel, Munster, Hamm, Bremen, Dusseldorf, Hamburg, Hanover and Rotterdam. He was on the 1,000-plane raid on Cologne. He attacked the Scharnhorst and Goetsman at Brest, and the Prince Engine in the Atlantic.

No particularly exciting trips, he claims. "They're all the same—like

a Bing Crosby picture," he said. "You see one and you've seen them all."

The most fun he had was chasing a fire engine down the main street of Munster one night. The town was lit up like daylight on its first big raid. Nick was in the front turret when his Wimpy came down to 2,000 feet and chased the fire engine.

Bremen was his toughest trip. They had to dive from 18 thousand to the roof-tops to get out of searchlights and flak.

At Munster they were attacked three times by two Me. 109's. They drove them off and think the tail gunner got one.

IS NICK superstitious? Does he believe in good luck charms? He says no, but just the same he admits to wearing the same suit of issue winter underwear on all 30 trips. And then he sent it to the laundry.

His crew was a musical lot, consisting of a Scottish pilot, an Irish second pilot, and an English WOP, navigator and tail gunner. On the run-up they would sing "Fools Rush In Where Angels Fear To Tread," and on the way home the theme song was "There's a Happy Land Far, Far Away."

During his operational career he

JONESY SPILLS BEANS ON HIS MATES IN 84B

Divulges All Their Pet Names And What They Really Stand For

By "JONESY" PELLISSIER

EVERYONE, during his air force career, acquires some sort of nom de plume. This nickname usually refers to one's character or something he has at one time done.

Some are curious examples of ingenuity—and we do mean ingenuity. Some have vulgar meanings, but heartfelt sincerity. Others defy explanation. Take the nicknames in 84B for example. Any reference or resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental, and the Observer will not be held responsible for the following revelations.

"Sonny Boy" Allen, the mental midget. We are raising him to be a good boy. What a problem child. Ask Me. 110.

"Dit" Dittmar. Our aldis expert. He sends wireless in his sleep.

"And" Hand seems to have some kind of an accent. We can't make it out, but we'll try and keep you posted.

"Mother" Hall. Domestic, pure, free, white and at least 21. All offers given consideration.

"Elegant" Moynes. Better known as "Lil Abner." We have a few more pet names for him, but the Editor said "Keep it clean." We mustn't forget to mention his bathing trunks. Keep an eye out for them. Wow!

"Wild Max" Maxwell. He says he's Scottish. Personal opinion tabs him. Zulu.

"Obie" O'Brian. G-r-r-r-r-r!!!

"Jonesy" Pellissier. I'm writing this, so I'll say nice things about me. A grand fellow. Continual mispronunciation of last name led to monicker "Jonesy." I find it easier myself.

"Shadow" Smart. Stepped right out of the Harold Teen comic strip. Is he funny? No.

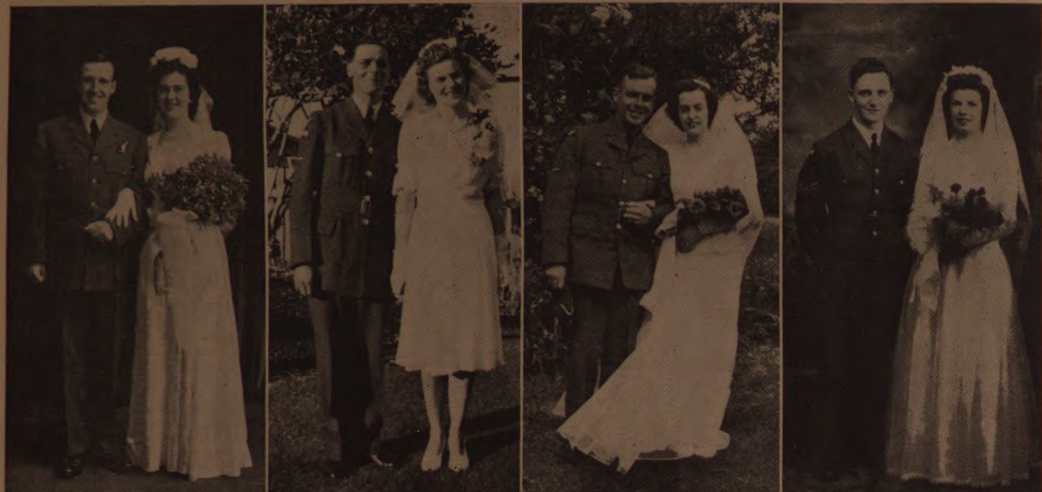
West. We haven't been able to pin anything on him yet, but give us time. Everyone has his vices.

P.S.—We're really a bunch of jerks, but we sure have fun.

dropped cigarettes over Holland on Queen Wilhelmina's birthday, and tea bags as well. Not to mention leaflets which they carried almost every time.

Nick was gunnery leader on his squadron until he returned to Canada. When he got back he was married and became a gunnery officer at a Canadian O.T.U., where he remained until his posting to Fingal in June.

Now he and Cathy, his charming young wife, live at Port Stanley, where he dreams up ideas for making Canadian air-gunners "tops" in the business.



WEDDING BELLS rang loud and clear for Fingal personnel, who are pictured above with their lovely brides. From the LEFT; P/O Charles Nicholson, of Owen Sound, with his charming bride, the former Erlow Pulsford, of Hamilton. They were married in Hamilton and following a honeymoon cruise on the Great Lakes, P/O Nicholson is back in the gunnery section. Nicholson, an air-gunner, joined the infantry on June 12, 1940. Seventeen months later to the day he remustered to aircrew. He was then a corporal. He got his wing at Mont Joli, and after an instructor's course at Mountain View was posted to Fingal as gunnery instructor. Next is LAC and Mrs. Steven Kereliuk.

He's from Windsor and she's the former Jean Findlay of Calgary. Steve, now on 58 WAGS, met Jean a week after he arrived at Fingal wireless school, where he spent seven months. Jean was one of the Hostess club girls who attended a dance at the school. Steve went, and that's how it all happened. Next is LAC and Mrs. William Wood, married in Windsor by P/L F. H. Paull, padre at Windsor E.F.T.S. The bride is the former Elsie Couchman of Windsor. After a week-end honeymoon Bill returned to plug away with 85C air-bombers. Extreme RIGHT is Cpl. and Mrs. Ed. Keenan (nee Clara Casier of St. Thomas). Ed., an AFM in maintenance hangar, took his bride home to Brandon on their honeymoon. They reside in St. Thomas.

GETS TIRED OF FLYING A DESK SO GUSE LEAVES FOR AIRCREW

He Travelled Exactly 130 Miles in 3½ Years' Service

TWO YEARS AT FINGAL

IT'S LIKE leaving home." So spoke F/Sgt. Al Guse, in charge of accounts section here for two years, when he was posted to Toronto, on the first step in his aircrew career.

Guse, 31, was a bank accountant in Toronto until he joined the army pay corps in July, 1940. For six months he was attached to the R.C.A.F. at Command, then T.I.S. He then switched to air force blue and was posted to Fingal.

"In three and a half years," he said, "I've travelled exactly 130 miles." But he'll sure make up for it now, and when his remuster came through he was happy as a recruit wearing his uniform for the first time.

Guse, whose home is in Kitchener, has two brothers and a sister in uniform. P/O Jack Guse is a Fingal-trained air bomber, now instructing at Mossbank. Doris is in the Wrens. And Alfred got his discharge from the Mounties in order to join the army.

He has a wife and child, who will continue to reside in St. Thomas. He has been posted to the reselection centre at No. 1 "M" depot.



F/SGT. GUSE

RETURNS TO FINGAL AFTER THREE YEARS

Three years ago Sgt. Harry Dawson was stationed here as a parachute rigger. Now he is back on course 86 air bombers.

Dawson was stationed at Aylmer when he remustered. In civilian life he was a yarn tester in a spinning mill. He's a Brantford lad.

Robby Gets Joe'd — And Likes It!!

THE phone rang in bombing flight. "We want a handsome young officer to show two ladies around the station," said the voice with authority.

So P/O Chickinell was assigned to the deed. Chickinell debated with himself. "A Joe job," he thought. "Probably a couple of old bags. To heck with it." And he politely declined. P/O Robinson stepped in to fill the breach, and you can imagine Chickinell's chagrin about a half hour later when Robby strolled by the hangar with two lovely young things that set all hearts a-flutter. Oh, well, better luck next time, Chick.

8 INSTRUCTORS POSTED

By AW1 PHYLLIS CORBETT

LAST month we more or less glorified some particular courses, and also had some interesting incidents that happened in our little domain at G.I.S. But this time I'm afraid I have none of that to tell. Oh!—but I nearly forgot the postings. We have lost eight of our officer instructors. All posted overseas and, no doubt, to operational duties. (Lucky so and so's.) It is the one jump that all of them had been waiting for, and believe me, there was excitement around here when they found out. F/O Whitelaw, F/O Bacheldeur and F/O Scott were among the lucky bunch, and perhaps the best known.

AIRMEN COMMENDED BY AIR STAFF CHIEF

Ex-Fingalites Attempted To Prevent Crash of Anson

Two Fingal-trained air bombers were commended by Air Marshal Breadner, chief of the air staff, for attempting to avert the crash of an Anson after the pilot had fainted at the controls.

They are LAC's J. A. Curtis and R. H. Bailey, who baled out safely when their efforts were unsuccessful. The letter to Bailey stated: "I have been advised that when an Anson aircraft of No. 4 A.O.S., of which you were a member of the crew, crashed into Lake Erie May 14, you acted with great coolness, attempting to revive the pilot and later in endeavoring to get him out of his seat, the better to control the aircraft.

"I wish therefore to express my personal appreciation for the courage and resourcefulness you displayed for the fine example you have set for all ranks of the R.C.A.F."

The letter to Curtis was identical, with the exception that Air Marshal Breadner wrote: "I am advised that you behaved with coolness in attempting to control the aircraft after the pilot had fainted, although you have had no previous flying experience."

AW1 PHYLLIS CORBETT VS. LAC BEN HALTER

Maintenance Man Says Nuts to You, G.I.S., or Words to That Effect

BATTLE OF CENTURY

By LAC BEN HALTER

THERE'S a young lady over in G.I.S. who, according to the July issue of the Observer, is deeply in love with her section. Now, taking it by and large, that is a very good thing, and we could stand more of it; but this airwoman has somehow or other become convinced that G.I.S. alone will win the war.

There is no doubt that G.I.S. does play a vital part in the training of aircrew, the job to which the whole staff and the whole station is dedicated, but it is no more so than any other section, and to discriminate is a sure way to cause discord and disunity.

Napoleon once said, "An army marches on its stomach," and what was true then is still true now. Fliers must be fed and clothed; and the cooks and equipment clerks hustle and do their best to satisfy everyone. Aircrew have to be paid, and the accounts section is at their service. Medical and dental troubles are well taken care of by the appropriate sections; and so it goes, every section contributing to the health and welfare and training of the gunners and bombardiers. Of all these, perhaps the two sections that in our opinion are as directly connected with this training are the two most overlooked. They are the pilots and maintenance.

ALL aircrew must have so many exercises in the air, and their course is not complete unless they have them. To get these exercises, we must have pilots and they must have ships, and the trainees must supply the ships and the ground crew to service them. The pilots must be ready to fly whenever the weather allows, night or day, as flying is done 24 hours out of 24.

In the July Observer, for some unknown reason, the author's viewpoint seems to be reflected by some in other sections as well, believing that their section is the important one, and not caring a hoot for any other. We can't change your opinions, but your viewpoint reminds us of an old story.

It concerns a Highland chieftain, full of all the historic pride and arrogance of his race and day. No one in his castle was permitted to eat meals or partake of any food prior to or while this old chief was eating. At the conclusion of his meal, he sounded trumpets for his bodyguard and marched to the roof of his castle. There he would turn to the north, south, east and west, and facing each direction would proclaim aloud to the four winds, "McLean has eaten! Now the rest of the world may eat!"

"In this war, as in no other ever before, it truly is "One for All, and All for One."

SOCCER TEAM SECOND TO NONE UNBEATEN, UNTIED, UNSCORED ON

Fingal's Men of Iron Sweep All Before Them in Four-Station League

SMART GOALKEEPING

By "PETE" McLELLAN

THIS is our third consecutive season of soccer on the station. It is also, by far, the best. The same enthusiasm prevails on other stations, as witness our visit to Crumlin a few weeks ago. The Crumlin team toiled all day in a very hot sun getting a football pitch out of a farmer's field.

There is a four-station league this season: T.T.S., Aylmer, Crumlin and Fingal. The schedule is drawn up, home and away games with each, ending Aug. 9 with Crumlin here. We believe there is some play-off scheme afoot with the winners of another district.

In the evening the C.O. will stop and watch with keen interest the boys playing soccer, as he moves from one section of station sports to another. S/L R. T. Graham has always followed the fortunes of the team. Although hockey and softball may be his pets, nevertheless soccer has a place in the repertoire of his love for manly and competitive sport. Getting off our mark so well this season is due in no small measure to F/O G. Hull, who has been at all our games so far.

Our S.W.O. and WO1 Myers both go to all games—but not as spectators. The positional play at right back of the former against Crumlin was a rare lesson to the young fellows; the later can still fleet down the left wing, and still possesses a wicked left foot shot.

He scored a brilliant goal in one game from an angle and fairly well out. Dickens has one of the hardest shots in the game. The opposing centre half and backs adopt

FINGAL TEAM LEADS ST. THOMAS LEAGUE

Fingal Bombers.....	8
Union	6
Weatherheads	4
Athletics	2

Dicky every game, sort of "me and my shadow," but that doesn't bother the Dick. Other old regulars are Evans, cool, never flustered; Lorimer, a natural back if ever there was one; and that hardy perennial, Frosty Phillips, still dangerous around the goal. Jimmy Noakes, Toronto Scottish, played for us while he was stationed here.

CREDIT to the aircrew members of the team, the always-young-in-spirit, their heart and soul in the game, those red-blooded lads from overseas put all they've got into their play. We hope when they have gone to carry on in a greater game they will remember us who are left behind, will not forget those Canadian summer evenings spent down here in Fingal. We shall remember them. Lastly, the originator, creator and moving spirit since the time we had no boots, no ball, is Sgt. Montgomery of the hospital. He brought the team from the talking stage to the football field. Monty played for Ballymena, an Irish cup winner of some years back. There must be something in a name after all, for Monty has inoculated the game on this station with the serum of enthusiasm. Play well, play hard, but play fair. Games and players are listed in D.R.O.

To July 23 the record is: station 5, won 3; goals for 27, against 1. The following represent the team: Barker, Lorimer, Dosse, Dickens, Douglas, Frame, Berger, Sharpe, Myers, Finlay, Gould, Richards, Clarke, Evans, Phillips and Monty.



WHO IS SHE?

MYSTERY GIRL SOUGHT STATION PIN-UP TITLE

Her Identity Is Revealed by Observer's Reporter-Sleuth

By CPL. JACK CARTER

GREAT consternation was caused in camp as courses 85 air bombers dumped their first block-buster. Six attempted suicides were reported among contestants for station pin-up girl, and Toronto bookies were not accepting bets at any odds against 85's choice for the pin-up title.

The identity of the future "Miss Fingal" will not be revealed pending an investigation into a minor point of eligibility. So for the present the campaign committee has ruled that she will be known as the Mystery Girl. However, it is not thought advisable to delay the announcement too long as it may adversely affect the final choice.

The selection was made without a single dissenting voice. In fact, it was received with more genuine approval than has been shown since Benito was reported running through Sicily in issue shorts.

Until more information is available we ask everyone to reserve his opinion. P.S.—Telephone number to highest bidder.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The Observer never sleeps. Our staff of detective-reporters, assisted by the S.P.'s, have succeeded in unmasking the Mystery Girl. Her identity is revealed in one of the stories in this issue. Read on and ye shall find it. We had to work, so why not you?

AND DID!

A tourist stopped in front of a little country store, dumbfounded at the sight of an enormous display of salt piled on the premises. Stack after stack, boxes, barrels and bags. Tons of salt, inside the store and out. "Ye gods, man, you must sell a lot of salt," exclaimed the tourist. "No, I don't sell much," replied the storekeeper, "but you shoulda seen the guy that came here last week. He really could sell salt."



GOIN' TO TOWN IN REC. HALL

Remember the June heat wave? And remember when the sports meet was postponed due to cold weather? Well, here's how a bunch of Fingal's jive-artists disported themselves that night. It was an impromptu dance session in ye olde recreation hall—and fun was had by all.

86C BOASTS EXPERTS DIGE, HAGGIS, BOMBS

Six Canucks and Eight R.A.F. Lads Keep Things Popping on New Course

By CPL. G. RICHARDS and LAC HOLLINGSWORTH

86C IS a mixed class, six Canadians and eight from the old country. Unfortunately we have two of our members in hospital, LAC's Chopin and Brockhurst, and it is unlikely that they will become pukka members of 86C. To them we extend our wishes for a speedy recovery.

To get on with the introducing of the other members. First we have "Jock" Robertson, who hails from the land of haggis. Jock is the wit of the party. His speech is a source of constant bewilderment to everyone, his fellow-countrymen included, and his wind-finding something to be seen to be appreciated. Tornados are mere trifles and an everyday occurrence when Jock gets going. He has also taken on the job of class barber, doing a terrific job on one of his classmates' hair for the I.G.'s inspection.

Second Scotsman in our midst is Gordon Duncan, and according to official circles he is a woman-hater. That may be, but he is certainly no animal hater, as he spends his spare time caring for six kittens, one of which we hope to adopt as class mascot.

Then there is the third Jock, "Sea Level" Munro. His heart interest lies somewhere in the U.S.A. and he is regularly seen reading long letters from that country. His chief moan is being in a top bunk, as he has to get upon a chair when he wants to go to bed.

COMING around to the English members of 86C, we find Bob Reeves of London, who is certainly no woman hater. He is also our duff gen expert, being the possessor of great argumentative powers. Humphries, our star swimmer, hails from Essex, and his one ambition during his stay here is to perform the unique feat of swimming the length of the pool underwater. We expect to fish his body out any day.

Webb, who comes from that ancient seat of learning, Cambridge, is the only member of the class who has explored St. Thomas to any extent, paying frequent visits to town. The taking in of his laundry seems to be his excuse, but since when has the laundry worn skirts?

The last of the English members is my co-writer, Stan Hollingsworth, another London lad, who is a grand fellow and admired by the rest of his classmates. He had the touch luck to be washed out at S.F.T.S., but hopes to make the grade here. He also makes a horrible noise on a piano that he calls music.

Our class senior is Cpl. Gwyn Richards, who comes from Welsh



SWIMMING POOL GOES OVER BIG ALL RANKS ENJOY COOLING DIPS

Volunteer Lifeguards and Instructors Are Asked To Contact Y.M.C.A.

LESSONS TO BE GIVEN

THE swimming pool has made a hit at Fingal.

It is one of the most popular spots on the station these hot days and evenings, but—like everything else in the service—it is governed by rules and regulations. All for your own protection.

Here they are, for your digestion:

The pool may be used by personnel during the following hours:
1330-1700: All ranks.
1700-1800: Officers and Sr. N.C.O.'s only.
1800-2130: All ranks.

All swimmers must take showers and use foot bath before entering pool.

There is to be no running around tank. Swimmers must keep to the duck boards. Anyone accidentally stepping off the boards must reshower before entering pool.

There is to be no pushing or ducking of other swimmers.

Only one person to be on spring-board at a time.

No one is allowed in the pool unless a qualified supervisor is present.

Pool is out of bounds before 1330 hours and after 2130 hours, except for organized periods.

Wales. He is a soccer player of no mean calibre, and a keen player of the national sport of Welshmen, rugby. His two hooks are the result of five years' service in the R.A.F., so please don't talk about sprogs when he is around.

Of the Canadian members, first we have Fuller, our star student, who cannot seem to understand why G.D.'s only get \$1.50 a day.

Depper, a local lad, is the dice expert, so we are told, and can be seen almost any night giving a fair imitation of a sub in the swimming pool.

Cox holds the doubtful honor of being our first victim to fall into the clutches of the S.P.'s. We won-

NEXT DEADLINE ON AUGUST 23rd

Leave Contributions For Observer in "Y" Office

DEADLINE for the next Observer is Monday, August 23. All copy for the September 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.

Any person is subject to rejection at any time by supervisor in charge of pool.

Personnel in swim suits are to wear shoes and proceed directly to and from barracks.

Personnel wishing to act as lifeguard or swimming instructor are asked to submit names and full qualifications to Y.M.C.A. office. Those wishing to enroll in swimming classes, beginners or advanced, or life-saving classes, are to submit names to the "Y".

der what delayed him on his return from pass.

Dickie is perhaps the most disappointed member and he sees no reason why he cannot be granted an S.O.P. now that his better half is residing near camp.

Brush, our ex-navigator, is the quietest lad in the class, but he can certainly make a bombsight talk.

Fred McNab, whose thoughts are always dwelling on the fairer sex, is trying to live up to his Scotch name by trying to learn the Scottish dialect from his Scottish classmates. At the time of going to press he has just passed the Doch and Doris stage and is feeling very happy.

W. D. SPORTS

By CPL. HELEN KASDORF

TO KEEP your spirits up in spite of everything is really something. It's not hard to get a winning team out for a game, but when you've been beaten on your home diamond, there's nothing like trying again.

When the Fingal Bomberettes played a losing game at Aylmer, it rained all the way down. We played on a muddy, slippery field with a wet ball. In spite of these handicaps, we had a good game. On the team were Newton, Davidson, Pridding, Hoennmans, Clements, McAloney, Kasdorf, Mossey, Sutherland, McColl and Gaucher.

After the game they served coffee and doughnuts. As this was our second game in the league, we still have hopes of improving. With the help of our new coaches Cpl Stoddard, Cpl Adams and Sgt. Paul it shouldn't be very difficult.

OUR rifle club is improving a great deal, or at least the targets are. The club meetings have changed from Wednesday to Thursday night because of the ball games. It doesn't seem to have affected the turnout. We still hope to see more airwomen join. Even though you have never held a gun, there's always one of the instructors who doesn't mind showing you how it's done. Next meeting will be from 6 to 9 Thursday night.

C.I. IS POSTED

W/C Douglas Blagrove, Fingal's chief instructor, has been posted to A.F.H.Q., Ottawa. We understand he is shortly to proceed overseas to take a special course.



CLASS SENIOR

Cpl. Jack Carter, 26, of Moncton, was a clerk-steno before he mustered to aircrew. He joined up in October, 1940, and was stationed at St. Eugene, Ancienne Lorette and Windsor Mills before coming here. He is 85C's class senior.



QUINN AND TYPEWRITER

JOURNALIST-TO-BE PLUGS EVERY NIGHT

He's Preparing For Syracuse University When War Ends —Won T.T.S. Gold Medal

LAC V. N. QUINN, 23, is a man with a purpose in life, and war or no war, he intends to carry through with his ambition.

Quinn wants to be a journalist after the war, and for the past year he has been spending 20 hours a week studying a correspondence course in writing. When he finishes this course he'll have the equivalent of three years at college. And he has it all arranged with the school of journalism at Syracuse university to take him into its fourth year, the minute the war ends.

Quinn, whose home is now in Cornwall, attended high school in Ottawa. After that he worked for four years trying to earn enough money to go to college. Then war came and he joined as an A.E.M. At T.T.S. he won the gold medal for topping his course.

Quinn took a short story writing course given by Writers Digest magazine, and through them he got a portable typewriter for \$25. Now, everywhere that Quinn goes his portable is sure to follow. We ran into him at Fingal, perched on his upper bunk, typing away. He's gone back to No. 6 Repair Depot, after a spell of temporary duty here.

WHEN he first arrived at No. 6 R. D. he got permission to do his studying and writing in the orderly room. He has worked so many nights that he's met every orderly officer on the camp. They generally stop by to investigate the burning of midnight oil.

And just to show you how Quinn disciplines himself, he's been to the movies three times in Trenton in a year, and he has yet to attend a show on his station. "When a guy is trying to learn to write, he can't have any other tie-ups," he laughed. "No W.D.'s, no buddies, no nothing."

LAW RUSSELL POSTED OVERSEAS TO JOIN HER OFFICER-HUSBAND

Leaves Fingal With LAW Phyllis Harris—Both Are Postal Clerks

HERE ALMOST A YEAR

LAW A. M. RUSSELL is just about the happiest W.D. in the service. She has just been posted overseas where she will join her husband, F/L Russell, who went overseas a year and a half ago.

LAW Russell, who hails from Yorkshire, England, has crossed the Atlantic eight times with her husband. They were here when war broke out, and were unable to get back to England. So her husband enlisted and was posted overseas to a reception depot for R.C.A.F. personnel, where he is an accountant officer. She was still unable to get passage, so she joined up and since August, 1942, has been at Fingal as a postal clerk.

Now her dream has come true, and by the time you read this she will be happily reunited with her husband. She probably went straight to his station after docking, as all overseas personnel report to his depot.

ALONG with Russell went LAW Phyllis Harris, of Peterborough, who enlisted as a filing clerk and was working in the post office as well. Phyllis took her basic and trade training in Toronto and has been at Fingal since September, 1942. All her parents' relatives live in England and her girl friend went over with the first contingent of W.D.'s. So altogether Phyllis was



A/V/M AT FINGAL

Air Vice-Marshal J. A. Sully, air member for personnel, landed at Fingal en route to inspect St. Thomas. He was photographed leaving the recreation hall, where he addressed G.I.S. personnel.

ISSUES GAS ALL DAY AND STILL HAS IT ALL

Sosowski Pulls a "Houdini," Giving S/L Massey a Headache

NEWS OF "STORES"

By CPL. AGNES LAIDLAW

WE ARE happy to have our genial S/L Massey back on the job after a short illness and his vacation. One of his big problems was created by LAC "Houdini" Sosowski, who issued gas from a tank all day and still had the same amount. Can anyone explain that?

Have you met F/O "Clark Gable" Elliott, i/c of clothing stores, who came to us from No. 6 Repair Depot? Sorry, girls, he has a charming wife and two small daughters in Toronto.

Clothing stores has Marion "Squeaky" Wilson, who doesn't say so much about the East now that she has enjoyed some good old Western hospitality in Saskatoon; Norah Arnst, who will give you service with a smile, and Barbara Thomson, who still claims to be an armourer. Cpl. Lacy is in charge of that bevy and "Oh, you kid" in those new shorts.

We intend to bring Mrs. Stephenson from Toronto to reside in St. Thomas. We'll be glad to meet her, Stevie.

THE HOSPITAL is doing a roaring business with our equipment staff this summer and we are sorry to say that Cpls. Dennis and Norman, and LAC's Doddys and Symes are spending these nice summer days there. Hurry and get well, boys. We need you.

Sgt. Campbell is surrounded by W.D.'s in "A" group stores these days and though he gives the orders there we understand he obeys his two small daughters at home. Never mind, Sarge. Life is like that.

Bea Acres, Melba Dowsell and Dot Hoemans are the girls of "A" and "C" group, and at this time may we mention that it is nice having Melba around barracks again, now that her English boy friend is posted.

LAC Bennet, now on temporary duty in Toronto, will be returning soon to tell us how things are handled in a big way.

AW1 Thoresen of publications is all a-flutter over her approaching vacation, at the same time as her boy friend's embarkation leave.

LAW Marjorie Wilson, now of maintenance section, spent her vacation in Toronto. Have a good time, "Marjie".

In the office we now have AW1 Helen Davidson struggling with the gasoline books, "Maggie" Blakey, our little stockingless steno, and yours truly trying to keep from being boiled in oil for buying something without authority. Also F/S Strometski, now on leave in Calgary.



LAW'S HARRIS AND RUSSELL

very happy when her posting came through.

Both girls have promised to send airgraphs, detailing their adventures in crossing and describing life on an overseas station. When they arrive, we'll publish 'em in the Observer.

SR. NCO'S LOSE BEDS COMMAND NEEDS 'EM

They're To Be Used In Service Hospitals

Airmen who dream of becoming senior N.C.O.'s so that they can sleep in a single bed may now stop dreaming.

Command has ordered all single beds withdrawn from senior N.C.O.'s with the exception of WO1's. But they will continue to sleep two in a room, a double-decker to each man, with the mattresses removed from the upper bunks.

The Observer understands that all available single beds are needed for use in hospitals in connection with the present emergency.

F/O KELMAN POSTED

After more than a year at Fingal, F/O Harry Kelman, gunnery flight pilot, has been posted to an O.T.U. in Northern Quebec. F/O D. A. Sudul has taken over the parachute section from F/O Kelman.

"Do you know the difference between a popular and unpopular girl?"
"Yes, and no."

"I Was Machine-Gunned by the Japs—and Lived . . ." By Sgt. Tony Brown

FINGAL BOMBING INSTRUCTOR IS VETERAN OF FAR EAST

Here's Tony Brown's Thrilling Story of Adventure With an Air Force Construction Unit in Malaya, Singapore, Johore—Told For the First Time.

A SMALL party of us left New Zealand for somewhere in Burma. Or so we were told. We travelled in a boat of the Konik-like Pakatvaate Matchapate line. The captain and officers were all Dutch but the crew were Malayan and the stewards were Chinese who could only speak Cantonese or a little Malayan. We were able to order our food as the menu was written in Dutch, but they had numbers for each dish and we knew one might be soup or grapefruit and round about No. 6 you got an entrée, and No. 10 you probably got a dessert. You said to the boy, "Mari Sine Boy Kasi Satu"—come here, boy, give me No. 1—and if your Malayan was good you added "jalan lakas like hell" (hurry quickly). Sometimes we got some amazing results. We would expect some meat and veg. and finish up with raw fish grated over rice cooked in peanut oil. However, we got along O.K. after a while.

We had a motley assortment of passengers. A Chinese medical student whose father was a millionaire in Penang. Some Vichy French, going to Saigon in Indo-China. And the rest were civil servants, their wives and daughters, returning to Malaya from furlough.

We left Sydney and sailed up the east coast of Australia, past Brisbane and Townsville to Port Morsby which is a good place to come from. The heat was terrific, and so was the beer. The slopes of the Owen Stanley ranges come down almost to the airdrome and the whole place is surrounded by impenetrable jungle. The Papuan is quite a fearsome chap. There is not much difference between a Papuan girl and a Bali girl except the color of their hair. They both look cute.

AFTER we left Port Morsby we got just off Koepang, on Timor Island, where the Japs had an air base. When we heard about the attack on Pearl Harbor and the attack on Malaya we were not feeling very secure on our little tub as we had only two rifles and a cargo of depth charges. However, after a few scares we reached Tjilatjap, in Java. It is about opposite Socrahaia, and on the west coast.

Here we saw our first real tropics. We had a lot to learn. We were not allowed into Tjilatjap at first, and the heat was killing. We were not allowed to swim, so I fell overboard, accidentally on purpose. However, after swimming around the ship, I was duly rescued by two of my mates. It was very nice, and after lunch decided to fall over again, but noticed two logs drifting by, which on closer inspection turned out to be crocodiles. There were at least four sharks hanging around for offal from the kitchens, so we postponed our dip.

Next day we went ashore and had a look around, and it was an

experience I'll never forget—the colors, the smells, the drinks. We went to the market, a huge place where there were Chinese and Javanese and Hindoos with stalls piled with goods—wooden sandals, sweets, mangoes, fried bananas, pomelows, guavas, paw paws, hand-made sarongs done in Batik work; silversmiths where you gave them silver dollars and they beat them into bangles or drew them out into wire and made chains out of them. Some of the boys were out of money, and managed to kid a hotel barman that N. Z. pennies were worth a dollar each, and actually got change for them. When I met them they were two jumps ahead of two fierce Javanese police with swords nearly as long as themselves.

We eventually got on board and set sail again. We travelled at night and hid up rivers or inlets surrounded by dense jungle as we were then hard to pick out from the air.

PENANG was then being bombed heavily and the Japs were trying to take Medan in Sumatra with paratroops. We arrived at Singapore at night and anchored just off an island called Blakang Mati. Little did I think that a few weeks later I would watch the Empress of Asia being bombed and set alight and beached just by where we were. That night there was a raid on Singapore and we watched the searchlights and the tracer shells from the Bofors guns streaking up. We could see the Jap planes shining in the light like little fireflies. It was just like watching a movie, it seemed so unreal. It seemed hard to believe people were being blown to bits and wounded over there. We landed the next morning and I was sent up to headquarters of the R.N.Z.A.F. No. 1 Construction Unit, who were building about six dromes, with headquarters in Johore.

When I arrived at camp I was met by the jaga or watchman, who was a Sikh. Walking through the camp, I was struck by its orderly appearance. It was all built in a rubber plantation and laid out like a town block. The huts were spacious affairs, with thick palm-thatched roofs. Very few trees had been cut down to make way for the buildings. In fact, not a few had rubber trees growing through the roof, and we found out later that this camp was invisible from about 6,000 feet. While looking for the orderly room I passed the C.O. and adjutant, and saluted. I got no returning salute, but only a very hard, curious stare, and the W.O. informed me that we never saluted on the job.

FOR the next two weeks I was doing odd jobs, driving trucks to Singapore for stores and up to Mersing, where the Aussies were. I spent a week in hospital and dur-



SCENE OF ACTION

Tony was driving the bulldozer pictured above when he was clearing rubber trees for a fighter strip in Singapore. Bottom: Tony stands in 1000-pound bomb crater.

ing that time we had several raids. We used to lay the stretcher cases in the big drain around the hospital and sit around and watch the fun, as we knew they were not trying to get us. Twice we nearly got hit by bombers that were shot down, jettisoning their loads within the perimeter of the camp. I remember one thousand-pounder gave us quite a start.

We were building a fighter strip near the Sultan of Johore's palace. We had about 100 Chinese coolie women working with us putting down clay. They did not seem scared of anything. We used to feel quite ashamed when we made a dive for fox holes when there was a raid on and they were working away or chatting, taking no notice at all.

WE nearly finished the fighter strip at Johore before the Japs caught up with us. The strip was actually used by the Johore volunteers, who were using Moths to drop 111-pound practice bombs on the invasion barges that were landing on the coast.

I was transferred to a place called Sungai Buloh. It was a large rubber estate belonging to a chap called Kashin, who was a millionaire and a friend of the Sultan of Johore. Here we had to make a fighter strip 1,000 by 50 yards. The area was surveyed by bricks and works. We then went in with tractors and pushed down the rubber trees. Some of them were up

to lie down and took a bit of pushing over. We were using D8 caterpillars with the bulldozer blade on. I was driving a D7 with hydraulic steering and she was very easy to handle. It took us three days to clear the trees off, ready for leveling.

On the third night we had an alarm. I didn't bother to get out of bed as we had one nearly every night, and I figured we were well out of sight, but this time they were coming straight for us—low. I made a grab for my tin hat and started to run across the clearing to the fox holes. But they dropped about 20 bombs in sticks just about parallel with the clearing. I fell down just before the bombs burst, but was close enough to get my tin hat blown off as I had my chin strap on the back of my head.

I GOT UP, found my tin hat and heard the bombers coming back. So I dived behind the nearest rubber tree and they dropped another 20 bombs, along the same heading. We often wondered how it was they were able to find us so accurately at night and it was not until we had left that they found a Jap up in a large tree near the camp with a short-wave wireless set.

The fifth columnists were well equipped with wireless sets, as we found out our cost. They knew every move made by our unit.

We got the strip levelled fairly well. Then it started to rain and the whole place turned into a swamp for about two weeks. The only work was done by the coolies with a chukle. It's like a heavy hoe and it's the only thing a coolie can use. They dig holes and hoe the garden with it. We had some coolie women, about 200 of them, to spread rocks.

I used to run the canteen, keep eye on our cook, Chong See, and his mate, and I also organized a mess fund. Those who paid 3 cents a day got one erg for breakfast (some of the capitalists had three eggs), and I also managed to acquire a refrigerator which kept our meat, beer and pineapples fresh. I used to go daily to Tengga to draw rations. The first time I went there was an air raid on and they wouldn't let me in the gate, so I curled up on the truck seat and had a sleep for an hour.

WHEN I woke up it was finished, so I collected the stores. In the afternoon Tengga was raided and when I went back the next day there were eight bomb hits in the parking area. The guardhouse had been hit and there was just a hole left. The administration building was hit, so there was no more sleeping in the truck after that. In fact they were raided so constantly that twice I was collecting bread and all the warning we had of the bombs was the whining sound as they came down. We just had time

to lie down before they burst.

The Japs at this time had the drome we had finished building in Johore Bahru, about 20 miles away on the main land. And they were sending over what we called the Tojo express, which consisted of a "V" of 27 planes. They were always in the same formation, same height and 18,000 feet. We had some Hurricanes at Tengga and Selet. But most of them were shot down or destroyed on the ground. I think about 60 were uncrated and assembled. They had to assemble them in the plantations at the side of the road. As soon as the Japs knew there was a Hurricane at any spot they would send the Tojo express after it. They used all sorts of tricks. They used to stay over Singapore until the fighters ran out of gas and bombs, then bombed them as they landed or else after they had bombed a drome and gone away. One bomber and fighter would come in low and bomb and machine-gun those trying to put out fires or fix up planes.

THE Tojo express was a terrifying thing. If you saw it heading for your drome you knew you were for it. They would drop all their bombs at once, anything up to 200, and don't believe the story that their bombsight was no good. They were pretty deadly up to 25,000 ft. The bombs they dropped were mostly 40-lb. G.P.'s, 250, 500 and 1,000-lb. demolition bombs, and when the express had hit a place properly it was in a mess. I think at Tengga we had over 3,000 bombs in the perimeter of the station.

One day I got a scare. I was standing at the head of the runway leaning against the Bofors gun. There were a couple of Blenheims just beside us and I was talking to an R.A.F. fellow when we noticed five Zeros coming in to land. They came in low over the rubber trees and had their wheels down, but they did not attempt to land and came straight for us. I noticed that there were flashes from the planes, then I saw the ground jumping in front of me and realized they were shooting at the planes parked by us. There was no time to run, but as soon as they roared over we two dived for a drain about 20 yards away.

THE R.A.F. fellow was hit in the shoulder with a cannon shell and was in bad shape, although he did not realize his shoulder was hit until the planes turned and made for the parked planes again. We squirmed as low as we could as they roared over again. The bullets hit the sides of the drain, sending down showers of dirt on us. Fortunately they were flying across our drain. Meantime everything on the drome was blazing away from the five Zeros—machine guns, Bofors guns, guns on the perimeter, and our 3.7 ack-ack. The Japs came



THE AUTHOR AND HIS FAMILY

Sgt. Tony Brown is pictured above on the station, sporting those famous white boots. Below is his charming wife, Laura, a nurse, and his two-year-old daughter, Sonia, who wait for him in New Zealand.

over five times. Three of them were shot down. I saw one hit. It just turned into a cloud of black smoke. After they had gone we came out and my mate was carted away. I collected about a dozen brass cartridge cases from the cannon shells the Zeros were using. I think being machine-gunned from the air gives one the most helpless feeling in the world, especially if you get caught on a runway. Things were getting pretty hot

by now. A day later I went into Johore, where they were blowing up dumps, gasoline trucks and all they could not get across the causeway. I went over and gave them a hand. It seemed a shame to destroy all this stuff that we were desperately short of, but it had to be done. We had gasoline drums dispersed in the trees. We went around with picks making holes in the drums. There were dumps everywhere. There was more stuff around than

we could destroy in the time we had. I thought of all the work that had gone into making the radios and plane parts, trucks and clothing. By nightfall we really had some fire going. Some of the boys were chasing the Johore police around as they checked everything that went over the causeway, and it was alleged they had passed on the information to the Japs, and the boys decided to bump a few off.

NEXT day, you could not see Johore for black, greasy smoke coming from the burning oil. I went into Singapore again, and on the Bukit Timah Rd. picked up some Indian troops. They were all in. They looked as though they were all drunk. They were just staggering along. On my way back I met the remnants of the Argyle and Sutherland Highlanders. They had put up a good show and there were only about 80 left out of 800.

The Australian troops had all come out and were taking up positions along the Strait of Johore and on the coast of Singapore Island. That afternoon, I think it was, we heard three terrific concussions. That was the Causeway being blown up. They blew three gaps in it, about 30 yards wide. We had heard the roll of gunfire getting closer and closer every day. When the Causeway went up, we were only a mile from it and could feel the concussion when it went up. That evening I went for a swim in the Pagga, in the Straits. When I was drying myself, one of the Indian guards on the beach told me the Japs were on the opposite side of the Mangrove Swamp, so I had a look through his glasses and sure enough, you could pick them up about 2,000 yards away. When I got back to the camp, a fellow had come from H.Q. with orders to make the landing strip U/S. So another fellow and I got to work with our D8 Cats, and put ditches a hundred yards apart, 10 feet deep and 12 feet wide so the Japs could not land.

We wanted to clear out when we had finished, but our officer had gone to a wedding in Singapore and was not back yet. However, about 4 in the morning the fellows decided to break camp as things were getting pretty hot. There were only 12 of us. We had no guards, we were just in the rubber trees, and did not know what was going on. The air raids were non-stop and every now and again we would hear bursts of machine-gun fire and mortar shells bursting. We packed everything into the truck I had borrowed from a Chinese five weeks before, and put the rest of our stuff in the big earth scrapers we had and beat it to a new camp. On the Lim Chu Kang Rd. was blocked by some Hurricanes they had assembled in the rubber trees by the roadside. While we were waiting the Japs bombed Tengga, about half a mile away, so we staged a withdrawal into the roadside.

MY mate and I got up a bit of a hill and watched the fun. Tengga was on its last legs. There were no serviceable A/C left; every building had been hit, although they were all reinforced concrete. Those that got direct hits from 1,000-pounders had disappeared. The usual Tojo express was at work.

They were dropping long sticks on separate targets, and we could watch a line of bombs 400 yards long burst and see the black smoke and debris shoot hundreds of feet in the air and subside. Then the fires would start. When it was over, we started off again. We passed Tengga and were turning into the Bukit Timah Rd. when I noticed three fighters flying straight at us. We were taking no chances. I stopped the truck and made a truck for a drain. Unfortunately I went in so fast I went right in, and got stuck. My mate had to pull me out. We arrived at our new camp at the Malayan Dairy Farm safely. It was a unique place. There were huge sheds built of concrete, with plenty of glass to let in the light. They were all air-conditioned so as to keep the temperature down, as it was too hot for the Fresco cows they had in the open.

Just before we left Sungai Buloh I was sent to Kalang to help fill in some bomb holes. Just as I was driving into the entrance, the Tojo express delivered its load. The ev bomb hit the place and got a direct hit. You never saw such a mess as they made of Kalang. Kalang was the civil airport and they had some swell buildings including a club house with a circular bar. The Japs had hit the place well and truly.

I made a note in my diary of the damage to the hangars, and the planes in them. The whole place had a dismal aspect. I went round to the club house and met what was left of the barman being carried away. So I went up and had a look at a small. Fortunately the refrigerator was not damaged at all, so I rescued three bottles of gin in case they might get stolen. (To be continued)

Hangar Six Suggestion Box Yields 2 Cents and Washer

By LAC BEN HALTER

LOOKS like Maintenance doesn't want to voice its opinions, or else is too bashful to come out in the open. Suggestion boxes have been hanging in smoke rooms for over a month, and response has been weak, to say the least.

In Hangar 6 we found two pennies and a washer, proving that someone was determined to get his two cents worth in. We gave one cent to Cpl. Stanton as his share. LAC Davidman gets the washer. We did garner about 10 suggestions from the remaining four boxes.

Three chaps want to know why they get steaming hot cups for cold milk at meals. They claim that it spoils the taste of the milk and the cups have actually burned their hands. They suggest that cups be rinsed in cold water after going through the dish-washer.

Two would like to know why two sides of the mess hall are not thrown open so that one side wouldn't have a line extending around the corner of clothing stores, whilst the other side is almost empty. One claims he's waited 25 minutes for breakfast and then had only two minutes to eat and get on parade.

Another, who signs himself "33 Years' Service," would like to know why he can't wear a service stripe on his sleeve. He claims the army does and thinks we should too.

We think it would be a real reward for anyone who had behaved for three years, and worked diligently and faithfully. We think they deserve something in recognition of their efforts. Then, too, it would give everyone something to strive for, especially if the service stripe were to carry a monetary reward, say a dime a day. Maybe A.W.O.L. might even drop to a minimum. We think that a system that punishes but doesn't reward belongs in the middle ages with the feudal barons.

bark, because he has threatened to put us on 'charge' at least a dozen times, yet we still have a clean crime sheet. We have also seen him go to a heck of a lot of trouble to do an airman a favor when that airman deserved a break.

Cpl. Mead, the Technical Triumph from T.T.S., claims that down on the beach the mosquitoes are gargantuan in size. In fact, he states that just as they go to sting, you can actually hear them change pitch!

If anyone is envious of LAC Cudmore's wonderful shoe shine, here is the formula that won him such public acclaim. It seems that



he uses shoe wax underneath and over the shoe polish, and lots of elbow grease. Now you know.

The Editor tore a strip off our hide: "You say here that 'among the most beautiful W.D.'s at the swimming pool was Cpl. Alf. Shewchuck.' You know very well that isn't true, because Shewchuck is an airman, a rigger, and a gentleman." "Well," we said, "we can't help that, but every word is true. He WAS there, because we saw him ourselves."

ON TARMAC DUTY HERE RETURN AS CLASS 84A

By SGT. H. L. DAWSON

MANY of Class 84A are not new to Fingal, having done tarmac duty here.

LAC "Robert Taylor" Caswill is quite a hockey player, having played four years in England for Earl's Court Rangers. He returned to Canada in 1939.

LAC "Red" Galt, from Cartier, Ont., wishes his hair were any other color. Whenever a "joe" is wanted he's always spotted first.

Cpl. L. Gartner, who has been overseas with the R.C.A.F., is a remuster from ground crew. His pet moan: "I wonder if I should marry her?"

Not much, but this will give you an idea of some of the wolves we have.

NOT ENOUGH JOE-JOBS SO THEY JOIN AIR-CREW

R. A. F. Lads In 83C Were Ground Crew and Are They Glad They Remustered

By BUD SMITH

AIR BOMBERS of 83C are without a doubt one of the scruffiest aggregations ever collected in one class. Most of them come from Quebec and Ontario, but there are a couple of R.A.F. lads thrown in to add a bit of variety.

About half of the class are washed-out pilots and navigators, and the other half come directly from I.T.S. Ed Doyle is the veteran in point of view of service on this station, being here since March 7. He started in course 77, transferred to 78, and is now in 83. Illness has been the cause of his long stay here, but he says he has hopes of getting out of here some day. Before coming to Fingal he was at No. 1 A.O.S., Malton, but apparently . . . decided to be a bomb-aimer instead of a navigator. Ed is married and recently became the father of a baby boy.

Other ex-navigators are LAC's Fink and Skinner, who were at No. 4 A.O.S., Crumlin, before coming to Fingal. Fink is married, and claims to be the father of a 20-year-old girl. However, we somewhat doubt this.

LAC's Brady and Rheubottom are a couple of near graduates from Aviator S.F.T.S. They both managed to get in a flock of flying hours before some smart instructor figured that they would do less damage as bomb-aimers. This is quite doubtful. Bray's home town is Peterborough, while Rheubottom comes from another jek town in Ontario called Sundridge.

Jean La Tour, the flying Frenchman from Quebec City, came to Fingal directly from No. 3 I.T.S., Victoriaville. Jean is a bit self-conscious about his English, claiming that he only speaks it fluently after having a few beers. You have to thank it to the kid; he certainly goes after that fluency.

DOUG DUFFIN is another graduate direct from Victoriaville. In civilian life Doug was quite a businessman and ran a fashionable clothing store somewhere around Bloor and Yonge, in Toronto. (If you know where that is.) His father is looking after the business while Doug is in the air force.

Phil Crisp and Alf Barker, the R.A.F. lads, are real veterans in the service, both having joined up at the beginning of the war. They were both originally in ground crew, but felt that they were not getting their share of parades and joe-jobs, so they remustered to aircrew. They lived close by in England, but did not know each other until they met at Victoriaville.

LAUNDRY SERVICE A condition has arisen in this country whereby a ferry pilot leaves his laundry in Africa, for faster service, says the Montreal Star.



OWNED BY AN AIRMAN This quartet of cute kiddies belongs to Cpl. and Mrs. G. Dixon. Daddy works in maintenance. Margaret and Marry-Anne are the girls, and the boys are Joseph and Gerald.

AIRMAN SKIPS A '48' TO REST AFTER LEAVE

So You See What Happens To Those Who Toil in Canteen

By SGT. REG. PECK

DOGGONIT! They caught me again. Doesn't it beat all when a feller has to write a story and doesn't know what to write? It's not the same as writing to two different girls. To them you shoot the same old line and get away with it—sometimes.

In a few weeks, if nothing desperate happens, you'll have new tables and chairs for the wet canteen. They're hard to get and cost a pile of dough. . . all your money. So I would like to suggest a few things that concern you and us.

When you're in drinking your refreshments, don't pound the tables with your empties or anything that will scratch 'em. There are a few fellows who have been writing on the wall near the milk bar. Now, boys, that's a very childish thing to do, and I'm sure you wouldn't do that in your own home — or would you? Those marks won't wash off without taking the paint off too.

So, fellows, have a heart and help us out. This is your canteen and your money from canteen profits that makes it what it is today. When the I.G. was here on inspection he said it was the finest and cleanest canteen he had seen. So let's keep it that way.

"THE COURSE MOST LIKELY TO RECEDE" Written by a Member of It

By NOEL KESTER

Where there's trouble brewing, that's where you'll find 82B, and usually they are in it up to their necks.

Sgt. Avery would like to drop each and every one of us from an Anson in place of a bomb. Sgt. Hardy shudders at the very thought of our name. The analysis officers run the other way when our charts come in. In fact the whole staff would rather not talk about us.

We are not deliberately bad and really don't try to get into trouble, but it just seems to happen every time. We'll be at P.T. promptly, ready and raring to go, but actually, according to the average of our three timetables, we're up for flying.

Oh, well, it doesn't hurt to stay in a few nights and belt ammunition or wash floors. We are quite used to it now.

Every night we agree on one thing—tomorrow we'll make Sgt. Avery very proud of us. So, have patience, Sarge, we're trying awfully hard and we hope you've noticed we haven't been in trouble for one whole week. Touch wood.

Cupid has been playing havoc in our class lately. Sullivan has a little gal crying her eyes out for him every night, and keep it under your hats, but when he gets that wing he'll become a married man.

Polkard is a little ahead of you, Sully. There'll be wedding bells in Almont as soon as this course is over. Along with the rest of the wolves, MacArthur has taken a great fall for one of those lovely W.D.'s.

Message to the C.O.—It's very hard to concentrate on studies with so many lovely W.D.'s on the station. They're just too darn attractive.

A C RECCO TEACHER IS FROM ROCKCLIFFE

Sgt. Ronald Mooers is a new arrival at Fingal's G.I.S. He was posted from the Rockcliffe school of aircraft recognition, and he is now instructing aircrew in that subject.

A native of Milton, N.S., Sgt. Mooers was a railway clerk before he joined the air force in Oct., 1941.

He enlisted as aircrew, but only got to elementary flying at Oshawa before remustering to his present trade. He took a six-week course at Rockcliffe, which covered the subject in a comprehensive manner.



Sgt. Mooers



I.G. is Welcomed to Fingal by G.C. Kerr and W.C. Blagrave

INSPECTOR-GENERAL AND A.O.C. GIVE FINGAL THE ONCE-OVER

HIGH WORDS of praise for Fingal keyed the informal address on the parade square by Air Vice-Marshal A. E. Godfrey, deputy inspector-general, who toured the station in July.

He lauded the W.D.'s for the part they are playing, and said that in all his travels he had not met a C.O. who had anything but the greatest regard for the ability and work of airwomen. He had a word for the aircrew in training, the air cadets and he thanked the C.O. and the station staff for the fine condition of the station and for the splendid turnout on parade.

"You air-guinness and air-bomb-ers are getting the finest training in the world," he said. "When you go overseas you will have more experience than those who came out veterans of the last war."

He himself had gone from the infantry into the flying corps in World War I, and had stepped straight from the army into a plane.

A/V/M Godfrey and the official party arrived in the morning by air, in a Lockheed 12 flown by F/L J. Reid. The party included A/V/M F/S McGill, A.O.C. No. 1 Training Command, and S/L F. Aldridge.

The inspector-general was greeted on the tarmac by G/C J.G. Kerr, A.F.C., commanding officer, and W/C R. D. P. Blagrave. After

that, practically the first person he spoke to was 15-year-old Art Johnston, the handsome little laddie who is a messenger at H.Q. He asked Art what he did, where he came from and what he wanted to be. "A pilot, sir," snapped Art.

At one o'clock the station formed up into five squadrons and by 1:30 were on the parade ground. Just as the I.G.'s party drew up, rain began falling. The I.G. took the general salute, climbed on a table and said:

"I just want to see how good you are. Remember your places, break ranks and make for the drill hall!"

For an instant no one moved. "Go on," he said, "break ranks."

So for the first time in memory of the oldest old-timer, a formal station parade broke ranks, and officers, airmen and W.D.'s streamed into the drill hall. The break was a decidedly popular one all round. Everyone had time for a smoke, a stretch, a sit-down and a drink. By that time the rain had stopped, and S.W.O. Jock Finlay's whistle summoned the parade back onto the square.

EVERYONE fell into his proper place, and the A/V/M carried on with inspection. In addition to the official party, the inspecting party included: G/C Kerr, W/C Blagrave, S/L W. E. Massey, F/L J. H. Bales and F/O R. W. Murray.

Squadron by squadron, the A/V/M inspected the ranks, chatting freely with many of the men. He had a special word for airmen from overseas, and he seemed to linger a bit longer with the smartly turned out women's division. Finally all five squadrons were inspected—and sweating airmen whose feet were beginning to burn on the square, heaved a sigh of relief as they saw the end in sight.

But not yet. After the W.D.'s the I.G. inspected the gremlins — we mean the air cadets—and he gave them the once-over from stem to stern.

Finally that was finished. Another sigh of relief started, but stopped just in time. He was going to inspect the band.

And it was after his tour of the band that he again mounted the table, ordered the parade to break ranks for a second time, and gather round him. He then spoke briefly, earnestly and informally to the entire station, adding that he was here to protect their interests. "I want to see that you are being properly clothed, housed, fed and looked after," he said. "Anyone who has any grievance is at perfect liberty to be paraded before me."

The I.G.'s visit had been anticipated for days. Finally the signal came. He was coming tomorrow.

Everyone immediately prayed for rain. On the morrow their prayers were answered, but just 30 minutes late.

"Oh, well," remarked one airman, "it wasn't so bad after all. They had to go through it with us; and they do it every day."

HOOT MON!

Scots Laddie Writes in Super-Dooper Dialect

By LAC D. PURVES

A HVE been asked tae write an article in Scots dialect aboot course 83A, but before ah stert, ah want yon reader tae understand that what follows is neither English nor Scots, but rather a kind o' cross atween the twae o' them.

The fact is, ah wouldnae ken how tae spell pure Scots dialect, an' ah dinnae think onybody else does either. Onywey, ah dinnae want tae make this like a Burns poem, wi' a muckle glossary o' words that naebody kens the meanin' o' at the bottom.

Well, that's enough bletherin', so now ah'll git doon tae business. Quite frankly, ah dinnae think that even the biggest grumbler among us would deny that we've had a reasonably guid time in Canada. On the whole, the quality o' the grub is better than we've been used to.

SOMETIMES in R.A.F. camps in Britain we'd step forward wi' oor plates for oor dinner, an' git a massive lump o' luke-warm, soggy cabbage dumped doon on them. In Britain we ate cabbage until it was nearly oozin' oor oor lugs. There's nae name o' that here; when we git cabbage here, it is finely chopped up like lawn-mowings, and it's cauld an' fresh, presumably tae preserve the vitamin content.

Oor principal cause for moaning is the lack o' spare time on the station. It goes hard agin the grain for Scotsmen, who are usually very religious fellows (or at least their fathers were), to do P.T. or attend lectures on a Sunday afternoon. We also show a disgustin' lack o' enthusiasm for C.O.'s parades.

Maybe the reason is because we were nae conditioned for hard work when we arrived here. Oor rustiness has manifested itself in divers ways. One o' the more intelligent lads among us, one Gerald Norrish, made a run o'er one o' the targets the other day an' pressed the button on the intercom instead o' the par switch. He also had his pencil in his mouth, an' there being nae perspex in front o' the aircraft, when he opened his mouth tae tell the pilot his bomb was gone, his pencil quite naturally fell oot the front.

BEFORE ah finish this up ah've a suggestion tae make. Ah think that the shower room in oor block should be provided wi' thick, heavy curtains, as W.D.'s have distinctively been seen to loiter on the road opposite, going tae an' from their quarters. (We live in the great big twae-story block.)

In conclusion, ah would just like tae say that ah think that your canteen, lounge, an' swimming pool are super-dooper, an' ah'm hopin' that in the near future somebody will stert tae agitate for a museum or zoological gardens. Let's no be half-hearted aboot improvin' the amenities o' the camp.



FAREWELL, OLD LINK, FAREWELL!

AFTER 1000 HOURS LINK TRAINER HE'S GOING TO TRY REAL THING

Sgt. Earl Williamson, 26-Year-Old Connecticut Yankee, Leaves Fingal After Instructing for 10 Months—He's Back In Aircrew and Happy as an Air Cadet.

SGT. EARL WILLIAMSON figures being around Link trainers for over 1,000 hours is enough for anybody. So Fingal is losing its lone Link instructor, and the N.C.O.'s ball team loses a good left-fielder.

This 26-year-old Yank in the R.C.A.F. has just remustered to aircrew, after spending 10 months on the station.

It will be Earl's second whack at aircrew. He joined up to fly in

October, 1941, and got as far as E.F.T.S. at St. Catharines on a pilot's course. After that he took a Link instructor's course at No. 1 I.T.S. in Toronto. He has 110 hours of Link to his credit, and his instructional time is 900 hours.

Earl, a papermaker in peacetime, comes from a place called Warehouse Point in Connecticut. He joined the R.C.A.F. because he thought the possibilities were better here, and he still thinks they are.

reel featuring Maori warriors cutting up sandbags with bayonets, you can readily guess the outcome of one of their attacks.

Speaking of racial differences in New Zealand, he tells us that there is no such thing. Naturally, the original inhabitants of the islands resented and fought the first coming of the white man, but today all is bliss. Maoris have their own governmental representatives and are accepted anywhere and everywhere.

Already Fingal personnel have been treated to some of Pat's entertainment—singing, playing the guitar and demonstrating native dances—just a few of his accomplishments. In the meantime we wish Pat and his fellow WAG warriors the best of luck and good hunting.

FITTER IN HANGAR 6 CLEVER CARTOONIST

INTRODUCING LAC Reg. Lovell, cartoonist, whose work appears in this issue for the first time.

Reg., 27, who dabbled in commercial art before the war, is an A.E.M. in No. 6 hangar. He spent four months at Galt under the Dominion Youth Training Plan before being posted to Toronto Manning Pool. After a course at T.T.S., he was posted here in February.

He was married last fall to Miss Helen Tuckwood, and they now reside in London.

WEDDING BELLS SOON FOR F-S ARMSTRONG

Boys in Instrument Section Looking Forward To Big Day

By ELDRIDGE, PETROSKI AND FLETCHER

AT LAST a spot of news from the instrument boys. Head of this section of implement mechanics is that well-known member of the ladies' relay team, F/S G. H. Armstrong. Boys of the late shift are looking forward to the long-expected day when wedding bells will be ringing for the Flight and his bride-to-be. We don't think they have much longer to wait, so we take this opportunity of wishing him the best of luck in his married career.

Two stragglers from the first entry of air cadets, who managed to get lost in our section, are now busily employed as instrument mechs, and picking up the finer points of the trade. They are J. Gagne, our little Frenchman, and J. Dawe from Cape Breton.

Last two months have seen decided changes. LAC Digney started the ball rolling with a posting to Deseronto. Cpl. Dunlop was next with a trip to Lachine. Then our strong Russian enthusiast, LAC Gutsell, was chosen by DAPS to take up his bed and walk or ride to Arnprior. Our new corporal, "Mother" Dawson, was soon to follow Cpl. Dunlop, getting away with barely enough time to wet his boots.

LAC Kay, who in speech, thought and action is 100 per cent American, was posted next to Port Arthur. Biggest shock of all came when that well-known orchestra leader, the lad with the big smile on his face as he pulled strings on the bass fiddle, was posted to Goose Bay. We can't figure out yet who was shocked most, Sgt. Herb Stretton, or the rest of the boys.

PERHAPS you've noted pleasant smiles on the faces of Cpls. Pete Petroski and Ike Eichenberg. We should like to explain that they are entirely due to the arrivals of a boy for Ike and a girl for Pete. Arguments frequently arise as to which was the more blessed event. If you ask Ike, it's a boy; and if you ask Pete, it's a girl.

One of our well-known test pilots, without wings, has been grounded. AC Fletcher wasn't caught flying too high, or too low, but too much.

LAC Somers has lost a few more hairs of his sparsely populated crop since he discovered that twins are a common occurrence on his wife's side of the family.

Our demon drummer, Les. Maddafor, claims to have paid for the swimming pool himself. He probably has, but it has certainly brightened him up. Just last week an air cadet asked him if that was a tomato he was eating.

Sgt. Shindelka is hoping that romance hasn't been forgotten on this station, as he has a fine catalogue on rings and such. F/S Armstrong will look after any engraving troubles you may have.

A new addition is Sgt. Pierce Wilson, who arrived from Alberta.

ROUGE, LIPSTICK FLY AT GALA SPORT MEET

W.D.'s Smear Everyone in Sight, Including Good Old Sergeant-Major

By BYRON FISHER

IT MUST have been my curls," explained F/O "Curly" Johnston. "Next sports day I'll wear 'em in papers."

F/O Johnston was undergoing a cross-examination on just why those women did what they did—and finding the question a bit awkward. "If F/O Shatford and P/O Whitelaw hadn't given them encouragement..." he said with an ominous glint in his eye.

But F/O Johnston wasn't the only officer maltreated at the station's first and very successful sports night. When those certain W.D.'s—no names mentioned, please—decided that lipstick-adorned officers were more attractive than non-lipstick-adorned officers, they took everybody within reach. F/O Wadsworth, P/O Whitelaw and WO1 Finlay all came in for their share of the woman-handling and rouge.

The impromptu assault of the three lipstickkeers was one of many highlights that added to the evening's success.

Called upon three days after their arrival on the station, a group of six New Zealanders from 58 Wags made a big bit with string instrument music and songs of their homeland. Hori O'Callaghan, a full-blooded Maori ("but some Irish somewhere," he grinned), received the greatest applause when he sang in his native tongue.

O'Callaghan was formerly a farmer in Bay of Plenty, N. Z. Other members of the sextet were: Bill Simpson, Buzz Brizzell, "Bomber" Brown, P. M. Butler and "Fee-wee" Williams.

WINNERS of the sports events were: 100-yd. dash for men: 1, Fairhurst, 10 1/5 secs.; 2, LAC McGuire; 3, LAC Rymer. 400-yd. dash for men: 1, LAC Thompson, 62 secs.; 2, LAC Gould; 3, AC1 Walsh. 880-yd. relay for men: Cusson, McLeod, Wallis and Brule in 40 3/5 secs.; 100-yd. dash for W.D.'s: S/O Satterly and LAW Arnold, tied in 16 2/5 secs.; 400-yd. relay for W.D.'s: Arnold, Gaucho, Groeger, Eastbrook, in 64 secs. Prizes were presented by the C.O.

Officials were: F/O Johnston, master of ceremonies; F/O Hull, starter; P/O Whitelaw, timekeeper; P/O Sutton, F/L Servos, F/O Donnelly, P/O Hough and Clarke Edwards, judges.

"A swell time, let's do this more often," was the general comment on the evening. Only complaint heard—or perhaps it was a constructive suggestion—was from the stouthead, tragic-eyed man sitting beside the "vittle" wagon. "Next time tell them to ration the winners," he moaned. "For once there are enough gals to go around and I'm too full to move."



HIGH JINKS AT SPORTS MEET

Fingal hep-cats are strutting their stuff (top) minus zoot suits, out on the field following the Dominion Day sports meet. Below (at left) are S/O Satterly and LAW Arnold, winners in the 100-yard dash for W.D.'s. Right—Winning relay teams, who seem a bit scared of our cameraman.

"ZOOT SUIT KID" NOT YET 18 STAGGERS RECRUITING OFFICER

A C2 RAY HILTS of Fingal is probably the only man in the Royal Canadian Air Force who enlisted wearing a zoot suit.

Ray, who stands 5 feet 3 1/2 inches and weighs 127 pounds, walked into the recruiting office in downtown Toronto in June and knocked 'em for a loop. When they got through chuckling he was signed up.

And what's more, Ray reported to Manning Pool in the zoot suit and again caused a minor sensation. His sergeant borrowed the suit one night for a show, and was almost mobbed.

Ray is a great little guy. He won't be 18 until August, which makes him just about the youngest man on the station, next to the air cadets. He has an engaging smile and a friendly disposition. Altogether he is a very likeable little fellow.

AND HIS zoot suit is no ordinary one, he'll have you know. Besides the neat pleat, stuffed cuff and drape shape, it boasts a queer rear and a 13-foot chain which just about weighs him down when he carries it. The pants have a 33-inch waist, 27-inch knee and 12-inch bottom. He can't explain exactly why he got it, but he had it made to order four months before he joined up. Perhaps a final plurge before donning air force blue. Yet he claims he's no jitterbug, a non-smoker and a non-drinker. So figure it out.

He swims and he plays ball, and he's getting cheesed off being a G.D. He wants to be an air-bomber and hopes to remuster as soon as he can.



AC2 "ZOOT-SUIT"

In civilian days Ray worked at Mutual Arena in Toronto, repairing roller skates and making parts for them. He's got a honey of a gal friend in Toronto, not to be confused with the picture above, which shows him with his sister's girl friend. Let's get that straight, too, he said.

JITTERBUGGING! "Phoeey!" Says Gerald

Englishman Admits He's Shaken After Seeing Barbic Canadian Dancing

By LAC G. NORRISH, R.A.F.

STILL being somewhat of a stranger to this fair and pleasant land of the Maple Leaf, I am constantly amazed by new things which reveal themselves to me. At the moment, what puzzles me the most is this form of "dancing" called jitterbugging.

Personally, having a certain appreciation of the arts, I can appreciate the sight of lithe and fair-looking young people drifting slowly and gracefully around a polished floor to the lilting strains of a Viennese waltz. But I must admit I fail to see any beauty in the absolutely insane type of amusement when I see two people going through a series of revolting convulsions, which I can compare only with the reveries of prehistoric man.

Let us examine the preparations necessary before one can do this "jitterbugging." First one must remove as much of one's clothing as is possible within the rather flexible limits of modern decency. Then you're ready to go.

The second essential to this performance is a collection of long-haired and loud-mouthed individuals who claim to be able to play the instruments on which they perform. First these men work themselves, and anyone else who is weak-willed enough to come under their influence, into a state of frenzy.

THEN the proceedings really begin, and maid and youth gyrate madly around, wagging their bodies in a manner which is hideous to watch. It would be slightly better if there were any signs of unity between the performers, but they carry out their movements at a distance which ever varies, and these movements are punctuated by wild dashes at each other.

The last and most annoying feature of this effort is the detestable abuse of the English tongue with such phrases as "hep in the jive," "in the groove" and "have you got it solid, brother?"

Well, I leave you to think about this and only hope that this short discourse may possibly indicate to some of these "hep cats" the error of their ways.

Aircrew Trainee is Famous Canadian Swimmer

WINSTON McCATTY AT BR. EMPIRE GAMES

Dominion Breast Stroke
Champ in 1935 Taught at
Upper Canada College

VARSITY TEAM COACH

ONE of Canada's famous swimmers is now an air bomber in training at Fingal.

He's LAC Winston McCatty, 32, of Toronto, who represented Canada in the British Empire Games in 1930 at Hamilton, and in 1934 at London, England, when he placed second in the 200-metre breast stroke race.

McCatty graduated in 1935 in arts at University of Toronto. After a year at the Ontario College of Education he taught botany and zoology at Upper Canada College, where he was director of physical education.

In 1935 he was Canadian breast stroke champ, and in 1935 and '36 he captained the Varsity inter-collegiate swimming team. He was on the athletic directorate at Varsity and coached the swimming and water polo teams from 1936 to 1942, when he joined the air force.

HE WAS on guard duty at Toronto Manning Pool before he came to Fingal for tarmac duty. He then went to No. 6 I.T.S. in Toronto, and was posted back here. He is now on course 86. When the swimming pool opened, McCatty



LAC McCatty

was there, assisting the lifeguard.

"After comparing experiences with other chaps at I.T.S., we came to the conclusion that we got a real break in being sent to Fingal for our tarmac duty," he said. "We found the classes we received here of great help. In fact, in these two subjects we learned more at Fingal than we did at I.T.S."

McCatty said they used the Fingal meals as a standard to judge meals at other stations, and all who were going out as air bombers were hoping for a posting back here.

In 1939, while taking a summer post-graduate course at the University of Wisconsin, he met his wife-to-be, the former Elizabeth Naylor of Toronto, now on the physical education staff at Varsity.

authorized and the following playing rules have been adopted:

Track and field, Amateur Athletic Union of Canada; tennis, Ontario Lawn Tennis association; softball, Ontario Amateur Softball association; horseshoes, Canadian Horseshoe association; swimming and diving, Ontario Section Amateur Swimming association; soccer, Ontario Football association; basketball, Ontario Amateur Basketball association; volleyball, Ontario Volleyball association; table tennis, Ontario Table Tennis association; badminton, Ontario Badminton association; cricket, Ontario Cricket association; hardball, Ontario Amateur Baseball association; rugby, Ontario Rugby association; boxing, service rules; hockey, Ontario Hockey association; lacrosse, Ontario Lacrosse association.

Only personnel on the strength of the unit on the day of the contest are eligible to compete for that unit. For track, field and softball events, rubber-soled shoes are to be worn. All command championships will be contested in Toronto on Saturdays.

Overheard during practice blackout:

"Take your dirty hand off my knee! No, not you—YOU!"

FREE SHOW TICKET, LATE PASS ALL FOR A PINT OF BLOOD

Donors' Clinic Is Now Being
Held Twice Monthly at
Station Hospital

SIGN UP TODAY

By SGT. JACK MONTGOMERY
FINGAL personnel have responded splendidly in another war project—the important blood donation program. Since February 13th, when blood donors were first called for, approximately 350 donations have been made, an average of 20 per week.

Still more men are needed, however, and a strong appeal is being put forth for them to aid in this important work. An interesting point is the fact that once men have made their first donation they always return. Some of them wish to make their second donation before the nine weeks' interval has expired. The donations have no ill effect whatever on the man's physical condition. There has been an appeal made recently by the Red Cross for more blood donors. The value of this blood plasma has been proven on the battlefields in North Africa, where it has saved many lives. In the present European offensive much more blood plasma will be required.

You will not miss the blood that you give, but it will help swell the amount that is now going overseas. Up to the present time only part of the station has been interested and it is felt that the station as a whole should become a donor. Aircrew, unfortunately, are not eligible.

Special noon meals are supplied at the O. R. mess at 1100 hours for blood donors of that day, because if the blood contains fat it is impossible to store it. They donate less than a pint of blood each and then receive an appetizing supper (maybe a steak). They also receive a free theatre ticket and a late pass.

New donors are required to fill out forms at the station hospital, while repeat donors must supply their names to the hospital at least a day previous to their donations.

Donors are allowed to repeat once every nine weeks and after their third donation a Red Cross blood donor button is given.

The clinics are held in station hospital at 2.30, supper is served at 3.30 and you're free for the rest of the day.

Some of those who have already given blood are: C. Wilson, G. Mead, W. McDonald, M. Beale, H. Davidson, R. Bellinger, G. Byrne, O. C. Langevin, J. R. Wilkins, A. Strilaeff, G. Dixon, R. Coughtry, M. Wanless, L. McKinnon, A. Barnes, S. F. Harris, S. Matson, E. Onihell, A. Milne, E. Spry, S. Sillcock, H. Howson, K. Larcombe, C. Boylan, C. Birch, A. Geary, W. G. Challenger, W. Day, O. A. Bennett, J. Joscelyn, M. Satterly, J. A. Sura, I. Dini, I. Kyle, T. Hills, W. Walkoe, A. Currie.

FLEW FOR 800 HOURS AS A GROUND MAN



LAC Jim Wild (above) had 800 flying hours logged before he remustered to aircrew. This 20-year-old air bomber from Chatham, Ont., was a flight engineer with a bombing and reconnaissance squadron, stationed on the east coast, and later in Newfoundland. He is now on course 85 here.

In July, 1941, he joined the R. C. A. F. as an aero engine mechanic and was stationed at Toronto, Aylmer, St. Thomas, Dartmouth, Botwood and Shelburne before remustering.

On the squadron he flew with a Catalina crew for six months, doing anti-sub patrols, convoy escort, plotting icebergs and harbor patrol duty. Only once did he see a U-boat, about 45 miles out of Halifax. It was at dusk and it was foggy. Before they could attack, the sub had crash-dived.

FINGAL PARTICIPATES IN COMMAND SPORTS

F/O George Hull Is President
Of Western Ontario
District

FINALS IN TORONTO

FINGAL airmen and airwomen are taking a prominent part in the year-round program now being carried out by No. 1 Training Command, R.C.A.F. Athletic Association.

Fingal belongs to the Western Ontario District (split in two groups) and is in a group with T.T.S., Aylmer and Crumlin. Winners of this group will play off against winners of the second group, and the finalists will go to Toronto.

F/O George Hull, P.T. and drill officer, was chosen president of the Western Ontario District and C. Edwards, Y.M.C.A. supervisor, is secretary.

The following sports have been