



# Fingal Observer

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



## Our Annual Sports Meet—Or Family Day At Fingal



Airmen, their wives, children and friends turned out en masse for the annual sports meet held on Civic Holiday. The entire station got a half-holiday and a jolly time was had by all—we think. Pictures show some scenes from the sports meet. If you can identify yourself, you're lucky. Photos below picture several happy family groups, snapped by

the Observer's demon cameraman. They are: Sgt. and Mrs. H. B. Heckman, and Glen, age 3½; LAC and Mrs. J. A. Michaud, with Doyle, 3, and Neil, 11; Cpl. and Mrs. J. Morris, with John, 4; F/Sgt. R. M. Post, with Roberta, 2½; LAC George Haworth, with Marilyn, 7, and Ardeth, 9; F/L A. R. A. Lowe, Mary, 13, Patsy, 7, and Anne, 17.



### Fingal Passes Critical Inspection By Patsy and Johnny

WHILE everyone was having such a good time on the sports field during Civic Holiday open house, two very young people got slightly bored with the doings and buzzed off. Quite frankly, they decided to see what makes Fingal tick, and our cameraman had a heck of a time keeping up with them on their jaunt round the station. The inquisitive pair were Miss Patsy Poupore, age 9, daughter of S/L Poupore, and Master Johnny Faulkner, age 6, son of LAC Charles Faulkner, of maintenance. First stop was headquarters, where they phoned Ottawa to check up on extra holidays for their daddies. Then young John decided to take his lady fair a-flying. They borrowed helmets from trainees, proceeded to the hangars, only to find 'em locked tight, with all the kites put away for the day. No planes, so our John did a bit of hangar flying, demonstrating latest manoeuvres to Patsy. No station

tour is complete without an inspection of the ranks; says John, so they carried out an impromptu inspection in front of the barracks. That's John's pop on the right end of the line, and don't ask us how he got into the picture, but there he is—and it's probably the first time in R.C.A.F. history that a 6-year-old son inspected his father. Anyhow, if you think the I.G.'s inspection was tough, you should have been with young John and Patsy. They even ticked 'em off for wearing non-issue shoe laces. Well, by this time our wee wanderers were more than a wee bit tired, and anyway they had seen enough to put the okay on Fingal. So they made for the pool and sat on the water's edge for a chat and a rest. Miss Nora Purdom, Patsy's 8-year-old girl friend, joined the party—and the last time our cameraman saw them Nora was whispering into Patsy's ear, "Has he got a friend?" At least that's what he says, but we don't believe him.

## SHE ONCE DROVE MILK ROUTE NOW DRIVES FOR AIR FORCE M.T.

LAW Dodo Price Taught  
Horse-back Riding to Finance  
Her World Travels

By HELEN KASDORF

LAW DODO PRICE, Fingal transport driver, had many interesting experiences before she enlisted in the R.C.A.F.

She started her globe-trotting in 1937 when she went to England for the coronation. Since then she has seen a number of European countries and different parts of South America. Most of the time she worked her way around. To obtain money for her travels, one of her most interesting jobs was teaching horse-back riding, which is also her favorite hobby.

Although she came near to being stranded without any money a few times, she always managed to get along somehow. The only time she was completely broke was right at home in Vancouver.

A sports enthusiast, she has played in badminton, tennis, grass hockey and polo competitions. She has trained, ridden and raced horses. She holds prizes for a number of competitions in the West.

Besides teaching riding for a living, Dodo once took over an unusual job for a girl. After her brother enlisted in the R.C.A.F., she carried on with his milk route.

She drove over 30 miles a day, sometimes getting stuck in the mud. She patched her own tires and did other repairs on the truck. After a year of this work she enlisted.

When at home Dodo does most of her travelling through the country on her own motorcycle. If at any time the R.C.A.F. needs despatch riders, Dodo would be right at home on the job.



EX-MILK DRIVER PRICE

### FLIERS-TO-BE

Five "A" group A.E.M.'s have remustered to aircrew and are now at the reselection centre in Toronto Manning Pool. The lads are: Cpl. G. B. Duke, LAC's C. A. Wilson, H. J. Bonnycastle, L. C. Petekal and K. J. Burgess.

### FLEW WITH "DAM BUSTER"

LAC Allan Moscrop, on Course 88 air-bombers, once flew with W/C Gibson, better known as "dam buster." This was during Moscrop's early training days in England. Altogether he had four flips with W/C Gibson in his own DeHaviland Dominie.

### "WINGS" IS OUT

September issue of "Wings," now on sale at the canteen, features a story on LAW Muriel Langley of Fingal. Get your copy early; only a limited supply available.

### REMUSTERING FOR G.D.'S

Any general duties who have previous flying experience and wish to remuster to flying control, report to station warrant officer.

### WANT A RUGGER TEAM?

Are you interested in forming a station rugger team? Then leave your name at the "Y" office.

### CABINET MINISTER'S SON-IN-LAW HERE

THERE are going to be a lot of guys trying to get on the right side of Sgt. Ronald Turton when they read this. He's the son-in-law of Hon. Charles Daley, newly appointed minister of labor in the Ontario cabinet, and five times mayor of St. Catharines.

Turton, an air-gunner instructor, was married to Maxine Daley in January. She resides in St. Kitts.

## Observer's Intrepid Photographers Get Caught In Local Donor-Draft

ON an assignment for the Observer, two of our "ace photos," Cpl. "Bert" Harwood and LAC "Moose" Thompson, entered the hospital. They had hoped to get a picture or two of some poor souls, giving their blue blood to the Red Cross. However, they were a week early, it seems.

As they turned to leave, a W.D. in the orderly room took a good look at these two handsome young men.

She suddenly jumped up and grabbed them by the arm, just as they were leaving.

"Just what we are looking for," she cried, a gleam in her eyes. "Oh, oh," groaned one of the startled photos.

"Just sign your name here, on this card," she said, jamming a pen in our hands.

"But—," said the two bewildered cameramen.

"That is just fine; you may go in and see the sergeant," she cooed

sweetly, giving them a shove.

The Sarge was a nice guy. He only wanted to know if they had ever had dandruff, fallen arches or athlete's foot. They hadn't.

Still in a daze, our two heroes signed this paper and that. At last one asked: "What's this all about?" "You two are now full-fledged blood donors," was the quiet reply.

There was a dull thud as the two men hit the floor.

With the aid of smelling salts, and two W.D.'s holding their hands and telling them how brave they were, our heroes finally decided that it could have been worse.

They were given a card with the do's and don'ts of donating blood . . . mostly don'ts.

The two happy young men left the "meat house" a little pale, but with a halo over their heads.

"Well, that was sure a mistake going in there," said one.

"But it's a mistake everyone should make," replied the other noble soul.

# Bombing Leader Overseas for 20 Months

## F/L SERVOS HELPED ORGANIZE FRENCH-CANADIAN SQUADRON

Now He Wants To Get Back Overseas To Finish His Tour of "Ops"—Navigated the Atlantic in a Fortress—Bombed Karlsruhe, Knocking Out Its Biggest Brewery

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

FINGAL'S bombing leader, F/L Bruce Servos, has one very definite thing in common with the men he is training as air bombers. And that's to get overseas and into action as soon as possible.

Servos already has 20 months overseas service to his credit. In Britain he had a taste of "ops" and did such an outstanding job as a squadron bombing leader that he was returned to Canada to take up instructional duties in the air training plan.

Now 27, Servos is a graduate of Northern Vocational school in Toronto, where he lived. He left his job as draughtsman with the Hydro, and enlisted in Toronto in May, 1940.

He went to No. 1 Manning Pool, No. 1 I.T.S. in Toronto, No. 1 A.O.S. at Malton, No. 1 B. & G. at Jarvis and No. 1 A.N.S. at Rivers, Man. All No. 1's, you'll notice; there weren't any others then. He got his observer's wing in December, 1940, and was commissioned two months later. In April of 1941 he flew the Atlantic, nine days after his marriage to Evelyn Turner of Toronto. He crossed in 10½ hours, navigating all the way, using astro to check a pre-flight plan. The ship was a Flying Fortress, the fifth to be flown over.

Following an O.T.U. course on Hampdens at Upper Heyford his crew was posted to 44 Squadron. He was there a week, did one trip, and then was posted on a bombing leaders course at Manby. But that one trip was a Lulu, says Servos. They were on Karlsruhe that night and destroyed the biggest brewery in town. This was later confirmed by an air ministry bulletin. There must have been some thirsty souls after that raid.

Following his course at Manby, he was posted to a Yorkshire O.T.U., where he helped train some of the first Canadian air bombers in England. He spent 11 months there, on Hampdens, Manchester and Wellingtons—and sandwiching in "ops" to Cologne and Essen on the 1,000-plane raids.

LAST summer the air ministry paid high compliment to his skill and knowledge, with a posting to help form 425, first French-Canadian squadron to go into action. He was its bombing leader for five months, doing a trip to Kiel and half a trip to Turin. And thereby hangs a tale.

One night he went out in a Wimpy whose crew consisted of two wing commanders (his own C.O. and a neighboring C.O. who wanted a taste of "ops"), three

flight-lieutenants (425's bombing, navigation and gunnery leaders), and a flying officer wireless-op. Word of this all-star crew reached group headquarters and they were ordered to return to base, to their great disappointment. And they logged it as half a trip.

His plane was only attacked once. That was over Kiel, when three night fighters roared down. One shone a mighty light into the eyes of the pilot which made it impossible for him to see his instruments while the other two roared in on the flank, shooting with all guns. Their aim was so bad that not a hit was registered.

No plane in which Servos flew was ever hit. Indeed, the only accident Servos ever suffered involved his bicycle and one ridden by a New Zealand airman during a blackout. As a result, one button was torn from the tunic of each man, so just to show there was no hard feelings, they exchanged buttons. He also brought home the first two bullets in the string which were ready for the enemy on the night of the 1,000-plane raid on Cologne.

Servos returned to Canada last December and on Jan. 9th of this year he arrived at Fingal to become bombing leader. He has made innovations in training and his keen interest in sports and the airmen's canteen have won for him the respect of the station.

We pressed him for some operational gen to pass on to the trainees, and he gave us, among other things, a description of a squadron briefing session.

Crews are split into sections—pilots, air bombers, navigators, wireless ops. and gunners—and briefed individually, as to the most important points for each. The main briefing is taken by all together as crews. Roll call is taken. The wing commander gives the major points to pilots, re flying conditions, routes and so on.

Intelligence discusses the target for tonight, its defences, fighter areas, balloon barrages, suspected enemy colors and signals of the day, routes to and from the target, which differs on every trip. He gives out any convoy information, British and enemy. Crews are warned not to fly over our own convoys, who have orders to shoot first and ask questions afterwards.

The navigation officer gives final points to navigators. The bombing leader ensures that all crews know how to dispose of the bombs and that the air bomber knows how to put them on the target. The wireless ops. get the frequencies and signals of the day, and after a few



F/L AND MRS. BRUCE SERVOS

words from the gunnery leader briefing is completed.

THE crew proceeds out to dispersal and the plane is given a last-minute onceover, each man doing his own equipment. The air bomber checks the bomb load with the armorers, tests the switches and inspects the bombsight.

He makes sure he has his topographics and target maps, and he sees that the flying rations are in place. These consist of two milk chocolate bars, two packages gum drops, one package gum, one packet tea biscuits, raisins and a thermos of coffee—all for each man.

Of course, if you've had a nice parcel from Canada, you generally make up some extra sandwiches to take along, and maybe a tin or two of fruit.

Feature of a bombing raid is the "operational supper," as it is known. It consists of bacon and eggs before you go out, as well as when you return. Eggs being a rare delicacy in England today, crews look forward to these treats.

How much is the bombsight used today is a question often asked by trainees. Servos says: "Despite

blitzing tactics in use now, when the entire area is saturated, definite orders are given to go after definite targets in the area—a factory, a railway yard or a dock area. Bombardiers must make a careful study of their target maps before every raid."

Air bombers are also potential second pilots on twin-engine planes. While not taught how to land or take off, they are shown how to hold a course and relieve the pilot on a long trip. On four-engine jobs the tendency is to have the flight engineer as second pilot. This leaves the air bomber with a spot of map reading to do, and man the front gun.

AIRCREW who think they are hard done by during training days will find their reward on "ops", says Servos. And he ought to know; he came up the hard way, too. It's a free and easy life with seven days leave every six weeks, and "48's" in between. As a matter of fact, when you're not flying, your time is your own. You also get four free travelling warrants a year to any part of the British

(Continued on next page)

## FINGAL GOES TO TOWN ON SUPER SPORTS DAY

F/L Frith "Bombs" Station  
With Lucky Number Cards  
—H.Q. Ties With G.I.S.

By CPL. M. KENNEDY AND  
LAW B. THOMSON

THRONGS of civilians mingling with members of the air force arrived at the sports field for what turned out to be a successful sports day on August 1.

At 2 o'clock, two of our Lizzies zoomed low, one dropping little white cards, the other taking pictures. The planes were piloted by F/L Frith and P/O Magee. Pandemonium reigned as crowds rushed to pick up the cards and tried to watch the antics of the aircraft as they dived to release tickets and take pictures. We must mention that one W.D. officer fell over a few aircrew.

After the mad scramble, the busiest place on the grounds was the outside canteen, where 5,000 tickets were purchased for pop and ice cream bars.

To give the crowd a few moments' rest, students of G.I.S. put on a good show in calisthenics. Bouquets to you boys. The crowd really enjoyed it. The outfits really were superb, thanks to clothing stores.

The sports program itself got off to a flying start with races and jumps. It kept us very busy running from one side to the other; we didn't want to miss a single thing. Just like a woman.

We found we had considerable talent among the shy little lads and lassies in air force blue.

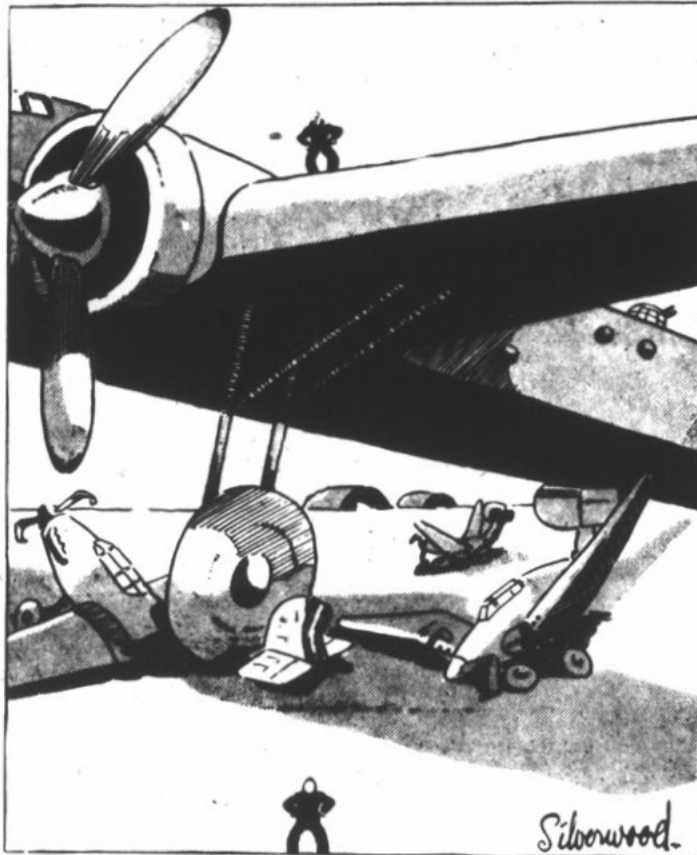
At five o'clock a delicious outdoor supper was served by the O.R. mess. It was thoroughly enjoyed by everyone. Our hats off to S/O Graham and her staff.

At 7.30, two rousing ball games were played. Aylmer girls played Fingal girls, resulting in Fingal's victory, 2 to 1. Crumlin's men played Fingal's men, again proving Fingal victorious, 6 to 2. It was really our lucky day.

Later a dance was held in the drill hall, where young and old, civilians and service personnel, congregated to trip the light fantastic, with Fingal's band at its best.

A slight intermission took place when G/C Kerr drew out the six lucky winners of the "Pennies from Heaven" contest. They were: F/S Johnston, LAC Folkard, LAC Russell, Cpl. Crossley, Cpl. Nymark and LAC Northcott. G/C Kerr then presented prizes to winners.

100 yards dash (men)—1, LAC Fairhurst (HQ); 2, LAC McLeod (GIS); 3, LAC Recheve (GIS). 100 yards dash (W.D.'s)—1, Cpl. Kasdorf (HQ); 2, LAW Sickles (HQ); 3, Cpl. Kennedy (HQ). High jump (men)—1, LAC Lunan (GIS); 2, LAC Luke (Servicing); 3, LAC Brown (GIS). High jump (W.D.'s)—1, S/O Satterly (HQ); 2, LAW Dixon (HQ); 3, LAW Gaucher (Flying). Broad jump (men)—1, LAC Fair (GIS); 2,



"Hey! You'll have to be more careful next time you land on a fighter field!"

LAC Brown (GIS); 3, LAC Smith (Repair). Broad jump (W.D.'s)—1, Cpl. Kasdorf; 2, LAW McAloney (HQ); 3, LAW Gaucher (Flying). Mile (men)—1, LAC Gould (GIS); 2, LAC Jones (GIS); 3, LAC Bedford (GIS). 440-yard dash—1, LAC Sisley (GIS); 2, F/S Scott (Flying); 3, F/O Alexander (Flying). 880-yard dash—1, LAC Warwick (HQ); 2, LAC Gould (GIS); 3, LAC Ball (GIS). Soft-

ball throw (W.D.'s)—1, LAW Newton (HQ); 2, LAW Arnold (Flying); 3, Cpl. Ste. Marie (Flying). Discus throw—1, F/O Thurlow (Flying); 2, Cpl. Lepic (HQ); 3, F/O Johnston (GIS). Pole vault—1, P/O McNaughton (Flying); 2, F/O Johnston (GIS); 3, LAC Hunter (Servicing). Shot put—1, F/O Johnston (GIS); 2, F/O Thurlow (Flying); 3, Cpl. Lepic (HQ).

## SERVOS ORGANIZED OVERSEAS SQUADRON

(Concluded from previous page)

Isles, and you get a special allowance of \$2.50 a day for your leave, up to the rank of F/O. Repeat: This is a special allowance, over and above your ration money and leave pay.

Food is good on "ops". On 4 Squadron they kept two cows, which were milked twice a day. They had plenty of milk and cream, a rarity in England today, and the WAAFS even made ice cream for them. They had their own victory garden on the station, with plenty of fresh vegetables. Three riding horses were kept on the 'drome. Dances were held for all ranks, WAAFS included; in fact, it was the WAAFS who made the station dances such a huge success, he said. Altogether, a very friendly atmosphere prevails on an operational station. Formality is dropped. The C.O. and all the flat hats muck right in with the boys.

SERVOS had a taste of the London blitz on his first visit to the metropolis. He arrived at Euston station from Scotland at midnight on May 10, 1941, last night of the big blitz. He stepped off the train. The sirens went. The guns went. The Jerries came. The bombs came. And Servos went with a bobby, who found him a boarding house. He spent his first hours in London watching the bombs rain down. Altogether 500 bombers came that night and some 33 were shot down.

Sure Servos is glad to be home again. Who wouldn't be? But he's beginning to feel cheesed off and is itching to get over and finish the operational tour he started. If he can't get over as an air bomber, he wants to start training as a pilot. But it's doubtful if headquarters will read this.

## How to Wash Stockings—It's Official

THE air force doesn't miss a thing. And if you don't believe us, just turn to Air Force Routine order No. 1101, dated June 11, 1943. We couldn't believe our eyes when we first saw it, but there it was staring us in the face, in bold black and white, occupying a good part of a page. It read:

### STOCKINGS, KHAKI RAYON, RCAF (WD), DIRECTIONS FOR LAUNDERING

Now if we had a sarcastic turn of mind, we'd probably start this story by saying: "For the benefit of all the W.D.'s on the station who don't know how to launder their hose, we herewith present R.C.A.F. instructions for same." But we know women better (or think we do) and we know that any woman with spunk enough to join

up certainly knows how to wash stockings, khaki, rayon. And our women's editor assures us we're right.

Anyhow, if the flat hats in Ottawa think the subject of sufficient importance to issue a detailed order on it, for promulgation to the entire air force, who are we to quibble? And anyway it helps fill up the empty columns, so here it is, hokus bolus, for your information and amusement. Ladies, we give you AFRO 1101:

#### WASHING

1. Use luke warm water and mild soap flakes of well known and leading brands.
2. Gently squeeze the suds through the stockings. Do not rub.

#### RINSING

1. Rinse at least twice in fresh water.
2. Do not wring, merely squeeze

water out (as if packing a snowball).

3. Roll in a Turkish towel and press out moisture.

#### DRYING

1. Lay stockings out flat or hang over a smooth surface to dry. Never place too near heat. Do not hang over radiators or rough boards or metal.
2. Stockings should be dried at least 24 hours before wearing.

#### GENERAL INSTRUCTIONS

Rayon, though strong and durable when dry, loses much of its strength when wet, but regains this as it dries. Consequently, rayon stockings must be handled with care during laundering.

So there you have it, girls, and if you think we're pulling your leg, look it up in your orderly room.

And remember, gently squeeze the suds—do not rub.

# Ex-Choirmaster Leads Fingal Choristers

## FRED SCRACE HELPED BUILD STATION CHOIR

Singing Airmen and W.D.'s Are Popular Feature of Church Parades

### OPEN FOR MEMBERS

AN ex-choir master of renown, turned general kitchen helper as his bit in the war effort, has given Fingal one of the few choirs in the R.C.A.F. He is Fred Scrace, civilian employee in the officers' mess. Largely through his efforts the choir, heard weekly on church parade, was organized.

Started in mid-April, the choir has doubled in size. Originally it numbered ten persons. Membership has increased to 20 and is growing steadily, although the full membership is never able to be present at services because of 48's.

The choir was originally brought together at the suggestion of the C.O. When interest has increased sufficiently, it is hoped a station glee club may develop, and the choir work will form only part of its activities.

F/O Shatford and F/L Witzel, both of whom are still keenly interested in its work, were the only sponsors and directors of the choir. But both emphasized the credit due to Mr. Scrace for his efforts. Mr. Scrace has had a great deal of experience as a choirmaster in civilian life, leading choirs in several large churches in St. Thomas and vicinity.

"He has shown unbounded enthusiasm in organizing our choir," said F/O Shatford. "If not for his unflagging zeal I doubt if we could ever have gone as far as we have." Padre Witzel also had warm praise for Mr. Scrace. "On several occasions I have known him to give up 48's in order to be present at our services," he said. "With a man like that behind our project we couldn't fail."

A NUMBER of invitations have been received to sing at St. Thomas and Fingal churches. So far these have been politely declined as the organization feels that is too new to accept them. "We want to get a stronger choir together before going out," said F/O Shatford. "When we have done this we shall be only too glad to sing at nearby churches."

Padre Witzel mentioned the rehearsals held weekly. "We have a wonderful time at them," he said. "Sometimes there is so much fun that the members will linger around for most of the evening, singing. I think if many of the personnel knew what a good time we have, the membership would go up by leaps and bounds."

Those interested in joining the choir are asked to come out at 7.30 on any Thursday night when rehearsals are held in the W.D.'s recreational centre.



## CENTRAL WAREHOUSE ISSUES THE GOOD THINGS IN LIFE

Including 48,000 Bottles of Pop And 22,000 Chocolate Bars Monthly For Airmen

3,000 PACKAGES OF GUM

By SGT. STAN NELSON

JUST a few words from Central Warehouse, a little known and much less appreciated section of our fair station.

Let me give you an idea of what goes on here from day to day.

Last month, sales in the airmen's canteen alone amounted to about \$11,000. When you consider the chocolate bars, pop, beer and a hundred and one other articles it takes to supply the canteen, it will give you some idea of the task confronting this small but efficient section. This, after all, is but one of the many sections we are asked to supply.

The sergeants' mess want spring lamb for dinner, canteloupe a la mode for dessert. The officers want chicken for dinner, sausage for supper, tomatoes, lettuce, onions, beans. There's a wiener roast coming up (sorry, the wieners turned out to be sausages). The O.R. mess haven't received their ice cream.

F/L Coady needs paint and creosote. F/Sgt. Woods is on the phone; he wants to know what happened to his lumber. S/L Weatherill has grey hair over the condition of the barrack floor and wants more wax and supplies before the next inspection, which is tomorrow. S/O Graham wants to know what happened to the six brushes ordered two weeks ago.



SGT. NELSON

The sports committee are worried about their equipment. Sgt. Major Finlay has started up a very pressing business and wants tickets printed right away. There is a big dance coming up and we need sandwiches and coffee. These and hundreds of others we have to try and satisfy every day.

LET ME give you a few figures on some of the most popular lines sold in the canteens, per month:

- 48,000 bottles of pop
  - 22,000 chocolate bars
  - 400,000 cigarettes
  - 19,000 bottles of beer
  - 3,000 packages of gum
  - 1,500 packages of tobacco
  - 11,000 bottles of milk
- and many other articles too numerous to mention.

But apart from handling it, we

must first of all procure it; and thanks to three certain low characters, known as Adolph, Benito and Hirohito, this is the hardest job of all. So, if you sometimes have to do without your favorite cigarette, or if there is no beer, or chocolate bars, or some other article for a day or two, don't blame the canteen staff. Or if you don't get exactly what the menu calls for, don't assault the cooks.

COME OVER to Central Warehouse and see yours truly, if you can get past the outer door where LAC Campbell will be struggling away with beer, pop or cases of some description. He checks every article to ensure that there will be no mistakes passed on to A. W. Cameron, for entry in the ledgers, which she tries so hard to balance.

And so, after a day of trying to please everyone on the station, we feel satisfied that we have done our best to help bring as far as possible normal living conditions back to Canada and the world in general.

True, we haven't shouldered a gun, we didn't fly a plane, or shoot down a Nazi. As a matter of fact we didn't do anything heroic or glamorous, but we are satisfied that we cheerfully do all in our power to make our fellow man in this little spot more satisfied and more determined to fight for the good things in life.

### BARELY COVERED

Male pilots were pleased recently when this official order was posted at Air Ferry Command stations in Britain:

"All women pilots will wear dark blue or black stockings only. Anyone found wearing anything else will be subject to disciplinary action."

## YE EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

Editor,  
Fingal Observer.

Dear Friends:

A very good friend of mine has kept me up to par on all Fingal news and gossip by sending me a copy of the Observer each month along with a grand letter. I was reading some of the news in the July issue of the Observer, written by Rena Sickles. I notice many of the old-timers are gone, some to their postings and others on discharge. May I wish best of luck to my bunk mate, Cpl. Garland, who was recently posted overseas. I hope she gets a copy of the Observer the same as the rest of us.

I have been discharged from the service since March 29. I often think of No. 4 B. & G. and all my friends there. Since my discharge I have been with my husband, who was training as a pilot. I'm sure many of the boys in maintenance will remember LAC G. H. Smith, who was an A.F.M. there for over a year before remustering. He has his wings now and is a sergeant-pilot posted here to Rivers, Man. He was also in the band while stationed at Fingal.

It strikes me very funny, being here out West. I remember how much I wanted to be posted to Lethbridge from Toronto when I finished my course as fabric worker there, as I wanted to see the Rockies. Instead I was posted to Fingal, right near my home town, which is Chatham. Now that I'm no longer in the service, I land away up here in Manitoba. At present I'm living in Cpl. Keenan's home town, also Cpl. Kennedy's (W.D.), if she is still at Fingal.

I'd like to say hello to Sgt. Lindsay of the parachute section, also Cpl. Everitt, Cpl. Vollans and all my fellow workers of the section; also wish best of luck to Muriel Langley in her new trade. Regards to all W.D.'s who remember me, and good luck for continued publication of the Fingal Observer.

(Mrs.) G. H. SMITH,  
(Formerly IAW Konyzer),  
No. 1 C. N. S.,  
Rivers, Manitoba.

### GIRL CRAZY

A party of visitors were being shown over a large lunatic asylum. The doctor who acted as guide paused before a cell in which a man sat fondling a large doll which was dressed in the gay and gaudy costume of an up-to-date young lady.

"This poor fellow," explained the doctor, "has a very sad history. See how he is bent over that doll and fondling it so tenderly. He spends most of his time like that. He was engaged to a girl, of whom he was very fond, when she jilted him and married another man. He lost his reason over the affair."

The visitors were much touched, and uttered various expressions of sympathy.

They passed to the next cell, which was barred and thickly padded.

"And this," resumed the doctor, "is the other man."

## Drama: "GD's For a Day" or "PO's Paint At Dawn"



NOPE, THEY'RE NOT CLOWNS—JUST JOES

By SGT. M. G. FIFE

SCENE of this month's true story of life at Fingal is laid in the analysis section, No. 2 hangar.

It is a dark and dreary morning and outside the rain beats down. "Let's brighten this joint up," pipes an enthusiastic voice. The suggestion gains momentum. The higher-ups hear of it. The higher-ups okay it, in triplicate, and a few days later our story opens.

As our little drama unfolds, we see the figures of four airmen in paint-stained coveralls, busy as little bees—slapping, slopping and slushing quarts of paint on the ceiling, walls and the floor as well.

ENTER: Two aircrew trainees. One of them speaks: "Geez, I really envy you guys."

1ST PAINTER: "Whaddaya mean? You aircrew envy us G.D. painters. Man, you're bugs."

2ND PAINTER: "I'll say they're nuts. Why, I been trying to get into aircrew for months."

2ND TRAINEE: "You fellows don't know when you're well off. Not a worry in the world. Look at us. All sorts of trouble and joe-jobs. You know, Ed, I think we should remuster to painters."

1ST TRAINEE: "I think you're right."

3RD PAINTER: "Take my advice and stay in aircrew. Look at us. Joe for everybody."

2ND TRAINEE: "Oh, I don't know: At least you've finished at five every night, but not us. We study all night; at least we're supposed to."

EXIT, TRAINEES.

Throughout our little drama, one man, who is painting in the corner, is seen trying to maintain his

## The Ballad of the Beds

By F/SGT. "PETE" McLELLAN

The Double Decks have come at last  
And they are here to stay,  
We now can sleep in slumber deep  
The morning hours away.

The Single Beds have gone, yet we  
Have no hard words to tell  
To see them go, no fuss—no show  
At that long last farewell.

The pleasure was for long denied,  
We thought they'd never come:  
Then Barber came with sword and flame  
And rolling of the drum.

He stood like a Napoleon,  
Deep furrowed was his brow,  
He raised his hand "to command  
The beds must go right now."

His bodyguard twelve airmen true,  
Their duties to perform,  
Like friends of fate and born of hate,  
They rushed in like a storm.

And now the Single Beds have gone—  
Picture this happy sight,  
Men like Lawrence and Littlejohn  
Climbing atop at night.

Ah there, my friends, at such a scene  
Caesar himself would faint,  
And all your artists that have been  
Could never aptly paint.

Or Billy Mark perched up on high,  
Beaming with smiles of bliss,  
"Surely," says he, with boyish glee,  
"What better life than this?"

Or Chandler in his dark abode,  
Six inches from the floor,

With face aglow, "I want to know  
A single bed no more."

And in the night sounds of delight  
Like birdies in their nest,  
To me it seems the blissful dreams

Of happy souls at rest.  
During the day at work or play,  
As happy as can be,  
With a sweet smile they'll limp awhile,  
But that is from P.T.

Still from our room we will assume  
The sleeper must be tall,  
For you'll see then two feet (size ten)  
Above the outside wall.

And there they dangle in the night  
White skeeters buzz, dive-bomb and bite,  
And wriggling toes move left and right.

But Eaton, Drouin and Conlin, too,  
Have solved a mystery:  
But what did they, you'll find one day  
In air force history.

If you can find for it a name,  
Your picture in a gilded frame  
Will hang up in the Hall of Fame.

The sergeants now in happy mood  
Flock gladly to their mess,  
And with the noise of carefree boys  
And Sammy's health to bless.

So ends the Ballad of the Beds,  
There's one more thing to say—  
From twelve o'clock the deckers rock  
Until the break of day.

There's one more thing to do, 'tis true,  
And it will not take long,  
When they retire with sleep's desire,  
Let's have the Cradle Song.

## AC2 PIGEON BEATS LOW FLYING CHARGE

AC2 Joe Pigeon has returned to No. 9 Bombing and Gunnery School after a court martial exonerated him of charges of being A.W.O.L., of desertion, of disorderly conduct, of low flying and a few other things.

Joe, one of the homing pigeons used by the school's aircrews, was returned to No. 3 Training Command in Montreal after a youth bought him at the market for 40 cents, and later noticed the insignia on the bird's leg.

Service police tried to find out how Joe wound up at the market, but all the poultry dealer could tell them was that he bought the bird from a 10-year-old whom he was unable to identify.

balance. He nearly falls off the table, laughing.

And in case the two trainees should read this, their faces will be slightly red, for the painters were none other than four air-bomber instructors, three of them aircrew. Namely, P/O Beggs, P/O G. Colthurst, Sgt. Fife and Cpl. Thompson.

Throughout the fiesta of painting we were also aided and abetted by P/O T. L. Beck, P/O A. N. Rois, P/O E. C. Chickinell, P/O J. F. Robinson (all pictured above), P/O Pollock and WO1 Desbines.

The job is done and we think it's a pretty good effort—naturally. There's now a possibility that the new and brighter atmosphere of the analysis section will spur the students on to even greater efforts to turn in brighter scores. It's a possibility, anyway.

## FINGAL STAFF PILOT ONCE FLEW HURRIES

WO1 Bob Marwick, new staff pilot here, was repatriated to Canada as a result of an accident overseas. He blacked out flying a Hurricane at a British O.T.U. and after a year and a half in hospital overseas he returned to Canada last August.

Following a further nine months in T.T.S. hospital, Bob took a refresher course at Rockcliffe, and was posted to Fingal. Bob, 22, is a Hamilton boy, and trained at Crumlin E.F.T.S. and Dunnville S.F.T.S. He went overseas in March, 1941, and had three weeks and 40 hours on Hurries before his crash.

### HOME SWEET HOMEBREW

The regiment was trekking through the desert; it was arid and parched and not a drop of water was to be found. One recruit sat sadly with his head in his hands.

"What's the matter with him?" asked the sergeant.

"Home sickness," said Private Smith.

"We've all got that."  
"Yes, but his is worse than for most of us—his father owns a saloon!"

## TWO YEARS AT FINGAL F/L COADY IS POSTED

W. and B. Officer, Now at Trenton, Is Succeeded by F/O R. O. Gilson

By DICK DEWSNAP

AT this time we are working under trying conditions due to the posting of our section O.C., F/L M. W. Coady. Since Sept. 25, 1941, F/L Coady has guided our section and by his ability, integrity and kindness of heart has won the respect of all who served him. As he proceeds to his new posting he carries our best wishes for continued success. At the same time we welcome F/O R. O. Gilson and trust that as the months roll by our relations will prove in every way as profitable and successful as in days gone by.

Work management has been placed under F/S Frank Wood, who has been remustered by command to works supervisor, succeeding F/S Pop Case, now of Dunnville. As head of the tractor operators for many months, Wood did wonderful work. There is not a foot of the station or its surroundings that the popular Flight does not know, and we feel confident that with the co-operation of our staff his career as W. and B. supervisor will be creditable indeed.

Duties of tractor foreman are now assumed by Cpl. Don Saunders and we have no hesitancy in saying that Don has proven his capabilities on more than one occasion. LAC Bennett, one of our busy tractor operators, is on temporary duty at Hamilton, taking a course in Diesel engineering. A valuable addition to our section is Cpl. Geo. Sewell, that master metal worker, who has assumed the tinsmith work. We glory in having LAC Fairhurst, that modest chap who has been carrying our station banner to victory on sport fields.

W. F. Edwards, the popular major and foreman of our pumping system, has completed a course at Mount Hope. This places the major in a position to more carefully oversee the various duties connected with our pumping system, as well as the chlorination and sanitation plants. At present a mobile unit is at work on the enlargement of our pumping house and extending the present system of water mains.

The W. and B. branch have been relaxing somewhat. On an evening not long ago the majority of the section proceeded to the inviting premises of James Briody, on the shores of Lake Erie. Here the staff spent an evening long to be remembered by those who participated. With an abundance of eats and no small measure of drinks, all did ample justice to appease well-earned appetites. It was a swell picnic.

### NOW AN LAC

AC1 G. R. Moore has been reclassified to LAC, effective May 4.

## SILLERS OF BARRACK STORES IS FINGAL'S "LAUNDRY QUEEN"

Her Program Is Packed With Excitement, Adventure—And Laundry

SHE BEARS IT NOBLY

By LAW PAT SILLERS

BARRACKS stores' program for the week is packed with excitement and adventure. To prove it, here's a week's schedule:

Monday—Take in dirty laundry.  
Tuesday—Take in clean laundry; send out dirty laundry.

Wednesday—Sort clean laundry and put it away.

Thursday—Take in dirty laundry.

Friday—Take in clean laundry; send out dirty laundry.

Saturday—Course going out.

Sunday—Course coming in.

See what I mean by excitement.

Big, shiny, red laundry trucks, stacks of clean white sheets, meeting new people, stacks of clean white pillow cases, and then to top it all off—196 air cadets.

However, don't let me give you the wrong impression. We're not always doing laundry. Indeed there are many more departments to our establishment; cleaning materials for the messes to keep dishes bright and sparkling; fire equipment, brooms, dishes, pots, pans, stoves, can openers and other items too numerous to mention.

Nearly every time you move around you come in contact with barrack stores. You get up in the



"LAUNDRY QUEEN" SILLERS

morning from your bunk, sweep the floor with a broom, dine in the mess hall (barrack equipment), proceed to work in various offices (barrack equipment), and enjoy an evening's entertainment completely relaxed on folding chairs in the recreation hall.

Each day, of course, brings more problems and headaches to us as more inventories are created, and new and bigger battles have to be fought with our friends in accounts.

### SQUIRRELS AHOY!

Ernie Pellissier, bomb aimer from New York, tells this one about a doctor friend. The M.D. visited an asylum to check for improvement and possible cure among the patients. It was a sweltering day, and he found one piece of squirrel diet sitting in his room entirely unclad, save for a derby hat.

"Why don't you put your clothes on?" asked the M.D.

"It's very hot," said the nut. "Nobody ever comes to see me; why shouldn't I take my clothes off?"

This sounded like very good logic. "But why wear the derby hat?"

"Oh!" said the nut. "Some day somebody might come to see me!"

## How Your Money Was Spent

### STATION INSTITUTE FUND, JULY, 1943

#### Receipts

Canteen Profits (Net).....	\$ 1,917.01
Donation, Officers and Sergeants.....	227.75
Donation, Air Cadets.....	6.21
Dance Revenue.....	35.50
Barber Shop.....	31.30
Library Fines.....	14.00
<b>Total Receipts.....</b>	<b>\$ 2,231.77</b>

#### Expenditures

Entertainment.....	\$ 81.11
Library Books.....	24.92
Sports.....	426.02
Fingal Observer Expenses.....	245.24
Balance Cost of Swimming Pool.....	283.82
Wax and Shellac.....	132.47
Band Equipment.....	36.00
Miscellaneous Expenses.....	120.55
Extra Messing Appropriation.....	435.00
Depreciation for Month.....	121.40
<b>Total Expenditures.....</b>	<b>\$ 1,906.53</b>

## WE LOSE BY 1 POINT AT LONDON MEETING

Fingal Scores 22 Points Against 23 for T.T.S.

Fingal and T.T.S. won top honors at the meet held at University of Western Ontario Stadium in London.

An air force parade through downtown London, led by the T.T.S. Brass Band and the Centralia Pipe Band, preceded the meet.

Seven air stations situated in the western area of the training command competed in the meet. Final scores were: Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School, 22 points; T.T.S., 23 points; No. 4 A.O.S., 7 points; No. 14 S.F.T.S., Aylmer, 5 points; Port Albert Navigation School, 3 points; No. 9 S.F.T.S., Centralia, 1 point; and Clinton, 1 point.

An extra event, the tug-of-war, was won by a Fingal team over a T.T.S. group after a two-minute tug.

### RESULTS

880 yards—R. Warwick, Fingal; J. Howarth, Crumlin; J. Zaleski, T.T.S. Time 2:38.

100 yards—E. Fairhurst, Fingal; H. Mitchell, T.T.S.; G. Wilson, T.T.S. Time 10.6.

400 yards—R. George, T.T.S.; J. McCurdy, T.T.S.; E. Sisley, Fingal. Time 5:4.

One mile—Kamin, Crumlin; R. Gould, Fingal; B. Jones, Fingal. Time 5:11.

Shot put—A. Johnson, Fingal; J. Bourke, Crumlin; J. Thurlow, Fingal. Distance 41.5.

200 yards—E. Fairhurst, Fingal; B. Wilson, T.T.S.; H. Mitchell, T.T.S. Time 25.6.

880-yard relay — T.T.S., Fingal, Clinton. Time 1:43.

Discus—E. Gilruth, Port Albert; J. Thurlow, Fingal; S. Woods, T.T.S. Distance 107 feet.

### ME

When God gave out brains I thought He said trains and I missed mine.

When God gave out looks I thought He said books and I didn't want any.

When God gave our noses I thought He said roses and I ordered a big red one.

When God gave out legs I thought He said kegs and I ordered two big fat ones.

When God gave out ears I thought He said beers and I ordered two long ones.

Ain't I a mess?

The manager speaks to the late arrival: "Well, Jones, what is the excuse this time?"

Clerk: "It was like this, sir. My sisters were in the house alone last night, and being rather frightened by the storm and grotesque shadows in the fireplace mirror, they turned it to the wall.

"So, on coming down this morning, I looked, as was my habit, at my face in the mirror. When I couldn't see myself, naturally I presumed I had gone to work, so I went back to bed."

# With Tony Brown in Singapore

I HAD a look around to find out what part of the 'drome they were going to use as a runway. I couldn't find any administration officers and all ground and aircrew were busy putting out fires and salvaging what planes there were left. I think there were only four Hurricanes serviceable. Now, Kalang was the last 'drome serviceable in Malaya. Tengga was evacuated. Seletar was under shellfire, and so was Sembawang, so Kalang was the only 'drome that our fighters could operate from. I located a tractor and proceeded to clear a runway. It was rather an impossible job as there were about ten large 1,000-pounder holes. Part of the 'drome was reclaimed ground from a swamp and where the 1,000-pounders had landed the bombs had burst far down in the mud and had forced it up like toothpaste out of a tube or else there was just a lump.

Hurricanes that were left were serviced in Sumatra and had extra fuel tanks between the wings. This was a good idea, but they had to land to unbolts them when they had finished. Jap Zeros had a better idea. Theirs were detachable in the air. They just dropped them off when they were done. It was no sinecure working on Kalang 'drome as the Tojo express or local raiders were coming over hourly, and I got caught in the first two. On a tractor you can't hear the ack-ack until it goes off under your nose, so I was caught in the middle of the field. There was nothing to do except lower the blade and crawl under the tractor. It was hot and uncomfortable, but comparatively safe from fragments.

I got a Johore Volunteer to wait on the edge of the runway, and when he heard bombers coming he would drive out, pick me up and away. This was not so easy, as I had a gang of coolies I had raked up to help me, and they would all be in before I could get off the tractor. Then we would drive like hell off the place, drop the coolies outside and go to the Cricket Club, a posh place on the Padang, or to the Raffles Hotel. These were out of bounds to all ranks except commissioned men, so we used to keep a few piston rings handy and become Flight Looeys, as these were about the only places you could get served. Except, of course, the Anzac Club and the Union Jack, but these were usually crowded. Out here we would order a couple of Stengabs and then tear up to the roof to see where the bombs had fallen. I kept that up for a couple of days, and managed to get a runway cleared long enough for the Hurricanes to take off. I left the job then as there seemed to be no future in it.

BACK at the dairy farm the first thing my mate and I did was to dig a nice shelter on a hillside. We covered it with a foot of earth and leaves. While we were digging we got a lot of rude remarks about our courage, but two days later we came under shellfire from ack-ack guns the Japs had captured at Johore. You could easily tell the ack-ack because the shells scream-

"I used to lie on my back and watch the bomb doors open. It's a funny feeling; they seem to be coming straight for you." — Concluding Instalment of New Zealander's Adventures in Far East

ed. Owing to their high velocity, the field guns and howitzers make a swishing sound in the air.

However, we soon got used to the sounds. We were between Aussie batteries and Japs, and they were banging away for three days. We could watch Jap shells bursting on the observation point about 400 yards away on the crest of a hill. We used to watch them from our mess, which was in the open.

A couple of days later, about 20 of us volunteered to go down to load our ship with food, tractors and all our earth-moving gear. It was not much of a job as the docks and godowns (sheds) were being bombed all the time, but there was nothing much doing at camp. The first day we stopped work six times for raids. I was loading food and we managed to get 60 tons on board. I managed to drop a couple of cases of peaches on their ends (I don't know how it happened, really) and in case some thieving hound came along, I put them in a spare kit bag. Next day we loaded the trucks, tractors and cars. We got 18 cars of our own on board as well. People used to give us their cars as they couldn't sell them, and they were only in the way. Many were pushed into the sea, and we didn't like to see such waste.

The next morning we just had a few hours work to finish loading, so we agreed to work all the time, and not stop for air raids. I was working below, driving a tractor, and it was as hot as an oven in the hold. We decided to get some beer out of a shed on the wharf. All the sheds were busted about and we were able to help ourselves. The M.P.'s were too full of beer to worry.

I had got out of the hold when I heard some bombs coming and lay down on the deck. Two bombs went down the hold I had just come out of and six burst alongside among the sheds and trucks. The men in the hold were all killed or wounded — the wounded

died that day. We were unable to find out where they were buried. We told the hospital they should have let us know, and they said that they had 150 men die that day, and they couldn't keep track of them. The work the nurses and doctors did was marvelous. The nurses just wouldn't leave their jobs.

I WILL never forget Dr. Elliot. She was just a frail old lady, over 60, and she had a broken back and wore a special brace. She ran a hospital for T.B. Chinese children. When I met her first, she and three white nurses and six Chinese nurses were looking after 60 crippled children. They were living in a house on the Sungai Buloh estate. I used to go down at night-sometimes and have dinner with Dr. Elliot. I helped them complete their blackout arrangements and fix up their water supply as their head man was arrested as a fifth columnist. They were moved back to Tan Toc Sen Hospital just before we left, and I took in two loads of their personal gear for them in my truck.

I will never forget the last night I saw them. I didn't finish getting their stuff unloaded until late, so had dinner with Dr. Elliot in this huge hospital. It was a modern hospital, but had been evacuated as it was next to a gas works. After dinner I asked Dr. Elliot what she was going to do. She said: "Remain behind." She wanted the white nurses to get away. She said, "I will stay. I am an old woman and I do not think the Japs will hurt me. They may make me work harder, but I am afraid they will mistreat my Chinese nurses." I was amazed at her pluck. She was not a bit scared, although she knew Singapore was doomed, but she had it all planned out as far as she was able, and was just carrying on until it happened. The Chinese nurses were brave, too, as they could have easily run away. It made me feel quite ashamed as we knew then we

would leave her.

Losing our ship was a blow. We managed to get the fire out by half sinking the ship. The water reached the furnaces and put them out. Next day, the volunteer workers, mostly men over 60, hauled a big Diesel pump aboard. While they were doing that we unloaded all the men's kit bags, and about 30 tons of food. All this stuff was handled by about 20 of us, and if any of you have worked in a ship you could imagine what a tough job it was lifting cases of fruit up out of the hold, and then onto the wharf by hand. We went back to the dairy farm for a few days. There was not much doing.

THE naval base was about three miles from us at the farm. Although we couldn't see it, we could tell when it was bombed. At this time they were out of commission due to bombing and the fact that most of the native labor had taken to the bush for the duration. About 5 a.m. the second day, we were at the farm; we heard a plane come over low and did not take much notice as we had a patrol out at night looking for lights. If they saw any they gave it a squirt. It's the best way of enforcing blackout regulations I know. However, this was not the night patrol, for a few minutes later we heard three bombs go off and then a little while after a huge column of black smoke went up to 30,000 feet. Here it mushroomed out and looked like a big thunder cloud. That day, when we returned from loading the ship, we washed our clothes and had a shower — our shower baths were out on a hillside in a patch of light jungle. There were no covers, and all the soot from the burning oil came down on us. When we dried ourselves we were covered with black, greasy soot, and so were our clothes and washing. At night the fires were quite a sight. This huge column of smoke going up and the underside of the billowing smoke was a dull red from the reflection of the fires, which kept flickering up and down.

We got shot up at mess by a Mitsubishi. We got quite a surprise as we thought it was a Hudson at first, and it was not until it opened fire that we realized what it was. We certainly learned our aircraft recognition the hard way. It's marvelous, if you make a mistake and get shot at, how good you get in time. I believe that is what

(Continued on next page)



Smoke pours from the ship on which Tony was to sail from Singapore to Palembang. It was sunk by Japs while he was aboard. Photo at RIGHT shows natives at Johore.

# WITH TONY BROWN OUT IN SINGAPORE

(Continued from previous page)

learned men call the trial and error method.

We managed to secure a ship and we loaded her up and set sail next night. We saw the convoy ship out ahead of us with the escort and we got safely through the mine field. Then our ship turned and sailed back to Singapore on her own. Imagine our feelings when we arrived back. We had turned back because the crew had slipped away in the dark as they did not want to run the risk of being sunk, so before we left they asked for a volunteer crew, and about 18 of us who had experience at sea took the job on. I was a deck hand and in charge of No. 4 lifeboat on the starboard side. One of my pals had his navigator's certificate so he was acting as mate. We managed to keep sufficient Chinese greasers and engineers to run the engine room. Next night we set sail again, but when we got to the mine field the smoke from the Empress of Asia, which was ashore and burning at Blakang Mati, drifted across and we could not see the passage, so we turned back again. You can't take chances in a mine-field.

WE could see the mast-tops of five boats that had taken a chance, sticking out of the sea. When we returned this time the rest of the men were sent to a transit camp in the hills. Four of us volunteered to stay on the boat. There was no sense in more staying until we sailed as the Japs were bombing the wharfs and ships. We had a ringside seat for four days. We were anchored a mile off shore, and I used to lay on my back and watch the bombers right over the ship, and you could see the bomb doors open and the bombs dropping. It's a funny feeling watching them—first they seem to be coming straight down, then just when you were beginning to get all tense for the explosion, they would just glide overhead and we could see them burst on the sheds and trucks. You could always tell when they hit an oil dump because of the great column of black smoke that would go straight up, and we would bet beers on the name of the place that was hit.

I went ashore to send a cable home to say I was O.K. and to say good-bye to my friend, Inspector Pryn. He lived in the White House, a big modern Chinese hotel at the corner of Jalan Basar and Sungai Roads. There is a big, smelly canal opposite; all the other houses around it were flat and burning. There was a nasty smell of rotting corpses.

Inspector Pryn was glum. He knew it was all up, but he had decided to stay with his Mata Mata (police). Mata is a Malayan word meaning "Look Look," and a detective is a Mata Glap, the eye that sees in the dark, and Mata Hari means the light of the sun. The White House was a refuge for Chinese women, and children from the



**AGGIE FROM PENANG**

Aggie, a young monkey, was Tony's pet in Johore. When she drank too much beer in the mess she got the horrors, Tony says. One day, during a hangover, Aggie attacked a coolie and tore his back to ribbons. She was shot.

raids that were rocking the district. There were people on the stairs and under them. While I was there, bombs fell opposite, but they only shook the White House, which was a modern concrete building with sandbags outside eight feet high. Pryn and I sat talking. There was not much we could do. The Mata Mata's all got under their beds. After it was over Pryn and I went outside to have a look-see. They had dropped a stick along a road leading up to us and had destroyed all the houses, which were burning. There were a few dead and wounded in the street. Those who had taken shelter in the houses were killed anyway. It seemed strange to see everyone walking down the road after the raid and no one seemed to bother about those bundles of clothes lying in the road. The indifference the natives and Chinese and Indians have to death and suffering seemed strange to me.

I remember saying to Pryn, who was a very well built chap, "There is one thing, if the Japs put you on pulling a rickshaw you'll get your weight down." It was a grim joke, because that was what the Japs did with some of the Europeans.

WE had a final walk together round the waterfront by the Hongkong, Shanghai Bank and the Post Office. They were hardly touched, but they were nearly deserted. In Change Alley the natives were trying to sell everything just to get rid of it. We were stocking up with food for our trip; tins of peaches and pineapple. Going back to the docks for the last time, we walked to the dock fire station, which was being used as a first aid post. Here the helpers were volunteers. They were all older men over 60. These volunteer workers did good work and one cannot speak too highly of these men who could have got away, but preferred to stay and face death rather than leave. They worked on the dock as dock workers when the workers left, as first aid helpers and as air raid wardens. It was great to see these old fellows working and making a good job of it too, when a

month before the hardest work they ever did was to yell, "Boy, I want a drink."

The fire station was rather ill-equipped. All they had were bare mattresses on the floor, buckets with water and lysol and a few splints. It was a terrible place to be in after a raid as they used to get people who were badly torn about and there were more than they could attend to, so they just had to lie there. I said good-bye to Pryn and got aboard the ship.

WE heard that we would sail that night. There was little food on board that was appetizing except pork and beans and ship's biscuit, so we decided to do a bit of scrounging. First, we got six cases of beer from a shed. Perhaps I should give you some idea of our surroundings. We were alongside the wharf. The freight sheds were all bombed. Big heaps of coal and rubber were burning. The roofs were off and there were gaping holes in the sides. We went in and collected some cases of tinned fruit and a sack of rice, a big aluminum jug to make tea in, and some tinned butter and a case of curried chicken. This we cached amidships. In the evening the men started to pour on and we had only standing room left. We had rather a mixed lot on board. There were some Singapore Technical Corps, who were all Malayan, some R.A.F. personnel, some navy men who were doing a survey. We had some Aussies and a few stray pilots and quite a lot of officers from different air force units.

We left at night and got through the mine field safely with another boat. She was loaded down with Australian troops. She was only a river boat and had been hit with a couple of fragmentation bombs and her funnel looked like a tin can someone had been using for rifle practice.

We travelled all night and then during the day we anchored in a bay, then at night we travelled again. Life on board was fairly easy. My gang managed to bribe the officer's cook to let us use the galley, although it was strictly verboten, and I used to cook the rice and make curry with the curried chicken. We had tea and milk, as we found a case of sweetened milk and added it to our store. There was the tinned fruit, too. Officers and men cast many jealous glances at us gorging away and drinking tea. They had only pork and beans and water and ship's biscuits. I still have one. I cut the centre out of it, carved it, and made a photo frame out of it.

**D.R.O.'S SAY:**

The practice of wearing braces without tunics must cease forthwith. If airmen wish to remove tunics they must remove braces also and wear a belt.

Official station time will be recorded by the clock in the telephone operator's office.

All ranks not in possession of identity discs are to contact the service police at the guard house and give all particulars in order that steps may be taken to procure the discs as soon as possible.

AC2: "Are you free this evening?"

Girl friend: "Well, not exactly free, but very inexpensive."

# IN THE DITCH, 2 FLATS BUT GET BACK OKAY

Fingalite Spends Adventurous  
"48" in Detroit



**BEATON AND JALOPY**

By JACK BEATON

WHILE on a "48", four of us visited Detroit and from what I have gathered since, everyone had a swell time—except on our return trip. Fate handed us some popular tire trouble and a shortage of road, because we ran into a large ditch.

After we finally got hauled out, we continued on to Fingal. But only a few miles after our experience in a ditch we had one more flat. After we fixed that, we finally arrived at 12.15 p.m., and soaking wet.

Al Playfair and Lee Wade played an important part in our effort to arrive on time, but it was all in vain.

The two other chaps, who were on temporary duty from Trenton, also tried their best to make our trip a success, but they also tried in vain, because we were late.

But that's all in the past now, and I am sure we all get a laugh out of it when we think of it.

## BOMBING CONTESTS SHOW GOOD SCORES

Results of impromptu contests held in the bombing teacher:

**CLASS 87C**  
Ron Huggins.....19-yard error  
Jim Brown.....25-yard error

**CLASS 86A**  
H. Stevenson..... 11  
J. Ladouceur..... 20

**CLASS 88A**  
G. Jarmy..... 13  
A. Munro..... 13  
G. Hives..... 14  
J. McNeil..... 14

# F/L Blurpenburp's First Overseas Dispatch



P/O AND MRS. WYCKOFF WITH DONNA MARIE

## AC2 EQUIPMENT ASST. IN 1937 IS NOW P/O AIR BOMBER HERE

P/O C. B. Wyckoff, once mistaken for a visiting chief of police, got a right smart salute from local gendarmes as he sped through small Ontario towns on leave. But that was long ago, in 1937, when he was an AC2 equipment assistant at Trenton. Today the air force blue is a bit more familiar around Trenton and other parts of the country.

But those were the good old days of long leaves and plenty of travelling time. Wyckoff once spent his leave taking a motor trip to Mexico City, and an LAC he knew went to England every year on his annual leave.

Wyckoff, 27, hails from Simcoe. He enlisted in Toronto two years before the war and was stationed at Trenton until October, 1940,

when he became a flight-sergeant. He went out with seven others to open up Mossbank. For two weeks they helped the contractors build the station. He was at Mossbank until December, 1941. By this time he was a WO2.

He was posted to Hagersville, and last September remustered to aircrew. He went down to sergeant but was a WO2 for the last two months of his course. He trained at No. 6 I.T.S. in Toronto, Jarvis and St. John's. He was commissioned when he graduated in May of this year and after a two weeks' instructor's course at Mountain View was posted here. He now instructs air bombers at G.I.S.

He is married and resides in St. Thomas with Mrs. Wyckoff and their one-year-old daughter, Donna Marie.

### FARE ENOUGH

A lady was riding on the train with her son. The conductor came by and she said, "A fare for me and a half fare for the boy."

The conductor looked at the boy and said, "Lady, that boy's got long pants on."

"In that case," said the lady, "a full fare for the boy and half fare for me."

### TRIPLE THREAT MAN

A certain father, on meeting the new first grade teacher for the first time, said: "I'm happy to know you, Miss. I am the father of the triplets you are going to have next September."

### NO OFFENCE, OLD MAN

This one's on our R.A.F. pals. Doubt if it's true, but it fills up space. A laddie from London reported to the orderly room to complete his records.

"What's your name?" asked the W. D.

"'Orace 'Iggins," said the Londoner.

"Orace Iggins?"

"'No," said the R.A.F. lad, "'Orace 'Iggins."

"How do you spell it?"

"Haich has hin 'orse, Hi has hin hicc, 'G' has hin Gor-blimey, 'N' has hin nuts, and 'S' has hin save-the-king. Hif that doesn't spell 'Iggins, Hi can't speak Henglish!"

## MANY FINGAL FACES AT NEWFY STATION

Storm Centre Finds Life at "Ganda" Decidedly Interesting—To Put It Mildly

By CPL. M. L. STORM

NEWFOUNDLAND (Passed by Censor) — Fellow Fingalites, suffering under the sultry Southern Ontario sun, greetings, salutations and what not from Ganda—the censor permitting, by reason of which one must perforce be somewhat reticent.

Well, sir, we've seen some things in our life—as we were wont to remark at good old Fingal when the first W.D. dared to cross our doorstep—but this place takes the cake, a good many of Hitler's cakes, we hope. All of which will be told when the war is over. Meanwhile, let's get down to a few familiar faces.

The other day we ran smack into F/O Craddock, D.F.C., who took time out to show us over the squadron he is working with. We were but a day old here and as green as the grass that doesn't grow at Ganda. And then, by heavens! walking through the gymnasium one day, we met F/O Burns, an old friend of past tribulations. "Come into my office," said he, straight-away making us feel at home.

It was like treading upon a bit of familiar ground — we by no means have the parade square in mind, either. More like a bit of Fingal in a foreign field. This was more so when we ran into LAC's Cussons, Tough, McConachie and Co. Now, who the devil could feel homesick? Just yesterday we asked our neighbor at the mess table to pass the salt. "Sure, Storm Centre," he assented. And there he was, as large as life—and just as red-haired—LAC Mills. We are tempted to add—and as handsome as ever.

That's not all. On Mills' right sat Krantz, Sallows and Grant. Nikolaychuk on our left, and Cpl. Simkevitz just across the table. Well, after all, we wondered whether we WERE at Ganda. We have been wondering if the commanding officer oughtn't to send you a wire: "Contributions from Fingal thankfully received."

The boys are quite happy here. Naturally, everyone felt strange at first. One always arrives at a new station with his heart within the close proximity of his mouth. "Tex" (LAC McClellan) is unbelievably quiet. But we hope he'll soon find his yapper as of yore. Smith, A.T.S., and Roffey were telling us that they hoped he'd never retrieve his former fluency.

Ganda is certainly full of surprises, though. One day we got lost in a hangar and barged into a room to ask our way. You'll not believe us, we know — we didn't either, at first—when we tell you



F/L BLURPENBLURP

that Cpl. Churcher turned around from a sewing machine to say, "That way." Nor that, standing in the movie line-up, we met LAC Haden. Or that the orderly sergeant of the other day was Sgt. Johnson, another Fingalite.

The movies, incidentally, are good. There are two shows, Canadian and American. The pictures and the projectors are first-class. The film doesn't suddenly go "Blick-a-flick" and blackout just when the hero and the heroine are about to get together for the last curtain.

Every kind of sport obtains at Ganda. Even an indoor swimming pool where you can drown your sorrows. Yes, Ganda's all right. And now that we are getting the hang of things, we are beginning to feel at home.

The good old T.C.A.—we call her the "Morale Builder" for obvious reasons—keeps us in close touch with Canada. And, should that fail us, then there's the "Noofy Goofy Lintied," that chugs along upon a narrow gauge track and pants its way to Ganda, weather permitting. We don't believe—though they tell it as truth—that sometimes a high wind will blow it clean off the track.

There was a young man from Gander Whose mind was once wont to wander.

Till he unfused a bomb By using his thumb— And not an eleven and a half pounder, by thunder!

—Blurp the Blurp.

### A SLIGHT MISTAKE

Maisie was in a bar having a beer when a friend from England walked in.

"I say, Maisie, are you 'aving one?"

"No, it's just the cut of me coat."

# MAW DRAWS GAT ON AIRMEN WHO BRUNG DAUGHTERS HOME

But Chivalry Is Not Dead—  
Fearless Fingal Lads  
Don't Flinch

By LAC BEN HALTER

WE'D like to know what Tommie McEwen and Stan Monczka really thought the other night at Port Stanley. They were saying good night to a couple of fair-damselfs after escorting them home from a dance, and their mother showed upon the porch with a revolver in her hand! Stan swears that even in the dark he could see Tommie turn six shades whiter, and that he never heard him sling that Scotch accent around so fast and so convincingly before. Sad to say there is a very tame ending to the story, because she keeps the revolver around the house for her own protection, and all ended well with the boys being invited in for a cup of coffee.

We never in all our life saw so many charlie-horses at one time as in maintenance shortly after the P.T. classes began. The hangar looked like a home for the lame and halt. We must confess that we had one, to, and it was really painful while it lasted. We think that first day was a little too strenuous, but it seems the only casualty was a broken toe, and that was accidental, and the lucky guy got an "Attend B" out of it, which excuses him from P.T. and parades for 28 days. We wonder, is a broken toe very painful?

WE have now joined the A.I.D. section. We thought A.I.D. meant Always In Doubt, but it actually means Aeronautical Inspection Dept. Surprised? We were, too. Always In Depot, but it actually means Aeronautical Inspection Dept. Surprised? We were, too. In fact it makes us feel almost important. We certainly learned there was a lot more to it than appeared on the surface. We have been in two days and we were as dizzy as a merry-go-round, what with charts, engine changes, L3's, L3a's, 1/M/2's, E135's, modifications, etc., etc. The worst of it is that Sgt. Workman is away on leave and Cpl. Jordan is in the hospital, leaving only WO2 Gosby and us to take care of the engine end of A.I.D.

Sgt. Gorsline was pressed into service, and for the last few days we have been Gorsie's shadow. If it keeps up we'll haunt him to an early grave. F/S Martin and LAC Rake make up the rest of the section.

We certainly wonder if Sgt. Bob Confin's wife is moving to St. Thomas, because he went home on his last "48" with his face all scratched up. Of maybe it's because she was offered a job in town? Congratulations, Mrs. Confin, but keep an eye on Bob, and don't believe him every time he says he is working overtime.

We are going to quit arguing



### FATHER AND SONS

Cpl. Britt Jordan, Fingal A.E.M., and his two sons. AC2 C. Jordan is an A.E.M. overseas and LAC Wallace Jordan is a trainee pilot.

with Cpl. Mead. Take it from us, there is no fun in arguing with one who is never wrong. In fact it will eventually lead to an inferiority complex. We know. We even consider before we tell him the time, and then we corroborate it with two others, just to make sure. The other day we were in trouble. We couldn't get the throttles on a Bolingbroke to synchronize. We tried everything in the book, and then invented some possibilities for the difference, but nothing helped.

Finally we were ready to admit defeat, so we called in the Oracle. He got the score from us, and then said: "The blades on one propeller are probably longer than the blades on the other." We snorted in dis-

# LAC ERIC FAIRHURST RCAF SPRINT CHAMP

Fingalite Wins 100-Yard Dash  
At Command Track Meet  
In Toronto

LAC ERIC FAIRHURST, draughtsman at works and buildings, starred for Fingal's track team at the command meet in Toronto. He placed first in the 100-yard dash and third in the 220, winning Fingal's only points of the meet.

Fairhurst ran three heats in each of these events, a total of 960 yards at top speed. He received his first prize from Mayor Conboy of Toronto.

Others who were on the team: LAC Allan Moscrop, LAC Hugh McLeod, LAC Reg. Gould, LAC Edwin Sisley, LAC Les Fair, Cpl. Al Lepic, LAC Len Naylor, F/S Frank Scott, LAC Reg. Warwick, Cpl. Margaret Kennedy, LAW Betty Smithers, Cpl. Helen Kasdorf, S/O Mary Satterly, F/O "Tiny" Thurlow. S/L Massey, F/O



THE WINNAH

Hull, F/S Vic Cronin, Sgt. George Hodges and Clarke Edwards accompanied the team to Toronto.

Warwick placed first in his heat and Naylor placed second in his, both in the half-mile event, but lost out in the gruelling final. Altogether Fingal put up a good show, but the overwhelming competition was too much for them.

## VITAL STATISTICS

### PROMOTIONS

F/Sgt. T. McIlquham, D.F.M., to WO2.  
F/Sgt. W. M. Pagen to WO2.  
Sgt. S. K. Silverman to WO2.  
P/O's W. N. Rivers, G. White, W. A. Eaton to Flying Officer.  
Sgt. Tony Brown to Pilot Officer.  
Sgts. L. M. Paul, A. McLean, L. Neff, W. S. McMullen, A. P. Lamont and T. W. Spivey to Flight Sergeant.  
F/Sgts. A. T. Maguire, N. E. Ingraham, R. D. Stevenson and E. K. Booth to WO2.  
LAW J. I. Johnston to Corporal.  
LAC G. F. Ripley to Corporal.  
Cpl. D. E. Saunders to Sergeant.  
LAC R. R. Cunningham to Corporal.

### MARRIAGES

Sgt. W. B. Mooers to Ruth Helen Rogers, at Halifax, N. S.  
LAC V. A. Herod to Josephine Twells, at St. Thomas, Ont.  
P/O G. E. Robinson to LAW Catherine MacDonald, at London.  
F/O "Kip" Adler to Phyllis Benson, at Toledo, Ohio, in March.  
LAC L. E. Tooley to LaMusa Alice Merritt, at London.  
F/S G. W. Armstrong to Dorothy Crawford, at Toronto.

### BIRTHS

A daughter, their second, to P/O and Mrs. Tony Brown, in New Zealand.  
A daughter, Marie Aurore Denise Claudette, to LAC and Mrs. O. J. Saumier, at Wrightsville, Que.  
A son, Harold Marshall, to LAC and Mrs. G. F. Draper, at St. Thomas.  
A daughter, Linda Kay, to AC1 and Mrs. B. A. Kramer, at Windsor.  
A son, Richard John, to LAC and Mrs. A. J. Turner, at London.  
A son, David George, to LAC and Mrs. L. A. V. Clements, at London.  
A son, Albert Arthur, to LAC and Mrs. A. H. Hewer, at St. Thomas.  
A son, Charles Brock, to LAC and Mrs. C. A. LaFrance, at Belleville.  
A son, James Gordon, to F/Sgt. and Mrs. G. H. Dickson, at St. Thomas.

### AIR-BOMBER WINS D.F.C.

Charles LaFrance, 86A, comes from a fightin' family. Trenton's first D.F.C. has been awarded to his brother Frank, a WO1 air-bomber. Another brother, Harry, is reported wounded in Sicily.

dain, what did he take us for? A chump? Whoever heard of such a thing? Well, we finally measured it, and darned if one prop wasn't longer than the other! Now if he were to tell us that the Bolies could fly backwards we'd take his word for it, and stand away from the tail just in case it did!

## MEN OF 87 ARE FASCINATING YOU NAME IT--THEY'VE GOT IT

Two Lone Canucks Hold Out  
Against Course That's  
99.99% R.A.F.

By W. LAMB, J. SULLIVAN  
AND J. B. LUARD

COURSE 87 is 99.99 per cent R.A.F. After weeks at Fingal we are still trying in vain to pick up Canadian customs. Only thing we have learned and liked is the infamous game of crap, and we think we are holding our own rather well.

F. W. Brooks seems to be a keen swimmer, so much so that he's undertaken to instruct non-swimmers of this course. He seems to have yet another pupil in Welland. R. J. Blanche also spends 48's in Welland. What's Welland got that Fingal ain't?

Ginger Stead spends much of his time in the airmen's lounge, but more outside the canteen next door. W.D.'s, beware—he's married. Incidentally, Ginger marked his first wedding anniversary by standing the lads to a round of pop, and cabling his wife in Bradford, Yorkshire. Buntly Hepworth, another Yorkshire lad, is an ex-corporal in the army and a professional soccer player.

Ogilvie (Rip Van Winkle), from Scotland, walks in a daze, talks in a daze and lives in a daze, but does very well on it—especially in Detroit. "I deny it," says Ogilvie.

"Cole-pyle" Chilcott, from Southampton, is doing a lot of night work since his arrival here. He says it's an advanced course in astronomy. What we say wouldn't be printed.

Joek Matthews' powerful voice may be heard all over camp during wet canteen hours. A. Page is pacing the floor in Barrack Block 301 these days, eagerly awaiting a cable from London. He claims P/O Stork's E.T.A. is way out.

"Gordie" Bowles, who has helped build British warships at Newcastle-on-Tyne, now spends his time studying their silhouettes. Some nights he seems intent on launching the fleet in the wet canteen.

H. Dutfield had a week-end in the U.S., and Buffalo is just beginning to recover from his visit. T. P. Graves has two ambitions in life—to sleep and stay sleeping.

W. R. Lamb says: "I enjoy comfort, but very much doubt if I'll get any when the boys in 87B read about themselves."

SCOTS, English, Welsh lads, and a lone Canadian make up 87A. Despite our brogues, dialects and slang, we manage to make ourselves understood without calling in an interpreter. Our class senior, "Bunny" Jones, is a shining example of a mighty atom. He's on the station soccer team and is a star track man as well. "Bunny," born in Ireland, spent most of his 22 years in Scotland. He tickles the ivories a bit, too, and we don't mean African dominoes.

George Irwin, another good soccer player from Scotland, spent



### A NICE LEG, WOT?

From Glasgow to Fingal, Sandy Munro brought his kilt. He plans to wear it on his next "48" in Detroit. Below: Sandy and some of his mates in 88A: Charles Holmes, John McNeil and Bob MacPherson.

five years in the U.S. during his school days. George has a "steady" in Detroit and we're betting it's at

Gobel's.

George Edwards has a pace all his own and nobody ever hurries him. George is almost proud of the fact that he spent six months at Moncton on Joe-jobs.

"Slasher" Davis has been displaying his killer instinct by the mass assassination of harmless flies. He scores his kills with nicks on Goddard's shins.

George Pike has so far failed to respond to Jerry Hernan's attempts to reform him. Jerry claims that, despite reports to the contrary, he is English, not Siberian.

"Andsome" Arry Ounslow says he used to be a woman-hater, but now the feeling is mutual. At heart he's still a wolf. But the real Casanova is Ray Knight, that blond Welshman. He claims that all those photos he carries around are his sisters. In that case there are five sets of quintuplets in his family.

"Windy" Hiscott is the latest addition to the station dance band. You'll see and hear him on tenor sax. Albert Ball, an enthusiastic track man, did well on field day and in the big meet at London.

Jack Sullivan, 87A's sole Canuck, is no newcomer to Fingal, having spent two months here last winter on tarmac with the famous quiz kids. Remember, we were Sgt. Harrison's pride and joy.

THE lone Canadian in 87C, Doug Mackintosh, should feel quite at home with us, having already had a year's service attached to the R.A.F. in England.

Which brings us to the three other Picts in our number. Scott, our head boy, who rules us with a rod of iron, is a veteran of two years' service. He is almost a scratch golfer. That means he's good.

Danny McNicol, another Glaswegian, combined a talent for football with a brilliant broadcasting career as a singer in his early youth, which he seems to want to forget. The third Scotsman, Jock Strapp, our class mascot, is a good all-rounder on the sports field.

Pat Heal is a bit of a globe-trotter, having trotted extensively on his motor-bike in five European countries. He and George Stocker were formerly with the London telephone company.

Huggins is our family man and consulting adviser on personal problems. Gates and Massey are Londoners of the quieter type. Barker, from Middlesex, used to draw jigs and tools, whatever they may be. Henshaw, of Yorkshire, is a miner-poet, who says he has ridden five horses to death.

We've three Lancashire lads. Doug Lawrence is known as the "Liverpool Lady-killer." Jimmy Brown, of Barrow, who used to be a labor leader in Vickers', still stands up stoutly for his rights. Dave Crowther, otherwise known as "the smartest man in the R.A.F.," keeps mysterious appointments in St. Thomas.

John Luard, known in nine European capitals as "Le Tigre," and to his friends as "Lu," lives in Cambridge. Taff Davies, our pet Welshman, used to be a brilliant engineer. Wili LeGeyt, who was born in Stockholm and lived for many years in East Africa, suffers in silence from everyone's inability to pronounce his name.

## FINGAL OBSERVER

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## HOOKS ON PYJAMAS LATEST WD FASHION

Believe It or Not, But We  
Have Madam X's  
Word For It.

By MADAM X

HAVE you noticed a change in the M.T. personnel. Section parties deprive the girls of much sleep.

Cpl. Redman is smugly happy about the new W.D. hospital wing. Get a nasal spray and gargle. Sure cure for everything. Headaches, colds, sore throats and athletic foot.

D.A.P.S. must have a grudge against Ann Currie, pleasant postal corporal. She's losing too many friends—Phil Harris, Russ, Winnie and my, my, even the B.F. from east to west.

Hearsay is that Sgt. Mattaini is having trouble. Use or misuse of the King's English. Try soap and water as a remedy for the bad boys.

There must be a surplus stock in hooks at stores. An equipment assistant is wearing them on his satin pyjamas.

Price sure gets a lot of use out of her suitcase. There's a good writing desk three windows up, or did you know?

Rena has to get up early these mornings to clean the mud off her shoes. Where do you get it, Rena?

New play suit (pretty blue and white), tennis—dreamy eyes—what can this mean? Ask at N.P.F.

### NEW INSTRUCTOR HERE

WO2 Harry Driscoll, a senior armament instructor, is a new arrival at G.I.S. Driscoll, a Montreuil, joined up in 1938 and has served at Regina, Boundary Bay, Patricia Bay, Camp Borden, Trenton, Rockcliffe and Dafoe.

**ARMOR FOR AIRMEN**

TIME MAGAZINE reports that the U.S. Eighth Air Force in England is calling for an anachronism. Its bomber crews want body armor. Reason: it has been proved by battle test that mail shirts and steel helmets save air crews' lives.

The test was set up by Colonel Malcolm C. Grow, flight surgeon who concluded months ago that many a wound from ack-ack splinters and nearly spent bullets could be prevented by light steel on head and body.

An English sword maker agreed to make the mail. In World War I he had developed a suit of light strips of flexible steel, held together and covered by canvas. Before designing the airman's armor, movements of a bomber crew at 20,000 feet were studied. The suit was designed for complete freedom of action, can be shed fast for a quick bail-out.

For three months crews of ten Fortresses (100 men) wore the armor, plus regulation steel helmets, on regular missions over Europe. Grow's figures showed that at least nine owed their lives to it; many more were saved from serious wounds. One man survived a 20-mm. shell which exploded two feet from his head.

Such results gave bomber crews grounds for hope that body armor might soon be standard. They also made Flight Surgeon Grow an airman's hero. Said he: "... It was better to do something about it now instead of reading papers about it to medical societies after the war."

**A MEMENTO**

One of John's best friends had died, so he called on the widow to express his sympathy.

"Jim and I were friends," he said. "Isn't there something I could have as a memento of him?"

She raised her velvety brown eyes, which a few seconds before had been wet with tears.

"How would I do?" she murmured.

**THIS AIN'T THE AIR FORCE**



"Now this is more like it! Comfort! Contentment! The carefree bunk of a happy man!"

**SERVED WITH ARMY OVERSEAS NOW THEY TRAIN FOR WINGS**

**Cpl. Reg. Tweedie and LAC Chas. Pickett, Former Ack-Ack Men, Helped Down Three Nazi Planes—Return to Canada as Aircrew—Now on Course 85**

TWO AIRMEN on this station have the unique distinction of having helped shoot down three Nazi aircraft, even before they joined the air force. They are both former members of the Canadian army overseas who remustered to aircrew and are now taking air bombers' training on course 85.

Cpl. Reg. Tweedie, 25, of Toronto, had risen to the rank of quartermaster sergeant in the army when he decided to change his khaki for air force blue. But to start at the beginning, Tweedie had been a member of the 48th Highlanders (Militia) as far back as 1931. On Sept. 4, 1939, the day after war was declared, Tweedie went active when his unit was mobilized.

In December, 1939, he went overseas and was in the army until July, 1942. In that time he went from private to corporal to sergeant to quartermaster sergeant. He was stationed in England, Scotland and Wales. His job was to provide Bren guns, anti-tank rifles, ammunition, flares, Very pistols and supplies for his anti-aircraft section.

At one time they were guarding a radio-location station in Sussex, which was attacked almost nightly. "One or two Jerries would come over every night around five to bomb the station," Tweedie said. "They machine-gunned the main street of the town, bombed the beach and the summer amusement place nearby."

But one night Tweedie's section got two of them, both Me. 109's, which crashed in the Channel.

HE RECALLED with a smile a commando course his unit took in Scotland. They scaled walls, ran obstacle races, ran up ramps with fixed bayonets, ducked through narrow tunnels, crawled through auto tires and ran between a maze of rope passages — among other things.

Tweedie enjoyed army life immensely and it was only after he got chesed off that he switched to aircrew. That was in July of last year. He was duly sworn in at the R.C.A.F. recruiting office in jolly old London, with the rank of corporal. He was sent to I.T.S. in Yorkshire and then to an E.F.T.S. near Coventry, where he soloed.

He spent his "48's" in Coventry



**PICKETT AND TWEEDIE**

and saw the damage at first-hand. All large buildings that were hit have been levelled to the ground, he said, and victory gardens planted in their place. "That's the spirit of Coventry," said Tweedie.

When he left Coventry it was decided to return him to Canada to finish his training. While waiting to sail he went to an R.A.F. station in South Wales and took a course on the Merlin and Hercules engines.

In Canada he was posted to E.F.T.S. at St. Eugene, where he again soloed. But he was remustered to air bomber and is now happily training for another crack at Jerry, this time from the air.

THE SECOND soldier-turned-airman is LAC Charles Pickett, 22, of Sherbrooke, Que. Charlie joined up on Sept. 15, 1939, with the 35th Field Battery, later the 35th Light Anti-Aircraft.

He went overseas in August, 1940, as a gunner with the 1st Light Anti-Aircraft Regiment and for a time served on an ack-ack barge moored on the Thames.

One night they were waiting for enemy mine-layers when they got a Ju. 88 which had bombed an English town and was going back. The plane was caught in the searchlights and, to Pickett's surprise, took no evasive action whatever. It was quickly shot down by Pickett and his men. "Must have been a fresh-man crew," said Pickett.

Pickett changed to the air force in the same month as Tweedie and after taking his initial training overseas was returned to Canada in April of this year. He was stationed at St. Eugene and Lachine before coming to Fingal.

**"Order of the Pickle Barrel" Air Bombers Exclusive Society**

FINGAL boasts a unique society — the "Order of the Pickle Barrel." It is an exclusive group whose membership is limited to air bombers who score direct hits on the bombing range.

A pickle barrel with a practice bomb poised over it stands in the

airmen's canteen, and in days gone by it was the custom to engrave members' names on the barrel.

This practice has now been abandoned, and airmen who qualify are entitled to wear the emblem, which is a miniature replica of the canteen pickle barrel.

**FROM THE EDITOR**

DEADLINE for the next Observer is Friday, September 24. All copy for the October 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.

**KEEP IN TOUCH WITH FINGAL**

Don't forget us when you leave Fingal, especially you aircrew fellows who are going overseas. The Observer is keenly interested in publishing letters from personnel who go to new stations. Tell us of life on your new station, how you like it and what you're doing.

We particularly want you to write when you get overseas. Just address your letters or airgraphs to: Editor, Fingal Observer, Fingal, Ont. We'll be tickled to print 'em, and what's more, we'll send you a copy of the issue containing the letter. Fair enough?

**SEND US HOME TO THE FOLKS**

Here's a suggestion, Fingalites. Even if you do think the Observer is corny, the folks back home like to know what you're doing, and the people you're meeting. They'd be glad to read about life on the station. So slip your copy into your next letter home, and see how much more interesting your letter becomes.

**FREE PICTURES**

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

**WHY WE CAN PUBLISH**

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

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

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

**HEARD IN THE MESS**

Cook: "I was reading the other day that an ostrich can see very little and can digest anything."

AC2: "What an ideal airman."

**HE GOT IT**

AC2: "Have you an opening for a real bright, clever airman?"

C.O.: "Yes, and don't slam it on the way out."

# BORN IN STREET CAR CLAIMS LAD IN 84B

But We'd Advise You to Take  
It All With a Grain  
of Salt

By LAC SHAW-WOOD

THIS column is about the doings and sayings of as fine a bunch of fellows as any course has or will have. Quite naturally, our story begins with their pasts. Subsequent columns will deal with their antics and troubles. So here goes.

"Bish" (Stewart B. Bishop) hails from Quebec. Before the war he was in the paper manufacturing business in Portneuf and evidently enjoyed life there as he is still single.

Jim Wild is 20 and single, and hails from Blenheim, Ont, although he was born in Bournemouth, England. He tells us that he had quite a time shaking his English pronunciation.

"Bing," Harry Cosby, like his running mates, is an ex-pilot. He is the kind of man the ladies like—strong, silent, single and in his early 20's. Like most of us, he went to school, and ended by becoming a shipping clerk. He was born and has lived since in Grimsby, Ont., which is fine for Fingal "leaves."

Johnson, whom we call Johnny since none know his first name, is quite the man-about-town. He believes in being hard to get.

Cpl. Reg. Tweedie, "The Tweed," is class senior. For a married man of 25, he knows quite a lot. His early life was spent in Toronto the Good. Perhaps that's why he joined the army at an early age and went overseas at the outbreak of war.

Miller Brittain ("Brit") is our oldest. He is single, white, and 30, an artist by profession, hailing from St. John, N. B. He was schooled in New York, and there learned many things pertaining to art. On certain occasions he will quote Macbeth.

Chas. Pickett ("Pic") has been overseas with an anti-aircraft bunch, but learning how good they were, he decided to join us and remain safe. When I inquired as to his business after leaving school, he politely said, gentleman.

Jim Pollard ("Red") comes to the air force by way of Kingston, Ont., from Liverpool, England, where he was born 26 years ago. Jim says very little, except certain rhymes; but he is active all the time, playing all sports equally well.

Howard MacAdam is the devil's brother. He is about 21 and single, and states that he was born in a street car in Montreal, although it was probably Ormstown, Quebec, where he resided, doing man's work until the air force nabbed him by dangling pretty pictures in front of his eyes.

Alpine Murray is quiet, like all born in Sydney, N. S. He is 29 and single, and was a shipping clerk when he decided to become a world traveller.



# A Yorkshireman in DETROIT

LAC Hammersley, of Leeds, Yorkshire, records his first impressions of life in the U.S.A.

Charlie Harrison has had an extremely interesting trade in civil life. He was the man who manufactured silk hosiery in Ormstown, Ont., the city of his birth. Boy, what a job! No wonder he is quiet and keeps secrets to himself. Being 28 and single, he seems quite the man for the parachute section.

Morgan is 30 years old and single. His hobbies are hunting and fishing, which is quite natural for one born in Port Arthur. Above all else he is a surveyor, which goes very well with his hobbies.

Thomas Morin is quite a tall fellow and has spent many delightful years in and around Toronto, Saratoga and Santa Anita. His hobbies and occupation were horse racing and travelling alone.

Dick Shaw-Wood, an ex-pilot from Los Angeles by way of Montreal, is the class reporter today. Tomorrow he will be just another married man in a daze.

"George E." Kalen is 21 and insisted that I say engaged along with single. He was born in Ottawa and lives there, too; even went to St. Pat's College there. He has travelled extensively—to Montreal.

Last, but not least of our classmates is "Shiprec" Russel LeBlanc, a 21-year-old Montrealer who went to D'Arcy Magee College with F/O Whitelaw. Russ is as versatile as his name, and will demonstrate most any time his now famous computer. Russ left E.F.T.S. because of engine trouble.

By way of ending—what do you think of a man who gets up from the table and finds his best pair of trousers covered with sticky gum? Can you imagine the blushes that came over Jim Pollard's face when a little lady offered to scrape it off?

## SOUP DUPE

Recruit: "Here, sir, taste this."  
Officer: "What's wrong? That's good soup."  
Recruit: "But the cook claims it's coffee, sir."

Drunk (lying on the sidewalk):  
"I'll climb this wall if it takes me all night."

## CIVVIES MAY BE WORN DURING LEAVE OR '48'

But They're Not To Be Kept In Barracks, Except For Sports Clothes

EVERYONE likes to get into civvies once in a while. It is a nice change and makes you think you're living back in the good old days of peace-time.

Well, here's the score as to when you may and may not wear civvies:

Officers, warrant and under officer, class 1, may wear civilian dress for sports or when permitted to be absent from their place of duty for periods of not less than 24 hours, or to go shopping.

Other ranks, including warrant and under officer, class 2, are permitted to wear civilian dress while on authorized leave and while on a "48".

Civilian dress for other ranks, including warrant and under officers, class 2, is not to be worn on the station, except while engaged in sports, or leaving or returning to the station.

Other ranks, including warrant and under officers, class 2, are not to keep civilian clothes, other than sports clothes, in barracks. The commanding officers may withdraw permission to wear civilian dress from any officer or other rank who is abusing this privilege.

The regulations add that removing tunics and caps on highways is prohibited, and that hitch-hiking is forbidden. But we understand there is nothing to prevent you from standing on the side of the highway with a sad look on your face.

### From Guardhouse Bulletin Board

It may not be Shakespeare, but the following choice bit of prose, found stapled to the guardhouse notice board, is a minor classic, in its own sly way. The lines were written, no doubt, by an exasperated S.P. who got cheesed off trying to handle an impatient signing-out crowd going on a "48."

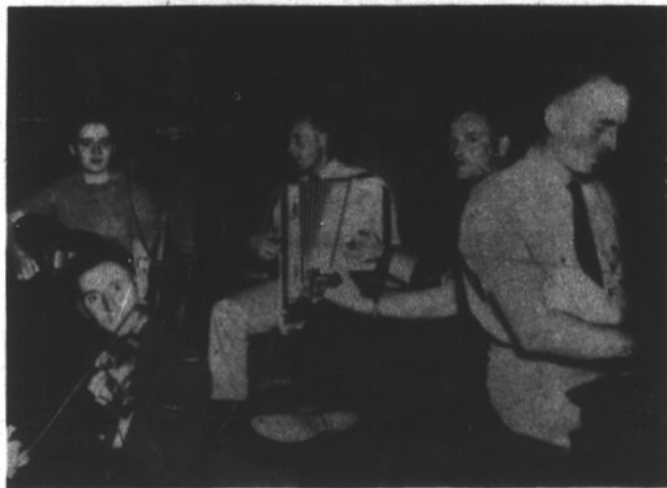
WHEN you went to join:  
You had to WAIT.  
When you were at Manning Pool,  
Brother, you waited (and how).  
When you go to station stores . . .  
You grow old . . . waiting.  
When you go for dinner . . .  
You line up . . . and wait.  
When you're due for promotion . . .  
That's it . . . you're still waiting.  
Sooo . . . Why the hell expect such fast service here?

### TSK! TSK! SUCH CORN!

Dental officer: "Stop waving your arms and making faces. I haven't even touched your tooth yet!"

AC2 Smith: "I know—but you're standing on my corn, sir!"

## Swing Yo' Honey, Hold Tight Grab Her Kid--Just Right!



SWINGIN' IT, HILL-BILLY STYLE, IN REC. HALL

First couple up to the couple on the right,  
Swing your honey and hold her tight.

Swing her feet right off the floor;  
Face your partner and all clap four.  
Over and under out of the ring,  
Give your honey a great big swing.  
Swing, swing, swing and swing,  
Swing your honey all around.

IF YOU like mountain music, you should attend our old-time frolic and request your favorite tune. There's Cummings with the squeeze

box, four hill-billies with Spanish guitars. There's Weathebee, Gee, Zinn and Curly Locks. Little Betty strums her own guitar.

Sawing the fiddle is Hill-Billie Adams, who's just been posted to Gander Bay. We know you'll like your new station, Adams, if the place is as good as they say. Between LAC's Darrah and Hervin, they change off with piano and guitar.

So, on our next shindig, drop in and join in the mountaineer din.

## YOU MAY RECEIVE U.S. SMOKES AS GIFT---WE DO MEAN GIFT

St. Thomas Customs Have Checked on Fags Coming By Mail

CANADIAN men and women in uniform may receive cigarettes from the United States—under certain conditions.

If the cigarettes are a bona fide gift from an American friend or relative, and no money has been sent for them, it is permissible for the recipient to get a carton every couple of weeks.

But it is illegal for R.C.A.F. personnel who are on a "48" in Detroit or any other U.S. centre to mail cigarettes to themselves. You may not even write and ask for them to be sent.

Suspicious that all of the cartons of cigarettes being sent through the mail were not gifts has resulted in dozens of packets being held in local customs. Personnel are notified and they have to make a trip to St. Thomas to prove that the smokes are gifts, otherwise duty is collected.

COMMENTING on the same situation, the Windsor Star says:  
"It's pretty tough, at first glance,

### DENSE INDEED

"The population of Italy is dense," writes a war analyst. Must be, or the people would have thrown Mussolini out long before this.

when you see, say, a young airman yanked out of the customs line and told he'll have to pay \$3.75 if he wants to keep that carton of cigarettes he has brought from Detroit. Especially when a relative or friend of the young man could mail the same carton to him duty free. Customs officers have for the most part been 'looking the other way' so far as servicemen are concerned, but the bootlegging and black-marketing of American fags has now reached the point where some tightening up in supervision can no longer be delayed.

"Unfortunately, sailors, soldiers and airmen have only their comrades in arms to blame for the fact that restrictions are being tightened up. If some among them had been content to 'import' for their own use, everything would have been jake. But they imposed on official generosity and began to make a business of it—a wholesale business. Ergo, the lid."

## DFC SQUADRON LDR. GOT HOOKS AT FINGAL

John F. Clark Graduated as Straight Air-Gunner in February, 1941

A STRAIGHT air-gunner who got his wing and three hooks at Fingal in February, 1941, has just been awarded the D.F.C.

He is now Squadron Leader John F. Clark, one of the few straight A.G.'s to hold that rank. Since he left Fingal, Clark has taken part in heavy raids on Berlin, Hamburg, Turin and other Axis centres. After completing his tour of ops, he was commissioned a pilot officer and posted to a gunnery school in Wales as an instructor.

In September, 1942, he was promoted to flight lieutenant and in April of this year he returned to his original unit, 405 Squadron (R.C.A.F.) and took up operational flying again. His brilliance as a gunner and abilities of leadership resulted in his promotion to squadron leader in May and now he has been awarded the D.F.C.



GET A LOAD OF LOIS

No, dear friends, women have not yet invaded aircrew despite the picture above. She's lovely Lois Campbell of the photo section—which is a good excuse to run the picture.



A few more random shots taken on our annual sports day. Top pictures show some of the guys going to town on the grub. Centre: Winners in the kiddies' events, the C.O. presenting a prize to F/O Johnston, and some civvy girls leaving the airmen's mess. Bottom: Sgt. and Mrs. C. W. Cass, with Beverley, 6, and Dolores, 2; F/L and Mrs. H. M. Hallatt, with Hilary, 2½; Sgt. Nelson's three kiddies, Richard, 3, Stanley, 4½, and baby, who wouldn't give us her name.

### FORMER FINGAL PILOT LEADS FORTRESS SQDN

Major Stevie Stevenson Serving With U. S. Forces Overseas

By F/O C. A. MAGEE

F/O E. G. L. Weaver, who dropped into drogue flight the other day, gave out this information while reminiscing of days gone by.

P/O Peaster and F/O Arch Dewey, former Fingal pilots, are now testing aircraft in North Africa. Former F/O (now Major) resses squadron in England. Capt. Stevie Stevenson is O.C. of a Fort-Harrison, one-time F/O here, is said to have safely returned his Fortress and crew to base although

he was severely injured.

Drogue flight welcomes the return of F/S Zeigelheim, who underwent an appendectomy. Boys in the flight congratulate Ray Sullivan and Ross Chambers on their appointment to commissions. Eternal tail-winds and happy landings to LAC's Woodman and Campbell, former drogue operators, who re-mastered to aircrew.

A newcomer to drogue is S/P Bessey, of bombing flight, who has decided to drop drogues and cables along with the rest of us.

#### IN THESE TIMES

Judge: "So you say the defendant stole your money from your stocking."

Plaintiff: "Yes, your honor."

Judge: "Then, why didn't you resist?"

Plaintiff (pouting): "Well, how did I know he was after my money?"

## Fingal Officers' Wives Club 100 Per Cent Service Group

PINCH us, maybe we're dreaming! But it's in the realm of possibilities that in the not-too-distant future Fingal's airmen will be handing their hole-y socks to their officers, who will take them home to their wives to be mended. That is, if a proposal of the Officers' Wives Club is carried through.

The good ladies have volunteered to fix the boys' socks—provided the boys wash 'em first. The details haven't been settled yet, but one of the ladies informs us that the socks would be collected on the station in some way, and that the lads might even hand them to their officers.

The club, in existence since Fingal opened, is a unique organization. And it has proved of great help to station personnel. On Civic Holiday the ladies came out and prepared 1,000 sandwiches. And they are always ready to help in any way they can.

THEY have some 30 members who knit clothing and make

layettes for British mothers and children. Some work at the St. Thomas blood donors' clinic, as well as give blood. Others take an active part in the service canteen in town. Now they have offered to make curtains for the Fingal hospital.

"It is definitely not a gossip club," one member said. "We play bridge sometimes, but our efforts are mainly devoted to service work. We contact new officers' wives and make them welcome when they first come."

The ladies meet at each other's homes each Wednesday afternoon. They bring their own cookies, tea and sugar. Dues are 50 cents a month.

Officers of the club are: Mrs. S. G. Kerr, president; Mrs. A. P. Whalen, vice-president; Mrs. E. A. Sprague, secretary-treasurer; Mrs. B. Servos, Mrs. W. E. Massey, welcoming committee. Mrs. C. V. Frith is the past president.