



Fingal Observer



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



HAPPY DAY

Wings Parade—the thrill that comes once in a lifetime, will be doubly memorable for Sgt. Lloyd Graham, of Sarnia, because a particular friend from home was here to see his coveted wing pinned on. She's LAW Jessie Riddoch, serving at Hagersville S.F.T.S. Maybe this picture wouldn't pass a big-city news editor, but we think it's page one news, for it exemplifies the spirit abroad in this land today—the spirit that moves women to serve shoulder to shoulder with their men.

FINGAL PADRE REMUSTERED WAS LINK TRAINER TEACHER

F/L J. H. James Gave 3,000
Hours Instruction at
Windsor E.F.T.S.

WAS THEN A SERGEANT

By STAN MAYS

FOUR months ago a sergeant Link trainer instructor, today he is Fingal's Protestant padre, F/L J. H. James.

He joined the air force to avenge the Nazi bombing of London churches he had known so well when for two years he was curate of the parish of St. Mary's, Islington, North London.

"I read of that horrible destruction of the beautiful, historic churches I had visited in my daily walks in London," he said. "I was appalled."

At that time there were no vacancies for chaplains and he was asked to enlist in the Link trainer branch.

"But I don't know anything about flying or aeroplanes," he told them. "Then you're just our man," was the reply, for men with flying experience were not wanted. The instructor was required to learn by the instruments with which he would have to teach.

"I went in as an AC1," said the padre, "and the other fellows were surprised to find a minister training with them. By the end of the course, when we passed out as sergeant instructors, I had made many firm friends."

THAT was over two years ago and on completing the course all the instructors were posted to civilian training schools. F/L James went to Windsor E.F.T.S., where he stayed until last June. He worked nine hours daily and about 2,000 pupils passed through his hands, with a total of 3,000 hours Link instruction.

He was on the job six days a week, and every Sunday he preached two sermons at St. Mark's in Windsor, where he was in charge of the parish; two full-time jobs.

Then suddenly the chaplain's branch decided there was a need for more padres and he was asked to remuster.

"That is how a Link instructor became a padre," he said, "and although I am very happy to return to my calling, it was with regret that I gave up my post at Windsor."



PADRE JAMES

F/L James was born in Aylesbury, Buckinghamshire, England, and was brought to Canada by his parents when a few years old. He graduated from the University of Western Ontario. He is married and has three sons, age seven, four and 18 months.

HE TELLS with a smile how he met his wife. "I was living in the vicarage of a small village in the Bruce Peninsula where the only bell in the place was in the church and was supposed to be rung by the vicar in case of fire. One day I heard the cry, 'Fire, fire!', but before I could reach the church the bell was tolling. When I arrived I found a very beautiful young girl pulling the ropes and afterwards we walked down to watch the fire together — and she later became Mrs. James."

Now at his first station since he remustered, the padre welcomes all on the station to visit him in his room after 6.30. Especially, he extends this invitation to members of the R.A.F.

Who knows, perhaps one day his hopes will come true and he will meet a student from his old parish in Islington who can tell him what has been the fate of St. Mary's, of which he has had no news through the censorship since the bombing began.

VITAL STATISTICS

PROMOTIONS

WO2 C. J. Coady, WO2 A. T. Maguire, WO2 J. O. Payton, F/S L. S. Ziegelheim and F/S F. H. Dixon, to Pilot Officer. WO2 J. A. Johnston, WO2 W. M. Mark, F/Sgts. E. K. Booth, H. A. W. Ingraham and R. D. Stevenson, to Pilot Officer. P/O E. S. Clark to Flying Officer.

BIRTHS

A daughter, Christine Joy, to Cpl. and Mrs. G. H. Dickson, at Toronto.

MARRIED

LAC A. R. Hannon to Annie Maxwell Russell, at St. Thomas.

MAINTENANCE PARTY IS BANG-UP SHINDIG

Airmen's Wives and W.D.'s
Are Guests of Hangar
Lads

By LAC BEN HALTER

THE grand maintenance party is over and we may say with authority that it was one of the nicest ever. Everyone had such a swell time that plans are being made to repeat often. Station orchestra, led by LAC McEwen, were really on the bit that night.

A nice feature, we thought, was the fact that airmen's wives and W.D.'s were guests of maintenance. Only fly in the ointment: some of the girls had to leave early as they didn't have late passes.

On behalf of maintenance we thank the Canadian Legion ladies for swell refreshments and the speed with which they served the large crowd and let them get back to dancing.

Overheard in No. 5 Hangar: "Sgt. Lawton, can I go see the Agitational Officer about my aircrew classes?"

WE'VE been in A.I.D. section over a month now and we have learned quite a bit. We'd like to correct an impression that even we had before we were transferred. A.I.D. does not create work for maintenance. It is quite the reverse, as it tries to save labor. A greater part of their job has that point of view in mind. The rest of the time it concerns itself with making aircraft safer, better and easier to fly.

Of course, when No. 1 Training Command issues a Training Command Technical Instruction (T.C.T.I.) or an Air Force Technical Equipment Order (A.F.T.E.O.) it's sometimes very complicated, with an inch-thick sheaf of blueprints, plans, pictures and letters. It is A.I.D.'s job to simplify the order so that it will be easily understood and the work performed properly. They also keep records of all these modifications on charts that make us see spots in front of our eyes every time we look at them.

Any time an argument arises about work to be done to, or, as a matter of fact, anything concerning an aircraft, the proper place to apply for information is A.I.D. They have it all on file, and will cheerfully look it up and set the matter straight.

LAW Barbara Boyle (in log room): "Well, were you out 'wolving' last night, Gibby?"

LAW Helen Gibb: "Naw, darn the luck, I had a cold and stayed in barracks."

He: "Won't you go out to dinner with me some evening?"

She: "Sure—but I warn you. I eat like a horse."

He: "Oh, well—hay ain't so expensive."

JOINED R.C.A.F. IN 1940 TRAVELLED EVER SINCE

IN HIS 3½ years in the R.C.A.F., LAC James MacMichael has been on a few stations — Halifax, Dartmouth, Gander, Torbay, Pennfield Ridge, Rivers, Winnipeg, Quebec City, Belleville, Pendleton and Lachine.

Jimmy, 22, left high school in Halifax to enlist, and was posted straight to an east coast squadron, without going to Manning Depot. He dabbled in meteorology, service police work and stores before remustering to aircrew. He's now on 89C air bombers here.

CALLING ALL RADIO OWNERS

If you own a radio on the station you must obtain the C.O.'s permission before installing it. Applications may be obtained from the assistant adjutant.

SUITS PRESSED—25 CENTS

In case you've forgotten, the pressing room at the north side of O.R. Mess is still open and the work has improved 100 per cent. Get your tickets at the canteen; price 25 cents.



GAINER GOES AIRCREW FIRST TO LEAVE G.I.S.

FINGAL'S first armament instructor to remuster to aircrew is Cpl. Michael Gainer (above), who has left for Toronto Manning Depot.

Gainer, 23, comes from Arthur, Ont. He left his teaching job at Guelph to enlist in May, 1941, as an armorer. He took his course at Mountain View and was posted to Lethbridge. He later returned to Mountain View on a bombing instructor's course and has been at Fingal since last December.

To date he has 125 hours in the air, and he hopes to add to them soon as a pilot or air bomber.

Fingal C.I. Led First Canuck Bomber Sqdn.

W/C FRASER, DFC, DID 27 TRIPS IN HALIFAXES AND WIMPYS

Bombed Bremen Despite Engine Trouble—Skilfully Evaded Night Fighters—Was Decorated for "Exceptional Airmanship and Great Courage"

By F/O CHARLES HARRIS

THE man who led Canada's first bomber squadron into action overseas is now back directing training at the same school that turned out many of his old crew members.

He is Wing Commander Lennox Gordon Douglas Fraser, D.F.C., Fingal's chief instructor. Big, quiet, with an unassuming air of matter-of-factness about him, this veteran of 15 years of civil and military flying comes to his new post with a vast fund of personal experience behind him. He brings a word of time-tested advice for those now preparing to take their places in the ranks of this country's growing air armada.

It was during his tour as C.O. of 405 Squadron—first Canadian bomber squadron formed in England—that W/C Fraser won the Distinguished Flying Cross, for "great gallantry and devotion to duty in the execution of air operations."

Men of 405 Squadron blazed a proud trail across Europe's skies, setting the pace for Canucks who followed. Their C.O. did 27 trips himself, six in Wellingtons, the rest in Halifaxes. Incidentally, 405 was the first Canadian squadron to convert to four-engined aircraft.

W/C Fraser took part in the first 1000-plane raid on Cologne; in fact, he was in every 1000-plane assault launched on Germany during his stay on the other side. He and his men bombed Italy and Germany many times. Then, last fall, they were loaned to Britain's Coastal Command to help cover the Allied pilgrimage to North Africa.

Here's W/C Fraser's citation:

"This officer has completed many sorties, including five against Essen, in the face of much opposition. One night in September, 1942, he piloted an aircraft detailed to attack Bremen. On the outward flight engine trouble was experienced, but W/C Fraser flew on to the town and bombed it. During the return journey engine trouble still persisted, and the rear turret became unserviceable. An enemy fighter attempted to attack. Skilfully manoeuvring his aircraft, however, W/C Fraser evaded the fighter, thus averting a perilous situation. He eventually made a landing at a British aerodrome. On two other occasions this officer has flown his aircraft safely back to England in most difficult circumstances. He has at all times displayed exceptional airmanship and great courage."

BUT just ask this same W/C if he's had any interesting exper-

iences, and he'll tell you, "All trips are pretty much the same."

"Ever have any accidents?" we asked.

"No."

"Did your plane ever get damaged?"

"No damage at all except from flak and machine-gun bullets," was his laconic reply.

Just the other day the chief instructor took time out to thumb through the lists of Fingal graduates. Among them he found the names of quite a few of his old squadron team-mates. The word "team-mates" is here used advisedly. For W/C Fraser has this bit of counsel for aircrew:

"No matter what your job is, it is no more important than that of every other man in the aircraft. If one man falls down, the others are left holding the bag. I can't say too much about the importance of teamwork. And one other thing. Some of the lads seem content to take what they get here and let it go at that. That's not enough. Learn as much as you can about the other fellow's job. Many of our aircraft have been saved by men who were able to do the other fellow's job in an emergency."

Wing Commander Fraser had taught his own bomb-aimer to fly the plane in case he himself should ever become incapacitated. The bomb-aimer, he said could at least pilot the aircraft back to England and let the crew bail out.

A NATIVE of Saskatchewan, W/C Fraser grew up in Vancouver, but says he hasn't any home town any more—he's been moved so often in the past few years. He is married, and the father of a nine-year-old boy. The family is at present staying at Port Dover.

He flew for 11 years before the war, doing transport work, surveys, bush-piloting some of the time and otherwise flying just for his own amusement. In October, 1939, he joined the R.C.A.F., took an instructor's course and instructed at Central Flying School for two years before going overseas in January, 1942. He was repatriated just a year later, arriving home at New Year's, 1943. He took an admin. course at Trenton and an armament course at Mountain View, then spent three months at Jarvis before arriving at Fingal to become our new boss of the tower.

RAINEY IS NEW DISCIP.

F/Sgt. Cliff Rainey has been in the service three years and has served as a disciplinarian at two B. & G.'s as well as Regina I.T.S. He was stationed at Mossbank and Dafoe before coming to Fingal's G.I.S.



BOSS OF THE TOWER — TAKEN OVERSEAS

FINGAL FLIER MAKES GOOD SGT. TO F/L IN TEN MONTHS

Maurice C. Smith Is Now His Squadron's Bombing Leader

ON "OPS" 27 TIMES

FROM sergeant to flight lieutenant and bombing leader of his squadron in ten months is the record of a Fingal-trained observer, now overseas with the R.C.A.F. He is Maurice C. Smith, of Toronto.

Smith received his wing here late in 1941 as a sergeant-observer, and went overseas in February, 1942. After completing operational training he was attached to a Lancaster squadron and was one of the first Canadians to go on "ops" in the new trade of air bomber. He flew with the commanding officer of an R.A.F. squadron and after 27 trips over enemy territory was commissioned pilot officer in November, 1942.

News of his promotion to flight lieutenant and bombing leader of the squadron has just reached his fiancée, Iris Beauchamp, Toronto.

"Smitty" and Iris became engaged last December when he cabled his proposal and was accepted. He sent a cheque and told her to "go out and buy an engagement ring." Flight Lieutenant Smith is a graduate of Vaughan Road collegiate, Toronto, and for a time was a Toronto Star carrier boy.

NEW STAFF PILOT

Overseas for 14 months, F/Sgt. Pete Prince, of Olean, N. Y., is a new staff pilot here. Pete joined up in August, 1941, got his wings at Moncton and on his arrival in England was selected to instruct on Oxfords. He met with an accident during his instructor's course and as a result was repatriated.



"Don't take it so hard, Mr. Wolf, I'm only enlisting for duration."

No Dice, Men!

THEY thought a good wind should blow them some good, so Italy's surrender had its own particular meaning for Fingal's aircrew trainees.

News of capitulation came through at 11 a.m. On the noon parade the flyers were hot after Flight-Sgt. J. Costin with the question: "Will we still have to study Italian ship recognition in ground school?"

The answer was yes, of course, especially if Italian ships come on our side. Flight Sgt. Costin, instructor in ship recognition, said that the Italians had about eight battleships and some good cruisers. "If they are taken over by us," he said, "they will continue to be studied—as allied ships."



SGT. DEMARE AT THE CONTROLS

Trains To Planes To Link Sgt. Demare Gets Around

RAILWAYMAN to airman. That's the story of Sgt. Ross Demare, 28, Fingal's new Link trainer instructor.

Ross, a Pere Marquette fireman for seven years, left his St. Thomas home in May, 1942, to enlist as aircrew. He got as far as S.F.T.S. at Brantford, had 130 flying hours to

his credit, and was then grounded because of his depth perception.

He was posted to No. 1 Instrument Flying School at Desoronto for a 12-week course on Link. After three weeks of instructional duty at Oshawa E.F.T.S., he was posted to Fingal. Ross is married and his wife lives in St. Thomas.



UP-DOWN, UP-DOWN, UP-DOWN STEP TEST COMES TO FINGAL!!

Aircrew Muscles Creak and Groan as Drill Hall Is Transformed Into Modern Torture Chamber — We Grin and Bear It, and Hope For the Best

WE TALKED about the ups and downs of air force life, but we never meant it literally—until the "Step Test" came to Fingal. And if you're asking what is the "Harvard Step Test," then it just shows how unobservant you are. Didn't you see all those aircrew chaps limping around the station a couple of weeks ago?

Most aircrew at Fingal have been tested. But for those whose time is yet to come, here is what happens.

Into the room is brought a stop watch, metronome, a bench 20 inches high, 18 inches wide and allowing two feet width for everyone using it.

READY to go? Right! With the metronome clicking off a steady 60 beats to the minute, the subject, as our information sheet describes the sucker, steps up and down on each beat. He should lead off with the foot most natural for him until forced by fatigue to use the other leg. If he attempts to alternate he will not be able to keep to the rhythm nor maintain the pace.

Each man is watched by an observer who ensures that he fully stretches his back and knees every time he steps onto the bench.

Laconically, the "gen sheet" goes on. "IF" he completes the five-minute period he turns around, sits on the bench and his observer locates the pulse at the root of his neck and begins to count, one minute after the completion of the exercise. After 30 seconds "stop" is called and the number of beats recorded. A second and third pulse rate is made between two and two-and-a-half minutes, and three and three-and-a-half minutes after the test.

THEN you call for a couple of bearded professors who have studied mathematics for the last 50 years and they tell you that it's simple to find the "index to fitness by dividing the time of exercising in seconds multiplied by 100, by the sum of the three half-minute pulse counts multiplied by two!"

Sports officers in conjunction with the medical officers have the table telling them at a glance YOUR physical fitness according to this test. It's not as easy as it looks, but it DOES tell how fit you are.

GET IN some practice. It might lead to a lot of fun in the barracks. For instance, listen to the printed notes: "If the subject is poorly co-ordinated so that it is difficult for him to keep a rhythm, the observer can aid him by slapping him on the buttock at the command "up" or at the beat of the metronome."

Nothing hard, mind you. If the poor guy's been going for four-and-a-half-minutes you don't want to knock him over. Just a light fantastic biff on the buttocks by way of encouragement!

And another tip. Trot out the mathematicians again and if you stop before the five minutes is up they can tell by fiddling with your pulse counts whether you really had to stop or not. So "malingering"—or getting "cheesed off," as it might be better expressed—is out when it comes to the real test.

WE CAN'T SPEND OUR MONEY!!!

WAS that worthless money the accounts section gave out on pay day? Could have been! Those fives and tens might just as well have been \$100 bills—not that we've ever seen any around here. But the canteen couldn't change 'em and who would expect anyone else to have changing money on pay day? Never had so many airmen so much money of such little use.

YMCA IS ORGANIZING STATION HOBBY CLUB

Clarke Edwards, Y.M.C.A. supervisor, is organizing a hobby club to help fill in those long winter evenings.

All who are interested in such a group are asked to contact him at the "Y" office.

W.D.'S LEAD SERVICE WOMEN

Women in the armed services of Canada number more than 31,367, of which the W.R.C.N.S. has 3,454, C.W.A.C. 12,400, R.C.A.F. (W.D.) 12,900, nursing services 2,475 and medical services 38.



REPORTER TO AIR BOMBER
LAC Ray Martin, on course 89, was a reporter for the Windsor Star until he enlisted. Ray has done some valuable work on the Fingal Observer.

YE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

Sir:
Am enclosing a copy of the Aussie song, "Waltzing Matilda," and a list of slang words translated to the Canadian equivalent.
I have heard the song sung several times in the canteen, but no one seems to know more than the first verse, so maybe this will help them out.
Hoping this will be of some use,
AN AUSSIE.

WALTZING MATILDA
Once a jolly swagman camped by a billabong,
Under the shade of a coolibah tree.
And he sang as he watched and waited till he billy boiled,
Who'll come awaltzing Matilda with me?

CHORUS
Waltzing Matilda, waltzing Matilda,
Who'll come awaltzing Matilda with me?
(Third line of chorus same as third line of previous verse.)
Who'll come awaltzing Matilda with me?

Up came a jumbuck to drink at that billabong,
Up jumped the swagman and grabbed him with glee,
And he sang as he shoved that jumbuck in his tucker-bag,
You'll come awaltzing Matilda with me.

(CHORUS)
Up rode the squatter mounted on his thoroughbred,
Up rode the troopers, 1, 2, 3.
Where's that jolly jumbuck you've got in your tucker-bag?
You'll come awaltzing Matilda with me.

(CHORUS)
Up jumped the swagman and sprang into the billabong;
You'll never catch me alive, said he.
(Slowly)
And his ghost may be heard as you pass by that billabong,
Who'll come awaltzing Matilda with me?

GLOSSARY
Waltzing Matilda—Tramping the roads.
Billabong—A horseshoe-shaped lake.
Coolibah tree—Eucalyptus tree.
Billy—Can with handle, like a small bucket.
Swagman—Tramp.
Jumbuck—Sheep.
Tucker-bag—Haversack.
Squatter—Ranch owner.
Trooper—Australian equivalent of R.C.M.P.
Hand yakka—Hard work.
Bludger—A loafer or beggar.
Fair dinkum—No kidding.
A douver—Gadget of any description.
Hump the bluey—Carry your pack.

W. O. Reilly, M.,
Armt. Section,
R.A.F., Brighton.

Sir:
It was with surprise and delight that I received the Fingal Observer in my mail. I most sincerely thank you for your kindness in

forwarding the old Observer to me. Needless to say I read each and every word of it.

In company with Sgt. "Dusty" Miller, Pop Brooks and some few other Fingalites I had an uneventful crossing and to tell the truth not much has happened since—not even a scare from Jerry. It just seems as if there is one-way traffic as far as the business end of flying is concerned.

Canada, or perhaps that part of Canada known as Fingal, has left its mark on me. I am known here as the Canadian W.O., though, of course, W.O. Nelson of G.I.S. did say I had become naturalized during his many references to that pesky little corporal in the Trenton workshops in 1940.

Wishing you all the very best of luck and hoping to see some of you Fingalites soon.

Sincerely,
PADDY.

The following letter was received by F/O Ingram, our educational officer.

Dear Sir:
I think at this time I can give you a little information as to how the fellows remustering are getting along.

When I arrived here the stories I heard were quite disheartening and certainly didn't give me much confidence in myself, but now, after three weeks of it, I feel quite different about the whole thing.

The first ten days here I spent doing fatigues, mostly kitchen. Not a very pleasant job, but they grab all the remusters as soon as they arrive and put them on that job.

They keep a staff of about 125 in the kitchen at all times and as a new group comes in, the same num-

ber are let out. I was fortunate in that a large number came in soon after I did and I only spent four days there. Incidentally, Meers is doing his stuff in there now.

However, as soon as my records arrived I was called before the selection board. I spent the morning taking tests. I wrote six different tests. They were all very much the same as the type you gave us. A certain number of questions to do in a set time. I had very little difficulty with any of them and very nearly finished each and every paper. Of course, I skipped the odd one or two that looked like they would take too much time.

In the afternoon I was called before an officer on the board. There is very little to tell of my interview. The questions he asked me were chiefly about my ambitions, family and what I would do if I couldn't make it for pilot. He told me I did very well on all my tests. He asked me if I liked maths in particular and told me my math was good, but not outstanding. He then told me I would be sent to I.T.S. and dismissed me. Then I went out of there walking on air. I had passed my first barrier and with a pretty fair recommendation.

It was nine days after I had the selection board that I was sent to Lakeside camp for the Link trainer test. All I.T.S. material is sent there from the pool. We sleep there, get our meals at Manning Pool and our instruction and practice at No. 1 I.T.S., Eglinton; plenty of running around. They get us up at 5:30, which is quite a change for me, and we have to be in by 10:30, except Saturday and Sunday.

This morning I had a period of



half-hour and another this afternoon. It is quite interesting and gives me the feeling that I am getting ahead a little. We will be at Lakeside for 10 days; during that time we get six half-hour periods of Link, another medical test, and reselection board. I don't know why we get another selection board, but we do.

I think I have pretty well covered the general incidents and tests that I have gone through.

It sounded like a lot when I first heard of it, but now it seems that it was quite easy. It certainly wasn't tough or catchy, and the officer wasn't "out to get you," as they are often described. Tell the fellows if they pass your tests they have nothing to worry about here. If they have the right attitude they will have no trouble with the selection board. Of course, they don't all get through as I.T.S. material, but they will get a fair deal, from what I have seen and heard from the rest of the boys in my group.

I wish to thank you and Sgt. Purdy for your help and interest, and hope you get some idea from this letter as to what goes on after the boys leave your classes.

Sincerely,
LAC DISHER, D. E.,
Manning Pool, Toronto.

Excerpts from Letters to the Editor

"I read your paper from beginning to end and enjoyed it very much, even though I did not know the men or women written about. Tried to visualize each one of them."—From a U.S.O. hostess in Detroit.

"The latest edition of the Fingal Observer strikes us as being a big improvement. It is extremely newsy and packed with good personality stories and other features which should be of high interest to your station. You are fortunate in being able to afford so many engravings; this does much to add to the paper's attractiveness."—From the Editor of "Wings," Ottawa.

"I read the Observer from cover to cover as soon as I got it. There wasn't anything else at home to read that night. It was very readable and I enjoyed it very much."—From another Detroit reader.

"The Observer is the brightest station publication I have yet seen, and I have seen quite a few."—From a Toronto newspaperman.



COURSE 88 CROSSED IN GOOD COMPANY

When the Queen Mary docked in New York last May, she brought Churchill, Wavell and Portal—among other dignitaries—for the Washington conference. But that wasn't all. Course 88 air bombers were also on board. And if you look closely at the above picture you'll see Winnie himself waving at LAC T. Lyons, grinning at extreme right, backed up by his R.A.F. mates of 88.

NEWFY FISH REFUSE TO BITE MOSQUITOES MAKE UP FOR 'EM

Four Fingal Commandos
Spend Epic Five-Day Leave
From Gander

NOW THEY'RE SORRY

By CPL. M. L. STORM

NEWFOUNDLAND—Piscatorial prowess, by no means our salient point, took us sternly to task the other day.

We went fishing during a five-day pass. Fingal turned out in quartet: Cpl. McConachie, C. F.; LAC Hill, G.A.; LAC Tough, J. W., and our humble self. Ah! you who are delving into the mysteries of morning P.T.—we hear, by the good old grapevine—should have been with us. It would have done your legs a lot of good and sprouted muscles on your back. We carried 40-pound packs and fishing tackle to boot.

"Which way?" we asked.

"Over there!" someone pointed.

So we went, each man's nose following the pack before him, through bush and bog and thicket and stream. Only not as simple as all that.

We slipped and slithered and snagged on branches. We swatted flies and they swatted back. Sometimes we swatted each other in wild, ungoverned fury.

It got hot. When it gets hot here it does so with clammy vengeance. The air paws you with sticky fingers. The more you drink the more you want. And the more you drink the less you have. This simple mathematical problem soon compelled us to form a rationing board. The water—yes, no misprint, WATER—was rationed by Hill, he being the lady's choice back at the station. Please don't ask why that influenced us. The heat and Newfy do strange things to a man.

We were about to give up when we met a native boy who straightaway hailed us in his own tongue, "Where're y'to byes?"

McConachie came to the rescue



GIVES WINGS TO SON

F/Lt. A. R. A. Lowe, of Fingal, here pins pilot's wings on his son, Arthur Robert, who was commissioned when he graduated from Dunnville.

as interpreter. "He wants to know where we are going," he perspired. We took to a council of war and decided to put our fates in those small Newfy hands. The boy thereupon led us to a hill and pointed to the far, far horizon and went off into the local lingo with such zest that even McConachie couldn't follow him.

At last it was agreed that the youngster should act as guide for a small consideration. From then on it was apple pie and cheese except for the mosquitoes. They came at us in formations of threes, firing red-hot cannon shells about a foot long. Tough went into evasive tactics and ended up in a small bush highly respected for its long thorns. And after an agonizing three hours we reached our destination, a marvelously Mediterranean-blue lake all diademed and sparkling with afternoon sunlight.

We paid the guide and thanked him profusely. But it wasn't that easy. Now he—of all people—was scared to go back alone and wanted convoy. Popular vote immediately elected handsome Hill and linguist McConachie for convoy

WIN CASH AWARDS FOR THEIR STORIES

P/O Brown and LAC Mays
Get \$5 Each

P/O Tony Brown, New Zealand air bomber whose stories were featured in the last two issues, has been awarded the \$5 cash prize for the most interesting contribution to the Fingal Observer.

Award for the October issue goes to LAC Stanley Mays, trainee, whose feature appears elsewhere.

The \$5 cash prize is to be awarded each issue from now on to the person who contributes the most interesting article. All Fingal personnel are eligible.

Deadline for November issue is October 18, and all contributions should be handed to the Editor or left at the "Y" office.

When a waiter with a loaded tray stumbled over a patron's outstretched foot in a roadhouse the other night, 15 couples got up to dance, thinking it was a new boogie-woogie number.

duty and the rest of us to getting supper. By the time they got back we'd have bushels of fish nicely done to a turn, with tea to match.

Well, we did everything. We even put bait on our hooks. We waved our fishing license at 'em to prove our legality. But the fish wouldn't bite. When the boys came back through the gloaming we apologetically offered beans and toast. We didn't know anything about fishing. That was what Hill said. "Why! I'll catch enough fish before breakfast to feed the whole camp." So we munched our beans in quiet anticipation of the morrow.

The night came. On silent feet it slipped across the lake and stole through the bush. What's that? You turn your head. Nothing! Just a tree whispering to a tree and night creeping stealthily by.

With it came our need for shelter. There were no cabins. This wasn't Port Stanley. So we built a lean-to of boughs and covered the floor with hemlock branches, put on the fire and crawled in, blanketless, fishless but tired and strangely happy.

La Dame Nature, however, is a harsh mother. The night grew cool, then cold, then FRIGID-AIRE. We clung together like new-born pups. We thought of hot summer days on the Fingal tarmac. We pulled our socks up and our tunics down. We shivered in unison and by turns. Finally, we flung ourselves up, built a fire and spread our hemlock beds before it. And the stars grinned down.

Next morning, as good as his word, Hill went fishing for breakfast. Tough and ourself agreed to be "housemen" and McConachie accepted all responsibility for the fire. Ah! that breakfast. We remember it still. The fish wouldn't bite the night before. But oh! that breakfast. We had sardines in mustard, canned tomatoes and pickles and toast lost under mounds of jam. Anyway, we have the fishing license for a souvenir!

OFFER EXTRA LEAVE FOR NEW RECRUITS

You'll Get a Day Off For Each
W.D. You Sign Up—The
Need Is Urgent

WHEN headquarters says it needs aircrew recruits it isn't simply making a noise like a recruiting officer. It means precisely what it says.

Orders have gone through to all R.C.A.F. personnel offering one day's leave to anyone bringing in a women's division recruit.

This applies to any service personnel working outside the recruiting centres and means, in effect, that the air force wants women to fill every possible ground duty so that men can be released for aircrew training.

The need is so vital that the air force will give any man or woman in the service 10 days' leave if he or she can bring in 10 women recruits, 20 days for 20 recruits, and so on.

PRECIPITATING this urgency, of course, are losses overseas as the Allies expand their air warfare, and increased aircraft production.

A loss of 50 aircraft over Berlin, for example, means the loss of roughly 350 highly trained pilots, navigators, gunners, bomb aimers, engineers and wireless air gunners. And, since nearly every airman overseas today is on operations, it is difficult to replace losses.

Further, the R.C.A.F. is making every effort to induce its administrative personnel to remuster for aircrew if they measure up to aircrew physical requirements.

WHEN an officer, airman or airwoman, while on leave, is successful in introducing a candidate who enlists in the W.D.'s, the commanding officer of the recruiting centre is authorized to extend the leave of the officer, airman or airwoman concerned.

It is the responsibility of the commanding officer of the recruiting centre to notify the appropriate unit of the extension of leave granted.

Fingal personnel may obtain the proper forms at H.Q. orderly room. Get a supply before going on "48" or leave.

"What would happen if an airman brought in 30 recruits?" the Observer asked an officer at H.Q.

"He'd get 30 days' leave and would probably be posted to a recruiting centre," was the reply.

The trainer had two performing dogs on the stage, trying them out for a booking agent.

The agent sat back, bored until the littlest dog piped up with: "Hey, Doc—how about booking us?"

The agent leaped up from his seat.

"Great heavens!" he shouted. "You don't mean THAT little dog is talking?"

"Naw," wearily said the trainer. "You missed the point. The big dog's a ventriloquist."

THEY MET IN MONCTON MARRY IN ST. THOMAS

Fingal Padre Officiates at Ceremony For Frank Martin
And Bertha Archibald

A romance which began in Moncton had its culmination in St. Thomas when LAC Frank Martin, of 88B, was married to Bertha Jean Archibald, daughter of F/Sgt. and Mrs. Adam Archibald, of Sunny Brae, Westmoreland County, N. B. The groom is from Belvedere, Kent, England.

F/L. J. W. Witzel performed the marriage ceremony in the First United Church, St. Thomas.



FRANK AND HIS BRIDE

They're going to England when his training is finished.

NIGHT OF CORN

Gobble! Gobble! Gobble!



When the weather washed out our open-air corn roast and dance it was (as usual) promptly moved

indoors. All ranks, from the C.O. down, queued in the airmen's mess and democratically devoured the

golden corn—and dashed round the back to get in line again. Hats off for a swell party.

YE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

R.C.A.F.,
Overseas.

Dear Folks:

We have been having a pretty good time, although for the last week I have been busy all day. This two hours of daylight saving gives you plenty of time at night to look around.

Sgt. Miller, who came over with me, just came in and is trying to make my mouth water telling me what he had to eat while on his "48". He went to visit relatives of his wife in Yorkshire and right now is telling us about poached eggs on toast in bed, with real coffee to drink.

The cats here are not too bad, but so far since I hit this station I haven't had a meal when a little more wouldn't have been appreciated. We usually buy sandwiches or cakes in the canteen and have them to fill up the wrinkles.

Today is my day off and I stayed in camp. It looked like rain and was too chilly to be comfortable, so I washed my dirty clothes. The laundries here are not up to much now. Soap is rationed, help is scarce, and you are lucky if your clothes come back as clean as you sent them.

I can't remember if I told you before. This is one of those dispersed squadrons. It is all over the map. My legs are getting into real marathon class. We walk a mile to eat from the billet, then a mile to work and if you have to go to any of the flights it's more miles. We sleep in steel huts, something like a huge barrel cut in half, with a door and a couple of windows in each end. The wash rooms are not far away, but to get a bath or hot water for shaving or washing, it's another one of those miles.

We had a dance and party in the Corps' Club last night. It was quite successful and most of the fellows I've met today look a little hollow-eyed.

I'm just about stumped for anything more to say except that I'd rather be in St. Thomas this afternoon. All the best,

BERT BROOKS.

By Airgraph,
Cpl. Ezard, M. J.,
R.C.A.F. Overseas.

Sir:

I got the July issue of the Observer from headquarters and it sure interested me. I was on the service police at Fingal from January to December, 1942. I sure miss the gang and wish I were back there again. I have met quite a few of the Fingal personnel over here. I am on city patrol in London.

I see by your paper that Pop Hodgdsen, Reg. Peck and some more of the gang are still there. It brings back fond memories. Please say hello to them all for me and if any of them write I'll sure answer. Cpl. Murray is here in London with me.

Here's wishing you all the very best and hoping to see you all soon. As ever,

PADDY.

STRANDED IN CANADA BY WAR SO NANCY JOINED THE W.D.'S

LAW McMurray of Fingal Is Probably Only Australian Girl in R.C.A.F.

FROM SERVICE FAMILY

By HELEN KASDORF

PROBABLY the only Australian girl in the W.D.'s, LAW Nancy McMurray is now serving at Fingal as an equipment assistant. Born in Melbourne, Nancy started her education there, and when she was ten her parents came to Canada for a vacation. From here they went to England and Scotland to visit. Nancy chose concert singing as a profession and studied music in Scotland.

Nancy and her parents had to return to Canada to get passage back to Australia. Unfortunately the war started and they made their home in Toronto. Her father, who served in the Australian navy in the last war, joined the Canadian intelligence service. Nancy got a job as inspector of films for Kodak. One of her brothers joined the 48th Highlanders, and after being overseas four years, he is now in the intelligence service in England. A younger brother is attending high school in Toronto.

In January, 1942, Nancy enlisted in the W.D.'s. She received her basic and trade training at No. 6 "M" Depot. On completion of the course she was posted to Aylmer. Her next station was the Toronto Mobile Unit. From there she came to Fingal.



Nancy

HE TAKES CHANCE WINS \$75 IN CASH

HE casually bought a ticket for the Kiwanis carnival draw in St. Thomas and he just as casually gave it to a friend, asking her to keep it. "And if it wins we'll split the prize," he laughed. Well, to make a short story shorter, the ticket did win—second prize of \$75 cash—and he did split with the keeper of the pass.

The lucky fellow: Cpl. Van Buskirk, Fingal instructor.

HOW TO BE MARRIED WITHOUT ANY DELAY

Advice For Air Force Brides An Grooms-To-Be

GETTING married soon? Then read on. To avoid considerable delay or even the complete disorganization of arrangements, personnel intending to be married should obtain information as early as possible concerning the particular requirements of the province in which the ceremony is to take place.

Such requirements are matters of civil law and the subject of separate legislation in each province. They differ in certain particulars from province to province.

This information can be obtained from an issuer of licenses in the province where the ceremony is to take place, or by writing direct to the appropriate provincial authority. While the designation of such authority will differ from province to province, a letter addressed to provincial registrar of marriages at Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Halifax, N. S.; Fredericton, N. B.; Quebec, P. Q.; Toronto, Ont.; Winnipeg, Man.; Regina, Sask.; Edmonton, Alta., or Victoria, B. C., as the case may be, would bring the desired information.

MADE 20 CROSSINGS ON QUEEN MARY CREW

Then She Brought Him Over To Train With Air Force

WHEN Geoff. Hinxes came across on the Queen Mary to train in Canada it wasn't his first trip by a long shot. He had been a cabin boy for nine months on the Queen Mary, having left her at 16 in New York when war was declared.

During his sea-going career he made 20 crossings from New York to Cherbourg and Southampton. His dad was the ship's bugler and assistant deck steward. So when Geoff. came across in air force blue he had a grand reunion with many of the crew he knew in the old days.

When Geoff. left the "Mary" he went to work in the dock offices at Southampton until he enlisted in December, 1941. He is on Course 88.

COMMISSIONED IN AFRICA

A Fingal graduate, serving as chief wireless operator on a Catalina flying boat, has just been commissioned. He is P/O David Biggs, of Toronto, who is with an R.A.F. squadron in Africa.

The professor was giving his class an oral quiz and picked upon a particular unfortunate specimen for his most difficult queries.

"Who signed the Magna Charta?" No answer.

"Who was Bonnie Prince Charlie?" No answer.

"Where were you on Friday?" he asked.

"Drinking beer with a friend of mine."

"How do you expect to pass this course if you drink beer when you should be in class?"

"I don't, mister; I only came in to fix the radiator."

Camp's Most Popular Girls—They Hand Out the News From Home



CORA MOORE

EVELYN BRAZEAU

ANNE CURIE

VIOLET REYNOLDS

EILEEN DIXON

TEN TRADES BADGES ARE NOW AUTHORIZED

To Be Worn By Personnel Up To WO2

AUTHORIZED trade badges are to be worn by personnel qualified in the following trades. Further badges may be introduced at a later date, when suitable designs have been approved: Armorer (Guns), Armorer (Bombs), Airframe Mechanic, Aero-Engine Mechanic, Instrument Maker, Metal Worker, Works and Buildings (Technical Trades only), Wireless Trades, P.T. and D., Bandsmen.

These badges are blue and are to be worn on the right sleeve only, one inch below the albatross by sergeants and below, five inches up from the bottom of the cuff by flight sergeants, on both summer and winter uniforms.

Trade badges are to be awarded to and worn by personnel below the rank of WO2 only, when they have attained "C" grouping in their respective trades.



Four walls do not a prison make nor iron bars a cage. Three jolly good soldiers are doing a jolly fine job of handling Fingal's mail. Members of the Canadian Postal Corps, they are pictured above: Pte. W. Firth, Cpl. D. A. McGregor and Sgt. E. T. Willis.

FINGAL'S CRACK POSTAL CORPS GET 50,000 LETTERS MONTHLY

And the Least You Can Do Is Address Your Mail Properly, and Call For It At Least Once a Week — The Story of M.P.O. 103

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN
FIFTY thousand letters a month. That's the impressive mail handled by Fingal's post office. And that's not all, not by a long shot. Parcels flow in at the rate of 1,000 a month, airgraphs come about 2,000 a month and about 100 letters a day need redirecting. The 50,000 letters are half incoming and half outgoing.

And if you think you don't get service here, listen to this. If you mail a special delivery letter before 4.30 p.m. it will be delivered in Toronto the same night by 11 p.m. Drop an airmail letter in the box before 4.30 and it reaches Winnipeg the next morning, or Vancouver the next afternoon.

The answer is "direct dispatch." Fingal's mail passes through no

intermediary post offices. It doesn't go through St. Thomas. It is dispatched directly to the place of address. Airmail goes straight to Crumlin on the 6:08 to London.

THE post office gives you the same service as any metropolitan post office. And they really give service. In return the postal people suggest a few things you can do to help the situation.

First of all, don't mail a letter without an address—and a return address. You're laughing. Well, it's done all the time. One lad mailed a postcard: "Dear Mother: Meet me Wednesday. Bill." There was no address and no return address, so that was one date that wasn't kept.

Always write legibly. Your penmanship teacher might have loved

your fancy writing, but the post office will hate you if you use a beautiful, illegible script. And if you can get standard size envelopes, use 'em. All this helps to speed your mail out of camp.

Regulations forbid holding of anyone's mail for longer than 14 days. You'd be surprised at the number of people who never come near the post office because they don't "expect any mail." But be a pal and call at least once a week to see if there might be something for you. The post office wants you to do that.

On the other hand, there are the people who get letters every day and haunt the post office. One guy comes tearing up and confidently says: "Give me a letter from Windsor." Sure enough it's there.

ONE more tip from the men who know. Don't send cash unregistered; in fact, don't mail cash if you can help it. For a dime you can send a money order up to \$5, and the protection is worth it.

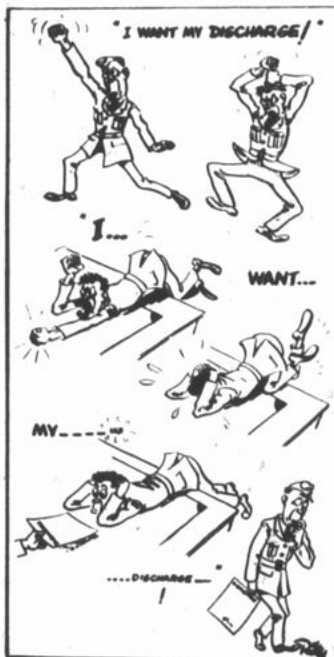
Besides mail and money orders, our post office fulfills all the functions normally associated with the postal service. You can deposit your money in the post office bank. You can buy postal notes, war savings stamps, unemployment insurance stamps (for civilians). They handle C.O.D. packages, registered letters and special delivery.

So altogether M.P.O. 103 is a busy little place, with three members of the Canadian army postal corps in charge. They are Sgt. E. T. Willis, of Markham; Cpl. D. A. McGregor, of West Lorne, and Pte. W. Firth, of Stratford, who were all with the post office in peacetime, and are now on loan to the air force.

Postal clerks of the Women's Division man the wickets. They are: Cpl. Anne Currie, LAW's Eileen Dixon, Evelyn Brazeau, Violet Reynolds, Christina Landale and Cora Moore.

BAPTIZED HERE

Children of two Fingal airmen were baptized in the Hostess House last month by F/I. J. W. Witzel. They were: Donna-Mae Clara, 7-months-old daughter of LAC and Mrs. C. A. Dixon, and Robert Harold, 7-months-old son of Sgt. and Mrs. J. B. Workman.



Fleet Street Ace Describes Air Force Life

By LAC STAN MAYS

ADVENTUROUS as a newspaperman's life may be, it's got nothing on the excitement of the air force. It doesn't matter whether you're running the gauntlet of the city editors or flight sergeants, you still don't know what's going to happen to you next.

When I volunteered for aircrew I confess that I was apprehensive of a dull life, at least while in training.

But it turned out quite opposite. Today, looking back on the past two years I find that Fate and a blue uniform have presented me with much more than I anticipated—travel, romance, adventure, education, comradeship and, most important, an opportunity to fly.

But all the thrills and experiences in my life have not been in the past two years. There were those days in pre-war London when I got myself mixed up with so many exciting events that they are now jumbled in my mind, and it is hard to untangle them into isolated recollections. Before international troubles in Europe and Asia loomed in the headlines London was a newspaperman's mecca because the sensation of the day was almost sure to leap from its giant metropolis.

I CANNOT recall one boring minute during those years. My assignments varied from police court cases to interviewing movie actresses. I was a movie critic and sat through three previews a day. I played poker with the boys of the "opposition" in the press room at Scotland Yard. We whiled away the time into the early morning waiting for a news-break to catch the last editions in time to be on the breakfast table. More civilized citizens were getting out of bed as we were ambling home.

One of the most charming stars I met in London was Tyrone Power. He was staying at Claridges and while we conversed, up strolled George Arliss. A photographer, seeing us together, took a picture which today I treasure as a reminder of the good old days.

ALL my time was not spent in London, however, and I travelled a great deal. At the end of three years there was not a large town in England which I hadn't visited.

One tour (which the office never really forgave) took me to Edinburgh, where I stayed for three days, then to Gleneagles, a solitary spot in the highlands of Scotland on which stands the largest hotel in the Kingdom. I was there three days and then on to Glasgow for a four-day stop-over taking in the world-famous exhibition. I was the guest of the International Hoteliers Alliance, a group of hotel proprietors who had gathered from all over the world.

I had been sent to report the proceedings, but finding myself the only reporter travelling with the members, I thought it a good idea if the conference should be held in secret and with a twinkle in his eye the secretary agreed. I returned around four o'clock daily to listen to a statement he had prepared for release to the press and I saw a great deal of Scotland in the meantime. But when the conference

Stan Mays, Former London Journalist, Trains To Be Air Bomber—Tells of Romance With Charming Detroit Girl He Met While Flying in U. S.

sent a strongly worded telegram to Hitler I got a lucky break and telephoned the news to London, which re-transmitted it to Scottish papers before their reporters on the spot had even heard the rumor. Therefore, when I returned to London the city editor hadn't the heart to take me apart.

INSTEAD he made me a crime reporter. My home for three months was the inside of every police court in London. On days when murder trials were exhausted, or big robberies had been solved, I slipped into the divorce courts—always good for a "human" story. I think I learned more about life in those courts than anywhere else. Broken romances were unfolded and distraught brides and disillusioned husbands told their stories of grief in whispered tones.

A prison-break, a gun-battle, a police car chase at night, and a nation-wide man hunt are other memories I have from the days when I studied England's criminal classes. Time after time inquiries led me to Soho, night club quarter of London's cosmopolitan West End. I became so familiar with the haunts of known convicts and stool pigeons that I felt quite at home consorting with low characters and sons of barleycorn in basement speakeasies.

It was in one of these clubs that four young society men told me one evening that they had just committed a jewel robbery involving the slaying of an ancient jeweller. I didn't believe them; they were so cool about it. Next morning, when I picked up the paper it was the nation's sensation for the day. Months later I was to hear each man sentenced to prison terms and dreaded lashes.

NOT long after I was given the job of covering the night club section of London. Dressing for

dinner every night; doing the town from club to club until the break of dawn sent patrons to their beds and me to a telephone; knowing that behind the bar of one basement niterie there was gambling for the highest stakes; and getting the tip from a barman that the two plain clothes detectives with the apparently inebriated women were watching the close group of men in a far corner suspected of being white-slavers. This is what covering the night-club beat meant.

There was more color in this one section of town than I could possibly record. But I tried to do my best by the friendly night spot promoters, theatre managers, popular chefs of world-renowned restaurants, and the stage and screen stars, always the first to welcome a wandering entertainment reporter.

When war came I said good-bye to the tinsel and champagne of London night life. I remember vividly the occasions when I had journeyed to Heston airport on the outskirts of London to be present when Prime Minister Chamberlain left to fly to Hitler, or returned with his good tidings. I was one of the little group of newspapermen who gathered excitedly around him as he held a crumpled piece of paper in his hand and exclaimed, "This is peace in our time." I don't think anybody really believed that.

WHEN bombs began to fall on London by night I changed my job. Every class of person in London was sitting calmly under that hail of death and taking it—straight. Millions of newspaper readers in the midlands and the north of England hadn't yet experienced Hun bombers and were eager to read the details. So I joined a group of newspapers publishing in that area and wrote daily accounts of the heroism of the brave Londoners.

Fleet Street is the narrow thor-

oughfare winding through the city linking the financial sections with the parliamentary and Government edifices. Not far off is the Savoy Hotel, where Canadian and American correspondents gathered when they came to London to report its bombing. I met many of them during those days and they stood shoulder to shoulder with the Londoners and risked their lives to tell the world what was happening to the greatest city in the world.

Falling bombs cause eerie sounds to penetrate great depths. Even in shelters you hear them coming. They arrive with a rush and roar something like magnifying the sound of tearing a sheet in half. They land with an ear-splitting c-r-r-r-r-r-ump! But that's not all. For minutes after you can hear the debris collapsing and bomb splinters clattering to the ground. Sometimes these moments have come back to me vividly as I have lain awake here at night and heard the drone of aircraft overhead.

I COVERED the London blitzes for three months and during that time was bombed from my own apartments on four occasions. One night I set out to walk through an air raid from the East to the West of London. I listened to the sounds overhead and when the searchlights lit up the sky above and the ack-ack seemed to be exploding in little pin pricks of light overhead I beat it for a deep shelter to talk with the people and share their soup. Sometimes, despite my most careful calculations, bombs dropped unpleasantly close and on one occasion I actually saw one fall on a road and rebound to lodge itself against the sidewalk. Its timing was delayed and it exploded seven hours later, so I heard.

The contrast between the people in different shelters was very interesting. In one, huddled together to keep warm, I would find the brave cockneys refusing to be driven from the streets in which they and their families had lived for generations. In Central London the shelters were full of workers and government employees and artists, actors, painters, publicans, merchants and musicians.

Hotels in the fashionable West side had converted their foundations into deep shelters. On one occasion I saw Lord Halifax and Duff Cooper, Foreign Secretary and Minister of Information respectively, asleep on small beds on the floor. Here much of London aristocracy spent its nights. Countesses and peeresses, titled society women and wealthy socialites lived a spartan existence beneath the floors on which banquets and receptions had continued despite the bombs overhead.

MY personal experiences during the blitzes were varied. On occasions I had narrow escapes, but then so did everybody. Dashing across London one night in a taxi a bomb landed ten yards behind us and threw the taxi through a plate glass window of a shop. I was already on the floor with my head buried beneath the rugs before it came to rest among the greatest crashing of glass I've ever heard.

(Continued on next page.)



STAN MAYS AND JOANNE CUBBAGE

FLEET STREET WRITER IN TRAINING AT FINGAL

(Concluded from previous page.)

On another occasion, when a bomb went through the roof of a night club and exploded on the crowded dance floor, the blast picked me up from the top of my favorite barroom stairs opposite and sent me hurtling down into the crowded tables below.

But despite these almost nightly adventures whilst seeking the news in bomb-shattered London, my narrowest escape was on my night off during a visit to my home ten miles out. Bombers rarely dropped there, but used it as a landmark pointing to the metropolis. And on this occasion I suffered a near miss when one of our own British anti-aircraft shells, incorrectly fused, exploded four feet from my car. I escaped without a scratch, although it riddled the body work with shrapnel, but an old lady passing through the darkness ten yards away was struck dead by a flying splinter.

My last assignment before I joined the R.A.F. lasted ten months. I was dispatched to the Ministry of Information press room where each newspaper had a day and night staff keeping them informed of the latest war news. Bombings were so intense that travel was tedious and sometimes impossible.

We slept in bunks beneath the press room and although I can reveal now that the building was hit several times, it is one of London's tallest and despite being directly beneath the bombs, nobody knew the building had been hit.

IT WAS in the press room of the Ministry of Information that I heard the world-shattering news of the arrival in Scotland of Hitler's right-hand man, Hess. Later I tried to interview him when I learned that he was being held in a prison camp near my home town. Much to my surprise, I found his guards were ex-police constables whom I had known by their first names when working for the local weekly paper. I would certainly have got that interview had not Churchill himself given strict instructions that Hess was to be kept uncommunicado.

There was more drama unfolded in the desk-littered press room of the ministry, reverberating to the noisy clatter of a hundred typewriters, than in any other news centre in the war zone. Latest news of battles, secret information which reporters "somewhere" had unearthed, disasters at sea, hush-hush details of the newest aircraft, evidences of convoys, troop departures for close-guarded destinations, accounts which had seeped through from friendly governments in Nazi over-run territory, all this passed through my hands in this room where reporters became famous not for what they wrote but for the news stories they COULDN'T print.

No wonder then that it was with a pang of remorse that when eventually my call-up papers arrived I said good-bye to all this at a party

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

LAC Stanley Mays, air bomber on course 90, began his newspaper career as district reporter on his home town newspaper. He then joined Britain's second largest news service and shortly after war broke out became a staff writer in the London office of the leading group of provincial newspapers. When representing his newspaper at the Ministry of Information he made a study of military security and censorship regulations. After the war his ambition is to write a daily column about personalities, but where he'll live is another problem. "After this war, who can tell?" he says. "That depends to a great extent on the wishes of the future Mrs. Mays." A former Detroit model, she is now employed in a civilian capacity by the U.S. Army. They've agreed that not until the end of the war will "happy ever after" be written to their story, unless Mays is lucky enough to get a temporary posting as an instructor in Canada.

which friends had thrown to wish good luck to London's youngest national newspaper reporter. For that was two years ago and I am only 23 now.

IT TOOK me some time to settle down into air force life after being my own master for so many years. But I was never homesick and can be thankful that my newspaper training made me used to being away from home for long periods. Although I had enlisted as a WAG, after passing the radio course I was given the opportunity to re-muster as a pilot. After spending a pre-embarkation period of three months operating an R.A.F. camp radio station which broadcast three programs daily to thousands of trainees awaiting shipment overseas, I at last set out to find fresh adventures on a new continent.

Crossing the Atlantic in one of Britain's biggest luxury liners, I produced daily the ship's newspaper. I delivered a copy to the captain, thus being one of the few people allowed on the bridge and, incidentally, one of the few admitted to the inner sanctum of the radio cabin, where I went hourly to pick up broadcast news from home.

When the ship steamed into an American port and we saw lights again — street lights, store lights, window lights, auto lights, just lights everywhere—I for one was disappointed that it wasn't New York. A train shot us rapidly from the States into Canada's wildest parts (or so it seemed, but then I haven't been out West) and we stayed at an aircrew pool in New Brunswick for ten days. I was eager to get to the States, where I was to train with the U.S. Navy at Detroit, but before leaving Canada I addressed a public meeting and was a guest of the Rotary Club.

THEN the two-day train journey to Detroit and into a U.S. Navy bus and out to the Naval Air Station where lines and lines of yellow painted training planes stood on a tarmac white and clean beneath an ugly Michigan sky. How we hated that sky in the months to come. For days we didn't fly because we had no covered cockpits. Temperatures dropped to below zero. Winds sprang from changing directions and dropped as quickly, giving place to freak snowstorms in April and torrential rain in January.

I spent the fall, Christmas and the spring learning to fly those little "yellow perils" and studying the U.S. Navy ground school syllabus. We took physics, maths, navi-

gation, theory of flight, aircraft and ship rec., flash spotting, radio procedure, aids, spotting and aerodynamics in the ground school course.

The flying consisted of passing five series of "checks," precision landings, aerobatics including "snap" rolls, Immelmans, a "split S," which was half a snap roll and the bottom part of a loop, and a shaking manoeuvre known as the "falling leaf," catching the aircraft just before it began to spin off and continuing the motion from side to side. Cutting the gun whilst flying down wind at 800 feet, one had to make a fully stalled landing in a 100-foot circle without using any further power and, judging the wind speed, make only one controlled "S" turn before the straight-away to the circle.

We were all trained as carrier pilots for the benefit of the embryo pilots of the Fleet Air Arm on the same course. I take my hat off to the U.S. Navy training. We worked like demons. Instruction on the ground and in the air, in my opinion, was of the highest possible standard. We rose at six a.m. and were in bed by "taps" at 10 p.m. But we got a "long 48" every ten days and 14 miles away there was Detroit.

TO GO on a week-end to Detroit was to be treated like a prince. It was a city of nymphomaniacs and night life. In the night clubs, theatres, restaurants, bars, movies and dances, the light and dark blue uniforms of the R.A.F. and Fleet Air Arm were passports to hospitality. Detroit is a boom town and its treatment of servicemen of any nation is second to none. Arrangements made by the U.S.O. took us to splash parties, dances, house parties, trips to Ford's village at Dearborn, and to the Goebel's breweries, a favorite spot to start the day.

Many of us preferred to seek our own fun and experience American life for ourselves and I don't think many British students trained at Grosse Ile without sampling the delights of the National or Avenue burlesque shows — one had to see everything and one very nearly did.

Although I had numbered actresses, movie stars, night club queens, chorines, government secretaries, society debutantes and barmaids amongst my acquaintances, romance passed me by until I went to the States.

Then one night on our usual evening visit to the airfield branch of the U.S.O. (which the U.S. Naval Captain decreed as being on the

station, although it was a mile and a half away), I met a charming hostess and we spent the night dancing and drinking coffee.

The U.S.O. was a luxurious building, once the home of Henry Olds, owner of the Oldsmobile motor company. When he sold it, bootleggers turned it into a speakeasy, but it passed into other hands and now provides a splendid lake-side retreat for British students training at the naval base. It was in these surroundings that I met Joanne Cabbage. In the restrained and dignified manner of properly conducted British clubs, I escorted her from the dance hall and sip coffee in the reserved atmosphere which reminded me of one of London's gentlemen's clubs in the shadows of St. James.

SHE invited me to her home for Sunday dinner and next morning I awakened her by flying over her house at 7:30 and showing off my aerobatics — the ones I could do, I mean. I think we both "fell" during a ten-day furlough after I graduated from the air base and was off to Florida to the U.S. Naval Air Training Centre. After so long a time in Detroit, when the day came to depart and hundreds of friends gathered on the little wayside station to say good-bye, I felt a greater bitterness leaving it behind than I had when the Scotch coast dimmed in the background as I sailed from Britain.

Pensacola, Florida, was as different to the north of America as Canada is to Britain. The naval air base, the Annapolis of the air, was the size of a large town, with its own bus service, movie theatre, restaurants and scores of buildings. Aerial activity was terrific and uniforms so varied that it was extremely difficult to recognize officers from trainees amongst that kaleidoscopic array.

BUT thinking about Pensacola only opens a wound, for it was there that I "washed out." Fate stepped in, but on the wrong side. Sure it was tough to take. Those wings had been so near. But I guess if anybody is keen to fly, then they're keen to do any job in the air, and I consider myself lucky that I feel this way about it.

In five years I have crowded more adventures and experiences into my life than I would have thought possible that long ago. There have been disappointments, heartbreaking partings, nostalgic memories and unforgettable delights.

At least I have one thing any newspaperman would appreciate something to write about. And one thing that never comes to an end — the future.

"Mother, I advertised under a false name, that I would like to meet a gentleman with an eye out for romance."

"Daughter! How awful! Did you receive any answers?"

"Only one. From father."

Letter from a soldier to his bride: "Dear Elsie: Come up next week-end if at all possible — and bring \$10. If you can't come — send \$12."

"Do you have a character reference?"

"Mr. Best."

"Is he a good reference?"

"Well, he's a character."

FLED IN ARMOR CAR AS WEEK-OLD BABY

"Adventures?—I Haven't Had Any," Says LAC McIntee, Fingal Air Bomber

By STAN MAYS

AN IRISHMAN who was forced to flee from the Irish when just a week-old baby, LAC B. G. "Mac" McIntee, of 90C, counts himself lucky to be alive today.

His parents—both school teachers—were teaching in an army camp in Curragh, Ireland, when the Sinn Feiners were rioting. They had little mercy for English folk or the Northern Irish.

Although they came from Southern Irish stock, the McIntees had lived in England and were known to have many friends there. They were in imminent danger as the camp was likely to be besieged.

His parents and their small baby had to be rescued and taken to the northern part of the country. In secrecy and with a military escort, they placed him in an armored car which took them swiftly through the "enemy" lines to safety. No sooner had they left than the military camp was disbanded.

The family journeyed to England and from there to India.

LAC McIntee didn't see much of his father, who was teaching gun-



R.A.F. Blokes Sample Some American Hospitality—And Beauty

On their first "48", R.A.F. lads at Fingal invariably head for Detroit and its delights. Above are pictured a number of Fingal air

bombers, who seem quite happy in the service. The photo was taken at Detroit U.S.O. and the charming hostesses showed our lads a

real time. Almost any week-end will find scores of Fingal airmen and airwomen at Detroit U.S.O., where they are treated royally.



TORPEDOED BY NAZI SUBS HE TRAINS TO CRACK BACK

LAC George Littleboy Was Merchant Seaman Before He Joined R.A.F.

WAS BORN IN INDIA

MY FATHER was trembling when I came up the walk. He was holding a telegram saying I was dead—had been lost at sea. He received it just ten minutes before I got home." So said LAC George Littleboy, Essex, England, air bomber on course 87B here.

First radio officer on a merchantman, Littleboy had been with a convoy returning to England from Canada when they were attacked by subs.

"A tanker near us had just been torpedoed and was ablaze. We were silhouetted against her and expected to be hit any instant, when something went wrong with our choke system and flames began to spurt from our funnels. We had to almost stop our engines, for we were carrying cordite, but the German subs evidently thought we had already been hit and didn't bother us. When we limped into Belfast four days after the rest of the convoy, we found a glowing account in a paper telling how we had fought on, although we were torpedoed and ablaze. All our own ships thought we had gone down, and the Admiralty had counted us sunk. Our next-



of-kin were notified that we were lost."

LITTLEBOY was a member of the merchant marine for several years, first joining it during the Spanish Civil War. "I was on a ship chartered by the Loyalist government and we carried grain from Russia, lorries from Odessa and grain from Rumanian ports to Spain."

Several times he was bombed during the Spanish war and was repeatedly bombed while operating around the British Isles during the

present war. None of his ships were struck, however. During the German blitz on London he was thrown from a bicycle by a bomb blast. "It hurt my feelings and made me very angry, but I wasn't injured otherwise," he said.

He was torpedoed off the coast of Greenland in October, 1941. He was sailing on a lumber ship in a large convoy. "It was just after the Germans began using wolf-packs. They sank several of us and we were again lighted up by a burning tanker. I heard somebody yell 'torpedo to port' and then came the explosion." They got two lifeboats away and were picked up about six next morning by another convoy ship. None of the crew was lost.

LITTLEBOY, 27, was born in Darjeeling, India, son of a police inspector. He got his matric. in India, returned to England and spent a year at London University, studying engineering. "I found I was too dumb for it, so I went to sea," he smilingly said.

He got his first class radio officer's ticket in 1937. After his trips to Spain, including one to Barcelona before it fell, he took three months rest, then put to sea again on a fishing trawler. He spent 14 months in the North Sea, Iceland and the Arctic Circle.

When war broke out he tried to join the R.A.F., but it took a year to get his release from the merchant navy. Finally he joined in November, 1941, and was called up in April, 1942. In February of this year he arrived in Moncton.

On a "48" in Toronto, he visited two of his English aunts, whom he had never seen before. They came to Toronto in 1908.

very on the northwest frontier. He had been in India for eight years and reckons that during that time he was inoculated more times than he would be in the air force if the war lasted 20 years.

In England before the war he studied as a civil engineer and surveyor and worked on radio location.

In New York on a short furlough, he was introduced to Ralph Bellamy and in Buffalo he met an Irish-American who after a merry evening took him home to sleep. "In the morning my friend's wife seemed plenty mad and kicked us both out," laughed McIntee.

But for all this he persists that he has led an uneventful and sheltered life and means to make up for it after the war by travelling round the world to places he hasn't seen with the R.A.F.



NURSING SISTER TUPPER

NEW NURSING SISTER ARRIVES FROM T.T.S.

By HELEN KASDORF

WHEN morning sick parade is larger than usual, there must be a reason. Anyone who has met our charming new nurse would understand.

Nursing Sister Marjory Tupper was born in Digby, N. S. She received her education at Digby and her training at Montreal General Hospital. Being patriotic, she enlisted and was posted to T.T.S. Military Hospital. The most exciting thing that ever happened to her was her posting to Fingal.

Marjory has one brother overseas with the Canadian Artillery. Her work takes up most of her day, but she likes a good game of tennis or golf when she gets time off. She intends to polish up her bowling score this winter.

Just what Fingal needed, a cheery new nursing sister to keep up hospital morale when colds start breaking out this winter.

FINGAL OBSERVER

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CANUCK RETURNS AS AIRCREW AFTER 5½ YEARS IN BRITAIN

Doug. Mackintosh, 87C, Left
In 1937 To Study At Uni-
versity of Glasgow

GOT B.Sc. DEGREE

By DOUG. MACKINTOSH

COURSE 87 is composed entirely of Britishers with the exception of Jack Sullivan and myself. In holding our own with these guests of ours I have an advantage over Jack because I have lived with them in their country for a great length of time; five and a half years, to be exact. It happened this way—back in the summer of 1937 I got the opportunity of studying in Scotland, so sailed for Glasgow and there began my work.

For four years I labored at that ancient seat of learning, acquiring eventually a B.Sc. degree in chemistry and a hybrid accent which has, at various times, been mistaken for Irish, Highland and Southern English. I also learned the subtle difference between "the line" of a Scotsman and that of an Englishman, learned that Scotch was an adjective applicable only to a specific bottled liquid and through extensive travelling learned the geography of Britain like a native.

I N my travels I really got around Scotland, having at one time or another been in every county except three. My first journey was to the border country—the land of Scott and scene of the old clashes between Scots and English. Since then I've been to Skye, the North West Highlands, Inverness and Culloden Moor. I've climbed in Glencoe, the Cairngorms, the Arocher Alps, and the Perthshire hills. I've shot duck in Barra of the outer Hebrides.

However, I didn't entirely confine my activities to Scotland, but visited Oxford, London and Norfolk, where I stayed in a flint stone cottage built in the times of Elizabeth. My last trip as a civilian was down into a Devon fishing village.

After leaving Glasgow University, I was employed on the scientific staff of Kodak Ltd., in London until I enlisted in the R.C.A.F.

I N July last year I began my training, attached to the R.A.F., and was posted for initial training to Scarborough, Yorkshire, where I met some of the English fellows who are now on the same course here. There were 35 Canadians together and we certainly made an impression; whether it was favorable or not seemed to depend entirely on the recipient. The O.C. was kindly disposed, having served with Canadians in the last war, and the S.W.O. became so when a tug-of-war team, mainly composed of our husky lads, trounced the army.

From Scarborough I was successively posted to Coventry, Hereford and Manchester, and then finally home. It was a red letter day when an east coast port loomed on the horizon and an even greater day when, after five years away, I walked in our own front door.



5½ YEARS IN BRITAIN

Doug. Mackintosh, 25, of Kitchener, went to the University of Glasgow in 1937, after getting his matric at Adam Beck Collegiate in London, where he edited the "Lantern." In July, 1942, he joined up as aircrew in London, England. He did 12 hours flying at grading school, was picked up as an air bomber and returned for training in Canada after an absence of five and a half years. He is now with 87C at Fingal. On this page he has written his own story of life overseas.

OPPOSITION

President Roosevelt is reported to have enjoyed the following parrot yarn so much that he shared it with Prime Minister Churchill:

A sailor walked into an auction shop as the auctioneer was asking bids for a parrot.

"Fifteen dollars," said the sailor.

"Twenty," said another bidder.

"Twenty-five," said the sailor.

"Forty," said the other bidder.

"Forty-five," said the sailor. No other bids were heard, and the auctioneer said, "Sold."

The sailor took the bird and cage, passed over the money, and said, "That's an awful price to pay for a parrot. Can he talk?"

"Can he talk!" exclaimed the auctioneer. "Why, sailor, he was bidding against you!"

TOO REALISTIC

Dawn found an Englishman, an Irishman and a Scot, three survivors of a shipwreck, drifting helplessly on a raft. Night came, and still no sign of rescue.

When things looked hopeless the Irishman knelt in silent prayer. Quickly, the Englishman snatched off his hat as a mark of respect, and the Scot took a flying leap into the sea.

He thought the Englishman was about to make a collection.

WILLING TO HELP

An ambitious young man heard of the death of the junior partner of a big firm. Being full of self-confidence, he hurried to the office of the firm, whose senior partner was a friend of his father's.

"How about my taking your partner's place?" he asked.

"Excellent!" said the senior partner. "If you can fix things with the undertaker."

Schoolmarm Joins Air Force Gets 3 Hooks and a Hubby

FINGAL'S second W.D. instructor has arrived. She is Sgt. Josephine Saunders, 22, ex-school teacher, from Didsbury, Alta., now instructing in aircraft recognition at G.I.S.

Josephine enlisted on Jan. 15, 1942, in Calgary. After taking her basic training at No. 6 "M" depot in Toronto, she was posted on a cook's course to Guelph. She spent three and a half months at Jarvis as a cook, and in August, 1942, she was selected for the administration course in Toronto.

She was posted to Centralia last September with two hooks. In May, when her trade was deleted, she remustered to aircraft rec. instructor and after a six-week course at Rockcliffe she arrived here in August.

Life in the air force brought romance for Josephine. At Centralia she met her husband, F/Sgt. Dick Saunders, of Toronto, who is an equipment assistant. They were married in June in Exeter. When they returned from a week's honeymoon in Muskoka, Josephine was posted on her course at Rockcliffe.

Josephine has two brothers in the army, one taken prisoner at Dieppe



MR. AND MRS. SAUNDERS
She teaches Fingal's aircrew.

and one with the medical corps in England. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Booker, Didsbury, Alta.

P/O Prang Posted Here — To Our Sorrow!

WONDER BOY WITH WINGS UP BECOMES TERROR OF FINGAL

There's One At Every Unit
But They Usually Get
Them, in the End

DAILY HE BOOBS

By WO1 J. A. WEARY

PILOT OFFICER PRANG thought night bombing would be fun. So when he was detailed for an exercise, he laughed and laughed. First thing to do, he thought, was to get hold of some students. He grabbed the first two he saw and hustled them across the tarmac to his favorite "kite."

While he was warming up the aircraft, the timekeeper was tearing his hair wondering who was in that Anson and why he hadn't signed the L14 and F17. That was simple, said P/O Prang. Anybody could see that HE was in the kite, and he hadn't signed because he didn't believe in it. So on to the wars, what's the holdup anyway? With that he waves away the chocks and taxis out. P/O Prange always taxis with his tail in the air. He says it's much more fun that way, and anyway it's faster and keeps the tail wheel from swivelling.

On the way to the taxi post, Prang noticed that he had a radio, so he decided to have some fun with the wireless operator. Over the air-waves came his voice. "Oh, I say up theah in the towah. This is Prang calling. It's a jolly evening, eh what? Is Muggsy up theah? . . . He is? Well, ask him if he has heard the one about the traveling salesman and the farmer's . . . Oh, he has . . . that's rather a sad old do, et, old top?"

BY this time Prang realizes that he's at the wrong end of the runway, but he doesn't believe in wasting time, so he says "What the hell," and takes off down wind. Once in the air, P/O Prang may be heard talking to himself. "My, my, what a jolly old night. Just look at that jolly old moon shining down on the jolly old water. Makes one jolly good, y'know. My, this night bombing is fun . . . oh . . . we are to bomb, aren't we? I wonder what target we are to use. Maybe the jolly old bomb aimer will know. I say, old chappie, this is your pilot here. Do you know which target we are to use? . . . oh . . . you don't. My, my, that's a pity, eh what? Well, there's a jolly old red arrow down there; that must be a target; let's bomb it."

P/O Prang makes a run over the arrow. The bomb aimer drops a bomb. "Direct hit, sir! . . . that's strange, the lights went out. What shall we do now, sir?"

"Oh, I say, bomb aimer, the jolly old lights went out, did they? Jolly good bombing, that. I guess we shall have to use the other target—it's a green one, I believe. There it is over there."

WANTED
\$1,200,000,000
How are ya fixed for bonds? Beginning Oct. 18 a mere \$1,200,000,000 worth of bonds will be available to the country. We might as well tell you—it's no secret—it's the Fifth Victory Loan.
And here's a message from Air Vice Marshal J. A. Sully, chief of air staff: "The total amount asked for by the minister of finance is considerably larger than on the Fourth Victory Loan, and it is hoped that all units will do their utmost to meet the country's requirements. All ranks should put forth their maximum effort to this end."

P/O Prang makes a run over the green arrow. The bomb aimer drops another bomb. "I didn't see that one hit, sir, but it must have been another good one, because these lights went out, too."

"Why, this is a duced sad old show, isn't it? They should have more targets. Oh well, we can't bomb any more, so let's have some fun."

PRANG likes to shoot up trains. He is also forgetful and he forgets that he left the master switch on and that the bomb aimer is still in the nose. He dives down over a train and is very surprised to see a large flash of light emanate from it; but that doesn't bother Prang—he can still fool 'em. He flies around in front of the train and comes down the track at ground level with his landing light on. But what's this? The train is stopped and people are running away from it. P/O Prang is very much elated. "Wow!" I did it. They think it's another train coming." So P/O Prang, his purpose accomplished, turns toward home while his misplaced stick of bombs leave the train in a mess.

On his way back, Prang flies low. He likes to, you know, and totally ignores the fact that his wing tips are picking up odd bits of foliage. His mind is elsewhere. He is looking at the "jolly old moon y'know" and he thinks of what a night it would be down on the beach with his girl. "Well, why not let her know that I am thinking about her?" In a few minutes, Port Stanley is getting an exhibition such as it never had before. What P/O Prang doesn't do with that Anson at fifty feet isn't worth recording. He soon tires of it, however, and wends his slap-happy way back to the old 'drome.

Arriving there, he doesn't have to do a circuit, he's too low, so he just comes right in down wind so he won't have to taxi so far. When he pulls up in front of the hangar, P/O Prang is very pleased to see an armed escort waiting for him. "Oh, I say, a reception party. Jolly decent, eh what?"



Five smiling faces that can be found in 89A and in every other section of the camp where there is any activity. From left to right: LAC'S Marc Hughes, Allen Gibb, George Tiernan, Cpl. Alan Woods and Des Murphy.

FOUR AUSSIES AND RHODESIAN ARE CAMP'S FIRREST BUDDIES

By RAY MARTIN

THEY have been on this station almost four months and in that time, undoubtedly and unknowingly, have become just about the five most prominent figures in the small circle that forms life on our camp. Although their names may not be known to you, the mention that four of them are Australian and the other a Rhodesian is sure to clear up their identities.

They are together on Course 89 and together nearly everywhere—in the mess, post office, canteen, or on their way to what may lie ahead in Detroit. Four of them crossed together from Australia to San Francisco. Cpl. Alan Woods, of Makwiro, Southern Rhodesia, joined the quartet here in Fingal.

The Aussies are: LAC Des Murphy and LAC Allan Gibb, both of Ipswich, Queensland; LAC George Tiernan of Newcastle, New South Wales, and LAC Marc Hughes of Launceston, Tasmania.

A story could be written about each, but they asked that superfluous details be omitted and only the fact that they are buddies and intend to remain so be mentioned.

But at the opportune moment, say pay night in the airmen's canteen, mostly everything about them can be learned. Take the Rhodesian, for example. Called "Trader Horn" by his buddies, it wouldn't take long to learn that he left a huge farm in the almost virgin land of Central Africa to don the blue of the Royal Southern Rhodesian Air Force more than three years ago. His service life has been spent on some of the largest dromes in bomber command, and as a fitter he serviced the first Lancasters to be launched against Hitler's Europe. His months spent on coastal command, where Hudsons and Catalinas formed the

sweeping protective arm for shipping off Britain's coast, is certain to be brought into the conversation as the evening wears on.

And when you get around to squeezing the Aussies be sure they tell you of their thrill the twelfth day out of port. It was aboard the United States' President Grant, in the centre of the Japanese submarine zone, that the ship's engines slowly died out. They had no protective convoy and as the word spread that there had been engine trouble, they'll tell you that their hearts sank.

BEFORE you leave them to head back to your own cot, you will have found out that the Australian army is just about the finest ever turned out. And you'll admire them for the beautiful way they stand by what is theirs and wonder if when the day comes when you are the centre of such a conversation you, too, will find the words to cover your own army, navy and air force with glory as they do.

For Marc, George and Gibby all once wore the khaki of the A.I.F., and the units they left have since fought with undying distinction on Africa's deserts and in New Guinea's jungles. Very little encouragement is needed to bring to light their days in the army and still less the unbelievable stories of warfare with the Japanese experienced by their buddies and received in recent letters. You'll listen and think.

Young "Murph" was at Brantford flying Ansons before he mustered to bombardier and joined his buddies at Toronto in time to be posted here with them, but to get his story you'll have to apply different tactics. He definitely is the type that talks while sitting on his cot. You know the kind.

McCATTY IN THE SWIM

LAC Winston McCatty, Fingal air bomber, placed in two events at the command swim meet in Toronto. He got a second in the 200-yard free style and a third in the 50-yard breast stroke.

MARRIED AND POSTED

R.C.A.F.'s wedding gift to F/Sgt. George Armstrong, of Fingal's instrument section, was a free trip to Dartmouth, N.S. George was posted the day before he was married in Toronto to Dorothy Bernice Crawford of Cleveland.

FIVE FINGAL FLYERS DECORATED OVERSEAS

Two D.F.C.'s, Three D.F.M.'s
Awarded to Men Who
Trained Here

Five Fingal-trained airmen have just been decorated for skill and courage on operations overseas. Following are their names and citations:

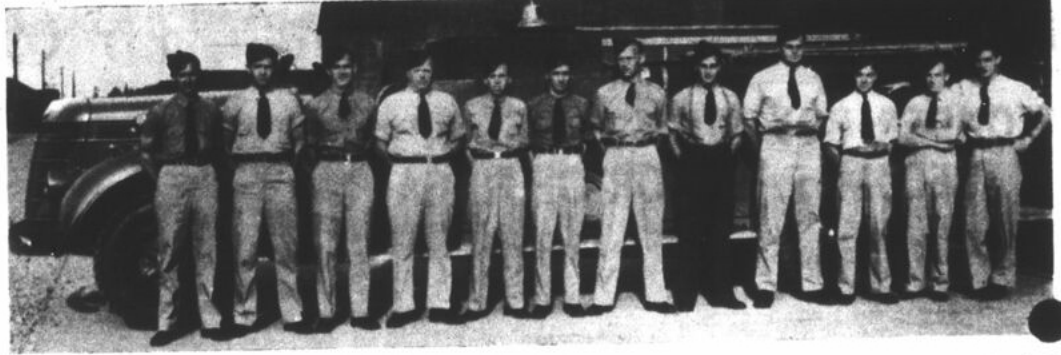
F/L Edward Baker, D.F.M., No. 7 Sqn. (R.A.F.): "This officer has taken part in a large number of operational sorties, during which his ability as a navigator has been outstanding. A most dependable member of aircrew, his skill and perseverance have been invaluable in the training of junior navigators."

F/S Robert George Craft, D.F.M., No. 10 Sqn. (R.A.F.): "Flight Sergeant Craft became a first-class air bomber at a very early stage in his operational career and it has been very largely owing to his skill and determination that many fine photographs have been obtained. On one occasion during an attack on Berlin his aircraft was badly damaged by anti-aircraft fire and Flight Sergeant Craft received severe head injuries. After a month in the hospital this airman returned to duty. Since then he has continued to display great keenness and courage."

F/S Benjamin Henry Moroney, D.F.M., No. 218 Sqn. (R.A.F.): "During many operational sorties against the most heavily defended targets in Germany, Flight Sergeant Moroney has consistently displayed courage and skill of a high order. On one occasion when over the Ruhr Valley, his aircraft was damaged by enemy ground defences and the wireless was rendered unserviceable. Whilst still in the target area this airman, coolly ignoring the shells bursting around his aircraft, executed repairs and with the navigator materially assisted in the successful completion of the sortie. Flight Sergeant Moroney's devotion to duty and painstaking care of his equipment has set a splendid example to the other wireless operators in his squadron."

F/S Alvin Peter Fast, D.F.M., No. 156 Sqn. (R.A.F.): "Flight Sergeant Fast is a wireless operator of outstanding ability and it has been due, in no small measure, to his skill that many of his missions have been successful. He has taken part in operational sorties, many of them of long duration and over very highly defended enemy territory. Among the targets attacked have been Cologne, Wuppertal, Dortmund, Duisburg and Spezia."

Flight Lieut. Raymond A. Gardner, of Hanover, who has been awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross, was the first Hanover man to receive his wings in the R.C.A.F. and has been overseas for about two years. He has made many flights over Germany and has frequently been mentioned in reports by newspaper correspondents. More recently he has been instruct-



Here they are, folks — Fingal's fearless fire-fighters. From the LEFT: Sgt. O. S. Gilhooly, Cpl. C. J. Dickens, LAC H. Keys, WO2

T. Paveling, LAC G. A. E. Alexander, LAC L. C. Morse, LAC W. Swanson, Cpl. J. T. Cain, LAC T. H. Arnold, LAC A. D. Good-

win, LAC F. S. Firth and LAC A. G. Warnes. Incidentally, that's the fire engine they're hiding. But you can see it at the fire hall daily.

OUR FIRE-FIGHTING AIRMEN MAINTAIN 24-HOUR VIGILANCE

Going to Fires Is Nothing New
To WO2 Paveling and
His Merry Men

AN EXPERIENCED CREW

By LAC V. QUINN

CONTRARY to what the average airman thinks about the fire hall, it is not a Valhalla for scroungers. Behind the carefully trimmed lawns and the neat hall itself is a service which we come to accept without realization of its value. It does not take much thought to realize that an air station, constructed mostly of wood, housing in close quarters hundreds of men and women, presents untold fire hazards. It is the duty of the fire-fighters to continually seek out and eliminate or curb these hazards.

Ceaseless vigilance throughout the barracks and hangars, checking aircraft for grounding, inspecting electrical wiring, removing rags soaked in inflammable liquids, suggesting improvements in heating arrangements—such are the duties of the fire-fighters.

ALTHOUGH this is all of a preventive nature, should prevention fail, the fire-fighters are well prepared to battle the fiercest fire. Modern equipment such as the enunciator system of fire alarm and the familiar red fire truck aid the fire-fighters in their task.

Just what happens when the button on the alarm box is pushed is the story of efficient fire-fighting apparatus in operation. The enunciator, situated in the fire hall, is a compact piece of mechanism which directs the fire-fighters to the scene of the fire. Automatically, when the alarm button is pushed, the enunciator punches holes in a paper tape, indicating the alarm box from which the alarm is coming. Simultaneously an alarm bell rings out the number of the alarm box, thereby producing both an audible and a visible indication of the location of the fire.

HOWEVER, to WO2 Paveling, fighting fires is nothing new. Behind "Chief" Paveling are 17

LEAVES FILM STUDIO
TO BE AIR BOMBER

BEFORE he forsook Civvy Street for the R.A.F., LAC Geoff. Hill used to hobnob with Britain's film stars. He met most of them while working for 20th Century Fox at Wembley: Gracie Fields, George Formby, Robert Donat — to mention a few.

He now hobnobs mostly with air bombers on Course 88.

years of fighting fires in East York.

From the West comes Cpl. Dickens with seven years' experience with the Winnipeg fire department. From Toronto, with seven years' service with the fire department of that city, is Cpl. Cain. And to round out the roster of able fire-fighters there are the R.C.A.F. trained men in the presence of Sgt. Gilhooly, LAC's Morse, Keys, Alexander, Arnold, Firth, Goodwin and Warnes from Ontario, and LAC Swanson from the West.

LAC RON YOUNG, 89C JOINED R.A.F. AT 15

ONE airman who is really sold on the importance of aircraft rec. is LAC Ronald Young, 89C air bomber.

And he has good reason to be. For in 1940, while serving on a British fighter drome, it was bombed and strafed by a JU88 which had been mistaken for a fighter-Blenheim.

"Aircraft rec. then wasn't what it is today," he said with a smile.

Young, 20, left his home in Newcastle-on-Tyne at 15, to join the R.A.F. as an aircraft apprentice. As an A.E.M. he was on fighter, bomber and airborne division 'dromes in Britain.

In April, 1943, he came to Canada. He was stationed at the Fleet Air Arm S.F.T.S., run by the R.A.F. at Kingston, until he re-mustered to aircrew this year.

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

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

AC2: "I can't see what keeps you W.D.'s from freezing."

W.D.: "You aren't supposed to, big boy."

Jock Munro, Kilt 'n' All Glasgee's Gift To Fingal

WHEN Jock Munro was leaving Glasgow to cross the great waters to far-away Canada, his mother made him take along his kilt, 42 yards of hand-made material from the County of Ross and Cromarty. Jock has an uncle in Moose Jaw for whom he was named, and he swore to his mother that when he went to visit Uncle Jock it would be in his kilt—the "Dress Munro" tartan.

Well, LAC Munro hasn't visited his uncle yet, but his kilt has been on display at Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School. He wore it to the canteen one night and half the camp followed him back and forth.

He hasn't worn it since, but he vows he'll wear it to Detroit yet. When he does, we're sending along a staff photographer.

Jock, 21, is on Course 88 air bombers. He used to work for Anglo-Iranian Oil in Glasgow and recalls attending their staff dance in London. He was the only Scotsman attending, and arrived in his kilt.

Jock's dad used to be a railway engineer out West, on the run from Moose Jaw to Winnipeg. So Jock is looking forward with a great deal of interest to his West-ern visit. But when it'll be, nobody knows, leave being what it is while you're training.

Mauritian World-Traveller Now Trains Here

LAC PIERRE MACQUET LEAVES ARMY TO FLY

Pays His Own Passage From Mauritius To Enlist In Royal Air Force

FROM the island of Mauritius, in the Indian Ocean, 500 miles east of Madagascar, has come LAC Pierre Macquet, to train as an air bomber on Course 88. Macquet, 27, attended St. Stanislaus College, in Rose Hill, and Royal College, in Curepipe. After travelling to Madagascar, India, China and Africa, he started as a learner in a sugar factory and became sub-factory manager. When war broke out he left the factory and joined his regiment, the Mauritius Territorial Force. He volunteered for duty at Fort George, which was manned by the Royal Artillery.

After a year he obtained an army discharge and sailed in July, 1941, to enlist in the Royal Air Force, paying his own passage. In September they docked in England and he joined up in London. En route to England his ship docked at Halifax for two weeks, where he tried to join the R.C.A.F., but being a British subject and having his passage booked, he went on to England.

His first air force duty was to take a course in English, which lasted nine months. At grading school he was very pleased to be picked as an air bomber and even more pleased when he landed up at Fingal, which he describes as the best place he's even been to.

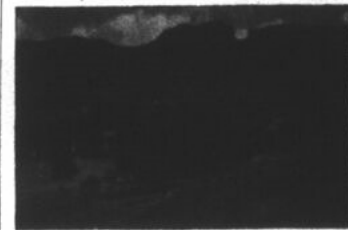
Below, Macquet has written his own story, including a description of this beautiful island of 739 square miles, which is a crown colony.

By PIERRE MACQUET

I GRADUATED from Royal college but unfortunately was too young to go to university. So instead of doing nothing at home, I asked my father to let me go to different countries. And that is how I was rather lucky to have been nearly all round the world, except a few places which I will see after the war.

After finishing my education I was about 21, and I came back to Mauritius, where I started as a learner in a sugar factory, which is our most important industry. I liked my job very much and at the outbreak of the war I was the sub-factory manager of Benares sugar estate, which is one of the biggest in Mauritius. I decided to leave my job and be ready to join my regiment, for I knew that I would not be called up, as my job was a key position.

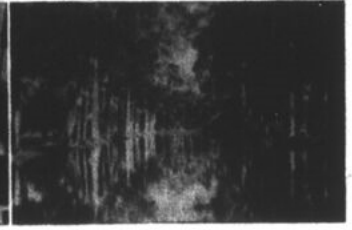
After some trouble I left the factory just one day before the war and I was welcomed by my mess friends. On the 3rd of September, 1939, I was sent to Port Louis barracks. I spent about



From Pierre Macquet's scrap-book of his home in Mauritius. LEFT: Part of his family's 600-



acre estate, where stag-shooting is the most popular sport. CENTRE: A market-place scene in Port



Louis, the island capital. RIGHT: A woodland stream on the Macquet estate.

three months there having a very hard training. Volunteers were asked for the Royal Artillery. I saw my C.O. and was granted permission to volunteer. We had to learn how to man a gun, how to give orders to the range-finder and how to take charge of a battery commander's post.

READING the papers, I saw the marvelous job the air force was doing in England and so I decided to transfer. It was first of all very hard to leave the island at this time. Well, eventually I managed to get my discharge and I took the first boat leaving Mauritius for Durban. It was a ship captured from the French and had some very good whisky and wines. I was able to celebrate my birthday for the captain knew the day of my birth. So we had a party on board this night and we had a great time, for there were some female passengers whom I knew from home.

I spent about a week in Durban, then sailed for Trinidad and afterwards to Halifax. There I thought that I could do my training in Canada, but I did not succeed, so I left Halifax and 18 days later we landed in Liverpool. We took the train to London and two days later I was in the R.A.F., but the trouble was that I could not speak English. So I had to learn the language, and my chief pleasure in England was visiting the country, specially to try and understand the dialects, which I think was pretty hard, especially in places like Newcastle and Manchester.

At Cardington I was interviewed by a group captain and I was very glad when he told me that I was going to have my training as a pilot. I had my I.T.S. at Scarborough and there I understood how difficult it was to learn such things as navigation, theory of flight, etc., in a language strange to me. Well, anyhow I did not fail my course. I had to learn very hard. I got through and that was all I wanted.

FROM Scarborough I went to Fair Oak, which is the best English station I have been on. The officers and N.C.O.'s were kind to me, and I was most surprised after a rifle drill when I was put in charge of the flight. That is, I had a good scrounge. I thought that I would be classified as a pilot, for I was told that my test was okay. But great was my surprise when, after three weeks' leave, I was told that I was to be an air bomber. Well, I liked that



MACQUET OF MAURITIUS

all right. I thought I would have less time to wait and be on operations very shortly, but I waited 10 weeks in Manchester. And great was my satisfaction one morning when my name was called on a posting parade and I knew that I was going to Canada. It was here I met my old friend Mackintosh, a Canadian, now on the same course.

We landed at Halifax and entrained for Moncton. I was hoping for a quick posting and so did not ask for any leave. Mackintosh had asked me to come and spend a leave at his place. Never have I encountered such hospitality.

After a few days in Canada I was invited by different Canadians to spend my leave with them. During six months at Moncton I got 14 days leave that I spent in New York. When I returned we were posted to Fingal. I always wanted to do my training on a Canadian station. My hope now is to get through my course and to be sent to the Far East, for it's a long time since I have seen my home and family.

But after this war I will come back to Canada and visit again with all these Canadian fellows and girls who have been so kind to a Mauritian.

NOW a bit about Mauritius. The natives are Creole, French and Indian.

Most of you must have heard of Indians walking on fire, or passing a foot-long needle through their cheeks—or tongue without any blood coming out. Every year I saw these things at our factory,

and scientists have been unable to explain it, attributing it to a great faith in their religion.

Mauritius grows all kinds of fruit, except apples and oranges which are imported from Africa. I have been nearly around the world but never have I seen beaches like we have at home. The sand is white as snow. As for sports, Mauritius is well known for the wonderful sports grounds at Vaccas. The climate is very mild during the summer, when we live in the hills. In winter time we go to the seaside.

Shooting stag is a great sport on the island. It is not so easy, for the stag is a very fast animal, and it is considered good sportsmanship to get him with one bullet.

A WD'S TRIBUTE TO AIR-GUNNERS

If I must be a gunner, then please, Lord, grant me grace,
That I may leave this station with a smile upon my face.
I may have wished to be a pilot, and you along with me;
But if we were all pilots, where would the air force be?
It takes guts to be a gunner, to sit out in the tail,
Where the Messerschmitts are coming, and slugs begin to wail.
The pilot's like a chauffeur; it's his job to fly the plane,
But it's we who do the fighting, though we may not get the fame.
But we're here to win a war, and until this job is done
Let's forget our personal feelings, And get behind the gun.
If we must all be gunners, then let us make this bet:
We'll be the best damn gunners that left this station yet.

—By a Fingal Airwoman.



"How much did you say a corporal makes?"

Central Maintenance Keeps 'Em Flying

FINGAL GROUND CREWS TOPS IN THEIR TRADE

And Kid Gremlin Hasn't a
Snowball's Chance Around
These Parts

By LAC BEN HALTER

ON THIS station and on every flying station there is a battle going on, night and day, unceasingly and bitterly fought. The opponents—Kid Gremlin and Central Maintenance. It is a battle to the bitter end, with no quarter asked or expected. Though Kid Gremlin has been down for the count many times, and has been battered black and blue, he keeps coming back for more.

Kid Gremlin is the invisible magical little traveller on every aircraft that leaves the ground. He grabs the controls and jams them. He sticks a straw in the gas tanks and sips them dry. He buzzes in the pilot's earphones and drowns out weather reports and beam signals. He puts his finger across wires and short-circuits them. He does a "Highland Fling" on the compass needle.

Central Maintenance is the specialized mechanic whose job it is to prevent the little marauder's escapades, and to repair any damage as fast as possible. To get a glimpse of this gigantic battle let's break it down to simple facts and figures.

SUPPOSE you were the owner of an automobile worth \$1,500. If you were prudent and wanted to travel with a minimum of trouble and cost, you would give your car periodic checks. After 2,000 miles of travelling or approximately 40 hours of driving, you would change oil, get a grease job, check the spark plugs and distributor points, have your battery charged, brakes inspected, etc., which would require four or five hours of labor, plus a certain cost for materials.

Now suppose you also had an aeroplane worth about \$150,000. Being a wise man and wishing to realize the most from your investment you would, every 40 hours of flying, give your aircraft just as thorough a check as you gave your car, because not only is an aircraft an investment of money and labor, but people's lives may, and usually do, depend on the proper functioning of every part of that aircraft.

IF IT takes four hours of labor for \$1,500 worth of equipment, then normally for equipment worth a hundred times as much it would take a hundred times as long to keep it in tip-top condition. But because the R.C.A.F. cannot afford to keep a plane tied up on the ground for that length of time, it has had to develop specialists and train them to a stage where this work can be done properly and

quickly; and also to develop a system whereby the work done would be the same at Patricia Bay or Gander Bay or Tunisia or Timbuctoo or Fingal. At that, with 4 fitters, 2 riggers, 1 wireless, 1 instrument and 1 electrical mechanic working on a twin-engined job doing an inspection, it requires an average of 40 man hours of work. If any trouble is encountered it naturally would add to the time necessary.

Another thing, there are many hours of work put on an aircraft between inspections, because where you can keep driving a car and let the trouble go till the check, you can't on an aircraft for obvious reasons.

SO FAR we have only mentioned periodic checks or as they are more commonly called, P40's or P80's, and so on up the scale to a major inspection which may come at 320 hours of flying or 360 or 400, or whenever the air force considers the proper time; but there are also in-between flight inspections, daily inspections and special inspections.

In-between flight inspections are exactly what the name implies—a visual going over of the aircraft and a replenishment of the gasoline and oil after every trip.

The daily inspection or D.I. is an inspection which must occur every 24 hours, and in this inspection trouble is sought after diligently. Certain things are fixed immediately,

others are saved for maintenance hangar to do, but the aircraft is unserviceable until the trouble found on the D.I. is corrected and entered in the L14 (A/C Log-Book).

The special inspection is done whenever a ship has had a bad landing or the throttle is kicked through the gate (on some planes) or some trouble is experienced on planes of a similar type, perhaps at another station, and the inspection is called for by command.

A WORD or two about the throttle gate. It is found on planes whose engines have superchargers, and if the throttle were allowed to fully open would develop enough horsepower to severely strain the engine and the aircraft. Therefore, to prevent this a gate is put across the throttle control, but in an emergency the pilot kicks it through this gate and breaks the seal. Whenever this occurs a special inspection is mandatory before the ship can fly again.

All these inspections, in fact the replacement of a screw or the changing of an engine or a main plain is maintenance work. To do it the air force has had to put mechanics through classes that lasted perhaps nine months and then trained them for at least another six months on stations, trying desperately to cut down a 7-

year course. Whether it is a success or not can best be judged by the results—the amount of flying that is done.

ON THIS station central maintenance is run by S/L Spruston, O.C. of maintenance squadron; F/L Ramshaw, O.C. of repair squadron; F/O Pennells, O.C. servicing squadron; F/O Shatford, adjutant of maintenance wing; and the senior N.C.O.'s, WO1 Myers, WO2 Gosby, F/Sgts. Gould, Martin, Murphy, Peterson, Hunt, Post, Hodgkinson, Larkin, Britton and Mayoh.

Their job is to see that everything mentioned previously, plus the starting, catching, storing and servicing of aircraft, is done smoothly, properly and on time, and the magnitude of the job reveals itself on a casual stroll through the hangars.

Of late it has become more complicated by the tremendous shortage of men and the increase in the size of the aircrew courses; but busy as the mechanics are, if anyone comes down to any of the hangars and evinces a genuine interest in what they are doing, they will explain and show just what they are working on, in as full detail as you can desire. It may do you or the air force some good some day to know a little about the care and operation of an aircraft.



OUR photographer found Central Maintenance a busy spot as you can see by the picture. **Top Left:** F/L Ramshaw, Sgt. Vinnal, Sgt. Stanton, LAW Gibb and LAW Givens in the log room, nerve centre and control point of maintenance and the flights. **Top Right:** F/Sgt. Britton, Cpl. Pasquin, F/Sgt. Laister, working on radio sets in the wireless section. **Centre Left:** AC Gibson and LAC Miller installing a new engine in a Lizzie. **Centre Right:** LAC Michaud, LAC Chalmers, Cpl. Mead and LAC Roth doing an inspection and prop change on a Lizzie. **Bottom Left:** LAC's Weir, Caswell, Rowe, Quibell and Dunlop on an Anson inspection. **Bottom Right:** LAC Watt, LAC Davey, Sgt. Drouin and LAC McRae inspecting a Bolingbroke.