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AIR YOUR FEELINGS AT FINGAL FORUMS

Chance to Argue Out Loud on
Thursday Nights in
Airmen's Lounge

POST-WAR plans—yours and the government's—are featured in this issue and were under warm discussion at the Fingal Forum. If you weren't there—and most of you weren't—you missed a chance to shoot the breeze about something that means plenty in years to come.

These forums, by the way, are wide open. If you want to air your feelings about topics close to your heart, Thursday evenings at 7.30 in the airmen's lounge is the place to do it.

At the rehabilitation discussion, for instance, it was pretty well agreed that Ottawa is lacking in the scope of its post-war projects; that "jobs for all" is more to today's fighters than just a slogan, and that what plans have been made, whether adequate or not, haven't been sufficiently publicized.

Feeling of most participants was that Ottawa hasn't told its story widely enough, that few in uniform have been told explicitly what post-war benefits await them. Further, the Forum favored a program of vocational guidance, especially for the thousands who went from school to uniform and whose only skill is the science of killing.

Watch "What's Cookin'" for subsequent topics. They'll be the kind of things you chew the fat about after lights out. You can sit back in an easy chair, smoke, listen, argue and probably learn something. There's coffee and cake, too.

Burglar (caught in bedroom): "Please let me go, lady—I never did anything wrong."

Old Maid: "Well, it's never too late to learn."

FINGAL OBSERVER

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OBSERVER PLAYS DAN CUPID FOR ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

Step Up, Folks, and Drop Your Billet Doux In Rec. Hall
Mail Box—We'll Do the Rest—and Remember
It's Leap Year.

IS CUPID gnawing at your heart, with St. Valentine's Day just two weeks away? Come February 14, would you convey some part of your throbbing passion to that elusive WD, fair beyond compare, who so far has ditched you for some other and less worthy Joe?

The Observer springs to your aid with a plan for inter-station communication whereby you can ease that unrequited love. If you've been too bashful—perish the thought—now's your chance.

Outside the "Y" office you'll find a Valentine box wherein you can deposit a billet-doux, note, screed, letter, card or similar communication. With the help of Central

Registry (we hope) your message will be conveyed with all speed to the desired party.

Think of the endless possibilities herein. Nasty comic Valentines for discipis or deaf-eared S.P.'s who wouldn't heed your early morning excuses. Mash notes to your instructors. All those bits of smart repartee you thought of when the argument was long over.

Note to WD's: This is Leap year. Drop whatever inhibitions you might otherwise have, and delight or mystify some lonesome airman by means of the Observer Valentine, Mash Note and Mutual Benefit Society.

WAR CHEVRONS OUT WHEN DO WE GET 'EM?

Ottawa has announced chevrons for war service.

One red chevron is to be granted for each completed year of service in the present war. Qualifying service does not necessarily need to be continuous.

Personnel who enlisted prior to Sept. 10, 1940, will be granted one silver chevron for the first completed year of service in lieu of the first red chevron.

All war service, while on the strength of the RCAF, will count as qualifying service. Service in the navy, army, air force, or other Empire forces subsequent to Sept. 10, 1939, may be aggregated.

Personnel placed on leave without pay for the benefit of the service may count such time as qualifying service only after being recalled to the service and taken on strength.

War service chevrons are to be worn on service tunics and battle dress on the right forearm, with the lowest chevron $5\frac{1}{4}$ inches above the bottom of the sleeve or immediately above the point of the cuff, with the apex pointing upwards. Warrant officers and under officers are to wear the chevrons immediately below the coat of arms or crown.

Instructions have been received from headquarters that service chevrons sold in retail stores are not in accordance with approved pattern and no approved chevrons have been distributed from service sources. The date of authorization to wear chevrons remains to be agreed upon and approved by all three services. Until this date is set and official notification issued that chevrons may be worn, chevrons are not to be worn by RCAF personnel.



GUEST EDITOR

LAC J. Burke Martin, Course 99, guest editor for this issue. Martin, formerly on the London Free Press staff, is a newspaperman of wide experience. He will continue on the Observer staff as associate editor.

CONGRATS, CORP.

Air Force Routine Orders announces that the Chief of the Air Staff wishes to thank Cpl. W. A. Hurst for the design and development of a modification to belt filling and positioning machines, which has been adopted. Cpl. Hurst is an armament instructor at G.I.S.

A GOOD SHOW

RCAF headquarters have announced that instructors in the air training plan have qualified more than 50,000 fully-trained aircrew, enough to man more than 15,000 fighting aircraft.

Canada's Finest Pleasure Resort

By P/O KEN HORSLEY

SO YOU think Fingal is dead, eh? You break your neck streaking for that 5 p.m. Richards jalopy to make a night of it in St. Thomas—and all for what? Take your cue from an incident that happened to me not long ago.

A lonely airman was trudging disconsolately toward me. As he drew closer I noticed several things. His hat was on the back of his head; his tie was undone, collar dirty, buttons dingy. He was unshaven, and his whole expression was one of mental anguish. As he passed I saw there was a desperate look in his eyes and a hectic flush in his cheeks. I stopped him.

He started guiltily, said, "Sorry, sir, I didn't notice you," and saluted. "What's the trouble, Mac?" I asked. "Bad news or just your bowling average?"

"Neither," he said with a rueful smile. "You see, it's like this . . ."

He was an Englishman, and eventually I deciphered his answer. It involved a long, sad tale, which I shall try to tell.

SEEMS that on this station there are too many attractions! Work suffers, instructors become impossible and rather unreasonable and the poor airman undergo all forms of mental torture. With shows three nights a week, three dances, the Fingal Forum, hobby club, bowling, the airmen's lounge, open nights at the WD canteen, barrack detail on Tuesday nights, duty picquet, the library, all the sports facilities, the barber shop, the wet canteen, snack bar, games room, the step test and the conveniently dark corners around the WD barracks—what is an airman to do? When can he find time to study?

I ASKED the poor fellow what he thought of St. Thomas. He looked at me blankly, so I repeated the question. I eventually found out that the farthest he had been from the main gate was the Hostess House. He'd never seen St. Thomas!

"How can I, sir?" he asked plaintively. "When, oh when can I find the time? There's so much to do here that my chief worry is that I

shall leave the station without having achieved half of what I'd like to do."

By this time I, too, was feeling rather perplexed. I looked at him intently, mumbled something, I know not what, and staggered away, forgetting to return his forlorn salute.

When I reached the quiet and solitude of my quarters I looked at myself in the mirror. To my surprise I found that by this time I, too, had a desperate look in my eyes and a hectic flush on my cheeks. My heart went out to those worried airman who have so much to do and so little time in which to do it. Suddenly, I saw things in a different light.

A lady who had engaged a new cook made a tour of inspection after she had kept her a week. She found a policeman locked up in the pantry. "How did this man get in here?" she asked severely.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the cool reply; "he must have been left over by the last cook."



Fingal Observer



No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario, February, 1944

AIRMEN SEEK POST-WAR AID

CHALLENGE TO GOVERNMENT SEEN IN RESULTS OF POLL

Fingal Observer's Unique Questionnaire Reveals That Only Seven Per Cent Know of Rehabilitation Plans— Few Would Remain in Service

By THE EDITORS OF THE FINGAL OBSERVER

IS TODAY'S airman tomorrow's forgotten man? What, dear friends, is going to happen to us the moment the war is over?

In a station-wide poll, the first of its kind conducted on an RCAF station, the Editors of the Observer set out to find the answers to these and kindred questions.

More than 400 questionnaires were returned by men and women in all trades—aircrew, maintenance, headquarters, firefighters, hospital—enough certainly to give a fair cross-section of Fingal.

Here are the results. Draw your own conclusions.

	Yes	No
1. Would you like to remain in the service after the war?	17%	83%
2. Would you like to remain in the service until you have a job to go to?	52%	48%
3. Have you a job to go to right now?	55%	45%
4. Do you know what you're going to do after the war?	56%	44%
5. Do you want to go back to:		
(1) School	20%	
(2) Your old job	18%	
(3) Work for someone else	13%	
(4) Work for yourself	49%	
6. Have you a clear knowledge of the plans the government has in mind for you?	7%	93%
7. Do you think that after the war all stations should be turned into universities to train you for civilian jobs?	58%	42%



BARNEY AND BRIDE

DOES 46 PATHFINDER OPS BARNEY PRANGED BY BIKE

F/O Seymour Bernard, DFC, Downs Two Jerries During Two Operational Tours in Stirling—All in Crew Win Gongs

VETERAN of 46 operational flights, holder of the DFC, member of a crack Pathfinder squadron and one of Fingal's most famed alumni, F/O Seymour Bernard, 27, is back on the station as a gunnery instructor. He confesses that the most serious injuries he sustained in a year of hazardous "ops" came from a bicycle ride through England's blackout.

Bernard braved Nazi night-fighters, heavy flak concentrations, crash landings and just about every danger connected with bombing operations in his year as tail gunner. But it took an unsuspected turn in the road to prang him with face and knee injuries more serious than anything Jerry was able to do to him.

Born in Toronto, he joined up in August, 1940, trained at Calgary and Fingal and went overseas the following June. He spent a year on gunnery and O.T.U. courses, and after three months operations he

and his crew volunteered for Pathfinder duties.

IN the months that were to follow that crew made history. Flying in a Stirling the whole time, every member won a decoration for outstanding operational skill and daring. The Australian pilot, British navigator and Canadian tail gunner won DFC's, and the Scottish flight engineer, Canadian air bomber, British wireless operator and mid-upper gunner won DFM's. Both pilot and navigator later were awarded bars to their gongs.

Despite this much-decorated crew with whom he flew, Bernard protests that his two complete tours of operations were "nothing out of the ordinary." His personal score against the Nazis amounted to two confirmed and two probables.

His first bag was an ME109. Leaving their target at Lubeck, flying home at about 800 feet, the Jerry fighter came up fast from beneath, apparently trying for a belly (Continued on page 4).

FINGAL airmen and airwomen don't care to remain in the RCAF in peace-time — at least 83 per cent say they don't. But just over half of them would like to stay in uniform until they've a job to go to. Little more than half the personnel on this station are sure they've work to go to after the war, or have a clear-cut idea of what they want to do.

Most revealing were the answers to Question 6: "Have you a clear knowledge of the plans the government has in mind for you?" Only seven per cent answered yes, despite the fact that Canada, according to no less an authority than Fortune magazine, "is two years ahead of the field with a clear-cut official statement of the demobilization commitments which she has legally accepted as a part of the contract with her soldiers."

If only seven out of 100 airmen and airwomen know what Canada has promised them in the way of rehabilitation, it seems to us that it's time for some publicity on the matter. Elsewhere in this issue the Observer has summarized what those in uniform may expect from the government after the war.

TO continue with the poll results, the Observer found that by far the largest group, 49 per cent, want to work for themselves when they are demobilized. An even 20 per cent want to go back to school, 18 per cent would return to their old jobs, and the smallest group, 13 per cent, want to work for someone else.

Uncertainty as to the future was reflected in answers to Question 2: "Would you like to remain in the service until you have a job to go to?" Apparently willing to accept governmental paternalism—though the overwhelming majority didn't care for the service as a permanent peace-time vocation — 52 per cent said yes.

Although such a plan has not been broached, the Observer felt it would be interesting to pose Question 7: "Do you think that after the war all stations should be turned into universities to train you for civilian jobs?" Opinion was fairly evenly divided here, with 58 per cent favoring the suggestion and 42 per cent against.

From the multiplicity of answers (Continued on page 4)

OUR COVER GIRLS

G LAMOROUS cover girls this month are two station beauties carrying out the theme "Fingal—Canada's Finest Winter Resort." The brunette is LAW Terry Gaucher of the Officers Mess; the honey-haired blonde is AW1 Florence Preater, of Central Registry. Both are skating as a part of their duty-fitness program, and judging by their appearance the exercise is highly beneficial.

—Fingal Observer Staff Photo

BOMBARDIER'S HOBBY IS MAKING MODELS

His Miniature Aircraft Are Cleverly Done



HICKS AND KITES

MODEL aircraft in miniature—so small that he can hold four of them in the palm of his hand—is the fascinating hobby of LAC Fred Hicks, RAF air bomber on Course 95.

In odd moments on the ship coming over, on the bus, on the train, Fred has made his tiny replicas of aircraft. In the photo above he is seen with a Lancaster, Lightning, Lysander and Boston. Many of his models have been used in aircraft recognition work in England.

Before he joined the RAF, Fred was a warrant officer in the Air Defence Cadet Corps in England. It's like a junior air force, doing flying on week-ends. Fred holds a gliding "A" license.

A bachelor is a man who has no children to speak of.



"I don't know where the armorer is, sir. He was there just a moment ago!"

CHALLENGE TO GOVERNMENT SEEN IN RESULTS OF POLL

(Continued from page 3)

given to the question: "Have you any suggestions or ideas that would assist the government in formulating a post-war plan for service men and women?" it is plain that most of us are thinking about the years to come. For every facetious answer there were a dozen worthy of serious consideration. Some of the best are here:

"Educational films, plus competent staff, to visit stations and help personnel to select a vocation for which they are suited."

"How about treating returned men as heroes instead of as G.D.'s—on the station and in civilian life after?"

"Factory workers should be given second priority on post-war jobs. Fair sex should return to domestic society."

"Get a little backbone and stop all strikes during wartime, especially in essential services. Settle immediate problems first."

"Keep men in services until they have jobs to go to and give them facilities for education. Those who lost their businesses during the war should get a loan from the government to enable them to start up again."

"Post-war training should not be haphazard, but should consider individual aptitude and intelligence. There should be good pay during training period so money won't deter prospective trainees."

"Dismiss the capitalist government and institute a democratic government."

"Delay demobilization until all are assured of civilian jobs."

"Service men should be taught a trade or business so they may compete against civilians who learned theirs during the war."

"Enlisted personnel should have full representation on rehabilitation boards before the war ends."

"Reduce working hours to assist in creating employment for more men. Women whose husbands are gainfully employed should return home. Encourage single men to marry by payment of a married bonus."

"Maintain large air force, army and navy. Give wage increases for each child to encourage increased birth rate."

"Put all women back in the home. Give

service men the preference over draft-dodgers and women."

"Keep up a strong air force and army so if another war starts we won't be caught with our panzers down."

"Make women go back to housekeeping and give service men first choice of jobs that they vacate."

"Give credits for courses passed in the service, equivalent to junior and senior matric, according to the course taken."

"Have books, circulars and movie films for service men explaining and showing the different types of jobs and professions so that everyone can choose a suitable job. Distribute these before the last minute."

"Keep men in the service until they definitely have a job."

"If billions can be spent on war, millions can be spent to train men and women to hold positions. We are not going to stand for the nagging after this war that followed the last war. Medical, dental and hospital bills should be paid from insurance the same as unemployment insurance, with benefits to everyone, young or old."

"Discharge all women who have husbands to support them, leaving job vacancies to others."

"Put reasonable limits on individual and corporate earnings — dissolve all monopolies."

"Don't trust the present government to formulate post-war plans in regard to service men and women. Plans should be made by scientists and technicians."

"Service men and women whose educations have been interrupted by the war should be compensated for it and given the opportunity to continue their educational and career training after the war. Then they'll be no worse off than those who stayed at home during the war instead of being in the service."

"What's the use of my suggestions? The government will do what it wants to anyway."

"Don't have a repetition of what happened to service men after the last war. Sick to during-the-war promises after the war."

"Government should guarantee economic security for all individuals in the country, including some features of service life such as complete medical attention."

"Keep service men in uniform until they have a definite job to go to. Adopt a Beveridge plan in Canada."

"Been in the service too long — can't think."

TAKE HEART, GALS

Marriageable Males Will Be Plentiful After the War

Okay, gals, you can relax.

Three university sociologists have just announced that there would be no shortage of marriageable males in post-war Canada.

So, if you think you're missing out on romance by being in the service, just think again. For your civilian sisters haven't got anything on the ball that you haven't.

And, according to the professors, girls need not worry about the difficulty of getting husbands when the war is over.

There is one man for every girl on this continent today. And, say our learned friends, the war would have to last a long time with an extraordinarily high death rate to imperil post-war chances.

Besides, they said, more males

are born during war than in peace, which would help. So you can stop knitting those old maid caps, gals, it's all right.

And if you think this is all a lot of nonsense, we don't blame you. But it makes a story and who are we to turn up our noses at a story — especially with 16 blank pages staring us in the face.

DOES TWO OPS TOURS PRANGED BY A BIKE

(Continued from page 3.)

shot. Bernard opened up with the four .303's in the Stirling's stinger and the 109 spun out of control into the sea.

His other "cert" was over. Dusseldorf on a night raid. Going into the target area, they saw a Wellington, coned in searchlights and being attacked by FW190's. Then the blinding finger of a beam swung over, caught the Stirling and held it. A 190 peeled off and made for the bigger prey. Bernard gave him a short burst at 400 yards and saw the Nazi shoot up into a stall. He recovered briefly, then Bernard let him have it at almost point-blank range. Nothing remained but a cloud of disintegrated Focke-Wulf.

Another time he admits wasn't quite dull was a raid on Bremen, when his bomber, first over the target, ran into a solid wall of anti-aircraft. One engine conked out, fire started in the air bomber's compartment and the navigator had his head cut open by a chunk of flak.

Despite his injury, the bleeding navigator hung grimly on and directed the pilot after the air-bomber had rendered first aid. Bernard says he can laugh now as he recalls that the plucky lad, who won his "gong" that night, logged: "Hit on head, hurts like hell."

But Lady Luck, who was to smile so long on this crew, rode the skies with them that night, and the big Stirling stayed over Bremen for 10 full minutes until their Pathfinder chore was successfully completed.

In May, 1943, Bernard won his Distinguished Flying Cross. His citation:

"Pilot Officer Bernard has completed 39 operational sorties in heavy bomber aircraft, always displaying courage and determination of a high order. At all times he has executed his duty conscientiously and has been a cool and efficient member of aircrew."

In common with most decorated airmen, Bernard tries to dismiss his DFC lightly. He argues that luck had a lot to do with it. For instance, he points out that two members of his old crew, the air bomber and the wireless operator, had a few more operations to complete when he left them last autumn. Both transferred to another bomber crew, and both are now prisoners of war in Germany. Apparently Bernard's leaving broke the good-luck spell which had protected his crew so long.

Married in December to a New York girl after a whirlwind courtship, Bernard was posted to Fingal early this month and has set up a home in St. Thomas. His knowledge of gunnery, acquired in combat, where cool nerves and split-second decisions mean life or death, should prove invaluable to those of us who are going out to start in where he left off.

Old maid: "Has the canary had its bath?"

Servant: "Yes, you can come in now."

Women love to climb into stylish clothes so men will be anxious to take them out.

PRISONER OF WAR IN ALGERIA AFTER BOMBER CRASH AT SEA

P/O Worth Chisholm Rescued by French Fisherman After Drifting in Mediterranean—Friends' Escape Efforts Failed When Arabs Collected Rewards

"REMEMBER Pearl Harbor" is a slogan that will live long in the memory of P/O Worth Chisholm, Fingal signals supervisor. For it was on Dec. 7, 1941, that a Wellington on which he was WAG was forced by mechanical trouble to ditch in the Mediterranean, 25 miles off the coast of North Africa.

Chisholm and five crew members spent a year in prison camp at Laghouat, 250 miles south of Algiers, after that forced dunking, and were released only upon the Allied invasion of North Africa the following winter.

Chisholm, 25, native of London, Ont., joined the RCAF in May, 1940. He trained at Montreal and Mossbank, and went overseas in January, 1941. He was Joed for eight months as instructor, and finally got some action ferrying Wimpy's to the Middle East and Gibraltar.

DURING a hop to Malta his kite threw a prop and took fire. The pilot set her down, and in the one minute it took the bomber to slide beneath the waves the crew got their dinghy afloat. For 18 hours they drifted until a French fishing boat came to the rescue.

In Algiers all six were closely interrogated by a military commission. But, like all good airmen, they told only their names and numbers. Arriving by bus, rail and truck at isolated Laghouat, they found 55 other airmen-prisoners, all sweltering in quarters made from mud bricks. Guards were Arabs, under French supervision.

Meals were greasy and inadequate, Chisholm recalls, and Canadian Red Cross food parcels saved the day more than once. Their camp, built to hold 200, became uncomfortably crowded in later months when 1,000 survivors of British naval vessels were added.

PRISONERS organized escape committees, and succeeded in tunneling some 300 feet under the camp wall without being detected. They used scraps of iron and knives, carrying the dirt a handful at a time. But their months-long effort was doomed to failure.

The prisoners' committee had chosen 27 to make the break, and every one was returned to camp within 48 hours. Other and less spectacular escape efforts were equally unsuccessful, Chisholm says, for the good reason that Arabs could collect a 500-franc reward for every escapee. Even one chap who spoke the native language and who had lived in the country 15 years couldn't elude the wily natives.

Undaunted, the internees began another tunnel and had 30 feet dug when, on the morning of Nov. 9, 1942, they got the news that the Allies had launched their North African invasion. A Royal Navy captain who was the prisoners' spokesman, carried the news to the camp commandant. He didn't believe it, and it wasn't until two days later that the word came through official channels.

BEARDED, lean, sunburned and mighty homesick, the prisoners lit out for Algiers and were lucky enough to grab a boat sailing for England that day. Chisholm found a commission awaiting him, and pausing only long enough to luxuriate in the first real bath he'd had in a year, headed for Canada, arriving home just a month after his release from prison.

Following four months' sick and special leave, Chisholm was posted to Guelph for a signals course, and came to Fingal in December. And, to complete the happy ending, two months ago he married his high school sweetheart.



P/O CHISHOLM AND HIS LOVELY BRIDE

"My good fellow," said the dear old gentleman, "are you aware that your newspaper is upside down? You're reading it the wrong way up, you know."

The other stared at him with an intense and fishy eye.

"Yus," he said, "yus—hic—I know I am, and let—hic—me tell you it takes a bit o' doin', too!"

G.I.S. INSTRUCTORS SEEKING CLUB NAME

Brains Trust Wants Members For New Group

ATTENTION, all G.I.S. instructors! Whether it's because misery loves company or because of a mutual desire for self-defence, we don't know, but the Observer has been advised that all you instructors are being banded into a club, society or fraternity.

Further details can be had from Sgts. G. H. Dickson, J. Stoddart and T. Thomson. Idea is to chip in a buck for initiation fees, hold periodic get-togethers, welcome newcomers to the staff with a dash of tea and a pat on the back, and generally do what most similar clubs do.

Get in touch with the above-mentioned NCO's and join up. They haven't even a name for the outfit yet, and maybe your suggestion will be the one they're looking for.

"What's the idea of the crowd down at the church?"

"There's a travelling salesman down there confessing his sins."

She: "You're just like the horizon."

He: "What do you mean?"

She: "You never get any closer."



DRUMMER BOY BILLY

EX-JAZZ DRUMMER NOW ON COURSE HERE

LAC Billy Thomson Beat Skins For Goodman

It's a caution, the celebrities who are hiding out at Fingal. For example, take LAC Billy Thomson, Course 71 WAGS. Before enlisting, Billy was drummer man with Benny Goodman's famed orchestra.

A well-known entertainer in the U.S., Billy has played with many name bands and for a time led a band of his own. Since joining up he had performed at many camps. The swing band he organized at No. 4 Wireless School really set the place to jumpin'.

Which would you rather be—a major with a crown on his shoulder or a private with a chicken on his knee?

THOSE MOSQUITOS ARE SWELL BUT WAIT TILL WE AIR CADETS GET INTO THE NEW ROCKET SHIPS!

Boys 14½ to 17½—For information about your nearest Air Cadet squadron phone WA. 9891 or WA. 5372

We sell no advertising, hence this is reproduced free as our contribution to the campaign for more air cadets. Airmen and airwomen whose sons are interested may contact F/L Bruce Servos, Fingal gen man. Above ad appeared in a Toronto paper.

Fearless Five's Secrets Bared

Hawkins Tells All—About Fingal Wogs

By LAC DAVE HAWKINS

THE Fearless Five are the smallest section of tradesmen on this station, representing the wacky organization of "Wogs." On all active service fronts, as in all training commands, we are the bulwark of air force communications, aided of course by a more practical group of witless wonders called "Wems." Our responsibilities here begin at G.I.S. instructing wireless and visual telegraphy to aircrew, including the protective guidance of our night flyers by the same means from the control tower.

A veteran in the service, Sgt. "Danny" Danbrook leads our quintet with masterful ambition. Big Dan is a dexterous individual of "Wem" aspirations. Consequently he has developed several efficient improvements in the section, helping trainees to master the mysteries of Morse.

MOST resourceful member of the five is our placid-faced, easy-going Cpl. "Vic" Herod, popular old-timer here. He's the "keen" type, who masterfully mesmerizes the blokes and Canucks with flashes from the Aldis. Poor "Vic", some day we hope he will find an ideal spot to place his signal light (or bury it).

Cpl. "Art" Stennet is our No. 1 boy by reason of his seniority, which automatically makes him chief adviser in all direct matters pertaining to the section. He knows the score, too. "L'il Artha" is a slightly greying lad, a fact probably due to an excess usage of the head at figuring out angles for swinging a certain heavy grey metal with old soldier ability. At work and in barracks, Art is almost in constant charge of aircrew students, and their department is enough to add grey hair to the head of any sane

man. Thanks to a sense of humor, lots of hop juice and resulting shut-eye, Art retains most of his youthfulness.

We owe a great deal to lads like Art and Vic, who were both pioneers in aircraft wireless at the start of this war.

BENEATH the tower beacon a blatant voice can be heard during silent intervals of the still night, controlling the destinies of our night bombers by radio. These forceful emanations pour from the throat of our "Bluenose" farmer friend, "Flash" Weare, who unlike his nickname, is an individual of seemingly effortless ambition. Johnny Weare is our problem child, a puzzling mystery to all, yet obviously one who follows the straight and narrow.

Darn it, how can I avoid the fearsome ordeal of describing this person, yet remain aloof to my inner self? Nevertheless those who don't know me, should; and if they don't, they soon will, even if my hide is used for a wind sock when this story gets around.

In the first place it wasn't my fault when DAPS decided to give my comrades in "Newfie" a break by taking me away from active ops over there, and posting me to this paradise. Just refer to me as 'Arry 'Awkins. Everybody else does, particularly the blokes, although I have been called other names needless to mention. The shortest man in our section, I rap out the dits and dabs to the Wags in training, and oft-times share the job with "Flash" in the tower. Everyone tells me that I shine best of all in the mess hall, but I manage to control my avoirdupois by never remaining in the same place long enough to get fat, and perhaps this is the reason I never grew any taller.

TOO YOUNG FOR U.S. SO SHE JOINS WD'S



Too young to enlist in the U.S. forces, LAW Frances Barden (above) left her home in Pontiac, Mich., to enlist in the WD's. She joined at 18 in December, 1942, as a clerk-steno.

Frances was the only American girl at Fingal until "Arizona" arrived. She has been here since last September as S/L. McBurney's private secretary and Joe girl.

An airman on leave to Montreal boarded the sleeper and pulled back the curtains of his berth. He was extremely surprised to find two most personable blondes encooned there.

After checking his ticket to make sure that he wasn't wrong, he said: "I deeply regret this, ladies, but I am a married man—a man of respect and standing in my community. I couldn't afford to have any breath of scandal touch me. I'm sorry—but one of you will have to leave."

OVERSEAS AIRCREW GET CANADA LEAVE

Fliers to Have Month at Home
Before Returning to
Operations

AIR MINISTER POWER has announced that negotiations are under way to extend to RCAF aircrew serving in other theatres of war the system of granting special leave in Canada to aircrew who have completed tours of operations and of instructional duties in the United Kingdom.

He added that the special leave would be a visit only and was not to be confused with the constant process of repatriation—a process in which decisions are based on an entirely different set of circumstances.

The recent arrival in Canada of a contingent of RCAF personnel from operations in the United Kingdom inaugurated the system as it applies to Britain-based aircrew.

Major Power said he was unable to set down a "strict set of rules for an arrangement which must vary with the circumstances of individual cases and strategic expediences," but the basic principle was that aircrew should be given an opportunity to see friends and relatives in Canada before starting a second tour of operations.

Generally speaking, the ultimate and gradual effect will be that all RCAF aircrew who have finished a prescribed tour of operations against the enemy, plus a period of instructional duty at advanced operational training units in Britain, where they give newcomers the benefit of their experience, will be granted four weeks' leave with pay in Canada.

UNDER repatriation, personnel return to Canada for medical reasons or for special duties here. Those who come to Canada on special leave must invariably return to Britain because they are highly trained men whose experience is needed in operational squadrons and, in many cases, because they will be returning to more senior duties.

The impossibility of setting up rigid regulations for the granting of this leave results from a large number of factors.

There are different periods of operational duties in each of the various commands such as fighter, bomber and coastal. The interpretation of what constitutes an "operational tour" varies from time to time. The activity of units varies greatly with the theatre of war involved, so that personnel serving in a relatively non-active theatre cannot finish a tour nearly as quickly as personnel on an active war front.

The second qualification for special leave is a period of non-operational duty—that is, a period of service like instructional work in which personnel are not required to face the enemy. This period, too, will vary according to the type of work being done and with the rise and fall in the demand for fully trained new aircrew.

PRESSES WRONG TIT COSTS HIM ONE BUCK

Sergeant Demonstrates Low-Altitude Dinghy Drop

By P/O VERNE PILLSWORTH

As our story opens, an aircrew sergeant in the plotting office is seen chastising a new student for failure to complete a bombing exercise. Seems the student had failed to fuse his bombs, and after several runs over the target without any results, the pilot returned to base.

To straighten out this young hopeful, the sarge took the lad into a hangar and jumped into the nearest aircraft. Down went all the switches, on went the jettison light and he gave the pear switch a mighty squeeze.

Imagine his surprise when down dropped the dinghy from the station rescue Anson.

P.S.—It cost the sarge a buck.

The modern girl dresses to kill—and cooks the same way.

VITAL STATISTICS

PROMOTED

Cpl. Agnes Laidlaw to Sergeant to Officer Cadet.
F/Sgts. W. J. Blackman, R. A. Beland, J. Hammill, W. J. Spence, W. J. Clarke, A. J. Smith, A. McLean to WO2.
Sgts. S. J. H. Smith, B. J. P. Avery, E. G. Bessey to Flight Sergeant.
Cpls. R. E. Sweetzer, P. P. Van Buskirk, D. J. Truan, W. Solsberg, B. E. Fetterly, T. M. M. Corbett to Sergeant.
LAC's G. A. Bake, G. C. Lamson to Corporal.
LAW's T. E. Hills, M. Brooks, M. C. Sutherland, B. I. Acres to Corporal.

BORN

A son, Larry Thomas, to LAC and Mrs. W. Bessence, at Stratford.
A daughter, Betty Ellen, to P/O and Mrs. Bob Pollock, at St. Thomas.
A son, Michael Francis, to Pte. and Mrs. W. Firth, at Stratford.
A daughter, Kathryn Susanne, to AC2 and Mrs. F. H. Legg, at London.
A daughter, Francis Lorraine, to Sgt. and Mrs. W. J. Emery, at St. Thomas.
A daughter, Carolyn Anne, to LAC and Mrs. F. J. Colledge, at Toronto.
A daughter, Janet Anne, to F/Sgt. and Mrs. S. J. Costin, at St. Thomas.
A daughter, Diana Gail, to F/Sgt. and Mrs. E. G. Britton, at St. Thomas.
A son, Patrick Raymond, to P/O and Mrs. R. G. Sullivan, at Toronto.
A daughter, Judith Karen, to Sgt. and Mrs. J. K. Jamieson, at Ottawa.
A son, Franklyn Bruce, to P/O and Mrs. R. M. Paige, at Kitchener.

MARRIED

Cpl. W. G. Roberts to Elsie Margaret Anderson, in Detroit.
F/L D. K. Govier to Audrey Jean Purdy, at Port Colborne, Ontario.
F/Sgt. H. F. Osborne to Anna Marie Meagher, at London.
Cpl. C. S. MacLeod to Patricia Jane Ryan, in Pittsburgh, Pa.
AWI Lois Tardiff to LAC Norman Morynstar by F/L James at St. Thomas.
LAC E. C. Szabo to Isabel Greggie, at Port Colborne.
LAC G. J. Dumlot to Marian McIntosh, at Woodstock.
Sgt. Bob Grenon to Mary Bruce, by F/L O'Reilly at Toronto.
LAC W. Ogonowski to Bertha Tonchick, at St. Thomas.

FINGAL OFFICER COMMENDED IN NEW YEAR HONOR LIST

S/L M. J. Poupore Wins Mention for Meritorious Flying Service

ONLY Fingal officer to be mentioned in the King's New Year honor list was S/L M. J. Poupore, O.C. flying, chosen because of his fine record of service here.

Text of the citation was not available, but the Observer saw the letter written to S/L Poupore by the A.O.C., Air Vice-Marshal A. T. Cowley. It read:

"On my own behalf, and that of all ranks of No. 1 Training Command, I wish to add my heartiest congratulations to those you have already received from the Minister for Air and Chief of Air Staff on your commendation by His Majesty the King. I am very pleased that your outstanding services have been so suitably recognized."

Poupore is a former bush pilot whose flying lore was gained in the trackless wastes of Northern Ontario where beacons and concrete landing strips were unheard of. Like "Wop" May and others who filled their log books the hard way, Poupore ferried express and freight into the Northland, fought forest fires and piled up 900 hours over some of the nastiest terrain in North America.

Native of North Bay, he started flying in 1929, and got his commercial ticket the following year. He instructed for Latham Airways for six months, then went with National Air Transport for two years.

PROBABLY his most exciting aerial experience came while on fire patrol some 175 miles north of Sudbury. A party of fire-fighters had landed on a tiny lake to fight a blaze which raged over 12 square miles of woodland. In a few hours they were cut off, their lake entirely ringed with fire.

"I was young and crazy then," he says, "and I didn't think twice about going after them." (He calls it crazy; we call it guts.) "I flew in with a Buhl six-place job, slipped in over the fire and picked them up. We just nicely cleared the burning trees on the take-off, and a good thing, too, because the ship was entirely fabric-covered and would have burned like a match."

HE GAVE up flying—or so he thought then—in 1933 to supervise 175 sq. miles of timber tract belonging to his father. Seven years passed uneventfully until, in October, 1940, he came into the RCAF as a commissioned pilot. After a refresher on Fleets, Yales and Harvards at Trenton, he went to Mossbank and was a staff pilot on Battles until his posting to Fingal in March, 1941.

His rise here at Fingal has been rapid. Entering as an F/O pilot on drogue flight, he became a F/L the following December when he was made O.C. gunnery. He took over bombing flight a few months later and, in April of last year, was made O.C. flying with his present rank.

Poupore says he doesn't like "flying a desk," and is able to get only about 15 hours a month, checking procedure of air exercises. What really irks him, though, is that at 36 he's too old to get overseas and do some really lethal flying.

GETS PALSY-WALSY FLAT-TOP ANNOYED

Unsuspecting RAF Lad Calls Officer "Choom"

You can't tell a book by its cover, especially when the cover's gone. Nor, around this station, can you always tell an officer by his flat-top and stripes. One sad Lancashire lad new to Fingal can verify this. Here's his story:

Trying to get his bearings in one of the hangars, the RAF-er poked his noggin into a convenient door, spotted a hatless and coatless chap with his feet on a desk, and asked, "Hey, choom, could tell me which way to gunnery section?"

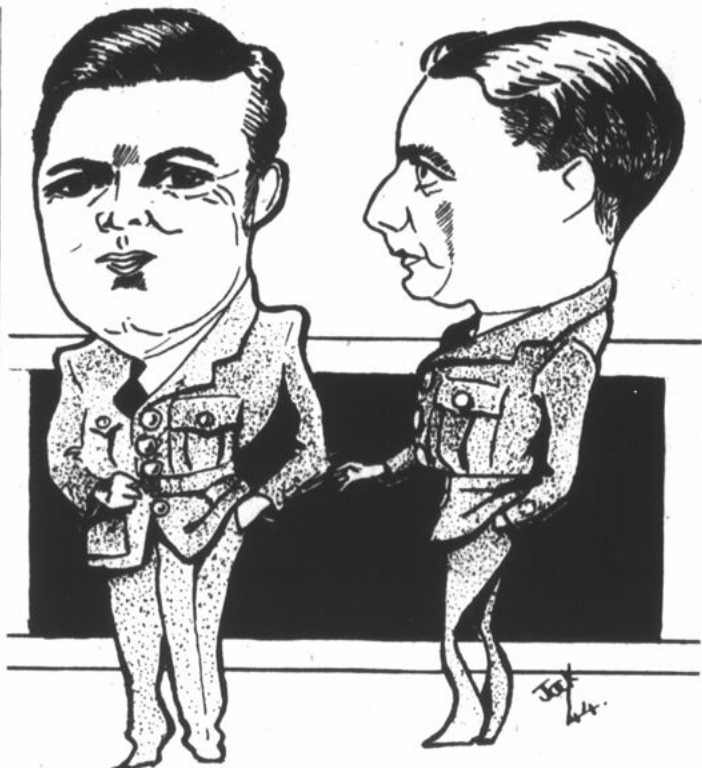
"Choom" took dim view 'e did. Snapping to his feet, he tore a wide strip off the quivering Joe. You guessed it, sharp reader.

BEST SELLER LIST IN CAMP LIBRARY

All For Free — First Come, First Served

LISTED among the "best published in 1943, these volumes are now in the station library. You've paid for them, so you might as well read 'em. Here are the titles:

- "Paris Underground" by Etta Shiber,
- "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" by Capt. Ted Lawson,
- "One World" by Wendell Willkie,
- "Between Tears and Laughter" by Lin Yutang,
- "New Zealand" by Walter Nash,
- "So Little Time" by John P. Marquand,
- "Guadalcanal Diary" by Richard Tregaskis,
- "Queens Die Proudly" by W. L. White,
- "Journey Among Warriors" by Eve Curie,
- "Combined Operations" by Hilary St. George Saunders,
- "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn" by Betty Smith,
- "Let the People Know" by Norman Angell,
- "The Robe" by Lloyd Douglas,
- "In Bed We Cry" by Ilka Chase,
- "The Human Comedy" by William Saroyan,
- "Long, Long Ago" by Alexander Woolcott,
- "Down North" by Malcolm Macdonald.



SAM AND LEO: 1ST CLASS WARRANT OFFICERS

Battle of Fingal Vets Are Armament Gen Men

TWO men who have seen Fingal grow from a pup are WO1 Leo Desbiens and WO1 Sam Nelson, armorers who started out as aceduceys. Both arrived here in December, 1940.

Desbiens, 24, comes from St. Catharines, where he was an apprentice at General Motors. He enlisted in October, 1939, and was on No. 9 armorers' course at Trenton. Then he went to the test and development flight at Rockcliffe. After the senior armament instruc-

tor's course at Trenton he went to Rockcliffe's school of army co-op.

He instructed No. 1 air observers' course here. Today he is G.I.S. sergeant-major.

WO1 Nelson, 35, left London in April, 1940, to enlist. He went to Trenton, Dartmouth, back to Trenton for the SA1's course. He's also had the aircraft rec. course and the ground instructor's course. He's in charge of synthetic training equipment here.

\$400 IN CASH PRIZES FOR SERVICE ARTISTS

Take Your Paintings and Drawings to Y.M.C.A. Office Now

AIRMEN and airwomen can turn their artistic talents into large batches of folding money under terms of an RCAF art exhibition and contest to be held at the National Gallery, Ottawa, in April.

Best picture of the show will be awarded \$100. In addition, there are \$75, \$50 and \$25 prizes for the best painting, and similar awards in the drawing class.

Here's the gen. Entries must have been painted or drawn since the contestant entered the service.

Pictures are to be not less than 9"x12", or more than 30"x40", neither glassed nor framed, but may be matted. Outside measurement of the mat must not exceed 30 by 40 inches.

Prize-winning entries become RCAF property. Paintings or drawings must be in the YMCA office by Feb. 25.

So see Clarke Edwards in his sanctum at the northwest corner of the Rec. Hall. He'll supply you with official entry forms and help you speed your masterpiece on its way.

The young man was rather shy, and after she had thrown her arms around him and kissed him for bringing her a bouquet of flowers, he jumped up and grabbed his hat.

"Oh, don't go," she said, as he made for the door. "I didn't mean to offend you."

"Oh, I'm not offended," he replied, "I'm going for more flowers."



One officer Cpl. Britt Jordan doesn't mind saluting is his son, P/O Wallace Jordan. Wallace, who won his pilot's wings at Calgary, recently visited Fingal to see his dad, who is an AEM in maintenance. The Jordans are from Humboldt, Sask.

NOTE—TO BE READ FROM THE LEFT, ALL THE WAY ACROSS

FLASH—JENNER POSTED TO I.T.S. TO BEGIN PILOT-TRAINING

BOMBS OVER GERMANY



BOMBER CREWS ARE FEARLESS FIGHTING TEAMS WHO KNOW THAT OFTEN THE MOST DANGEROUS PART OF THEIR JOB IS GETTING THEIR PLANE HOME AFTER THE BOMBING RUN HAS BEEN SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED

LIKE MANY OTHER CANADIANS, RAOUL DE F. JENNER ENLISTED IN THE RCAF IN 1940, RECEIVING HIS FIRST TRAINING AT MANNING DEPOT

BUT THE PILOT HAD SPOKEN TOO SOON

THEY GOT US RIGHT IN THE BELLY WITH THAT BURST!

EVERYBODY ALL RIGHT? CHECK DAMAGE

NOW WE'RE IN FOR IT! THEY HAVE US SQUARELY IN THE CONE!

RIGHT YOU ARE MATE! IT'S GOING TO BE HOT NOW!

WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF SOME WEIGHT!

OK, JENSON, EVERYTHING YOU CAN DO, LADS!

YOU MEN BAIL OUT OUR THIRD MOTOR'S COCKING OUT

WE'LL STAY HERE, SIR, WE CAN'T GET DOWN OVER GERMANY!

I'VE SIGNALLED THEM, PADDY. I THINK THEY'VE SEEN OUR FLARES

GOOD, NOW WATCH FOR A FIELD

ANXIOUS EYES FOUND AN EMERGENCY FIELD.

THERE IS IT, DEAD AHEAD.

I SEE IT. TELL THE MEN TO GET SET FOR A CRASH LANDING. I CAN'T GET THE STARBOARD FLAP DOWN.

BUT JENNER HAD TO GO BACK.

JENNER FOUND THE GUNNER ALIVE BUT WITH HIS CLOTHES AFIRE.

HURRY! ITS GETTING ME! I'M BURNED ALL OVER!

DON'T WORRY AFTER I GET YOU LOOSENED I'LL CARRY YOU OUT!

CAN YOU MOVE AT ALL?

I'M ALL RIGHT, BUT THESE STRAPS HAVE ME PINKED DOWN!

WORKING FURIOUSLY, JENNER GOT HIS MATE FREE AND HANDED HIM OUT.

JENNER GOT OUT ALL RIGHT, THEN COLLAPSED.

WE'VE GOT HIM, GET OUT, QUICK!

TAKE HIM FELLOWS, I GOT THIS MUCH LONGER!

GIVE HIM AIR HE MUST HAVE BATHED SOME!

I WISH THAT YOUR HEROISM IN GOING BACK INTO A BURNING PLANE, WOULD BE KNOWN TO ALL MEN. IT WOULD INSPIRE EVERYONE TO DO A LITTLE MORE FOR VICTORY.

AS A RESULT OF HIS ADVENTURE, RAOUL DE F. JENNER WAS FOUND PHYSICALLY UNFIT FOR FURTHER OPERATIONAL FLYING AND IS NOW SERVING AS A FINGAL GUNNERY INSTRUCTOR.

FOR HIS HEROISM, PILOT OFFICER JENNER WAS AWARDED THE GEORGE MEDAL.

TRAINED AS AERIAL GUNNER AND WIRELESS OPERATOR, HE SOON WAS OUTSTANDING.

WISH THAT SLEEVE WERE A HUN. IT WOULD BE FUN TO DRILL HOLES THEN.

YOU WILL FLY TO ENGLAND TONIGHT WHILE ALL YOUR ORGAS READY THAT IS ALL.

SOON JENNER BECAME A VETERAN OF MANY BOMBING FLIGHTS OVER GERMANY THEN, ONE NIGHT

DUSSELDORF'S OUR TARGET AGAIN TONIGHT

IT'S GETTING TO BE A COMMITTEE'S RUN FOR US

NOTHING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO DUSSELDORF

ALL QUIET SO FAR BUT THOSE SEARCHLIGHTS LOOK LIKE TROUBLE TO ME!

THE FIRST RUN OVER THE TARGET WAS SUCCESSFUL

AS THE BIG SHIP BANKED FOR ITS TURN, THE SEARCHLIGHTS FOUND IT

STAND BY YOUR STATIONS WE'RE TURNING BACK FOR PICTURES

THEY'VE GOT US NOW, BROTHER. I HOPE WE CAN

WE'RE DIVING TO GET AWAY FROM THE LIGHTS

NEVER KNEW THIS CRATE COULD DIVE SO HARD!

OK, LADS THEY'RE LOST US!

I HOPE SO!

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FOR HIS HEROISM, PILOT OFFICER JENNER WAS AWARDED THE GEORGE MEDAL.

SAVES REAR-GUNNER'S LIFE JENNER WINS GEORGE MEDAL

Fingal Instructor Crawls Through Blazing Stirling Bomber Overseas to Rescue Trapped Crew-Mate—Crash-Land in Britain After Three Engines Are Crippled

DEFYING flames and explosives, F/O Raoul deFontenay Jenner, Fingal instructor, rescued the trapped rear-gunner of a blazing Stirling after two crewmates had sacrificed their lives in the attempt. He was awarded the George Medal, one of the few Canadians to hold this honor.

A mid-upper gunner, Jenner was the only Canadian in the crew of the crippled bomber returning from a raid on Germany which crash-landed after crossing the English coast.

Braving the fast-racing flames, he crawled through a break in the fuselage and dragged the injured gunner to safety after the front gunner and flight engineer were killed when gasoline tanks exploded as they sought to reach the rear turret through the blazing interior of the plane.

THE crew's squadron commanding officer described the action as "an outstanding example of the highest courage and determination on the part of the captain and crew, and proof of the team spirit which their captain had instilled into the crew."

Hit by flak after unloading its bombs, the plane's starboard gasoline tank was holed and the port oil

lines severed. The port inner propeller flew off and crashed into the mid-upper turret. A few minutes later the port outer engine fell off, leaving two starboard engines, one of them crippled, to keep the sky monster flying.

THE engines were nursed and every movable object was jettisoned when the plane at one time was down to 150 feet near the coast of Holland. Both pilot and wireless operator were required to handle the rudder bar and control column.

As they crossed the English coast, the starboard rear engine cut out. The pilot and wireless on were knocked unconscious in crash-landing and were pulled clear by the navigator. As the aircraft took fire the crew counted noses and discovered the rear-gunner was trapped in the turret. The two men went in to attempt rescue, followed by Jenner.

Jenner, a native of Ottawa, was a F/Set. at the time. He was later commissioned and repatriated to Canada.

After months of negotiation, the graphic adventure strip, printed on this page, was obtained at great expense from True Aviation Picture-Stories, published by the Parents Magazine Press in New York. And Harold C. Field, their director of publicity, says to be sure and share them a certain one with two marked copies of this issue. Okay, Harry, and thanks a million.

Claim Cat's-Eye Vision After Hush-Hush Course

By LAC HAROLD W. HOWE

Class 98B air bombers claim to have the most thorough training in night vision of any group of Allied airmen in the world.

Canadians, MacMillan, Carr Westman, Janser, Harris and Irven, and RAFers Clyde, McAndrew, Herdman, Bleach and Howe arrived at Fingal after three months' solid work as human guinea pigs.

Willing victims in the hands of Canadian scientists, the group were subjected to a variety of tests in the Laurentian mountains. Co-operating with the U.S. navy, they have served ashore and aloft under the Stars and Stripes, operating from a U.S. submarine base in Connecticut, and have built up a night vision reputation second to none.

Details of the work cannot be divulged, but it can be stated that—contrary to popular belief—carrots play no part at all in night vision.

Full of confidence, 98B hope to shatter the night bombing record at Fingal.

Business Rushing In Account Section

By CPL. MARGE KENNEDY

Here we are again, the section that's so popular, especially on pay day.

Rush here, rush there, everything in a bedlam, including pay records. This section is undoubtedly the closest approach to a boiler factory on the station, between WD's and airmen yelling, whooping and hollering. But don't worry. Everything will be in order by pay day. We haven't kept you waiting yet, have we?

We wonder why: Tommy, Gwen and Joan have taken such a sudden interest in the RAF.

Here we are again, the section that's so popular, especially on pay day.

Why Lil Ross gets so excited when she gets a letter from Halifax? Could be she has a husband down there?

Why Emmy Clements likes to be the section runner, when the errand is to the airmen's canteen?

Why Joe Baker visits Detroit so often?

Why all our men are looking so much better lately? Could it be that P.T. is making men out of them?

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THE PILOT HAD SPOKEN TOO SOON

EVERYBODY ALL RIGHT? CHECK DAMAGE

THEY GOT US RIGHT IN THE BELLY WITH THAT BUST!

RIGHT YOU ARE MATE IT'S GOING TO BE HOT NOW!

EVERYBODY ALL RIGHT? CHECK DAMAGE

STARBOARD LATER, ANOTHER BURST FOUND THE PLANE

RIGHT NO SMOKING, LOOK OUT FOR FIRE!

ROOF SHOT OFF INSIDE PORT MOTOR I'LL TRY TO KEEP THE OTHERS GOING

DO WHAT YOU CAN, THE SHIP WILL FLY ON THREE MOTORS

BUT A NEW HIT TORE OUT THE SECOND MOTOR ON THAT SIDE

WE'RE STILL GOT TWO MOTORS I HOPE—WHAT'S THAT VIBRATION?

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT BULLDOGS IN THE INSIDE STARBOARD MOTOR I THINK I CAN KEEP THEM GOING THOUGH

NOW WE'RE IN POS 'T' THEY HAVE US SQUARELY IN THE CONE!

WE'LL STAY HERE, SIR WE CAN'T GET DOWN OVER GERMANY

WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF SOME WEIGHT!

O.K., JENNER, EVERYTHING YOU CAN TRY LOOSE, LADS!

FIRST THEY THREW AWAY THEIR PARACHUTES, THEN EVERYTHING ELSE THEY COULD FIND—ARMOR, AMMUNITION, OXIGEN TANKS, AND ALL EXCEPT THE TAIL GUN

HERE WITH ALL THAT WEIGHT GOING, THE CRIPPLED SHIP HAD A TOUGH JOB FLYING

EVEN IT IS PADDY THEY WILL TAKE US OVER HOLLAND WHERE WE KNOW THE DEFENSES ARE PRETTY WELL JENNER TELLS ME THE RADIO IS OUT

O.K., PADDY

THE PILOT STRUGGLED TO MAINTAIN FLYING SPEED

WE'RE DOWN TO 140 MILES AN HOUR AND SHE'S ONLY 150 FEET OVER THE COAST! MAKE IT, PADDY!

IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'LL MAKE IT, PADDY

APPROACHING THE BRITISH COAST, A NEW DANGER FACED THEM

THOSE ARE THE TITERS FOR SOME MORE BRITISH BATTERIES WITHOUT RADIO THEY MAY OPEN FIRE

AT THIS ALTITUDE, THEN WE CAN FIRE COLORED FLARES FROM THE VERY PISTOL.

I'VE SIGNALED THEM, PADDY. I THINK THEY'VE SEEN OUR FLARES

GOOD! NOW WATCH FOR A FIELD

INQUISITIVE EYES FOUND AN EMERGENCY FIELD

THERE IT IS, DEAD HEAD

I SEE IT, TELL THE MEN TO GET SET FOR A CRASH LANDING. I CAN'T GET THE STARBOARD FLAP DOWN

THE SUPERB SKILL OF THE PILOT GOT THE PLANE DOWN SAFELY, BUT

GET OUT IN A HURRY! SHE'LL FLARE UP IN A MINUTE!

IS EVERYBODY SAFE?

QUENDENNING IS CAUGHT IN THE TAIL

HURRY! SHE'S STARTING TO BURN! LOOK OUT FOR A CHAIN EXPLOSION!

SOTS, MOORE AND WALLETT WENT IN AFTER QUENDENNING THROUGH THE ESCAPE WHICH JENNER WENT THROUGH THE BREAK IN THE FUSelage

HURRY! SHE'S STARTING TO BURN! LOOK OUT FOR A CHAIN EXPLOSION!

JENNER STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

GOOT TO GET QUENDENNING! HE'LL BURN BACK THERE!

BETTER NOT TRY IT, JENNER HE WAS PROBABLY KILLED TOO!

THORPE AND WALLETT ARE GONE KILLED BY THE BUST!

BETTER NOT TRY IT, JENNER HE WAS PROBABLY KILLED TOO!

BUT JENNER HAD TO GO BACK

JENNER FOUND THE QUINNER ALIVE BUT WITH HIS CLOTHES AFIRE

HURRY! IT'S GETTING ME! I'M BURNED ALL OVER!

DON'T WORRY! I GET IT! YOU LOOSENEED I'LL CARRY YOU OUT!

WORKING FURIOUSLY, JENNER GOT HIS MATE FREE AND HANDED HIM OUT

JENNER GOT OUT ALL RIGHT, THEN COLLAPSED

GIVE HIM AIR HE MUST HAVE RATHER SOME AIR!

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AS A RESULT OF HIS ADVENTURE, RAUL DE F. JENNER WAS FOUND PHYSICALLY UNFIT FOR FURTHER OPERATIONAL FLYING AND IS NOW SERVING AS A FINGAL GUNNERY INSTRUCTOR

ALWAYS LEAD YOUR TARGET THAT IS, FIRE AHEAD OF HIM SO THAT HE'LL FLY INTO YOUR BULLETS

FOR HIS HEROISM, PILOT OFFICER JENNER WAS AWARDED THE GEORGE MEDAL

TRAINED AS AERIAL GUNNER AND WIRELESS OPERATOR, HE SOON WAS OUTSTANDING

HIS TRAINING COMPLETED, PILOT OFFICER JENNER WAS SENT TO ENGLAND

YOU WILL FLY TO ENGLAND TONIGHT HAVE ALL YOUR GEAR READY, THAT IS ALL

SOON, JENNER BECAME A VETERAN OF MANY BOMBING FLIGHTS OVER GERMANY THEN, ONE NIGHT

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AS THE BIG SHIP BANKED FOR ITS TURN, THE SEARCHLIGHTS FOUND IT

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STAND BY YOUR STATIONS WE'RE BURNING BACK FOR PICTURES

NEVER KNEW THIS CRATE COULD DIVE SO HARD!

O.K., LADS, THEY'VE LOST US I HOPE SO!

THEY GOT US RIGHT IN THE BELLY WITH THAT BUST!

STARBOARD LATER, ANOTHER BURST FOUND THE PLANE

RIGHT NO SMOKING, LOOK OUT FOR FIRE!

ROOF SHOT OFF INSIDE PORT MOTOR I'LL TRY TO KEEP THE OTHERS GOING

DO WHAT YOU CAN, THE SHIP WILL FLY ON THREE MOTORS

BUT A NEW HIT TORE OUT THE SECOND MOTOR ON THAT SIDE

WE'RE STILL GOT TWO MOTORS I HOPE—WHAT'S THAT VIBRATION?

I WAS AFRAID OF THAT BULLDOGS IN THE INSIDE STARBOARD MOTOR I THINK I CAN KEEP THEM GOING THOUGH

NOW WE'RE IN POS 'T' THEY HAVE US SQUARELY IN THE CONE!

WE'LL STAY HERE, SIR WE CAN'T GET DOWN OVER GERMANY

WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF SOME WEIGHT!

O.K., JENNER, EVERYTHING YOU CAN TRY LOOSE, LADS!

FIRST THEY THREW AWAY THEIR PARACHUTES, THEN EVERYTHING ELSE THEY COULD FIND—ARMOR, AMMUNITION, OXIGEN TANKS, AND ALL EXCEPT THE TAIL GUN

HERE WITH ALL THAT WEIGHT GOING, THE CRIPPLED SHIP HAD A TOUGH JOB FLYING

EVEN IT IS PADDY THEY WILL TAKE US OVER HOLLAND WHERE WE KNOW THE DEFENSES ARE PRETTY WELL JENNER TELLS ME THE RADIO IS OUT

O.K., PADDY

THE PILOT STRUGGLED TO MAINTAIN FLYING SPEED

WE'RE DOWN TO 140 MILES AN HOUR AND SHE'S ONLY 150 FEET OVER THE COAST! MAKE IT, PADDY!

IT LOOKS LIKE SHE'LL MAKE IT, PADDY

APPROACHING THE BRITISH COAST, A NEW DANGER FACED THEM

THOSE ARE THE TITERS FOR SOME MORE BRITISH BATTERIES WITHOUT RADIO THEY MAY OPEN FIRE

AT THIS ALTITUDE, THEN WE CAN FIRE COLORED FLARES FROM THE VERY PISTOL.

I'VE SIGNALED THEM, PADDY. I THINK THEY'VE SEEN OUR FLARES

GOOD! NOW WATCH FOR A FIELD

INQUISITIVE EYES FOUND AN EMERGENCY FIELD

THERE IT IS, DEAD HEAD

I SEE IT, TELL THE MEN TO GET SET FOR A CRASH LANDING. I CAN'T GET THE STARBOARD FLAP DOWN

THE SUPERB SKILL OF THE PILOT GOT THE PLANE DOWN SAFELY, BUT

GET OUT IN A HURRY! SHE'LL FLARE UP IN A MINUTE!

IS EVERYBODY SAFE?

QUENDENNING IS CAUGHT IN THE TAIL

HURRY! SHE'S STARTING TO BURN! LOOK OUT FOR A CHAIN EXPLOSION!

SOTS, MOORE AND WALLETT WENT IN AFTER QUENDENNING THROUGH THE ESCAPE WHICH JENNER WENT THROUGH THE BREAK IN THE FUSelage

HURRY! SHE'S STARTING TO BURN! LOOK OUT FOR A CHAIN EXPLOSION!

JENNER STRUGGLED TO HIS FEET

ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

GOOT TO GET QUENDENNING! HE'LL BURN BACK THERE!

BETTER NOT TRY IT, JENNER HE WAS PROBABLY KILLED TOO!

THORPE AND WALLETT ARE GONE KILLED BY THE BUST!

BETTER NOT TRY IT, JENNER HE WAS PROBABLY KILLED TOO!

BUT JENNER HAD TO GO BACK

JENNER FOUND THE QUINNER ALIVE BUT WITH HIS CLOTHES AFIRE

HURRY! IT'S GETTING ME! I'M BURNED ALL OVER!

DON'T WORRY! I GET IT! YOU LOOSENEED I'LL CARRY YOU OUT!

WORKING FURIOUSLY, JENNER GOT HIS MATE FREE AND HANDED HIM OUT

JENNER GOT OUT ALL RIGHT, THEN COLLAPSED

GIVE HIM AIR HE MUST HAVE RATHER SOME AIR!

I WISH THAT YOUR HEROISM IN GOING BACK INTO A BURNING PLANE THREE TIMES COULD BE KNOWN TO ALL MEN IT WOULD INSPIRE EVERYONE TO DO A LITTLE MORE FOR VICTORY

AS A RESULT OF HIS ADVENTURE, RAUL DE F. JENNER WAS FOUND PHYSICALLY UNFIT FOR FURTHER OPERATIONAL FLYING AND IS NOW SERVING AS A FINGAL GUNNERY INSTRUCTOR

ALWAYS LEAD YOUR TARGET THAT IS, FIRE AHEAD OF HIM SO THAT HE'LL FLY INTO YOUR BULLETS

FOR HIS HEROISM, PILOT OFFICER JENNER WAS AWARDED THE GEORGE MEDAL

SAVES REAR-GUNNER'S LIFE JENNER WINS GEORGE MEDAL

Fingal Instructor Crawls Through Blazing Stirling Bomber Overseas to Rescue Trapped Crew-Mate—Crash-Land in Britain After Three Engines Are Crippled

DEFYING flames and explosives, F/O Raul deFonteny Jenner, Fingal instructor, rescued the trapped rear-gunner of a blazing Stirling after two crewmates had sacrificed their lives in the attempt. He was awarded the George Medal, one of the few Canadians to hold this honor.

A mid-upper gunner, Jenner was the only Canadian in the crew of the crippled bomber returning from a raid on Germany which crashed-landed after crossing the English coast.

Braving the fast-rising flames, he crawled through a break in the fuselage and dragged the injured gunner to safety after the front gunner and flight engineer were killed when gasoline tanks exploded as they sought to reach the rear turret through the blazing interior of the plane.

The crew's squadron commanding officer described the action as "an outstanding example of the highest courage and determination on the part of the captain and crew, and proof of the team spirit which their captain had instilled into the crew."

Hit by flak after unloading its bombs, the plane's starboard gasoline tank was holed and the port oil

lines severed. The port inner propeller flew off and crashed into the mid-upper turret. A few minutes later the port outer engine fell off, leaving two starboard engines, one of them crippled, to keep the sky monster flying.

The engines were nursed and the plane at one time was down to 150 feet near the coast of Holland. Both pilot and wireless operator were requested to handle the rudder bar and control column. As they crossed the English coast, the starboard rear engine cut out.

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Jenner, a native of Ottawa, was a P/Sgt at the time. He was later commissioned and repatriated to Canada.

After months of negotiation, the graphic adventure strip, printed on this page, was obtained from Express from True Aviation Picture-Stories, published by the Parents Magazine Press in New York City. Harry and Howard Field, their director of publicity, says to be sure and get these two issues. Okay, Harry, and thanks a million.

Claim Cat's-Eye Vision After Hush-Hush Course

By LAC HAROLD W. HOWE

Class 98B air bombers claim to have the most thorough training in night vision of any group of Allied airmen in the world.

Co-operating with the U.S. navy, they have served ashore and afloat under the Stars and Stripes, operating from a U.S. submarine base in Connecticut, and have built up a night vision reputation second to none.

Details of the work cannot be divulged, but it can be stated that—contrary to popular belief—carrots play no part at all in night vision. Full of confidence, 98B hope to shatter the night bombing record at Fingal.

Business Rushing In Account Section

By CPL. MARGE KENNEDY

Here we are again—the section that's so popular, especially on pay day. Rush here, rush there, everything is in a bedlam, including pay records. This section is undoubtedly the closest approach to a boiler factory on the station, between WD's and airmen yelling, whooping and hollering. But don't worry. Everything will be in order by pay day. We haven't kept you waiting yet, have we?

interest in the RAF. Why Nicky McKillop prefers being called "Mac". Could it have a double meaning?

Why Lil Ross gets so excited when she gets a letter from Halifax? Could be she has a husband down there? Why Enemy Clements likes to be the section runner, when the errand is to the airmen's canteen? Why Joe Baker visits Detroit so often? Why all our men are looking so much better lately? Could it be that P.T. is making men out of them?

Greenways Are All In Uniform



DAD

BROTHER

SISTER

MOTHER

AW2 Lorna Greenway, Fingal photographer, is a member of a family who are all in uniform. Her dad, Sgt. Gordon Greenway, is with an artillery unit overseas. He was

at Dieppe, is now in Italy. Her mother, AW2 Florence Greenway, is an equipment assistant at Trenton. Her brother, Sgt. Gordon, is a pilot overseas. Lorna and her

mother enlisted on the same day and did their basic together at Rockcliffe. Their home: West Vancouver.

OLDEST AIR BOMBER IN TRAINING HERE



A GREY-HAIRED American who is the father of three children is probably the oldest air bomber in the RCAF. He's Cpl. Robert Stein, senior for Course 97. Stein, who will be 36 in August, was told that he was the oldest man to complete aircrew training at No. 6 I.T.S. in Toronto.

An insurance adjuster in Rochester before the war, Stein enlisted on Jan. 8, 1941. From then on he tried for aircrew and finally was successful last July when the age limit for air bombers was raised.

Stein was formerly an equipment assistant at TTS.

The young man was outside the park waiting for the girl. Tiring, he leaned against the railings which he discovered were freshly painted. Farther down the road he saw the painter still busy. Going to him he said indignantly: "Here, why don't you put 'wet paint' on these railings?"

"Hy, I be doin' that, hain't I?" queried the painter.

DONS LONG-HANDLED DRAWERS BARELY ESCAPES SUFFOCATION

Daring Experimenter Cut Loose By Rescuers After Soul-Searing Experience

WE ALL SYMPATHIZE

By LAC BEN HALTER

NOW that winter is here again and I'm at my usual winter job, out on the line, the idea entered my mind that perhaps instead of getting frozen slowly day by day, I would swallow my pride and don, for the first time, my long issue underwear.

Picking a propitious moment when no one was in barracks to see my downfall, I slyly sneaked the woollies from the bottom of my kit bag, where they had lain dormant for almost 2½ years.

Now, being a raw amateur at this, it behooved me to look into the matter thoroughly before attempting to climb into them, so I sat down to give them my most serious consideration. The color was very enticing, I must admit, a beautiful wash-day gray, commonly called tattle-tale by the soap people. There was an opening at the back which looked like an air vent and could be closed by securing a button, fiendishly sewed on with one thread, so that it would come off with one very slight tug.

The result was that the flap would not close, allowing any drafts circulating to sneak up on you from the rear. There were sundry other openings, but the more I studied them the more confusing they became. I finally decided to quit worrying and put them on.

THE first trouble I encountered was putting my foot in the back door and looking for the opening for the other foot. There being none, I finally decided that both feet had to go through there, the result being I slipped right through and was back where I started.

Then I tried a new tack. I rolled the underwear halfway down to what I presumed was the waist, al-



"Are you a daily dipper?"

though all the measurements were straight up and down. This revealed two openings, too small for my feet, but much to my surprise there seemed to be no end to the amount of stretch around these openings, for I wound up with both feet in the same one.

I began over again. This time I made sure to get one foot in each opening. The only mistake I made was to put the right foot into the left opening and vice versa, and when I tried to put my foot down I neatly yanked the other one out from under me and sat down with a solid thud, that shook the whole hut. While sitting there recovering my breath I thought how nice it must be for the officers who had a batman to hold them while they struggled, and determined to find out if an LAC could hire one.

Eventually, I managed to get both feet in properly and started on the arms. Up until then I had been taking things easy. Yielding to a sudden inspiration, I closed my eyes and gave a sharp tug and pull and then a push forward with each arm alternately.

I was gratified to feel my arms slip into the underwear smoothly and quickly. But to my horrified surprise, when I opened my eyes I found I had crossed the arms and was, for all the world, in a strait-jacket.

This proved embarrassing — the

"LEFT-LEFT, S-T-E-A-D-Y WATCH THOSE COWS"

Shedden Farmer Trains With Course 96 Air Bombers

By LAC ROY COLE, 96B

Ed. Revel, our Winnipeg Indian, is having trouble with the Aldi lamp and has requested that the instructor send smoke signals.

Howard Morris, Greek god of Montreal, got himself engaged over Christmas. She provided \$50 for the ring.

We hear Weldon Eichenberger, the mighty midget, took on a six-foot S.P. New Year's eve. It was a tough fight, Ma.

L. G. Campbell, our Shedden farmer, is worrying more these days about his livestock than his bombing patter.

At last an inventor has arrived on the station, Albert Vezina, who declares that at the age of eight he designed and patented an atom smasher. What a blow.

A sight to behold, Ian MacDougal, Herb. MacCarthy and Bob (Dad) Bernhardt hanging on like climbing ivy to four girls New Year's eve.

Girls, it has come to light that Sillito, our Alberta farmer, has a large wheat ranch, and he is single. Tickets being sold at cut rates; draw first week in February.

J. C. Sinclair has complained to the C.N.R. that they use hard wood in the London station benches. He was rather crippled New Year's Day from spending a hard night.

lads came trooping in from work just them and caught me with my flaps down. Desperately I tried to get out, but the more I tried the tighter the damn thing got around my neck, until I felt my face turning red from slow suffocation and mortification. By this time my bunk was surrounded by open-mouthed and awed airmen who must have thought I was a victim of St. Vitus dance.

No one offered to help, until the top half of my bunk, Joe Grouhel by name (and to whom I am indebted for life) arrived and straightened me out.

WELL, I wore them all that day, with frequent excursions to door-jamb and desk corners to scratch my back. That night I could stand no more, for the very thought of taking them off to put on pyjamas, and then returning to them in the morning and go through all that woe again was more than mere flesh and blood could stand. To wear them all night was about as bad, so with the help of that same Joe Grouhel (may the saints preserve him) and a sharp pair of embroidery scissors, we removed the offending garment. Tomorrow I am going over to clothing stores to see if I can trade the remains in for a slightly used pair of shoe laces, without any knots in them.

Thinking a little about the matter, I came to the conclusion that if the girls can wear what they—ahem—do wear and not freeze, then I positively do not need winter longies.

Air Bombers Lead Race for C.O.'s Trophy

WE TAKE CRUMLIN BASKETEERS, 38-30

Bombers Win Season's Opening Game

By SGT. BOB GRENON

Fingal Bombers' basketball team, rated as the one to beat, fully justified expectations by beating Crumlin, 38-30, on the Crumlin court.

The game was Fingal's all the way and the Bombers' start was sensational. Carter of Fingal opened the scoring with a long shot. The half ended 19 to 11.

Despite the one-sided play, the second half was a different story. Crumlin rallied splendidly, got within four points of the opposition before Fingal rallied to protect and increase its lead.

	G.	F.	T.
Crumlin—			
Lane, R.F.	3	2	8
Fackler, L.F.	2	2	6
King, C.	3	1	7
Moran, R.G.	1	0	2
Frewin, L.C.	2	0	4
Mecheuzie (Sub)	1	1	3
McCoscindale (Sub)	0	0	0
Straw (Sub)	0	0	0
Aikenhead (Sub)	0	0	0
	12	6	30
Fingal—			
Carter, R.F.	2	0	4
Williams, L.F.	1	0	2
Grenon, C.	8	2	18
Fairhost, R.C.	0	0	0
McGee, L.C.	4	0	8
Dalton	2	0	4
Miller (Sub)	2	0	4
Prince (Sub)	1	0	2
Taylor (Sub)	0	0	0
Cargett (Sub)	0	0	0
	18	2	38

FINGAL PUCKSTERS WIN 3-1 IN OPENER

Defeat Aylmer in St. Thomas Arena

By SGT. BOB GRENON

Bombers won their opening game in the RCAF hockey zone series, defeating Aylmer 3-1 in St. Thomas arena.

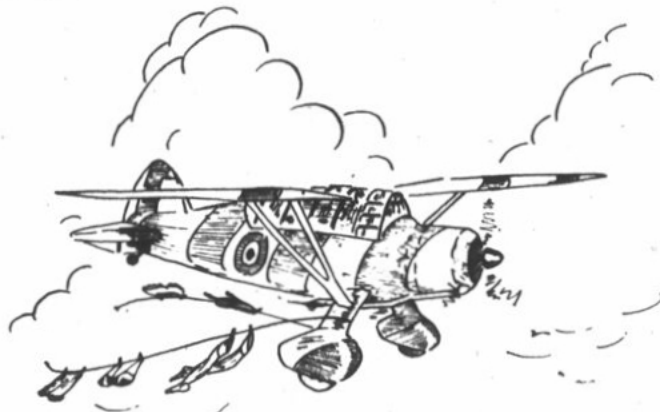
Fingal led 1-0 in the first period. They played a scoreless second period. Aylmer tied the score in the third period and Fingal scored two quick goals near the end of the game to cinch the verdict. Sparks scored Aylmer's lone goal. Brown was the spearhead of the Bombers' attack, leading his team with two goals, Tunnock and McCann getting assists. McGee got the other goal on a pass from Zinn. Both goalies played sensational hockey.

Aylmer—Goal, Neath; defence, Canvin, Sparks; centre, Burdette; wings, Gillian, Kelly; alternates, Lentz, Gray, Nacarto, Paisley, Carnahan, Pannett, Lintner, Bazin, McCoy, Wakeford, Fraser, Hoskins.

Fingal—Goal, McClellan; defence, Beggs, Stephen; centre, Brown; wings, Tunnock, McCann; alternates, Zinn, Burnhardt, McCarthy, Walsh, McGee, Burk, Stevenson, LeGear, Jeffers, Forsythe, Mellor.

Referees — Marty Lauder and Snapper Binns.

The girl who knows her oats with a millionaire usually does quite well when harvest time comes.



"Dammit, Wilson! I told you not to fly so low over the WD's barracks."

THE SPORTING THING

By F/SGT. "STONEY" JONES

WELL, the New Year's in and pretty well established by now. And so is our mid-winter sports program. Maybe you didn't know that January and the remainder of the winter months are being devoted to physical recreation, that January is "Keep Fit and Like It Month." Perhaps that's not the correct title, but it boils down to the same thing. Even if Fingalites didn't know it, they have made a whopping success with the turnouts every night in the muscle-factory. And we know the gang isn't staying on station nights because of Christmas expenditures and New Year's revelries, don't we?

Anyway, the program got under way officially on January 17, with the opening of the bowling alleys, snack bar and table tennis parlor. Actually, the alleys were baptized with a bounce when the C.O. lofted the first ball and crossed the foul line to score a strike way back in December. But we couldn't call it an official opening until we had got the place all cluttered up with scrambled eggs and stuff.

AND speaking of brass hats, I may as well delve into details and outline the events of that historic evening of the 17th. There was all the usual pomp and ceremony found at the usual "official opening." Bags of band, braid, banners, blazers and bright lights. Complete with white gloves, the band played "The King" and G/C Kerr extended our welcome to Air Commodore Irwin and G/C Dave Harding, an old crony of the C.O.'s.

Then, with the cheers and whistles ringing in their ears, valiant teams representing Sr. NCO's and Maintenance went at it tooth and nail—literally. It seems that in the floor hockey game certain sergeants from "down under" didn't think that their opponents' rendition of the "Wood-choppers' Ball" was exactly cricket. Both teams seemed to have forgotten that the schedule called for hockey. The outcome of all this was the melee in the overtime period which brought an

abrupt halt to the proceedings with the score at one all.

No one seemed to be loser in the conflict except NCO's goal-keeper, who happened to be lying on his face in the exact spot the contestants (all 40 of them) decided to quietly talk it over. Although he looked as though a locomotive had hit him, he is now on the road to recovery. Your reporter was standing by with a pair of Indian clubs, just in case.

Result of the basketball game was an overwhelming victory for NCO's, which put them on top of the local cage loop. Maintenance won the volleyball session easily.

AS FOR the station teams, both the basketballers and the skaters are leading their leagues. The court-men won their first and only, while the ice-cutters took two so far.

On Jan. 11 we had our first station boxing show. A large majority of Fingal's personnel were present along with visiting celebrities. In fact, that's old stuff to you by the time this goes to press, but everyone who is anyone was there. (What's that? Me? Oh, I was on leave.)

But in case you, too, missed what all reports say was a real slug-fest, I'll give you the outcomes briefly. All the bouts were decided by decision except the 140-pound class, in which AC2 Conroy, of Truro, N.S., garnered a technical knockout.

Other victors were LAC McNeil, at 126 pounds, from Halifax, and LAC Hamer of Leicester, England, 118 pounds. And in the catchweight bouts, winners were LAC Harris and LAC Mason, of Liverpool and London, England, respectively. The only local boy to score a triumph was Sgt. Switzer, of London, Ont.

WELL, that completes the Jones Journal, so for now, so long, you all, till next month. This is your reporter, who hasn't done the Harvard Step-Test, reminding you to KEEP FIT.

WALLY'S MERRY MEN ARE PITCHING HARD

Inter-Section Sports Are Popular These Cold Nights

P/O Walt Thomson's air bombers lead the inter-section league for the C.O.'s sports trophy. Scores to date:

Air Bombers.....	28
Maintenance	21
Officers	18
Sr. NCO's	15
Wags	14
Headquarters	12

Latest Scores

Inter-Station Basketball
Fingal tied for first place.

Hockey

Fingal	0
University of Michigan.....	8

WD's Basketball

Aylmer.....	55	Fingal.....	9
T.T.S.....	25	Fingal.....	10

Badminton

Station tournament on Tuesday, Feb. 8.

The Fingal Bus Co.

Gentlemen:

I have been riding your buses for the past 18 months and the service seems to be getting worse every day. I think the transportation you offer is worse than that they enjoyed 1,000 years ago.

Yours truly,

AC2 BLOW.

Reply from the bus company:

Dear Sir:

We received your letter of the first, and believe that you are somewhat confused in your history. The only transportation of 1,000 years ago was on foot.

THE FINGAL BUS CO.

From AC2.

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your letter of the 7th, and believe that you are the ones confused in your history. If you will read the Bible, Book of David, 9th verse, you will find that Aaron rode into the city on his ass, and that, gentlemen, is something I haven't been able to do on your buses for the last 18 months.

AC2 BLOW.

If a soldier tries to kiss a woman and gets away with it, he's a man; if he tries and doesn't get away with it, he's a brute; if he doesn't try to kiss her but would get away with it if he tried, he's a coward; and if he doesn't try to kiss and wouldn't get away with it if he did—he's a wise man.

Browned-Off Pilots Form Club

FRATERNAL SOCIETY BORN OF BOREDOM

Fingal Fliers Believe Order
Will Become World-
Wide

DESTINED to attract a membership far exceeding that of the Caterpillar Club, Order of the Flying Boot and similar pilots' fraternities, the Royal Order of Brassed, Browned and Cheesed-Off Pilots, which sprang into life at Fingal, is probably the most unusual of them all.

The R.O.B.B.C.O.P. is dedicated to the proposition that all pilots who hoped to be "World Travelers at 21" have something to gripe about when all they've seen is the same old strip of tarmac for endless months.

Conceived in despair, born over a wassail bowl last year and nurtured by a steady succession of frustrated Anson, Lizzie and Boly chauffeurs, the order even includes the station C.O.

F/O Kip Adler, of Albany, N.Y., started it all, with P/O Lloyd Woodland, of Philadelphia, and P/O Ken Alexander, of Lexington, Ky., as his lieutenants. The lucky president got posted overseas and lost his active membership. Alexander moving into the presidency and Woodland into the second notch.

Right now the R.O.B.B.C.O.P. embraces 19 staff pilots and one air bomber. The latter is P/O Stan James, whose name got on the

Royal Order of Brassed, Browned and Cheesed Off Pilots



Be it henceforth and forevermore known that W. C. ALEXANDER P/O has measured up to the qualifications necessary to become a member in good standing of the Mother Chapter at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario, in the Dominion of Canada, of the Royal Order of Brassed, Browned and Cheesed Off Pilots.

Date 25 F 43

W. C. Adler P/O

R. S. Alexander P/O

L. Woodland P/O

MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATE IN EXCLUSIVE SOCIETY

membership roll one roistering night when the boys were holding one of their frequent clambakes. James doesn't really belong, but his name will remain until one of the pilots gets around to buying some ink eradicator.

To join the order, pilots must solemnly swear to get a "logging" — in other words, perform some act which will delay promotion. With countless hundreds of thoroughly brased, browned and cheesed-off pilots throughout the Empire, the mother chapter here anticipates a world-wide organization with an appeal all its own.

Here is their constitution, if such it can be called:

"Be it henceforth and forevermore known that on this 10th day of May, in the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hun-

dred and Forty-three, at No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery School, at Fingal, Ontario, in the Dominion of Canada: there was conceived the Royal Order of Brassed, Browned and Cheesed Off Pilots. This order is dedicated to those high-spirited gentlemen who sought out adventure in the skies in His Majesty's Royal Canadian Air Force. For conspicuous gallantry far above and beyond the call of duty we extend the right hand of fellowship and greet you as honoured members of the Royal Order."

Present members here are: Group Captain J. G. Kerr, AFC; F/L's A. E. Sprague and D.R. Govier; F/O's W. A. Eaton, J. A. McDonald, B. V. Player, A. H. Walsh, H. R. White, W. M. Haggert, C. A. Magee, W. G. Manning, J. D. Yuill; P/O's R. D. Stevenson, R. Sullivan, W. H. Wickes, D. G. Barclay, W. T. Curran, and F/Sgts. F. Scott and E. R. Petersen.

YE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

Sir: Congratulations on the Christmas issue of the Observer. It was swell and I enjoyed every page of it. My copy has gone the rounds of the Fingalites and it's dog-eared now. We have started a station paper here and I have been appointed editor. It is called the "Gunnery Leader." It is still in mimeographed form but we hope to have it printed professionally in the near future. As you will notice from the copy I have sent you, we have used a lot of material from the Observer and we hope to pattern future issues on the example provided by your fine paper.

There are a lot of men here who were formerly stationed at Fingal, and I hope to have a little write-up on them soon for publication in the Observer. Speaking for the rest of the fellows as well as myself, we don't like this part of the country and this station is too new to be well organized, and therefore not a good one to be on. Things are improving, however, and we are much happier here now than we thought we would be at first.

Please say hello to all my friends at wonderful Fingal.

With all best wishes for the continued success of your paper, and wishing you a happy 1944.

Sincerely,

WO1 JOHN WEARY,
Mount Pleasant, P.E.I.

SYNTHETIC TRAINER TO BE BUILT HERE

Secret Device Will Simulate
Combat Conditions

KEEPING to the forefront as usual Fingal will shortly boast a new and secret synthetic gunnery trainer costing (censored) thousands of dollars.

Contracts for the building have been let and work should be under way by the time this issue hits the news-stands.

Designed to reproduce actual combat conditions, the synthetic trainer will be housed in a building larger than any of the present hangars. We can't give you too many details about this mechanical marvel. We just haven't been told.

But here's the gen as we have it. Within the confines of the barn-like structure, which will presumably be guarded by a brace of mastiffs, a squad of S.P.'s and a deep and slimy moat, will be enormous projection screens at one end and galleries and turrets at the other.

By means of highly intricate mechanical devices panoramic views of heavens studded with enemy aircraft will be projected, simulating what a gunner sees when he surveys the atmosphere about him. As FW190's and the like come screaming in for the kill, gunners estimate range and give them a squirt. Results are recorded electrically.

"There were hundreds of people at the train to see me off."
"Did you pay any of them?"

FREE AD

Is there a Charlie McCarthy or Mortimer Snerd, dust-covered and mute, kicking around in your attic or cellar? If there is, or if you know where one could be had, give the Observer or the Y office a buzz.

There's an NCO here who used to be an expert ventriloquist, but he's U/S right now on account of having lost his stooge in a fire. He's looking for another dummy, and promises to panic the boys and girls if he can get hold of the necessary prop.

There's practically nothing we can't discover on this station—we've found. So if any former ventriloquist can aid this helpless Bergen in our midst, let's hear from you.

Two soldiers and a lady were in a Pullman bound for the coast and decided that they should get acquainted.

One soldier said: "My name is Paul, but I'm no apostle."

The other said: "My name is Peter, but I'm no saint."

The girl said: "My name is Mary, and I don't know what to say."

Belated Briton Beats Boots In Record 11-Mile Hike

There's no excuse now if you miss the last bus. And we can prove it by LAC Jack Johnson, 95C's class senior.

He missed the 1.45 from St. Thomas, couldn't get a taxi, so at 2.30 he started hiking for camp. At 5.10 he arrived at the front gate. Eleven miles in 2 hours and 40 minutes. Not bad.

Johnson claims the evening in town was worth it. He also claims he was visiting a "Mr. and Mrs. Smith."

Just Lumbering Along

A popular soprano is said to have a voice of fine temper, a willowy figure, cherry-red lips, chestnut hair and hazel eyes. She must have been raised in a lumber yard.

Why are Jap Zero planes like a pair of step-ins?

Because it takes just one good airman to bring them down.

This wasn't his first experience at walking the Talbot road. On another occasion, when the bus ran out of petrol, as he quaintly puts it, he got off and walked four miles into town.

Johnson is a sturdy character. A Durham County man, he worked for eight years in coal mines and was once entombed for 17 hours. Stationed at an RAF petrol dump in England, he once missed death by inches. A bomb dropped 17 yards from him.

Horseplay

Major Smith wanted an attendant for his horse.

"Now, which of you men know horses?" he asked.

"I do, sir," said a voice from the ranks.

The major started to question the recruit. "Very well, then, my man; what is the first thing you put on a horse in the morning?"

"Two bucks," was the reply.

GRADUATE OF FINGAL WINS DFM, FLAT HAT

P/O Bob Charters Meets the King at Buckingham Palace

Wounded during the March 5 raid on Essen in which he won the D.F.M., P/O Robert B. Charters, 20, is back in action. This Fingal-trained observer, whose home is in Brampton, met the King at a recent investiture at Buckingham Palace, when he received his decoration.

"Robert never tells us what he's doing or where he is," his mother said. "The first time we knew he was back on operations was when he was mentioned in a newspaper report of a raid on Berlin two months ago. He's never old us how many operations he's been on, but I understand the King asked him that, so His Majesty knows more about that than we do! He told us he had been to Buckingham Palace but didn't say anything much about it."

Charters, who was commissioned in September, is a navigator. His citation told of the bomber that continued on its flight to Essen though one engine was overheated. After crossing the Dutch coast on the return trip, the bomber was attacked by fighters. "Wounded in the chest, F/Sgt. Charters displayed great fortitude, remaining at his post to continue his navigational duties," the citation read.

Another experience he didn't write home about occurred during his training in England. Mr. and Mrs. Charters heard through a news dispatch how lightning had struck the plane, which was badly iced up, and how their son had bailed out with the rest of the crew, to be looked after in a neighboring farm house.

Educated in Brampton schools, P/O Charters enlisted on his 18th birthday. Training at No. 1 I.T.S., Toronto, and at London and Fingal, he went overseas in May, 1942. His brother, 23-year-old Lieut. F. R. Charters of the Lorne Scots, went over on the same convoy. He and his wife accompanied P/O Charters to Buckingham Palace.

A transport had been sunk and several lifeboats were cruising about the surrounding waters picking up the survivors. A completely bald-headed sailor popped up alongside one of the boats. One of the Irishmen manning the oars spotted him and, with a snort of rage, brought his oar down smack on the bald man's pate. "This is no time for fooling," he cried. "Go down and come up straight."

Johnny was buying a ticket for New York.

Clerk: "Would you care to go by Buffalo?"

Johnny: "I don't know. I've never ridden one."

Sooner or later the young bride realizes that a honeymoon promise is just a lot of pure bunk.



THE LATE GEORGE GREEN AND FRIENDS

Warm-Hearted Irishman Our Santa Claus Passes

Fingal lost one of its most popular staff officers when F/O George A. Green, aerodrome control, was stricken with a heart ailment on New Year's Day and succumbed within a few hours. He was 50.

F/O Green, a warm-hearted Irishman, endeared himself to officers and men of the station Christmas week when, at the annual children's Christmas party, he impersonated a rollicking Saint Nick to the delight of a large audience in the Recreation Hall.

Green was a cadet and later a

lieutenant pilot in the Royal Flying Corps in the last war, and came to Canada in 1920, joining the Hamilton fire department that year. He joined the RCAF in May, 1941, and came to Fingal last April.

He is survived by his wife, the former Edith Phyllis Mary Barrett, of Hamilton, and one son, George Michael, aged 17. F/O Green was accorded a military funeral in Hamilton, with requiem mass in St. Patrick's Church. Interment was in the family plot in St. Augustine's Cemetery, Dundas.

British Women Are Flying WD's May Soon Be Trying

We knew it. We knew it. We knew it.

It was bound to happen—and so help us, it has.

Women are going to aircrew, according to a dispatch reaching the Observer.

British newspapers reported from Ottawa that WD's may soon be ferrying planes in Canada, after the fashion of the air transport auxiliary in England. According to a Canadian Press dispatch, this is pukka gen, the straight goods.

So, while our correspondent in

Ottawa is trying to get fuller details, we pass along the comments of a few WD's who are overseas.

"If that's so," said AW I. M. Lockwood, Regina, "there's going to be a lot of remustering around here."

AW H. I. Baker, Toronto: "If British girls can do that work and fly planes over here, then Canadian girls should be able to do the same thing."

AW Vera Stevenson, Windsor: "Swell, it will release a lot of men for other types of flying."

POST-WAR BENEFITS FOR ALL IN SERVICE

Believe It or Not, Ottawa Has Plans For You

MAYBE you think Ottawa doesn't care what happens to you after the war. Or perhaps, like most of those who answered the Observer questionnaire, you don't know much about the subject. Here, then, is a brief summary of the proposals already adopted as rehabilitation measures.

Upon demobilization and discharge, you'll get an extra month's pay and \$65 clothing allowance.

If you quit a job to join up, the law says your employer must give you a job on terms about equal to that you held before the war. (This is not 100% effective, however.)

If unemployed, you will get benefits of \$10.20 weekly if single, \$14.40 if married, for any 52 weeks in the first 18 months following discharge. Dependents' allowances and pensionable disability are also allowed.

Men physically unfit will get this allowance while recovering, plus medical aid. If hospitalized, the recipient will get hospital allowances in place of the post-war discharge fund.

Vocational training benefits will be paid, plus dependents' allowance, to men with inclination or aptitude for an occupation but requiring special training. Vocational training is virtually unlimited, is open to all, and costs will be borne by Ottawa.

Once a man has been at work for 15 weeks after discharge in an insured industry, he will be credited with contributions to the Unemployment Insurance Fund for the entire time of his military service.

If he enters some business where he must wait for cash returns, such as a farmer awaiting a first crop, he will be paid allowances for himself and dependents during the waiting period.

Any time within 15 months following discharge, qualified personnel will be allowed to enter university, either to commence or continue a course, with tuition fees and maintenance costs borne by the government. Ex-service men will be entitled to a minimum of a year at university for every year in uniform. However, those proving good students will be allowed to continue, even into post-graduate studies, if the university so recommends.

Men wanting to farm, and qualified to do so, may make a down payment of \$480—in a typical case—and borrow from Ottawa \$3,200 at 3½% for 25 years. This will finance property valued at \$4,800 and livestock and equipment worth \$1,200.

If after 10 years the settler has made good, the government will make him a gift of its one-third interest in the farm. Thus, the veteran will pay \$3,200 over 25 years and receive a \$4,800 farm, and his debt of \$1,200 for stock and equipment will be entirely written off.

A bachelor is a man who makes mistakes without marrying them.



Wedding bells rang overtime recently for Fingal personnel. Here are some of the happy couples. Top row, left to right: WO2 Bob Schiffler and his bride, the former LAW Floreen Caldwell, of Windsor; LAC Albert S. LeGear, of Maintenance, and Mrs. LeGear, formerly Eleanor Alma Elliott;

WO1 and Mrs. Lucien Lepage. She is the former Frances McIntyre. Next is Cpl. Harley Robinson and his bride, formerly Wanda Bell. In the lower row: LAC John H. Mills and the former Frances M. Hutchinson, corporal in accounts; LAC Leslie Tooley (MT) and his

bride, formerly LaMura Merritt. Witnesses attending were LAC J. W. Adams, left, former Fingalite, now at Gander, and Mrs. Jack Shore, right, friend of the bride. LAC William P. Klymanko and the former Ruby Caroline Carr, of St. Thomas.

JOKES!

And If You Don't Think They're Funny, Send Us Some That Are

IT COSTS MONEY TO TRAVEL

An Englishman had lost his way, tramping in the Highlands. After rambling for hours, he spied a shepherd.

"Hey!" he shouted, "I'm lost." "Is there any reward offered for ye?" inquired the Scot.

"Course not," was the reply. "Well," said the Scot, "ye are still lost."

Wife: "When I married you I didn't think you were a coward. I thought you were a brave man."

Husband: "So did everybody else."

There are some tribes in West Africa where the women encourage their husbands to take more wives. The women do all the work, while the men are merely warriors. Just imagine a "keep-up-with-the-Joneses" nag: "John, Pte. Jones has just taken on another new wife. That's four, and he's only a common private while you're an unpaid lance-corporal—and I'm the only woman in your life. If you really loved me . . ."

SIMPLE, WASN'T IT?

It seems there was a class embryo officers going through the final phase of their aeronautical engineering course. S/L Knowitall was lecturing, and put this question to them: "Suppose there was a forced landing out in a swamp and you had to bring her in. You had a sergeant and 10 men. What would you do?"

Everyone in the class took a shot at answering, with such suggestions as: "I'd take a crane," or "I'd take a derrick," or another, "I'd use a tripod of three poles"—and every one was was brusquely cut off by the squadron leader. Finally one with a little more nerve than the rest asked him, "What would you do?"

"Why, it's very simple," he replied. "I'd go over to the sergeant and say, 'Sergeant, get that aircraft out.'"

LANCASHIRE AIRMAN HAUNTED BY LIBRARY

Still Gets Reminder Cards On Long-Overdue Book

Haunted by postcards. That's LAC Jimmy Humphrey, Course 95.

Everywhere that Jimmy's gone since leaving dear old England, the cards were sure to follow. And now they've caught up with him at Fingal. The latest one just arrived. They're from the Lancashire Education Committee who run the county library at Prestwich, and they all start out:

"Dear sir or madam: The book entitled 'Farewell, Leicester Square' lent to you from this library is now overdue. I should, therefore, be glad if you would return the volume at your early convenience. (Signed) J. Adams, Librarian."

Well, Mr. Adams, we don't know how to tell you this, but we've interviewed Jimmy about that book . . . and well . . . frankly . . . he'll be darned if he knows where it is at the moment. However, if you discontinue the stream of postcards you might even be able to save enough to buy a fresh copy.

This much Jimmy promises you, however: that when he gets back to England the first thing he'll do will be to conduct a search for the overdue volume.

In the meantime, Fingal librarian please note: The name is James Humphrey, GB1586576.

Airwomen: Here's What You Get When This Darn War Is Over

WHEN Miss WD comes marching home from service in the RCAF, she'll find that the nation's interest in her well-being doesn't end when her discharge certificate is handed to her.

The RCAF announced recently that she will be given money to help her buy new "civvies," pay for 30 days after discharge if she has been in uniform six months or more and a ticket back home or to where she enlisted, whichever is nearest.

What's more, she can go back to the job she left to enlist, or one equal to it, if she asks her employer within three months after discharge, had she been working there at least three months before she enlisted and is still capable of carrying on the work.

If she worked at least 15 weeks in insurable employment, and then finds herself unemployed, the department of pensions and national health will contribute on her behalf to the unemployment insurance for her period of service between July, 1941, and the date of discharge.

If she has ability she can get training either in a vocational course, or in undergraduate or postgraduate university work. The government will pay tuition and make a weekly grant towards living costs.

If she has no job to return to

and does not want to take a course, she can go to the nearest government employment office. Here, preference is given to those who have served in the forces when vacancies occur on war contract jobs. Civil service also gives preference to those with overseas service when filling vacancies.

If other problems bob up within a year after her discharge, such as illness or inability to get a job, she can get in touch with the veterans' welfare officer for advice about medical care or placement.

Inspector: "Why isn't Constable Centaur of the Mounted Squad on duty to lead the military parade today?"

Sergeant: "He had a bit of an accident. He put his hand in the horse's mouth to find out how many teeth the horse had and the horse bit his hand to see how many fingers he had."

AN EDITORIAL

On the Bus Service

Phooey!

DROGUE ROGUES

By Waldorf

IF YOU think a drogue operator's life is soft, just come and give it a try sometime.

It looks easy when you see a drogue streamed at the end of a cable, but the job of getting it there without having it hooked under the tail-wheel or having it catch on the tailplane is enough to make strong men weak.

Everything is fine when the going is good. But when things get tangled up you should be there and hear the boys repeat their favorite theme song.

Other than flying the line we have lots of Joe jobs to perform which we do with a smile (sometimes). Typical examples are picking up drogues and cables, scoring and painting targets, splicing cables and last but not least, sweeping and washing floors occasionally.

There is also sewing circle at the head of which we have IAC Kroth of Toronto and IAC Coddington of St. Marys. We doubt if their wives know about it.

We'll now enlighten you on the deep, dark past of some of our "rogues."

F/Sgt. Lacombe hails from good old Montreal and is doing a swell job around here. He's also a good story-teller.

Then we have Cpl. Asselin, from Ottawa, a former hotel manager—and boy, does he manage us. Cpl. Gunning, of Leamington, now lives in St. Thomas with his pretty wife and baby Linda.

"Did" Ramsey, from Guelph, used to work in a hat factory (we wonder if they were ladies' hats). Madgett, a former Toronto dairy man, really keeps up the girls' morale, judging from his correspondence. Jeffers, also of Toronto, was formerly T. Eaton's right-hand man. Brace and Lausch are both gold miners, from Kirkland Lake and South Porcupine respectively.

Fleury, from Trois Rivieres, Quebec, is "fresh" out of school. Pat Patrick, from Kingston (not the pen!) was a store clerk. Brown, from Wyoming, Ont., is the Casey ones of the gang, as a former railwayman. Murphy, a bank clerk from Toronto, now does all his banking in "Lizzies." He's also a mon with women.

Desautels, from Montreal, better known as "Waldorf," is partial to the CWAC's in Washington. Thaxter, from Uxbridge, Ont., is a wizard with a plough, winning the championship of Ontario one year. Ashley, the pride of Stirling, Ont., would rather take to the clouds than eat. Evans and Orr, from Toronto, are our latest recruits. Orr is a well-known man-about-town, while Evans claims the town was built around him.

We also welcome our new time-keeper, LAW Helen "Red" Davidson. She's really easy on the eyes.

"Due to repairs being made in the main auditorium," said the minister, "next Sunday's sermon will be preached in the basement. The subject will be 'Hell.' Hope to see you all there."



F/L and Mrs. Frith with Sheila, Susan, Patricia, Michael and Nancy

TEST-PILOT CHARLIE FRITH HAS LOGGED 7,000 HOURS

Fingal Officer Has Flown Almost 3 Million Miles in the Past 25 Years—Father of Five Was Combat Pilot In Last War

By LAC J. BURKE MARTIN

NEARLY three-quarters of a million miles of flying in the past quarter century. That's the record of F/L Charles V. Frith, Irish-born aviator-of-fortune whose perennial itch for adventure led him to fly with the Royal Flying Corps, RAF, U.S. Marine Corps and now the RCAF.

Frith is the burly, slightly greying staff pilot over at No. 6 hangar whose job is to test-fly every aircraft which leaves maintenance. You can't miss him, for on his left breast is an array of ribbons you're not likely to see on any other RCAF officer. In addition to the General Service and Victory medals of the Great War, this flier displays a ribbon for service in the U.S. Nicaraguan campaign, the Nicaraguan Medal for Merit and the Special Marine Corps Medal.

As a pilot with more than 7,000 hours on his log book, Frith has plenty of exciting reminiscences. But he smiles as he recalls that the most serious injury he ever sustained in combat flying came not from lead-spitting machine guns but from an ancient, muzzle-loading rifle in the hands of an Arab!

Attached to an RAF squadron in Mesopotamia, he was doing a spot of desert hedge-hopping when said Arab, taking a poor view of British

intrusion, let fly and with miraculous luck sent a slug through the bottom of the fuselage at virtually point-blank range. The bullet glanced off the rudder bar, ricocheted up the left leg and buried itself above the knee, leaving scars still visible.

And of course there were a few minor crackups in the flying life of this aerial adventurer. He joined the RFC at 16, flew over France and Germany for nine months on artillery observation and was shot down twice, managing to work his way back to Allied lines on both occasions.

WHEN the war ended, Frith got into the army of occupation and spent a few earthbound months in Cologne. This was dull after aerial warfare, so he transferred to the Middle East with the RAF, still looking for something to keep his Irish blood boiling.

But, save for his brush with the Arab, that kind of flying proved unexciting and, in 1923, he got his discharge and headed for the U.S., where he joined the Marines as a buck private. Following a few months' service in Santo Domingo as an aerial observer, his hands began to itch for the controls of a plane and he won his wings in naval aviation at San Diego and Pensacola.

In 1927 Frith was sent to China where life, he says, was just "rou-

"GOOD GUY" VERDICT FOR NEW HQ W02

WD's Find Palmer Approves Pause That Refreshes

APPREHENSIVE, the gang up in headquarters orderly room and central registry awaited their first meeting with the new sergeant-major. An hour later, the verdict was out—"He's a good guy, girls, no kidding; he let us go for cokes."

Anyway, that's how we heard it and we're stuck with it. But to make a short story shorter, W02 M. R. Palmer, who just arrived from No. 6 Repair Depot, has seen wide service and seems to know the score.

Palmer, a native of Ottawa, is a permanent force man. That means he joined up in peace-time. He's no stranger around these parts, having helped open TTS.

tine patrols" in the then-hot Boeing pursuits. Next year he saw some action when Uncle Sam began having trouble with the Nicaraguan bandits. Flying Voughts, Frith and his squadron got in some dive-bombing practice by blasting the bandits' mountain hideouts with fragmentation and H.E. bombs. Here the aviators had to face not muzzle-loaders but jungle-concealed machine guns, and every sortie was give-and-take all the way.

"But I must say their gunnery was pretty awful," he stated. "If even one of them had understood elementary gunnery rules about leading your target, we'd have been blown to bits. As it was, all they ever hit was our tail surfaces."

LEAVING the Marines in 1929, Frith had 10 years of highly varied flying, with spells as transport pilot with Western Air Express, running from Los Angeles to Salt Lake City; a spot of barnstorming in the Western States; fighting forest fires from the air; crop-dusting and running a couple of private flying schools.

In 1939 he thought he saw a chance for more combat flying and was headed for Finland as a volunteer when, to his disgust, the Finns and Russians signed an armistice on the eve of his sailing.

But a few months later Hitler started something which Frith thought he could help finish. Early in 1940 he offered his services to Canada. After three months' wait he was taken into the RCAF, put through refreshers at Trenton, Montreal and Calgary, and posted to No. 4 B. & G., where he's been ever since.

DESPITE a nomadic existence, he found time for romance and, in 1935, married a California girl who is the mother of his five lovely children, now temporary residents of St. Thomas.

Frith is full of praise for the men and women of his section, and doesn't think his duties here have any of the hazards usually associated with test-flying. "Every job they do is tops," he says, "and my check is strictly routine."

What about after the war? He doesn't know where he'll be, but it's a safe bet he won't be on the ground as long as there's an aircraft within reach. He's flown them all, from flimsy Great War pursuits to giant transports, and for him flying is the only kind of life.



Here's pictorial evidence that Fingalites take their night classes and like it. TOP layout shows: WD's at a typing class in St. Thomas, trade improvement class at Fingal, and bacteriology students in the lab. at University of Western Ontario, London. At RIGHT: Airmen who are taking electrical and machine shop classes in St. Thomas.

YOU, TOO, CAN BE EINSTEIN COURSES COST YOU NOTHING

Educational Office Has Unlimited Facilities for Self-Advancement

PLAN NOW FOR FUTURE

By LAC J. BURKE MARTIN

DO YOU want to Parler Francais or Hablar Espanol? Does arc-welding appeal to your finer instincts, or is bookkeeping your idea of a happy living? Would you care to dabble in philosophy, ascend the cerebral heights in mathematics, or just rise above the "Dere Frend" level in spelling?

Seriously, Fingalites, is there anything you want to learn while you're in the service? If you think you've been deprived of any educational advantages because you donned the slate-blue, you'd better smarten up. Some 300 friends of yours here at Fingal have smartened up, and are now working their way through the educational alphabet from Algebra to Zoology.

Listen to our education officer, F/O J. E. Ingram, as he quotes some figures illustrating what the RCAF offers in the way of educational betterment. Some 50 or more men formerly in ground crew have gone from this station equipped to tackle I.T.S. because they learned the fundamentals of science, maths, English, signals and aircraft recognition in their spare hours.

HIGHER learning for those who quit school too soon is available to all. So are trade-improvement classes for GD's, AFM's, AEM's and others. More than 200 are currently studying for higher groupings or remusterings. WD's have similar evening classes. These are the lads and lasses who are going to be out in front while the feeble types wonder why those hooks never arrive.

Correspondence courses sponsored by Canadian Legion War Services and Canadian universities offer almost limitless studies. These are tailored to your mental measure-

FINGAL GRADUATES WIN DECORATIONS

P/O Earle Robert Evans, No. 90 Sqdn. RAF.

"When returning from his fifth operational sortie P/O Evans was involved in a serious crash. Undaunted by this trying experience he resumed operational flying and has since completed a number of operations against some of the times he has shown great enemy's major targets. At all with confidence."

P/O Jean Pierre Henry Carrere, No. 9 Sqdn. RAF.

"Many of the sorties in which this officer has participated have involved long flights in adverse weather and it has been frequently due to his skilful and accurate navigation that targets have been located and bombed successfully. His keenness for operations has been unsurpassed and his determination and courage have set an example to the squadron."

ments, so it doesn't matter whether you have senior matric. or whether you were expelled from third book. We can't enumerate them here, but F/O Ingram has a list of 50 courses over at G.I.S., and even you can't be so self-sufficient that you couldn't use one or two of them.

Enrolment in one of these courses will open the whole field of high school or university study for you. Furthermore, you'll get academic credit for your studies when the war is over. Lessons are graduated, and you'll get nothing you can't comfortably handle at first. If you're stuck, F/O Ingram, Sgt. N. R. Iredale or any staff instructor is always available to help. An airman interested in drafting, for instance,



can borrow materials, books and instruments.

MORE than 40 from this station are taking evening classes at technical schools in St. Thomas and London, two nights a week. Subjects range from machine shop work to typing. F/O Ingram maintains a library of technical text books in his office, and they're yours for the asking. There are even classes in English for French-speaking personnel who aren't as bilingual as they'd like to be.

There's the picture in brief. Pre-aircrew classes for groundlings; trade improvement classes for those who seek higher groupings; correspondence courses and university extension studies, and evening technical school work. The cost of all this—your time.

As a footnote, F/O Ingram advises that airmen and airwomen would be well-advised to enroll now for those university courses. Canada has promised those in uniform a year of university for every year of service if they want it. But that's not a hard-and-fast rule. Men and women obviously keen to learn and worthy of further tuition will be allowed to continue their courses as long as they show promise and sincerity of purpose. By starting your studies while the war's still on, your motivation will be unquestioned.

Taking courses at Arthur Voaden Vocational School, St. Thomas, are: Electricity

—F/Sgt. W. A. Fields, AC1 W. F. Pierce, LAC E. G. Quibell, Sgt. C. W. Cass. Drafting—WO2 H. T. Driscoll, LAC E. R. Rowe, LAC J. C. McPherson, LAC J. A. Weir, LAC G. J. Dunlop, Cpl. W. A. Hurst. Machine shop—AC1 D. J. Boswell, LAC D. S. McPherson, Cpl. J. A. Nymark, Cpl. A. Shewchuk, Sgt. S. A. Silcox. Woodwork—LAC B. Dixon, Cpl. A. R. Lemon, Cpl. D. C. McKenzie. Motor mechanics—LAC G. F. Draper, LAC W. J. McArthur, LAC E. R. Smith, LAC M. E. Gee, Cpl. L. E. Millar, LAC R. F. Lutz. Mathematics—LAC L. W. Blackwell, Cpl. P. V. Bourne, F/Sgt. R. Mayoh, LAC J. F. Sasseville, Cpl. D. G. Jolly. Shorthand—AW2 P. I. Crown, LAW C. F. Landale, AW1 C. E. Barker, Cpl. A. M. Currie, LAW M. R. Fox, LAW M. Sawyer, LAW J. A. Sura. Typing—Cpl. R. B. Brulotte, AW2 H. Hanson, AW1 G. Feairs.

Taking the bacteriology course at University of Western Ontario, London, are P/O Tony Brown, Sgt. H. N. Mabee, LAW H. B. Franklin.

Taking courses at the Beal Technical and Commerce High School, London, are: Mathematics—Cpl. W. B. Norman, Sgt. J. S. Land. Machine shop—Sgt. J. S. Land. Welding—LAC P. Duy.

Attending the remuster-to-aircrew classes here are: AC2 S. E. Ashley, LAC K. Burdlem, AC2 F. G. R. Casely, Cpl. J. G. Dean, LAC J. R. Gagne, LAC C. J. J. Laidlaw, AC2 E. R. Lindsay, Sgt. W. J. Littlejohn, LAC T. McEwan, LAC J. C. Pettigrew, LAC H. W. Roth, AC1 A. P. Sword, LAC H. Worsley, LAC G. D. McAlister, LAC A. Birkelund, LAC A. G. Conlin, Cpl. R. A. Elrick, AC1 A. S. Ladenchuk, AC1 A. E. F. Parkins, LAC J. F. D. Sasseville, AC1 R. K. Tims, AC1 D. C. Currie, AC1 L. Ikonen, LAC C. O. March, LAC G. W. Byrne, LAC A. P. Sword, LAC W. R. McCracken, F/Sgt. W. R. Zachary, LAC R. B. Grant, Cpl. F. A. Geary.

And then, of course, there was the optician's daughter who joined the WD's. Two glasses and she made a spectacle of herself.