

# Fingal Observer

July, 1944

## GATEWAY TO SOUTH AMERICA

By LAC W. CARRUTHERS

From the richest island in the British West Indies, 23 miles off the east coast of Venezuela, Trinidad by name, comes this stalwart member of our Fingal fold. His happy little home abounds in oil fields, among the most famous in the British Empire, to say nothing of the world-known Pitch Lake, famous for its asphalt. It was in these oil fields that LAC Knox (Harold to all concerned) began his career as a technician experimenting on aviation gasoline. Little did he realize that he would help to consume some of his own product in his present capacity, that of a routin' bomb-sight settin' fool.



LAC H. D. KNOX

Harold's interest in aviation perhaps is due to the fact that Trinidad is a crossroad between the Americas, their airlines using its refuelling facilities. As far as he was concerned, these visiting aircraft were just something that the Wright brothers said would fly, and now he's slowly finding out the reason for the assertion.

His association with Canadians is nothing new for him. This dates back to his days on the island, and I believe he is finding them even more pleasant now; but why in heaven's name can't they leave the kid alone when he perpetually talks about home. He never wins any of his famous and by this time expected arguments; the reason—the opposition is only 11 to 1.

When this lad first plunged into our Canadian waters, he was paralyzed, literally speaking, and was unable to tell us the water was cold for about three days. Water temperature in Trinidad is roughly 85 F.

With this rather "cold" remark compensated for by one of his heated arguments, we leave LAC Knox to complete his course, to become a crack bombardier, and lastly to help exterminate those who may by chance disturb the tranquility of his peaceful home, Trinidad.

## EDITORIAL

SOME months ago, with the full sanction and approval of Air Minister Power, Air Force Headquarters decided to institute discussion groups at service and training stations throughout Canada. The aim of the groups was to survey the general progress and strategy of the war, and in particular to make some attempt at analyzing and discussing the major problems of the day.

From the immediate point of view the advantage of the whole scheme lies in the fact that it keeps each and every airman and airwoman acquainted with the actual war position from day to day, and enables the individual to relate his work to the common effort. From the long range point of view its advantages are incalculable, but nevertheless vast in their implications.

There is no doubt that the problems of peace will be every bit as great as the problems of the war. It is in the period after the cessation of hostilities—and let us hope that it is not long to come—that there is a general reaction against effort and initiative of all kinds. After the last war tired men laid down their arms and went back to their homes to rest and forget. It was in the apathy and frustration of those difficult post-war years that the seeds of the present conflict were sown. Depression, unemployment, the "dole," bread-lines . . . these were some of the hallmarks of our society in the period between the two wars. It must not happen again.

If we are to rebuild our society, after the war, we must have strong and virile leadership. Already it is realized that the most vigorous and full-blooded leadership must inevitably come from the Services, young men and women, their minds trained and educated to a high pitch to cope with the vast and difficult Service problems which confront them. Young men and women, their bodies toughened and disciplined to meet those same problems.

These people, broadened by the many contacts afforded by Service life, and endowed with a devotion to duty and sense of public responsibility far beyond their actual years—these people must provide our leadership in the post-war world.

Certainly, they hold very definite opinions at the moment upon certain matters, and they have the initiative and determination to put those ideas into practice. Let us hope that they will come forward when the time comes.

## When Peace Comes To Fingal . . .

By STANTON AND SLAUGHTER

Spitfires to make saucepans, will be the new campaign,  
Hitler will be wishing he was painting walls again.

With the station warrant officer in a home for the insane,  
WHEN PEACE COMES TO FINGAL ONCE AGAIN.

Oswald Moseley and others no more will be free,  
We'll send our wives to Gander Bay, while we go on a spree.

48's at Detroit, with 8 hours P.T.,  
WHEN PEACE COMES TO FINGAL ONCE AGAIN.

We'll be slipping on banana skins all the way home,  
Mussolini, on St. Helena, will dream of "Rome, Sweet Rome."

We'll have Goering doing Joe-jobs around the aerodrome  
WHEN PEACE COMES TO FINGAL ONCE AGAIN.

Rudolph Hess will have to leave his cosy little nest.

We'll give Ghandi clothing coupons for trousers, coat and vest,  
And Tojo will have stars and stripes tattooed on his vest.

WHEN PEACE COMES TO FINGAL ONCE AGAIN.

Now everything is rationed, cigarettes you have to roam for,  
You can't find half the comforts you used to simply moan for.

We wonder when they'll ration what married men go home for,  
(Steak and chips, you cads!)

WHEN PEACE COMES TO FINGAL ONCE AGAIN.

But when the war is over and all our trouble's done,  
All our gallant allies will be sitting on the Hun.

While all Berlin cries "Joe for King" and Musso answers "Done!"  
WHEN PEACE COMES TO FINGAL ONCE AGAIN.

## FROM THE LAND OF HONEY AND SPRINGS

By LAC W. CARRUTHERS,  
109B

WANDERING around on the Fingal campus, if we might call it that, you perhaps have noticed a curly, red-haired chap, with the word Jamaica stamped in bold letters above his Albatross. This chap, known as Pat to the boys in Course 109, comes from a sugar plantation on the north shore of Jamaica. For your information, Jamaica is an island in the Caribbean Sea—argue with Pat as to the correct pronunciation—and is approximately 90 miles south of Cuba.

Jamaica boasts of scenery that only an artist could describe. To listen to Pat's description of its many beautiful palms, beaches that are indescribable havens, its famous banana plantations and last but not least, the coffee plantations in the hills farther inland, we can well imagine a trip to this island as being very fascinating.

Pat's witnessed snow for the first time in Canada. Our intermittent rains hold no interest for him. In Jamaica, rain flows as freely as does their rum, and not the "thirteen ounce a month" stuff we have here.

(Put your ration books away, fellows.)



LAC P. T. AITKEN

LET us leave picturesque Jamaica for a moment and turn to Pat again. His role in Jamaica was that of a student, but his academic work was nipped in the bud due to his enlistment in the RAF. From Moncton to Toronto to Victoriaville, P.Q., and finally to Fingal sums up his Canadian tour. He has travelled to Jamaica once since being in the RAF through the courtesy of the American Air Force. Few of his West Indian comrades can boast of this adventure, especially on a fourteen-day leave.

What does Pat think of Canada? Hospitality is unlimited, the climate agreeable, but after this is over he's homeward bound, back to his sugar . . . (plantation, of course).



# Fingal Observer



No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Friendly Fingal, Ont., July, 1944

## "D" DAY AT FINGAL



OBSERVER STAFF COVERING INVASION

### INVASION ON!

Tense Crowds Gather To Hear News

**JUNE 6th, 1944—at Fingal.** Ordinarily another work day in the life of a B. & G. But no ordinary Tuesday. For this was D-day. The day about which there had been much speculation and wonder. Here it was. It had happened.

Sleepy figures tumbled out of bunks as the news spread like wild-fire through the barracks. Airmen and airwomen stared unbelievably, then whooped for joy. Then thoughtfully and silently wondered and hoped. Crowds gathered about barracks and mess radios blaring minute - by - minute news. Silent crowds. This was no time for speech, but time to listen. Then to work and carry on.

During the day the Fingal Observer furnished daily sheets with late flashes and news. A news bureau, set up in the Intelligence library, gathered and distributed news to the whole section. Radios popped up here and there in different work sections. The sound truck was used to broadcast news far and wide. For in skies of Europe, on the Channel waves, and on the beaches of France our comrades in arms were engaged in the greatest amphibious assault in history. Fingal graduates—we trained them—were in the thick of it. Everyone was represented in the fray and the tension in the air at Fingal reflected that feeling.

A WD worried about a brother in a German prison camp, another thought of her fiancé in an attack bomber—a cousin in a submarine—friends, former Fingalites, facing hell and fire and also death. For every victory is won in blood. These thoughts flashed through minds as war news poured in. And more than ever everyone at Fingal longed for and spoke of—the end of the war—the final victory and greatest peace.

At 3 p.m. a large crowd gathered outside G.I.S. to listen to a broadcast from London of the King's speech. Probably the most impressive scene at Fingal on the whole day was the silent, tense throng standing rigidly to attention as the National Anthem was played at the end of the King's speech.

Many felt helpless and non-plussed at being so far from the battle. They wanted to be in it. But our war at Fingal was to carry on with training and normal duties with all our abilities.

### IT'S HERE TO STAY

Progress-of-War Discussions Have Proven Very Popular

**YES,** Progress-of-War discussions have come to stay! Approved some time ago by A.F.H.Q. with the full blessing of Air Minister Power, they have been in operation here for some months now.

Brains behind the set-up at Fingal is F/O Jim Ingram, station educational officer. In a short space of time he has evolved a wide organization covering all branches of the station.

Every week, all the station staff receive a detailed analysis of the actual war position. By means of battlefield maps, the whole strategy of the various campaigns is expounded and unfolded.

The crux of the whole set-up, though, is contained in the actual discussions inaugurated by a vol-

unteer group of leaders. Under their guidance, a wide range of subjects is covered.

Anglo-Russian relationships; the role of the Dominions in the post-war world; the characteristics of the "Big Four"; the causes of the present war; Communism and Capitalism; servicemen and the future—a kaleidoscopic range of subjects and personalities.

Of course, the success or otherwise of these discussions depends upon the degree of enthusiasm which the individual discussion leader can inspire in his group. To date, there has been no dearth of such enthusiasm. In fact the trouble has been to keep the meetings within their stipulated time limit, so warm have the opinions become.

Fiery Clydesiders, devout disciples of their own Keir Hardie, are usually the most colorful participants, but all nationalities show equal keenness, not forgetting the occasional Jamaican or Trinidadian.

It's a chance, and a real chance, for anyone to let off some surplus steam, and it's certainly proving popular.

Keep up the good work, Fingal!

### FINGAL IS GETTING HER FACE LIFTED

Station Beautification Project Underway

**PLANS** for beautifying Fingal for the summer months are in full swing, and the results are becoming more apparent every day.

At the moment the sports fields and other vacant areas of land present a spectacle of unbroken green. Very shortly further color will be added. Sections have been busily cultivating garden patches around their quarters and planting selected seeds, and friendly rivalry has sprung up between sections.

There's no doubt about it. The average man or woman works best when surroundings are congenial. The whole beautification scheme, therefore, should aid materially in maintaining station morale at its present high pitch.

And anyway, when the sarge says to plant flowers, you plant, brother, you plant!

## TEST PILOT FAWCETT WINS A COMMISSION

T. B. Finally Gets It After  
2,500 Hours in the Air

"HE treats a kite like a human being." This chance remark by a maintenance man led to the story of P/O Thomas Borden Fawcett, 29, of Cornwall, who is Fingal's test pilot. His commission came through the very day the C.O. left, and he was in the position of entertaining the C.O. in the sergeants' mess while technically no longer president.



PILOT FAWCETT

Interested in flying since he was a kid, it wasn't until 1937 that T. B. started on the road that has led to 2,500 hours in the air.

In 1934, when he was helping to run a cheese factory in Cornwall, he was the youngest cheesemaker in Ontario with a first-class certificate. In 1936 he joined the Ottawa Flying Club, taking dual on Avro Avians at \$12 an hour. In 1937 he got his private pilot's license. Next year he went to work for Noranda as a gold miner.

During his three years in the mine, he got his commercial pilot's license with the Porcupine Flying Club. On holidays he barnstormed in his brother's plane. His brother is a test pilot of Nordin Aircraft Company, testing Harvards and Norsemen.

With 385 hours logged, T. B. tried to enlist in September, 1939, but couldn't get in without junior matric. Then in March, 1941, he was accepted in Montreal and sent on a four-week instructor's course at Trenton as an AC2 at \$1.30 a day.

Posted to Regina E.F.T.S. as a sergeant-instructor, without wings, he logged 1,800 hours training pilots. He was then posted to Dunnville S.F.T.S., where he was awarded pilot's wings. After six months at Arnprior training flying instructors, he came to Fingal, went first to gunnery flight, then to maintenance, where he is test pilot for all aircraft.

In his spare time he was president of the sergeants' mess for a three-month term.

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN  
As it must to all men, a posting  
as come for me.

It's hard to know just what to say when you sit down to write your last piece for the Observer. We often wondered what we would say when the time came to leave, and now that it's here, we're stuck.

Much has happened since we took over a year ago. The staff inaugurated the only daily newspaper in the RCAF. And, above all, the Observer brought together a group of writers, cartoonists and photographers second to none.

There isn't much sentiment in the service, but you can't leave a sheet like this without some feeling of regret. A paper is a bit more than cold type and black ink. And the best part of this job has been the swell fellows you meet.

Fellows like LAC Byron Fisher, who went to the Toronto Star after getting a medical discharge; like Sgt. Stan Mays, an RAF newspaperman who trained here, and is now one of our war correspondents overseas like LAC J. K. Dinesen, our artist, who had a painting hung in the National Art Gallery; like LAC Ben Halter, a faithful reporter who knew the score on Fingal's ground crew; like LAC J. Burke Martin, of the London Free

Press, who trained here; like LAC Harry McNab, a colorful character from a Scottish newspaper, like Cpl. Gwen Dawson and LAW Edie Enos, two reliable WD reporters; like Cpl. Harold Hertzman and Cpl. Harry Chapman, who are doing such a swell job on the daily edition; like Cpl. Ruth Ralston, whose pictures are tops.

These, and many like these, have helped mold the Observer tradition.

Airmen, airwomen, NCO's and officers in all sections have given us the greatest possible co-operation, which we have appreciated deeply. We used to get into some heated discussions with the photo people, who claim we have the lowest priority on pictures. But they always managed to produce photos for deadline. The engravers and printers, too, gave us 100% co-operation, without which we couldn't have functioned.

We've all had a lot of fun—and a lot of satisfaction—in making the sheet readable. We never tried to educate or preach to the masses; our aim was amusement. If we give you a laugh once in a while, we considered the job well done. The greatest tribute you could pay the staff was to tell them you read the issue from cover to cover, and had a laugh doing it.

We know we haven't been able

to please everybody every time—but we tried damn hard.

Talk about the joy of being an Editor; getting out a paper is no picnic. If we print jokes, people say we are silly. If we don't, people say we are too serious. If we stick close to our desk all day, we ought to be out getting news. If we go out and try to hustle, we ought to be on the job at the desk. If we don't print contributions, we don't appreciate genius. And if we print all of them, the paper is full of junk. If we make a change in the other fellow's write-up we are too critical. If we don't wake asleep. If we clip things from other papers, we're too lazy to write them ourselves. If we don't we're stuck on our own stuff.

Now, like as not, some guy will say we swiped this from some other paper. Well... we did!

## FINGAL OBSERVER

Published daily and monthly at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario, under authority of the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander W. H. Swetman, DSO, DFC.

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LAW Edythe Enos

Features.....  
LAC W. B. Carruthers

Photographer.....  
Cpl. Ruth Ralston

And always remember, Oswald, that the difference between a model woman and a woman model is that the former is a bare possibility and the other a naked fact.

A local blonde applied at our station for a job. She was asked: "Have you had any experience?" To which she replied: "I had a funny one last night."

The meanest guy in the world is the guy who proposed to the old maid over the phone and when she accepted him he told her he had the wrong number.

"Darling, the maid has burned the eggs. Wouldn't you be satisfied with a couple of kisses for breakfast?"

"Sure, bring her in."

## Lost and Found Bureau Opened at Guard House

THIS is the story of a ring—a gold signet ring. Whoever has lost it, apparently doesn't know where to claim it. You merely have to call at the S.P.'s office and ask for the lost property man, who has a collection of lost and found stuff that would make your tongue hang out.

Did you know that a station rule says that all lost property must be turned in at once to the S.P.'s? You didn't? Well, now you know, and you'd better obey it, OR ELSE.

It's one of the responsibilities of our S.P.'s to take charge of lost property and ensure it's returned to the rightful owners. The signet ring is just one of many articles turned in during past weeks, and by the look of things may stay there permanently. No one has claimed it to date.

Every day the S.P.'s receive a variety of lost articles ranging from gold pens and pencils, wallets (with bank notes), pocketbooks, money, identification cards and car keys, to

raincoats, tunics, flying suits, intercoms, trousers (yes!), P.T. shoes, shorts and skates.

In fact they've enough clothes to stock a whole flight of airmen's wardrobes, and enough cash to carry even the most ambitious trainee over a "72" in Detroit. No wonder the S.P.'s have grey hair.

But there's worse to come. Hear F/S Smith's tale of woe:

"Last week I was handed a gold locket containing a miniature of the most beautiful woman in the world. And I can't find the owner."

Any of the articles described above may be had at the Guard House on request, provided, of course, you can supply reasonable identification.

Best of all, though, in the future don't leave any articles of value lying carelessly around. There are too many people running loose who still believe that possession is nine points of the law. In any case, it's your responsibility to safeguard your personal effects. If you don't, no one else will.

## OUR COVER

The cover this month was taken the day after the Allies landed on the shores of Northern France, June 7th. It shows the intent interest that was created by the events of the preceding day. Fingal is interested, we are all interested, in the big struggle that still lies ahead.—Photograph by Cpl. Ruth Ralston and AW1 Mary Anderson.



THE M.T. offers a variety of work—above we have a hospital run with LAC Rosenberg of this station; upper right, LAW J. George and LAC J. McKeown are fixing the flower bed; centre right, Cpl. R. Cunningham and LAC W. J. McArthur, mechanics, are working on a truck motor; and bottom right, LAC Walt Pollitt is carrying out a servicing job.



## FINGAL'S LIFE-LINE THE M.T. BRINGS FOOD, MAIL, MONEY

Inspection and Servicing Tops—Safety Is Keynote at Our Local Garage

IF ALL the trips made by our M.T. vehicles every thirty days were laid end to end they would stretch once around the world. For the speedometers of the 30-odd trucks, panel wagons, cars and special vehicles ring up 25,000 miles a month.

Twenty-four hours a day, all day, the heroic staff of 35 WD's and air-men, paced by F/O J. L. Andrew and WO2 Bean, drive, wash, polish and service their four-wheeled charges and keep their section in tip-top shape. Sgts. G. Faulkner and G. Vincent look after workshops and drivers, while winsome WD Cpl. Rita Brulotte manages the staff of airwomen drivers. Some of these WD's are still under training and WO2 Bean is proud of the way these girls catch on to their various tasks. Says he: "Why, do you know that since mid-December last, we have had 33 of our drivers posted out, many of them to vital jobs overseas—so they must be good."

The genial sergeant-major, who incidentally is a permanent force airman, also explained the system of records by which he can tell at a glance the location of any of his vehicles and drivers anytime. Record clerk LAW Sunny McGeagh constantly keeps track of mileage and gas consumption statistics.

There is of course no gas coupon problem, but all fuel must be accounted for strictly as the go-buggies guzzle some 125 gallons of gas daily and the section keeps eight times that much on hand.

Actually the M.T. section works for the whole station—stores, ration runs, hospital, hangars, orderly rooms; moving everything and everyone everywhere always. We are all familiar with the runs to St.

Thomas and there is continuous service to the ranges and quadrants. Our money, our mail, and our food is brought to us by the intrepid drivers. There is no greater service than that.

Safety is the keynote of our M.T. section. Every vehicle undergoes a daily inspection and is further checked at various mileages—the accident rate is extremely low.

An aircraft crash swings the section into swift, clock-like action. A crash alarm sounds in the office, and cars speed for the C.O., Medical Officer, Padre, and the maintenance crew, and whip out to the scene.

Last year the M.T. came a close first for having the section with the finest and best kept appearance. If you have passed by in the last few days, you cannot help but admire the grounds about this section.

For all these reasons we are here singing the praises of the hitherto unsung heroes of the Motor Transport Section. Hats off to those guys and gals.

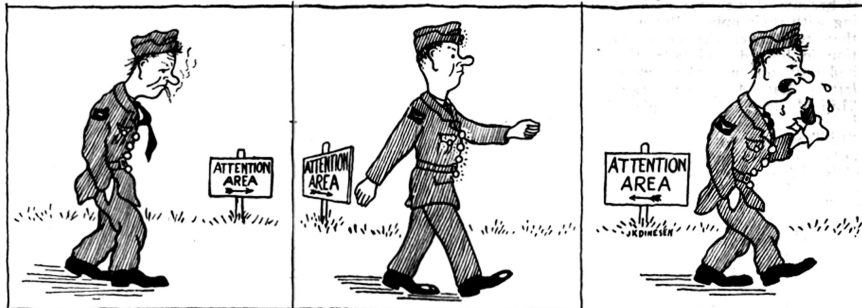
### SO YOU'RE TIRED

So you're tired of working, Mister,  
And you think you'll rest a bit,  
You've been working pretty steady  
And you're getting sick of it.  
You think the war is ending,  
So you're slowing down the pace.  
That's what you think, Mister,  
But you bet it ain't the case.  
What would you think, sir,  
If we quit now because we're  
tired too?  
We're flesh and blood and human,  
And we're just as tired as you.  
Did you ever dig a foxhole  
And climb down deep inside,  
And wish it went to China,  
So you'd have some place to  
hide?  
Were you ever dirty, Mister,  
Not the wilty collar kind,  
But the oozy, slimy, messy dirt,  
Or the gritty kinds that grind?  
Were you ever weary, Mister,  
I mean dog tired, you know,  
When your feet ain't got no feeling



And your legs don't want to go?  
But we keep agoin', Mister,  
You can bet your life we do,  
And let me tell you, Mister,  
We expect the same of you.

"Pardon me, Miss, said the sentry, but it's against regulations to swim in this lake."  
"Well, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed the maiden. "Why didn't you tell me before I undressed?"  
"It isn't against regulations to undress, lady."



# Catchy Tune Sweeping England, Reports Fingal Observer War Correspondent

Sgt. Stan Mays, RAF Air Bomber Who Trained Here, Tells the Amazing Story of the Tune Which Has All Britain Agog

## AN EXCLUSIVE OBSERVER FEATURE

By SGT. STAN MAYS, RAF

Fingal Observer War Correspondent in European Theatre of Operations

LONDON, England.—(By Bomber Mail)—British moviegoers, radio listeners and in fact everybody who follows the popular tunes, sat up with a startled gasp this week and decided to revise their views in a hurry. The trouble was the revelation that a catchy love-song that had suddenly caught on, like all tunes do, was of German origin and was stacking up a nice little post-war nest egg for the Hun to be paid by Britain after the war.

"Lili Marlene" is the name of the tune and it already has an amazing history.

According to an important music publisher with whom I spoke, it will shortly be sweeping Canada—it's considered a "natural," or at least it was until the news broke here about the performing fees going back to Germany.

That's what started all the fuss. Whenever a song is played in Britain a fee is paid to the Performing Right Society by either the band or the organizers of the entertainment. This money is split between the publishers and the composers.

And just because "Lili" happened to be the work of two Germans, Nordert Schultze and Hans Leip, patriotic Britishers didn't see any reason why they should be contributing to a Nazi nest egg kept by that very important personage, the Custodian of Enemy Property, to be paid in full when hostilities ceased.

But that's where the difficulty came in. How could you get mad and mean about a lilting love-song which ran through your mind all day and reminded you of those happy days with your girl friend before you donned the dusty blue? Just to make it more difficult the boys most "bugs" about it were the lads of our own 8th Army!

They were responsible for introducing it to Britain. Fighting opposite the German fronts in the Middle East, the 8th Army boys heard it on the radio from Berlin and Belgrade. Lala Andersen, husky-voiced Swedish crooner, had received it at a cheap Berlin night club and made a recording. But the Nazis suppressed it because it was out of keeping with their policy. But when they took over the radio station in blitzed Belgrade they had only one unbroken record left — Lala Andersen singing "Lili Marlene." So they played it.

"Lili" was made the signing off number of Belgrade and Berlin, and British soldiers used to tune in to the station just to hear Lala sing "Lili."

But then Lala Andersen said she "hated Germany and wanted to leave the terrible country" . . . so the Nazis banned it again.

The BBC used it on their European broadcasts to entice Nazi sol-

diers to listen — it was the only place they could hear their favorite tune! And the British Ministry of Information made a film about its queer history.

Meantime the 8th Army boys had gone crazy over "Lili" and made up their own very personal set of words to the tune.

When they took Tobruk they captured a Nazi recording of "Lili Marlene" and it was sent back to some music publishers in London, England. Experts immediately sat down and made a score of the melody by writing it from the record. It was a long job, but eventually two music publishing firms brought out the tune, with suitable words for the British public, more in keeping with the original theme—and it caught on!

In fact, it went to the top quicker than even "Mairzy Doats"!

Then came the shattering news, with the complication



SGT. STAN MAYS, correspondent for the Fingal Observer in the European Theatre of Operations. Former trainee at Fingal, he now serves with the RAF in England.

that the Germans would be paid for the tune which was being used as propaganda against

F/O Lloy Burford, is 1 and there a generally i cording to

French came through and after a parachute jump over a foreign country with both his legs shot through and a wound in his right foot. He came through alive a second time when the plane he was in crashed and killed ten.

French, a Fingal graduate, had done 15 ops to Germany, without a scratch, when he was given a special assignment last June. A JU 88 so badly damaged the plane a few hours from base that all the crew had to bail out.

"Nobody saw the enemy plane come at us but the rear gunner," French said. "Next thing I knew I was hit in both knees and right foot.

"Our pilot got out of that quickly and ducked into cloud. We lost our attacker. We had only one motor but we managed to stay up about 2½ hours. We got over land

(Continued on page 14)

them. Altogether there is over £40,000 — a mere \$200,000 — waiting for German collection as performing fees.

"Lili" undoubtedly is a hit. But the British law is unshakable. And the great British public has a headache. It will be Canada's turn next; the States has already said "No."

FINGAL'S "LUCKY" FRENCH  
LEADS A CHARMED LIFE

Back Home After 15 Ops, a Parachute Jump and a Crash

## Singin' the Stag Line Blues

By LAC PETER FOSTER, RAF

He stood staring at the notice in the mess hall.

"Boy," he murmured, "dance in the Rec. Hall tonight."

Eight-thirty found him approaching the Rec. Hall. He heard a noise like the descent of a girder on a sheet of iron. This was followed by a jingling of bells and the noise of a few steam riveters at work which announced to his trained ears that the band had started.

After 15 minutes he graduated to the front row of the stag line and had a chance to look around for a prospective partner. He picked out a cute little number with a snub nose. He waited for the first few bars and walked cooly towards her. The fact that seven other guys in front of him also got there too late was no comfort. They, however, through practice, had learned to dart to other quarters of the hall and scoop up partners. He blinked twice, and looked around. He saw nothing that resembled a female. Once more he joined the stag line. The band stopped. This time he was on his toes.

The first note was just sobbing from the saxophone when he reached his objective. She was even quicker, however, and sidestepped neatly into the arms of the man in second place.

The girl next to his first choice had her head turned away. He bent low and with what he fondly imagined was an ingratiating smile said, "May I have this dance, please?"

She looked him up and down without comment. A voice over his shoulder barked, "Let's squirm, worm." She pricked up her ears, grinned from ear to ear and was soon proving that WD's do not need P.T.

He sidled back to the stag line with that "I-didn't-really-want-this-dance" expression on his face.

Next time he made for a different part of the room. He tapped a girl firmly on the shoulder, "Dance?" he muttered thickly. She smiled reassuringly up at him and then began to uncoil. Petrified with horror, he watched her until she was upright.

Undaunted he groped upwards for her hand, put his right hand around what he hoped was her waist and the dance was on.

They discovered after a few minutes that conversation at such long range was impossible. He concentrated on his steering but when he peered round one side of her a couple charged into them from the other. Finally he gave up. He planted his nose firmly into one of her tunic buttons, shut his eyes and drove blindly on.

At the end of that session his spirit was still unbroken. He thanked his partner and returned perspiringly to the starting gate.

The tireless band struck up once more. He ducked, swerved and manoeuvred into position again. This time the size was right but it was a "hot piece." "I don't jive," he said apologetically, hoping that he'd chosen the right term. Her face fell, but she tried to be brave about it. "That's O.K., we'll get around."

He took heart from her words, but he wasn't quite sure if she was speaking the truth. His doubts were magnified as a stray fingernail ripped through the lobe of his ear and a heel lashed him vigorously above the knee cap.

"Hot in here, isn't it?" he said. "So what?" she countered suspiciously.

This shook him a little but he pulled his most brilliant remark out of the bag.

"This noise is England's punishment for having lost America."

Her face froze. She drew herself as far away as other dancers would permit. It was only then that he noticed "U.S.A." on her shoulder.

With merciful suddenness the music stopped. He by-passed the stag line, burst through the door, and ran full speed back to barracks.

## A Letter from the Log Room

THE LOG ROOM is one of the busiest places on the station, although few people realize it. We doubt whether some people know there is such a place. Believe us, there is, and how well we know it. We, being namely Cpl. Lum Lund, Cpl. Abner Morris, LAW Barb Boyle, AW1 Ginny Morgan and LAW Gladie De Wolf.

The question might arise, "What work goes on in the Log Room?" We'll try to give you an idea.

The Log Room, where there is never a dull moment, is in No. 6 hangar. If you were here you would wonder how we could concentrate amid the din and confusion. However, after you have been here for a while you don't notice it (Voice of Experience).

Regardless of the sign on the door, "Out of Bounds", there is always someone who doesn't believe it, and as we said before, no one notices them. Outside of the minor detail there is the teletalk which acts as a medium of communication with component, wireless, electrical and other sections concerned with serviceability of aircraft. It seems there is always someone talking over this system, even if it's just to ask the time. Take heed, fabric section.

TO top it off the telephone never ceases to ring, which increases the din. We're of the opinion the establishment of the Log Room should call for a special telephone operator. What irks us most is when the phone rings and someone calls over the teletalk at the same time. Not mentioning the racket our chief test pilot, P/O Fawcett, causes at the critical moment testing Fingal's mighty bombers right in the hangar. Fun, eh? We think so, anyway.

Lum Lund and Abner Morris feel sorry for themselves having a harem of WD's around them, but we don't know how they would get along without them. Even if the girls do put lipstick on their shirts

to make their wives angry. Watch that, eh Ginny?

LAW Boyle, or Barb, the old veteran, has controlled the control room for many l-o-n-g years. Nothing is too much bother for Barb. She has been in the Log Room since her arrival at Fingal, and really knows her stuff. She has trained numerous girls and has seen many of them come and go, but she goes on forever. You wonder why? We in the Log Room know, and believe us, you can't stick her on anything. Keep up the good work, Barb.

Then there's our Ginny, who had the misfortune to be transferred from bombing flight, "The Land of the Silver Wings." She's always here in body, but sometimes her mind strays to thoughts of the privileged few who sit in the driver's seat.

Ginny has always been connected with flying times since her arrival at Fingal, and is O/C of flying times in the Log Room. Better watch out, Servicing, because she has an eye like a hawk when there might be an error.

Our last addition is LAW De Wolf, or "Gladie." Her name certainly suits her, because she is always smiling and takes everything with a b-r-o-a-d grin.

WE couldn't let our epistle go to press without mentioning our charming and congenial neighbor, AW1 Kay Barker of A.I.D. As a matter of fact we had quite a complimentary story all ready to put forth, but at the time of writing the lady in question flitted in, nabbed our hostess, and without ceremony disappeared. This always upsets us so much, and this time we feel it necessary to cancel all further words which would show her in a favorable light.

This constitutes the lives, loves and labors of Log Room personnel. Hope this is what the Editor wanted. He asked for it.

Yours sincerely,  
THE LOG ROOM.

## VICTORY INTRODUCTION CLUB PLANS WEEK END FOR YOU

Two Fingal LAC's Try It Out and Write Their Own Glowing Report—If You're Interested, Note This:  
93 Yonge St., Adelaide 6575



SIGNING IN

FOR those who are interested in visiting Toronto on a 48, here is a very pleasant week-end at minimum expense. A new organization has been set up for the benefit of servicemen visiting Toronto — it's the Victory Introduction Club.

Organized by some of Toronto's younger girls to help make your visit enjoyable, the club provides partners for theatre, movies, broadcasts, bowling, skating and sight-seeing. You can also enjoy parties, dances, bridge, home entertainment and dance instruction. Just to give

you a brief outline of how well you will be treated, here's a story of the experience we had when we visited the club.

We visited their office on Saturday afternoon and were promptly introduced to two young ladies—Glenna Tufts and Evelyn Secord. Then followed dinner at the Secord home, and later an informal dance at the Runnymede Lawn Bowling Club. The dance was for servicemen only, and partners were provided for all. What partners, too!

We ourselves were both residents of Toronto, and had our own accommodation for the night, but the organization will be glad to arrange a place for you to stay.

Sunday afternoon we went on a sightseeing tour with the girls to the Toronto Islands. There are many places of interest in Toronto where these young ladies will only be too glad to accompany you, but we found the cooling ride on the ferry more to our liking. Yes, sir!

This organization is the only one of its kind in Toronto. You may also make up a foursome or group of your own. To make sure you have a partner while in the city, you can write, telephone or wire and they will take action. Could anything be simpler?

If you make a reservation beforehand, they'd like you to let them know as soon as possible if you can't keep the engagement, otherwise your name will be entered on a black list.

The club is open during week days from 10 a.m. till 9 p.m., and Sundays from 1 p.m. till 8 p.m. The address: Victory Introduction Club, 93 Yonge St., Toronto. For telephone reservations call ADELAIDE 6575.

**THE 'WORRIER'**  
TO WHOM  
"NO NEWS IS  
BAD NEWS!"

**Post Office Portraits**

AS SEEN BY THE POSTAL GALS THAT HAND OUT THE PAPER MORALE BUILDER-UPPERS.

**'THE DRAMATIC TYPE'**

DEMANDS TO KNOW WHY HE DIDN'T RECEIVE MAIL.

**THE BASHFUL AIRMAN**  
(THERE ARE SUCH THINGS)  
SEES ONE FROM THE GIRLFRIEND.

THERE SHOULD BE A LAW AGAINST SENDING THIS STUFF THROUGH THE MAIL.

**THE INQUISITIVE OR 'NOSEY AIRMAN'**  
DOESN'T TRUST THE MAILCLERK'S EYESIGHT SO TRIES TO READ THE ADDRESSES HIMSELF UPSIDE-DOWN.

SARGENT.

## Along Our Sports Trail

With

P/O JOHN R. TACKABERRY

IT was very pleasing to note that Fingal enjoyed a most successful winter and spring sports program. Turnouts for every sports night and for all games was exceptionally noteworthy.

The summer sports program is being moulded at the time of writing, and from outward appearances it would seem that Fingalites are in for an interesting summer to say the least. We should be mighty proud of our sports field. F/O Hull, Flt. Sgts. Canzano and Rainey, and Sgt. Douglas, plus strong support from deferred aircrew visiting our station from time to time, have put a tremendous amount of time in setting up the field for a great many games, including rugby, soccer, field hockey, lacrosse, volleyball, horseshoes, and if you don't mind suicide, slaughter ball.

Now that the field is ready, we would like to see more of the young blades take advantage of it. Remember, there is nothing to compare with good conditioning of a man's body. The snack bar is a wonderful place to get acquainted. But the refreshments served therein were meant for after exercise. We do not believe the snack bar was ever intended as a substitute for exercise.

Incidentally, our new snack bar on the campus is something of which we should be mighty proud. It was built from current station funds for YOU.

THE forthcoming summer sports campaign is a Command performance. It is the second annual, and such a complete success last year that even greater efforts are being put forth to give it nationwide support. Do you know that winners were declared last year in exactly 16 different sports? You merely have to imagine the organization necessary. And all to keep you, and you, and you, healthy.

We are given to understand that Command finals will take place around the 18th of August, with station and district play-offs taking place correspondingly earlier.

Watch your local paper for exact dates.

There is a real chance for all you Airmen who wrote reams about your athletic greatness on your Air Force applications. Remember?

IT is pleasing to note the number of Airmen and Airwomen who make use of our fine swimming pool. There are two mighty fine life-savers on duty in the persons of LAC's Pearce and Rod. For those not quite sure of their swimming abilities, we are sure that these two lads would only be too pleased to lend a hand. A swimming pool on an Air Force station is a real luxury. Use it to the fullest extent.

### IF YOU LIKE P.T. READ THIS

"Forward, sideways, upwards, down." So started Cpl. Horn's first class of P.T. at Fingal, on one of June's brighter days. After two weeks of drilling on the heat-soaked parade square, the WD's found the cool greenness of the sports field a pleasant change. They performed the various exercises with great alacrity and the run back to barracks rounded off a good half-hour's P.T.

No aching bones were evident the next days. Must be something in exercises after all.

### WATCH IT?



LAW E. PEEVER

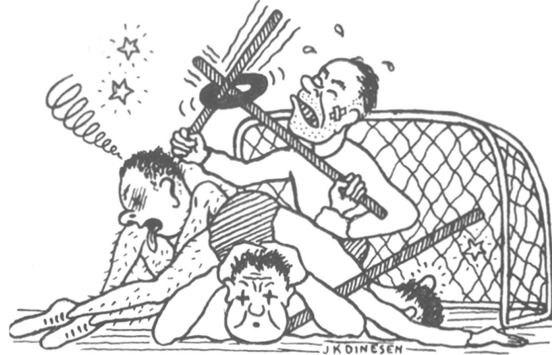
If tennis is your pleasure, the armac between two and three hangers is your night spot. Squadron Leader McBurney is taking entries for a tournament to take place some time in July. Who knows, you might turn out to be another Tilden, or Vines, or Crawford.

Three cheers for our WD softball team. They are sweeping the territory like a forest fire. We would like to know, however, how such a little mite like Peggy Sexsmith can pack such a wallop. . . .

Three hits, three runs, and she caught the whole game. The men's team could use a few Peggy's. They are probably the best fielding team in the county, but unless Stew Walker is backed up by a few hits, he might as well pitch for the Phillies. They at least get big crowds.

They tell us that, the day of the invasion, or "D" day, a certain New York newspaper received 602 telephone calls . . . six hundred people wanted to know how the ponies fared at Aqueduct and the other two parties wanted information about the invasion. We sometimes wonder why this war is being fought.

BY the kind permission of Flt. Lieut. Nick Carter and Sgt. "Eat 'Em Alive" Douglas, lacrosse



## Fingal's Super-Commandos Introduce Slaughter-Ball

WANTED: Super-commandos!

Men and MEN ONLY to play slaughter-ball, Fingal's newest contribution to the world of sport. Don't attempt to enter this game unless you're physically fit. It's no game for weaklings. That, fellow weaklings, is the warning from Flt/Sgt. Bill Zachary, Philadelphia's gift to the RCAF, who has set out in the gym.

Slaughter-ball, which made its world premiere on Feb. 6 at Fingal, is a combination of football, rugby, soccer, wrestling and boxing. During each game there are in attendance two M.O.'s and four stretcher-bearers. All casualties will receive free hospitalization.

The game is played with a volleyball and there are two ideas: (1) To score a goal, (2) to prevent a goal being scored. Catch on?

NUMBER of players is unlimited; generally 20 to 30 per team and sometimes as many as 50. The team in possession of the ball forms a flying wedge with the ball carrier in the middle of said wedge. The idea is to drive through the enemy's defences, setting up a beachhead in their goal area. At this point playing ceases for 15 seconds while all players proceed to say their prayers.

From then on it's kill or be killed. There is great enthusiasm for slaughter-ball, especially among the AF, Aussies and other immigrants.

Average time the ball has been held is 14/5 seconds. A new record was set when one player held the ball for 2 seconds and travelled 4 feet.

Double indemnity insurance policies are not in force in this game.

is brought to Fingal for the first time. There is a gross or so of good-looking sticks around, and an entry is sought to a local league. For those Airmen interested in a real he-man's game, the two above noted enthusiasts are willing to arrange practices at any time.

### W.D.'S SOFTBALL

By CORP. MARJ. HORN

WELL, summer is here, and with it come all the summer sports. The one outstanding among our WD's at Fingal is our station softball team. Back to its old standing of a year ago, the team has started off with flying colors, winning both their games played so far, with St. Thomas and Avlmer. Here's hoping we'll keep up the good work.

Due to the coaching and kind patience of WO2 Paul, the girls just couldn't let him down; they'll remember him before the season is finished. Our players, full of cooperation and good sportsmanship: Col. Brulotte, LAW Sutherland, Brisson Sexsmith, Davidson, and Newton; our winning picture, Kroecker, Reynolds, Boyle, George and Purkin.

Come out and watch our girls in

action if you want to see some exciting games.

Another feature along the same lines is the inter-section softball league, composed of all our gals on the station, who get together in a battle of sections, to see who are champs of the station. Regardless of their knowledge of the game, or if they even looked at the ball field before, they are welcome. Come one, come all. Let's see you back your sections now and have some real turnouts.

A young lady went for a swim in a secluded spot, but forgot to take along a towel. She had come out on the bank, and was allowing Nature's balmy breezes to dry her, when she happened to hear rustlings in the bushes nearby. "Who's there?" she asked.

"Willie."

"How old are you, Willie?"

"Seventy-nine, dammit."

Foreman of the jury: "Judge, is it true this lady is suing this man for one thousand dollars for a kiss?"

Judge: "That's right. And you, gentlemen of the jury, are to decide if it was worth it?"

Foreman of the jury: "That's the point, your honor. Could the jury have a sample?"

## Civilian Women Do Their Bit At Fingal



HERE are gathered as many of our civilian workers as we could group together for this picture. All sections are well represented. Above we have many of the clerical workers. Right, the women who work in the messes; and lower right, the lone armament representative.

CIVILIAN women, some with husbands and sons overseas, some too old to enlist, are doing their bit at Fingal alongside the WD's.

In the Hostess House, where several go every noon for lunch, we met winsome Clara Gilchrist, from Iona. Mrs. Gilchrist has been a clerk here since last October and likes her work in the accounts section. Her husband is a police constable and she is the mother of a boy and two girls.

A regular form of amusement at the Hostess House for these women at noon seems to be fortune telling, and Mrs. Gilchrist is always there, eager to hear her fortune.

We met Mrs. Sadie Chatten and Miss Catharine Carswell, who are employed in the WD barracks. They both enjoy their work there, especially now since they know the girls better. Mrs. Chatten formerly worked in the O.R. mess. Her husband is a private in Italy in the 1st Tank Delivery Corps. Catharine lives with her parents in Iona and is keenly interested in crocheting and knitting.

Lola Heidt is that tall, dark and good-looking steno who spends her days at works and buildings. She is lots of fun and a good sport at all times.

The sister team of station civilians—Jean and Mary McTaggart—are residents of St. Thomas. They are attractive girls and interested in the dances and shows on the station. Jean has a preference for the RAF, so we are told, and Mary is engaged to a civilian. However, the housing situation is holding up the great day.

Another steno is Margaret Blakey, who works in Tech Stores. We wonder if she takes her work too seriously—especially so when we hear that she dreams about the squadron leader.

One of the most interesting civilian women on the station is Mrs. Leah Hayes, who has been nicknamed the "Little mother of armament section." She seems to take a great interest in the boys in the station. She had trained for a nurse, but had to give up nursing plans after being ill for two years. Now she is ably handling the equipment for the section as well

as looking after section vouchers and the articles-in-use ledger.

There are two working in the officers' mess—Mrs. Nellie Hoshal of St. Thomas and Mrs. Bridget Westinghouse of good old Ireland. We hear that Mrs. Westinghouse is a born entertainer.

Mrs. Burney was the first civilian we met in the sergeants' mess. Born and raised in St. Thomas, she has four children. Two of her boys have been discharged from the army, a third son is a sergeant overseas, and her husband is also overseas.

Her daughter, Mrs. Dorothy Beales, works in the O.R. mess. This is the first time she has worked since her marriage, and she is finding it more of a pleasure than a burden.

Mrs. Margaret Scott, from Bobcaygeon district, and Mrs. Ada Markham both enjoy their work in the sergeants' mess with Sgt. Brown. Mrs. Markham has a son in North Africa. Her husband is a batman in the officers' quarters.

In the O.R. mess we met a bright-eyed little lady who turned out to be Mrs. Dorothy Herbert. Born and raised in St. Thomas, she is the mother of two girls and a boy. Her husband is overseas.

Verna Fillmore, the young lassie with the flaming red hair, hails from West Lorne, where her family has a farm. Like all the other women in the mess, she likes her work. She was formerly a Bell Telephone Company operator.

Then we met the Scotswoman of the mess, Mrs. Reed, who was the first civilian woman employed in the mess. Many of us know her as the mother-in-law of Margo Reed, former WD at Fingal. She has one son in the navy and her husband is overseas.

Mrs. Mae Lumley, whose husband is employed in works and buildings, is a cup washer of long standing. Most of us who frequent the mess at meal times have met Miss Vila Pursel, in charge of the women in the kitchen. She hails from Burford, in the Brantford district. Before coming to work at Fingal, she was with the Memorial Hospital and the Home Dairy in St. Thomas.

Another smiling blonde who was



born in St. Thomas is Miss Mable Frank. Why does she like it here at Fingal? Could it be that she has shorter hours and easier work?

Another messwoman with a husband at Fingal is Mrs. Clara Rickwood. Her husband is head batman in the officers' quarters. Mrs. Vera Gall is known as the grandma of the mess. Another woman happy in the service of Fingal is Mrs. Lillian Freeman. Mrs. Mabel Potts, of St. Thomas, an accomplished pianist, is the leader of a six-piece orchestra. She plays for different societies in this district.

So there you have the civilian women of Fingal—they do a very important job.



## POST-WAR PLANNING

Here's the First in a Series of Articles on What's in Store After the War—Cut Them Out and Keep Them

Q.—Has Canada any concrete plans for the re-establishment in civil life of personnel in the armed forces?

A.—Canada not only has concrete plans but it also has legislation and order-in-council in effect and operating. Up until the end of 1943, approximately 6,500 veterans of this war had received cash benefits and grants in addition to mustering-out pay and allowances to assist in their re-establishment. More than 6,000 veterans of this war are in receipt of pensions. Hundreds are receiving vocational training and a number are completing education at Canadian universities. Those in need of medical and dental treatment are receiving that care.

Q.—Does the program apply to men and women alike?

A.—Except for a few reasonable modifications with reference to women in the service, ex-service women and ex-service men benefit equally under the set-up.

Q.—In its broad features, what does Canada's rehabilitation policy do?

A.—It provides assistance to those ex-service personnel who are prepared to help themselves. It provides, where practicable, for return with seniority, to former civil employment to bona fide employees who wish to return to their former positions. It provides the facilities and finances for acquiring necessary trade skills. It enables those who interrupted their education to continue that education through grants and payment of fees. It provides financial benefits during the period ex-service personnel, fit and available for work, and for whom no suitable work is available, are seeking employment. It gives financial assistance while they are awaiting returns to those who embark on private enterprise. For those temporarily incapacitated but whose health is not so badly impaired as to necessitate hospitalization, there is financial assistance while rebuilding health. The pensions plan for those disabled as a result of service is fully operative, while free treatment facilities are available for those whom

departmental doctors find require treatment and hospitalization.

Q.—What is the period during which grants and benefits are operative?

A.—In the main these apply for a maximum of 12 months or the period of service, whichever is less.

Q.—What about ex-service personnel who wish to establish themselves on the farm?

A.—The Veterans' Land Act, passed in 1941, takes care of this. Complete details of this act will be given in a later issue, but in general it gives the veteran, as a grant from the government, a substantial equity in his farm from the outset, conditional on his fulfilling his obligations for ten years.

Q.—Is there any similar home-owning benefit for the urban worker?

A.—At present there is no such provision for an urban community, but ex-service personnel can receive similar assistance under the Veterans' Land Act if they wish a home with a small land holding within reach of their employment but outside the high taxation area. Similarly, commercial fishermen who return to that occupation after discharge from the services can receive help in establishing a home or small holdings near their fishing grounds and in purchasing their fishing equipment.

### PROCEDURE ON DISCHARGE

Q.—What do ex-service personnel get on discharge?

A.—At present, regulations provide for 30 days' pay and one month's dependents' allowance if service personnel have had 183 days' continuous service. The clothing allowance recently has been raised to \$65, not payable, however, to officers. A free railway warrant is given to the man's home community at the time of entering the service, or to any other place, provided no extra cost of transportation is involved.

Q.—What about furlough pay?

A.—This applies to those with overseas service. Depending on the period spent overseas, full pay and allowances may be paid on return from overseas for a period up to 30 days.

## FINGAL FLIERS ARE DECORATED

### DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

P/O Edward Lionel Rowe, 415 Sqdn., RCAF: "P/O Rowe has taken part in numerous anti-shiping sorties, during which his navigation, even in very adverse weather, has always been of the highest order. In February, 1943, he was navigator in an aircraft detailed to attack an enemy convoy. Despite heavy anti-aircraft fire a successful attack was completed, but this officer's aircraft was badly damaged, all the navigating instruments being lost and one engine set on fire. Throughout the engagement P/O Rowe calmly directed his captain in evasive action and later, when the aircraft was forced down on the sea, his accurate positions passed to the wireless operator were largely responsible for the rescue of the crew. In April, 1943, he again gave great assistance to his squadron commander in a daylight attack on a blockade runner in the Bay of Biscay. At all times this officer has displayed praiseworthy keenness, determination and devotion to duty."

W/O Jean Fernand Racette, 37 Sqdn., RAF: "W/O Racette has invariably completed his duties as rear gunner with keenness and outstanding vigilance. He has operated against the enemy in Africa, Sicily and Italy. In October, 1943, after attacking dispersed aircraft at an enemy airfield his aircraft was attacked by a JU-88. After a long combat, during which W/O Racette displayed skill and coolness and undoubtedly saved his bomber from destruction, the enemy was driven off and probably destroyed. On one occasion when returning from a night attack on Viterbo airfield he sighted an enemy submarine and made a valuable report on its position. He has invariably discharged his duties in a most creditable manner."

F/L Robt. Bonnar, 205 Sqdn., RAF: "F/L Bonnar has consistently set an excellent example of efficiency and devotion to duty. He arrived in Singapore in December, 1941, and immediately commenced operations against the Japanese, completing many dangerous sorties. After the fall of Singapore, F/L Bonnar went to Java and back to Sumatra, being engaged on constant reconnaissance operations against enemy shipping. These included a bombing attack on a convoy about to land troops at Palembang. After evacuation to Ceylon this officer continued operational work and completed his tour of duty in a most creditable manner. By his skill and efficiency, both on the ground and in the air, he has been a valuable asset to his squadron."

W/O Edward McLeod, 50 Sqdn., RAF: "W/O McLeod has taken part in numerous operations against some of the most heavily defended enemy targets. Throughout he has maintained an alert and efficient watch for enemy fighters and on two occasions has beaten off their attacks. In December, 1943, during a sortie to Leipzig, the rear turret of his aircraft was so severely damaged that it was rendered useless. W/O McLeod moved into the body of the aircraft and maintained a vigil search through cannon shell holes in the fuselage. This warrant officer has invariably displayed praiseworthy courage and devotion to duty."

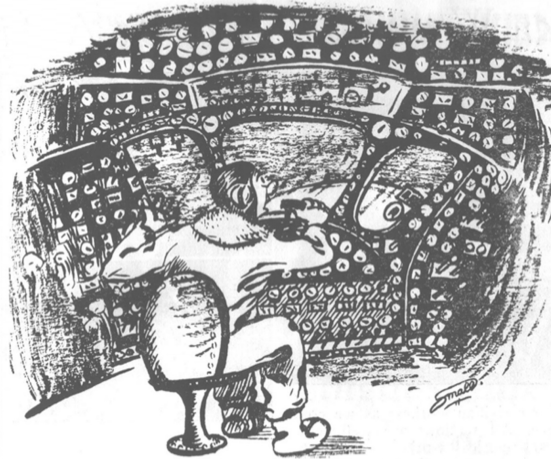
W/O Earnest Stewart Hawkes, 426 Sqdn., RCAF: "In September, 1943, during an attack on Mannheim, this warrant officer was rear gunner in an aircraft which was twice engaged by enemy fighters. While illuminated by searchlights over the target a Junkers 88 was driven off by accurate fire. A few minutes later the second attack took place and the bomber was hit by cannon fire. Although wounded in the leg, W/O Hawkes continued his fire and also gave his captain instructions for evasive action. As a result the enemy aircraft was destroyed. Since the mission this warrant officer has participated in other sorties, displaying coolness and courage of high order."

### D.F.M.

P/O D. H. PARKER, No. 420 (RCAF) SQDN.: "Throughout his second tour of operations, during which he has taken part in many important attacks against targets in Sicily and Italy, he has continued to display outstanding courage and efficiency. His ability as wireless operator has been well above average and he has set a fine example by his enthusiasm, determination and devotion to duty."

F/Sgt. Douglas Storms, DFM, 101 (RAF) Sqdn.:

"Throughout a tour of operational duty, F/Sgt. Storms has shown outstanding ability and a strong sense of duty. His coolness



"Wonder what button you press to stop this darn thing?"

## Ottawa Puts the Sting On Sweetie's Aircrew Wing

Until the day comes when the RCAF begins training female aircrew, women are not permitted to wear official air force insignia. You may think your sweetie looks grand sporting a "B" or "WAG" badge, but, brother, Ottawa doesn't.

If you want to present her with jewelled replicas, that's O.K. Being a woman, she'll probably love you for it. But whatever blandishments she holds out for you, don't give her the original article. Here's what HQ says on the subject:

"Defence of Canada Regulations, Paragraph 38B, provides that no person other than a member of the armed forces shall wear any badge or emblem supplied or authorized for the use of any member of the armed forces. RCAF personnel are not to obtain authorized RCAF badges or insignia for the purpose of presenting them to friends or relatives, and are to discourage the wearing of such badges wherever possible."

So there!

## Even Love Letters Welcome In Salvage Drive For Paper

They tell us the government requires 200,000 tons of waste paper. We can't supply it all, but according to Fingal's salvage committee, we can do our bit.

Salvage paper will be collected daily by the garbage runs. Individuals are to hand all paper to

barrack orderlies who have undertaken to tie it up for daily collection.

Old newspapers, Fingal Observers, magazines, love letters, pin-up girls... all are welcome.

Committee in charge: Padre Hall, F/O Hull and WO2 Barber.

and exceptional fearlessness in the face of danger have proved a source of great confidence to his crew, who have placed their whole trust in his vigilance and skill."

P/O Milton Harding DFC, No. 158 (RAF) Sqdn.:

"P/O Harding has now completed his first tour of operational duties. Among the missions completed by him as rear-gunner have been raids on Berlin, Kiel, Essen and Dusseldorf. On many occasions his crew have encountered heavy opposition, and frequently the safety of his aircraft has been largely due to the prompt and accurate manner in which P/O Harding has reported the position of enemy fighters. His skill and devotion to duty have been outstanding."

P/O Reginald Williams, DFC, No. 419 (RCAF) Sqdn.:

"This officer has a fine record of achievement as a navigator. He has guided his captain with accuracy to and from many of the major targets in enemy territory. The extreme precision with which he has performed his duties made the safety of his aircraft assured and there is little doubt that his quiet skill and determination have contributed largely to the success attained by his crew."

## B-AA-D NEWS FELLAHS!

Read It and Weep—But We Still Have To Do It

HEADQUARTERS announces that aircrew trainees and general list personnel actively engaged in flying duties, 33 years of age and under, are to be tested for duty-fitness as follows:

Trainees: At all units at least two weeks prior to completion of course. General list: Every three months. Pass mark is a minimum score of 61.

An aircrew trainee failing to meet the required standard on this test is to be subjected to a complete medical inspection. If still found suitable for aircrew, he is to undergo an intensive training schedule for the remaining two weeks. This training is to be given in addition to all regular fitness training, in off-duty hours. He is to be re-tested before posting. Same applies to general list.

Duty-fitness test for ground crew will be announced later.

## STATION CRAFT MAKES HEADLINES



THE presence of the above boat and crew under WO2 Sweet, of our Marine Section, Port Stanley, was instrumental in saving many lives during the recent capsizing of a cabin cruiser off Port Stanley.



"Just married and we're out of step already."

### To a Lovely Airwoman

I think that I shall never see  
A girl refuse a meal that's free;  
A girl who doesn't even wear  
A mess of doodads in her hair.  
Girls are loved by fools like me,  
'Cause who on earth would kiss a tree?  
(By a man)

Reply:  
I wish that I could only see  
A man whose hands aren't quite so free;  
A man who wouldn't even dare  
To kiss, to hug, to want to stare:  
A man who won't expect too much  
In return for a show, a dance or such;  
A wolf who is not on a spree;  
Brother, dear brother, show him to me!  
(By a woman)

Look, Sergeant, if you don't stop picking on me, my girl says she'll stop sending me the cookies you like so well.

## ARMOURERS RECEIVE WINGS



**F**OUR old hands at the armament game are here shown being "winged" by the C.O. According to a recent A.F.R.O.O (the number and date of which can be found in the index of A.F.R.O.O's), qualified Armament Officers and Senior Armament Instructors who gen up in navigation and wireless may be awarded the Air Gunner's badge. This is the first Fingal batch to have tackled the examinations and passed them.

In the upper left there is F/L "Cec" Elliott, O.C. of the Armament Section and a badminton player of some repute hereabouts; upper right, F/O "Curly" Johnson, once a Senior Armament Instructor and now O.C. Air Bombers at G.I.S., also the spark-plug of our entertainment committee; lower left, WO1 "Sam" Nelson, head man of Central Control in G.I.S., and a veteran armament instructor; and centre right, WO "Harry" Driscoll, NCO in charge of the Examination Board at Fingal.



An airman, far gone in his cups, was weaving along an English country road on his way back to camp. Presently, through the mist, automobile lights appeared and in true airman fashion he raised his thumb and gestured for a ride. The car approached very slowly and proceeded to pass without stopping. He uttered a soft oath, opened the rear door and hopped in, ignoring the fact that he was not invited. After making himself comfortable he noticed, to his surprise, that the car was proceeding without the benefit of a driver. The airman shook in fear as auto crept along. As a fork in the road approached, a mysterious hand appeared through the front window, turned the wheel and the car took the direct route to the airport. As he approached the main gate at the station the airman jumped out, dashed away from the car and bumped into a red-faced squadron leader. "M God, shirrr," said the airman, "don't go near that thing, it's a gossst car." "Ghost car my foot," said the S/L, "I just pushed the damn thing five miles."

## FINGAL IS FIRST AGAIN

Gen Room Called Tops By Visiting Officers

By CORP. G. A. PENNY

OUR Intelligence and Information Room was recently visited by S/L Ritter, Educational Officer for No. 1 Training Command, and F/O Gelber of A.F.H.Q., on an inspection tour of the Gen Libraries throughout Canada. After close scrutiny of the two huge rooms in G.I.S. they pronounced it tops. "In layout, method of presentation and information available," said the S/L, "it is the best we have seen so far and we've been all through No. 1 and No. 3 Training Commands."

This did not just happen. There is a story behind it. Here it is: Some months ago a little P/O with a blond moustache and a flair for getting things done was put in charge. At that time the Gen room consisted of one standard size class room, a few chairs, piles of maps and gobs of inside information, all carefully put away safely out of sight and reach of the avid aircrew that filled the room to overflowing at each smoke period. P/O Pillsworth began to rummage through the stuff and then to ask questions. Was all this Gen on Sub Sinking, New Bombing Techniques, Armament and such supposed to be part of the education of a bomb aimer? Well, yes it was: Could he go ahead and bring it to them in a way he thought they would get it? Perhaps. What was this way? So, in less time than it takes to say "Lin Chowan Gang Chu," which is Chinese for "Stand back, boys, you bother me," he outlined his plan and it sounded so good he got the green light. From that day to this, that section of G.I.S. has been a beehive of activity and it isn't finished yet. Perhaps it never will, but that is as it should be. Once a thing stops growing it starts to die, and you know we never say die at Fingal.

Off with coat, off with the flat hat and so to work. Up with the maps, up with the confidential reports, pamphlets and magazines. How about right here? No, the students can't get at them there. Well, how about there? Yes, that's better. Who has the Bostich stapler? Sometimes I think there never could have been a second front without the aid of that simple little machine that no one ever seems to be able to find when he wants it. With this Reader's Digest edition of a Texas tornado in our midst, things began to take on new shape and size.

The students and staff had ideas, too. Could P/O use them? I'll say he could. Not that he was running short, but two heads are better than one, even in G.I.S. Between classes the corporals, sergeants, WO's, and now and then even a high and mighty F/O or so would wander in for a read, a rest and a look around. F/S Costin got busy on the Russian section of the huge map and with pins, a colored string, kept tab on the Russian Bear's mauling of the "Nasty Super-men." Ideas became plentiful and were used to good effect. In no time at all it became apparent to even the higher-ups that with every square inch of the walls and part of the ceiling covered with maps, pictures and star charts, expansion was the only answer.

With other departments having their activities curtailed as a result of the new set-up on the station, we



OUR INTELLIGENCE ROOM

felt mighty proud and pleased when G/C Kerr paid us a visit, saw the situation and gave the O.K. for the expansion program.

Works and bricks experts were called to the scene of the proposed operation. They looked the problem over and before we knew what had happened, Stores was moved, the adjoining wall cut through, a door plugged up, curtains made and hung, and we were presented with four walls, nine lights, three windows and a ceiling to go to work on.

Along with the new room came new, modern, comfortable chairs, and soon these chairs were filled with washed-out aircrew waiting for posting and hiding out from the discip, and his list of Joe-jobs. There was work to be done in the new quarters and there is no better way to take a chap's mind off his worries than to put him to work. Paint and brushes, of a sort, were acquired by devious methods and the ex-bomb-aimers tried their hand at interior decorating. The results were very satisfactory. LAC J. K. Denison turned painter and in two days did a beautiful, but horrible, if you know what I mean, scene of what takes place nightly inside Germany as a result of the Allied raids. As soon as "woiks and bwicks" lets us on their octipi-like grip on some moulding it will be framed and hung in an honored spot.

With two rooms now, it was decided to use one for the European theatre and one for the Asiatic. So much so are they divided that it is practically a sacrilege to even mention Nimitz or Tojo unless one passes through the archway, so watch yourselves when the discussion grows hot. One of the special features of the Asiatic room is a

## Barrack Chatter

HEARD after lights out from the far end of Barrack Block 38A, Cpl. Brulotte murmuring in her sleep about baseball. "Strike," screams Rita, and immediately AW1 George is out of bed and on the run. Both girls play on the team and do a good job at it.

We wonder what keeps AW1 Wallace of the account section talking in her sleep. Please speak clearer, Wallie, as we can't quite make

out what it is you're saying, and we sure would like to know.

LAW Schnob's picture of her favorite man disappeared off the top of her locker one fine day. Ever since that day Lou has regarded everyone with a very eagle eye. "Now, who would want a picture of someone else's someone?" she asks. You tell us, Lou, and then we will all know!

When talking to Goldie Feairs, just breathe lightly as that sunburn she has is very, very touchy.

That amazed expression came over Cpl. Boyle's face when she discovered a pair of hooks sewn on her pyjamas. "Gee," she quoted, "they are sewn on better than the ones I have on my blues."

We said so long this month to Cpl. Helen Gibb, who was posted to Rockel'ffe. It was nice knowing you, Gibbie, and we miss you around camp. Gibb was almost a permanent fixture here as she was here about 22 months. An original girl to Fingal.

Smart reply of the month: It was heard at noon hour on the day before pay day. LAW Ross saying, "Hey, Emmie, I can't find my wallet!" "Oh, well, don't worry about it, you didn't have anything in it anyway," replied Clements.

Why was Cpl. Pinnows moved to the O.R. mess? Bad girl, Corporal, or did you just need a change? For the correct answer, just ask F/S Jamieson and then run.

Seen whispering at almost any time and any place is Vergie Morgan and Midge Dawson. What great secrets these two must have!

LAW Hawkins, upon returning from a 48, was greeted with: "Hi, Sadie—have a good time?" And before she could reply, another voice said: "Hummm—I see you had a good time." Were they referring to those half-shut eyes?

## JOKES!

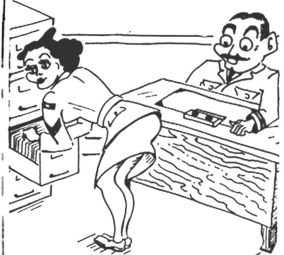
And If You Don't Think They're Funny, Send Some That Are

LAC (in Detroit): "Darling, I love you."

Sally: "Why, I only met you ten minutes ago."

LAC: "Yeah, I know, but I'm here on a 24-hour pass and I gotta work fast."

"Keep on fighting, Kamerads," cried the German general. "Never say die. Never give up till your last shot is fired. When it is fired, then run. I'm a little lame, so I'll start now."



"Try the bottom drawer, Corporal."

Heard in a Lanky over Berlin, about to release its bombs:

Bomb Aimer to Pilot-Bomb Aimer to Pilot. Was that address 106 Liepzigerstrasse, or 107?

"How's your husband getting along with his bowling, Mrs. Jones?"

"Very well, indeed! The children are allowed to watch him now."

## Fearless Female Reporter Tackles Masonic Bouncer

Result: An Exclusive Interview With W. A. Tansley, Who Maintains the Peace at the Bucket of Blood —Social Notes, Also

By LAW EDYTHE ENOS

THE night was Saturday! The place was the Masonic Hall — target for tonight.

The briefing room was the outer lobby. Nearly all who soon would be taking part in that great event passed through there. Some who were not quite through sat there and waited for further directions before going in and taking part in that new commando course—dancing at the Masonic on Saturday night.

Then the doors swing open. The The Masonic's S.W.O. enters and all ears listen to what he has to say. "No smoking in here, please! Use the outer lobby for that!" He is W. A. Tansley, who holds the job of official bouncer there as sort of a pastime—for by day he's a cop. He has been a member of the St. Thomas special deputy police force for nine months. During the summer he is on duty at Pinafore Park and that's where the picture was taken many years ago.

In reply to the question of which was the worst to handle, he replied that airmen and airwomen were not the cause of all the commotion. "Civilians seem to think that they have a priority on this place," he said. "You tell a person in uniform just once and that's enough, but you have to practically throw out the others before they even take

**MT**

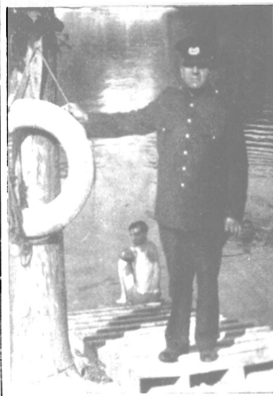
"By this Mark Shall Ye Be Known"

notice of what you're saying."

Tansley has been Masonic bouncer now for two years. When asked his view on modern dancing he stated that he liked old-time waltzes best and he did not need 14 feet to turn around in. (Hep cats, please note!) All he needs, he said, was just enough room to get through and not too many elbows in my ribs and he is happy. When asked his age, he replied that he was old enough to come up there and dance and let it go at that.

He firmly believes that if your reasoning power is good, you can get the worst of them to leave nice and easy-like; and if that doesn't work, he can handle them quite easy as he stands six feet even and knows how to take care of himself as well as the person who is about to leave.

Guests were starting to arrive, so we whipped out the old notebook. First to come was Miss Betty Gilbert from Mess Hall Avenue. Miss Gilbert was attired in a pink silk jersey dress with heart-shaped pockets and a row of clear glass buttons down the front. Her coat and shoes were brown, the shoes being heelless and toeless. She wore pink flowers in her hair, which was shoulder length.



BOUNCER TANSLEY

Next came Miss Midge Dawson, followed by Miss Virgie Morgan, both from Hangar Area. The young ladies were attired in black dresses. Miss Morgan's dress was trimmed with a white lace collar and she wore low black shoes. Miss Dawson's gown was trimmed only by a locket bearing a U.S. Navy crest.

Following these two young ladies, Miss Margaret Kennedy and Miss D. Thompson, of Accounting Road, entered. Both young ladies were dressed in blue suits with brass buttons, giving them a military air. Also noticed in the crowd was Miss Johnston of No. 2 Hangar Road, Miss Pridding of Timekeeping Square, and Misses B. Thompson and Nancy McMurray of Equipment Hotel. Miss Pridding was celebrating her leaving for overseas, where she will join many of her friends who are in the armed forces.

Among the male guests noted were F/Sgt. Lawrie and Sgt. Grennon. The two men wore the uniform of the RCAF.



"I can see you're wearing only issue clothing, but there's still something horribly wrong!"

## HAVING A BIRTHDAY? CELEBRATE FOR FREE

Cake 'n' All Trimmings at the Detroit USO

DO you lie in barracks at night, droolingly dreaming of the birthday cakes that mother used to make? Do you dream of all the elegant wishes you used to make before you blew out the candles? Do you long to hear sweet voices chanting, "Happy Birthday to you" on the occasion of your 18th or 80th birthday?

If so, be of good cheer, for all this and heaven, too, can be yours. The Detroit USO has scheduled a weekly birthday party in the downtown canteen each Thursday night at 9 especially to honor service men and women who have birthdays during that week. So far they've celebrated birthdays for five service men complete with cake, ice cream, candles, presents and the works, and they're just itching for more business.

So bring your buddies in on the Thursday nearest your birthday, and they'll give you a party the like of which you ain't seen since you enlisted.

### THEY'LL HELP YOU

Attention of service personnel is drawn to the Travellers' Aid Service operated by the YMCA throughout Canada. This service operates information booths in most large railway depots and its representatives are available for the special purpose of providing general information to travellers.

Such service includes information as to local housing accommodation, assistance in locating relatives, handling of telegrams. If service police are on duty at the station they will be glad to assist in locating the Travellers' Aid booth.

## Tower Topics

FOUND in the Tower this month are still the same people, still doing the same jobs and with still the same smile. Newcomers to this section are Cpl. Joan Dowdell and LAW Lawrence. Cpl. Dowdell came from Ottawa. Previous to that she had been at Trenton.

Cpl. Mac is still here with all her worries and whatnots. As NCO of the office she finds things a little on the tough going, but somehow she manages to make it through one complete day without a nervous breakdown. LAW Crown is still causing herself wrinkles in her forehead from trying to figure out how much instrument time is due to whom. (Or are those wrinkles caused from late nights and not that time at all?)

AW1 Dawson is still raving about just how finances are going to take to get her home. Never mind, Miggie, you'll make it even though you won't be going places for a long, long time afterwards.

LAW Lawrence is just out of the hospital. Poor Val had a swollen face that looked like a prize-fighter the morning after the night before's fight. Hope you like your stay with us, Val.

F/O Godfrey is still finding the in's and out's to the life of being Adjutant to Training Wing.

Thus, with one eye on all the planes that don't come down right and the other on the erasers that keep disappearing, we say so long for now.

Boxer: "I haven't nearly knocked him out yet, have I?"

Sarcastic Second: "No, but keep on swinging your arms and the draft might give him a chill."

Cpl.: "I want a ticket for Virginia."

Agent: "What part?"

Cpl.: "All of her, sir. That's her by the suitcase."

## Airwomen Posted Overseas -The Lucky So-and-So's

By LAW EDYTHE ENOS

At last it has come to pass. During one week, seven of the earliest girls on this station were posted overseas. First to get word of the wonderful news was LAW Corbett, up in headquarters, and LAW Barker, in No. 6 hangar. Both got word about ten in the morning and by five that night they had been all cleared and packed and gone on the mail run.

Things seemed rather quiet that night in barracks and all were wondering who would be next or if there would be any next. Friday brought the news. Cpl. Pridding, LAW Ward and LAW Meraw were the next to go. Excitement ran high with all girls watching them pack and making comments on who would be going next.

From all over the barracks came the cry, "I want to go too." LAW Fiears was seen trying to climb into Kay Barker's kit bag, but the bag was just a little too small. Better luck next time, Goldie!

Saturday and Sunday passed without any more interruptions but those who were left here still sat about and wondered if any more would be going. Monday was the big day again. Again the jack-pot was hit and this time the names that were chosen to go were Cpl. Anne Anderson (better known as Cpl. Bennett) and AW Nickerson. For Anne it was the happiest day of her life—for now she can join her husband, a pilot who was just posted overseas.

So, to all you girls we say good-bye and we wish you the best of luck. It has been swell knowing you and we are sure that you will like it over there. We know that you will have lots and lots of addresses to look up, so we won't bother you to look up and see who and what and where the people we know are. We'll tell you now that we are jealous of your postings and we wish that it were us going instead. But look for us, for we'll be seeing you soon—or so we hope. Good luck and good-bye!

**ALL THE TEA IS NOT IN CHINA**

"The cup that soothes but not inebriates"—tea. We tasted our first decent cup for months at the Anzac Club in Detroit.

Tea made in the traditional fashion, with teapot brought to the kettle (Canadian housewives and O.R. mess, please note).

Seriously, though, you can obtain anything, from a cup of tea to dancing, games, and home hospitality at the Anzac Club.

A home-away-from-home for all British servicemen, Australians, New Zealanders, RAF, Canadians, and clydesiders included. And the hostesses, too!

Yes, make a point of visiting the Anzac Club, situated in the Fort Shelby Hotel, 525 West Lafayette Boulevard, Detroit.

Don't forget!

**LAMENT**

P.T. for Ground Crew is here to stay;

He must build his stamina from day to day.

It matters not that the Ansons he cranks,

And crawls up the ladders to fill their tanks,

Are coming and going in regular streams

From the crack of dawn 'til the pale moon beams.

P.T. for Ground Crew is the constant cry.

It tones his muscles for every D.I.

**Hmm Not Bad!**



Here is a typical group of our R.T.O. girls, who are doing a mighty fine job. The above group has been at Fingal several months and includes, left to right: AW's Evelyn Surgery (Surge), Ruth Paul (Pette), Jean Bigham and Iris Mercer (Tex).

It matters not that he climbs each ship  
To check the engines with never a slip,  
Or lifts the cowlings into place  
As sweat runs down his tired face.

P.T. for Ground Crew must go on,  
So he finishes work, then to "sports" he's gone.

It matters not that he was at Hangar One,

Then hurried to Six for a Prop grease gun,

Or carried his tool kit all over the Drome—

He still gets P.T. before going home.

P.T. for Ground Crew is just a crime.

It makes him ancient before his time.

It matters not that he runs for blocks

When he's on the Tarmac pulling chocks,

And uses up energy and power galore

While pushing aircraft through the hangar door.

P.T. for Ground Crew still is here.

Its drain on the body is most severe.

It matters not that they bend their backs

While loading bombs into the racks,

Or twist and stretch while mending the gun,

For when work is finished, P.T. has begun.

**Fingal's Forum On Vacation**

F/O Ingram informed this reporter that the Fingal Forum will not hold their usual Tuesday night battle of wits during the summer months, but will definitely come back in the fall with an expanded program of guest speakers and timely topics. The last few months has seen this group grow into one of the liveliest on the station. Well attended by airmen, officers and WD's, it has proven a clearing-house for ideas and questions of the day. We'll be back when the leaves begin to turn, so until then, thanks for your interest and loyal support.

(Continued from page 6)

and were ordered to bail out, two at a time.

"When I jumped, 'Bunny' Shaw went with me to look after me. He refused to leave me. We landed about a mile apart. We both had whistles. I blew. He blew an answer. It took him about five minutes to reach my side. He ran all the way."

French came down in a woods. His parachute caught in a tree and he hung there for a time before managing to cut himself down and fall on his injured legs. Natives of a town a few miles away rushed to the scene and carried him to a hospital in the town.

For almost eight weeks he was in hospital. Authorities then per-

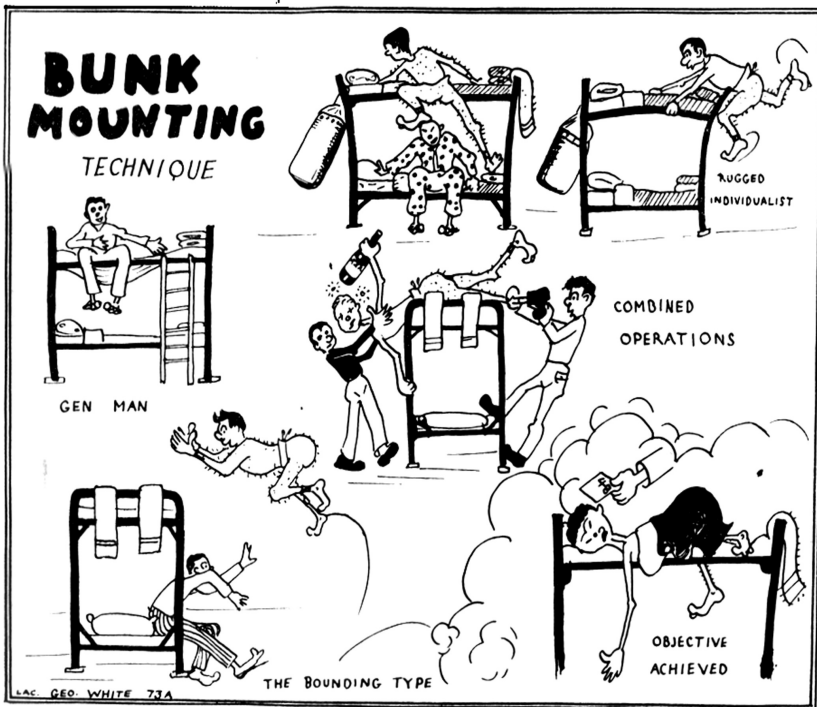


**LLOYD "LUCKY" FRENCH**

mitted him passage back to Britain. He boarded a plane last July 28 with 24 other passengers. Near home, the plane crashed into the side of a mountain.

"Next thing I knew I was lying on the mountainside. Somebody apparently had carried me from the wreck. My right leg, which had not completely healed from the wounds, was broken in two places. My face and head were cut. It took 14 stitches to close the wounds in my head," French said.

"We were carried down the mountain and I went into hospital again. I was there nearly six months. For four months I was on crutches." French's only visible scars now zig-zag about his right eye. His British bride and their child are coming to Canada soon.



**YE EDITOR'S MAILBAG**

Sir: I have been wondering if you would be interested in putting a notice in the Observer about our Airman's Wives' Contact Club. Our club is sponsored by the YWCA and we meet in the war service rooms.

Besides our weekly meeting, Tuesday afternoons at 2.30, we have many other activities to offer.

My reason for asking you to mention our club is so that other wives will learn about it and come down and meet new friends.

The weekly activities are as follows:  
Monday: Bowling, 2 p.m., at the Strand bowling alleys.

Tuesday: Club meeting, 2.30 p.m. (On one Tuesday evening every month two volunteers work in the YWCA tuck shop.)  
Wednesday: P.T. classes. On Wednesday evening four volunteers do canteen work.

Thursday: Free swimming at Alma College.

Friday: Red Cross sewing at headquarters, 32 St. George St. Besides voluntary canteen work, members do Red Cross knitting, of which Mrs. J. Hambleton, from Vancouver, is the convener. Her husband is a TFS instructor.

Club officers are: President, Mrs. L. E. Kirkby, from Niagara Falls, Ont., whose husband is an electrician at Fingal; vice-president, Mrs. A. Nymark, from Winnipeg, whose husband is a rigger at Fingal; secretary-treasurer, Mrs. J. Neil, New Waterford, N.S., whose husband is on the east coast.

Would you especially stress the point that we would like new members and we always try to make them feel welcome. Sincerely,  
MRS. L. E. KIRKBY, Pres.,  
Airman's Wives' Club, YWCA.

Sir: That letter I promised is somewhat late, but here it is, good or bad. After leaving Fingal in November I reported to Halifax and most gratefully accepted 30 days leave over the holiday season—not bad, eh? However, we eventually got cracking and here we are in England.

Since arriving here I have run across a great number of former Fingal students, also quite a few of the staff. Slim Knorr is still with me and we were joined by Colthurst in Halifax. The three of us have stuck together so far. We are posted to A.F.U. next week.

Hank Living and Tiny Thurlow are here. Al Kunkel, another staff pilot from Fingal, also joined us. Chickinell is now at O.T.U. and Bill Wyckoff is at A. F. U. The two McQuires and Ken Wadsworth have just recently left and Case is out also on course. So you can see good old Fingal is well represented, in fact we have a W/C Poupore, a relative of S/L Poupore, here on staff.

Life here so far is not bad at all—at least after you get acclimatized, so to speak. Night life I find is the biggest change—everything is over so confoundedly early—it is a cinch to get your eight hours' sleep here.

We had a very nice trip over, a bit rough in spots but not too bad at all. Most of the fellows seemed to acquire their sea legs quite nicely. However, most of us were very glad to get on good old terra firma once again.

A couple of other fellows and myself spent a short leave in London and had a whale of a good time, but there is so confoundedly much to see and usually so little time to see it, that it will take innumerable visits to see it all.

Well, I will close for now—all the gang send their best to all of you at Fingal.

P/O GEORGE FIFE,  
138445,  
RCAP, Overseas.

\*Wyckoff has since been reported missing in air operations overseas.

"What's that building?" asked the stranger.

"That's the asylum for the blind," said the native.

"Go on, you can't fool me," said the stranger. "What's all them windows for?"

The following correction appeared in a newspaper: "We stated last week that Mr. John Doe was a 'defective' in the police force. This was a typographical error. Mr. Doe is really a detective in the police force."

**Feminine Hearts Still Beat Beneath Air Force Blue**



"ISN'T IT TOO CUTE?"

This is the second of six articles written for public consumption by Cpl. Edith Motley of AFHQ. We think they make interesting reading for Fingal's WD's.

By CPL. EDITH MOTLEY

People who wail about the demoralizing of wearing a uniform don't know women. Girls in uniform still cluster about baby carriages—cooing and clucking in the best traditions of the maternal sex, and the widely-publicized cartoon of the airwomen trying on spring hats isn't so far off the beam either. If further argument for the femininity of our "troops" were needed, the doubting Thomases should have listened in on the women's division when they got their new uniforms.

With the exception of minor alterations in the cut of the tunic and the substitution of a skirt for trousers, the girls' outfits are same pattern as the men's but the comments were pure Polly:

"O-o-o-o-o-o, look at the ducky little inside pockets."

"You're simply stunning in blue, Marge."

"My DEAR, I LOVE this skirt, it doesn't twist my stockings around."

"That's a SWEET shirt you've

got on Smittie, is it issue?"

Consciousness of their uniforms and a desire to live up to them often leads the girls into amusing situations. An airwoman in Ottawa wanted to go to an art lecture in the Victoria Museum. She entered the main door but the Mountie told her she should have come in by a side door as the lecture was being given in the art room. It was a wild, blustery night, however, and rather than send her back into the storm, he suggested that she go through the hall devoted to the exhibit of prehistoric animals' bones.

She turned to the Mountie to ask him to go through the darkened cavern of horrors with her, then realizing that she was in uniform and, a big brave airwoman, she shouldn't be afraid of either dark or dinosaurs, tramped resolutely forward. Against the dim silver of the windows, weird skeletons were silhouetted. Her feet (and heart) went faster and faster and she says now that she covered the last three yards in one step.

Yes, girls will be girls regardless of uniform.

Editor's note: O.K., Corporal. But we still like our bits of fluff in low-necked gowns. Off duty, of course.

A friend reports that secretaries Father (to youngster just put to are so scarce in Ottawa that appli-bed): "Now what are you crying cants are now tested by putting for?"

Son: "I wanna drink."

Father: "Hell, so do I—"gwan to sleep!"

**Airman Recognition Table**

**AC2**—The lowest form of life in the service; overworked, underpaid, underfed, ill-treated individual who never complains — much. More commonly known as JERK. It is always financially embarrassed, and keenly awaits the bi-monthly visitation of the Great Bird. It is easily distinguished by its unkempt and unwashed appearance to senior NCO's by its consistent absence from duty when wanted and by its incessant application for passes.

**AC1**—Having graduated to this social stratum, the jerk usually assumes its best blue, but still retains many of the vices of its late rank. It assumes an air reminiscent of long service, and becomes subject to fits of ungovernable rage when letters continue to arrive marked AC2.

**LAC**—On reaching this rung of the ladder, a distinguished badge is presented which is displayed to all and sundry in an effort to impress upon them the fact that it is no longer an ordinary jerk. Fond of explaining how difficult its props board was, and the various reasons why it was not passed before. Has a fondness for baggy slacks and greasy tunics. It is, nevertheless, still a sociable animal unless it gets an "OLD SWEAT" complex, when it becomes a BOUNDER.

**Cpl.**—Denoted by two chevrons. Chief duty becomes "can carrying." Can be seen herding hordes of "unmentionables" and endeavoring to maintain discipline and order in the barracks. May often be heard yelling, "What! Orderly Dog again?" Develops an unquenchable thirst and a horror of parades. Has a keen eye for feminine charm, which pastime ranks almost equal to partaking in a "session."

**Sgt.**—Three chevrons. It assumes an air of authority and the middle-aged spread. Has an unhappy faculty of making jerks' lives miserable. Never has any cigarettes or matches, offers as an excuse that his mess bill is stiff. Has brought to a fine art the cult of imbuing water infused with malt and hops, which is partaken of at any time of the day or night. Feeds in a separate mess, from which sanctum come weird noises after dark when jerks are trying to sleep.

**F/Sgt.**—Denoted by three chevrons mounted by a crown. Has a strong aversion to work, particularly after the regular daylight hours. Has a dread of jerks requesting autographs on passes, stand-to chits, vouchers, etc. Usually called Flight for short . . . when within earshot. Spends its time in finding fault and its money on itself.

**W.O.**—Wears a smooth suit bearing a crest and the motto. Must be addressed as "Sir." Inclined to be somewhat cranky and soured by long service and should not be saluted. Its bark—and what a bark!—apt to be a great deal milder than its bite. Ferocious to a degree, and not to be trusted.

## THE LOVE LIFE OF AN S.W.O.

Concluding Instalment by LAC HARRY McNAB

"NO, a little more pomade on the left side would help, old man!"

"Do you really think so, old chap?"

"Definitely, Major."

Bfushingly the SWO removed the crystal lid from his tiny jar of pomade, and, delicately inserting a blunt, hairy finger, removed a little of the scented ointment. He raised the finger to his face, and then stopped, hand in mid-air.

"But, Flight, we must always maintain some little measure of decorum, even in trifles. What if she should object?"

"Tush, tush," the Flight Sergeant expostulated, "she's a woman of good taste, Major; I know, from my own wide experience with the fair sex, that she'll appreciate these little considerations."

The SWO smiled. He tittered and boldly laid the smear of pomade onto the golden fuzz which adorned his upper lip. For the SWO's boudoir had witnessed the birth of a moustachio, which, when grown to full maturity, would blast the last of Penthisilea Popplewort's misgivings to the four winds.

A touch of "Indiscrete" Eau de Cologne (\$1.50 per bottle in Talbot street) behind each ear, a final sweep of the comb through those crisp, incandescent locks, and the SWO felt at ease.

Carefully he packed the litter of bottles, jars and tubes back into a black iron-bound box. This he locked, and laid deep down in a drawer beside his nightgown.

The Flight Sergeant produced a clothesbrush, and conscientiously flicked several dust motes from the SWO's shoulder. He was ready.

Opening the door, the Flight Sergeant courteously escorted to the SWO to precede him. Patronizingly the SWO inclined his head, and strode out of the room. He halted in the corridor, desperately adjusted a vapid smile on his taut countenance, and arm in arm, the two worthies set off for the snack bar.

The snack bar at Lagnif was packed that night. A gay host had descended on the Mecca of the milk drinkers, and the room presented a tableau of maudlin dress and colors. Laughter and joyous shouts rose to the evening sky through the open windows and the bright lights gleamed on many a ruby WD lip.

In a far corner stood two people, hand in hand, staring at each other intently. One, a slight, fair damsel, whose trembling lips betokened great inward sorrow, was Penthisilea Popplewort. The other, a dark, lean-jawed LAC, was absently tearing tulip straws to ribbons in his distraction. They were parting. She was going overseas—and their clambake had come to an end.

What worried her most was the dark influence that had entered her life when the SWO had first cast a glowing look in her direction.

A slight stir at the far end of the room broke their reverie. The

laughing stopped short and sentences become choked whispers.

On the threshold stood a brawny figure. A faint odor of attar of roses pervaded the room. Slowly the figure advanced into the room. The eyes of the occupants popped, for where was now the familiar strut. The towering, assertive manner had left the figure of the SWO. Yet it was he. But what vast change had been wrought in his demeanor? Falteringly he took a step towards Penthisilea—a trembling hand he reached.

He put out a trembling hand in supplication. He had seen her hold hands with the LAC. He had seen her soul reach out to the unknown rival who spasmodically clutched a dozen straws. Now he knew all—and stared into the abyss of loveless misery that lay before him.

He knew now that his heart had a permanent third position stoppage. No longer would his spirits soar with the two-star distress signal, red. Long he looked at her—eyes searching for a returning glow of the warmth he himself felt. But no—she avoided his gaze. He could see the shudder which passed through her frame as he opened his mouth to speak.

He attempted a verbal appeal. A harsh croak came from the throat that had so long thundered and shaken the attention area. She turned her back.

Fiercely he dashed a tear from his cheek. His hand brushed the wisp of blond hair on his upper lip. Inwardly he wailed. Then, straightening his shoulders, he turned round and made off.

Within the next five minutes seven or eight Joes entered the snack bar contemplating that two weeks CB they had just received from a white-lipped menace who had flashed past them in the night.

That night a group of senior NCO's huddled outside the SWO's room listening to the slip-slop of a shaving brush. Silence followed—then a stifled groan drifted through the wooden door. There was a scraping sound—and Lagnif knew that the SWO's moustache had died an early death.



"I made it to take Morse, but it keeps writing 'wotta life—wotta life.'"

## IT WAS GREAT FUN



## WEINERS FOR SALE!

WD Beach Party a Great Success

WELL, we've had it! What a time, what a place! What a gang and what fun!

On the evening of June 13th, nearly 100 W.D.'s took off in three Air Force trucks for Port Stanley. Amid warblings of "You are my sunshine," and shouts of "low bridge" to dodge the low branches, we arrived at our cottage. Here an inspection tour was made and all were delighted with everything, especially the huge frigidaire with its possibilities.

A pleasant surprise was a trip aboard the H.M.C.S., an escort ship and not a minesweeper, according to Eileen Crown. Naval orders prevented pictures being taken of S/O Leggett swinging on the rope ladder leading to the crow's nest. We discovered that hammocks are very nice to sleep in—believe me, we tried them. Helen Clarke, Dot Graham and Hazel Franklin descended to the bowels of the ship to investigate the mysteries of the boiler-room, where the temperature hovers around 164 F.

Finally, having separated the girls from the navy, more or less, we were taken up various blind alleys—perhaps just to show us the possibilities of the Port, and at last

ended up on the beach behind coal pile number 2.

A beautiful bonfire cheered us up in spite of the occasional drops of rain. Then began the most popular sport of the evening—eating. Each WD did her own cooking, although it did mean a scorched face. A hot, sizzling weiner wrapped in cellophane, smeared with mustard, and generously sprinkled with sand and cinders, was the reward.

Thanks to Frenchy Nadeau, we were provided with top-notch music, both guitar and vocal. Some wild figures, presumably Indians, appeared from the depths of the dark to give us a few war dances.

More drops of rain hinted that it was time to depart. "Quietly" we stole back into camp so as not to awaken the sleeping stars.

A vote of thanks goes to S/O Leggett and Clarke Edwards for all their work on our behalf. We certainly appreciate all the time and effort they have given so willingly to ensure a perfect evening for the WD's.

## An Airman's Prayer

Our father who art in Ottawa,

Powers by thy name.

Thy kingdom come,

Thy will be done in camp

As it is in Ottawa.

Forgive us our low flying,

As we forgive those who report us:

Lead us not into C.B.

But deliver us from detention.

For this is the power,

The group captain's glory. Amen.