

■ **WHAT TO DO WITH GERMANY AFTER THE WAR** See Page 5

UNSUNG BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

LAC Sid Le Gear of Navigation Flight Works That We May Play

(Editor's note: It is to be the policy of the Observer to run an article each month about the good work different airwomen or airmen are doing on the station.

Work which usually goes unnoticed in our busy life.

If you know of anyone who is doing a bang-up job, and deserving of mention, let us know.)

AMONG the least glamorous of jobs in the services is that of the movie operator and it is no doubt one of the most important if you ask yourself, "What would life be on camp without a movie projector and someone to operate it?" This is our introduction to LAC Sid Le Gear.



LAC SID LE GEAR

Sid hails from Muskoka district, Barrie to be exact, and prior to joining the RCAF in 1940 he worked as an apprentice in C.N.R. Steel Shops at Leaside, Ontario. In August, 1942, Sid remustered from AFM to aircrew, but had the bad luck to be "washed out" for medical reasons when he had almost completed his course. After this stroke of misfortune he became an assistant doing special experimental work re blackout among aircrew under supervision of Ottawa Research Council.

A posting to Fingal followed and our worthy friend is now back at his own trade as well as acting as an invaluable member of the entertainment committee and a reliable member of Clarke Edwards' retinue, looking after the electrical and musical side of station events as well as sharing the operation of the movie projector with LAC Joe Groughel from Vancouver.

The Le Gears are a fighting family. Sid has two brothers on operations overseas as fighter pilots, in addition to another brother fighting with the 1st Hussars in the Normandy invasion.

Fingal thanks you, Sid.

Mary had a little watch, She swallowed it. It's gone.

Now every time that Mary walks, Time marches on.

EDITORIAL

THE WAR IS NOT OVER YET!

JUST two months now since "D" Day—June 6, 1944. It seems a long time ago now, almost too long. And a lot has happened in that time.

Before, despite the certain knowledge that something big was pending, the main task was still before us—the danger and hazard still to be encountered. After—well, the first nervous strain and tension had given way to relief and then to spontaneous enthusiasm: we had turned the corner—the goal of ultimate victory was within sight. The war would be over soon, then back to homes, families and loved ones.

Already there are signs that this fatal optimism has spread to official quarters. Statements and predictions in grandiose terms have been issued by a number of national leaders in recent months, envisaging an early and easy ending of the war.

Whether such opinions have any factual basis or not, none of us are in a position to challenge. Whether or not such statements are premature or even ill-advised at this stage is also beside the point.

Certain it is, however, that the official statements made have been construed by many people as an excuse for slackening or abandoning their efforts in favor of vague pipe dreams of post-war Utopias and idle plenty. Nothing could be more futile at this stage or disastrous in its effects.

Let there be no mistakes. The enemy could well fold up in a few short weeks, or he could last out for very much longer. Remember that the battlegrounds of today are for the most part far removed from his actual frontiers, and with his undoubted powers of organization and planning he can still hit back—as witnessed by the robot bombs.

And apart from that, even when the European war is over, we still have to contend with the Japanese: there is no doubt that in many ways they are a tougher and more determined adversary than the Nazis.

The truth of it is that the final victory, as with the other hard-fought battles of the last five years, will only be bought with the expenditure of still more lives.

None will dispute the fact that we must lay our plans now if we are to avoid chaos in the difficult transition period between War and Peace. But there can be and must be, no relaxation in our striving towards the ultimate goal.

Otherwise all the work, hardships and sacrifices of the last five years have been in vain.

OUR COVER GIRL

Our Cover Girl this month is LAW Peggy Sexsmith of Madoc, Ontario, fielder for the hard-hitting WD's softball team. Peggy came to Fingal in July, 1943, and worked in the station library for a time. She is at present in the Officers' Mess. Peggy is a G. D. by trade, but on the ball field it's changed to D. G. (Darn Good).

AN EDITORIAL

No, dear readers, those things wandering around the camp are not gremlins, definitely not. Investigation by the Observer disclosed their identity. They're Air Cadets and they'll be with us for a little while.

DID YOU KNOW?

That large cannons 16-inch and over are made of a series of tubes and miles of wire instead of a solid piece of steel. The tensile strength of many strands of wire is greater than a solid piece of steel when it is used in building large guns.

THE OBSERVER DOES GET AROUND

British Journalist Compliments Station Paper in Nottingham Evening Post

WE received recently a clipping from overseas which shows you the widespread interest and the mileage which the Observer runs up. When the material leaves our hands it is hard to visualize to what parts of the world it travels. Many, of course, remain in the hands of the station personnel as souvenirs: others are mailed to different stations on a lend-lease basis. Still others are mailed to former Fingalites now serving throughout the world, many in far and distant stations.

The clipping which we now quote was mailed to us from a former Fingal student and appeared in the column "Echoes from Town", running daily in the Nottingham Evening Post. It reads as follows . . . we quote:

"How many newspapers and periodicals are being printed and published by the troops for the troops? The ordinary person never hears of the greater majority of them. I have just received a publication from Canada, issued by a Bombing and Gunnery School at Fingal, in Ontario. It is a typically Service, or should I say Air Crew production, for all the personnel are Air Force. Far from the immediate scenes of enemy activities, which most of the cadets appear to regret by the way, the printing and editorial staffs have been able to produce a first-class effort. Editorial matter, of course, deals solely with affairs of the station and its personalities, and it deals with them, especially the personalities, in that delightfully racy and unconventional manner which forms the background of all Service comradeship everywhere and in all conditions.

"Here is a sample of a quiz from the feminine side. 'Rena has to get up early these mornings to clean the mud off her shoes. Where do you get it, Rena?'

"Publication costs are covered by grants from the officers' and sergeants' messes, and from the airmen's canteen funds. A 'good show,' Fingal B. and G. School."

FREE PICTURES

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

BUM SHOT

"Be careful with that gun, airman," the sergeant raged. "You just missed me with that last shot." "Gee, I'm awfully sorry," replied the airman.

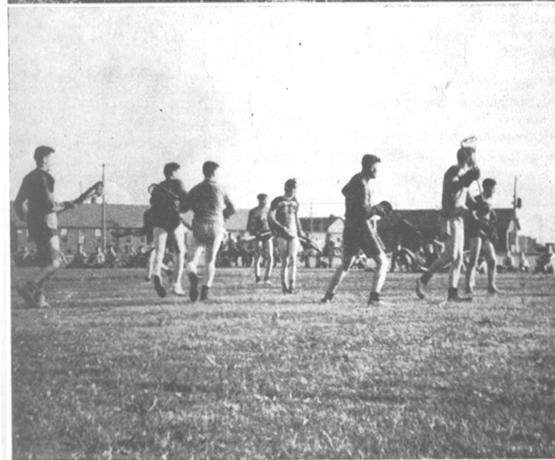


Fingal Observer



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

NEW HIGH REACHED IN JULY



SPORTS AND ENTERTAINMENT TOPS FOR PAST MONTH

Sports Building Officially Opened July 4th—Record Crowd on Hand for Station Field Day

YES—this month may well go down in the annals of station history as being the month of months here at Fingal. To start the ball rolling, the much-looked-for Sports Building was opened by Air Vice-Marshal Collins on July 4th.

Months ago the former C.O., Group Captain Kerr, conceived the idea. A sports pavilion, to serve the station sports field during the summer months.

Then the next stage — how to build it. This involved in itself the drawing up of blueprints and plans, consultations with building experts, questions of the supply of materials, and of course the problem of labor—a tremendous amount of detailed investigation and analysis.

About the beginning of June the curious passerby might have seen busy groups of men, stripped for action, and sweating at their tasks on the sports field.

That's how the foundations were laid.

Then gradually the framework of a building appeared, and its general exterior began to take shape. Last of all came the interior, the floors, and last but not least, the snack bar where tired sportsmen and women could relieve their well earned thirst.

The official opening was the culmination of the whole work. Clarke Edwards of the YMCA and F/O G. Hull were on the spot to arrange a vigorous sports evening, followed by a gala dance, at which Coe Glade and our own Ken Neate, both opera stars, gave recitals.

Certainly the whole pavilion supplies a long-overdue need, and is proving an undoubted boon during these long summer months.

Credit for the pavilion must go to Works and Bricks, who planned and supervised the construction, but most of all to those countless Joe Boys waiting on I.T.S. or E.F.T.S., who actually laid the bricks and drove home the nails. A one hundred per cent Fingal job, and a one hundred per cent effort. Don't forget, it was hot work, too.

Thanks a lot, boys!

Throughout the month our teams have been going great guns. The girls' team in particular has been pasting all opponents about the lot.

The next outstanding event of the month was the Sports Day, Thursday, July 27th. The station was divided into seven squadrons —Officers, Wags (inc. Flight Engineers), Maintenance, Air Bombers, Senior NCO's, Headquarters and Air Cadets.

Each squadron was allowed to enter three men in each event, with the exception of the relay race, tug-of-war, mile, 880 yards and obstacle race. The Commanding Officer's Trophy was awarded to the squadron with the highest number of points.

A large and enthusiastic crowd was on hand for this event, with the many sections rooting for their team to win.

Keep that team spirit up, Fingal!

Ottawa Finally Does It!!!

Are you going on annual or embarkation leave? Do you feel slighted because you haven't enough time at home? If so, the following should be very welcome news to you:

All Officers, Airmen and Airwomen (including Joe-boys) proceeding on annual or embarkation leave will be granted enough travelling time to take them to and from their homes without interrupting their vacation period.

FAMOUS BARITONE VISITS HERE

Last Friday we had the pleasure of hearing one of the finest artists ever to appear at this station — Conrad Thibault. The large crowd which had gathered in the Recreation Hall to hear him were thrilled by his fine voice.

Conrad Thibault likes to sing for people and they like to hear him . . . it is this very simplicity and naturalness which wins the audience.

We are very grateful to Mr. Thibault for taking the time to come to Fingal, particularly when he had just finished an engagement the night before at the Promenade in Toronto.

STOP THE PRESS NEWS

Lieut. "Woody" Woodland, U.S.A.A.F., former gunnery pilot at Fingal, recently bailed out at 7,000 feet over California when his P-63 King Cobra went out of control into a spin.

Lieut. Woodland landed safely, suffering slight burns about the neck when he became entangled in his parachute shrouds.

Eighteen men were rescued from the Brazilian jungles in a series of hazardous landings by Navy blimps.

CURTAIN DOWN BUT NOT FOR LONG

FOR the future, there are no immediate productions; but a program of training for the summer months is being drawn up. Few of the members have seen or partaken of a first-class production, so a policy of reading parts of established and original plays is to comprise the summer program.

The acting rights of the S.W.O. story were handed over to the Drama Club as a final gesture by the author before his departure.

You have read the tale, now see the play . . . in the fall. Thus we will have a true home product written, adapted, cast and produced on that station of stations — Friendly Fingal.

STIFFENED BOMBER COURSE INCLUDES NAV., MET. AND ASTRO

A. O. S. Course No Longer a Romp for Air Bombers, States Former Fingal Graduate

By P/O BURKE MARTIN

FEATURED in the Fingal Observer several months ago was a yarn by Sgt. Stan Mays, Fingal and Crumlin alumnus, headed, "You Think Fingal's Tough, Wait Till You Hit Crumlin." Mays, a former British journalist who graduated from Crumlin as an air bomber, drew an accurate picture of an air bomber's hectic six weeks before graduation, and pretty well summed up the course, its difficulties and its thrills. But little did he know just how tough the course was going to be almost before the ink on his words was dry.

According to F/L H. B. Turnbull, D.F.C., officer i/c of air bombers at No. 4 A. O. S., the lads who will work for that coveted "B" wing from now on will have a syllabus as tough as any the RCAF has to offer. If Mays thought his six weeks was a grind, it's lucky he wasn't on course a couple of months later.

Gone, says Turnbull, are the days when the air bomber's course could be considered a snap, a six-week romp after B. & G. It never was that, but he says, "From now on, air bombers are going to graduate as mild navigator-bombers, with everything that implies.

Here's the gen on the new course, which will be in full swing by the time this Observer is in your hands. Scrubbed are Recco and Photography, two gift subjects in which many an A/B used to knock off an easy 85 or 90 per cent, and thus boost a poor average. In their place are substituted Meteorology and Astro, a definite reversion to the old Nav. "B" curriculum. Signals will remain the same, as will Aircraft Recognition.

AIR BOMBERS will spend many an hour in the A.M.B.T. and old friend of B. & G. days. Number of hours in all synthetic training devices is to be upped. Heaviest emphasis, though, will be on Navigation. Students will be required to navigate a complete trip by themselves and bomb as before, no longer relying on pukka navigators to get them where they're going. As F/L Turnbull puts it, "Navigators are specialists in one thing, navigation. Air bombers will be specialists in two things—navigation and bombing.

THE TOWER TALKS

We find, and the flowers included, all members of the Tower in a very much wilted condition.

Happiest members of the section are Midge and Mac. Midge was home on leave and Mac has finally been posted. It took two months' planning, four suitcases, two kitbags, two nights without sleep for the whole barracks block, plus a bottle of aspirin tablets for the account section to get Midge off home to see her mother, but she finally got there.

Mac, after twenty-one months at Fingal, got her posting—but not West. Nevertheless she is leaving, and after finding out there was no holding her down. No more worries about how the course is coming and how long it will be before C.R. can remember if they did or

CHAMPIONSHIP CREST



Here, for the first time, is a picture of the Official Crest for No. 1 Training Command Athletic Championships. The Bar below the Crest designates the particular sport in which the wearer is tops. LAC Fairhurst, winner of the 100-yard dash at Command Meet last fall, is the only one from Fingal qualified to wear the badge. However, this year we have high hopes that the men's soccer team will be sporting one. They have been undefeated, so far. Keep up the good work. We're rooting for you, and keeping our fingers crossed, too.

did not send down that file, and how all those D14's keep getting back in the cupboard.

"Now how did he get that much time out of that?" asks LAW Crown, frowning over the addition in a log-book. Or are those furrows in your forehead wrinkles from worry?

LAW Val Lawrence is learning the art of transferring airmen from one course to another. "It's done like this—you add up this lot—divide them by this lot—subtract two from number—or is it one from number two—well, anyway, you just do that and what have you—a headache!"

Thusly, with all the members remembering to remember and the flowers flowering, the Tower closes with a final salutation: "Remember—if it has your name on it you can have it, otherwise it's ours."

NAVIGATION FLIGHT NEWS

The Fingal "Press" Officials wanted a little inside dope on what we were doing 'way down at No. 1 Hangar, in order that some blonde in France or England would know exactly just what we were doing over on this side of the pond, when she received her copy of the Fingal Observer.

Being a columnist is just like me trying to be a mother, so I dug around and a certain "Poetic Heracles" came to the rescue. "Slim" Armstrong of our flight not only can write poetry; not only has a wonderful build, but has a wonderful way with the women. I hope you like the poem and if you do, let us know at "Nav." flight and I will try my best to convince "Slim" to do one on the "Pilots." This poem, as you will see, is dedicated to the ground crew.

With flying up to par, Nav. flight threw a little party and it was strictly "stag," at which we did not discuss navigation. Here's to a lot more parties, because when there is a party it means that S/L Poupure is wholly satisfied with Nav.'s instructional hours and we at Nav. flight want to keep the C.I. happy. We hope to be seeing you next month, so give us your remarks on our column.

Stay 'Way From Navigation!

Most people think that life is "soft" Down Navigation way,
And waste their tears of pity
On farmers, making hay;
But we sure strive and struggle hard,
With myriad grunts and sighs,
To service planes, to crank them
And keep 'em "in the skies."

The ships 'round here are all U/S,
So is the Ground Crew, too;

We're often fixing Ansons

While others drink our "brew,"
We even D.I. "powder rooms"
To add to the confusion,
The bowls and such are kept so clean

We almost hate to use 'em.

No tractor have we any more,
It's good P.T. to shove;
We'll still be pushing Ansons
When posted Up Above.
We carry oil the ancient way,
Of work there is no lack,
And stagger blindly to and fro
To Anson, barrel, and back.

The ladder we must "gas" with
Weights just about a ton,
And now to add to misery
The windscreens must be done.
You see, the flies are not polite
Or perhaps have dysentery,
But what they do to Ansons is
A lovely sight to see.

Then, in the midst of sweat and toil
Comes a familiar scene,
As up to Navigation strides
The one and great McBean.
With cheery smile and chuckle
He clacks along the way,
And then—the old familiar words,
"How many washed today?"

Now Quib comes to the rescue,
Our souls are full of hope,
Quoth he, "We have no brushes
And never any soap.

The Varsol is done, we need more help.

Our hose has crawled away,"
And many other reasons
Why we cannot wash today.

Oh, "It's soft at Navigation,"
Just a twenty-hour shift,
We do not rake them
To give morale a lift.

But it will soon be over
And Death will sound his knell,
We are too tired to go "Aloft,"
So we'll end up in h—l.

W.D.'S PRAISE NEW BEACH HOUSE

Lobster-Colored Backs Proof Of Cottage's Popularity

By LAW B. LOOSLEY

ARE you tired of being yelled at by the sergeant? Or has "Fingalitis" got you down? Fingal WD's can now "get away from it all" at the Beach House, Port Stanley. Brain-child of our ever resourceful "Y" representative, the cottage opened its doors to weary forty-eighters on June the first. Mlle. Shopoff, the friendly hostess, has reported a steady flow of business ever since. And in the WD barracks, numerous lobster-red sunburns are glowing tribute to the cottage's popularity.

Various WD's interviewed on the subject of the cottage agree in their reactions. LAW Nora Arnst made the Beach House her headquarters for a week, while checking coal for the Equipment Section (how do you wangle these assignments, Nora?). As oldest inhabitant to date, she had nothing but praise for the establishment, especially the

steaks and pork chops! Says Nora: "It's a fine idea for girls who can't get home for 48's." And Nora, hailing from Saskatchewan, should know! LAW Low Schnob is also an enthusiastic supporter ("it was one swell idea," we quote). And judging by the color of Low's small anatomy after her first week-end, she certainly got her money's worth.

Rules and regulations have been reduced to a minimum in an effort to make the cottage "more like home." WD's cook their own meals—but they eat them when and where they like. They sleep in regular "double-deckers," several to a room—but they don't have to stagger out at 6.30 in the morning. And it is rumored that the current attraction may be entertained on the verandah in the evening!

Masculine opinion is divided—some airmen interviewed consider the cottage "sissy stuff." But the WD's didn't get it as a gift—they pay fees for its upkeep. And envious airmen could do the same (Port Stanley is plentifully supplied with cottages). How about it, boys?

The WD beach house is just one more of the nice things provided by the station which has always been noted for its interest in recreation. "Long may the cottage flourish," say we all.

WHAT TO DO WITH GERMANY AFTER THE WAR

OBSERVER INQUIRING PHOTOG. CANVASSES STATION PERSONNEL

This Is the First of an Endless Series of Photographs and Reactions on Questions of the Day

ON a hot and sultry Saturday afternoon the Observer's inquiring photographer threw caution to what little wind there was, slung Cpl. Bourne's kodak 35 over his shoulder and went snooping about the station to try and find the answer to a timely topic—"What to do with Germany after the war."

Here are some of the those interviewed and their personal opinions:



AW1 R. J. Greathed (Turret Sec.)

By all means we must not let her off as we did the last time. However, we can't enslave them either. The Germans should be educated to get along with the rest of the world. What about the German leaders? Why, I'd say let the German people punish them themselves. The question really goes deeper than the problem of the leaders. Germany should be split up into many small states, ruled by the Germans. After all, it's their country. The plan should be settled before the war is over.

IN 8 CRASH LANDINGS DURING TOUR OF OPS

Fingal WAG Returns With Africa Star—Had Harrowing Experiences

"Look out below; we'll be coming in hard. That was the feeling we had every time we took off." So said P/O Archie Martin, Fingal WAG, wearer of the Africa Star, who set up some kind of record in surviving eight crash landings during his tour of ops.

"Only three of them were due to enemy action. The others were caused by the shortage of parts



AW1 M. A. Foster (Signals Sec.)

Gosh, that's a mighty problem. First we ought to win the war. Once that has been accomplished, turn the country back to the people, after they have been properly educated along democratic lines. Yes, we should very definitely punish the leaders. There must be a complete realignment of borders. Something has to be done to stop this business of war every 20 years.

when our supply lines were very long," he stated. "Seven of them took place when Tobruk was the target. Seemed that every time we went to Tobruk something happened!"

Martin was in Malta several times during the blitz. "Our food there consisted of a quarter-ration of bully beef, hard tack and tea, and we were always hungry," he recalled. "We were left there only a couple of weeks at a time, then taken back to Egypt to get fattened up. How the natives stood it I will never know."

Martin had flown 30 hours on his second tour for a total of 280 operational hours before returning to Britain for instructional duty. He is home on 30 days' leave.

"Are you the type who'd spread the news to the fellows around the camp if I give you some red-hot kisses?"

"Certainly not, baby."

"Very well. Then I won't give them to you."



LAC E. H. McCoy (G.I.S.), Los Angeles, Cal.

One of the first Americans to enlist with the RAF, is now stationed at Fingal. The following were his views on the subject: "Prussia should be broken up and taken from Germany."

"The German people will have to be re-educated along democratic lines. Some form of policing by picked occupation forces will have to be carried out to ensure that a new war doesn't break out in the next ten years."



Cpl. J. (Jack) Day (Co. 108A)

Beat them soundly first, then police them with mixed troops. Germany should be governed by their own people, but controlled by the Allies. We must clean out the Junker class. Keep the Germans in bordering countries from rising to power and once again raising the cry for Anchluss with the mother country. Don't split Germany up three ways, but have representatives from the three Allied powers working together. It may take as long as 50 years to clear up the whole mess.



Cpl. Baxter (Armament Sec.)

It's not so much a case of Germany, but rather one of the leaders. The people themselves are smart. They've proven that. They have given many things to the progress of civilization. I think the military forces should be completely demobilized. The country should be policed, but not by the German army. In regard to the mixed-up border situation in Europe, I think that those sections that are populated with a decided majority of Germans should be German territory. All other land should be returned to those from whom it was stolen during the war.



LAC Legg (Electrical Sec.)

Well, when the war is over, I think the Allies should run Germany as a protectorate for a long time. Split it up, the territory that is, into three parts: one for Russia to run, one for the British to run, and one for the U.S.A. to run. What about the military leaders? Shoot them. The rest of Europe should return to the borders of 1934.

The Stethoscope, Navy hospital publication at Bremerton, Washington, held a contest to see who, if any, could identify a photo of Betty Grable's legs. The chaplain won.

Observer Covers History Making G.O.P. Convention

Station Representative Sits In On Republican Convention
Nominating Dewey for President—An Exclusive
Observer Feature

CHICAGO, 26th June! A sweltering summer day, with the mercury soaring and humidity seemingly almost as high. A city overcrowded to the strangling point with delegates from all the 48 states and the American possessions outside the States themselves.

The "city of the century" was once again to be the site of a Republican convention which would select the G.O.P. nominee for the presidency. With the two-party system as it is in America, there was a 50-50 chance that the Republican nominee would be the next President of the United States. Hence the delegates, the newspapermen, the radio men and the excitement in general.

The scene of the convention was the great Chicago Stadium, endowed by millionaire Paddy Harmon in 1929, and stoutly maintained by city scions to be the "best and biggest in the world," a claim, incidentally, advanced repeatedly for each and all of Chicago's undoubted facilities.

An impressive facade from the outside, draped in red, white and blue bunting, a swarm of taxis and milling policemen and pedestrians, and party organizers. In through the melee, through the wickets, past the policemen, barriers and attendants, into the foyer. More flags, more bunting, rosettes, pamphlets, banners, badges — young women canvassers retailing party literature. Inside the stadium, up and down innumerable staircases and passages into the main hall of the convention itself. A literally astonishing scene! Tiers and tiers of seats stretching by the thousands up to the very roof of the Stadium, filled with convention guests holding aloft their favored candidates' banners. On the floor of the Stadium the official delegates massed together in close ranks, their States' names placarded above them — Minnesota, New York, Iowa, Alabama, California, Puerto Rico, the Philippine Islands, the last one a lone placard surmounted by a simple green wreath in memory of the absent delegates still to be freed from Japanese prison camps.

And right in the centre of the Stadium, the cynosure of all eyes, the official platform. At the moment, before the opening of the convention, an overwrought compete was trying unsuccessfully to whip up some songs from the perspiring delegates, men and women alike. The great Stadium organ thundered out popular numbers until Chairman Harrison Spangler finally called the meeting to order, and the 1944 convention opened with the singing of the National Anthem. They were off at last.

Strangely enough, in spite of all the traditional pomp and ceremony (maintained on a somewhat limited scale because of the war) there was an air of artificiality about the whole convention. True, there were as usual great portraits of Lincoln, and the absurd grey ele-

phants, traditional symbol of the G.O.P. There were, too, the elaborate candidate headquarters, and conferences as usual in the Sherman and the Stevens, and the same old slogans again with new names merely substituted — "MacArthur for President"; "Be a Bricker Backer"; "Win with Stassin"; or the more laconic but nevertheless significant, "Draft Dewey."

YET in spite of all this, delegates seemed depressed and uninterested, partly because of the heat, but principally because it seemed to be generally felt that all had been arranged beforehand. This was reflected in the general attendance. Outside, milling thousands were refused admission because they had no official tickets—inside, seats were only half filled because delegates and guests apparently made up their minds it wasn't worth coming.

The party officials themselves, it was stated, would have preferred an older and more conservative candidate, but Gallup polls had convinced the party leaders that they could only win with Dewey. Hence the behind-the-scenes manoeuvrings with the resultant nomination and selection of Governor Dewey at the first ballot—voting 1056 to 1.

One thing was certain, the G.O.P., dormant for a number of years, had new and virile leadership once more and would put up a strong fight against the Democrats in the presidential election in November.

Certainly, with American foreign policy so vital in the post-war world, the eyes of the rest of the nations will be on her during the coming few months.

Sgt. N. Hall of our Maintenance Section recently had the pleasure of seeing his son Bob receive his wings at this station. The Halls now have two sergeants in the family, Sgts. Bob and Robert — a father-and-son team.

A sentry walking his post challenged a shape in the darkness: "Halt! Friend or foe?"

And out of the darkness came the reply: "Foe."

"Good lord," ejaculated the sentry, "what do I do now?"

SECURITY

The much heard phrase, "Loose Talk May Sink a Ship," seems to have been forgotten by many people today.

The present optimism which prevails even in official quarters over the early termination of the war in Europe has had its effect on the relaxing of many tongues. Our remoteness from the actual theatre of war furthers this dangerous attitude.

This remoteness does not in the least diminish the efforts of enemy agents to obtain valuable information for their individual governments. Some may even scoff at the idea of enemy agents being in this country. However, if you have read in the newspapers about prisoners escaping, you would have noticed that among the escapees many were equipped with clothes, money and maps. A fine example of this was in the case of Lieut. Peter Kruge, who escaped several times, once travelling as far as the Mexican border before recapture. This did not happen by chance; persons helped him and they are helping others; they are in our midst.

Another outstanding example of enemy espionage was when an American troop carrier was torpedoed and sunk with the loss of many lives. There were many other ships in this particular convoy. Was it by accident? No, indeed, the enemy knew the exact ships that the soldiers were travelling on. SOMEONE TALKED. Someone carelessly let slip a piece of information which the enemy wanted.

We must remember not to write or discuss things of a military nature; to serve in silence is the duty of every citizen, whether he be in the forces or not.

ALL AIR BOMBERS SHOULD TAKE NOTE

Straight Gen From a Fellow
Air Bomber Now Serving Overseas

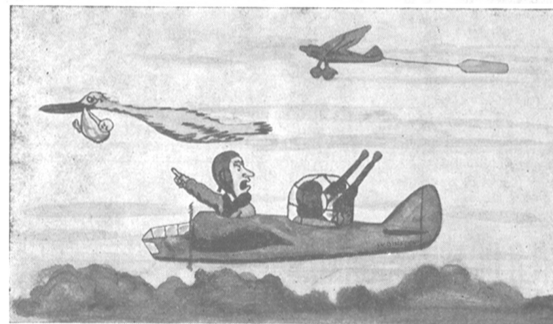
RECENTLY we received a letter from an air bomber overseas. This letter contained a great deal of interesting information concerning the work that the air-bomber is now doing, that we thought it would be of interest to many now on course, so we pass the information on to you free of charge.

We quote as follows: "The air-bomber at the present time does all the pinpointing for the navigator over here, and the astro shots as well. Astro at best is used only as a check, as far as the Bomber Command is concerned. The A.B. has to identify all the navigational lights as well and bombs the important turning points with infra-red camera.

"I would advise anyone to bring enough cigarettes from the ships to last for about two or three months, till the ones from home catch up. Cheap cigarette lighters, flints and lighter fluid can be bought here very reasonably.

"Beer and some liquors are plentiful, but good flashlights are next to impossible to get — cheap ones are numerous. The Air Force does not supply pencils or erasers, and good ones are few and far between. Camera film is non-existent."

So there you have a few views from a chap who is at the present time doing a job overseas, for which you are all training.



"Never mind the drogue, get that stork. I don't like the way he's looking at me."

PIN-UP PROBLEM

The pin-up pretties, I am quite sure, were meant for men in the barracks and men in the tent, But how can a tent-dweller keep his chin up When there's no damn place to pin up a pin-up?

Says the Tokyo radio: "The hardships which confront our seamen in the maintenance of supplies are beyond our imagination."

For News You Can't Get
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Daily and Monthly

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publication, not affiliated with
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NEED MONEY?---OFFICE HOURS 15TH AND 30TH EACH MONTH

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We've Got It, You Try and Get it

IN the limelight twice a month, and eagerly patronized on certain occasions, such as the day before leave, the Accounts Section, consisting of Pay accounts, Non-Public funds and Equipment, valiantly carries the load of providing Fingal personnel with shekels. Referred to by some of its own members as the "madhouse" of the station, one nevertheless finds here an intricate organization dominated by a vast number of regulations.

S/L McBurney, from Kitchener, Ontario, is the senior account officer in charge of the section. Besides being the heavy hand that guards the RCAF finances at Fingal, his is also the light hand that wins all badminton tournaments. F/L Harty, paymaster, and F/O "Flint" Shurly, non-public funds, complete the officer staff of the Account Section.

Everyone else is completely dominated by F/S Terry Lindey, he of the shorts and bobby socks. His kind heart and generous ways have won him many friends at Fingal. There are four who have rightly earned the title of members of "The Loyal Order of Venerable Fingal Accountants" as they have service of two years or more. The champion of the order is F/S Harry Lawrence, who came here on February 22nd, 1942, and then there are three of the original WD accountants still here, Corporals Gwen Dawson, Joan Gravel and Marg. Kennedy, who entered the portals of Fingal's Accounts Section on August 1, 1942.

Young, debonaire Sgt. David Chapple is a popular member of the Accounts Section despite his critical attitude when accepting vouchers at stores. His regular Friday call, "Fish Day Today," has lost none of its corn with the passing of

the years. Repatriated as a navigator and remustered to clerk accountant, F/S George Bellinger is now deeply involved checking vouchers at "A" Group Stores. He has become a welcome addition to the accounts staff.

Young, dark, good-looking Romeo (he's single, too) of the section—LAC Joe Baxter from Ottawa, is another check at stores. Our dances wouldn't be the same if Joe weren't there dancing with tall, blonde steno, Cpl. Frances Barden from Windsor. Posted here from Ottawa last September as an L.A.W. Fran little dreamed that inside of eight months she would be a corporal with more than a little work attached to it, as S/L McBurney's Joe girl. Cpl. Gwen "Digger" Dawson is in charge of registering and filing vouchers. If your section receives a hastener on some voucher that you failed to bring up, you'll know that "Digger" had something to do with it, and she's on the warpath again. So beware!

If you ever come up to the Accounts and see a desk piled high with vouchers, and a pair of blue eyes peering over the top, you will know that AW1 Shirley Mustard is busy filing again. Cheer up, Shirley, maybe some day they'll run out of vouchers. On the Articles in Use Ledger, Cpl. Joan Gravel ardently checks

The Gang 's All Here

the signatures on clearance sheets. If you haven't got the right "John Henry's" on your clearances, she'll send you back to do the rounds again. L.A.W. Emily Clements, a native of Chatham, Ont., works with Joan on the AIU ledger.

A newcomer to the section, L.A.W. Janet MacKenzie, came here from Weyburn, Sask., when that station closed. L.A.W. "Nicky" McKillop hails from Windsor and is proud of it. Her job is invoices, L.P.O.'s, L.O.F.'s and all the many forms to be signed and certified when anything from nails to furnaces is bought other than through the regular channels. "Nicky" complains that all her spending money goes for postage stamps. L.A.W. "Tommy" Thomson (spelled without the "p", please) is our own blonde bomber. She takes care of the trainees' pay, so step up, all you Air Bombers, WAG's and FE's, and get the gen on your pay. "Tommy" hails from the north country up around Gravenhurst way, and 'tis rumored that she frequently has to use her own private dog team to "mush" that twenty miles into the bush.

Cpl. Fran Mills, who is in charge of officers' and NCO's pay, is another hard-working pay accountant. But Fran's heart is in Charlottetown with her husband, Johnnie. Fran and Johnnie were married last December, as Observer readers know, but Johnnie's P.E.I. posting came soon after and now Fran's spare time is spent dreaming of that date she has with Johnnie in Charlottetown. Cpl. Marg. Kennedy is one of our original clerk accountants. Perhaps two years at Fingal is a trifle too long, or could it be that Marg.'s wistfully thinking of an overseas posting. When Marg. tears up and down

the corridor of the Admin. Building, there isn't any fire, she's just carrying on in the normal manner.

Cpl. J. Bryce Linklater, known variously as "The Botwood Kid" or "The Kincardine Flash," is a bachelor man in Pay Accounts. His advice and attention is constantly sought for by members of the staff.

"Our Lil" Ross is the steno for Pay Accounts. At any hour of the day you will find Lil surrounded by A2B's, A30's, G11's—just ask her the form—she'll name it. If ever you get posted, it'll be Lil who'll send out your pay sheet.

Back in the corner of the office sits "Charlie" Conner. Chuck is the man who looks after all the civilian personnel on the station, and a thorough job he does, too. Whenever a typewriter breaks down, Charlie is the man who sets things humming again. Charlie is not only i/c of civilians, but chief organizer of Accounts parties. He not only organizes the parties but keeps everyone laughing, even if he has to go so far as to get seasick in a rowboat. Charlie earned the title of the "best sailor on Lake Erie" by actually doing just that at one of the latest picnics.

Cpl. Barb Lawrence raises the roof when someone steals her flag off the map, showing Edson. It is in Alberta, and so small it doesn't rate a pin point, but it is in the West, which counts the most. Barb is very active in station sports.

Shrewd brunette, Mrs. Gilchrist, a local girl; mischievous L.A.W. "Bubbles" Hawkins, from the Sault; ledger-checking Peggy Wallace; and latest addition AW1 Grace Trapp, who is blonde and somewhat of a jive queen, complete the Account staff.

All in all a merry crew.

TRAINEE LEADERSHIP PROGRAM UNDERWAY

Don't Be Surprised If Your
Best Friend Blossoms
Forth a "Winco"

THE Trainee Leadership Program has been launched at Fingal. Trainees are appointed by roster to the ranks of Wing Commander, Squadron Leader all the way down the chain of command to corporal. The appointed trainee wears his rank on an arm badge, Air Bombers for two weeks, Wags for one week. At the end of that time a new set of trainee officers and NCO's are appointed and they take over the rank badges and the responsibility that goes with them.

The purpose of the program is to instill in aircrew graduates a sense of responsibility and leadership. The trainee learns what is expected of him as an officer or an NCO. He becomes experienced at squadron and wing drill, and he is acquainted with the relationship between officers and NCO's in the RCAF.

Through the trainee leadership program, all Air Bombers and Wags will have one or two turns at different ranks during their stay at Fingal. They will take over officer and NCO positions during the Commanding Officer's parades, assign hoisting parades and in the general application of discipline. Trainee officers will rate salutes from trainees and the trainees will eventually carry out their own orderly room cases.

The program has been inaugurated with course 111 Air Bombers, 112 Air Bombers and 85 Wags. Each incoming course will be added to the scheme until all trainees are in it.

Regular weekly orders will be posted, duty rosters drawn up and the whole trainee body will function as a self-contained unit. In this manner aircrew graduates will already have "gone through the mill" as far as administration, drill and department are concerned.

Keep In Touch With Fingal

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

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



BOMBING CREWROOM

Why the Panzers Surrendered

Here Is the Inside Dope on How We Beat the Germans at the
Gates to Alexandria

(Major Peter W. Rainier, who tells this extraordinary war story in his book, "Pipe Line to Battle," was for two years in charge of the water supply for the British Eighth Army in Africa.—Through the courtesy of Bulletin, Australian News Magazine.)

At El Alamein, on July 3, 1942, Rommel smashed our centre, and what was left of three Panzer divisions plunged through. Before nightfall they had covered half the 50 miles between Alamein and Alexandria.

The following day Rommel's men could see the towers of Alexandria, the goal for which they had striven through two years of bitter desert warfare. Rest, food, water—particularly water for their parched throats—seemed almost at arm's length. They started forward.

But suddenly a dust cloud rose in the desert between them and their prize. It was scuffed skyward by a remnant of our British army: 50 tanks, a few score field pieces, lorries filled with weary soldiers.

In this sector the enemy had about the same strength as we—their tanks had also been reduced to about 50, and they had an equal number of men, some 5,000. The only difference was in fire power; we had nothing to match the German 88's.

Great was the issue left to the valor of so few! Had we failed to stop Rommel's Panzers that morning, Alexandria must have fallen, all Africa would have been lost, Russia might well have been outflanked in the Caucasus, and the Axis tentacles could finally have stretched across Asia to join Japan.

All through that hot desert morning the opposing forces pounded at each other. Men on both sides were so close to exhaustion they could hardly see to aim through the sweat-packed sand caking their bloodshot eyes. Each army was close to the breaking point, even when the battle began. As soon as the grim will-to-fight had been drained to the last drop one or the other would collapse.

The sun was almost overhead, and our men were fast reaching the end of their endurance when the Nazis broke. Ten minutes more and it might have been we. Slowly, sullenly the Mark IV tanks lumbered back from their battle smoke.

And then an astounding, incredible thing happened. Eleven hundred men of the 90th Light Panzer Division, the elite of the Afrika-korps, came stumbling across the barren sand with their hands in the air. To have captured a mere handful of the 90th would have given a British regiment something to boast about for months; but for 1100 of them to surrender when escape lay open—that was nothing short of a miracle!

As the Nazis stumbled wearily closer the plot of that dread desert drama began to unfold. Cruelly cracked and black with coagulated blood, their swollen tongues were protruding from their mouths. Crazy they tore water bottles from the necks of our men and poured lifesaving swallows between their parched lips.

Later I talked with some of them. When they had broken through Alamein the day before, they had already been 24 hours without water. But at our overrun defences they found a six-inch water pipeline. At various points along a two-mile stretch, where it was above ground, they shot holes in it and men dropped to their knees to drink the cool, gushing stream. They took great gulps before their parched throats gave a belated warning—the water was salt.

All night those men suffered unspeakably. Only the lure of quenching their thirst in Alexandria sustained them through the hours of that grim desert battle next morning. But when the Nazis' tanks turned tail the infantrymen could bear the agony no longer. In a mass they started for our side—and fresh water.

Why was that pipeline full of salt water? As the officer responsible for supplying the Eighth Army with water through all its desert campaigns, I can give the answer. The pipeline was a new one, and I never wasted precious fresh water in testing a line: I always used salt water. If the Panzers had punched through Alamein the day before, that pipeline would have been empty. Two days later it would have been full of fresh water.

The balance of that crucial desert battle was so even that I believe the enemy without that salted torture—might have outlasted us. And then defenceless Alexandria would have fallen into their hands.

On so small a turn of fate is history written!

A sweet young thing: "I'm very discouraged. Everything I do seems to be wrong."

Armament Sergeant: "Is that right? What are you doing Saturday night?"

A REPORTER'S RE- PORT FROM OTTAWA

Former Observer Editor Gives
Us the Lowdown From
Rockcliffe

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN
Observer's Ottawa Correspondent

Ottawa.—If you think you leave Fingal behind when you're posted, think again. No sooner had we landed at Rockcliffe than we bumped into Cpl. Helen Gibb, Pilot Officer John Weary, WO2 Richardson, F/Sgt. Bennie D'Entremont, LAC Drummond . . . and dozens of others. Officer commanding the mail squadron is W/C Fraser, DFC, who used to be C.I. at Fingal. Our room-mate is F/Sgt. Maxie Pagon, former Fingal gunnery instructor. So you see, you can't escape 'em, wherever you are.

Most of 'em wish they were back at dear old No. 4 B. & G. That swimmin' pool is something we all envy you.

F/L Bruce Servos' ex-employees who are here were delighted to hear of his promotion to squadron leader. Personally, we always thought he was a pretty swell guy, and we'd like to take this opportunity of thanking him for everything he did for us, everything.

One thing about Rockcliffe that gets a newcomer in its vastness. It's so darn big some sections need M.T. to get to lunch and back to work; no kidding. There are over 20 units based here, from WD rookies, from repats to development flight to entertainment unit . . . so you get an idea of the size and scope of this place.

Most Fingalites are glad to get back to Fingal, eh, Cpl. Ralston?

CALLING ALL NEWSPAPER MEN

Attention, newspapermen!
We have been informed that there are several former newsmen hiding out on this station. The Observer needs men with experience—reporters, desk men, advertising men, cartoonists, artists, or anybody with journalistic experience. There are no fifty-a-week salaries, but at least it will be like old times. You may even hear the ancient city room jokes again. Drop around to the "Y" office and have a chat. And, as for you other guys and gals, if you'd like to learn how to be a reporter—well, come and see us.

You made hay
While the sun was bright,
I sowed wild oats
By the moon at night;
Your hay is stacked
In bundles neat,
But the lingering taste
Of the oats is sweet.

PICTURE PAGE

The pictures on the opposite page were taken the day and evening of July 4th, at the time of the official opening of the Sports Pavilion. A good crowd was on hand and a good time was had by all.

Grand Opening, July 4th



MURDERERS, PICKPOCKETS ALIENS AND SPIES

A Policeman's Lot Is Not a 'Appy One, Writes Former London Bobby to Observer

By LAC K. A. HOGG

HAVING tried several jobs and found that they were non-remunerative or entailed too much work, I looked around for one in crime, but I had to decide whether to become pursued or pursuer. Not having the courage to use my criminal tendencies I turned "cop," or as politely put in the leaflet, police officer (actually this I understand is derived from peace officer). After completing various forms, passing required exams and a selection board, who had previously looked into my record and passed over the half dozen or so technical convictions, I was directed to attend Peel House, London, for thirteen weeks' training. Thus I entered into the service of the Metropolitan Police. After the training I was given a uniform, posted to a station and let loose on the unsuspecting people of the London metropolis.

The life of a uniformed cop is certainly nice—eight hours a day, extra time off if incurred through attending courts, etc., in your own time, one day a week off and twelve days' annual leave a year. I strolled around, lord of all I surveyed. Occasionally I summoned some unfortunate for shaking door mats before 8 a.m. or "knocked off" (arrested) some drunk, and occasionally reported an accident. The London bobby is more of an institution than anything else, and no matter what a person's troubles are, the sight of the bobby on the beat relieves his or her mind. Sometimes I did point duty, escorted processions, and other general duties. It was a nice life, but I found that a good income and a lazy time was boring. Therefore I looked in to the other branches of the service.

The mounted branch seemed interesting, but I did not particularly like horses; the Thames or River division seemed all right in summer, but in winter definitely no. Therefore, I tried the C.I.D. (Criminal Investigation Dept.). On application they told me to put my uniform away and patrol the streets for about six months and if my efforts were good and I found enough criminals, they would consider me. Accordingly, with another chap, I roamed the streets and peered at everyone to see if he looked like a criminal. Here, I might add, I am still addicted to this habit and often study station personnel with some surprising results, sometimes getting so engrossed that I forget to salute. I am afraid that permission will not be given to publish my conclusions.

To continue; having selected a definite criminal type, I would dog his or her footsteps waiting for the dirty deed to take place. After a while I got to know the local thieves by sight and could pick out the strangers in the district. One can get information at a price from certain doubtful characters, if you can understand their lingo. I would meet someone in the local rub-a-club (public house) and he would tell me that he had seen Bill Smith taking "a ball of chalk" (walk) down the "frog and toad" (road) with a "groin" (ring) which was "hot" (stolen), accordingly I would find Bill Smith and "frisk" (search) him and probably find the stolen property on him. Often, though, I'd make an arrest when least expecting it.

I remember one night, about 4 a.m., and in the height of the blitz,

we were taking a short cut through back alleys, when we saw some youths, about 20 years old, unloading a lorry and taking the goods into a private house. There were four of them, so while they were all in the house we looked in the lorry and found it was full of cigarettes. We knew this was a dangerous gang, whose method of operation was to select a tobaccoist with a fresh stock of cigarettes in, go there by lorry and when the guns were blasting away, and no one about, smash the front door down, enter and load up their lorry with cigarettes and drive off. They had been operating for about three months. There were only two of us, but we decided to enter the house anyway. When we got in they tried to escape, but we had them covered, so they came quietly.

SHORTLY after this I was confirmed as a C.I.D. officer and transferred to another station. Here I was told that I must work all hours of the day and night and devote all my time to the police. This idea was later adopted by the RAF and RCAF. I found that except for a couple of hours off in the afternoon, I was working till 11 p.m. and often later. Quite frequently I would get called out of my bed on an urgent case. The work was quite interesting; investigating any crime reported, searching premises for clues, etc. Crime had to be dealt with by the C.I.D., so we would work till we cleared the case up. Often it would mean interrogating people for long periods to decide whether or not they were in the clear. Of course, one can quite easily slip in estimating a person. One day a youth was brought to the station as a suspect. He had been found loitering around good class houses, but on interrogation he produced good credentials and told a very plausible story. He said he was without money and was walking to a nearby district to obtain work. He appeared very genuine, so we passed the hat around, collected some money for him and sent him on his way. A few days later another station phoned to say he was in custody there and admitted offences in our section. As you can guess, we were quite crestfallen.

Murder cases often are very tedious as every little clue must be followed, no matter where it leads, until the murderer is caught. We also dealt with aliens and sometimes spies. One day a locket was sent to us "through the usual chan-

It Couldn't Happen Here

By LAW EDYTHE ENOS

We have all seen the aircrew wandering about the station with those over-sized shopping bags that contain all their books and what-nots for the day's work. They no doubt contain all that is necessary and nothing more. Had they been issued to the WD's we would perhaps have found: a comb with a long tail on it and one with the long tail broken off, doubtless the short one was broken last week, but couldn't be found one night in a hurry, so the other one was bought in its place; a case of lipstick with nothing in it and one with very little in it, and one that's full but is the wrong shade. The empty one is hoarded 'cause she might like the container for something sometime. Hidden in the bottom of the bag are a couple of powder puffs, to match each different box of powder. The boxes have been shoved in with the top not quite on, so the inside of the satchel looks like a flour factory's sacking room.

We'd also probably find an extra pair of stockings tucked away in one corner just in case of a run, then she won't be caught short. Oh, yes, a couple of magazines to be read sometime or other when things get slow, several packages of cigarettes, gum and life-savers, most of them empty.

We're not through yet. Here's her "I" card, an old border pass for going to the States, dated in January, a billfold with all the bills tucked away so neatly they can't be found or even noticed when the fold is opened, a mirror, all her latest love letters and some old ones too, plus pictures of the senders. So—now we know why bags are not issued to girls.

nels" suspecting an alleged spy. Evidently everybody had had a go at it without success. The gist of it: a man, lodging at a house, was going out dressed as a woman, of a night, telling his landlady he was meeting his chief and was frightened of attack by foreign agents as he was much wanted by them. We traced the man's history and eventually arrested him accosting people for an immoral purpose. I must say he was certainly attractive and very well dressed, and would pass anywhere for a woman, having adorned himself with magnificent artificial curves. So ended the big spy case.

IT would appear that we see only the very sordid side of life, but this is not so. We do see real life and mix with every type of person there is, both thief and loser. I have made many good friends through my work, as well as having had an opportunity to meet every type and class of person. I have learned to adjust myself to the company I am in. It was with great regret that I eventually forced myself to volunteer for the RAF. I had been all through the London blitz. When the raids still continued, I found myself furious at just standing around waiting to be hit. All my pals had either volunteered or been conscripted, many of them already killed in action. I therefore signed on the dotted line for better or for worse to have a go at Jerric. You guessed it—I'm still waiting.



VITAL STATISTICS

BORN

A daughter, Lynn Ann, to LAC and Mrs. J. C. Sutherland.
A daughter, Diane, to F/O and Mrs. J. Roy.
A daughter, Sandra Jean Rose, to LAC and Mrs. Jaques.
A son, Robert Boyd, to Sgt. and Mrs. R. Richardson.
A daughter, Joyce Irene, to Cpl. and Mrs. D. Peckman.
A daughter, Margaret Ann, to Sgt. and Mrs. I. Leckie.
A daughter, Daleanne Maureen, to P/O and Mrs. D. Taylor.
A son, Robert David, to F/O and Mrs. W. Beggs.

MARRIED

LAC Robert Singleton to Ruth Murray, at Apple Hill, Ontario.
P/O Joe Milner to Mary Landreville, at London, Ontario.
LAC Warnes, A. G., to Jessie Matheson, at Petrolia, Ontario.
F/O Beck to Jean Koehler at London, Ontario.
P/O Byers to Carolyn Pow, at Woodhouse, Ontario.
Sgt. Thomas Scott to LAW Barbara Thomson in Hostess House, at Fingal.
Sgt. Springings, G. A., to Greta Marvin, at Hillier, Ontario.
P/O Ferguson to Frances Lucas, at Toronto, Ontario.
LAC Grouhet, J. E., to Kathleen Rowlick, at Edmonton, Alta.
LAC McKimm, R. A., to Barbara Grace McGurh, at Guelph, Ontario.
F/O Masters to Lillian Lindsay, at Winnipeg, Man.
P/O Lawrence to Jessie Walker, at Sarnia, Ontario.
Cpl. Hudson, W. F., to Luella Bell, at London, Ontario.
LAC Shepperson, S. K., to Isobella Barlow, at Toronto, Ontario.
Cpl. Pretty, M. L., to LAC Lobban, R. C., in Toronto, Ontario.
Cpl. Wilson, M., to Patrick West, at London, Ontario.
F/O Strachan, K. M. C., to Louise Slattery, at St. Thomas, Ontario.
ACI Corner, J. W., to Elizabeth Zavitz, at Sparta, Ontario.



Ten years in the service—and he can still smile. Meet WO2 Bill Refausse, master mechanic and technical warrant officer of servicing squadron. Before enlisting in 1934, Bill was a master printer in Toronto. A keen sportsman, he once captained the champ Camp Borden soccer team. At Fingal he's a badminton shark.

THEY DISH IT OUT!



TONS OF FOOD WITHOUT COMPLAINT KEYNOTES FINGAL MESSES

Francois of the Waldorf Could Take Some Lessons From Our Own Chefs

By P/O J. TACKABERRY
YES, without hesitation, it can be said that the food emporiums at Fingal are among the best in the country.

There are reasons, of course, many of them, and they all date back to "The way to a man's heart is by way of his stomach, in love and war."

Many a man has been won by his girl friend's culinary skill. All who know service life are acquainted with the fact that, as the food, also the effort put forth by airmen and airwomen alike.

Giving traction to the above thought, very able senior messing officer S/O Kennish and her capable staff have put forth every effort to maintain the highest quality of messing service for Fingalites.

S/O Kennish has a world of experience in handling supplies and feeding both large and small groups of people. Making hash taste like a \$2.00 steak is not easy, even at Fingal, but from the Colgate smiles and satisfied looks of the inmates, we'd say she was doing a very good job.

Flight Sergeant Davies, chief of staff, says, and we quote, "Few people have ever given thought to the gentle art of preparing a meal for a thousand men and women, and the painstaking effort necessary on the part of a few people." Where, check with the remusters from overseas for verifications, the tricks of a prestidigitator (magician to you), have to be called on quite frequently. The flight enjoys the company of two repats who lift some of the heavy load from his shoulders—among whom are Cpl. Walker, with four years' Air Force experience, and LAC Forde, with a dirth of pre-war civilian experience. We figure the flight should know. He has been catering to public whims and fancies for years

and has handled messing in isolated Labrador.

LAC Forde, along with AC1 Paine, are two of the "too few RCAF chefs," as Flt. Davies expresses it.

It was plain to see that interviewing such notables was going to bring forth a wealth of information for a tribute to "Our Messes."

THE meat end of the business seemed pretty important, so we approached Cpl. Catton, butcher de luxe, the man who gives mileage to meat. The corporal has forty years' experience behind him and he does know meat. He pointed out a few cold facts (on cold cuts) which actually stunned us.

I quote the corporal: "Meat comes to the station in the form of rations, big portions and small. Sometimes in steaks. Sometimes in rumps." At this point the corporal pointed to some nice, big, luscious steaks.

"These," said he, "go to the officers' and NCO's messes."

"Whoa," said I. "It has always been the complaint that officers and NCO's receive the choice cuts."

"That may seem to be the case," continued the corporal. "However, if we were to assign these particular cuts to the O.R. mess, we could not possibly get by on the rations allowed, because of wastage. When we use the large cuts for the O.R. mess, not one ounce is wasted and an actual monetary profit is obtained."

"For example, we obtain barrels of lard from bones and fat. And head cheese, sausages and peameal bacon from the leftovers. Moreover, an average of around \$35 per month is turned over to non-public funds from the sale of grease from unusable bone surplus."

That, if you've read this far, is



mileage what is mileage. Not a pound of lard has been bought since November 21, 1941, with what lard we receive on rations. We may gather the reason why there is \$635 a month for those delicious desserts. The latter has now been increased to \$1,535 per month by the addition of a \$900 grant. No wonder you all look so healthy. Of course, the mess gets rid of a great deal of food. LAC Joe Pollock helps Cpl. Catton carve up something like 1,000 pounds of pork and lamb a week, 800 pounds of bason, and better than 400 pounds of beef.

Needless to say, one or two or even three people simply could not handle or serve such great quantities of food, so S/O Kennish and Flt. Davies must have a large, but not large enough, able staff.

LAW Husson and AW1 Bantam are in the dough—in the bake shop, and a mighty fine job they do, too. The pastry on this station is "just like mother used to try to make."

LAC's McKibbin and Murphy control distribution of small type rations.

Cpl. Labbon (Pretty) WD, handles quite a number of those pretty little gals who serve you so efficiently, included among whom are AW1 Hughes, LAW Pinnow, AW1 Borisofsky and AW1's Masterson, Heares and Toomey.

Aircrew under training get a little practice in all jobs. "Don't we know it!"

THE entire kitchen staff is very ably supported by 24 capable civilians.

Over at the NCO's mess, LAW's Heale, Burell and Krockner and Hadeau and Cole, under the capable supervision and management of Sgt. Brown, keep such vigorous men as Sgt. Armstrong and Flt. Sgt. Canzano happy.

Up at the Officers' Mess, Cpls. Arnold and Moore (WD) keep the gals stepping, and they do a mighty fine job. Cpl. Arnold and her able assistants, LAW's Sura, Fox and Sexsmith, play musical chairs three times a day.

Cpl. Moore, trim and competent, governs a fairly large staff of chefs and food preparers, included among whom are LAW's Tucker, Fuller, Crown and Johnstone.

Things haven't been the same, though, since Lucy Lush disappeared.

Keep up the good reputation, folks.

The thing that makes Hitler worry about the underground is that they are planning to make him part of it.

HAIR, HAIR NOW



HAIR CURLING EVENTS AT FINGAL

WD's Have New Beauty Parlor Operated by Former Hairdresser

By LAW E. LOOSELEY

IT may be pure coincidence that a hairdressing parlor for WD's has blossomed into being along with the geraniums on every window sill! But whatever the cause, the long heralded establishment is now open for business in the WD canteen.

We, ourselves, are particularly grateful as we have not forgotten our first C.O.'s parade at Fingal. We were doing our best to struggle with a mop of hair which shrieked aloud for a permanent. We even had a distant appointment for the same several weeks ahead. It was our first appearance on our first station and in those days we tried to please! It was a shock, standing rigidly at attention, to receive a poke in the back from the C.O. himself, accompanied by a short, curt bark, "Hair!". Our dismay was further increased when our name was duly inscribed in a small, black book by the attendant sergeant-major. A few evenings later, while pounding out an hour's drill, we brooded on the diabolic meanness of a system which made it impossible for us to leave the station to

get the very thing which we were condemned for not having! Looking back, philosophically, on this early bitterness, we realize that the Air Force has our welfare at heart—it merely takes time to express its kindly interest!

WD's may now make appointments for shampoos and finger-waves until 5.30 every day, and on Monday, Wednesday and Thursday evenings. LAW Stewart, the presiding genius, is an experienced hairdresser—witness the signed certificate tacked up on the wall. In the Air Force she remustered to her former trade and is thoroughly prepared to tackle any of the tonsorial problems presented by Fingal's WD's. True, her styles are influenced more by Air Force requirements than the pages of Vogue, or Harper's Bazaar; but it's her job to turn out smart-looking airwomen, not long-haired lovelies.

The room itself is most attractive—blue walls, wine and rose drapes, two wine chairs, a dressing table with a round mirror, and two new and modern driers. All this elegance is topped off by the swish black sink, complete with tip-back chair and tray.

WD's emerging from the "Blue Room," pink about the face and curled about the head, expressed themselves more than satisfied. It may not be "Charles of the Ritz," but once again Fingal has come through with a service that will do a lot to raise morale (male as well as female).

She: "I'm perfect."
AC2 McGloat: "I'm practice."

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE THERE'S FIRE---SAY FIREMEN

Over 36 Years of Fire-fighting Experience Background of the Fingal Fighters—Firemen Work on 24-Hour Shift To Ensure Our Safety

FINGAL can brag of having the most modern fire-fighting equipment available; manned by experienced flame-killers. Of course, the station and personnel rate this protection—but do we appreciate it?

F/S Gillian, a former Bronte fireman, is Fingal's chief fire-eater. His crew of 11 include: 3 ex-Toronto fire-fighters, namely, Sgt. Chandler, who has 23 years' service with the Toronto fire department, and Cpl. Cain, 10 years with the Toronto fire department, and LAC Arnold, also with three years Toronto experience. Combining with these Toronto the Good fighters are a group of LAC's supplying the extra manpower required. They are as follows: LAC's Arnold, Firth, Jarrett, Goodwin, Alexander, Morse, Mooney and the just-married Warnes. Their O/C, Flying Officer Gilson, reports 100 per cent co-operation from his men.

No soft touch have they, for they work a 24-hour shift, which starts each morning at 0800 hours. The shift includes one crash tender, one man on patrol, one man repairing and checking extinguishers, and three men standing by for emergencies. The catch comes on weekend passes, leaves, etc., the ones remaining are on a long, tedious night and day shift.

A daily reminder of our blazing buddies occurs each day at noon hour when a different box is tested, giving us FINGAL FIRE TIME. This also ensures us of efficient alarm system operation. The station is divided into seven zones, each being checked weekly, including the fire hoses, alarms and extinguishers in each section. Other jobs include the cleaning of the two fire red trucks and keeping them in tip top shape. These trucks are equipped with a governor, allowing a speed of 45 miles per hour for safety—which is fast enough around corners.

THE fire hall itself is equipped with a \$12,000 Northern Electric ticker tape system which is second to none. It is a combination electric and battery outfit, making it foolproof even in electric storms. On an alarm being sounded the fire hall siren automatically blasts; the ticker tape records the location of the fire box used and without any delay the call can be accurately responded to within two minutes to any point on the station. In one second, by means of a card index system, the firemen can tell the type and location of any extinguisher placed on the grounds. Briefly, you must realize that fire is a serious hazard on any flying station and is given its just treatment by our Fingal fire department.

The chief, on being interviewed, stated "Our biggest job is to stop 'em starting 'em." Fires in ash cans caused by cigarettes—pump tanks used for cleaning windows, are both acts seriously frowned upon.

These extinguished (distinguished) firemen are deserving of a lot of credit and the least we can do is give them our complete co-operation.

He: "I'm a man of few words. Do you kiss?"

She: "Well, usually I don't, but you've talked me into it."

He: "Skip it—it took you too long to make up your mind."

THE LIVES OF A FINGAL DANCER

Or—It Shouldn't Happen To You

A grimy hand reached out and snatched DRO's from its dusty place on the wall. A gasp, then a foul epithet, was spat from the uneven line that formed the Fingal Dancer's mouth. There lay the weapon; the blow had come. Leering before him stood—the date—the name—and those torturous words—DUTY WATCH.

Night falls on Fingal. The gurgling of a hundred throats filtered out the canteen windows as the Dancer approached this scene for his first night's duty.

Flinging back his wrinkled cloak (K.D.) he stepped inside the door. The nervous twitching of his nostrils increased as a billow of biting smoke enveloped him. His half-closed eyes travelled slowly about the room and the memory of a thousand nights burned his mind: nights when he had sat with sodden comrades gleefully tearing Labatt labels from frosted bottles of benign brew.

With the menacing challenge of the S.W.O. still fresh in his ears he sought solace away from his hazy throng. Seated on a chrome chair, he fought bravely the magnetic urge that drew him from his imposed milkshake diet. And, as if in mockery, the cultured strains of "Salomey" and "The Key-Hole in the Door" surged from the merry-makers and fell like a teasing feather on the Dancer's ticklish ear.

At last! The last men had left. The sorry remains of another night of delight lay strewn in a sea of havoc. A quick sweep and all would be finished. The broom flopped from the Dancer's trembling hands. His heart pounded. His pulse raced. There the orphan stood as yet, untouched by human lips—snowy foam still crowned its sparkling glory. A full bottle had been forgotten! His hand lunged out and in the same motion the bottle was at his lips. But too late—the Orderly Officer had arrived—his retinue flanking him. The night was done.

Asked to comment on duty watch, the Dancer was alleged to have said: "#\$%(XXX@&&#&#!"



AIR CADETS WIN BEACHHEADS AT FINGAL

Enthusiastic Cadets Arrive to Spend Part of Their Summer, Undergoing Training

THEY came, they saw, they conquered. Four waves of enthusiastic, clamoring mites have laid siege to Fingal this summer. The airmen's canteen was quickly conquered and occupied. The post office was subject to their commando attacks. Amphibious operations were carried out to and from the swimming pool and the WD's were afraid to venture out after dark.

In other words, Air Cadets from Sarnia, Guelph, Paris, Simcoe, Toronto, Hamilton, Chelsea, Clatham and Waterloo are passing through Fingal on their summer tour of Air Force camps. Each Air Cadet visits four camps during the summer and spends 10 days at each unit. They undergo intensive courses in Armament, Aircraft Rec., Meteorology, Range Firing, Drill, and they partake of tarmac duty, becoming familiar with the maintenance set-up.

As an added treat, each Air Cadet is given a flip in an aircraft, which they enjoy no end. In spite of such a laborious routine of study and drill, the Air Cadets muster energy to put on their concerts in the Recreation Hall, werner roasts and sports meets. Their precision drill and smart bearing is the envy of airmen and airwomen all over the camp. The Sarnia Air Cadet Band, which was here with the first batch of Cadets, featured clarinetist Jack Jacques, a wee lad slightly bigger than his own clarinet. Exempt from drill because of his youth, he nevertheless insisted on being on every drill parade, exemplifying the spirit of the Air Cadets.

Sent here from No. 1 Training Command, Flying Officer Sneath, F/S Downey, Sgt. Goff and Cpl. Calford provided able and inspiring leadership for the Cadet summer work at Fingal.

The Air Cadets said they enjoyed themselves, and their habit of throwing F/S Downey and Sgt. Goff into the showers was purely

a method of expressing their appreciation. When the summer ends and the last of the Air Cadets depart, Fingalites will miss their energetic presence.

A LETTER TO---

Dear ---:

You will probably be shocked at my forwardness in this letter to you.

Considerable time has elapsed since our first meeting. But at last I have decided to tell you the bare facts.

As you know, when I first met you my feelings toward you were friendly and nothing more, but as days and weeks went by, that feeling grew into something more beautiful and sincere. I never dreamed that such a problem would ever enter my mind or life, yet here it is.

I don't know whether it is proper or even fair to ask this question. However, I do know what your answer will be and hope you will be fair enough never to mention it to anyone. So please don't think it is a habit of mine.

In replying, please be positive, sincere and above all, truthful.

Now, lay aside all friendship and modesty and please tell me . . . do you think the Lone Ranger should get a new horse or join the Navy?

Forever yours,

There's a story going around about the Jap prisoner who asked an American sailor why the American Navy always wins in major engagements.

"That's because we pray before we start fighting," said the sailor.

"But so do we," protested the Jap.

"Yeh," replied the gob, "but who could understand you guys?"

POST-WAR PLANNING

Here Is the Second of a Series of Articles on What's in Store After the War—Cut Them Out And Keep Them

The objective of Canada's plan for the rehabilitation of her armed forces is that every man or woman discharged from the forces shall be in a position to earn a living. The policy has been carried out with this in mind. The plan consists of giving discharged service personnel, where possible, the necessary skill and training to help themselves. Financial security is assured while training or while seeking employment. Financial assistance is given to those who embark on private enterprise during the period they are awaiting returns from that private enterprise. There is medical treatment for those in need of treatment. There is financial assistance during the period of this treatment and there is compensation by way of pension for those handicapped in civil life as a result of war service.

The Canadian program of rehabilitation of its ex-service personnel can succeed only to the extent that ex-service personnel are prepared to help themselves and to the extent that employers will provide opportunity. It cannot help those who have no desire to help themselves, but the planning has been predicated on the belief that few of those who have enlisted will come into this category.

The leaders of the future Canada must come, in large measure, from the young people who did not count cost when they volunteered to serve their country. Because of this the opportunities for training and completion of education are not stinted.

Canada wants its sailors, its soldiers and its airmen, and the members of the various women's services, to take the widest possible advantage of the facilities which have been made available to them.

When John Brown, ex-sailor, soldier or airman, or Mary Smith, ex-member of the women's services, is ready for civilian occupation again, many courses are open. They may want to return to their old jobs, they may want to learn a new trade, they may want to complete their education or need some assistance after starting business for themselves. The desire may be to have a part in Canada's great agricultural industry or to own a home with three or four acres of land on the outskirts of the community where they are regularly employed. All these things are available and towards them all ex-members of the services are eligible for Departmental, and if necessary, financial assistance.

The program applies equally to men and women in the services. There are a few regulations in regard to grants which apply specifically to women. These are noted in this booklet wherever they occur. In the main, however, it may be taken that women have identical opportunities with men and references in this booklet to ex-service men should be taken as applying equally to women.

As before noted, the responsibility of re-establishing service personnel in civilian occupation is threefold: it is the responsi-

bility of government to see that they are not penalized through their war service; it is the responsibility of the men and women to help themselves through the facilities which the government has established. The third responsibility is that of employers of labor and the Canadian public, as a whole. They must provide opportunity.

Much can be done by the government through legislation, but much more can be done by the service people themselves and by those who ultimately will become their employers.

The main job now is to win the war. No one questions that and no one wants to take time off for anything that will slow up victory by a single day.

Even in all armed forces, except those actually in the front line engaged in operations against the enemy, there is usually some spare time. Service personnel will want to use some of this spare time for recreation—and if they are really interested in their future after the war, they will want to use some of those free hours to do a little thinking and planning about it.

"That's all very well," the Service man may say, "but what can I do now?"

Even if he has a job to return to, he may find it profitable to do some of these things:

(a) Read books on his trade or profession or the one in which he is interested. These can be obtained from Naval Schoolmasters and Army and Air Force Educational Officers.

(b) Take one of the correspondence courses available free to Service men and women.

(c) Attend lectures and discussions on post-war affairs.

Perhaps the Service man may not be sure what type of work suits his abilities best. Tests are being developed which give a pretty clear idea of the fields of work in which a man or woman is most likely to be successful.

No one knows when or how this war will end, so no one knows all the answers about demobilization. Some plans cannot be made until the last shot is fired.

The three Services will not always handle things in exactly the same way, because their organization is different. However, certain basic plans applying to the Navy, the Army and the Air Force have been made. They are included in this booklet for the information of Service personnel.

Every opportunity will be provided for Service personnel to put to good use the period of time between the cessation of hostilities and the day of discharge. They will be able to take up educational and vocational studies to prepare for their return to civilian life. Any courses taken overseas will be linked up with courses in Canada so that upon return from overseas studies may be continued, if desired.

There are many factors to be considered and at this time no more can be said than that the fairest possible system under existing circumstances will be employed.

FRIENDLY HAZING INITIATES AIRWOMEN TO SERVICE LIFE

Canadian Girls Demonstrate That They Can "Take It"

By CPL. EDITH B. MOTLEY

(Editor's note: This is the third of a series of articles written for Canadian newspapers by Cpl. Edith B. Motley of AFHQ.)

IN a spirit of schoolboy friendliness, airmen love to tease a newcomer, and airwomen arriving on stations offer wonderful opportunities for wit. No tenderfoot goes through more hazing; no freshman a tougher initiation; no office boy falls into more booby traps than the little sister of the service.

They will send her to the laundry to pick up the propeller wash, to the kitchen of the airmen's mess to borrow a compass bow.

"Sgt. Possy is in charge of the station gardening project. Ask him if he's got any compass roses. I want to send one to my mother"—and away trudges a little AW intent on winning the war.

"Do you know what a cardinal point is?" thunders an NCO, and a WD comes back sturdily, "No, but I'll ask the R.C. padre."

"Flights B and C want to have a ball game," says another wag. "Run over to the sports director and ask him if we can have the magnetic field to play in." Or—"We want to have a bonfire and we need logs. All the pilots keep logs; ask them if we can have some of theirs."

One airwoman was instructed to go on an impossible errand that would take her far out of bounds into the no-woman's-land beyond the tarmac. She knew that something was amiss, but could not recognize what, so she kept a perfect poker-face. "Shall I ask permission before going out?" she inquired.

Her tormentor was delighted at this additional funmaker. "Yes, ask either Wing Commander A or Wing Commander B," he said, expecting her to be overcome with timidity at the big names. What he did not know—because she had never told him—was that her own brother was a wing commander, and senior of-



"A PAIL FULL FROM THE SLIP STREAM PLS"

ficers were just men to her. She had respect for rank but no fear.

"Right, sergeant," she said, turning away smartly. Was the little nunny actually going to do it? "Hey—" he roared after her, "you'd better wait till tomorrow."

Like teasing brothers, airmen have regarded airwomen as their game, but the girls themselves have

proved just how game they are. So game that now boys are boasting about them.

HERE she was," Smith told the Sergeants' Mess, "halfway up the ladder before I had a chance to tell her I was fooling. Believe me, she had me scared, but she—she didn't turn a hair. I tell you, that kid's got—er—grit."

OPERA STAR AT OPENING DANCE

Coe Glade of Concert and Radio Fame Here For Pavilion Opening

The evening of July 4th was more than just a grand opening of the Sports Pavilion. It was an evening when the true spirit of the old station fully reflected itself. It was a day memorable for old and new friendships, for good clean fun and for honest sportsmanship. Furthermore, it served to introduce to us a most personable and really great American artist in Coe Glade, celebrated mezzo-soprano of San Carlo Opera Co., of concert and radio fame.

In opera circles throughout the continent and United States the name of Coe Glade is immediately associated with Bizet's opera "Carmen," in which she plays the exacting role of Carmen, the exotic cigarette girl, with such depth of feeling that she has been rightly styled the greatest portrayer of the part today. We were very much honored that arrangements could be made for the station to hear her prior to her performance at the Promenade symphony concert on Thursday, the 6th, and for this we are greatly indebted to our entertainment committee for making arrangements with the management of the Promenade Concerts in Toronto.

Miss Glade hails from Chicago and has received most of her training in the United States, although she has travelled extensively abroad where she sang with considerable success. She made an intensive

study of dramatics, prepared for the concert stage as a pianist and appeared professionally as a dancer before making her operatic debut.

The winning personality and beautifully modulated voice of our guest artist won immediate attention and it was with great delight that we heard her sing two arias from the opera with which her name is so much associated. Always gracious, Miss Glade responded generously with her encores, including "Danny Boy," and upon request from the audience, "The Star-Spangled Banner," which was appropriately rendered and enthusiastically received by the ever attentive audience. Special mention should be made that our guest artist cancelled an engagement in Cincinnati in order to appear at our station and for this the C.O. and personnel of Fingal will long be grateful.

FINGAL OBSERVER

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The Daily Fingal Observer is distributed daily to every section on the camp. The Monthly Fingal Observer is distributed free to all Fingal personnel in the last pay parade of each month.
All news must be in the hands of the Editor not later than the 15th day of each month.

FINGAL FLIERS ARE DECORATED

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS
F/O C. A. S. Drew,
83 Sqn., RAF.

This officer has an outstanding record of success in bombing the enemy's most heavily defended targets. On one sortie his bomb-aiming compartment was severely damaged by heavy anti-aircraft fire, and on another an incendiary bomb completely wrecked the turret and severed his oxygen connections.

Although dazed, he continued verbally to direct his pilot on the bombing run.
W.O. George Dennis Murray,
34 Sqn., RAF.

A most capable and efficient air-gunner, W.O. Murray has at all times displayed great devotion to duty and a fine fighting spirit. He has participated in many night bombing attacks against some of the enemy's heavily defended targets, skillfully directing his captain to avoid searchlights and anti-aircraft fire.
P/O George Lindsay Vogan,
No. 427 Sqn., RCAF.

P/O Vogan has completed many successful operations against the enemy in which he has displayed high skill, fortitude and devotion to duty.

F/O McDonald Charles Tucker,
424 Sqn., RCAF.
P/O William Almer Thompson,
432 Sqn., RCAF.
F/L John Luther Witbeck,
423 Sqn., RCAF.
F/O Leslie James Toms,
419 Sqn., RCAF.
F/O Wilkie William Alexander Wanless,
20 O.T.U., RAF (prisoner of war).
W.O. Kenneth Leo Barlow,
31 Sqn., RAF.

AWARDED THE BAR
A/F/L Gordon Henry Francis Carter,
D.F.C., 3 Sqn., RAF.
This officer is a most determined and reliable navigator. Since being awarded the D.F.C. he has performed his duties with exceptional accuracy, resulting in the successful completion of many missions. He has continued to display outstanding enthusiasm for operational flying with marked ability and great devotion to duty.

YE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

Sir: From time to time you have let it be known in the pages of the F. O. that you would like to hear from "Fingalites" as to what has become of them in their subsequent service careers. Though I have not very much real news to give you. I thought that I would take this opportunity to write to you as I have a few scraps that may be of interest.

But first, I think that I should introduce myself—I am P/O H. G. O'Connor, ex-member of 88A Air-Bombers. As far as I know most of the members of 88 course are now at various stages of their post-graduation training. The only news that I have of any particular individual is of Sgt. McNeill, a member of the Fingal soccer eleven. He has, I regret to say, become our first casualty—he was killed during a training flight.

Quite a high proportion of the A/B's now at my present station are Fingal old boys. Amongst them is Sgt. Sandy Munro, who you may remember appeared on the station in his kilt. I should like to say thanks a lot on behalf of us both for the copies of the Observer that have reached us to date and to ask you to address all future copies to Sgt. Munro at "Cross Roads Inn," East Kilbride, Lanarkshire, Scotland, instead of his Glasgow address, which you hold at present.

Though many of the personalities now appearing in the Observer are unfamiliar to us, I know that the arrival of a copy creates a major diversion from the "routine" for all the Fingalites with whom I have come into contact in this country.

For the present this is all that I have to tell, so with best wishes to you, the Observer and all the personnel of 4 B. & G., I will say cheerio. Sincerely yours,

H. G. O'CONNOR.

Sir: This is being written during working hours and also during an air raid—so you can expect the worst!

Sorry I have not fulfilled my promise of writing you before now. My correspondence has been sadly neglected, I'm afraid, what with getting settled in our new digs, etc. And on top of all this we have been bothered with raids every night so far. They are not very serious, but still bad enough to make one want to take all the usual precautions. You will have heard of the new secret weapon that Jerry is using—this so-called flying bomb. It sounds very mysterious, but really is only Jerry's last feeble attempt to demoralize England. And that will never happen. The people are more determined than ever that Germany has her back to the wall—and by the news, it looks as if that is so. What do you think?

We have been over here only a few weeks but it seems like ages. And I am still finding it hard to believe just exactly where I am. When the old siren goes about 3 a.m. and you hear the whine of one of these "doodle bugs" (as the flying bombs are called) coming over, it does help to make me believe that I'm not in dear old Fingal. The raids have been fairly constant just lately. They have been coming over both day and night, which shows that one particular person is getting a little panicky. The damage is, of course, non-military, which is the most distressing part of it. A hospital was hit last week, just in the next block to us. It shook us up a bit, we lost our windows and a door, but that was all. I think the actual explosion is not so nerve-racking as hearing the darn thing come over and wonder just where it is going to land. The ack-ack do not do anything about them because they would cause more damage with shell splinters than the bomb itself. So the "doodle bug" just comes over, crashes where it pleases, and that is that. They won't last long, because they take such tremendous amounts of valuable equipment. And so much for the "doodle bugs."

Life over here is very interesting. One always finds something to take one's interest. People are very friendly and are only too willing to start up a conversation with "a Canadian." The other day I was on my way up north and was waiting for my train to pull in, so went into a little pub on the corner for a sandwich—and I mean only a sandwich!). I had no sooner sat down when the chap sitting next to me said, "Welcome, Canada. Do you happen to come from anywhere near Alberta?" I was a bit shaken at first, not quite realizing that over here our provinces are merely like their countries over here. Then I went on to tell him that I happened to come from the province just next door. Well, his son had trained at Mossbank and could not say enough for the Canadian hospitality. Everyone seems to say the same thing, I've found out. Well, we



SGT. AND MRS. THOS. SCOTT

FIRST CHAPEL WEDDING



The happy couple is Corp. and Mrs. G. W. Sewell, as they leave the station chapel for points elsewhere. Prior to her marriage, Mrs. Sewell was Ruth P. Hamilton, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton of Southwold Township. After a short wedding trip west, the couple will reside in the township here.

JUNE, MONTH OF WEDDINGS FOR STATION W.D.S

Three of Fingal's Most Popular Girls Drop Out of Circulation

WITH the month of June comes June weddings, and let it not be said that Fingal is lacking beautiful brides, for this year three of our WD's chose June for their marriages.

First of these was blonde Mary Pretty, cook in the O.R. mess. On June 10th she became the bride of LAC Robert Clyde Lobban of Owen Sound, Ontario. The ceremony took place in the bride's home in Bridgen, Ontario, in a setting of pink and white peonies with orange blossoms. The bride was charmingly gowned in white satin with a floor-length veil. She was attended by her sister, Cpl. Olive Pretty, hospital cook with the RCAF (WD) at

Dunnville, Ont., who was dressed in pale pink, sheer chiffon. Following the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride.

LAC Lobban, a member of No. 1 C. & M. Unit of Toronto, met Mary while on duty at Fingal last winter. After being away from this unit for the past month, he is now back at Fingal, so Mary looks pretty happy these days. She has another sister in the service—Elvie, a postal clerk, who is stationed with the W.R.N.S. at Ottawa.

LAW Barbara Thomson of the Equipment Section just made a June wedding when she married Sgt. Thomas Scott of Melbourne, Australia, on June 30th. The wedding took place at the Hostess House with F/L Hall officiating. The bride wore a street length dress of pale pink sheer chiffon with white accessories; her attend-

ant was Nancy McMurray of Australia, who also wore a street length dress of turquoise blue crepe with black accessories. The best man was Sgt. Jack White of Sydney, Australia. The groom and best man were dressed in—you guessed it—Air Force issue.

During the signing of the register, Nancy McMurray sang "Through the Years." A reception was held following the ceremony at which many of the Women's Division and members of the groom's graduation class were present.

Another wedding of interest to the Equipment Section was that of Marion "Squeaky" Wilson, who became the bride of Petty Officer Patrick Arnold West, R.C.N.V.R., of London, Ontario. The ceremony took place at St. James Anglican Church in London on June 15th, Rev. Nelles, the rector, officiating. The bride wore a street length dress of blue crepe. Her attendant was Cpl. Rita Brulotte, who was dressed in uniform. An informal reception was held at the home of the bride, at which a few friends and relatives were present.

can't be too good to the RAF boys—believe me. Because these English people are marvellous. That is the only way I can describe their generosity. They can't seem to go enough for you. And even to giving you their rations, which are so very precious. I was shopping the other day—and a lady came up to me and said, "Are you short of points—here, take a few of mine." Well, she wouldn't take no for an answer—and there I was with enough points to get myself a large can of B.C. packed salmon. And that is really something around here, let me tell you. But that is what they are like, just using a small incident. All the Canucks will say the same.

Kay Barker and I have a nice bed-sitting room just a short distance from here. It is very comfy and cozy. We do our own cooking for breakfast and supper and get a great kick out of it. So far the rations have not caused us any trouble. We seem to get lots of everything, and I think we do get a little more than the average civilian.

I've not been out in the way of sight-seeing much as yet. We don't get home before 6:30 at night, then after having dinner and doing the dishes, we find the evening cut short. But one of these days we'll take a spree and go out and see old London. We are quickly learning our way with the tubes and trains. They are wonderful, really, aren't they? We have a "36" every

week-end, or I should say Saturday afternoon and Sunday off. Which makes it very nice, because you can get a long way in that time. I have already made a trip up to Leicester with my fiancé to see his people.

There are a lot of Fingal personnel here, and we often get together and talk of you and the station. It still is a grand place, in my estimation. And I can safely say that I didn't appreciate it half enough. Should I have my choice of stations in all Canada, I would by far pick Fingal.

I'm looking forward to the old Observer—it will be very welcome over here, and will be well read by all the gang.

I won't begin to name off all the people I would like to be remembered to, but say hello to them all for me, will you, Ben? And you can rest assured that we often talk of Fingal—wondering what would be going on at a particular time. It was a grand station.

Cheerio for now—and all the best to you and the rest. Good luck to the Observer—and hope to see you all in the near future. Sincerely,

PHYLLIS M. CORBETT,
134 Lexham Gardens.

Sir: You asked me to write a letter and so here it is.

I have now finished my course at Crumlin and received my wing and commission last Friday.

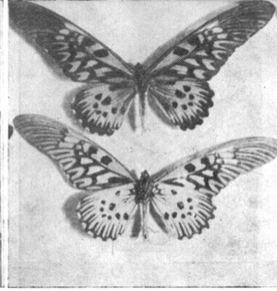
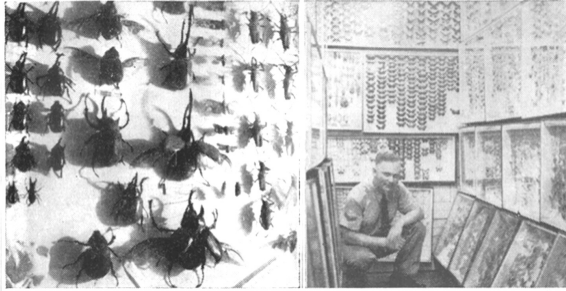
The course at Crumlin is much harder now than for former bombardiers. You really have to work for the five weeks. When they say navigation they mean it. The course includes Astro-Navigation, Meteorology, Aircraft-Rec., and Signals. Just four subjects, but quite enough for the short time you are here.

You will kindly remember me to the instructors I knew at Fingal. They were a very fine lot and I owe all my success to them. I would have liked to have gone to Fingal for a short good-bye, but they gave us only four days to get to Moncton and I have friends in Toronto which I had to see. Len Roche is, I believe, going to drop down to dear old Fingal as he is staying a few days in London.

I am having the Fingal Observer sent to me for some months so I will be able to keep in touch with the doings at the nicest station I have ever been on. With my best wishes. Sincerely,

P/O IAN PARTINGTON,
1605413,
No. 31 P.D.,
Moncton, New Brunswick,
Canada.

Bugs, Beetles and Butterflies



20,000 SPECIMENS IN WORLD FAMOUS COLLECTION

St. Thomas Man Spends Lifetime Collecting and Mounting Rare Specimens—It Now Has Grown Into One of the Largest Collections in the World

By CPL. G. A. PENNY

(Editor's note: This is the first in a series of descriptive articles and pictures on interesting things to see and places to go near St. Thomas.)

Did you know that St. Thomas has one of the world's largest collections of butterflies, and that it is only a block and a half down Princess Street from Richards Bus Depot. The collector and owner, Mr. R. Smith, has resided in St. Thomas for 25 years, during which time he built up his mounted specimens from a few dozen to over 20,000. Mr. Smith comes by his hobby honestly. Both of his parents were naturalists of some note in England. Born in England, he left that country for India with his father, an army man, at a very tender age. The trip out was made in a sailing ship and the return in a cruiser. He was in the army himself some 32 years. As he put it, "I was born in the army. As soon as I was old enough I joined it officially. My natural love of and some talent for music was soon recognized and I became bandmaster of my unit. It was while in India that I started my collection." And what a collection!

Mr. Smith loves his "bugs," as he calls them, and never seems too busy to explain all about them. There are three rooms covered from floor to ceiling with glass cases full of some of the most beautiful, fantastic and rare specimens that it has been the writer's privilege to view. The rarest of all is the *Ornithoptera Alexanderia*, from New Guinea. This particular one is found in very few collections. Lepidopterists (butterfly chasers) have come from all over Canada and the U.S.A. to examine this variety. The oldest, chronologically speaking, is the *Papilio Antinachus Zilnoxia*, from Central Africa. The lepidopterists (there's that word again) have been unable to find any branch of the genealogical family tree of butterflies to attach it to. The theory is that when the Island of Atlantis, between South America and Africa, sank into the ocean it was blown by the winds, caused by the terrific disturbance, all the way to the interior of Africa. There it has lived to this day, stubbornly refusing to cross with any other species.

But these are just two varieties out of the thousands to be seen. There is case after case of various strains of Blue Morphous. As the light plays on the iridescent blue of their wings it brings visions of tropical gardens in a far off land. The scores of Swallow Tails, with wingspreads varying from 1 to 5

inches, makes you want to forget the war and go right out and start a collection of your own. Mr. Smith has started countless young enthusiasts off by giving them a few of the duplicates he has. You can't buy them, however, but he might, if you are really serious, give you one or two.

There's a little story to that, too. It seems that Mr. Smith has friends all over the world who send him specimens. As long as he doesn't commercialize on his hobby he gets them duty free, so don't try to tempt him with any of that folding stuff. He's liable to get peeved.

Even though he receives "bugs" from all parts of the globe, he has to mount them himself. This operation, a very delicate one, takes even an experienced hand over 30 minutes for each specimen. At that rate you can imagine the number of hours required to handle 20,000.

There are tricks to every trade, and butterflies is no exception. Some of the slick dealers use such chemicals as sulphur to change the colors on the wings and palm them off as rare and costly varieties. Even the experts are temporarily fooled sometimes.

Mr. Smith's bread and butter is his flower and landscaping business. He calls his place The Old Gardens. If you're not interested in "bugs," but we'll bet you will be after a few minutes

of inspection, his gardens are a wonder in their own right.

After a couple of hours "out of this world" we tore ourselves away, promising to return as soon as our next "48" rolled around, and we will.

The best time to visit is in the evening. Then Mr. Smith will gladly show you through. He retires at 10 p.m., so don't linger too long after he starts to yawn.

IT'S A VICIOUS CIRCLE

Lying on his bunk in a state of complete and utter exhaustion, a lowly corporal instructor was heard to mutter with what seemed his last ounce of energy: "Oh, ohoooo, what a life. I have to get 8 hours P.T. every twelve days so I can get a 48, but I'm so tired from my P.T. I have to use my 48 to rest up so I can get my 8 hours P.T. in to get my 48, then it takes all my 48 to rest up so I can get my 8 hours so I can get my 48 so I can rest so I can get my 8 hours so I can get my 48—Ohooooo!"

SEND US HOME TO THE FOLKS

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

With the advent of the new baby flat-tops the British have discontinued the practice of catapulting fighter planes into the air from the decks of merchant vessels. The "catafighters" were shot into the air for action against subs and enemy planes and then were left to crash when the pilot bailed out after combat.

Two kittens were watching a tennis match. One said proudly, "My mother is in that racket."

Clerk: "Then the whole Nazi party guarantees the loan."

Citizen: "Yes, but if the party were dissolved—what then?"

Clerk (whispering): "Wouldn't that be worth a thousand marks to you?"

DOWN WHERE MANY THINGS DEVELOP

Only All-Girl Section on Station Have Own Darkroom Technique

MAD photographers! I wonder how many times those two words have been uttered around this camp! Most people are of the opinion that all a photographer ever does is say, "Smile pretty now, watch the birdie," and press a little lever. They never think of long hours in the darkness, developing a good darkroom technique. The sense of touch must be excellent. Eyes must become accustomed to working in the dim red light, as well as pitch blackness for no one appreciates being stretched by a hose or having fifty feet of slimy wet film envelop body, neck and arms.

Let's come out into the daylight now, where everyone can see what is going on. At the end of a short hallway is the great studio where some outraged photographer suddenly snaps six hundred watts of light in your face and then very casually says, "Look above the camera and don't squint." One darkroom is commonly called the drawing room. Here guests and staff alike, during break periods, rest their weary (censored) on a soap can or developing tank and manage to consume over 4 quarts of milk per day.

Taking pictures is the most difficult of all jobs. You may see a couple of gunmetal colored legs dangling from a roof-top as some WD braces herself to photograph a couple of pancaked planes; or a camera girl innocently standing waiting to take a picture of a soccer team suddenly getting hit on the back of the head with the ball. Yes, the worries of the Fingal photos are many, but we are very happy as an all-girl section—the only one on the station. By the way, it is only in the case of necessity that we hang our washing out in front of the section, so we would like you to understand that that is the color it was when issued to us.

NOW you know why we have the reputation of being absolutely and completely mad. Why even when we get our heads under the old black cloth all we see is little men standing on their heads, moving around, laughing and talking. Occasionally one disappears from the crowd and the poor photographer takes a headlong dive into the camera with the able assistance of some airman's boot. Is it any wonder we are mad, mad, MAD!

The guy came to the hospital swathed in bandages. Nearby sat one of his buddies.

"What happened?" he inquired.

"Well," said the buddy, "it was that party on pay day. You laid 20 to 1 you could jump out the second story window, fly twice around the barracks and in the window again."

"Why didn't you stop me?"

"Stop you? Gee, chum, I bet ten bucks you could do it."