

**SEEN THROUGH  
A BOMB SIGHT**

(Continued from Page 12)

as only Canadians and other Democratic people can live.

In a home where there's a bath tub (if you like baths). Plenty of automobiles within reach of the workingman, radios galore, nickel sodas, free speech, free education, and privilege to worship if and in any way we please.

Where women wear silly hats—where a boy rides a bike and girls play with dolls—not in camps where play is replaced by crude ideas of building a race of super imbeciles, who imagine that all grossness under the state is a natural function.

That crack about silly hats was merely a jest—as it's the woman under the silly hat who builds the youth of this nation, and moulds the little tots to the mighty men and women of tomorrow.

Now as I was saying, there's a lot of guys around here who are walking around looking quite proud, as well as a little worried, and from where I sit way up here I can see better than you down there, you can take my word for it that in the next edition or so of this Observer you'll see their names will be emblazoned on the stork list.

We're wishing them all well, and hope they get what they want—wether boyz or girls, or a couple of each, or three of a kind, or even three mixed up, or sumptin'. A few of the up and coming airmen who have a furrowed brow at present could be Flight Sgt. Hill, Cpl. Workman, Cpl. Braine, LAC Everett, and a few more too. There's no report in yet from Ridgetown, but if I get any more red hot stork news you can bet I'll let you in on it. Lots of luck to these wives, whose men are in the R.C.A.F., and "Happy Bundlings," say we.

**HEADQUARTERS NEWS**

Ho hum, another month and still no women. Wonder where the Service Flying Schools got all the drag from to get the C.W.A.A.F.S before the B. & G's. A fine business, mais non? Headquarters looks like a deserted village, with everybody trying to get all their leave before the end of the fiscal year. Sgt. Cunningham of the much-maligned C.R. is walking around now with his thumb in a big bandage. It seems he was slicing some bread on the electric meat slicer and not only sliced a piece of bread, but also about half an inch off the end of his

thumb. J. R. Chapman, Esq., is now going to write a book entitled "Success" or "HOW I GOT A NEW UNIFORM FROM STORES." Yes, he actually got a new uniform from "Trader Corn," as our Clothing Stores are affectionately (?) called. We all realize that we should economize on the use of clothing, but when a guy has to wear a patch on the seat of his best pair of pants, or turned up cuffs, and go home on leave and see all the civvies running around in smart new clothes, well brother, that ain't no good for de morale. Some officials seem to think that the common, ordinary airman never had a suit of clothes until he joined the Air Force. O.K., we know, beef, beef, but it does get you down.

**No. II  
DISCIPLINARIAN  
COURSE**

Oh hum! go away; I don't want to get up. This might have been a common attitude on some Stations with our Disciplinarians, but I can assure that we never hear the remark at No. 1 Hangar, Fingal, Ont.

Reveille sounds at 5.30, and you bet we are certainly on the job. There is a grand rush to the nearest table or bench, with sheets and blankets flying in all directions. The result, of course, is a well-made bed which we are certainly proud of, not saying anything in regards to a couple of our potential Discip's who like to run a sort of a competition by using what we might term as a Carpenter's Kit, consisting of a couple of nice smooth boards, erected in such a way as to hold the blankets uniform and neat, not a bad idea. Don't tell Sgt. Major McKee, we may all adopt the system sooner or later; it certainly makes a nice job.

However, aside from the humorous part of it all, we are here to do a job, and that is our main ambition during our short stay of 10 weeks here at Fingal. A number of Airmen might be under the impression that a Discip's job is not essential. However, I think we would be able to hold our end up if ever a debate arose on the question. It is true that a Pilot keeps the plane in the air, the Mechanic assures that the aircraft is in perfect condition, and the Discip—oh yes, he is the poor fellow who is expected to know the answers to all the questions that the average airman is ready to shoot at him—and you would be surprised how fast they can shoot—sometimes to find out just how much we do

**"THE TRAINEES TELL THEIR STORY"—No. 7**



Here is one smart chap who will go far.

know. However, we are generally prepared.

During our ten weeks we realize that we will have to undergo intensive training to gain a maximum amount of knowledge in which to fit ourselves to do a job when we will assume our duties at another Station.

On behalf of all the boys, I feel quite confident that we can assure our Officer in charge of the Course, Flt. Lt. Hinton, Sgt. Major McKee and our Instructors that we are here for a purpose and that purpose is to work, and on leaving No. 4 P.H.U., Fingal, Ont., we will be able to say that the 10 weeks were well spent, for a good purpose, with an impression that will remain with us throughout our Service career.

The new Disciplinarian Course officially started on Monday, March 2nd, under the capable hands of Flt. Lt. Hinton. Aply assisting him

are Sgts. Buss, Galbraith and Inman, Cpls. Wright, Church, Forsyth, Maynes and Taylor. And, of course, that master of wit and glib tongue, W.O.2 McKee. (God bless his little heart.)

However, I have been asked by Sgt. Galbraith to write "something," as he put it, for this paper, and the best I can do is give a few impressions of the Disciplinarian Course, or "How to regain that sylph-like figure."

Being a poor A.C.2 and always doing what I am told, I shall go about it in a methodical manner and give you the lowdown "by numbers."

**No. 1—Instructors**

W.O.2 McKee, our super salesman, witty, tough ("Not bad but could be improved," referring to our blankets) with eyes and ears in every nook and corner. By the way, he sold \$5,000 worth of Victory Bonds to the boys, and to ex-

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**L. H. TOWERS**  
Cleaners  
TUESDAY and THURSDAY  
★ Over-Nite Service ★

**No. 2 Disciplinary Course**  
(Continued from Page 13)

tract that much in our condition deserves something or other.

Sgt. Buss, who understands the boys, being one of the old-timers, and just loaded with T.N.T. Where does he get it? Favorite expression, "As you were."

Sgt. Galbraith, a favorite at lectures, subtle humor that's hard to beat, and an example of posture, in spite of his 250 pounds (pardon me, Sarg.)

Sgt. Inman, or Charles Atlas as you wish, our P.T.I. instructor, a heart of stone, a saddist, and does not know the meaning of the word "Stop." But deep down we like him, and appreciate what he is trying to make out of us. (Hospital cases.)

And last but not least, our own beloved corporals. These poor lads really have a tough job on their hands, but we all support them as best we can and know they are the ones to get us through. But how on earth Cpl. Church comes in at 6 a.m. all dressed, shined and shaved, to push us out of bed, is beyond me.

**No. 2—The Boys**


Speaking for the lads, I would like to say that we are going to work hard, and pass this course 100%. We realize that the going is hard, but after all, Disciplinary men are known to be tough, and we have to keep up their worthy reputation.

Odd remarks heard here and there: Very good food—Close the doors—Open the doors—Turn on the fans—Damn these blankets—How are my buttons?—Who is that guy that is all ready for breakfast at 5 a.m.?—Fatigues again—Got any money?—Any

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**JOHNSON'S**  
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# ALL RANKS



**REMEMBER** - Never discuss military, naval or air matters in public or with any stranger, no matter to what nationality he or she may belong.

The enemy wants information about you, your unit, your destination. He will do his utmost to discover it.

Keep him in the dark. Gossip on military subjects is highly dangerous to the country, whereas secrecy leads to success.

**BE ON YOUR GUARD** and report any suspicious individual to your Squadron Commander or Civil Authorities.

mail for me? A few yawns—turn out the lights—and so to sweet dreams—left, right, left right, left . . .

**DROGUE**

It was the night of February 17; nobody knew the time except that it was dark, very dark. Strange things were happening in the vicinity of St. Thomas and Fingal. Some of the boys reported there were two moons in the sky with the sun between them. Others said the stars were on the ground, millions of them—big, fat, pink ones.

Suddenly a bus roared to the guard house; the driver jammed on the brakes and threw open the door. Nothing happened. It was the boys of Drogue Flight returning from their party in St. Thomas. Probably you know why the boys didn't get out of the bus? Well! You are wrong; the ride from St. Thomas had been so delightful and so comfortable that the boys hated to get out.

The party was held in the Legion Hall, St. Thomas, where a delightful dinner of roast chicken was served. P.O. Metcalf was the master of ceremonies, Flt. Lt. Foster proposed numerous toasts, and L.A.C. Olson gave the commercials. After the dinner a de-

licious lunch was served by Bruce's girl friend.

The boys all went to bed happy and slept quite sound for they knew the best part of the party comes in the morning. Sgt. Pooley tucked each lad in his narrow bunk and kissed them good-night. When he had finished he turned on the lights and got them all up again, for it was reveille.

Things always happen that nobody will believe, but here are a few of the stories which are sworn to be true:

L.A.C. Morris insists that after the party he flew a Battle to London, backwards at that.

L.A.C. Mathison swears his bed was in a vertical position and that he slept standing up.

Sgt. Pilot Fuller argues that he was the man who put everybody to bed.

The new two-way radio installed in Drogue Flight has many advan-

tages. Close contact can be kept with the pilots in the air, so that all lines will be kept busy. Weather conditions in the air can be reported so that all pilots know before take-off what to expect. Its chief advantage is the speeding up of air to air firing. Useless delays are being cut to a minimum and closer co-operation exists.

A C.W.A.A.F. on being asked to define a bolt and nut, received 100 per cent for her answer.

"A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal such as iron, with a square bunch at one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to a bolt, only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawed off short with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."—Apologies to Sixardee.

Like their prehistoric ancestors, modern Pueblo Indians of the south-west still seek parrot feathers for ceremonial regalia.

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**FIRE FACTS**

The Fire Wardens had their first monthly meeting. Flt. Lt. Gray gave a short talk on fire patrol at night. Mr. Shaver reminded the members about the dance to be held on the evening of 2/3/42 and suggested that the next dance could be held as a Fireman's Ball with a special door prize. The meeting ended with an inspection of the fire hall.

We will take up another method of firefighting. The Foam Fire Extinguisher is especially good on oil tank fires—a heavy foam, the bubbles of which are extended with carbon dioxide gas. The use of two liquids when brought together combine chemically to form carbon dioxide gas. There are present, also, certain substances which lower the surface tension of the solutions to form foam.

The efficiency of foam is most effective where it can flow over the burning surface. A test at an oil plant was made in a tank 16 feet in diameter. This tank was filled to a depth of five inches with naphtha, which was ignited by an electric spark. The flames, which arose to a height of 20 feet, were soon extinguished by the foam mixture applied through a stationary pipe above the surface.

The formulas for the liquids used have varied from time to time; one set of such liquids is given below. There are two liquids in separate compartments in each extinguisher.

**Liquid No. 1**

- Glue parts by weight..... 1
- Glucose parts by weight.. ½
- Sodium bicarbonate..... 7½
- Salicylic acid..... ¼
- Water .....100

**Liquid No. 2**

- Aluminium sulphate parts by weight..... 10
- Water parts by weight....100

Carbon dioxide gas is generated by the action of the aluminium sulphate on the sodium bicarbonate. The glue and glucose or licorice renders the liquid viscous and thus foamy. The salicylic acid is added as a preservative for the glucose which later also acts as a stabilizer.

Foam Fire Extinguishers are made in several sizes from 2½ gal. hand type to stationary plants for a bank of oil tanks.

Let us have a slogan this month: "Lights out, smokes out."

**Here Come the Discips**

After having been hounded nigh to death by the wretched staff reporter to submit something to The Fingal Observer on behalf of the Discips, and having to put up with being awakened at uncertain hours in the night with the question: ANY NEWS YET? I decided it would be better to SUBMIT and save further such persecution.

No. 11 Disciplinary Course is now in full swing, the largest course yet and will in all probability be the last Discip course to undergo training at Fingal. In the opinion of the staff this should be the best course yet put through, due to the facts that we have four additional staff and all the trainees arrived on time, so that no time will be lost due to late arrivals.

Being placed under a seven-day quarantine upon arrival did not exactly meet with a unanimous approval, but the lads showed true soldierly spirit by taking it in good part and not causing the Station any trouble. This, I believe, is worthy of mention because when a couple of hundred men are quartered together and not allowed out there as a rule arises some differences of opinion which usually ends with a couple of black eyes and possibly some twisted necks or bent ribs. But as aforementioned,

**"THE TRAINEES TELL THEIR STORY"—No. 8**



The Trainee's leisure is not overlooked.

they behaved themselves like true Discips, and once a Discip always a Discip.

They will be required to complete ten full weeks of training, during which time they will be under the most strict supervision, after which, with "A.C." grouping, the successful graduates will be appointed A. Cpl. paid, which is something to work for.

A point of interest might be stated here with regard to the Second Victory Loan, to show the spirit that prevails among the airmen. The Sgt. Major, one Robert McKee, that worthy Warrant Officer class 11, Chief Instructor of the past several Disciplinary courses and late of Trenton, after having been SOLD a one hundred dollar bond by the Padre (believe it or not), squared his shoulders, marched down to No. 1 Hangar at precisely 120 to the minute, arms swinging as high as the waist belt front and rear, head erect, chin in, chest out, eyes looking their own level—came to an abrupt halt in front of the waiting trainees and launched a verbal BLITZKREIG at them with the result that something over \$5,000 worth of bonds were sold.

Bearing in mind that these lads have no grouping yet and for the

most part are drawing A.C.2's pay, or a buck-thirty per diem, this is rather a good show.

Concerning the last paragraph I might state that if the same spirit of giving and sacrifice prevailed throughout the whole nation there could be no doubt, even in the minds of the pitying pessimist or the scarest skeptic, as to the final outcome of the present conflict.

Victorian wives bore their husbands twelve children and no malice.

"A highbrow is one whose education has outstripped his intelligence."

**DIAMOND HALL . . .**

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WALLACE BERRY

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**Bugle Sounds**

### SERVICE POLICE DONATIONS

We don't know where to lay the blame for the collection of pictures and identifications which are on hand. We know most of them are not flattering and perhaps that is why they are not called for, but somewhere we heard a saying that cameras do not lie. Yes, we could advertise an A1 Rogue Gallery to be given away.

The boys are bemoaning the fact that the powers that be somehow manage to separate us from our regular guests in the Hotel Clink. Discharged or posted and no chance for a come-back.

We also hear that we are about to lose an old friend, A.C.2 Higgins. This will be a loss because while he was working here the Corporals had golden opportunities of exercising vocal commands in out-talking him. Good luck, Higgins.

At present practically any tender will be accepted for an auditor to take care of the multitude of books to be signed out and in. Our bookmen all get gray or leave the Station.

And fellows, you will have another barrier to cross soon. Yes, the W. & B. Dept. are putting it directly in front of our home.

We also have a few new faces in the Guard House working in the capacity of Bookmen and Gatemen.

Through our land-lease policy with the Fire Department we have been able to make a few changes, and some of our veteran bookmen and gatemen are now learning the art of firefighting.

It would also be appreciated if the boys on the Station would lower the rank and general efficiency which they hand out to the

new girl friend. She calls up and says: "He must be an officer and I know he is a great flier." The call is always urgent and after an extensive search we find the super airman wanted is generally an A.C.2, not always, for an odd Sgt., etc., may indulge. How about lowering the bull, boys?

Everything is going along as usual in the Guard House.

Our Sergeant is spending seven days at home with the better half, and with the help of an occasional boost from our good friend, F.O. Ollen-Bittle, everything swings as smoothly as the guard gate.



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### OFFICIALS LIST RESTRICTIONS FOR LETTERS

Despite repeated warnings from Headquarters and by various Station authorities, despite all the propaganda releases by the official publicity departments, information prejudicial to the safety of Air Force personnel sometimes leaks out.

In enemy hands this information inadvertently disclosed in most cases, seriously endangers the lives of members of the armed services crossing to the scene of battle; and in other cases delays and disrupts plans of the Allied forces. Much of the information leaks out in ill-advised letters and telephone conversations, officials state.

Personnel proceeding to embarkation points have been advised of restrictions on correspondence. Photographs at sea or at port are forbidden, while any reference in letters to port or date of embarkation, route of travel, name of ships, size of convoy, enemy attacks or losses sustained, naval escorts, nature of cargoes, number of personnel or the port or date of embarkation is prohibited.

Telephone conversation should be watched accordingly, and no information of any nature should be imparted to undisclosed questioners. In any case, official information can be issued only by those in authority. Penalty for breaches of these regulations, authorities state, is destruction of correspondence by censors, and may result in charges being laid for disobeying an order, a court-martial offence.

—"WINGS," YORKTON, SASK.

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