

Fingal Observer

Christmas, 1943



“ . . . and please, Santa, don't forget my overseas posting.”

KNIGHTS IN SHINING BLUES DEFEND THEIR LADIES FAIR

RAF Lads Rally to the Banner
Of English Woman-
hood

By LAC TODD SLAUGHTER

WE have been rolled in the aisles by many extraordinary things during the ups and downs of our life in the RAF, but never before by such a delightfully frank opinion as Canuck "Gib" Smith's: "English women are a little dense at times; they're not as hep as ours, unless they've been mixing with Canadians, but once you get used to them they compare favorably with ours." (Last month's Observer).

Girls of Canada, take a bow. Girls of England, do not wilt and fade. As in days of old, your gallant knights rally forth on their chargers to uphold your feminine honor. Mr. Smith, as your best friends, shall we tell you?

Apart from their authoritative knowledge on the subject of Harry James and Frank Sinatra, what is there about the women of this continent that causes the male heart to palpitate?

IF "manners maketh man," perhaps clothes largely accentuate feminine charm. Now, if the Englishwoman's clothes are somewhat less flamboyant than those over here, nevertheless we have it on the authority of several Fingalites with bags of "overseas hours" that English dresses have what one Canuck chooses to call "more class" or what we should call a more formal but more svelte style. And this is perhaps expressive of the Englishwoman's temperament.

Contrary to popular opinion over here, just as the average Englishman doesn't possess a high-falutin' Oxford accent, his women are not often shy, demure, insipid Alice-Blue-Gowns. She may not be so openly frank and direct as Canadian girls, but does this make them any the less intelligent? Because if, as you suggest, Mr. Smith, they adapt themselves suitably when they've been mixing with Canadians they have at least done something which to some extent girls over here are not so adept at doing. Sorry, but we can't see, therefore, why Englishwomen are any more "dense at times" than women the world over.

NOW, Mr. Smith, how did you really find English girls, temperamentally? Were you actually sleeping between London and Brighton? It's quite a long trip in England, and we rather think you might not have been the only occupant of the carriage.

To sum up, it seems to us that whereas Canadian girls tend to mock their men outwardly, our women laugh at us under the surface and love us hard in reality. And isn't that what you would prefer, Mr. Smith? Wouldn't you rather have enthusiastic embraces with mental reservations than open mental warfare with unimpassioned—I believe you call it "necking"?

Are you a man or a mouse, "Gib"? You tell us.



INSIDE GERMANY
"Weak on the pins, eh? How about a nice comfortable Panzer unit?"

IG'S VISITS ARE OUT FOR DURATION-MAYBE

Remember the I.G.'s visit? There is now a possibility that I.G.'s visits are washed out for duration.

A dispatch from Ottawa announces the retirement of three officers, namely: Air Vice-Marshal G. M. Croil, 50, a native of Milwaukee, Wis., inspector-general of the RCAF; Air Vice-Marshal A. E. Godfrey, 53, Killarney, Man., and Vancouver, deputy inspector-general for Eastern Canada; Air Vice-Marshal A. A. L. Cuffe, 48, native of Ireland, deputy inspector-general for Western Canada. A/V/M Godfrey visited Fingal last summer.

Air Minister Power said that with the "end of the development and expansion stage of the air training plan and the home war establishment," the need for constant inspection has disappeared.

"Inspections will still continue to be carried on by commands and whenever considered necessary in specific cases by officers specially designated by the minister," said the statement. "The Director-General of Economy, Air Vice-Marshal A. B. Shearer, will normally be designated."

It Happened in Toronto

Time: A Sunday night in Union Station, approximately 2300 hours. Enter: a corporal from the Royal York hotel tunnel. He is carrying a suitcase. With him is a feminine companion. As he enters the station, a red cap approaches.

Red Cap: "Carry your bag, sir?"
Corporal: "Certainly not — she's not that drunk. She can walk as well as I can."

AN EDITORIAL

On the Weather

Ugh!

"I Knew Lawrence of Arabia"

By LAC ROY MORGAN, RAF

THE strange, mysterious, almost legendary figure of T. E. Lawrence, one of the most famous figures of the last war, was known to me as Aircraftman Shaw. I knew him as a member of the RAF, but not intimately.

He was an unimpressive, rather studious figure in his early forties, and had sought refuge in the RAF to escape the spotlight of world publicity.

Not much is known about his life before the last war. He was rejected by the army in the opening days as physically unfit. His direct knowledge of Arabic was gained at Oxford. He is said to have undertaken a two-year expedition alone in native dress among the tribes in Syria while an undergraduate.

In 1914, Lawrence was serving as a more or less unnoticed assistant in the British museum's excavation party on the Euphrates. By this time he had a brilliant understanding of the Syrians and of archaeology. This experience placed him in the front rank of British Orientalists like Doughty and Burton, who have done so much to enrich British letters.

Lawrence eventually became a junior officer. His sensitive and vigorous mind had no desire for glory. In Syria, he scored a triumph as a guerilla leader who remained an ethnological expert. He disliked the notoriety which followed his exploits and to lose con-



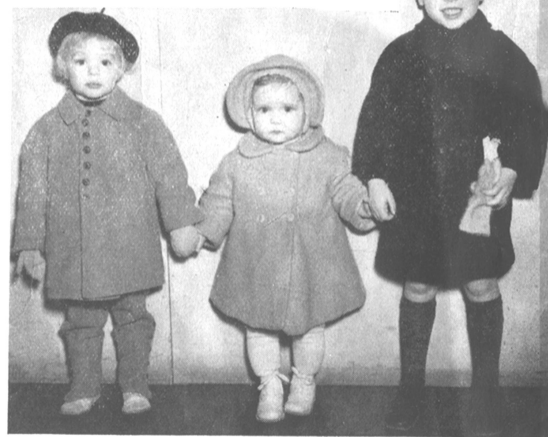
AIRCRAFTMAN SHAW
—Sketched by Humphrey, Course 95

tact with the outside world, he joined the air force.

During his service in the RAF, a P.T.I. corporal started shooting a line. On the following Sunday morning Shaw wore his medals on church parade and promptly shook this corporal.

Not much is known about his service life. He was a motor-boat crewman, now known as air-sea rescue. During the summer of 1938 he was killed while riding his motorcycle. Some still say he is alive and on secret service work, but he died as he lived—a legendary figure—and was laid to rest in a little churchyard in Dorset, England.

So This Is Fingal!



Three very interested and interesting spectators at a recent wings parade were Nancy Kerr, age two; Rosalene Chambers, age 14 months, and John Bailey Kerr, age four. The Kerr kiddies belong to our commanding officer. Young John said that wings parades were old stuff to him; he'd been out here before. He did say that he liked the band best. Nancy and Rosalene refused to be interviewed at first. They just didn't trust reporters. But after being bribed with some chocolate cake they broke down and talked for publication. Both said they were very much impressed with Fingal, and they want to be WD's when they grow up. Rosalene came all the way from Brantford to see her uncle, Sgt. Omar Marsden, of London, receive his wing.



Fingal Observer



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

ONLY 366 DAYS TO NEXT CHRISTMAS

FINGAL BOMBARDIER HERO OF AERIAL EPIC

F/Sgt. Larden Flies Crippled Bomber To Tunisia Airfield

F/Sgt. Alan William Larden, a Fingal-trained air bomber, has been awarded the Conspicuous Gallantry Medal (Flying) while serving with No. 218 Sqdn. (RAF). The official citation:

"One night in August, 1943, this airman was the bomb-aimer of an aircraft detailed for an operation against Turin. Whilst over the city the bomber was subject to accurate bursts of fire from an enemy fighter. The wind screen was shattered, the front and rear turrets were put out of action while three engines were hit, one of them being rendered useless. The navigator was killed and the pilot was wounded and lay slumped over the controls. The aircraft was down to three thousand feet and the bombs were released. F/Sgt. Larden realized that he would be unable to gain height sufficiently to cross the Alps so decided to make for North Africa without navigator and flying a crippled bomber. The situation was serious but displaying outstanding skill and determination this airman succeeded in reaching an airfield in Tunisia, although he had never previously landed an aircraft. F/Sgt. Larden came down perfectly with the undercarriage retracted. In the face of extreme peril, this airman displayed courage, coolness and resource of a high order."

JOCK FINLAY POSTED TO OFFICERS' SCHOOL

The Sergeant-Major Goes Flat Hat On Us

WO1 Jock Finlay, Fingal's popular sergeant-major, has been posted to officers' training school. Jock, 44, joined up in September, 1939, and became widely known in the service as a good guy.

Jock was in the Royal Flying Corps in the last war for two years. He was an AEM, but in those days they flew as observers and gunners as well. Just before the last war Jock was a marine engineer working on subs and went on trial runs in the E-52, E-53, E-56 and L-9.

He joined up this time as an AEM but remustered to discip. on the recommendation of S/L John Dyte (then WO1 Dyte), who was chief discip. for the RCAF.

Jock has two sons in the air force, LAC John, a firefighter at No. 2 B. & G., and AC1 James, an AFM at No. 9 Repair Depot.

She's a Wolf, Guys!



No kidding, that luscious blues singer who wilted you at the Nov. 1st show in the recreation hall is really Miss Hope Wolf, of London. She's 21, goes to business college during the day, and entertains the services at night. In addition to her voice, Hope has some very fine points and this aerial reconnaissance view shows how she would appear to a bombardier. She likes airmen and didn't hesitate a minute when we asked her phone number for publication. It's Metcalf 9484.

—Bomb Bay photo by LAC "Moose" Thompson

OUR COVER GIRL

The starry-eyed brunette on our cover is Cpl. Rita Brulotte, 23, of London. She joined up in June, 1942, and came to Fingal's M.T. section after her basic. She drives, washes cars, clerks and is general Joe around the section. She works two nights a week, and spends two nights in school. She's not the spectacular type; is likeable and popular. Frankly, she admits joining up out of curiosity, and wouldn't be out of it for the world. Altogether, we like to think of Rita as being typical of the wholesome, friendly, ambitious airwomen who are serving at Fingal today. Rita believes in the spirit of Santa Claus, and if old Father Christmas believes in the spirit of our airwomen, we're sure he'll make her Christmas wish come true: to be posted overseas.

LEAP YEAR'S COMING SO ARMEN BEWARE

This Headline Doesn't Make Sense—But Who Cares, It's Christmas

EDITORS everywhere are trying to write Christmas stories this month. We're going to fool our readers—and skip it this year. For those who insist on it, though, this is IT.

Fingal's three years old now. Official birthday was Nov. 25. It wasn't a particularly exciting day, but for the record we'll note a few of the day's events.

The London Life show played to a packed rec. hall. Richards coach lines announced some extra service for Fingal, leaving St. Thomas at 12:15 and 2:05 p.m. and leaving Fingal at 1:01 and 3:30 p.m. An airman was placed under stoppage of pay for damages to a barrack block. The educational officer announced a new class for potential aircrew. That, then, was our third birthday, minus fanfare and minus birthday cake, befitting in wartime.

What all this has to do with Christmas, we don't know. But it does help fill the yawning columns.

SERIOUSLY, we do wish you everything you'd wish for yourself; those trade groupings, hooks, crowns and extra rings. A very Merry Christmas to you all at Fingal . . . and to the printer and engraver who help set this sheet out . . . and to the Joes who hand the issues out during the year.

Somebody said it's customary to get a Christmas message from the C.O. We do know that the C.O. wishes you the best of luck in the New Year and the merriest of Christmases. But this year we'll turn the tables and—on behalf of us all at Fingal—we'll wish the very best to a C.O. who is a grand fellow and the best C.O. in the service.

See you next year.

FINGAL AIR BOMBERS SET ALL-TIME MARK

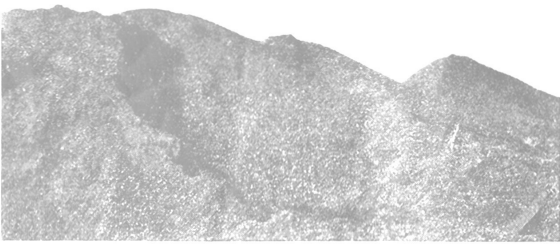
Fingal air bombers at Crumlin set an all-time bombing record for the school when they made three direct hits on the target and knocked out the lighting system at Lucan range in a single day.

The hits were made during high-level bombing flights (4,300 feet). Instructors consider this to be "unusually fine" bombing.

"The boys were really on the beam that day," one instructor commented. "We could hardly believe the results when they were charted."



Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to his ghat said: "The coal pile; tonight, the coal pile." This thing called coal pile (RIGHT) is indeed one of Fingal's better-known spots, as everyone knows. But—what you probably don't know is that on the very site of the present coal pile once stood one of the loveliest farms in this district. Photo at LEFT shows the old Stevenson farm and homestead. The picture, taken in 1898 and unearthed by an Observer



reporter, is a bit faded. But so would you be if you'd been kicked around for 45 years. Anyhow, whether you're interested in local history or not, read the accompanying story by John Stevenson, now a civilian employee here, and then cut it out. It'll make a nice page in your scrap book of the war, so you can at least show your children where you spent part of your time.

HIS OLD HOMESTEAD NOW PART OF FINGAL

Pump Operator Recalls Interesting Bit of Local History

By JOHN W. STEVENSON

FORTY-SIX years ago I was born on a West Elgin farm, in a house right where Fingal's coal pile is located.

Robert Stevenson, my great-grandfather, his wife and five children came to Canada from Bannockburn, Stirling County, Scotland, about 1830 and settled on a 200-acre farm received from the Crown, on Talbot Road. This farm had an 80-rod frontage and was 14 miles deep. Robert

Stevenson's children were Peter, James, John, Elizabeth and Jenny. He died in 1862, age 79.

John Stevenson, my grandfather and namesake, took over the homestead. Peter received another 200 acres just west of the aerodrome, and James received a farm just across on the north side of the road, the present Lazenby farm.

My grandfather married Hannah Burwell and had two sons—Charles Robert, my father, and William. He helped clear and farm this land until he died in 1895. The farm was then divided right in the middle and the present fence just west of the coal pile was the line fence.

MY uncle, William Stevenson, received the 100 acres west of the fence and called it Bannockburn Farm. My father received the 40 rods east of the line fence and called it West Elgin Farm.

William Stevenson got the farm buildings and built a fine, new white brick house about 1895. My father got the old homestead with his 100 acres. He built a new, modern brick barn and other buildings in the summer of 1897, the year I was

WD'S DRAW BOODLES OF DOUGH AS BACK PAY IS HANDED OUT

OUR airwomen are in the big dough these days. The new pay scales are now in effect and back pay has already been handed out.

Below is the complete dope and how it affects every airwoman on the station. An Under Officer is the W.D. equivalent of Warrant Officer, but we just don't have any around here as yet.

Pay for W.D.'s has been raised to 80 per cent of men's pay from 66 2/3 per cent. This is a point worth mentioning to prospective recruits.

An aircraftwoman, second class—a new recruit—now will make \$1.05 instead of 90 cents a day.

When she passes her first trade test and enters "C" group, lowest of the three steps she must climb to complete proficiency in her trade, she receives 25 cents a day in trade pay. This is advanced another 25 cents in group "B", and

another 25 cents in group "A" when she will be making basic pay plus 75 cents a day. Up to now she would have made basic pay plus 50 cents a day.

Those in the services who have been married for only a short period or who may marry in the future will not receive dependents' allowance until six months after the marriage date.

In the past it has not been permissible for an officer or airman in any of the services to have the allowance paid to his wife if she, too, was serving, although it could be paid to a wife employed in a civilian capacity.

The basis of increasing women's pay will be the same as that for men in the forces. The increases between \$1.05 and \$1.20 a day come at four months' and six months' service, subject to good conduct and efficiency.

How the New Pay Scale Affects Various Ranks

Rank—	Basic Pay Plus Trades Pay				
	Basic Pay Old New	Group "C" Old New	Group "B" Old New	Group "A" Old New	Group "A" Old New
Under Officer Class I.	2.80 3.35	3.00 3.60	3.15 3.85	3.30 4.10	3.40 4.20
Under Officer Class II	2.10 2.50	2.25 2.75	2.40 3.00	2.60 3.25	2.70 3.35
Flight Sergeant.....	1.70 2.00	1.85 2.25	2.00 2.50	2.20 2.75	2.30 2.85
Sergeant	1.50 1.75	1.65 2.00	1.80 2.25	2.00 2.50	2.10 2.65
Corporal	1.15 1.35	1.30 1.60	1.50 1.85	1.65 2.10	1.75 2.25
Leading Aircraftwoman	1.00 1.20	1.20 1.45	1.35 1.70	1.50 1.95	1.60 2.05
Aircraftwoman Class I	.95 1.10	1.10 1.35	1.30 1.60	1.45 1.85	1.55 1.95
Aircraftwoman Class II	.90 1.05	1.05 1.30	1.20 1.55	1.40 1.80	1.50 1.90

born. My father sold his farm in 1903 and moved to Chatham.

Uncle Will kept his place until the Government bought it in 1940. I believe it was the only farm among those bought to build this aerodrome that had not changed hands in 115 years.

Three years ago we moved back from Chatham to Fingal, and bought the old Fulton home. Ever since I have been working at the aerodrome, the same spot where I was born 46 years ago. I have been a pump operator for some time and I believe the pump house stands in the field just back of our apple orchard on the old farm.

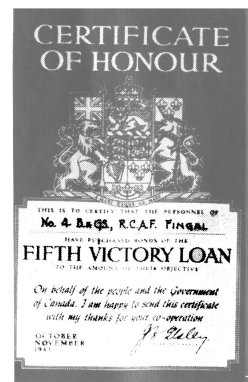
In WD Canteen

"I hate that man"
"Why, what happened? I thought you liked him?"

"He said I couldn't whistle and just to show him, I puckered up my lips as sweet and round as possible and what do you think he did?"

"How should I know?"
"The prune let me whistle."

Drunk: "Look at that sign."
Drunker: "Whazzit shay?"
Drunk: "Shays ladies ready to wear clothes."
Drunker: "Well, ish damn near time, ain't it?"



THANKS, MR. ILSLEY

The Dominion minister of finance, J. N. Ilesley, has sent us this certificate of honor for all the dough we raised in the victory loan.

FINGAL'S BOND DRIVE RAISES \$90,250.00

Quota of \$60,000 Is Exceeded
— 989 Individual Buyers

BOND purchases by 989 Fingal individuals, totalling \$90,250.00, marked the conclusion of the fifth victory loan campaign. Our objective was \$60,000, and those who are good at arithmetic can figure out the amount we went over.

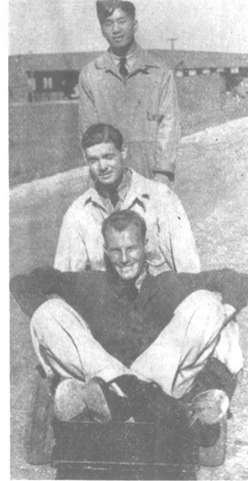
Here are the final figures, by sections, and in no particular order:

Hospital	\$ 2,300.00
Works and Buildings.....	4,250.00
Motor Transport.....	1,600.00
Provost and Security.....	1,700.00
Equipment	1,350.00
Accounts	5,650.00
G. I. S.....	8,150.00
Armament and Range.....	4,850.00
Flying Squadron.....	17,400.00
Unit Headquarters.....	8,050.00
Station Services.....	7,150.00
Repair Squadron.....	9,000.00
Servicing Squadron.....	5,250.00
Trainees' Squadron.....	13,550.00



CURFEW SHALL NOT RING TONIGHT

That, dear friends, was the theme song of the gala party held in St. Thomas by the people who inhabit the Fingal instrument and wireless sections. The night was made memorable since it marked the inauguration of the nine o'clock curfew in town, for all under 16. Head table photo (TOP) shows F/Sgt. Ernie Britton, F/O J. W. McBean, Mrs. Ramshaw, F/L George Ramshaw, Helen Ymen, Sgt. Dan Eaton and Sgt. Pappy Drouin. Below, pitching into the grub: LAC and Mrs. Bert Ingram, Ula Ulen, Sgt. Jock Seeley, LAC and Mrs. Freeborn. Altogether, it was a good show, even though our cameraman did come away sober. Party or no party, the three electricians (RIGHT) were bright on the job next morning—George Lee, Russell Doten and James Henry McKnight.



FINGAL OBSERVER

Published monthly at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ont., under authority of Group Captain J. G. Kerr, A.F.C., Commanding Officer.

Committee

President.....F/L J. M. O'Reilly
Sec.-Treas.....F/L E. Donnelly
Y.M.C.A.....Clarke Edwards

Editorial Staff

Editor-in-Chief.....
WO2 Ben Sugarman
Women's News Editor.....
Cpl. Helen Kasdorf
Sports Editor.....
Sgt. "Stoney" Jones
Photo Editor.....
Cpl. Bert Harwood

FINGAL WD IS BRIDE OF SERGEANT-PILOT

**Mr. and Mrs. Earl Bessey
Now Residing in
St. Thomas**

IN St. John's Church, Winona, on Nov. 20, Winifred Molly Wilson became the bride of Sgt. Pilot Earl Garfield Bessey. Both are stationed at Fingal.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. P. Wilson, of Stoney Creek, Ont., and the groom is a son of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Bessey, Winnipeg, Man.

The church was decorated with white and mauve 'mums for the ceremony, which was performed by Archdeacon Scoville.

Given in marriage by her father, the bride wore a two-piece afternoon gown of romance blue crepe, street length. She carried a white prayer book, adorned with white streamers, caught with lily-of-the-valley. She wore a matching Juliet cap with blue flowers and pleated tulle. Her bouquet contained pink carnations and white arcadia 'mums.

Miss Margaret Burden, of Hamilton, was maid of honor, and wore an afternoon gown of cinnamon brown, crepe trimmed with white pleated pique. Her Juliet cap was trimmed with golden flowers. Miss Burden carried a corsage of Johanna Hill roses and white 'mums. Best man was Warrant Officer E. J. Loveday, of Fingal, and LAC Norman Wilson was an usher.

Later, a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents in Stoney Creek. The bride's mother was in a two-piece gown of black crepe with panel of turquoise blue, and with silver brocade.

For the wedding trip to Niagara Falls, the bride travelled in a green bouclé coat trimmed with brown fur with matching accessories. They now reside in St. Thomas.

Inside Dope From Officers' Mess

By LAW MABEL SAWYER

ON NOV. 4, in the staff dining hall of the officers' mess, friends and co-workers of Jack "Pop" Graham met in a social manner to wish him many happy returns of the day, and presented him with a leather pouch.

Now for a little inside dope on the staff. First of all we have our bashful but sweet little corporal, who is now tripping the light fantastic at the dances. Period. We all admit she's a wonderful worker when she works, but the old saying still holds, the corporals never work, and how.

Who is Joey from Detroit? Maybe Esther could tell us more if she's not too bashful. Is he short, dark and handsome?

Madeline seems very happy on the staff at the officers' mess. But each day at one o'clock she gets that faraway look in her eyes. We wonder why. Are you talking, Mad?

Fuller, what goes in Hamilton? Gosh, it must be nice to have a sister, or is it your sister you visit?

Why does Lois Tordiff stay up half the night looking for the morning star?

We welcome a new waitress, LAW "Stewy" Stewart, recently arrived from Gander, and who would like to go back. Wonder what Gander's got that Fingal hasn't?

Will you clear up a little matter for us, Audrey? We'd like to know why all the mail lately. First, South America, then Bangor and Halifax, overseas, even Regina.

How does one get free transportation on Richards' bus line? That

is the question. Maybe Margaret can give us the answer.

Every Monday and Wednesday we see our little friend Terry rushing merrily to night school in St. Thomas, with a little bundle of books, just enough to leave somewhere easily so they won't be noticed. Who's the lucky guy, anyway?

The president of a lodge was making an address. He was telling the members about the sad fate that had befallen one of their brethren—it was really a heartrending case. All the assemblage was in tears—all except Joe, who, when asked why he wasn't crying along with the rest of them, answered: "I'm not a member."

Nowadays many a girl is as old as her mother looks.



AND THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER . . .

The marriage on Nov. 20 of Sgt. Pilot Earl G. Bessey to LAW Molly Wilson, both of Fingal, marked the culmination of a romance that began on the station. They met a year ago in the control tower and after an ensuing engagement were married at St. John's Church in Winona, Ont. They are now living in St. Thomas.



F/O WALSH AND STUDENTS



ON THE LINE IN A LIZZIE



BLIND FLYING

It Happened In Detroit— So Help Us!

TWO R.A.F. lads from Fingal stood on a corner in Detroit. Suddenly, a screech of brakes. A car drew up and two spinsters leaned out and said: "Like a ride to the U.S.O., soldier?" Exactly where they were heading, so they entered the car. No sooner inside than the question came: "You boys British boys?" The Americans had discovered an accent! Said one spinster to the other: "Aren't they cute?" Terrific embarrassment. Then, espying a burly Irish cop on a road island, the driver pulled alongside him. Pointing proudly at her cargo in the back seat, she beckoned his head into the window and said: "Look, British boys — aren't they darlings?" Simultaneously there was a crash and a sound of rending fenders. In her excitement the dear benefactor had passed through some stop lights. It took 20 minutes to exchange cards about the fender, another ten to drive to the U.S.O. around one-way streets. Finally, 40 minutes later, our brave Fingal lads alighted at the U.S.O.—exactly 100 yards from where they had entered the car.

TAKING NO CHANCES

It was late at night; the taxi had pulled up by the curb and Macpherson got out and began fumbling in his pocket. At last he handed the driver a coin.

"I have known gents what gives a bit over," grumbled the driver. "Aye," said Macpherson. "That is why I asked ye to stop under a lamp."

Sentry: "Halt, who goes there?"
Returning A.W.O.L.: "A friend with a bottle."
Sentry: "Pass friend. Halt, bottle."

A woman who fasted for 62 days
To prove that the stunt could be done,

From hundreds of Scotsmen had
letters of praise,
And proposals from seventy-one.

CONVERSION FLIGHT OPERATES FLYING SCHOOL IN MINIATURE

F/O Walsh, F/O Harris and P/O Clarke Spend Hundreds of Hours in the Air Keeping Our Pilots Tops in Performance—Visiting Flight Checks Find Average High

By WO1 J. A. WEARY

A MINIATURE flying training school is in operation from a small office in No. 4 hangar. Its size is no indication of its importance. They're doing a big job.

F/O A. H. Walsh, with his assistants, P/O W. P. Clarke and F/O C. A. Harris, keep conversion flight's seven aircraft going all day long in a successful effort to keep pilots' flying and airmanship to a high standard. They teach new pilots how to do their jobs at a B. & G. They check out night pilots, give dual instrument practice, convert pilots from one aircraft to another, and categorize all pilots on their respective aircraft.

This is a big job, but it is well done and is showing good results. The accident rate is being lowered. Visiting flight checks are of a high average. More pilots are getting checked out on more types, and pilots of a high flying standard are being posted overseas from here.

WALSH, a native of Stratford, has been in the air force since September, 1941, and went through the routine pilot's course, getting his wings in September, 1942. On graduation, he was posted to F.I.S. at Vulcan. He was an instructor at No. 5 S.F.T.S., Brantford, for a short while, then went to Trenton on another course. He came here last July.

Clarke, from Peterborough, joined up in December, 1941, and got his wings at Hagersville last March. From there he went to Trenton F.I.S., where he put in 70 hours practice instructional time. He was posted from there to Fingal and was at first a bombing pilot. He later transferred to conversion to assist F/O Walsh.

Harris, Fingal's navigation instructor, is from Toronto. He joined in May, 1941, and got his wings at Dunnville in July, 1942. Since then he has taken a G.R. course at Summerside, has flown Hudsons at Greenwood, N. S., and has acted as a navigation instructor at Hagersville. He came here in July and was in bombing flight until a few weeks ago.

To some, conversion flight might seem to be a rather unnecessary part of our organization—a place where a lucky few get rides home

on "48's." But the work done there is far from unnecessary.

For instance, a pilot who has trained on Harvards comes on the station to go into bombing flight to fly Ansons. It would be foolhardy to put a man like that directly on Ansons without first being checked out—and the checking out is the job for conversion. They do it in an orderly and efficient manner and prepare the pilot thoroughly for his work as a bombing pilot.

Consider also a pilot doing routine flying from bombing flight for months on end. He gets out of practice and can hardly do anything but a left turn. Without practice on instrument flying, single-engine, precautionary landings, and navigation which he gets in conversion flight, it would be useless to send him overseas as a combat pilot.

WALSH, when he arrived here, was faced with the job of getting pilots ready for visiting flight. To do this he began to categorize pilots himself—giving them a C if they were not fit to take passengers, a B to carry passengers by day, and an A to carry passengers either by day or night.

Each were tested, of course, on their particular type of aircraft and the assessment applied only to that one. In this way he found what practice each man needed and proceeded to set up a file by which he kept a record of each pilot's ability, aircraft flown, and instrument flying. To this he added progress charts so that he knows each man's standing at a glance. This work paid huge dividends when visiting flight arrived and will doubtless do the same as our pilots are posted overseas.

Pilots here have the opportunity to get checked out on the Bolingbroke, Lysander, Harvard or Anson if they haven't flown them before. Walsh, however, uses strange methods sometimes. He has recently been seen sitting on the mainplane of a Lysander taxiing down the tarmac giving frantic directions to the bewildered pilot. Some say that he even flew a complete circuit that way.

THE Menasco Moth, used primarily as an emergency taxi for the M.O., is also used by the "bad boys" who need basic instrument practice. P/O Clarke doesn't get along so well in it, however. It seems to make him a bit seasick. He and F/O Player were testing it a while ago but Player was bored in the back seat, so he went to sleep. Meanwhile Clarke was up front getting himself plenty sick and soon had his head dangling over the side in an effort to improve his health. While all this was going on, the gremlins took over and brought the aircraft back safely.

One of the newer duties of conversion flight is to give all pilots navigation training. Harris is in charge and takes two pilots on each trip. Each one navigates and pilots half the time. Map reading is stressed, but they are not to rely on this altogether for they figure out their own courses and make necessary alterations.

F/O Walsh has plenty of difficulties, but says that his main problem is to get each day organized so that he can get the most out of it. Pilots can do much to help him, and incidentally themselves, by cooperating to their full extent and by turning up on time for flights. After all he is here to help us and deserves a great deal of credit for doing a big job well.

RE W.D.'s CAPS

W.D.'s may wear the old-style caps on the station only. Whenever airwomen leave the camp bounds they are to wear the new caps.

"Your girl's spoiled, isn't she?"
"No. It's just the perfume she's using."

Corporal: Where did you get that black eye?

AC2: I went to a dance and was struck by the beauty of the place.

Sentry: Halt. Who goes there?
Voice: You wouldn't recognize me anyway. I'm new here.

RAF Trainee Sketches Maintenance Men

By LAC James Humphrey, Course 94 Air Bomber



WHEN LAC Jimmy Humphrey, 22, first arrived here he was Joed for night maintenance. Jim didn't mind. He merely whipped out his old sketch pad . . . and herewith are his impressions of the night shift. Before joining the RAF he was staff artist with a large advertising agency in London, Eng. He's on Course 94.



MR. AND MRS. JABLONS

COURSE 82 TRAINEE NOW INSTRUCTS HERE

P/O Irving Jablons, of Brooklyn, Returns To His Air Force "Alma Mamma"

A FINGAL - TRAINED air bomber is now back here as an officer-instructor. He is P/O Irving Jablons, 25, of Brooklyn, who went through on Course 82.

Jablons, who enlisted in June, 1942, got his wing at Crumlin and was posted to the instructor's course at Mountain View. After a week at St. Johns A.O.S. he arrived here.

Three weeks before he left Fingal he was married on a 48 in Summit, N. J. His bride was Miss Rea Bovit, whom he met five years ago while taking a pre-law course at university in Alfred, N. Y.

P/O and Mrs. Jablons are now residing in St. Thomas.

ZOOT SUIT —we believe

This picture turned up in the Editor's basket one day—and we immediately had it copyrighted. The man is 'A n d s o m e 'Arry Annan—better known as Feebee—an air bomber on Course 92. Elsewhere in this issue you will find a photo of 'Arry in more conventional dress.



—World copyright, 1943, by Fingal Observer.

"What makes people walk in their sleep?"
"Twin beds."

OH, MY NERVES!

Or a Day in the Country With the Inmates of No. 4 B. & G. School—Bits and Pieces of News

WHAT the well-dressed airman or airwoman will wear on P.T. does not include service blues. DRO's say that fatigue clothes or P.T. shorts must be worn on P.T. parades—and who are we to argue with DRO's?

They can't do dis to us! Or can they? We mean the St. Thomas city council, the meanies who instituted a curfew which rules all girls under 16 off the streets by nine. We are given to understand that several airmen now have to do their courting in private—the cradle-snatchers.

Cpl. Ed. Barrett remembers Fingal before there was an aircraft here. Ed was stationed here for 21 months as a parachute rigger, leaving in July, 1942. He's back now as aircrew, on Course 94. His home is in London.

One Fingal airman has discovered that it pays to go to church—and thereby hangs a tale of hospitality that will warm your heart. This RAF air bomber attended a service in St. Thomas one Sunday and met a family who invited him home to supper. This was three months ago, and our English friend has been going there every night ever since.

Our new nursing sister has come from TTS. She's Pilot Officer Bernice Dorothy Caldwell. And, if you don't believe that a woman can be a pilot officer, we refer you to DRO's of Nov. 3, page 5.

You know, we don't do too badly at Fingal when it comes to movies. The "Y" has been producing some first-run pictures lately, some that have simultaneous release in the big cities, and even some that have prior release. A case in point was "True to Life," with Franchot Tone, Mary Martin and Dick Powell, which we saw on the same Saturday it opened in Toronto. And all for free.

WO2 J. S. McGuire, pilot, didn't even have time to collect a few salutes around camp when his P/O came through. He was posted overseas.

We suppose this makes him famous, so we pass along this tidbit. One of our Mauritian airmen once went to school with De Marigny. Whether he brags about it or not we can't say, but he did know the Count quite well, only he wasn't a Count then. He was a very shy student at the Royal College in Curepipe, where our Mauritian friend saw him daily for five years.

F/L G. I. Winterbottom is now assistant commander of bombing flight and F/O W. M. Haggart is deputy flight commander in gunnery.

At the conclusion of the bond drive, the officers' mess contributed a \$50 bond to be raffled among the airmen who worked on the campaign. Winner was LAC Harry Switzer of Workshops.

Three of our officers are now attached to squadrons — air cadet squadrons. The C.O. has appointed the following as Fingal's liaison officers: F/L B. G. Servos, 163 (St. Thomas) Sqdn.; F/O A. C. Pennells, 294 (Chatham) Sqdn.; F/O E. S. Clark, 291 (Blenheim) Sqdn.

Results of an impromptu contest held in the bombing teacher by 92A:
LAC W. E. Ashton.....33.5 yds.
LAC A. A. Clarke.....37.5 yds.
LAC L. Berger.....43 yds.
LAC G. B. Scott.....43 yds.

Fingal meant reunion for two old friends—LAC Vic Almas, Course 94 air bomber, and Clarke Edwards, "Y" supervisor. Both were active in "Y" work in Midland.

Most airmen who head for Detroit on a 48 go to see the sights and have a spot of fun. But LAC Todd Slaughter and LAC Bernard Sandy go to play —an organ. And here's the gen. These two RAF air bombers were professional organizers in England before they joined up. First time they hit Detroit they arranged with Fox and United Artists theatres to come in after the show and try out their huge Wurliizer organs. And they've been doing it every 48 since. They hope to make a recording of their playing to send to the folks back 'ome.

Senior man on Course 94 is/ FSgt. Harold Hennigar, 20, who spent a year overseas as a navigator. Hennigar, who comes from a place in Nova Scotia called Upper Kennetcook, joined up in October, 1941, and got his wing at Portage la Prairie. He started his O.T.U. on Whitleys in Warwickshire before being returned to Canada to train as an air bomber.

LAW B. Y. Smithers, clerk-accountant, has been authorized to wear the St. John's Ambulance badge.

F/O A. C. Pennells, of servicing squadron, is now in charge of the station band.

Okay, nighthawks. Breathe easy again. It's all a misunderstanding; you can still get a

taxi back to Fingal. You have the transit controller's word for it. Under the new ruling you can take a cab only when there is no bus service available or if there is a 40-minute wait until the next bus. Except, of course in an emergency when a permit may be obtained from the chief of police, whose office functions day and night in the town hall.

LAC Bill Armstrong's brother Harry joined the army and so far has done more flying than he has. Harry's a paratrooper overseas. Bill's with 92C.

AW2 Jean Fraser, Telephone operator, has been authorized to wear the St. John's Ambulance badge.

A unique idea to aid servicemen who take to the highways to hitch-hike home on short leaves is the "Servicemen Pickup Station" erected by the Burlington Lions Club on the Queen Elizabeth highway at Freeman. Soldiers, sailors and airmen thumbing rides in the district use the attractive wooden shelter to wait until motorists pick them up.

Bulletin: There was a party at the officers' mess on Nov. 19. Casualties were light. None of our officers are missing.

When Course 89 air bombers celebrated their graduation from Fingal in the Legion Hall, they found that in the very next room were Course 89 instrument makers from TTS. The censor has permitted us to say only this — it was a good party.

SERGEANTS' MESS CRIBBAGE
LEAGUE AS OF NOV. 30

Team	Won	Lost	For	Agst.	Pts.
Earthshakers ..	6	2	30	26	30
Newsweats ..	3	5	28	28	28
Bulldozers	6	0	26	16	26
Torpedoes	2	4	22	20	22
Helldivers	3	3	22	20	22
Spitfires	2	5	21	28	21
Turrets	2	1	11	8	11
Rangers	1	3	11	16	11
Canzacs	0	3	7	14	7
Wolverines	1	1	7	7	7
Combines	1	1	7	7	7
Antidotes	1	0	4	3	4

The editor of No. 5 Equipment Depot's paper seems to do all right —with secretary 'n' all. A note to us, requesting exchange copies of the Observer, was signed as follows:

B. Wynn,
For (D. M. Loader) LAC,
Managing Editor,
The Eastern Provider.

When Anne Elliott arrived at Fingal 14 months ago she met Sgt. Max Emery of works and bricks. Last month, Anne was discharged from the service, and shortly afterwards she and Max were married in St. Thomas. Emery, who comes from Parkhill, has been here since the station opened.

O.K., gang, it's now official. A notice on a G.I.S. blackboard says: "Hilan aircraft are now considered Allied."

"What has more fun than people do?"

"Rabbits."

"Do you know why?"

"Because there are more rabbits than people."

R.C.A.F. Schoolmarms Teach Fingal Aircrew



Things have come to a pretty pass when a fellow has to join the air force to learn a few things FROM women. But that's the situation at Fingal, where two female instructors are now teaching classes in aircraft recognition. And judging from what the aircrew tell us, the gals are doing a good job, and are personally very popular. Centre picture

shows Sgt. Josephine Saunders lecturing to a class. RIGHT: Sgt. Mary Mattaini and Sgt. Saunders with a model aircraft. Oh, yes—the guy on the LEFT is F/Sgt. Jack Costin, who is in charge of ship recognition. He's showing a model, built by himself, to an RAF bloke from Birmingham.

Senior Airman On Station WO2 Barber Joined In 1929

His Service Totals 22 Years, Including Five Years in British Army and Three Years in India Police (Before Coming To Canada)—Started as LAC in RCAF 14 Years Ago

TWENTY-TWO years of service life, over 14 of them in the RCAF, and WO2 Frank Barber is still going strong. Barber, 40, is Fingal's equipment warrant officer, and in point of service is senior to all airmen on the station.

Born in Kent, England, Barber joined the sea scouts at 14 to train for the navy as a machinist. When the last war ended he was a metal worker and in 1921, at 17, he joined the British army.

With the army of occupation he went to Germany, Poland and Belgium. In 1923 he served in Iraq and India until he left the army "by purchase." For £35 you could purchase a discharge in those good old days.

IN 1925 he joined the Bombay city police force as a probationary sergeant. The next three years were filled with colorful incidents, which included protecting Mahatma Gandhi whenever he went to the Bombay railway station to catch a train, and living on bananas for days during the big mill strikes.

In November of 1928 he went home to England, got cheesed off and sailed for Canada in June of 1929. Aboard ship he met his wife-to-be. After they landed they were married in Toronto — and Barber promptly went back into uniform, this time RCAF blue.

He started his air force career as an LAC in equipment. For seven years he was stationed at Camp Borden. Then followed three years at Rockcliffe. He was now F/Sgt. Barber. He remained at Rockcliffe until 1940, when he got his crown in the place where it counts most. Barber has been stationed at Jar-

vis, Debart, St. Hubert, Moncton and Labrador. He arrived here in July of this year. He and Mrs. Barber now reside in St. Thomas.



WO2 FRANK BARBER

vis, Debart, St. Hubert, Moncton and Labrador. He arrived here in July of this year. He and Mrs. Barber now reside in St. Thomas.

Ode to Professor Browning

By LAC E. J. ORD, 95C

I had not dreamed so many things
In such small compass lay,
So many parts so much alike
To cheat and cause dismay.

So many notches, finely graved,
So many things that move,
Whose subtle shape and contours
plead
The one and only way.

So many things that ought to fit,
Which ought but somehow won't,
So many parts that strangely lack
And those which should but don't.

But if in nightmare's clammy hold
The skies with barrels ring,
Think of him, the master mind,
Who made the bloody thing.

FINGAL-TRAINED WAG ON SECOND OPS TOUR

P/O W. E. Suddick, Toronto,
Went Overseas in
June, 1941

"An express train hit me on the left leg and there was a blinding flash of light," P/O W. E. Suddick, a Fingal graduate, wrote in a vivid description of being wounded on operations by machine gun bullets. He has since recovered from his wound and is beginning his second tour after a period of instruction.

Suddick was wounded over the Dutch coast when returning from a raid on Emden, but continued with his duties of wireless air gunner until out of danger.

"I was sitting on the floor pumping oil and our rear gunner said he thought he saw a light beneath us. I stood up to have a look from the astro dome," he said. "I heard the rear guns go and an express train hit me on the left leg and there was a blinding flash of flame. I was pretty dazed and the place seemed filled with smoke.

"My oxygen caught fire and the smoke was choking me. I ripped the oxygen mask off and hung onto the arm rests of the dome, trying to figure things out.

"The fighter made that one and only attack. Our rear gunner shot him into the sea, where he was seen to blow up in flames. The oxygen valve on the aircraft side started to burn like a gas jet so I turned it off and put out the flame. We had to crash land as our kite was badly shot up and the landing gear was unserviceable. There were nine holes in my leg, not very deep ones, and they dug stuff from six of them."

Born in London, Ont., Pilot Officer Suddick came to Toronto when he was 12 and attended St. Monica's Separate school and North Toronto collegiate. He enlisted in July, 1940, and went overseas in June, 1941, after receiving his wings at Fingal.

So Long, Winston

ON the fighting fronts of the world, men of the United Nations are laying down their lives by hundreds and thousands almost every day. Yet it takes a solitary incident, the death of one we knew well, to bring home the tragedy of war.

It was with profound shock that his friends at Fingal learned of the death in an aircraft accident of LAC Winston McCatty. A famous Canadian swimmer, McCatty had left a teaching post at the University of Toronto to fly for the RCAF.

He trained as an air bomber at Fingal this summer, and during his three months here became a popular figure on the station. He did a great deal to promote swimming and diving activities, and altogether he was a keen, likeable fellow.

On the Sunday before he died in a crash while on an exercise from Malton, he penned a note to the Editor of the Observer. His wife has just forwarded it. And because the note is very like him—anxious always to be moving ahead—we pass it along to all of you who knew him:

68 Rosemount Ave.,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Major:

I came up to your "Black Hole of Calcutta" to say good-bye before shaking the dust of Fingal from my feet, but you were on a 48. Oh, well, will see you sometime again after "Y" depot.

We are busy with navigation at Malton. It is a good thing the pilots know their way home.

Only 20 days more to go and we are all anxious to see the end of our course. Will let you know how things go with us.

All for the present.

Sincerely yours,

WINSTON McCATTY.

AC2: "She's a nicely reared girl, isn't she?"

AC1: "I should say so. Not so bad from the front, either."

EDITOR'S MAIL BAG

Hello, Gang:

Just a short line while I sit here on fire picquet. Yes, we have it up here, too. It comes a week in every three months up here where the kee bird reigns. That's a bird which sits on the north pole and every little while flaps his wings and calls "Kee-rist it's cold."

Here are some of the old boys I have met up here: Ex-Cpl. (now Sgt.) Ross of service police; ex-Cpl. (now Sgt.) Scott, flight engineer; LAC's Chapman, Warman, Cowley, with whom I arrived here.

We have very few parades and we have no W.D.'s to dress up for. The country is very beautiful, but I would trade it all for a bottle of beer. But seeing as we can't have everything, we will just have to store up a thirst until we get out.

If any of the old gang (are there any left?) care to write, I sure will answer, especially Jerry Dunlop, Ben Halter, Bob Conlin, Pete Heckman, the—(he knows what I'm calling him), and also any W.D.'s. So long, gang.

LAC Jennings, T. A.,
R83119,
CAPO No. 10,
RCAF Overseas.

BY AIRGRAPH

Dear Sir:

It was with great interest that I read your September issue. I am sure your staff deserves a great deal of credit for this most interesting and comprehensive publication, which seems to become bigger and better every month.

I was fortunate as a trainee to spend 12 happy weeks at Fingal with Course 78 (of which we expect much to be heard of later) and will always have a soft spot in my heart and many happy memories of that station.

From my own personal experience Fingal is tops in comparison with any other station I've been on, especially in messing. Sports and all-round good comradeship, and the permanent staff of the station deserve credit for making it such a fine station.

Incidentally, while at Halifax I was fortunate enough to run into a number of my former instructors in the persons of F/O Scott, F/O Batchelder, P/O McKinley and others. As a matter of fact, I thought at first that the whole plotting office staff had been posted en masse to Halifax as it seemed that every day I ran into another chap I knew.

At present I'm stationed with six other Fingalites at an A.F.U. in Scotland. For those who might think they are a little isolated at Fingal at times, I might mention that our closest village is about five miles, with the closest town of any importance about 70 miles away.

For some students who might complain about being overworked, I might mention that on a normal flying day here you report for first briefing at 6:15. This after having breakfast and walking a mile to the drome. You go up on a flying detail which arrives back around 12:30. You then have a mile to walk to the mess and be back for afternoon briefing by 1:30. If for-

Bards In Battledress: Here's Your Chance

FINGAL poets: A wider audience awaits your verses. It is an audience listening from coast to coast—listening, wherever on this continent, wherever in the world, the voice of the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation is heard. Here is a public such as authors have dreamed of—and died without. It can be your public for the mere submission of your best work.

"Bards In Battledress" is a program devised by a service poet,

Wing Commander G. L. Creed, author of the spirited and familiar volume of wartime verse, "For Freedom."

Every Monday at 6:30 p.m., E.D.T. the C.B.C. devotes a quarter-hour to the coast-to-coast recital of original verse composed by members of the forces. In that quarter-hour is heard poetry of all sorts. There are humorous poems, serious poems—noble poems, some of them, and rendered all the nobler by the voices of those who know

how to select, to appreciate and, above all, to broadcast them—voices, incidentally, of service personnel.

Many service bards from units across the Dominion and overseas have already won places on the roll of contributors. Fingal would be proud to be similarly represented—and the answer is strictly up to YOU.

Address contributions to "Bards In Battledress," care the Editor, Wings, AFHQ, Ottawa.

MARRIED

P/O E. T. Haist to Hazel Eileen Laymen, at Vineland.
AC1 J. A. Hennessey to Mary Margaret Garrett, at Montreal.
LAC J. C. Richardson to Helen Margaret Stark, at Toronto.
LAC B. W. Robinson to Helen Christina King.

PROMOTED

LAC's W. H. Gunning, D. S. MacPherson, G. D. Cudmore, E. R. Rowe, L. A. T. Levesque, W. Sanson, to Corporal.
LAW's F. M. Hutchinson and A. I. Spencer to Corporal.
Cpl. W. J. Emery to Sergeant.
Sgt. J. B. Workman to Flight Sergeant.

STOP PRESS

Born—A son, Robert McGregor, to W/C and Mrs. R. D. P. Blagrove, at St. Thomas.

Him: "Do you dance?"
Her: "I love to."
Him: "Let's love, then."

"I hear Katherine is marrying that X-ray expert."
"Yes, I wonder what he sees in her."

tunate you get back from the afternoon flight about 6:30 or 7 o'clock.

If on night flying, first briefing is at 5:30 p.m., with the flight usually arriving back around midnight. Then another mad rush to the mess for a bite to eat and back for 1 a.m. briefing. This flight usually gets you back in the morning at 7 a.m. You're really ready to hit the hay when finished.

All in all, it's a great life, though, and I wouldn't trade it for anything in the world. Messing here isn't all that could be hoped for, but we understand it improves greatly on ops, so we have no complaints.

Sgt. Nelson's mention of those 22,000 chocolate bars sold monthly in the Fingal canteen really makes my mouth water, as our present ration entitles us to one bar per week.

In conclusion I would like to again compliment you on your publication and would ask if you would be kind enough to remember me to F/Sgt. Whittall, Sgt. Lowrey, Sgt. Dixon and any of my old instructors and friends who are on the station at present.

Sincerely yours,

P/O R. J. ALLEN,
J28679
RCAF Overseas.

WE'VE PLENTY OF MEN NOW BUT WE STILL NEED WOMEN

Ground Crews Are Remustering Faster Than Replacements Can Be Obtained—6,000 Since First of This Year

WE still need women, women and more women. This, in effect, is the feeling at AFHQ.

At any rate it's the impression we get from an Ottawa dispatch which says the "panic" is over in RCAF recruiting. Air Minister Power predicted the air force "can run close to the end of the war without any trouble."

His statement was made in answer to a press conference inquiry if the joint recruiting program was working out for the air force. "It must be," Major Power replied. "We are getting recruits, wherever they are coming from. We see the way clear now forever—well, at least well into next year."

Nearly a year ago there was the threat that some training schools would have to be closed for the lack of trainees. Major Power said no schools had been closed and none would be.

Men are being remustered from ground to operational crews faster than the RCAF can get women's divisions to replace them. Up to 1,200 were remustered in one month, and nearly 6,000 have gone operational since Jan. 1.

Some men—he did not know how many—have transferred from the army, but emphasis in the swap is being made at the recruiting stations.

On commissioning, Air Minister Power said there had been some complaint on behalf of men overseas of the number who are being commissioned on graduation under the new merit system which replaced the quota plan favored by the RAF. Men who were previously graduated and not granted commissions are being commissioned retroactively on the basis of their records as rapidly as possible, he said.

PUKKA GEN ON MEN OF 91B

NAME	AMBITION
Frank Ayers	To take a dozen in his car without losing one.
Cleto Barsanti	To grow a moustache like a Russian general.
Buzz Barton	To find a bar open 24 hours a day, 7 days a week.
Ernie Dickens	To find the secret of the lasting shave.
Moe Ellames	To get back to his dogs.
Gibby Gibson	To stay as long as possible at Fingal.
Chuck Goodhand	To drink two pints without rolling under the table.
Frenchy Guindon	To end his bachelor days in the near future.
Farmer Hills	To have a doll to call his own.
Eddie Harwood	To prove that his size is no handicap with women.
Harry Katz	To meet Betty Grable.
Fuehrer Marshall	To be on the winning side for a change.
Sinatra Nutt	To talk as fast and lengthy as Harwood.
Skids Sapsford	To find the guy who will believe his lines.
Parasite Savlouskis	To live up to his name.
Smitty Smith	To popularize the "keen type."
Tomy Taylor	To make the grade despite his weight.
Silver Driscoll	To get a 96 and drink twice as much.

AIR BOMBER'S LAMENT



"Found a wind and can't get rid of the damn thing."

BEURLING INSPIRES RAF WRITER HERE

Air-Gunners Might Well Emulate Canada's No. 1 Ace



We'll admit that the connection between F/L George Beurling, DSO, DFC, DFM and Bar, and Fingal is fairly remote. Except, of course, that Beurling is pretty hot on the guns, and so are most of the WAGS we graduate.

But to make a short story longer, Humphrey of Course 94 has contributed this hot sketch of Beurling, and his mate Morgan has given us a few words on the subject—so this being the gala Christmas number and stuff, we're in a mood to publish this sort of thing. It may even inspire our aircrew.

So here it is:

By LAC ROY MORGAN, RAF

WHEN "Screwball" Beurling commenced his training in England we were already at war with Germany. While training, Beurling visited London on leave and ran smack into an air raid.

After the raid, Beurling emerged from a shelter and saw a little girl lying dead clutching a rag doll. Further along he saw another young girl, also dead. It is said that from then on he resolved to get as many Jerries as he could to avenge these two particular deaths.

Perhaps this incident inspired the uncanny skill of Canada's No. 1 fighter pilot, who is without doubt one of the world's best fliers.

Husband (to wife considering WD service): "I don't think you'd like it, dear. It's strictly non-combat duty."

FINGAL AIR-GUNNER, DFC DID 2 PATHFINDER TOURS

F/O Seymour Bernard Has Two Destroyed and Two Probables

HAS COUSIN ON 92

F/O Seymour Bernard, D.F.C., a Fingal graduate, has arrived home in Toronto after two operative tours with a Stirling Pathfinder squadron. His cousin, LAC L. Berger, is now training as an air bomber on Course 92 here.

Pathfinders blaze the way over the targets, encountering stiffest night fighter opposition and heaviest curtain of flak the enemy can raise. Bernard, a rear gunner, has two enemy destroyed and two probables.

"My kite was always lucky," said Bernard. "We were shot up a bit now and then and once took a direct hit from flak in the fuselage. Our navigator was wounded but was able to bring our ship back. The plane burned for a while but we got that out. We came back on three engines, but that's more or less routine on ops."

He was modest about his own fighters destroyed. "They were never spectacular. Nicest from the fireworks viewpoint was an Me.109 which blew up in the air." He also destroyed a Focke Wulf 190 which crashed into the sea after one burst on a daylight raid over Lubeck. He had "probables" against a Ju. 88 night fighter and an Me. 110.

Only time he was in a crash was on the take-off for an operational trip. "The dingy hatch blew off, cutting our aileron controls, and we piled up. Nobody was hurt."

Bernard enlisted in August, 1940, and went overseas in June, 1941, after receiving his wing at Fingal.

BAGS A JERRY

F/O Harvey Jacobs, 23, former Fingal pilot, has bagged one plane since going on operations a month ago. Jacobs, a Toronto boy, is a member of W/C Lloyd Chadburn's squadron, which recently bagged 11 enemy planes while escorting American daylight bombers.

The Queen Bee is a hardy soul—She thumbs her nose at birth-control;

Which is the reason, beyond a doubt,

There's so many sons of bees about.

TRIO OF FINGALITES DECORATED ABROAD

F/O John Frederick Lewis, No. 426 Sqdn., RCAF:

"In spite of continuous air sickness, the navigational ability displayed by F/O Lewis has been of the highest order. He has participated in attacks on all the major targets in Germany, including several on the Ruhr valley. One night in February, 1943, his aircraft was badly damaged over Hamburg and due to this officer's navigational skill the long journey home, at reduced speed, was successfully completed. He has at all times displayed coolness and determination."

P/O Geoffrey Bruce White, No. 427 Sqdn., RCAF:

"This rear gunner has successfully participated in many missions against the enemy. He has always displayed marked enthusiasm for operations undaunted by heavy opposition. His coolness and courage over the dangerous targets have been an inspiration to all with whom he has worked."

P/O Patrick Charles Howard Tripp, No. 76 Sqdn., RAF:

"This officer has completed attacks on many of the most heavily defended objectives in enemy territory. These have included Hamburg, and Berlin on two occasions and no less than 12 sorties on the Ruhr. He possesses a great tenacity of purpose and as an air-gunner has always displayed exceptional fighting qualities throughout all his missions."

First AC2 (from Scokum Corners, Sask.): "What doin' Sattidy night?"

Second AC2 (from Possum Hollows, Man.): "Gotta date."

First AC2: "An' next Sattidy night?"

Second AC2: "Gotta date."

First AC2: "An' next Sattidy after that?"

Second AC2: "Gotta date."

First AC2: "Well, twiddle my moustache, man, don'cha ever take a bath?"



HENRY GREEN
... loves snow, this boy

THE snow, the snow, the beautiful snow. That's what it looks like to LAC Henry Murray Green, the only South African on the station—and Pretoria is one place where they just don't have snow.

Green, on Course 93, has been in this country about three months, and is honestly looking forward to seeing piles of snow. He may feel differently after a winter at Fingal.

He left South Africa and finished his schooling in England, but not before he had learned to speak Afrikaans, which is compulsory in South African schools. He worked as an engineer in England, married an English girl who now lives in Surrey, and when war broke out he promptly joined the RAF.

Green plays cricket and has done a bit of mountain climbing in Switzerland. Oh, yes, he's been to Detroit, too—and he likes it, especially the Brass Rail.

C.O. MUST APPROVE WD'S SILK STOCKINGS

Ottawa says that airwomen are permitted to wear silk stockings while on leave or pass or after-duty. They are to be of the approved taupe shade of the present list stockings.

The order also says that commanding officers are responsible that silk stockings of the approved shade only are worn.

The order neglected to say one thing—where the girls could get silk stockings these days.

Sh-h-h! Big Quiz Contest Is Strictly Hush-Hush

THE Fingal Observer is not permitted to publish the answers to the recent questions on a certain test. In fact, we're on the spot.

This test (hereinafter referred to as Exhibit A) is something which had the camp in a panic for a few days, and therefore deserves public mention in print. But we're in the odd position of having a story and not being able to print it.

We can't tell you what the ques-

tions were, let alone the answers. We can't even tell you how many questions there were. So we're stumped.

But we can tell you that it was called the classification test, that 350 Fingal quiz kids took it, and that 350 Fingal quiz kids had headaches.

SEEMS that this test—sometimes known as an ability-to-learn test—sorta kinda determines how

smart you are, see? Gives you a kind of an I.Q. rating.

Anyway, it's given to all recruits nowadays and the results go on the record for future consultation. But all the old-timers, the guys who joined up before they devised these fancy tests, have to take it, or else there will be a little blank space in their documents.

So that's the story, as much as we dare tell. And since it keeps

the air marshals busy figuring out questions and drawing conclusions from results, who are we to quarrel with scrambled eggs?

HONEST

Sgt.: "A girl's greatest attraction is her teeth."

Cpl.: "No, I think it's her hair. What do you think?"

AC2: "The same as you fellows, but I don't lie about it."

Aleutian Airmen's Songs Kid About Lonely Lives

Their Favorite: "Ain't You Glad That You're Blinking Well Dead?"—Sorry, But the Unexpurgated Version Wouldn't Pass Our Censor

By P/O DAVID GRIFFIN

YOU can pretty well tell how men feel by the songs they sing. Canadian airmen in the Aleutians realize they are a long way from home, cut off from the world they knew. So what do they do? Sing happy ditties, the words of which would indicate sunny spirits and high morale? No! They don't. They proceed to kid the pants off the loneliness and isolation by picking on songs that are mournful in the extreme.

The favorite song among the Canucks is a beauty called "Ain't You Glad That You're Blinking Well Dead?" That word "blinking" is not always used. The lads know too well that there is scant chance they'll offend the delicate sensibilities of any lady. Except for a few U. S. Army nurses, there are no women for more than 1,000 miles, and even the nurses are seldom seen.

YOU'LL be coming down a road in the dark and foggy night, headlights of your jeep just barely lighting up the road. You hear voices in the murk. There's a truck coming along behind you, catching up. It's loaded with men on their way to quarters, and they're singing—not good, but loud. The tune is a haunting one—it would make a beautiful waltz. You listen to it and you can almost hear the way one of those big bandsmen would arrange it, with plenty of fiddles and woodwinds. But no orchestra leader in the world would, for one minute, allow the pretty blonde band singer to get away with those words.

This is a very expurgated version of the song, and if you like, you can make your own substitution where you see fit, to get an idea of how it really sounds:

"Oh look at the flowers, bloomin' great orchids,
Ain't it grand, to be blinking well dead?
Oh, look at the graveyard, bloomin' big tombstones,
Ain't it grand, ain't it grand to be dead?"

"So don't let us be merry,
Let's have a jolly good cry,
Don't forget, the longer you live
The sooner you'll jolly well die.
So let's have a good sniffle,
Let's see a tear in your eye,
Don't let us be merry,
Let's have a jolly good cry.

"Oh, look at the coffin, blinkin' grey handles,
Ain't it grand to be blinkin' well dead?
Look at the preacher, blinkin' high collar,
Ain't it grand, ain't it grand to be dead?"

(Chorus)

"Look at your brother, big cigar smokin',
Ain't it grand to be blinkin' well dead?
Look at your grandmaw, drunk as a hoot owl,
Ain't it grand, ain't it grand to be dead?"

AND so forth, for interminable verses, describing macabre joys. The song seems to be peculiar

to this particular region and some day, when the war is ended, there will be men scattered all over Canada who will perk up their ears when they hear the tune again.

It's a lovely tune, and without a doubt, some sharp-eared gentleman in Tin Pan Alley will hear it, put it down on paper, get a copyright on it, and make himself a lot of money. He'll probably put different words to it, too, full of sentiment as tender as the tune. But no matter what he does to it, that song is only going to mean one thing to the men who first sang it in the Aleutians. It's their song.

There are others, too, but they are not as good, or as popular, as this one.

FOR THIS particular little number seems to sum up the spirit of the place. It's like the sign that hangs in one of the Quonset huts. A pilot had just been posted from a station in Canada. He sat around for a couple of days, waiting to be assigned his duties. The country really got him.

He looked outside and saw fog. He walked over the tundra and saw tundra, which is not very enticing, even when the sun shines and the flowers bloom. He found a piece of packing case, about 15 inches long, 10 inches wide. He stained it with mahogany stain, and in nice, neat Gothic script, in sky blue camouflage paint, he lettered a sentiment.

His bit of art still hangs in the Quonset hut, just the way mottoes used to hang in old-fashioned farm houses. But this sign doesn't say "God Bless Our Happy Home," or anything like that. It states, quite simply, "Nothing Matters Now."

DISCIP. REMUSTERS GETS WINGED HERE

F/Sgt. James Milne, a permanent force man, has just left Fingal with a WAG's wing up. Milne, 26, of Toronto, was a discip. before he remustered to aircrew.

By Cable from England: Born, a son, Dennis Edward Michael, to LAC and Mrs. Thomas Shaw, at Portsmouth. Shaw is with 93A.



"BONDWAGON" SHOW IS SMASHING SUCCESS

Presented during the bond drive by Fingal personnel, the "Bondwagon" revue left 'em rolling in the aisles and howling for more. TOP LEFT: John Sandy and Todd Slaughter, whose piano-tuners' act was the big hit. BOTTOM LEFT: Producer Stan Stanton chats backstage with S/L Poupure, bond drive chairman. TOP RIGHT: Some of the RAF gang in the show. BOTTOM RIGHT: "Feebee and Margot," jitterbug dance team, who are really AW1 Margaret Reed and LAC Harry Annan.

VITAL STATISTICS

MARRIED

Cpl. Clifford Birch to Miss Claudia Silverwood, by F/L J. H. James, at London.
F/O B. V. Player to Miss E. M. Butler, at London
LAC W. P. Klymanko to Miss Ruby Caroline Carr, at St. Thomas.
LAC A. F. Coddington to Hazel Mae Ball, at St. Marys, Ont.
LAC R. F. Lutz to Constance Miriam Holland, at Galt.
LAC H. L. Douglas to Marion Irene Baker, at Toronto.
LAC L. W. Blackwell to Olive Marie Waite, at St. Thomas.
LAC M. W. Gosnell to Joan McIntyre.
AC2 R. Nesbitt to Lillian May Nortcliff, at St. Catharines.

BORN

A daughter, Shirley Ruth, to Cpl. and Mrs. C. N. McGregor, St. Thomas.
A daughter, Carol Anne, to Cpl. and Mrs. C. M. Riopel, in Montreal.
A son, James Cameron, to Sgt. and Mrs. J. L. Sadlier, at St. Thomas.
A son, Harry Alfred, to LAC and Mrs. A. D. Goodwin at Amherstburg.
A son, Douglas Roger, to LAC and Mrs. G. A. Hills.
A daughter, Phyllis Maureen, to Sgt. and Mrs. R. W. Bryans.
A son, Charles Robert, to AC1 and Mrs. J. E. Lintner.

PROMOTED

F/O E. G. L. Weaver to Flight Lieutenant.
P/O W. G. Manning to Flying Officer.
Sgt. J. A. Tait, Sgt. R. Ruton, Sgt. J. H. Chitwood, Sgt. H. S. Hennigar, Sgt. T. D. Jones and Sgt. Lawrence to F/Sgt.
F/Sgt. E. J. Loveday to WO2.
Cpl. C. J. Dickens, Cpl. J. E. Stoddart, Cpl. G. H. Dickson, Cpl. W. G. Thomson and Cpl. J. L. Sadler to Sergeant.
LAC H. T. Baker, LAC A. E. Cassidy, LAC J. F. Laroche, LAC A. Asselin, LAC J. F. Ridley, LAC G. A. Hunter to Corporal.
LAW M. F. Beall and LAW D. I. Macdonald to Corporal.
F/O Nick Carter and F/O Tom Elliot to Flight Lieutenant.
P/O B. V. Player to Flying Officer.

Chief Instructor Inspects Overseas Units

W/C BLAGRAVE COMPLETES 3-MONTH TOUR OF ENGLAND

Visits Every Type of Unit To Study Armament Training and Operational Procedure—Met Many Fingal-Trained Aircrew

CANADIAN training is tops. That's the feeling in Britain, said Wing Commander R. D. P. Blagrave, Fingal's chief instructor, who has just returned from a three-months tour of duty overseas. His itinerary, arranged by the air ministry, permitted him to see what was being done in armament training and to observe operations of all types.

During his stay abroad he visited reception depots, initial training wings, advanced flying units, operational training units, air armament schools, gunnery schools, and operational stations in bomber and coastal commands.

"On dispersed units," he said, "living conditions are primitive, but everybody gets used to it after a while. The quantity of food is o.k. but the quality is unappetizing. But it's worth it and complaints become a minor thing in squadron life. The humor and good nature of everyone overcome the petty things. They simply work hard and play hard."

HE RAN into many pilots that he had instructed at Camp Borden, Saskatoon and Regina, and many WAGS and bombardiers from Fingal. All, he said, were doing well. Many were bombing and gunnery leaders with the rank of flight-lieutenant. And aircrew, other than pilots, were squadron leaders and wing commanders, as commanding officers and chief instructors.

"A goodly number of Canadian personnel are now being commissioned before they get on ops," he said. "They must be very careful to observe and learn the necessary qualifications for a commission, and carry themselves with modesty until they have gained sufficient experience to back up their rank."

Overseas, he stated, the majority of people consider a man should have completed from five to ten operational trips before a commission is awarded.

Newly graduated aircrew from Canada go to an advanced flying unit, which is a refresher before O.T.U. Most important aspects of training for aircrew students are aircraft recognition, turret manipulation and range estimation for WAGS; map reading, knowledge of aircraft, accuracy in details and alertness for air bombers.

THE training at A.F.U. is very necessary, said the wingco. "It makes O.T.U. so much easier and aircrew should make the most of it. It is normally a few weeks. Here for the first time you meet overseas conditions in the raw. And it takes that period to adjust to living and flying conditions."

The wingco has a word of friendly advice for men going over. "Per-

sonnel arriving overseas for the first time in their lives are inclined to consider that a reason for letting down on their inhibitions. That's perfectly all right to a degree; but those who don't know how to stop only get black marks against them, and become unpopular with the local people."

"The hospitality overseas is similar to the hospitality you meet in sparsely populated areas in Canada. Canadian stock is pretty high over there, so don't abuse the hospitality. The women are more practical. They have learned to be that way through their experiences, having been in the war itself. Only the very few have any affectations left. The levelling process in the social world has been all to the good. British women are grand scouts, gay and uncomplaining and carry things off with a smile."

WHEN you're posted overseas, whatever you take be sure to include long underwear, unless you are used to the English climate. You can only take what you can carry on your back, so condense as much as possible. Take rope and straps so you can carry a bit more.

There are plenty of cigarettes and sweets available on the boat, and they're very cheap in price. Take a flashlight, spare batteries, a camera and films; you won't get them in England. And be prepared to do your own laundry, as the wing commander did, until you are established in one place.

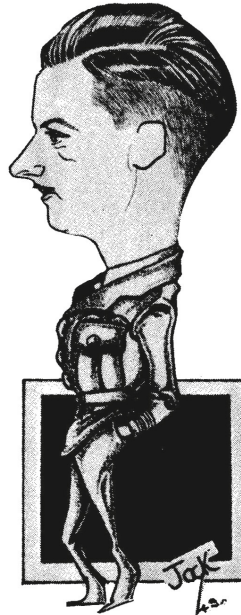
Above all, take your training notes and note books, because there really is a scarcity of paper abroad.

WHAT does he think of England? "Well, my first impression was of dingy little trains and a terrific concentration of houses in towns," he said. "But I found out later that the train service there can teach us a lot. If they say a train leaves at 11:57 it leaves at 11:57."

"Britain is in the front line. That was my chief impression. In the last war you had to go to the trenches in France; now you go to the squadrons and you are in the front lines. Naval men, airmen and commands mix with the populace and so the public is fully aware of what is going on. And after the terrible bombings the people have gone through, you can hardly say they aren't in the front lines of this war."

W/C Blagrave flew on operational exercises in Wimps from an O.T.U. "The job of getting bomber aircraft ready for an operation employs the whole staff of a station for a day. And each crew member needs to know every other man's job. He might be called upon to perform any function in the air, even to flying."

He had high words of praise for



WING COMMANDER BLAGRAVE

—By Cpl. Jock Paterson, 94C

the airwomen. "The WAAFS are doing a wonderful job, uncomplainingly, and for mere pittance. Our WD's over there carry themselves very well and are quite the smartest looking girls in uniform."

THE best places on leave, he said, are Scotland and the Isle of Man. Edinburgh is the most beautiful city in the British Isles and one of the most hospitable. Changing trains in Edinburgh one day, a stranger said "Hello, Canada" and invited him to have a drink in a nearby pub. He stayed on for two days.

W/C Blagrave, 30, joined the permanent force in 1937. He got his wings at Trenton and has been C.I. here since July, 1942. Born in Belleville, he attended the University of Toronto in arts. Then he sold insurance, worked in an electrical stock room, and as a laborer in a tree nursery. He then

Car Owners: Don't Be a Dirty Guy

IF YOU belong to Fingal, and if you own a car, this is addressed to you. Yes—you, brother.

A check was conducted at the gate several nights recently and it was discovered, to our horror, that occasionally a car drives into town with room to spare.

In other words, some guys are too snooty to pick up a fellow-airman at the gate, and leave him to the tender mercies of an already overburdened bus service.

And one Sunday we saw an officer leave from the guard house in a taxi that was empty, repeat

MOUSTACHE CONTEST ENDS AT CHRISTMAS

Course 94 Bombardiers Are Going In For Victory Gardens

By LAC PETER FOSTER

LAC Almus received no sympathy for his sore lip. But as a gardener will watch for the first shoots to appear in a flower bed, so Course 94 followed the progress of the first bristles under his nose. With unconcerned modesty, Almus waved his admirers aside. "You guys could grow minor editions yourselves," he said.

Thus the idea was born. About 30 competitors surged forward to be entered and the rules were drawn up. Under threat of a \$2 fine, there was to be no trimming or shaving from the starting date until Christmas. Proceeds will go to the flight party fund. Pope was unanimously nominated as treasurer.

LAC Ramsay, with a wife not too far away, would not sign the contract. Instead he makes money for the concern under the ruling which states that no member may speak to a non-member.

He will sneak up behind a prospective Jerry Colonna and say, "Boy, that's some moustache." Such a smooth line of flattery cannot be resisted and genial reply forfeits two bits.

Another angle is to awaken a member who has just gone to sleep. After curling his lip over the toughening down and reflecting upon the prospects of a little tinting, a pleasant dream is shattered. Abuse, however picturesque, is counted as conversation.

Heavy odds are being laid and handicaps for old hands and early starters are being arranged. Rivalry and jealousy are rampant. Some of the colors no artist could produce.

Even after a few days, Clark Gable must look to his laurels. The big question is: Should members sleep with moustaches over or under the covers?

went to McGill for a post-graduate course in theology.

If he had one wish to do something over again, he would have joined the air force sooner, he says, and now he hopes to remain in the RCAF for good.

EMPTY, while a group of airmen stood by wondering how in the heck they were going to get to town on a Sunday afternoon.

Now we ask you: Is this cricket? Life is tough enough in the air force without being snubbed by your fellow-airmen who are lucky enough to own cars. So how's about it? Take a hint. Be a good guy and pick up a full load every time you leave the front gate.

One thing is sure. Your ears will stop burning from the kind remarks you know follow you when you whiz by.

BATTLE-OF-BRITAIN PILOT STUDIES FINGAL TRAINING

F/L Geoffrey Ritcher Did Two Operational Tours on Spitfires—Carried His Baby Daughter's First Shoe Throughout 398 Hours on Ops.

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

HIS baby daughter's first shoe, a teddy bear known as Timmy, and the medal of St. Christopher, patron saint of travellers, flew with a daring RAF fighter pilot throughout 398 operational hours.

Call him a sentimentalist if you wish, or call him a flyer who believed in good luck charms, but F/L Geoffrey Ritcher has done a job with Spitfires that won him wide recognition in Britain, including mention in dispatches twice. But we're getting ahead of our story. . . .

Geoffrey Ritcher's story starts in 1930, when he laid aside his old school tie of blue, red and pink, and enlisted in the RAF. He took a short service commission as a pilot officer and served until 1936, when he became a flight-lieutenant.

For the next several years he filled in time as a stock-broker on the London Exchange and by flying his own Tiger Moth. In 1938 he re-enlisted with the rank of flying officer.

WHEN war came in 1939 he went with 88 Sqn. to France and flew Fairey Battles. After three months he was posted to a Spitfire squadron (No. 234) in England.

He went through Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain, and was shot down twice. Once an Me. got him over the channel. He floated about for five hours in his Mae West before being picked up. The second time he was shot down over England, and he still doesn't know who got him.

Ritcher's squadron was on patrol when Lord Louis Mountbatten's ship, the Javelin, was torpedoed. They escorted her in when the Luftwaffe sent 12 Dorniers out to finish her off. His squadron got 11 of them . . . and he "got a couple."

Ritcher was twice mentioned in dispatches, once for the Javelin show, and once for continuous operational work.

TAKEN off ops. after he suffered a hurt ear drum, Ritcher became chief flying instructor at a Spitfire O.T.U. for a year. Then he went to central flying school at Upavon, following which he was posted to an A.F.U. to brush up newly-graduated aircrew.

While at A.F.U. he did three bomber trips to Essen, Cologne and Dusseldorf, as second pilot, "to get the experience."

He got his second tour of fighter ops. with the U.S. air corps, attached to the 8th air force. He trained and led the 12th and 107th American Spitfire squadrons and took them both on their first sorties.

EIGHT weeks ago, Ritcher, now 32, arrived in Canada. He spent more than a month at Fingal, seeing how a bombing and gunnery school works, prior to his posting as o/c flying at Picton.

He has found life in Canada very delightful and he is thrilled with his visit; but right now his chief ambition is to get back to his wife and two kiddies in Edinburgh—and to a third tour of ops.

"The training plan here is incredibly thorough," he said. "Even



F/L RITCHER

though you are not overseas you have been able to keep a strong fighting spirit, which is difficult to keep in an area removed from the war zone."

PERHAPS more than anything else, the keenness of our aircrew pleases him. "It is gratifying to see how keen the pilots and other aircrew are to get overseas," he said. "Even though they have a safe job here, it's marvelous to see these boys pushing like hell to get over."

He had a word of advice to aircrew in training. "They'll get on damn well overseas if they play ball," he said. "No matter how laborious training may seem, it's all very important. All crew members should know everyone else's job. They'll appreciate the hard work now when they have the pleasure of serving with a squadron. The team spirit there is the finest in the world."

"The atmosphere on a squadron is entirely different. There is a certain nervous tension which holds everyone together. And there is less bull. No one has to be told to do anything. In a squadron you are no longer an airman. You are not just a number. You become a trusted friend. The team is not only of the aircrew but the ground staff as well."

SQUADRONS get better food and more leave than anyone else, he told us, and if you happen to have a car you can get gas and you can go further on your leaves.

His impressions of Canada? "Cars with headlights are still be-

WO2 LEPAGE IS WED TO ST. THOMAS GIRL

F/L O'Reilly, Fingal Padre, Officiates at Wedding Ceremony

ON Nov. 18, in St. Thomas, Frances Ena McIntyre, daughter of Mrs. Mary J. McIntyre, Shedden, became the bride of WO2 J. A. Lucien LePage, son of Mr. and Mrs. Narcisse LePage, Montreal. F/L J. M. O'Reilly, Fingal padre, performed the ceremony.

The bride was in a blue taffeta suit, with lace trimmings. She wore a blue felt hat with shoulder-length veil and carried a bouquet of Talisman roses. Bridal attendant was Miss Evelyn Blue, of Toronto, in a beige suit with matching accessories. She also carried a corsage of roses. Best man was P/O Wickes, of Fingal.

Following the wedding, a reception was held at the bride's mother's home in Shedden. For the wedding trip to Montreal, the bride wore a black wool suit, black seal coat, with matching accessories. The couple now reside in St. Thomas.

CHRISTMAS "WINGS" FEATURES PIN-UPS

24 Pages of Super-Dooper Stuff—All For a Nickel

THE Christmas issue of Wings is super-dooper. We have the editor's word for it.

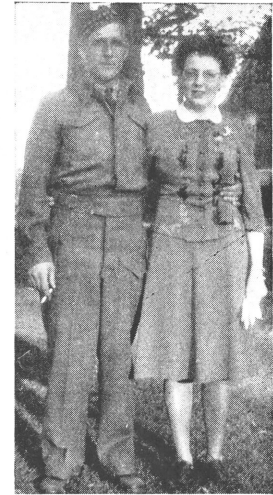
Here's what he says in a note to us: "Our special souvenir Christmas issue has four extra pages, for a total of 20. It's a big Christmas package of popular cartoons, pin-up girls, humor and amusing stories. P/O Dave Griffin, just back from the Aleutians, has written an interesting piece on life in that theatre of war. In response to considerable demand, the pin-up girl returns. To welcome her back, we have had O'Lee do a beautiful two-page drawing. This O'Lee girl is very special, and very, very lovely. There are two full pages of cartoons, and a brand new poem by S/L "Mac" MacLeod, who wrote "Dat D'Empire H'Air Train Plan."

So there it is, folks—Wings' holiday number. We've had a peek at it, and can recommend it. You might still be able to get a copy—if there are any left at the airmen's canteen.

Stealing a kiss may be petty larceny, but sometimes it's grand.

wildering," he said, "and among other things I have been impressed by the friendliness, the bags of good food and the lack of formality in introductions."

And he still cannot forget the blackout. Every night before turning the light on in his hotel room in St. Thomas he very carefully pulled the shade.



MR. AND MRS. GOODEVE

CPL. WINNIE SEAL IS SOLDIER'S BRIDE

A ROMANCE that began two years ago when both were stationed in Brantford has culminated in marriage for a Fingal airwoman and a Canadian soldier.

The bride was Cpl. Winnie Seal, of Windsor, who is a hospital chef here, and the groom was Pte. Earl Goodeve, of Orangeville, now with the Pictou Highlanders.

Winnie met Earl when she was at Brantford S.F.T.S. and he at No. 20 Training Depot. By a coincidence, both were posted to Gander, Newfoundland. When his regiment went to Debert, Winnie was posted to Summerside, P. E. I.

They were married in Windsor, N. S., on a 48-hour pass for the groom.

COURSE 91 BOASTS SIX GOODY-GOODYS

At Any Rate, They All Have Good Conduct Stripes

F/Sgt. Clive Forbes, ex-operational air-gunner now training as an air bomber here, has received a good conduct stripe from the RAF. Clive's award, for three years' service, was announced on a recent wings parade, thus bringing to six the number of good conduct stripes in Course 91. Others who have G.C.'s are: Cpl. Jack Wright, LAC John Nancarrow, LAC Dixie Dale, LAC John Wright and IAC E. A. Mason.

YANKS AT FINGAL

When a certain American aircraft had a certain accident in landing here, the army air corps sent up a major and five civvies to pick up the bits and pieces. The civvies, who belong to the reclamation department, of the Rome air depot in Rome, N. Y., must have thought they were being posted to Alaska. They arrived in fur-lined flying jackets to work in No. 5 hangar.

ALL RCAF PERSONNEL ELIGIBLE FOR MEDAL

It's For 18 Months' Honorable Service as a Volunteer, Which We All Are

WE'LL all be heroes soon—with medals and ribbons—according to an announcement from Ottawa.

Volunteer members of the armed forces who have to their credit a minimum of 18 months' service or a discharge after service outside Canada will be able to wear a new ribbon on their chests through creation of the "Canadian Volunteer Service Medal," announced jointly by the three defense ministers.

The service medal is the third purely Canadian war service medal in history. It followed only a week after institution of the first Canadian decoration—the "Canada Medal"—which may be awarded to any person, service or civilian, for "meritorious service above and beyond the call of duty."

Most war medals previously granted to Canadian service personnel have been British medals, as were all the medals issued during the first Great War. Previous Canadian service medals were the Fenian Raid Medal of 1866, and the Northwest Rebellion Medal of 1885.

THE new medal is a general service award in that it goes automatically to persons who complete certain specified service. It is thus distinct from a decoration for special service or bravery, which goes only to a limited number.

The medal itself will not be struck until after the end of the war, but a ribbon of alternating green, scarlet, royal blue, scarlet and green stripes will be issued as soon as available, probably in December.

Eligible for the award will be both men and women members of the navy, army and air force, regardless of rank, who:

1. Honorably complete 18 months' voluntary service;
2. Have served outside Canada for no matter how brief a period and been honorably discharged or retired.
3. Have been honorably discharged as a result of injuries suffered on duty and while serving voluntarily.

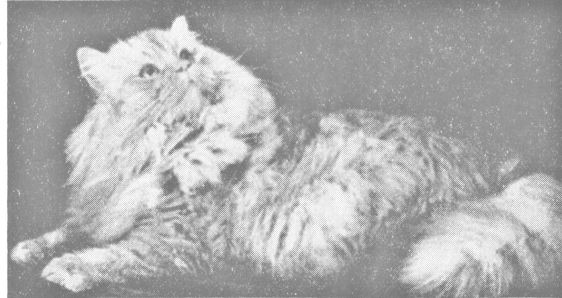
Persons who have been killed or died of wounds suffered in action or on duty while on voluntary service will receive the medal posthumously.

Those who serve outside Canada, for however long or short a period, may wear a silver maple leaf on the ribbon.

CAST in silver, the medal will be circular, bearing on one side marching figures representing the three services, with the inscription "Canada" above the "Voluntary Service Volontaire" below. The reverse side will bear the Canadian coat-of-arms.

The medal will be worn on the left breast, immediately after the Africa Star or 1939-43 Star—Brit-

Donald the Cat is Dead After 11 Months' Service



DONALD is dead—and hundreds of airmen and airwomen mourn the loss of a friend.

Donald was the Hostess House cat, a thoroughbred Persian with the loveliest orange fur you ever saw.

Donald would have been three years old this month. He had 11 months' service in the air force to his credit, seven months at Brantford S.F.T.S. and four months here.

He came in July with his mistress, Miss Annie Bartliff, of the Hostess House, and had endeared himself to all on the station. One

of his favorite spots was the guard-house ditch, where he would catch mice by the hour. In the evenings, Donald would purr his welcome to Hostess House visitors.

On Oct. 27, Donald dragged himself off the chair on which he slept, and landed on the floor with a thud. His hind legs seemed to be paralyzed. Before a veterinary could be called, Donald gave three cries and died.

Donald was one of the most even-tempered cats we ever saw. Miss Bartliff had him since he was a month old.

ish medals—or any previously issued war service medals. The ribbon will be 1½ inches wide of green, scarlet, royal blue, scarlet and green. Each green and scarlet stripe will be 3-16ths inch wide.

"The new medal represents recognition by the people of Canada of their voluntary fighting forces," said Defence Minister Ralston, Navy Minister Macdonald and Air Minister Power in their joint statement.

"These men and women of the armed forces, many of whom now are in their fifth year of active service, voluntarily gave up civilian life to serve their country anywhere in its time of need. It is as a tribute to their spirit of self-sacrifice that the new medal has been instituted."

A defence department spokesman said the silver maple leaf will be awarded to anyone who goes outside the territorial limits of Canada on duty, no matter for what period.

BOMBING FLIGHT "DO" IS WELL ATTENDED

By LAC BEN HALTER

THE much-heralded bombing flight party went off as per schedule at the Legion Hall, St. Thomas. The doin's was well attended with over 100 couples present. The station orchestra provided the usual scintillating music.

There were as many officers and senior N.C.O.'s as there were airmen. Quite a few Fingal WD's were at the dance as guests of bombing flight and enjoyed themselves tremendously. There were also several airwomen from TTS. Although it was supposedly a bombing party, every section of the station was represented.

One of the features was the fraternizing of all ranks, which helped tremendously in making the dance a success. Refreshments were very well served and were of excellent quality. The committee's thanks go to the ladies' auxiliary of the Canadian Legion.

TIRES OF CLERKING ART GOES AIRCREW



CPL. ART ROSEN

Cpl. Art Rosen is frank, at any rate.

He says he "got tired of sitting on his fanny in an orderly room" and remustered to aircrew.

Art, on Course 96, was a Toronto salesman before he enlisted as a clerk in November, 1941. His service includes a year in Newfoundland, where he worked under our own WO2 Dougall at Botwood, and where he was with the North Atlantic squadron.

Art's most memorable experience was an overnight trip on the famous Overland Express in Newfy, a narrow gauge railway which covered 250 miles in the remarkable time of 18 hours.

SHE'S ENGAGED, GUYS

LAW Christina Landale, postal clerk, has that certain look in her eyes these days. The reason: a diamond engagement ring from LAC Ted Pearce, former Fingal AEM, now on a flight engineer's course.

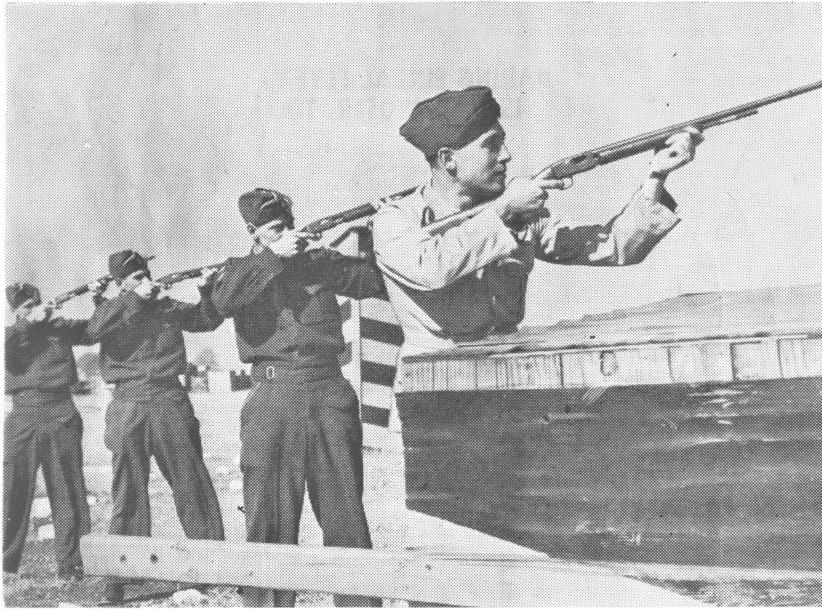
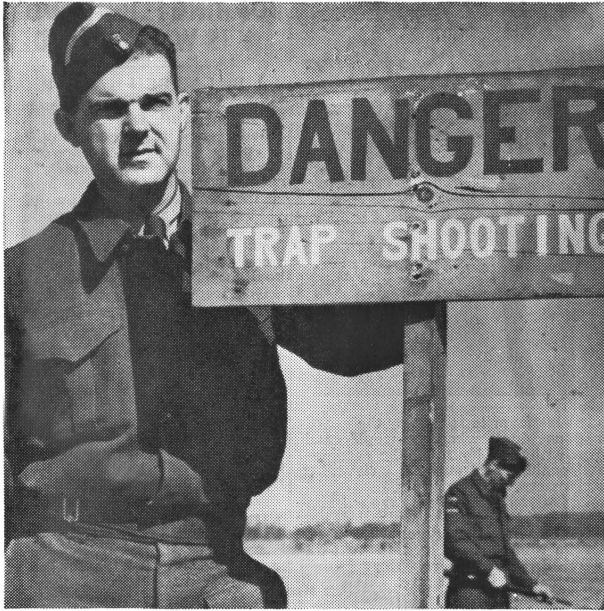
DARING FINGAL FLYER IS A COMPOSER, TOO

It's news to us—and in case it's news to you—we pass along the following item which we lifted from the social columns of the Toronto Star:

Young, dashing and made of the stuff that wins a George medal, Flying Officer Ray Jenner, of Fingal, was at the Royal York supper dance last night. Ray also wears the neat gold wings of the Pathfinder, symbolizing his membership in the daring squadron that is always in first, to pick out the target, drop flares and scurry off for the bombers to come in. Last night Ray had the thrill of his life listening to Horace Lapp and his orchestra playing his first composition, "Merry Christmas," which he composed last lonesome Christmas Day. Ray was stationed somewhere in England and in order not to be too lonesome, he toyed away with the old piano and there he had it, an original melody, and his chums suggested the lyrics.

AC2: "I think I have a flat tire."
WD: "That makes us even."





AC2: What kind of pie is this?
 Corporal: What's it taste like?
 AC2: Glue.
 Corporal: Then it's apple. The pumpkin tastes like soap.

Rookie: Do you serve women at this bar?
 Bartender: Now. You gotta bring your own.

Rookie: How long will I have to wait for a shave?
 Barber (after close look): About six months, I guess.

Shoot the Skeet to Me Pete—and Make it Neat

Skeet shooting is one of the initial steps in the training of a good air-gunner. Airmen shoot with rifles without sights and are told to aim where the target will be when the bullet arrives. Fingal's skeet shooting, over by the 25-yard range, is supervised by WO2 Sid Silverman, a returned air-gunner. Sgt. Jack Eadinger, a recent graduate, stands by skeet range warning sign (TOP LEFT). Jim Ballantyne (TOP RIGHT) gets ready to fire at the spinning clay pigeon, as do instructor and airmen (BOTTOM LEFT). By learning deflection shooting—to lead the target—gunners get eye in for the real thing. Stan Levesque (BOTTOM RIGHT) shows you why ammunition for civvy sportsmen is so scarce this year.

"Do you believe that clothes make the man?"
 "Well, a good suit has made many a lawyer."

Missus (pettishly): "I didn't run after you—no such thing."
 Mister: "Listen, honey! A trap doesn't run after a mouse but catches it, just the same."

Another good thing about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you said!

WINS TOURNAMENT ON HIS BIRTHDAY

By LAC PETER FOSTER

There was an impressive list of entries for the table tennis tournament on Nov. 18. A dearth of WD contestants led to the ladies' final being played early, Sgt. McDevitt defeating Cpl. Macdonald.

Four men semi-finalists had different but individually effective styles. Wright, with thoughtful placing and well-timed returns, had little trouble in making the grade. Hardman made up for his lack of height by speed and agility. Lodge carved a way through his opponents with a stinging backhand slash. With the defeat of the other semi-finalist, LAC Langley, Canadian hopes for the evening sank. Lodge's stinging drives proved too much for him. Hardman bounced his way out a hard-earned victory over Wright, and two left-handed Britishers met in the final.

Hardman had played three rounds right off the bat, and in the first game looked as if he had used up his vitality. He was overpowered 21-10 by a series of hurricane flicks from Lodge. However, the Lancashire lad recovered his springy style and evened up the match with a 21-12 win in the second game. In the final game Hardman, after a bitter struggle, celebrated his birthday by winning the tournament.

An old Highland soldier got into a train travelling to Inverness. Rather unsteadily he sat down beside a Salvation Army officer. For some time he gazed at the officer's uniform with profound concentration. At last he broke into speech. "What's yer regiment, man? I canna mak' it oot."

The officer replied: "I am a soldier of heaven. I go to Inverness to fight the devil, to Aberdeen to fight him again, and then to Dundee, Edinburgh and Newcastle."

"That's right, ma mon," said the other, "keep on heading the blight'er south."



NEW STAFF PILOT

F/Sgt. "Stoney" Jones, 21, of Washington, D.C., new staff pilot here, joined up 2 1/2 years ago. He spent a year overseas, flying Oxforas and Wimps. He's our new sports editor.

THE SPORTING THING

By SGT. "STONEY" JONES

F/Sgt. Cosmo Canzano, from Toronto, former Canadian amateur welterweight champion, is here in the official capacity of P.T. and D., but his real work is boxing, but definitely. Wait'll WE tell ya. But first, the preliminaries. Cossie was going in for aircrew but a train wreck cut that short. So back he went to his life's work. He spent some time at TTS and "Y" Depot, promoting boxing and wrestling shows before coming to Fingal. He's really got a name in the fight game. Here's the "gen."

In 1930 Cossie won his title by defeating Georgie Holden of Winnipeg. This gave him the honor of representing Canada in the British Empire Tournaments. After these glories Cossie began collecting more scalps for his belt when he entered the pro. ring. Of 14 professional fights he won 12. After twice defeating Tommy Bland, Canadian welterweight champ, once in amateur and once in the prize ring, Cossie lost to Bland when he went for the pro. title of Canada.

Among his many wins was his triumph over the New York state pro champ, Freddie Miller.

During his ring career and after his retirement he was for 16 years boxing instructor at Toronto Central Y.M.C.A. And now, as F/Sgt. Canzano, he takes the job of whipping Fingal's infant but ambitious boxing team into shape. Although still in its embryo state, the team gave a fair performance at the initial inter-station bouts on Nov. 11 at TTS against the combined forces of Aylmer, Crumlin and TTS. AC1 "Slim" Monroe, of Toronto, at 190 pounds, took the heavyweight heat on a forfeit when the other teams failed to show him an opponent. LAC Neaves of London, Eng., and LAC Green of Spalding, Eng., were evenly matched for a draw in the light-heavyweight preliminaries. Both lads are trainees here.

LAC Neaves and LAC McGee, Winnipeg, both lost in the championship bouts. In spite of being outclassed considerably, both boys put up a good show and a game fight.

Other pugilists on Fingal's team who didn't get a crack at the TTS matches are LAC Townshend, RAF, LAC Walleit of Montreal, and LAC's Mason and Haydon.

The team has places for any of you chappies who think you have the stuff. So come on out, men! It's good training and a great sport, and with F/Sgt. Canzano to show us the ropes we can go places in a big way. Wattayasay?

From this angle it appears that the winter sports program is getting into stride. If we start with the indoor muscle-making we can see the evidence of a well-planned curriculum that's in store for all through the work of the Y.M.C.A. and F/O Hull, our sports officer.



F/SGT. COSMO CANZANO
... you'll know him well

With the swell gym floor in the drill hall just completed, we're in for some snappy stuff in the way of basketball, volleyball and badminton.

Teams and leagues from the sections are being organized and the station winners in each of these will be representing Fingal at No. 1 training command's championship meet in Toronto at a date to be announced shortly. So get cracking, boys and girls. (You betcha—ladies' teams, too!)

And here's your special treat, all you alley cats—bowling. If you haven't already heard the good news, we're expecting the grand opening in the drill hall on or after the New Year. Excavation on the pits is finished and four alleys are going in. It's going to be super—and that's not all. There's to be a games room at the other end of the hall and an up-to-the-minute snack bar separating the two. As yet, we haven't got the jerks to officiate with the double chocolate malteds, but that's a minor detail.

That's the set-up on drill hall recreation. So now for the great outdoors. Since we can't find any mountains roun' these hyar parts it looks as though our cold climate exertions will consist of drill, ice skating, drill, hockey, drill, P.T., and drill.

Speaking of drill and skating (ridiculous to the sublime, or something), it seems that Fingal may break some sort of a tradition if, as rumor has it, this year's rink is erected on the all-hallowed parade square. Yep, kids, that's about the score. We may even have music to the tune of a sound truck. No doubt they will play the "Skater's Waltz."

And that, Mr. and Mrs. Fingal, winds up the Jones Journal until this time next month.

PRELUDE To P.T.

A Christmas Fantasy in the Barracks

By LAC PETER FOSTER

COURSE 94 had been here a week. Everyone was tying his running shoes with the most difficult knots he knew, and dressing with more deliberation than ever he used for C.O.'s parade. The hour for P.T. was once more at hand. We were waiting, thinking, hoping for an excuse to put off a little longer that inevitable departure into the cold.

On the day in question we didn't have to wait long. Cpl. Barret walked in, and remarked—with the air of one who has been closeted with an Air Council—"I suppose you guys have heard that our course has been extended six weeks?"

Then it started. The room was in an uproar. A censored version of the conversation: "Gee, I bet you Limeys (Englishmen are outnumbered in this particular room) are pleased about that. Imagine, another six weeks in Canada. You're sure getting all the breaks."

"Well, for heaven's sake, old chap, we were just going to say how sorry we felt for you blokes. An extra six weeks before you get to the right side of the Atlantic."

THE RCAF then brought up the matter of Canadian girls whom the "blokes" would miss so much when they got back.

A few minutes' silence after this. English brains sought feverishly for an answer. There was a soft murmur about "Rose Anne of Charing Cross." A married voice growled an emphatic "Bah." But the subject was diverted to safer channels in the nick of time.

"Six more weeks on vacation in the land of the gods—you lucky kids." Then came a short dispute on whether this word was "vacation" or "holiday." It was finally settled that an aircrew course was far from a vacation anyway. The Britishers united in a spirited exclamation that they had no need to travel beyond their own shores for a holiday.

VIGILANT Canucks varied their attack expertly. RAF parried and thrust back to their own satisfaction. The discussion split up into several local engagements. Predominant were heard, in opposition, a Missouri drawl, "Man, you're greener than an owl's eyes" (or something very similar) and the familiar Glasgow dialect, "Och, ya dinnae know what you're talking about."

How long this would have gone on, no one knows. But an authoritative voice, carrying the sting of stripes, broke up the meeting.

Voices that so recently had been happily raised against each other were now joined. They were as one, in an all-embracing tirade against the man who first thought of calisthenics, and everyone who has carried on his work since.

FLIER WITH 5 DECORATIONS IS EX-FINGAL STAFF PILOT

Capt. K. H. Harrison Has Thrilling Escapes After Crash-Landing in France—Visits Paris and Then Hikes It To Spain

CAPT. K. H. (KEE) HARRISON of the United States Air Corps overseas, former staff pilot at Fingal, has had experiences as the pilot-captain of a Flying Fortress that are making international news and have won for him additional decorations for courage and resourcefulness. Harrison has had his bomber virtually shot to pieces, he has made a crash landing with the bomber ablaze and a full load of bombs, and he has made his escape through Occupied France, down into Spain and Portugal to return to his squadron in England. This young warbird left a newspaper job in Chicago months before United States entered the war to enroll in the R.C.A.F.

Harrison wears the D.F.C. and the United States A.F.M. with two clusters, one for his operational flights and the other for making good his escape from enemy territory.

He won the D.F.C. on the big daylight raid on the chemical works at Hulse, Germany. He was in charge of a Fortress that was named "Mr. Five-By-Five" by the other members of the crew for him. Harrison's bomber did not quite make Hulse when German fighters knocked out one engine. Rather than drop back out of formation, which would have made his plane an easy target for the Huns, he put it into a long dive, making for a cloud layer at about 5,000 feet. Enemy fighters followed the Fortress down the 20,000-foot dive, peppering the ship with machine gun bullets and wounding three of the crew. Harrison got the Fortress into the cloud formation and escaped, then headed for Holland.

Unfortunately the cloud formation did not hold and the bomber arrived over Holland in a clear sky to become a target for the German anti-aircraft batteries. To escape the flak, Harrison brought the badly-battered Fortress down almost to the tree tops and kept on going at that low altitude toward the Channel. They tried to steer a course which would not take them over any German airfields in Holland but suddenly they found themselves flying over the direct centre of one. Only one Nazi fighter took off, dogging them right through to the coast. There they had the unpleasant experience of having flak poured into them at almost horizontal angles, and as they made the Channel, coast defence guns took up the fire.

Two Spitfires, hovering off the coast, waiting to escort the Fortresses back to England, spotted "Mr. Five-By-Five," and went to the rescue, quickly taking care of the German fighter which was still following the big bomber like an irritating horsefly, then escorted the badly-wounded ship back to England. Harrison said that he loves the Spitfires with a "purple passion" as the result of that experience. He had to crash land the bomber in England. The three wounded crew members came through O.K. and Harrison was recommended for the D.F.C.

He said it was not difficult to tell when they were over Holland, flying low. People working in the fields stood erect, with their arms raised in "V" signs as they passed over. Once the Fortress just managed to clear some high tension wires and another time the obser-

ver in the "greenhouse" asked over the inter-com which door of the big barn directly ahead of them Harrison intended entering.

Before Harrison's D.F.C. decoration could be presented to him, he got in on the July 14 Le Bourget raid, where the Americans did a great job but sustained heavy losses in bombers. Harrison's new plane was shot down but he managed to avert capture and escaped down into Spain, getting back to England from Gibraltar on September 16, 65 days after leaving on the big raid, with a loss of 40-odd pounds of Harrison avoirdupois.

Harrison said that on the morning of July 15, as they flew over France toward Le Bourget and Paris, they encountered plenty of opposition from German fighters as well as flak. It was a 20 millimeter tracer shell that did the damage, cutting through the side of the Fortress directly behind Harrison's seat and puncturing an oxygen tank.

There was a flash of flame and the interior of the big ship was ablaze. The glass nose of the bomber was blown out, causing a



CAPT. K. H. HARRISON

rushing wind to whip the flames. Worst of all the bomber was flying at an altitude where the crew members had to have oxygen. They were forced to dive to a much lower level. On the way down, Harrison gave orders for the crew to prepare to bail out.

They were getting down low when it was found that the parachute supplied one member of the crew was so badly scorched it could not be used, which would mean he would have to go down with the ship or jump without it. The nine other crew members would have none of that and a crash landing had to be made. With the bomb racks still filled with fused bombs liable to explode if a proper crash landing wasn't made or liable to be exploded by the fiercely-burning plane, Harrison landed safely on a level field. The members of the crew scrambled out, uninjured, and ran to individual hiding places in an effort to escape detection by Nazi searching parties.

Harrison dived into a patch of

bramble bushes, remaining hidden there until after dark. Some Germans came prodding around with fixed bayonets, but he escaped detection.

After dark he started out and after walking several miles, ventured over to a French farmhouse, where he hoped he might find friendly people and find sanctuary. His move was a good one. He was welcomed and kept under cover until he could get on his way to eventual escape from France. He said he believed he could have gone to almost any farmhouse and received the same reception. The French farmers will do almost anything, and take great risks to help American and British airmen in such a plight, providing of course the airman doesn't take risks of attracting the German patrols to the house.

Through the friendly rural people, Harrison was put in touch with the French underground and was supplied with the necessary papers, money, clothes and addresses. Transportation difficulties made it necessary for him to get out of France and through most of Spain on foot. He said it was tramping across the mountains that was largely responsible for the reduction in his waistline.

He told of passing through Paris, being checked only once by a German guard who examined his papers and passed him. Fortunately he did not have to speak a word during the examination. He said about all he noticed in Paris was the absence of taxicabs. Transportation is now being provided by men on bicycles to which are attached passenger rickshaws or trailers. Only one bus service was operating while the Paris subway was giving limited service.

Food was most difficult to obtain both in France and Spain. In Spain the tobacco shortage was so serious that women and children were engaged in salvaging cigarette butts which they made into new cigarettes to sell at the equivalent of 80 cents for ten.

On his return to England he learned that he had been awarded the bar to his D.F.C. for landing the burning ship to save the life of the airman whose parachute was damaged by the fire. Also, he had been recommended for his majority and, ironically, posted to take a course at an American army school on how to avoid being captured if forced down in enemy territory and to escape from that territory. Harrison probably could tell the instructors in that course a few things about escaping from enemy territory.

Captain Harrison's old pal at Fingal, Captain R. A. (Stevie) Stevenson, is believed to be still in England, being in command of a bomber squadron. He and Harrison were in the same squadron for a time. They left Fingal together to go to Uplands, where they took conversion courses as bomber pilots, then both transferred to the United States Air Corps when many of the Americans in the R.C.A.F. returned to their own land late in the spring of 1942. They were two of the most popular young pilots at Fingal, serving under the late Group Captain W. D. Van Vliet and later under Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy.



COME AND GET IT!

Several lucky airmen went backstage and met Hope Wolf, the gal who throws a mean song, following her show here last month. First one of these four lads who contacts the Editor of the Observer gets the picture.



CAN-CAN: MALE VERSION AT FINGAL



NICE EYES, EH WOT?

Bee-yoo-tiful Dancing Girls Set Fingal Hearts A-Flutter

CLOWNS, singers, musicians, cowgirls, a ventriloquist, a magician, an 11-piece orchestra and —above all—a string of bee-yoo-tiful dancing girls put on a show at Fingal whose memory still lingers. Presented by the Citizens' War Auxiliary Services of London, the troupe arrived in a bus, with a truckload of costumes, spotlights, microphones and loud-speaker system. In no time at all they got organized and presented a fast-moving 24-hour revue that was described by W/C Blagrave, acting C.O.,

as the best he had seen both here and overseas.

Photos show the ladies of the chorus in Scottish dress. And they kicked a mean leg, too, for the gents in the front row. At LEFT: Male members of the cast who burlesqued a French can-can number put on by the chorus girls.

Seems like the officers get ALL the breaks. Among those noticed in the FRONT row by our society editor were: W/C Blagrave, F/L Lowe, F/L O'Reilly, F/L Weaver, Capt. Greco, Capt. McClure, F/L

Elliot, F/O Hull, F/O Green, P/O Stevenson, P/O Barrett, Burrell Stevens of the "Y", an unidentified army private, F/Sgt. Lamont and two fire picquets who were on duty at the front exits.

However, AFTER the show the N.C.O.'s got their break when the entire cast had supper in the sergeants' mess. And we won't go into a description of that.

Seems like everybody gets a break but the poor airmen and corporals. Like someone in the show cracked: "Corporal is about as high

as you can get and still keep your friends."

Incidentally, and by the way, we don't know whether it was that blues singer in the white evening gown of the high-kicking chorus girls, but several members of the duty picquet sorta forgot themselves that night.

At 10:30 they had to be reminded by the master of ceremonies that they were due on parade at 10 bells. They left at once—and their seats were literally snatched up. You see, they were in the second row.

Christmas is Too, Too Much for Dear Old P/O Prang (Hic)

By WO1 JOHN WEARY

CHRISTMAS Eve at Fingal and P/O Prang still on the station. "Should be at home, actually, y'know, but really, dear old Fingal needs me on an occasion such as this." He neglected to add, however, that he had been joed for the tower until five and couldn't catch his train.

No. 4 Boys' and Girls' School showed early signs of developing into an exciting place for the evening and Prang was all set for a bang-up time. He wasn't pulling any punches tonight, for tomorrow would be Christmas and therefore not a flying day on his calendar.

First on his itinerary, naturally, was the officers' mess, where he started imbibing yuletide cheer with several dishes of needed malt extract. Here he made a mental note

to return later when festivities were in full swing so that he could be the life of the party. "I would be a deuced sad old do to miss out on it, old top."

HAVING heard about the party in the sergeants' mess, he meandered over there "eightish, y'know," already faltering slightly in his course. He must see that arrangements were progressing well, and that the punch was strong enough for the ladies.

He realized, of course, that he wasn't allowed to go there — but such trifles never worried P/O Prang. He sauntered up to the door: "I say, old chap, the jolly old C.O. just joed me to see that things are running smoothly over leah. Rather a poor show, actually, but if I must, I must. How's the punch? Well, actually, I don't mind if I do. Rawther weak, dontcha think?"

Needs a bit of needling, I expect. I haven't seen that new bar of yours yet. Where is it? Oh, I say — what a jolly room—oak paneling and all. A beer? Why, I'd be delighted, really."

SEVERAL hours later, Prang is still enjoying himself at the bar—surrounded by a bevy of beautiful blondes. He has a marvellous glow on and as the centre of attraction can be heard rambling on as follows: "There I was. Thirty shoushand feet over Berlin, upshide down, out of ammunition (hic), out of gash, on fire, with ten Me. 109'sh on my tail. D'y'know what I did? Y'don't? (hic) Thash cashy, haaa, I shrew out a shky hook. Shay, what a show."

Later P/O Prang arrived back at the officers' mess and kept on celebrating. In fact, at 3 a.m. he was still going strong. It was then that

someone informed him that he was on first detail in the morning. "Oh, thash O.K. I can make it easy. I'll be shober in the morning (hic). Shink noshing of it."

Early next morning Prang turned up at hangar looking very bedraggled and in no condition to fly. He has plenty of bravado, however, so away he goes to take off on first schedule. He didn't get very far, unfortunately, for he finally slipped upon his "Prang" take-off. He held his aircraft down to the end of the runway, pulled up steeply, too steeply, in fact, for he stalled at 500 feet and dove in.

Prang now resides in hospital, but is very cheerful, nevertheless. "Ah, Christmas — what a jolly, peaceful day. It's too bad, really, that it comes but once a year. I had such a jolly good time last night, y'know. Quite exciting actually."

UNANIMOUS

Pilot, just after tailspin: "I'll bet 50 per cent of the people down there thought we were going to be killed that time."

Student pilot: "Yes, sir! And 50 per cent of the people up here thought so too."

MEN'S DIVERSION

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

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

A soldier's sweetheart was consoled when the mail man handed her a letter addressed in the famil-

iar handwriting after she had waited weeks to hear some news and had all but given up hope that he still cared for her.

She tore open the envelope frantically and pulled out a slip of paper on which was written these words: "Your soldier still loves you, but he talks too much."

I'm Glad I Metcha

Here's to you and
I'm glad I metcha!
If I hadn't metcha
I wouldn't letcha kiss me,
But now that I've metcha
And now that I've letcha,
I betcha I'd letcha again
If I metcha—I betcha.

CPL. A. GOLDEN WEDS DOROTHY JEAN SCOTT

Spend Their Honeymoon At
Niagara Falls

CPL. A. GOLDEN, armament instructor, has returned from his honeymoon at Niagara Falls. The corporal, from Edmonton, said: "This was the first time I had seen the Falls—and I liked 'em."

He was married on Nov. 3 to Dorothy Jean Scott, an attractive Toronto girl. Rev. T. W. Hazelwood performed the ceremony in Humbercrest United Church, Toronto. Don Langille, Edmonton, was best man.

Mrs. Golden is residing in Toronto.

FINGAL PERSONNEL DELIVER THE CROPS

Farmers' Daughters and Sons
Take Harvest Leave

THE harvest is in, and Fingal airmen and airwomen can take a bow for the part they played in producing war foodstuffs.

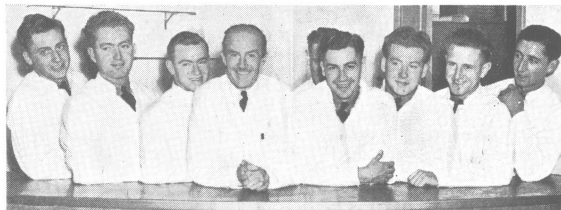
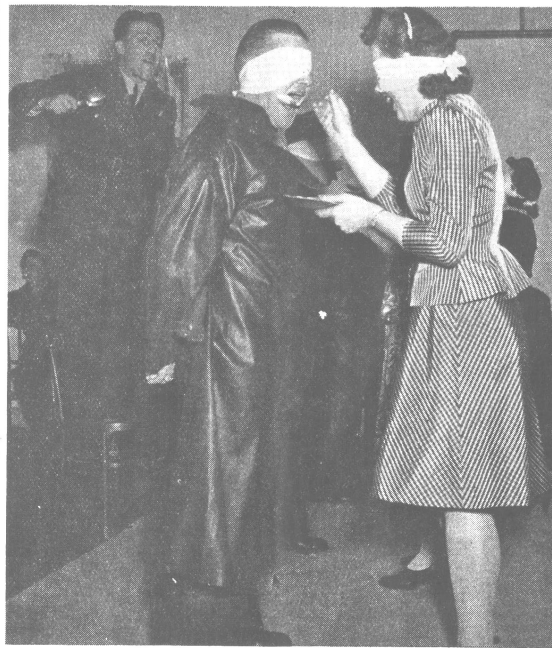
Many took harvest leave and returned to the old homestead to help milk a cow or run a thresher.

Among the lucky people who participated in the back-to-the-land movement were: LAW I. M. Kyle, LAW M. C. Sutherland, LAW V. M. Reynolds, AW1 G. Davidson, AW1 A. M. Newton, AW1 L. E. Arnst, AW1 H. Davidson, LAC W. A. Steigh, AC2 D. J. S. Gibson, AC2 F. W. Cruse, AC1 R. Booth, AC2 E. Veikle and AC2 M. Ferguson.

Many a sober-faced little lamb goes riding in the moonlight and comes home with a sheepish grin on her face.

"Papa," queried the son, "what is the person called who brings you into the spirit world?"

"A bartender, my son," replied the father.



The sergeants' mess was still in one piece after the N.C.O.'s recent dance—and a good time was had by all. TOP: WO2 Silverman, the master of ceremonies, urges 'em on in the pie-eating contest. F/Sgt. and Mrs. Barrow won. BELOW: Some of the lads who were Joe'd to work behind the bar, and who did a swell job of serving the punch and other beverages. RIGHT: We don't know this happy couple, snapped watching the floor show, but if the sergeant will call round, we'll be glad to let him have the picture.



CHRISTMAS ISSUE EXTRAS AVAILABLE AT 25c PER COPY

WELL, here it is, folks—our Christmas number; 32 pages packed with the best stuff we could find on the station.

We hope you like it—and if you don't, you're welcome to join the Observer staff and see what you can do.

Anyway, we had a lot of fun getting out this issue, and we hope you have your fun tearing us apart.

What we started out to say was that, as usual, everyone on the station gets a free copy of the Observer. But we have several hundred extra ones on hand in the YMCA office, which we are going to let you have at the very reasonable rate of two bits a copy. Well, we have to live, too, don't we?

But just in case anyone wants to send a copy home or to a friend overseas, we are going to sell extra copies while they last. So get yours now, while the getting is good.

Also, we are still taking yearly subscriptions at \$1 a year, and the Christmas number is a good time to start.

Apart from all this, we must admit it has been fun getting out the Observer and we look forward to your continued co-operation.

So, from the staff, to you one and all—the merriest of Christmases and a happy New Year that won't be too sober despite rationing.

AC2: "Sir, are you sure this is pneumonia? Sometimes doctors prescribe for pneumonia and the patient dies of something else."
M.O. (with dignity): "When I prescribe for pneumonia, you die of pneumonia."

A Christmas Present From AFHQ: Wash Tubs

THE Fingal Agitation Society For the Purpose of Buying Wash Tubs For Every Barrack may now disband.

We have it on the authority of no less a personage than the station administration officer, that approval has been granted by air force headquarters for the installation of laundry tubs in airmen's quarters.

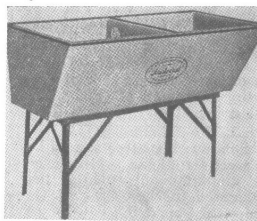
When they will be installed is a different matter, but here are the facts, as gathered by an Observer reporter.

1. Fingal now has permission to install tubs in Barrack Blocks 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 18 and the two-storey block.

2. To date four tubs have actually been installed.

3. They may be slow in coming due to priorities or something. Seems there's a war on.

BUT this much is certain, it won't be long now until more of 'em arrive, and after that the others should follow. The wheels of the gods grind slowly, but they get



MODEL E-1510

... isn't she a beauty?

there just the same.

We know you'll be interested in the kind of tubs you're getting. They're absolutely the latest fashion, the last word in laundry tubs.

Officially known as Model E-1510, they're made of moisture-proof concrete, rubbed and polished to give a marble-smooth finish. They save wear on clothes and are easily kept clean. They have rounded corners, inside and outside, and the supporting frame is angle iron. Size 48"x24"x16".

But you still have to scrub like hell when washing your laundry.

Of course, all this won't affect three classes of people on the station: The airwomen, who already have two laundry tubs in their barracks; the officers and senior n.c.o.'s, who can jolly well send their laundry out or continue to do it in the wash bowls, as usual.

AIR-GUNNER DOES OPS NOW TRAINS AS PILOT

F/L C. J. Fletcher, Fingal Graduate, Returns From Overseas Coastal Command

TWO Fingal-trained aircrew, now operational veterans, have returned from overseas.

F/O W. G. Rice, of Toronto, did his trips to Germany as an observer, including the big mass raid on Nuremberg early this year. He joined up in 1940 and was commissioned overseas.

F/L C. J. Fletcher, Toronto, has done 1½ operational tours with coastal command as an air-gunner. He returned to train as a pilot.

"The Luftwaffe is definitely on the down-grade compared with its former strength," he said, "and in my opinion their failure to retaliate our bombing raids simply indicates that they cannot spare the planes."

Fletcher was with a Blenheim fighter squadron and took part in bombing the Prince Eugen, German cruiser, when it dashed from a Norwegian fjord for the base at Kiel. It had just reached the tip of Norway when about 35 Blenheims, Beauforts and Beaufighters arrived.

"There was a screen of fighters like flies and about five escorting destroyers," Fletcher related. "Hits were claimed but couldn't be confirmed because of the intense action all the time. We lost seven of our kites."

He was wounded in the leg when an Me. 109 attacked frontally, but continued on duty until they reached base.

"We damaged a number of planes," he continued, "and my C.O., Wing Commander P. H. Woodruff of Edmonton, shot up two himself to get the D.F.C. In my opinion Woodruff is the best Blenheim pilot in England, either RAF or RCAF. I'd fly over Germany with him in a Tiger Moth."

On another occasion they located a Whitley bomber shot down in the Bay of Biscay. A Sunderland flying boat which landed to rescue the crew of six, afloat in a dinghy, was unable to take off because of rough seas and a second Sunderland was unable to land. Fletcher's aircraft sent a destroyer to the rescue of both crews.

They once caught a Heinkel 115 flying boat laying mines in the North Sea. "We pranged him and he jettisoned his load and scooted for home."

Only once during his many flights did they sight a submarine. "The German had just come up. He saw us and went back down fast. We sent the navy there but I don't know if they got him."

Born in Toronto, Fletcher, now 32, enlisted in August, 1940, and received his wing at Fingal in March, 1941. He went overseas a month later.

Airman: "Do you believe in free love?"

Blonde: "Have I ever sent you a bill?"

Baby He Had Never Seen Crosses With Churchill

F/Sgt. Al Chandler's Scottish Wife and 12-Month-Old Son Arrive in Canada a Year After He Did—Now Live in St. Thomas

WHEN the ship that brought Churchill for the Quebec conference docked in Canada, she brought precious cargo for F/Sgt. Al Chandler, Fingal gunnery instructor.

Aboard were his Scottish wife, the former Margaret MacAlpine of Glasgow, and their son, who is now 12 months old. Daddy saw them for the first time when they arrived in Brandon, Man.

Chandler, 24, was a Manitoba school teacher until he enlisted as a WAG. He was winged at Mossbank. He spent 22 months overseas, on Wellingtons, with 99 Sqdn. (R.A.F.) and 419 Sqdn. (R.C.A.F.).

He did 12 trips, all to Germany, before he was repatriated.

While on sick leave in Ayr, Scotland, he met his bride-to-be, who was on holiday. They were married in Glasgow in February, 1941.

In September, 1942, Chandler returned to Canada, and his wife fol-



AL AND THE MISSUS
lowed almost a year later. They now reside in St. Thomas.

FLIERS CHANCES OF SURVIVAL IMPROVED BY NEW RCAF KIT

Emergency Equipment Includes Material Needed If Downed On Land or Sea

IT'S VERY THOROUGH

TO GIVE airmen every chance for survival wherever and whenever they may be forced down—on land, at sea or in mid-winter—the R.C.A.F. has adopted five new types of emergency equipment.

The equipment includes an emergency ration kit which all fliers must wear while in the air, a supplementary ration kit to be carried in aircraft, an emergency kit for winter flying, a dinghy kit for supplies for forced landings at sea and a tiny emergency radio to send SOS messages.

The personal emergency kit, being distributed now to all flying personnel, is worn like a bandolier around the waist. Packed, it is only an inch thick, and contains gum, eight chocolate bars and two packages of specially-prepared biscuits.

The rations provide sufficient food for three days under normal working conditions.

The kit includes matches, fishing lines, a heliograph mirror to signal aircraft from the ground, a medical kit, smoke generators, whistle, knife, compass and chemical "heat tablets," which generate flame for starting fires.

The supplementary kit carried

B & G GEN MEN MEET AT FINGAL

Fingal's getting to be quite a place for bombing conferences.

A second group of gen men from B. & G. schools met here last month for a huddle on training methods. The men were: F/O J. M. Simpson and P/O R. A. Peterson, both of Jarvis; F/L A. H. Moody and P/O J. D. Alexander, both of Picton; P/O R. Johnson, of Dafoe; P/O H. G. Titterton, Paulson; P/O P. W. Benson, Mossbank; F/O A. Booth, Letbridge; F/O G. A. Rice, Mountain View, and F/O J. F. McDonald, of No. 34 O.T.U. F/O A. D. Baillie and WO1 L. J. Desbiens, of Fingal, attended the lectures.

In each plane contains twice the quantity of medical aids in the individual kit, plus bandages and enough chocolate and biscuits to keep one man alive for 28 days or four men for a week. It includes tinned water, hand axe, compass, smoke generator, heliograph mirror, "nest" of cooking pots, folding cooking stove using solidified alcohol, four spoons, cigarette papers, tobacco, fly repellent and heavy cord which can be used as rope or fishing line.

A WINTER kit is in production for cold weather flying. Individually parcelled for each airman landing in a winter wilderness will be heavy woolen socks, ski-type

S/O M. F. SATTERLY ARRIVES OVERSEAS

Taking Course as Photographic Interpreter

Section Officer M. F. Satterly, former senior WD officer here, has arrived overseas—one of nine WD officers who are taking a course as photographic interpreters.

This marks the first time Canadian women have been selected for the course, although members of the WAAF have been employed for some time.

Highly secret, the course deals with interpretation of details on photographs taken over Germany and Occupied Europe. Qualified workers must have comprehensive knowledge of enemy territory and armed forces, communications and industries; must be able to read maps and charts easily and to interpret markings, both camouflaged and real.

CHANGE OF COMMAND
Air Vice-Marshal Frank McGill, 39, of Montreal, present air officer commanding No. 1 command in Toronto, has become air member for organization at AFHQ, succeeding Air Vice-Marshal A. T. N. Cowley, 55, of Winnipeg. A/V/M Cowley succeeds A/V/M McGill at No. 1 command.

mitts, "muluk" moccasins with felt insoles, anti-glare eye shields, snowshoes and a sleeping bag.

In the bottom of the valise containing the inflatable rubber dinghy will be a kit for airmen forced down on water. It will contain a waterproof cover to keep off waves and rain, two marine distress signals—to be replaced later by a small Verey pistol and 30 signal cartridges—and signalling matches which burn with a bright greenish glare.

THE KIT also will include yellow skull caps to make the crew conspicuous; rubber leak stoppers in case enemy airmen machine-gun the dinghy, glove-type paddles, a drinking cup, graduated to ration water, a telescopic mast with a signal flag (the mast can also be used as a radio aerial), more emergency rations, canned water, fluorescein sea markers and a small first-aid kit.

A small emergency radio, to be transferred to the dinghy in case of "ditching" will be carried in aircraft. It will operate on the international distress frequency of 500 kilocycles and transmit either an automatic SOS or Morse code messages.

ANSWERED

A young woman was extremely vain of the honors conferred upon two distant relatives. She talked on the subject to all and sundry. "I have two relatives in the House of Lords. Have you any?"

"No," replied one of her acquaintances, "but I have three maiden aunts in the Kingdom of Heaven."

"Your little baby son is a determined rascal."
"Yes, he'll have his bottle or bust."

RAF Veterans Are Now Trainees



SGT. HURFORD

CPL. GRACE

LAC FOULKES

CPL. KIRK

FOUR RAF men, whose combined service totals nearly 30 years, are today aircrew trainees at Fingal. All are Course 93 air bombers, who remustered from ground trades.

Sgt. Robert Hurford, 27, from Wellington, Somerset, marked his ninth year in the RAF on Oct. 23. He joined as a fitter's mate, shortly after leaving school in 1934.

He wears the green, red and khaki ribbon of the North-West Frontier Medal for service in India. In addition, he spent 18 months in Iraq, where he was stationed for a time at Hybania, between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers. He spent eight months at Basra and eight months near Baghdad.

In 1939, he returned to England from India and remustered to balloon operator. In February, 1942, he went aircrew.

CPL. PETER GRACE, 21, enlisted in February, 1938. Born in Winchester, Hampshire, he went out to Egypt when six months old. He spent six years there, in Ismailia, near Cairo, where he started school. He lived four months in Hong Kong and returned to England for three years, during which he attended secondary school and played Middlesex county soccer.

Then he went out to Peshawar, on India's North-west Frontier. In Simla, he attended military school, training for a commission in the Indian army. He preferred air force service, however, and at 15½ he returned to England and joined up as a fitter. It was then a three-year months. In March, 1940, he was posted to a squadron in France, but never got there because he was only 17½.

So he went to a coastal command squadron of Blenheims, just five miles from his home. Six months later he was posted to a Hurricane O.T.U., where he spent a year. He was later with a maintenance unit for two months, a Stirling squadron for eight months, a Wellington squadron and a Beaufighter squadron. During the Battle of Britain he was with W/C Doug. Bader's No. 1 Fighter Sqdn. of Hurricanes.

He was posted to a two-week course on Airacobras prior to going to Russia. During his last 48-hour leave, he was married by special license to Mary Green, of Cambridge. He returned to camp to find his Russian posting cancelled. His aircrew posting had come through.

CPL. FRED KIRK, 27, of Buxton, Derbyshire, was a clerk until he joined the RAF. It will be eight years next March since Fred enlisted, and in that time he has been a parachute packer, a fitter's mate and a balloon operator.

Since the outbreak of war, Fred was engaged in a job that would probably make him the envy of every airman at Fingal. He trained WAAFS as barrage balloon operators. Whether he got chesed off dealing with so many women, or whether he just became bored with the job, we don't know. But when his remuster to aircrew came through he practically stood on his head for joy.

LAC HARRY FOULKES, 27, ex-machinist, enlisted in March, 1938. With a Fairey Battle squadron as a fitter until war came, Foulkes then became a balloon operator.

He was stationed in the Orkneys and on the Solent River, near

Southampton, on a barge. Four men were allowed to a balloon barge, which normally required 10. Every two weeks they got a 48 and went ashore in the liberty boat. Altogether, a very lonely job, but a vital one.

Foulkes took part in the rescue work when the battleship Royal Oak was sunk in Scapa Flow in 1939. During his service he has been stationed in Scotland, Ireland and Wales, as well as every county in England.

Harry first volunteered for aircrew before the war, but it wasn't until April, 1942, that he was remustered. In March, 1941, he was married to Kathleen Harris, who now lives in Liverpool with their son, Jan.

What does he think of Canada? The food at Fingal is "wizard," he said, and the lights are wonderful. "People here are so very kind, and after the war I would like to bring my family to settle down in Canada," he said.

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday school one day and had listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity, I was soft enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back, and cried, but my mother said 'don't cry, Bertie, some day you'll get them back.' And believe me, you lop-sided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling pins, that day has come."

He: "I'm not feeling myself tonight."

She: "You're telling me!"

WANTED: CENSORS

Sprechen zie Deutsch? If so, the air force is looking for you.

A need exists for qualified and suitable persons for employment as civilian censorship examiners, and applications are requested from personnel able to translate German, including German script, into English. Ability to speak the language is immaterial.

Names of all qualified personnel who are desirous of undertaking the duties of censorship examiners are to be passed to the station adjutant.

GOOD FOR MORALE TO HAVE WIFE NEAR

Mrs. Roosevelt was asked: "What is your opinion of the wives of servicemen who follow their husbands around from camp to camp? Do you think it keeps up the morale of these men to have their wives near, regardless of the conditions of the camp towns and the general high cost of living in them?"

She answered: "I am quite sure that it is good for the morale of the men to have their wives near, if it is possible for them to put up with whatever conditions they may meet without grumbling, which

would make it harder for the men. If a wife realizes that she must take second place as against the war job which her husband must do, and that she is there primarily to help him to do that job, she will endure difficulties and discomforts cheerfully and be happy that they have a chance to be with each other for a little longer.

"If a woman has this attitude, I am sure she will find endless ways in which to help her husband and other men in the camp, and her presence will always be welcome."

LOWDOWN On 95

By Lawson, King, Niederman and Morgan

CCOURSE 95 is 99.9999 per cent RAF. After two weeks of G.D. (useful employment on camp) we're now on course. We boast a mixed assortment of celebrities: glider pilots, commercial artists, a schoolmaster, and a few non-descripts. Here's the gen:

Paddy Hayden, from Eire, was a horticultural instructor who found his job too quiet and came over to fly with the RAF. No interest in women and very reserved.

Jock Lawson spends most of his time arguing for Scottish rights. He's an ex-F/Sgt. in Air Training Corps, a keen soccer player and swimmer, and mildly interested in the opposite sex.

Jock Jardine is another Scot who helps Lawson in his arguments.

"Tiny" Little, once a bricklayer in Cumberland, is now going to lay some bricks on the Axis.

"Professor" G. Harris, a much-travelled school teacher, joined up as navigator, completed a few ops and has now remustered to air bomber.

"Van" Niederman, no relation to Rip Van Winkle, is of Dutch ancestry. Says one of his forefathers was a burgomaster. Hails from East London and is brokenhearted because the girl he wanted said "No" with a capital "N". Hope yet, WD's.

Jack Johnson has had four years in the RAF. Remustered from ack-ack gunner in the RAF Regiment.

Harry King hails from Surrey. Not a hope here, girls. He's exclusive to a certain girl back home; perhaps that's the reason for that faraway look.

Geoff. Finch (Bull), from Blackpool, Britain's Coney Island, has deserted the art of dentistry for the duration. We have many painful memories of him from Manchester, where he spent two months in the dental section.

K. Harcombe is lovesick over a girl at home, but is always running off at the week-end on some mysterious mission.

Taffy Morgan, senior man, has eight years' service. Holds the Royal Humane Society's Life-Saving Certificate . . . is a snooker champ . . . and has flown in all types of aircraft excluding single-seaters.

Our lone Canuck is Lloyd Field of Toronto, who was a student before he enlisted.

Shad Kriky was a member of London's fire brigade. Stan Millward is a former W. Bromwicks star. Peter Ord, ex-glider pilot and mountaineer, almost climbed to the top of Mt. Blanc. Tony Humphries is a top-notch cartoonist, whose work is appearing in the Observer.

Nobby Nodge was an ARP warden in London. He fancies himself as a crooner, but we think differently.

Eric Poppleton remustered to aircrew from an orderly room job. Sucker!

Air Force Mother Runs 'Home' for Airmen



Tea, Women and Song In Abundance At Hostess House



'AVING A SPOT Foster and Tea Drinkers

UNIQUE SERVICES PROVIDED BY FINGAL HOSTESS HOUSE

They'll Do Anything From Darning Your Socks to Help You Get Married—The Little House Outside the Gate Is a Popular Spot, Indeed

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

WANT to get married? Want your baby christened? Want your socks darned or stripes sewed on? Want some help on a personal problem? Or do you just want a cup of tea, a doughnut and a comfy place to sit around?

If you're a Fingal airman or airwoman you can have all this (and heaven, too) at the Hostess House—that unique institution which stands just outside the gate—which is jointly operated by the Y.W.C.A. and RCAF.

You can pop in any day of the year from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. and you can eat from 7-9.30 p.m. And you don't knock, as many do. Just enter. And it's not for W.D.'s alone. All N.C.O.'s and airmen are welcome. So now you're clear on that score.

Original idea behind the Hostess Houses, over 50 of which operate in Canada and Newfoundland, was to have a place for relatives and friends who came to visit.

They proved so popular, however, that they developed into a sort of social club, where airmen, and later airwomen, came to write letters, study or have a sing-sing.

The canteen set-up is a new departure in Hostess Houses on isolated camps. Sandwiches, pop, hot drinks, sweets and cigarettes are sold at lowest possible prices. R.A.F. men especially frequent Fingal's Hostess House. It's the only place they can get a good cup of tea.

AND it's not a social centre alone. The good ladies who guide its destinies here have become mother-confessors to personnel who bring their personal troubles for guidance and advice.

They send telegrams for you. They'll order flowers for your mother or best girl. They'll sew buttons on. They'll tell you what time the trains leave. In fact, you name it and they'll do it, if in their power.

One couple, who were married in Fingal's Hostess House, came back

a year later to have their child christened.

Hostess in charge at Fingal is Mrs. Beatrice Hodgkins, of Toronto, assisted by Mrs. M. Binns, of Toronto. Volunteers from the surrounding countryside also come in to help, as do airmen and airwomen from time to time.

A popular figure at the Hostess House is Miss Norah Curtis, farmer's daughter from Middlemarch, which is just down the Talbot Road, past Fingal village. Norah has hardly missed a Sunday night at the Hostess House ever since it opened. Her bright smile and ready quips do a lot to brighten the atmosphere, as she serves the boys and girls.

Norah, who helps run her dad's 200-acre farm during the summer and fall, works in St. Thomas during the winter. But every Sunday night, without fail, she keeps a date at Fingal's Hostess House.

Until she joined the Y.W.C.A., Mrs. Hodgkins lived in Toronto. With her husband and son away most of the time, she felt it was

futile to be running a large home and living on her own. And so she decided to try and do some small bit in Canada's war effort and joined up for duty with the Y.W.C.A.

We asked Mrs. Hodgkins if she found it a strain sometimes trying to be so sweet and smiling 12 hours a day. Her answer was this: "It's the biggest thrill I've ever had in my life. I may get a bit tired sometimes, but I never get tired of serving the boys and girls, and trying to make this place a bright spot in their lives."

AND what a bright spot it has been can be testified by the hundreds and thousands of airmen, W.D.'s and civilians who have made use of its facilities.

Here's a typical report for one week, as sent to Y.W.C.A. headquarters. Visitors included 293 airmen, 268 W.D.'s and 120 civvies. Sixty personal services were rendered to airmen and 56 to W.D.'s. Visitors put through 17 phone calls to airmen and 14 to W.D.'s on the camp.

One airman's wife left her 24-year-old child for Mrs. Hodgkins to mind for two hours while she visited her husband in station hospital.

She arranges 48's for you if you have nowhere to go. She fixes you up for Sunday supper with people in the neighborhood. One girl spent her Christmas leave through a Hostess House arrangement.

Sundays are busiest days for visitors, and for wings parades they're always crowded.

So you begin to get a picture of the scope and detail of their services.

Daytime, too, finds it a busy place. Civilian girls on the station have their lunch there. The postal staff spend their rest periods there. Other sections send up for pop, cookies and doughnuts.

In between, the good ladies must find time to tidy up, order supplies, prepare for the customers, do the books, write reports, and do all the chores the job requires.

DOWNSTAIRS consists of an office, kitchen and adjoining lounge rooms. Living quarters are upstairs—two bedrooms and a bathroom. They rise at eight and often work till long after midnight. They get a 48 every two or three weeks,



MRS. HODGKINS AND SON He's Now Overseas

and 10 days' annual leave the first year, which is increased with service.

Altogether, being a Y.W.C.A. hostess strikes us as being just as tough (and maybe a bit tougher) than being in uniform. The good ladies aren't as young as we are, and most of them have left comfortable civilian homes after a good many years of bringing up a family and running a household.

Like any other section on the station, the House is inspected each Monday by the C.O. or S.A.O. Heat, light and maintenance are provided by the station, which works closely with the Y.W.C.A. in its effort to provide this bit of comfort.

Mrs. Hodgkins spoke warmly of the co-operation she receives from the station and from Clarke Edwards, Y.M.C.A. supervisor here.

IT'S trite, but true, that the Hostess House is a home away from home for N.C.O.'s, airmen and W.D.'s—and we publicly pay tribute to the grand ladies who are doing a grand job.

Mrs. Hodgkins is really an air force mother. Her son, George, 21, got his navigator's wing at Malton, was commissioned, and is now overseas. Perhaps that's why she has reserved a special place in her heart for the aircrew chappies from abroad who come to drink her steaming pots of tea.

AIRMEN ARE SUCH DOGS

AIRMEN are what women marry. They have two hands, two feet, and sometimes two wives, but never more than one dollar or one idea at a time. Like Turkish cigarettes, they are all made of the same material; the only difference is some are better disguised.

Generally speaking, they may be divided into three classes: Husbands, bachelors and widowers. A bachelor is an eligible mass of obstinacy entirely surrounded by suspicion. Husbands are of three types: prizes, surprises and consolation prizes. Making a husband out of an airman is one of the highest forms of plastic art known to civilization. It requires science, sculpture, common sense, faith, hope and charity—mostly charity.

It is a psychological marvel that a small tender, soft, violet-scented thing like a woman should enjoy kissing a big, awkward, stubby-chinned, tobacco and bay-rum scented thing like an airman.

If you flatter an airman, you frighten him to death. If you don't, you bore him to death. If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end. If you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe him in everything, you cease to interest him. If you argue with him in everything, you cease to charm him. If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are a fool. If you don't, he thinks you are a cynic.

If you wear gay colors, rouge and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out. But if you wear a little brown beret and a tailored suit, he takes you out and stares all evening at women in gay colors, rouge and a startling hat.

If you join in the gaieties and approve of his drinking, he swears you are driving him to the devil. If you don't approve of his drinking and argue with him to give up his gaieties, he vows you are a snob and "nice."

If you are a clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have a brain. If you are a modern, advanced, independent woman, he doubts whether you have a heart. If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate. If you are brilliant and intellectual, he longs for a playmate.

Man is just a WORM in the dust. He comes along, wriggles around for a while and finally some chicken gets him.

They tell us that love starts when she sinks into your arms and ends with her arms in the sink.

She: "Does it make any difference which side of you I sit on?"
He: "No. I'm ambidextrous."



"YOUR NUMBER, PUH-L-E-E-S-E!"

Fingal's Telephone Girls Judge You By Your Voice

By AW2 JEAN FRASER

IF anybody asked you what time the four o'clock train left you'd think they were crazy.

But believe it or not, this question, and others like it, come every day to Fingal's telephone girls.

They're the golden-tongued, cheerful girls whose voices come to you 24 hours a day over the wires. They pride themselves on having the shortest training course in the air force. And they know their jobs. Before joining up all four of them came from big-city telephone exchanges, where they controlled the destinies of thousands of calls daily all over the continent.

BUT one switchboard—or what one hears over it—is just like another to a telephone girl, and airmen don't differ in any way from the general public.

A typical question is the whereabouts of the mysterious P/O Prang. An operator calls us long distance from, say, Montreal. "Please connect me with P/O Prang," she says.

"What section is he in?" "Oh! He works at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School."

"But, operator, what does he do on the station?" Long pause. . .

And that happens frequently. So if you think anybody may call you on the station, please be an answer to a telephone maiden's prayer and tell the caller where you work before the call is made.

LIFE is hard for a switchboard girl. Personal emotions, excitements, depressions, a bad liver or a hangover—not hers, but yours—play a big part.

Perhaps you have just got an "A" grouping, maybe you just scored three dozen hits on that drolley, or perhaps your 48 was

cancelled. The telephone girl can usually tell the ups and downs of your life by the way you speak to her. In fact she has a lot of fun doing it.

You're judged by your voice. One operator, recently arrived, was asked for a number on her first day by a very pleasant voice. "Gee, I bet he's real nice," she thought. Imagine her surprise when the next day she discovered that at the other end of that extension sat—the C.O.!

THE switchboard is Fingal's nerve centre. Every activity is reflected in the flashing lights before the operator. If there's a fire she plays a part in it. If there's a crash, she's responsible for clearing the lines. Administration of the station would be impossible without her nimble fingers, and your personal life would be upset without her.

Treat your telephone like your girl friend, she says. Don't treat her rough and don't think she hasn't any feelings. Telephones are like their operators—very human, indeed.

TAKE our four operators. There's demure Cpl. Hazel Thompson, responsible for telephonic service. If she's thinking about P/O Page, a friend who graduated from this station to go over as a bombardier, it doesn't mean that she'll miss that twinkling light when you pick up the phone. But she'll be tickled to death if she can put you through easily, because you know the exact number and name of the person you want. Then she can worry about something else. How to get some chocolate bars for that Christmas parcel she's sending him, for instance.

And if AW2 Grace Rowe seems a little out of breath when you

FINGAL AIR GUNNER WINS GEORGE MEDAL

Sgt. Clinton L. Pudney, Fingal graduate now with 405 Squadron (RCAF), has been awarded the George Medal.

His citation says: "While engaged on a local practice flight, the Halifax aircraft in which Sgt. Pudney was flying as mid-upper gunner struck high ground, crashed and burst into flames. Three members of the crew were killed and the others, with the exception of Sgt. Pudney, were too severely injured to extricate themselves from the burning wreckage. Though suffering severe lacerations on his face and in spite of loss of blood and shock, Sgt. Pudney entered the blazing aircraft several times and finally succeeded in bringing all his companions out. He then struggled over rough moorland for two miles to obtain help."

FASHION NOTES

It's the angle that counts, according to a D.R.O. announcement on officers' caps.

For men, caps are to be worn well over the forehead and straight on the head. For WD officers, caps are to be worn well over the right eye at an angle of approximately 35 degrees. RCAF nursing sisters' black felt hats are to be worn well over the right eye at an angle of approximately 30 degrees.

The announcement did not state that protractors would be issued.

Dress regulations for WD's and nursing sisters with respect to the length of skirts are not being observed, says an Ottawa order. Skirts are to be one inch below the knee cap and greatcoats are to be one inch longer than the skirt.

It was not announced who would do the measuring.

COMMUNIQUE

Public relations officers of the Eighth Air Force last week composed a "model German communique".

"Large formations of huge American bombers attempted to penetrate western Germany today, but were driven off by hordes of our brave fighter pilots. Four hundred enemy bombers were shot down. Three of our fighters were lost.

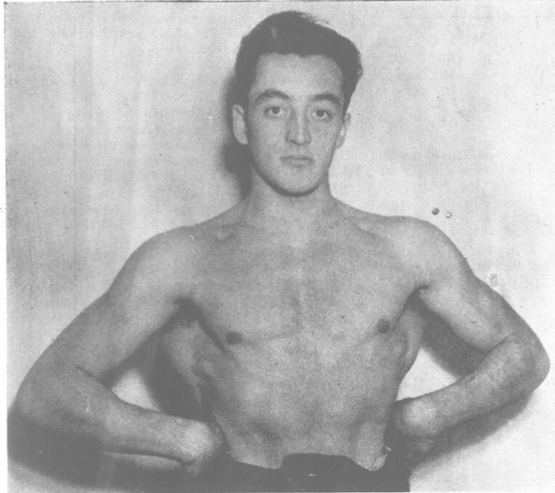
"One of our cities is missing."

Speak to her, maybe she's just come on duty straight from the sports field. An outdoor type is Grace. She loves bowling, basketball, badminton and hiking.

Only one of the girls is married. She's LAW Jeanie Denny, whose husband is on the high seas. In the WD's eight months, Jeanie knows her husband will be proud of her playing a part in the same war effort.

Your humble writer prides herself on the serious thought she gave to joining the service. In fact she told her mother so often that she'd join, that finally the answer was, "Well, for goodness sake join!" She did—likes it—and wouldn't leave Fingal now for anything in the world, except a posting overseas. But who wouldn't?

For Women Only



For months this handsome specimen has been lurking on the station. Thank goodness he came to light just in time. Girls, take him away. He's all yours. A Christmas gift to Fingal's WD's from the Fingal Observer. Name: LAC John Ouellet. Address: Course 92. P.S.—John was a champ athlete down in Montreal before he enlisted. For that matter, he still looks like a champ. What a chest. What muscles. Wotaman!

MURDER OUTDOES LOVE HERE SO SAYS STATION LIBRARIAN

Wide Selection of Reading
Material Available in
Airmen's Lounge

SO MAKE USE OF IT

By CPL. MARGARET
KENNEDY

HERE'S a new slogan from Ottawa: "All work and no relaxation makes an airman a dull Joe." Apart from a dance or show in the recreation hall Fingal's best relaxation can be had from — a good book.

We haven't got a super-doooper colossal stupendous emporium of literature, but tucked away behind the airmen's lounge you will find a compact and comprehensive library with shelves stacked with books, fiction and non-fiction. Ottawa considers relaxation so important that it is deciding on a new trade for WD's—that of librarian.

Librarian at Fingal is LAW Margaret Sexsmith, a smart petite blonde who really has her heart in her job and feels proud if airmen come to her for advice on their book-reading. "Not that they often do," she tells us, "for most of them know right away what they want—a good detective murder story. That's what we have the greatest call on. Love and romance stories come a poor second for Fingal's literary lovers."

ABOUT an eighth of the books come into the non-fiction category, and though there is a wide



LAW MARGARET SEXSMITH
... keeper of the books

selection, folks stick to fiction. Most frequent visitors to the library—and to the airmen's lounge, we've noticed—are the RAF boys. Aircrews on course at Fingal on the whole are the main support of the library, and a permanent-staffer is a rare sight to behold.

One habit that the British boys have not picked up from the Canadians is a love of the comic strip. If there's a Canadian in the lounge you can bet your life that he's reading one. But the Britisher, no!

Perhaps if nobody is about he will slyly steal a glance—and maybe read further—but if anyone comes in he'll hide his shame behind a newspaper. In the library they all meet on home ground, discuss the books, read 'em and go back for more—which makes LAW Sexsmith a very happy airwoman.

OUR BOMBER CREWS BLITZ ELGIN COUNTY

Drop Almost 17 Tons in Three
Days—Local Live-Stock
Is Jittery

Setting a station record, enough bombs were dropped in three days in November to simulate a fair-sized blitz on Germany.

Bombing flight was really cracking, and marked up a total of 2,796 bombs on completed exercises.

Total weight dropped was 32,750 pounds, almost 17 tons.

WIVES GET A RAISE BUT NOT FROM US

Here's a Christmas present for your wife...

Cost-of-living bonuses for servicemen's dependents will be increased, effective this month.

The bonus will be \$4.12 a month for wives with children and \$2.20 a month for wives without children. Previous amounts were \$2.60 and \$1.40.

REMINGTON GETS 32 WITH PILOT MILLER

COURSE 92		
Student	Pilot	Score
Remington	Miller	32
Markham	Gibson	52
House	Wheat	59

COURSE 93		
Gordon	Peterson	48
Shewring	Neal	54
Nie	Gilbert	57

NEW SYNTHETIC UNIT

A synthetic training building, emphasizing gunnery, is to be erected at Fingal. It will be one of the largest buildings on the station, containing new types of gunnery trainers and range estimation devices. Tenders are now being received for its construction. Proposed site is between No. 1 hangar and the WD barracks.

LUCKY GUY

Some fellows get all the breaks. LAC Doug Goodwin, Fingal firefighter, was posted to No. 2 K.T.S., Toronto, as a fire picquet. He reported no blazes except the fire in their eyes.

Half and Half

1st WAG: "This girl's fresh from the country, and it's up to us to show her the difference between right and wrong."

2nd WAG: "O.K., pal, you teach her what's right."

AT LAST!

Here they are—the new trade badges. F/Sgt. Clauson, of Stores, says they've been ordered for Fingal and the moment they arrive you'll be notified.



AIRC ENGINE



AIR FRAME



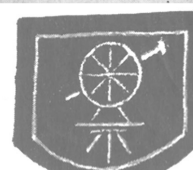
BOMB ARMORER



GUN ARMORER



INSTRUMENT MAKER



WORKS & BLDGS.



METAL WORKER

YE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

An excellent example of safeguarding military information is exhibited by the following airman's letter just received.

Date: Who Cares,
Place: Ditto.

Greetings:

After leaving where we were before we left for here, not knowing we were coming here from there, we could not tell if we would arrive here or not. Nevertheless we are now here and not there.

The weather here is just at it is at this season but of course quite unlike the weather where we were before we came here. After leaving by what we came by, we had a good trip.

The people here are just like they look but do not look to be like they were where we came from. From there to here is just as far as it is from here to there.

The way we came here is just like everyone comes from there to here. Of course we had to bring everything we had with us for we wear what we would wear here which is not like we would wear there. The whole thing is quite a new experience here because it isn't like what it is like where we were before we left for here.

It is now time, in all probability to stop this somewhat too newsy letter before I give away too much information, as the censor here is likely to be a spy.

Love,
UNO-HOO.

424 Sqdn. R.C.A.F.,
North Africa.

Sir:

After reading a few copies of your fine station paper, I thought it might be of some interest to you to hear of the whereabouts of some of No. 4 B. & G.'s large family.

First of all, congratulations to the Observer itself, which has grown to such vast proportions. I see by the articles and photographs that there are still many originals there yet.

I myself went to Fingal in November, 1940, and spent many enjoyable months there before being posted overseas. Then it was most-

ly mud and hard work, but now it seems to be ideal. Of course there were no W.D.'s then. My tough luck.

We are a long way from Fingal now out here in North Africa, but it is still close to our hearts. I have run into seven other lads who hail from No. 4 B. & G. They are Cpl. Russell, LAC's Mason and Legg, armorers; Cpl. Walsh, W. and B., now a dispatch rider; LAC Dixon, A.F.M.; Cpl. Woolcox, instruments, and LAC Stover, electrician.

Life out here is certainly different to say the least, but we have become accustomed to the sun and sweat, sand and flies. Takes more than that to stop a Fingalite.

No wet canteen to go to when work is done, though. We get a half bottle of beer per week, sometimes.

There is plenty of work and we are all very proud of our squadron and the part it played in the Sicilian campaign. Life in a squadron is of a family type, all ranke included. There is much friendly rivalry between squadrons and we all try to keep ours on top.

Our '48's' are spent at a rest camp on the Mediterranean, where we live the life of Riley. Not quite like Port Stanley, perhaps, no music or pretty figures but lovely water and cool breezes. And if you care to, you can bargain with the countless Arabs for grapes, melons and almonds, and if you are lucky, a bottle of "Vino Rouge." Altogether not a bad life.

The ever-present "Y" man also provides us with pictures and sports equipment. The shows, of course, are shown under the stars which literally fill the sky out here. The nights are magnificent, cool and clear; quite a contrast to the days.

The usual topic of conversation, believe it or not, is not women, but food. Beef steak and ice cream lead the list by a good margin. Also I believe a nice cool ale is a favorite subject.

Well, before I become boring, I'd better sign off. We all send greetings to our friends at Fingal and hope to be there again some day.

Best wishes,
SGT. L. MACLAUCHLAN.

LAC Boothby, B. W.,
R127588,
R.C.A.F. Overseas.
By Airgraph.

Sir:

Here are just a few lines which I should have written long ago; but they say better late than never. I received two copies of the Observer recently. Boy, was it great to get them and see our old station in pictures. There are quite a few fellows here from good old Fingal. I showed them the Observer, too. And we all envy your new swimming pool.

It's nice over here, as far as scenery goes, but what mud we have found here. You sure find a difference in the layout of the stations. And do we have fun driving the English trucks.

The "Y" puts on shows in our mess hall about four times a week. And is the old mess hall packed! They have opened a new lounge. It sure is a swell place. It has the old home feeling in it.

Thanks again for the Observer. It travels through many hands. Cheerio and say hello to the M.T. section. Sincerely,

BRUCE.

R91414,
Cpl. Brooks, W. C.,
3062 Echelon,
R.C.A.F. Overseas.

Dear Gang:

This is really to the old gang or what is left of them. I have often thought of you all, but somehow never could seem to find time to write.

There isn't a great deal to write about. Work is not a great deal different here than in Canada except that work DOES come first. I was on a parade last June. Actually we do not work as long hours here, but when you start a job you finish it if it takes all day and all night, but those kind of jobs do not get home very often.

Since coming here I have met so many fellows from Fingal I cannot remember them all. Jack Miller, Don Clarke and I are here. Rice, who used to be on equipment in Fingal, is in our stores. WO1 Ordidge is not very far away. Cal

Woolson, Whitey and two or three others are around. One night we started a Fingal party and before the evening was over we had 27 former Fingalites on hand.

The less said about grub the better. This is a dispersed fighter squadron. I like that word "dispersed"; you get up, walk a mile or so to wash, walk another long hike to eat, then a mile to work. That's when you first come over. Then you buy a bike, usually a prehistoric one. The mud guards will be gone, lights (and how you want them on a rainy night in this land of black-outs) missing, no brakes and wheels badly in need of truing up. You get up, rush out, find a flat tire. Beg, borrow or steal a pump, and after 20 minutes cussing decide to walk and push the bike. During the day you get it fixed up and take a trip that evening to the nearest village. About ten the last beer is gone and you start home. When you hit the path through the bush you feel brave, put on speed and head on into another sap going the opposite way. You should see the cut faces, black eyes and broken noses on this squadron alone.

Had a seven days' leave not long ago and went to Scotland. That is a real country. The way some of those old birds can handle their "whuskey." I went to Edinburgh, on up to Aberdeen, then Inverness, down to Perth and in to Glasgow. The more north you get the better the eats and the (see start of paragraph).

There seems to be even more activity tonight than usual, and it is hard to concentrate on this. Some of the guys are still celebrating the Italian walkover. To hear them, you would think we "dood" it with our little mosquitoes.

That's the end of my line for tonight and I promise to answer (sooner or later) all letters received.

Sincerely,
BROOKS.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT!

Poole's, one of Britain's best known tailoring establishments, placed a notice on the wall of an American bomber station in England. The notice advised the fliers that "Our Head Cutter Will Arrive Tuesday Noon To Serve You." at noon on Tuesday, eight fliers were at the appointed place, ordering "Shave and shampoo."



Before See, It Doesn't Hurt! After

When our photographers go to the hospital they usually leave some blood, but this time they came away with some good pictures. The need for donors is more urgent than ever, and Fingal personnel are asked to

volunteer. The day of the clinic you get an early supper, a late pass and a free ticket to the show. Register at the hospital now. Only ground crew are eligible; so here's a chance to do your stuff.



Plenty of Room Folks - Pile In (He's Not Kiddin')

NEAR DEATH TWO YEARS AGO ON 30 BOMBING RAIDS SINCE

TWO YEARS ago a 19-year-old airman lay near death in a Hamilton hospital. His skull had been broken in an automobile accident and doctors held little hope for his recovery. Today that boy has completed 30 "ops" as a crewman of the famous Lancaster bomber, "K for Kitty," which has made 72 attacks on enemy targets.

He is F/Sgt. Frederick "Red" Sharrard, Fingal-trained air-gunner, of Toronto.

In a recent letter he wrote of an attack on Hamburg: "We had to do plenty of tricky flying to get out of the beams of searchlights. It was tough. We've wiped what is left of Hamburg off the map... we hope to do the same to Berlin." "That's prophecy for you," said his mother. "Since then he has been on at least two raids on Berlin."

His recovery from the accident two years ago his mother describes as "nothing short of a miracle." He was unconscious for 22 days, she said, "and he was in hospital five months trying to recover his memory. I would visit him daily and ask: 'Who are you? Do you know me?' But he would nod his head blankly. It got to be a kind of game. One day I asked the routine questions, and he replied as though bewildered: 'You're Mrs. Sharrard!'

So I asked: "Then who are you?" He laughed and said: "My name is Sharrard, too. We must be related somehow." He recovered gradually."

Born in Toronto, F/Sgt. Sharrard was educated at Annette Street public school and Humberstone collegiate. He enlisted in February, 1940, and trained at Guelph, Trenton and Fingal. He went overseas in September, 1942.

BEATEN TRAIL

Guest (to host in new home): "Hello, old pal, how do you find it here?"

Host: "Walk right upstairs, and it's two doors to the left."

Lament of a modern miss: 1942
What a man! 1943—What? A Man?
1944—What's a Man?

THESE GAL'S KNOW ALL THE ANSWERS

So Try 'Em Out When In Toronto

Going to Toronto on leave soon? If so, there are some people waiting to see you.

If you go in by train from any part of the country you'll arrive at the Union Station.

And that's where these people will get you.

When you go upstairs from the lower concourse you'll find a big central information bureau under the clock. Take our tip—just make for it, and you'll find friends waiting to see you.

They're the girls of Information Please Service, and no matter what hour of the day you arrive they'll be waiting for you.

And can they answer questions? Baby! They're voluntary girl workers—out to help people in uniform—and they'll tell you everything from where to get a shave and a shower to where you'll find that nurse you were sweet on last time you were in.

They've spent months in compiling the "book of answers," and

they'll give you the answer to anything you want to know. Where to go to sleep and eat. If it's a service club or a hotel, they'll give you the rates and find out if you can get in. Where to enjoy yourself with free tickets to theatres, sports, movies. What places of entertainment are open Sundays, where you can get a free swim or indulge in free sports, where you can get quick service on that creased uniform.

Any questions, however queer or out of the way they may seem to you, will be answered if you just put them up to the smart Information Please girls. You'll see them at the information bureau or floating round the main rotunda dressed in their snappy blue uniforms with red shoulder straps and smart tri-cornered hats. Quite a lot of them speak French, too, if that's your language.

Seven days a week, from morning till midnight, they serve you. They want to serve you and they'll be disappointed if you don't take your questions and worries to them.

THE GAUTEMALA KID GOOD AMBASSADOR

LAC "Pancho" Carroll, 92C, Is
One of Fingal's Most
Popular Aircrew

By LAC JACK PATTISON

We've heard a great deal of talk recently of Pan-American treaties and the good neighbor policy.



Carlos

Those fortunate enough to know Charlie (Carlos) Carroll, from Guatemala, realize that if ambassadors of his type were exchanged, with the cheery smile and real interest in our problems, real good neighbor understanding would be assured.

Charlie or Pancho, as his friends in 92C know him, was born in Guatemala City 23 years ago. Guatemala is bounded on the north by Mexico, on the west by the Pacific Ocean and the south by Honduras and Salvador. A purely agricultural country, bananas and coffee are its most important exports. Another interesting feature of his homeland is the climate, which varies only about 20 degrees, from 60 to 80, throughout the year.

Charlie was a medical student at University of Mississippi when his country, along with United States, declared war on Dec. 7, 1941. With two brothers and three brothers-in-law, he took up our cause. Charlie came to Canada to join the RCAF in December, 1942. His brothers and brothers-in-law joined the American Army. The third brother-in-law is a lieutenant in the American Merchant Marine.

Though of Spanish stock, his interest in soccer is best told by a few RAF chaps, who claim he plays well but too hard, kicking the ball to one team and then to the other. He is looking forward to ice hockey this winter, though he has only seen snow since coming to Canada. He has the record of being the first airman to wear gloves this year . . . to Aldis class, on Oct. 3.

Dancing is where Charlie really shines. His soft Spanish voice and his romantic appeal have made him the gay partner of many of the WD's on this station and to girls everywhere he has stayed in Canada.

Call him a wolf and he will correct you, saying that the correct Spanish word is "lobo." But at home they have no human wolves. A chap has only one girl friend. We explained that the same applies here, only one girl friend at one time, and he now agrees that with so many pretty girls around, our system has its good points.

Kay: "Did Clara enjoy her date last night?"

Sue: "She was never so humiliated in all her life. When he started to eat soup, five couples got up and began dancing."

Airwomen's Barrack-Life Arouses Domestic Instinct



BARRACK ROOM BOUDOIR

(This is the first of six articles written for Canadian weekly newspapers by Cpl. Edith Motley of AFHQ. We think they will make interesting reading for Fingal's W.D.'s.)

By CPL. EDITH MOTLEY

Nothing, it would seem, so much arouses the domestic instinct in women as living in barracks. (Mr. Ripley will please note.) Members of the W.D.'s are quartered in large, well-lighted rooms, each furnished with two tables, two chairs, ten to twenty double-decker beds, twenty to forty small painted cupboards and twenty to forty hanger bars. That's enough for comfort and efficiency, but it's not enough for airwomen.

First thing they do is to put photographs on top of the lockers—families, fiancés, friends—it gives the place a sociable look. Then they ask for permission (and on most stations, get it) to turn grocery boxes into little dressing tables, lining them with wallpaper, dressing them up with cretonne skirts or frilly petticoats of muslin or dimity. The same or matching cretonne is used to make curtains for the hanger bars and ambition sometimes goes so far as to include drapes for the windows. The barrack room becomes a warm, living, livable place.

All these "extras" come out of a barrack room fund to which the

girls contribute a nickle or a dime a week. From the fund, too, come extra furnishings for the recreation room—airwomen pay for all their little luxuries out of their own pockets. They plan their expenditures months in advance. (You know there isn't a better purchasing agent in the country than a house-minded female.) One barrack room is saving to buy a radio; another is waiting patiently for LAW Smith's leave because she's bringing back a small one from home.

So cheery have some barrack rooms become that time and again, airwomen are heard to say, "Going out? Oh, no, I'm staying HOME tonight."

In more ways than one, a women's barracks today is very like a girls' school or convent. Rules and regulations are many, and strictly enforced. The women's barracks aren't those which Kipling wrote about in his "Barrack Room Ballads" of, course. An evening "at home" in W.D. barracks is indistinguishable from an evening in boarding school. The conversation, whether serious or hilarious, is more mature, but just as innocuous.

Some airwomen will be studying for their trade tests or for one of the numerous courses offered through the educational services. Some of them will be around the corner in the laundry scrubbing away at their shirts; the ironing

WANT TO REMUSTER? HERE'S HOW

PROCEDURE to be followed by an officer in making application for transfer to aircrew is set out in A.F.A.O. A44/11. That order also covers eligibility, selection policy, rank in training and conditions that apply in the event of failure to graduate.

Airmen who wish to remuster should consult A.F.A.O. A44/7. To qualify for remustering, an airman must:

(a) Be medically fit for flying duties.

(b) Not have reached his 33rd birthday. Exceptionally well qualified airmen who are over the normal age limit but have not reached their 35th birthday may be accepted, but such airmen must be fully qualified educationally for direct entry to I.T.S., be medically fit and possess an obviously keen desire to serve in aircrew.

(c) Candidates over the normal age limit, whether possessing the educational qualifications stated above or not, may be accepted as air gunners provided they have not attained their 39th birthday.

AIRMEN who remuster to aircrew retain temporary or acting (paid) rank trade and group during the period of training and rank on graduation, except that airmen classified as AC1 or AC2 are to be reclassified to LAC at the appropriate time during training and together with corporals are to be promoted to temporary sergeant special group, on graduation. Acting (unpaid) rank is to be relinquished, effective date of initial posting.

Airmen selected for aircrew training are posted to an "M" depot for examination and categorization by aircrew selection boards. Selection is based on the results of personal interviews and several tests designed to indicate the aircrew category in which the individual is best qualified to serve. The decision as to which aircrew category an airman will be trained in rests with the selection board.

This information is published for the assistance of personnel interested in undertaking flying training. For complete details refer to the appropriate A.F.A.O.

Blonde: "I really liked Jim until he started to get fresh last night."

Brunette: "Isn't it terrible how a man can undo everything?"

room, too, will be humming with busy little bees. Some of the girls will be writing letters home—communication is never neglected—and some W.D.'s have an amazing number of correspondents. Some will be polishing shoes and buttons or darning and mending. Some of the super-domesticated of our battle-maidens will be knitting, sewing or doing needlepoint.

There may come a day when "barrack-bred" will be a term embracing "industrious," "domesticated," "quiet" and "companionable." Impossible, you say? Not at all. Ask any airwoman.

(Editor's note: We told you it would make interesting reading. How many agree?)



BEHIND THE COUNTER AT SERGEANTS' MESS

By LAW JULIE SURA

MEET the gals of the sergeants' mess. Introducing our own Gypsy Rose Lee, namely LAW Meraw. Will she return from the Peace River country as Meraw or—?

LAW Kozlowski is our glamorous little miss. Say, Ann, who keeps the phone of the WD's barracks so busy that the others haven't a chance?

LAW McKay is the strong, silent type. Our charming Made-moiselle Dubeau catches the eye of every passer-by on the steam table. What's the attraction in St. Thomas, Marcelle?

Our expert teacup reader is A.W.O.L. Halliday. We've come to the conclusion that Margaret hasn't been the same since she returned from the coast. Could it be that Leo dood it?

Sometimes we wonder why LAW Coombs wastes her time on a certain acey-deucey. We understand he does consider himself so, so utterly cute. Coombs has been posted overseas.

Wonder if LAW Payne, master mind of our mess, has let her hair down yet, and is she wearing slacks while on 14-day leave in "Old Peg."

We won't go a line further without mentioning LAW Burrell, who certainly gets around to all the dances.

Our male additions, AC2's Yates and Windeler, are Halliday's right-hand men.

Sgt. Brown's constant worries are the stoves and exhaust fans. He's doing a splendid job in the mess and we must not forget his endless toil in getting the staff to buy bonds . . . which, incidentally, he did without much trouble.

A new rating was sent aloft one night with strict orders to report all lights—all lights, it was emphasized. As soon as he hit the crew's nest he sang out:

"Light ho, sir. Two points off the starboard bow."

The officer screwed the glass in his eye and scanned the horizon. Not being able to raise anything, he asked:

"Can you make her out?"

"Yes, sir."

"She's the moon, sir."

AC1 Kenneth Toderick has set up light housekeeping since joining Fingal's range crew. At LEFT, Ken is hard at work plotting a bomb-burst, and at RIGHT he cooks up the day's rations. CENTRE: Range crew, including Cpl. Hudson, Cpl. Free, Williams, Trewin, Stan Homuik, Charlie Narraway and Harrison.

Life On the Open Range Is Fingal's Lonliest Job

By HELEN KASDORF

IT'S Fingal's lonliest job—managing the quadrants at the bombing ranges, in fair weather and foul, 365 days a year.

There is one lake target and two on land. There are two towers to each range, set at an angle to the target. Range crews are on duty in these towers to record the time of strike of the bomb and its position relative to the target.

The bomb burst is observed by the timekeeper in No. 2 quadrant, who phones in the time and readings in degrees to the timekeeper in No. 1 (or master) quadrant.

The timekeeper in No. 1 forwards all records to the plotting office, where each exercise is recorded and the air bomber's score is tabulated.

LIFE on the range is hard as well as interesting. At seven every morning during the week, crews go out by transport. They are on duty all day. At night the transport brings them back to the station and takes out the night crew.

During the summer months they have two things to contend with:

loneliness and flies. In winter it's loneliness and the possibility of having to walk back to the station. As for being bombed, it's open season the year round.

The lake target is an interesting site for the summer tourists at Port Stanley. One crewman is now happily married to one of them.

RANGE crews take rations with them for the day, and do their own cooking. I.AC Rudolf and AC2 Edwards have some delicious menus. If anyone is interested just send in your request.

The lads are all-round housekeepers and the towers are kept spotlessly clean. In their spare time they read and write. They answer all fan mail personally. Charlie Narraway makes a special request to all St. Thomas and Fingal girls not to send fan letters.

The Dutton range is eight miles from the station. It wouldn't be hard to find your way out there if you could read backwards. All the signposts with the exception of one face the opposite direction. Camouflage, no doubt.

P/O PRUNE HAS COUSIN HE'S U.S. NAVY FLIER

And His Name Is Dilbert the Dilly



PILOT OFFICER PRUNE, famous R.A.F. nit-wit pilot, who will not profit by mistakes and lives a charmed life, now has a cousin in the United States Navy Air Force. His name is Dilbert and he is the star of a series of 264 posters pointing out the pitfalls every naval aviation cadet should avoid.

But Dilbert just won't learn. Whether it is sheer stupidity or natural obstinacy, not even his instructors can say. Dilbert loves to show off and is just an accident looking for a place to happen. He generally finds it.

EVERYTHING GOES

Back in the U.S. after 14 months in Australia, where he won't profit by mistakes and lives a charmed life, now has a cousin in the United States Navy Air Force. Described the first bombing raid of his squadron. On the first run over the Jap transport one rookie bombardier opened the wrong doors, dropped cots, mosquito nets, pineapple juice. Second time over he was so excited he dropped nothing. Third time he unloaded all the bombs and the bomb bay gasoline tank, too. All missed.

A modern girl may know the ropes, but they are not the kind you hang the wash out on.



Most people know what to do with their 48's and leaves, but if you're stuck for something to do or somewhere to go, you can now consult the YMCA's information centre in the recreation hall. Travel folders and details of hospitality in all large centres are available.



Wotta night it was at the Halloween party. Originality was definitely the keynote. L.A.W.'s Herman and Halliday were the winning

couple, one as a witch, the other in Chinese costume. First prize for the most original WD in costume went to Jean Shaw, shown at

RIGHT, with Padre James pecking. Other prize-winners: LAC George, L.A.W. Dixon, LAC Goucher, LAC Firth and L.A.W. Lodato.



600 HOURS AS PILOT NOW A BOMBARDIER

Johnny Gammon Is a Bit of an Actor, Too



JOHNNY GAMMON
... 600 hours behind him

A LAD with 600 flying hours on everything from Harvards to Hurricanes and from Ansons to Wimpys is now training as an air bomber at Fingal.

He's Johnny Gammon, 24, one of the RAF lads who took part in the "Bondwagon" show recently. He is on Course 93.

A civil service clerk in peacetime, Johnny joined up in July, 1940. He did 65 operational hours with a bomber command squadron of Blenheim IV's, patrolling the North Sea and Irish Sea in co-operation with fighter and coastal command. They were looking for enemy shipping and Jerry bombers.

Later he was a staff pilot at two O.T.U.'s and then went to the A.T.A. for ferrying and passenger flying. He left the A.T.A. and re-mustered to air bomber.

"Do you think you are Santa Claus?"
"No."
"Then leave my stocking alone."

FLIGHT ENGINEER'S COURSE IS TOUGH BUT INTERESTING

Fingalite With Wing Up Returns To Give Us the Gen

THOROUGH TRAINING

By LAC BEN HALTER

MANY of you have wondered about this business of being a flight engineer. We know we have, and when we saw Sgt. Abbey, who was in from Yarmouth, N. S., on furlough, we pounced on him and made him come through with all the information.

When he left Fingal he was eventually sent to Mont Joli, where he spent six weeks and was shipped to Montreal Aeronautical School for two weeks. From there he went to the Yarmouth Reconnaissance Unit to finish his operational training and has remained there since.

The eight weeks curriculum reminds us of the airman who took a streamlined air force course. He dropped his pencil in class and stooped to pick it up. On retrieving it he turned to his classmate and asked him if the instructor had said anything. "My gawd," was the reply, "did he say anything! You just missed one year's university algebra." On this course that would be no exaggeration.

A FLIGHT engineer must be a jack-of-all-trades and master of them all. He must be an aero-engine mechanic, airframe mechanic, instrument maker, electrician and wireless technician. He must give his plane a daily inspection for all trades, sign it out, and if necessary make all minor repairs in emergencies.

But above all he must be an air-gunner and bombardier, and in connection with that he must know his sighting, pyrotechnics, bomb-sights and machine guns. He must also be able to take Morse at the rate of ten words per minute where a pilot is required to receive eight words per minute. As if that weren't enough, the F. E. has to cook for the nine-man crew. In his spare time he cuts out paper dolls. Best part of the course, accord-

IF YOU'RE POSTED READ THIS

If you've a hunch there's a posting in the offing, get a subscription to the Observer at the special rate of \$1 a year. We'll mail it anywhere in the world. Just leave your address and a buck at the "Y" office before you go.

ing to Sgt. Abbey, came when he reached Yarmouth, where he put in his 50 hours of operational flying which took four weeks. The worst part of the course hit him. It was the trade test, which lasted for three and a half hours. He claims he lost five pounds and a handful of hair, but it was a proud moment when the wing was pinned on his chest.

HE IS a crew member of a PB-Y. Canso Flying Boat which escorts convoys hundreds of miles out into the Atlantic. One trip may last 20 hours but the usual average is 14. Every member of the crew is given a chance to learn how to pilot the aircraft and if they show any aptitude are allowed to land and take off. Sgt. Abbey has 11 hours as pilot, including landings.

He raved about the course and said he wouldn't have missed it for anything. He recommends it highly for all who can qualify. Asked to give the boys who will follow in his footsteps a few tips, he said: "Try and learn the .303 Browning machine gun, pyrotechnics, sighting and aircraft rec., because they are all important and failure in any of those leads to immediate washout. I'm sure G. I. S. will gladly cooperate in helping anyone interested."

MART KENNEY COMING

Coca-Cola Company's Victory Parade, featuring Mart Kenney and his Western Gentlemen, will present a "Salute to Fingal" in the drill hall on Monday, Dec. 20. Prior to the half-hour broadcast, which will be heard throughout Canada, a three-quarter-hour show will be seen in the drill hall.

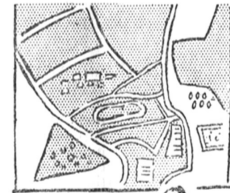
WRITER, CARTOONIST NOW AIR BOMBERS

Two Newspapermen Are On Course 94

TWO newspapermen — one a writer, the other an ace cartoonist—are on Course 94, and the Observer is benefitting by their talents.

LAC Peter Foster, 20, who comes from a place called Belbroughton in Worcestershire, used to write sports for the Birmingham Mercury. He's an ex-Cambridge student, and a player of cricket and soccer.

Cpl. Jock Paterson, 29, spent 15 months cartooning for the Johannesburg News. But the call of his native Scotland was too great. So he returned to cartoon for the Glasgow News for three years. Then he joined the RAF—and has continued to draw ever since.



"I can't remember whether I got 9 Me. 10's or 10 Me. 9's."

SPEAKING generally the Royal Air Force are all nice types. Speaking particularly some are nicer than others; speaking even less particularly others aren't so nice as some, but you can only mention this if they are of junior rank to yourself. As a corollary it is as well for you, as a nice type yourself, to be very nice to all nice types of higher rank. This means that Aircraftman, 2nd Class, Plonk P.—who is the lowest form of life in the whole Air Force—has to be excessively nice to everyone. He cannot say what he thinks, but he pretty often thinks it.

Of all nice types in the R.A.F. the highest and therefore—taking a Plonk's-eye view—the nicest is the Air Council. What they do Plonk isn't quite sure, beyond the fact that they sit round a table and frequently View With Displeasure. Whom they do this to Plonk doesn't know—or care, so long as it isn't him. But he knows they can, if they like, view anyone with bags of displeasure, even an air vice-marshal in command of a group.

This latter is the Air Force type known as the A.O.C. or

The Air Officer Commanding

The A.O.C. stands in much the same relation to Plonk as Pharaoh must have done to a junior assistant hod-carrier for one of the lesser pyramid masons. That is to say, their spheres of activity do not often overlap. The one lives in the lofty heights of Group H.Q., the other in the lowly depths of a barrack-room. They are, in fact, not on speaking terms, without knowing it.

Plonk has, indeed, in the whole of his Air Force life only once come in contact with the A.O.C. And that contact was limited to a



Plonk tried to give the A.O.C. a smart salute and simultaneously avoid getting run over by his car. . . .

NICE TYPES

This being the jolly old Christmas season, and all that sort of rot, we take great pleasure in presenting this droll gem of humor, lifted by us from the pages of Punch, England's great weekly.

memorable occasion when Plonk tried to give the A.O.C. a smart salute and simultaneously avoid getting run over by his car. This operation called for considerable



The commander of an RAF station is rather like the king of a lonely South Sea island. . . .

smartness coupled with considerable agility. Plonk was not particularly good at either. But at least he knew enough to realize that while lack of agility could only land him in hospital, lack of smartness might easily land him on the orderly-room mat.

Quite what A.O.C.'s do for a living—besides running down innocent airmen at the salute—Plonk cent airmen at the salute: he'd just as soon question the ways of providence. Sooner in fact; for if he did, providence would be the less likely one of the two to tear him off a strip.

The only thing Plonk likes about A.O.C.'s is that when they descend upon the R.A.F. Station at Wings-over, which Plonk graces with his presence, then the real omnipotent

god of the station, the Group Captain commanding, takes a back seat.

Plonk is all in favor of this. He feels that if you have once seen a station commander taking a back seat you've got something—even if it's only a fragrant memory.

The Station Commander

The Group Captain Commanding an RAF station—who is irreverently known as the station-master—is rather like the king of a lonely South Sea Island. That is to say they are both liable at any moment to have a Big White Chief arrive suddenly out of the blue in either a large shining ship or a large shining car, and in the voice of one speaking with bags of authority, tell them to do this, and stop doing that, and what the hell goes on here, and in general throw considerable weight around.

But in the intervals between these visitations from the outside world the power of the king of the South Sea Island—or of the master of the station—is paramount. Fearfully paramount. His word is law. He has the power of life or death—or of leave and duty. No one gainsays him—because there's no one who dares to gainsay him. In fact anyone who starts any gainsaying stuff around either island or station will pretty soon find there's no future in it.



Over lunch, he tells other station-masters how much more efficient his station is . . .



. . . whenever he's around everyone stands up.

The Station Commander's multifarious activities include dealing with an enormous mail and hundreds of forms—one of the penalties of living under a Typocracy. He is also perpetually interviewing delinquents, visitants, aspirants, applicants, supplicants, recalcitrants, and sycophants; preventing any likelihood of a wave of crime sweeping the station by arguments which can vary from mere admonishment to twenty-eight days in the glasshouse; and generally eagle-eyeing the whole place from dawn to dawn. And, in A.C. Plonk's private opinion, giving him (Plonk) an old-fashioned look whenever their paths cross.

By way of relaxation the C.O. sometimes flies on operations with his pilots. He also has at his disposal a small private aircraft—generally a Maggie. He does not, of course, fly on operations in his "Maggie," particularly not at a heavy bomber station. It wouldn't look good. He uses it mostly for flipping over to other stations to tell their station-masters over lunch how much more efficient, successful, and better-run his station is than theirs. Later on they flip over to him and he plays a Home fixture. To see him and his Maggie, by the way, being got ready for a personal fight is rather like watching the finishing touches being given a Derby favorite, or a prima donna about to make her big entrance.

An interesting, and it may be somewhat poignant, sidelight on a Station Commander is that he rarely sees anyone sitting down, because whenever he's around everyone stands up!

Fingal Forum Features Free Speech and Free Coffee

By P/O TONY BROWN
SOMETHING new has been added—the Fingal Forum. The station discussion group met for the first time on Remembrance Day to discuss "What Are We Fighting For?" The 25 who turned out were a fair cross-section of our community. With the Canadians were airmen from Mauritius, Guatemala and England.
One was from New Zealand, or Pig Island at it is rudely called by

the Aussies, referring to the fact that the first settlers were pigs left there by Captain Cook. But that's neither here nor there.

THE subject provoked intense interest and was thoroughly cussed and discussed. Padre O'Reilly opened the discussion. Then everyone in turn said what he or she was fighting for. The final analysis indicated that we were fighting for freedom of speech and religion—and to defeat the Nazis.

Some wanted to continue life as it was before the war. Others wanted a better educational system. Others thought that too much education would make us dissatisfied with our jobs and that we wouldn't want to work at all.

AT times the discussion got a bit on the heated side and it looked as though we might have a couple of international incidents on our hands. But everyone seemed to enjoy the evening, and it now seems

like a pleasant way to while away Thursday nights this winter.

Attendance at the second meeting jumped to 42, not counting the C.O.'s dog. The discussion on strikes in wartime was thoroughly enjoyed by all, especially when they didn't stick to the subject. And you should have seen the C.O. going at it with the trainees.

See you Thursday, we hope, in the airmen's lounge. Coffee will be served.

BRITISH • HALL • OF • FLAME •



Betty



Lola



Leslie



Margaret



Phyllis



Sybil



Ellwyn



Peggy



Leslie



Catherine



Pamela
Nancy



Sheila



Kathlyn
Enid



Joan



Betty



SO YOU think English girls aren't good looking? So they're not up to Canadian and American beauties? Well, think again, buddy, for according to the RAF blokes on this station, English—of which will no doubt be good news to women are just about tops. To prove it, aircrew trainees from across the pond have flooded us with pictures, minus phone numbers. And—since the camera doesn't lie—we herewith present an exclusive selection of English beauties. All our Canadian personnel who are posted overseas.

D. A. SHANKS.