

# THE *Fingal Observer*

## Works and Buildings Maintenance Staff

(See page 3 for Feature Section.)



Front row—Cpl. Lynch, Cpl. Sanders, AC1 Metayer, F/Sgt. "Pop" Case, F/Lt. Coady (officer in charge), F/Sgt. Wood, F/Sgt. Collins, AC1 Howard, AC1 Warrington, Sgt. Crocker.

Back row—P. Haines, W. Knott, H. Gould, J. Price, D. Major, W. Kniffen, C. Drown, P. Potts, G. Lunn, A. Crabe, F. Hunter, F. McCutcheon, V. Potts, H. Carroll, E. Stroyberg, E. Lazenby.

**NO 4 BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL**  
FINGAL, ONTARIO, CANADA

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# The Fingal Observer

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Published under authority of Wing Commander J. G. Kerr, Commanding Officer.

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Prince Rupert, B. C.  
March 16, 1943.

W/C J. G. Kerr,  
Commanding Officer,  
No. 4 B. and G. School,  
R.C.A.F., Fingal, Ont.

Dear Mr. Kerr:

Just a few lines to let you know that I am very sorry to have left Fingal without saying "au revoir" to you and the other members of the Officers' Mess, and thanking you for the very kind treatment accorded me in my five-weeks stay among you. I do appreciate it all, and wish I had been able to tell you so before I left.

I left Toronto by plane and flew as far as Calgary, where we were grounded by an eight-inch snowfall at Edmonton. It was a grand trip, and I enjoyed every minute of it. From Calgary to Prince Rupert, I travelled by train through some very beautiful scenery, on a very slow train. It took us four hours to cover the last 70 miles, and a twisty, bumpy ride it was.

Prince Rupert is situated at the mouth of the Skeena River, at the foot of the mountains, and is overrun with soldiers, sailors and airmen. I couldn't say how many camps there are, but the "Y" has about eight men out here, and each looks after two or more stations. For myself, I have three army camps to look after, and only hope that I be as successful as your "Y" superior has been there at Fingal. Of just one thing I am very certain—I'll be kept busy, for which I'll be very thankful, as this would be an awful place to be stuck in with nothing to do.

Well, sir, this will be all for now, so, thanking you and the boys again for their kindness to me, and wishing you all "happy landings", I remain,

Sincerely yours,  
"Van."

(Editor's note: Mr. Van Lunen was an assistant "Y" superior at Fingal for five weeks from February 2, 1943.)

## TELEGRAM

Toronto, Ont., Mar. 20, 1943.

Sgt. Stretton, J. H.,

R.C.A.F., Fingal, Ontario.

You won two blue tickets for all Leafs' playoff games. You were first in Armed Forces draw. Can you use tickets or will you take cash? Value of two tickets is \$5.50 for each game played here by Leafs. Wire reply collect.

Doctor Babeock.

(The above is an exact copy of the telegram received by Sgt. Stretton for an expenditure of twenty-five cents. This investment bought three tickets for a draw on the Sports Service League. The draw was made on 18th March. May we offer our congratulations to Sgt. Stretton on his good fortune and point out that he was a very deserving individual, having sold five books of tickets for this worthy cause.)

## THE UNSEEN MAN

Where the devil is the heat? Why isn't the mail in on time? What the heck is wrong with the water pressure — and about movies, why aren't they more like "Random Harvest" and "Focus"? These are some of the cries we would hear if the unseen man was not always on the job.

In this age of specialization, a trained staff is in charge of each of the various sections on which we count so much, but we never stop to realize any of the hardships or the extra hours spent, or unnatural conditions that must be coped with in rendering the service that we enjoy and more or less take for granted at Fingal. May we point to only a few

of the sections that serve us so efficiently?

The leading section of this unit for unheralded service should be the cooks and all the others who labor so long in the three main kitchens of No. 4. These young men and women are serving better meals than we have ever had before. Their job is not a glorious one and they will never graduate with wings for services rendered, or be awarded the D.F.M. for gallant bravery. So our thought would be, if you enjoy the meals at Fingal, go out of your way to tell the cooks, the chef or the good-looking young lady in charge — she will appreciate your thoughtful words.

When you see the men around the streets in black, greasy overalls, with shovel in one hand and scuttle in the other, you know at a glance that their calloused hands and tattered clothes did not get that way from the hardships of desk work, but rather from the laborious task of keeping you and me warm regardless of the climatic conditions. No doubt you have heard the howl that rents the air when the heater in our end of the barracks is black-out in the morning and we can't find that guy Flight Collins, soon enough to give him a piece of our mind for allowing our tootsies to get chilled—good work, Flight, a big hand to you and your heating staff.

It is rumored that this war will never be won without a good old-fashioned army for occupation of territory, and to a section of that army of occupation we give a big hand for the efficient postal service they render us during our stay at Fingal. Many services such as money orders, banking service, along with the regular mail and parcels that come in from home mean so much to young men and women away from home. "Keep up the good work, C. P. C." is the shout from the personnel of this Station.

What about the section known as the M.T.—sounds the same as "Empti," but then they are kept busy at times. We understand their trucks and busses are busier than a one-armed paperhanger, and we must admit they do a most valuable service—in fact, I don't believe we could survive if it weren't for the service they render in transporting rations from T. T. S., mail to and from St. Thomas, rations to the ranges, special accommodation runs, and last and most important, they take the paymaster with his aides to the bank, where the payroll funds are procured every fortnight, which is their part to "keep 'em flying." Our parting shot: What will become of your section, F/O McBean, if your W.D.'s keep on taking the martial vow, "I do"?

There are many other sections and departments to which the writer would like to make mention, but time and space will not permit. However, for all the co-operation given, a kindly feeling exists for the Service Police, "Grease Monkeys" on that Graveyard Shift (this shift since removed), all the clerks and G.D.'s in the night flights, checking and double checking, the Fire Hall Section and many others, as we have intimated.

## FEATURE SECTION

### WORKS AND BUILDINGS



Flt/Lt. Coady at his desk in the Works and Buildings office. Bill insists the cup was won for expert marksmanship in billiards.

#### WORKS AND BUILDINGS

In all sections of No. 4 there seems to be one or two "Joels," but never is a whole section "Joel" so much as good old Works and Buildings. From floor plugs to floodlights, from linen cupboards to lean-to's, from shovelling coal to starting fires, from plowing snow to pleading for parts for the F.W.D. (four-wheel drive to you), we seem to be "Joel" for them all. Do we hear someone say, "Nay, 'tis not true"? Yea, verily, I say Works and Buildings is the section to call upon when there is work to be done.

At this busy section, located in the northwest corner of the Station, you will find a series of buildings arranged in a "U" formation to lend their facilities to the duties to be performed. We have workshops, electrical shops, store rooms, lofts for window screens and storm doors, storage for the mighty "Sicard" snow-blower. Tucked in the southeast corner is the department of plumbers and tinsmiths, and last but not—you know—are the summer farming tools, roller, mowers, drill and rake, etc.

Read the following articles for further details on your feature section.

#### F LT. COADY, M. W.

This good-looking red-headed Irishman is better known by his officer

friends as "week-end Coady," but in that connection he has such a smooth-working section that he apparently can be away on special duties with 'nary a care about his staff carrying on.

Now, Mr. Coady, may we also refer to you as "Wild Bill", because at times that appropriate expression seems to apply to the gentleman of whom we would speak. But really he is congenial and friendly, a grand conversationalist and with newcomers on the Station, he is like an affectionate daddy, he has time for everyone, and it is these qualifications that make him one of the most popular officers at Fingal.

Flt/Lt. Coady joined the R.C.A.F. service in the summer of 1940, and as he was living in the City of London at the time of enlistment, he was most fortunate in being assigned to Crumlin for his initial posting. There he was in charge of engineering and installation of runways sufficiently large for T.C.A. planes to use in landing and taking off. After a few months, he transferred to the R.C.A.F. station at Dunnville, where he was Works and Buildings Officer in charge of many major additions to that already large station.

It was on September 25, 1941, that Mr. Coady came to Fingal to occupy the position he now holds as our Works and Buildings Officer. In his position he is

efficient and effective—this we all know when we have some fixing to be done. His well-organized section and willing staff give him the utmost co-operation and it is with this background that we are given such courteous service.

Prior to joining the R.C.A.F., Flt/Lt. Coady, with a degree in civil engineering, did considerable survey work in the Canadian Northwest, and immediately before entering the service was works engineer for the Corporation of the City of London. Sir, we of Fingal appreciate your spirit and enthusiasm, and trust you will be with us for some time to come.

#### THE "WORKS" FROM WORKS AND BUILDINGS

In reality the draftsman's main purpose in life is to translate somebody's lazy thoughts into pencil and paper perfection. "We want new parachute lockers." "Would it be possible to put a new floor in here?" "Submit a plan of the proposed new swimming pool and estimate its cost." Upon the receipt of these orders, the drafting department swings into action.

We draw a rough outline, we measure, we erase, we draw again, we erase, we draw some more, we put in dimensions, we erase and change it again until finally the piece of work is finished. That done, we see how much money we can spend.

The slide rule, fingers, Chinese buttons (?), are now given a chance. How many pieces of two by twice that long, with 25% for waste, at so much a thousand? . . . and there you are. See how simple the job is?

We feel that a few bouquets are in order to the Commanding Officer. He is really pulling for a new swimming pool and the improvements to the Air-men's Canteen, that we hope we will be able to see in a few days. Credit is due also to P. O. Duern of G.I.S. for the ideas used in the canteen.

And now the drafting department feels it should retire—we just got wind that they are planning an extension to the hospital—work for us!

Perhaps because a draftsman is familiar with lines, curves and figures, the Observer editor thought that the drafting department could submit a somewhat choice article.

For one who doesn't wish a monotonous and stable occupation, I heartily recommend Works and Buildings drafting. After due consideration and planning, it is decided to build a new building. Ottawa goes into a huddle and produces "Spees"—drawings and blueprints.

Toronto sees it, claps its hands in glee, says—"My goodness, a new toy, we couldn't possibly leave this as it is, let's change it around." Then they finally tell the contractor that it is now his "baby." So he starts to build. The closer he comes to finishing the job, the more ideas for changes people have. "Let the contractor finish it," they say, "then we will have our fun." Just as they finish, everybody descends upon poor Works and Buildings to submit their ideas. Out come "Spees" and blueprints — strewn about from desk to desk, ideas fly, suggestions flit. Frantically the draftsman strives to make quick notes of the changes-to-be, because he knows what is expected of him—a perfect drawing, engineering perfect, practical and exact to the minutest detail.

After cleaning away the mess, cleaning up the desk, sharpening pencils, cleaning squares, etc., he sets to work. After hours of intense application, of asking innumerable questions, consulting many catalogues, the drawing is finally done. But wait a minute—it isn't checked yet.

In charges the herd again—change this—make that longer—take it out—move it over—but they don't swing it). Again the melee. The most important piece of equipment a draftsman possesses is an eraser. I venture to say that we will never win the war if our stock of erasers gives out!

#### BITS OF CHIPS FROM WORKS AND BRICKS

Hello, folks! Here we are at long last on the air again via the Fingal Observer. The subject of Works and Buildings is one which entails particular significance in these days of unlimited national emergency.

Fundamentally, the subject cannot be approached from any single angle or any one trade viewpoint, but must be reckoned with as the endeavor of amalgamated groups functioning as one unit for the good of our particular station and in defence of our country.

Although today we are profiting by the experiences of the past, yet we are living in an era of organization and we proudly state that in our section we have at least a 100 per cent organization that is carefully and wisely administered by our ever popular O. C. in charge, Flight Lieutenant M. W. Coady.

The fact may not be well known, but we make the remark without fear of contradiction that the Works and Buildings Section is one of the most essential branches in the catalogue of national defence. The workmen in this section must be of the high-class type, and what is more, they must bear knowledge of the fact that their duty implies the necessity of leaving nothing undone to keep the various lists of Station work orders as up-to-the-minute as is reasonably possible.

At all times the calls for assistance from this section are very numerous and

varied in character, and with spring in the air, soon we will be the victims of the usual springtime screen colic that seems to grip every single branch of the service, when our office phone will be kept working overtime answering the calls to remove the hundreds of storm sashes and to equip the doors and windows for the hot weather period. It is at this time that the writer, who unfortunately is looked upon as the storm and screen chief of W. & B., will of necessity be demanding frequent doses of Alka-Seltzer to offset the various headaches produced in overseeing this not too small item of maintenance.

Indeed, for the past few weeks we have experienced a real spell of winter weather and your writer often wonders if the personnel of No. 4 B. & G. School realize the debt of gratitude they owe to one very essential branch of this section. Since December 20th of last year, this branch, always under the capable supervision of F/S Frank Wood, has encountered many very long days of sometimes very trying duty. Many cold, blustery days and nights, while the rest of us were cosily sheltered in the confines of the barracks, tucked beneath the covers for the night, these tractor operators battled far into the night to keep our Station streets free from snow blockades, not to speak of their duty in clearing the airdrome. Added to this, the wintry gales, whipping the snow, piled it high on the highways, blocking them till it was well nigh impossible to cope with the situation. Despite these odds, these worthy men never once faltered in the pursuit of their duties; as a result there was practically no suspension of communication with any of our metropolitan centres. These tasks meant determination and had it not been for the do and daring of these boys, many a leave and date would have been cancelled.

In justice to the efforts of this group of tractor operators, composed of Cpl. Don Sanders, Cpl. Ted Lynch, IAC Dan Bennett and Buster Potts, our civilian tractor operator, we say, "Hats off to them."

At this junction, permit us to say it is this type of determination and self sacrifice that will eventually liberate all present occupied countries suffering under the yoke of Nazi domination.

Since our last appearance in the columns of our neat Station paper, our School has offered greetings to a new, capable and far-sighted Commanding Officer in the person of Wing Commander Kerr. This energetic young officer has seen fit to arrange many changes that will undoubtedly greatly facilitate the work of our School. As a result of this, our shops are buzzing with activity and if those in charge should feel that we are not getting their order out just as quickly as they might wish, don't lose sight of the fact that while our Station is expanding month by month, we are keeping up with our work, using the small original staff of November, 1940. However, the writer is confident that

with such capable overseers as F/S Case, assisted by Fred McCutcheon as senior carpenter, all needs will be met in due time.

We have just completed the rearrangement of Clothing Stores and we feel sure the entire Station will agree that the move was a wise one, as a central location is needed for so busy a branch of the Station. We trust that before this article is found in print the changes in the W.D. Canteen bar will make that place a much better centre of attraction for our W.D.'s in which to spend their leisure hours.

The electrical shop is really on the map. Cpl. Max Emery and Eric Stroyberg, the W. & B. Sparks, are thinking of remustering to bombing flight in hope of offsetting the number of direct hits on the "lines" at Dutton and Melbourne ranges. "Don't tell me those lines are down again," is frequently heard these days as our "Sparks" are called to do the repair job. The boys get a thrill tramping over that mile of bog to the target, even though they won't admit it. Carry on, Bombing Flight, those are the kind of hits to make when you cover Berlin.



Our jovial plumber, George Haines, has been thinking seriously of bringing action against several of our leading provincial newspapers. Of course, you have not forgotten the paper shortage that prevailed in several barrack blocks. Never mind, George, barrack stores promise not to let that occur again.

A mobile painting unit has of recent date made an appearance in the O. R. Mess, which looks neat and trim in its new color scheme. The appearance of this unit affords a great deal of relief for our painter, Herb. Gould, whose department is swamped with calls from many sources.

The general fitters' shop, well looked after by Charlie Drown, is never looking

for a job. Many complicated problems arise that are always well executed by Charlie and his staff.

One part of our section that has been neglected in our past articles is the pumping station. This unit is capably handled by Major Edwards, who is perhaps the pioneer civilian in the service. The writer well remembers when on July 10, 1940, the Major made his first appearance as the superintendent of the first civilian guard and of those employed by the Department of National Defence. Through the foresight of F/L Coady, the Major now supervises one of the most modern pumping systems on any station of the Air Training Scheme.

Another group of willing workers who perform a very essential duty, especially during those cold, blustery days, just passed, is that of our laborers. Many a time when the weatherman let loose a blitzkrieg of wintry winds and zero temperatures and the coal bins needed constant refilling, these sturdy chaps walked many miles a day over snow-drifted fields in order to be at their post of duty. These men deserve special mention because of their ardent devotion to duty.

Well do we recollect in our last article, we mentioned our loss in the call of Charlie Howard to Manning Pool. At this time we are grateful to No. 1 Training Command because they have posted our popular accountant, AC1 Howard, to our office here. As a result everything is functioning as efficiently as usual in Works and Buildings office. It is with a sense of regret we report the transfer of IAW Betty Smithers, who made many warm friends by her kind and obliging manner while a member of the office staff. LAW Lee Greer, her capable successor, has splendidly bridged the gap and no mention need be made of her ability and the courteous manner in which the duties of her daily routine are executed. Again our office staff has been enlarged by the posting of AC1 Eric Warrington, that gifted Airman who is very adept in his chosen line as mechanical draftsman.

In this as in all sections of this Station, our personnel realize that our country, even the Empire, is coping with the greatest defence effort in its history. The wholehearted self-giving, required of us is continually forthcoming, knowing that our democracy must be preserved. Forces beyond our control have disrupted the usual procedures of our daily lives. We are actually and officially in a grave emergency. As these lines are being penned, Canada prepares once more to celebrate the approaching springtime holiday of Easter. A new significance will mark the observance of this Eastertide; it opens the 1943 spring season, and if we can judge from the work of our military strategists, grave hours are ahead. What the immediate or more remote future will bring, only Divine Providence knows. But this much we DO know—we shall not falter in our obligations to the flag and to all things



"LAC Sicard" out doing pack drill. The driver tells me he "packs an awful wallop" for any snowbank that comes his way.

for which it stands. Our country is calling and the personnel of Works and Buildings will contribute its part in full and overflowing measure, with a readiness to rebuild and repair whatever is needed for No. 4 B. & G. with all the sinews at its command to the end that our beloved country may ever continue to be the home of the brave and the land of the free.

#### "KINDLING WOOD"

Hello, gang — this is "Pop" Collins, your chief heating engineer, the wee fellow with no bad habits (?) reporting for Works and Bricks. As this is our first contribution to the Station paper, we feel it is quite appropriate to give you the lowdown on our end of the game. The man at the helm is our capable supervisor, F/L M. W. Coady, to whom we all take our little troubles and difficulties to be straightened out. On our Station we have 12 steam boilers which heat the hangars, control tower, drill hall, G.I.S., Turret Building, O.R. Mess, Hospital, Officers' Quarters and our new barracks, so you see, Sgt. Pringle, Sgt. Crocker and our 25 civilian engineers and firemen are kept quite busy taking care of these boilers along with 76 space heaters in your barracks. No moans, no groans, we like nothing better than to serve you people with a good old Florida atmosphere in your barracks during the winter months. If your tonsils or throat start raising h— over a small amount of carbon dioxide fumes, don't get alarmed, we don't think it will kill you—we hope! Just give us a buzz and we will send out the anti-gas squad to clear up the trouble—yes sir, we don't want to see any Airman's or Airwoman's life imperilled by these very, very occasional smoke raids, so as they won't be able to fight the good fight. However, as the worries of this long-drawn-out winter will soon be over (and ours too), we can assure you, this coming summer our air-conditioned system will be some-

thing to crow about. No draughts, all ventilation; yes sir, Works and Buildings are always looking ahead.

#### IN THIS WE, TOO, SERVE

During a recent showing of the current picture, "In Which We Serve," the writer was deeply impressed by an address by the captain of a destroyer to the men who were to serve under him. These words were, in effect, that he wanted on his ship, happiness and efficiency, and he knew from experience that without attaining one of these requisites it was impossible to obtain the other. It struck me, how true were these words from a play. Here were words which were not propaganda, but rather the plain unvarnished facts, of successfully maintaining any unit of our war machine, words and facts applicable to any branch of our armed forces—the Navy, Army, or our own Air Force. It is certain that any intelligent officer, N.C.O. or service man would like to see both of these essentials established in his particular branch of our war effort. It is the writer's firm belief that both can be obtained, but it will only be possible when and if each of the three classifications mentioned takes upon himself the full responsibilities which he incurred when he signed on the dotted line upon his enlistment, and when a mutual respect and understanding is established between all the men here at Fingal.

An officer should be able to expect from his men, loyalty, respect, and efficiency in every phase of the work. The Airman should be able to expect sound leadership, respect, friendliness and understanding in his troubles.

The attainment of happiness and efficiency is as simple as that. Therefore, if any part of our Station is falling behind in its efficiency, look for a lack of happiness. If any part of our Station is lacking in happiness, look for a letdown in efficiency.

Yours for a happier, more efficient Fingal.

# SECTIONS

## WORK SHOP WARBLINGS

The Station Work Shop speaks:  
Cpl. Guy, our willing welder, is away. up to Trenton learning all there is about that welding job. Watch the sparks when he gets back.

Talking about sparks makes me think of another welder who moved to Fingal from St. Thomas. Rumor has it that certain bright spots (the G.C. and T.G.) haven't been the same since.

LAC Dixon is daddy to a baby girl. Claims she'll grow up to be a perfect Airwoman. Never mind, Dixie, think of Eddie Cantor. He still believes every sixth is a boy, even if the sixth coke is empty!

A certain corporal is having a lot of trouble keeping his dates straight. What with one in London, one in Windsor, one in Toronto and a fourth in Hospital, ain't life beautiful, George?

How about those trips to London, Terry? A little more ambition following those 48's wouldn't hurt.

Did you hear about our flight asking his wife is she would like to accompany him to a dance in Rodney. Boy, was he surprised when she said yes. What would you have given for a look at his face right then?

Don Clarke was sure a welcome sight on his return from Hospital. Cpl. Birch says he is the only man he knows that can patch up those holes made by someone's heels without cussin'.

Is all the musical talent on the Station in Work Shops? Please don't blame the rest of us for that noise you hear from 0745 to 0800.

Our bass drummer seems to have quite an "in," from the looks of his car pulling away from the gates at night. Quite a lot of the fellows would like to know if it is the big drum or just good old-fashioned "it." Let's in on the way you do it, Vic.

McCrae seems to be spending quite a few 48's in Detroit. Another international tie being forged. When do the wedding bells ring, Mac?

This is station "F.W.S." signing off, but be sure to listen in next month at the same time, when we will tell you where and how to fix it. Incidentally, "F.W.S." stands for "Fingal Work Shop."

## TRAINING WING

Training Wing Headquarters has now become an accomplished fact. For your information, it is situated in the west end of the Control Tower, where the Wing Orderly Room occupies a location which is the envy of all orderly rooms. Personnel were rudely torn away from other sections in order to fill this new establishment and the Link Trainer flown to No. 2 hangar, but the resultant pooling

of resources and centralization of records and control has already paid excellent dividends. As you know, Training Wing consists of three squadrons under the Chief Instructor. These squadrons are, respectively, Ground Instructional School Squadron, Air Training Squadron, and Armament Range and Marine Squadron. The phases of training to which each of these contribute are co-ordinated at Training Wing Headquarters. Here also, one is supposed to be able to find the answer to almost any conceivable question regarding the situation or progress of all training on the Station. As witness to this, you may observe the graying hairs of the Chief Instructor, Squadron Leader Blagrave, and his Adjutant, Flying Officer Murray. Associated with the Wing Adjutant is Chief "Gestapo" agent WO1 McAdam, who also in his spare time arranges dances for the Sergeants' Mess.

In charge of the Orderly Room is Sergeant Ledingham, who allots stenographic duties to Cpl. Eamer and AW1 Macdonald. To compile all the results of Bombing and Gunnery exercises and flying time is the duty of LAW Blakely (just departing from our midst, alas), LAC Witworth, AW1 Mossey and AW1 Davidson. LAW Brazeau carries out the duties of Orderly Room runner.

It is apparent that the Station Headquarters Orderly Room will have to look to their laurels.

## G. I. S.

Last Wednesday I went to Detroit. It was one of those quick pleasure trips when one tries to see as much of the city as possible and do as many things as time will permit.

True, I was interested in the city itself, but more so in its people. There was the lady sales clerk who went "out of her way" to help us find nylon stockings to bring back to our wives; the young negroes with their "zoot suit" complex and a rhythm of their own as they walked down the street; the business men in the American Legion, who upon recognizing us as Canadian Airmen, made sure we were served liquid refreshment, along with our luncheon; and the very attractive young lady at the U.S.O. who made a perfect hostess for the evening.

All these I shall remember; but the people who made the greatest impression upon me was a small group in the railway station. A young soldier, his wife and his mother. He was going to war. They would not see each other for many months — perhaps never again. Each realized this, and all were trying to be brave; but as the young soldier disappeared through the station gates two

large tears trickled down the cheeks of each of the women.

You and I have seen this scene time and time again: perhaps we ourselves have experienced it.

Have you ever thought to yourself how willing you would be to make possible the return of the young soldier, and others in the forces to their families again?

You can help to make it possible HERE and NOW. One blood donation may save a life. Will YOU save a life by donating to the blood bank?

Apply to Station Hospital — G. I. S. staff apply to Cpl. Stoddart.

## KLINKERS FROM THE KLINK

Well, the Guard House is back in the news again after an absence of several weeks.

The remaining few here are so busy nowadays that we have not had time to break into the limelight of the Observer.

What with searching of cars for anything ranging from a spot of tea or coffee to a Boly, instituting pass system for cars, patrolling, fingerprinting and being both father and mother to we don't know how many Airmen and Airwomen, our little staff is kept as busy as the proverbial pussy on the tin roof.

By the way, there are two eagle-eyed N.C.O.'s lying in wait each and every day in the Attention Area, just dying to pounce on you if you stray from the straight and narrow path, such as buttons undone, shoes dull, non-issue shirts or any offence within the meaning of an act. These alert custodians of the law and powers that be, even checked yours truly for walking through the Attention Area, puckering up and quietly whistling a little tuneless ditty to myself. This five foot of manhood, towering over the wooden fence, around the post office lawn, roared: "Hey, you, you are whistling; you can't do that." Knowing that I had erred and strayed from the ways like a lost sheep, etc., I hastily unpuckered and apologized profusely and hastened into the sanctuary of the Guard House, where a man can at least have a little whistle or give vent to his feelings . . .

By the way, we have two large tiles rigged up as cigarette containers now, so you have no excuse for dropping butts on our lawns or would-be lawns.

Two of our boys have left for overseas duty, Cpl. Murray and Cpl. Clarke, and our best wishes go with them. Cpl. J. McCleary, or "Honest John," was posted to his home town and we all miss him, but that little wife of his deserves that friendship which we are losing.

Cpl. Berger has been discharged this month (medically unfit) and this leaves us very, very short of men, but we, being good Airmen, will stagger on to the last drop. Where is it?

Last but not least, we have a new man, Cpl. Shennan, recommended by yours truly. He is okay.

## MAINTENANCE MOANS

Mr. Printer, please, this time put our name somewhere on the column so that we won't have to go around apologizing any more. We would also like everyone to know that we stand back of everything we write, in fact sometimes we wish that we could get 'way 'way back, especially when one of the senior N.C.O.'s starts chasing us around the hangar with mayhem in mind, and we wind up piloting a broom around the place or manœuvring an aircraft. One of these days we'll learn to keep our big mouth shut!



LAC Halter

We won't mention any names, but there was one LAC in our hangar who spent a very miserable afternoon the other day. It seems that in the morning he was placed in charge of five of the lads on tarmac duty, and as there was a lot of cleaning up to do, he really made life miserable for them with some very greasy jobs. On top of that, the fellows in the hangar, not knowing that he had been Joe'd for the job, thought he had taken it on himself to order the aircrew lads around and resented it heartily, although no one said anything.

That afternoon the tarmac Joes went to their classes, and as the cleaning hadn't been finished our hero grabbed a mop and was busy eliminating oil spots when he was spied by our gang (the Maintenance mutilators) and comments flew fast and furious. One we happened to overhear went like this:

"See that man over there? Well, would you believe that at one time he was a 'big shot'? Well, he was, and not only that, but he had a gang of men working for him, yes indeed! Why, he gave orders and men jumped to do his bidding! He was a big contractor, a veritable specialist at interior economy, and now look at him!" (Here there was a prolonged and doleful shaking of the head and a couple of mournful tch tch's.) "Poor fellow, isn't he a pitiful sight, pushing that mop around to earn a miserable living, unloved and unrespected by everyone? Lo! How the mighty have fallen!"

Whilst our LAC proceeded to do a slow burn.

We don't like to complain, but the other day we had a funny experience in the O.R. Mess. Now, don't get us wrong; the food here is as good or better than the rations on most Air Force stations, and the personnel appreciate the fact, but funny incidents do crop up.

This day in particular, we were late getting in to the mess and we were gratified to see an exceedingly short line. Patiently we took our position in the rear and slowly wound our way up to the steam table, where a delicious dinner

of roast pork, dressing and applesauce was being dispensed. Finally it was our turn. We held out our plate, but nothing was placed on it. To our enquiring glance the cook said, "Gone to get more." In a couple of minutes the sad blow fell—no more pork. Disappointedly we took some of the cold beef, and moved on to the applesauce. Now, we want everyone to know we just dote on applesauce, written or cooked, and we were just forming the words to ask the cookee for an extra spoonful when the big pot of sauce was whisked out from under our very nose! And we hadn't even gotten one spoonful. This COULDN'T happen to us, we told ourselves firmly, they had only taken it away to add more, but seeing that the pot was half full we couldn't convince ourselves and anyway we are an unbeliever. Very timidly and wistfully we enquired, "Can we have some applesauce, please?" Imagine our surprise when the reply came back, "He says you don't need applesauce with beef." We ate our dinner very chastened and disillusioned.

Then there is the story from overseas about the identification discs.

It seems the "higher ups", casting about for some way to make life miserable for the poor Aceytoos, hit upon the idea of a check-up of their identity discs. Sure enough, one poor unfortunate was caught without his, and he was promptly put on charge and dragged up before the C.O. of the squadron.

"Well," said the C.O., "do you realize the seriousness of the offence you have committed?"

"Yes, sir," replied the poor mechanic doubtfully.

"I don't believe you do," said the boss. "Just what are the discs for; have you any idea?"

"Oh sure, they're in case you get your head cut off by a prop, then they can learn your identity from the disc and promptly cut your pay off!"

We read this story about Prime Minister Churchill's quick wit, even in his younger days. At the time he was a subaltern in the army, and as was the custom in those days, sported a real moustache.

He was attending a banquet and was placed next to a very opinionated, gay young thing who, during the course of the conversation, remarked rather loudly to "Winnie": "I care neither for your politics nor your moustache."

Quick as a flash came the reply, "Have no fear, you are not liable to come in contact with either."

**Bulletin from the Office of the Station  
Sergeant-Major  
ACHTUNG**

Rise, proletariats! A new menace is abroad in the land. Time was when No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery pursued its peaceful task of manufacturing air gunners and bombardiers for the uses of 'Is Majesty. But them days is vanished into

the limbo of yesteryear. A new regime has come to Fingal, a veritable pogrom which threatens to so decimate the Station ranks that soon the last aceydeuce will stagger before the C.O., bound in chains and paraded between the instigators of this awful purge, Flight Sergeants "Himmler" Hunt and "Goering" Forman. Some sad day we will see but one other inhabitant of this Station—a sergeant pilot raveling his orderly sergeant's arm band in the sergeant-major's office whilst awaiting word from Ottawa.

Take heed, O wearer of the blue—issue blue, that is—if thy path goeth in the vicinity of the Administration Building, step smartly and let thy buttons dazzle the sun with their magnificence. Yea, a cursed wretch is he who is spied by der Schultzstaffel meandering through this sacred area incomplete with uniform or complete with hands in pockets and rag in mouth.

Plans have been completed for the aforementioned "last AC2" to be sold into slavery to pay for retirement and pension of poor AW1 "Scruff" Murphy, who is already tottering from the grueling task of typing the vast number of charge sheets brought about by the Putsch of Fingal.

Feldwebel Hunt has spoken. Be ye warned that the dread potentialities of doffing greatcoats may be compared with the consequences of shedding too soon the old red flannels. The latter may result in mere double pneumonia and "100% unserviceability" — the former foolhardiness may bring about 100 years in the salt mines at Kanadza.

The approach of the lull between snowstorms, known as summer in these parts, is to be noted with gratification. Mayhap the dashing glamour boys of the hangar line will doff their scarfs of silk for a day or two at least.

Time staggers on. 'Tis the year 1950. While languishing in the dungeons of Toronto, you may have heard that the Station personnel of Fingal now numbers one wing commander, two flight sergeants and one sergeant pilot. Wait—omit the sergeant pilot. Dragging his long gray beard behind him, still wearing the O.S. arm band, that poor wretch has vanished over yon distant horizon in a general direction of 180 degrees.

**Pickaninny Night Song**

Gotta bruise on ma mind—  
Blue bruise from a lie—  
Told a fib that got by,  
But it hurts in ma mind.

Gotta pain swelling high,  
Gotta truth like a thorn,  
Wish I'd neval been born  
Such an ornery guy.

Gotta pain, gotta bruise,  
Got the truth like a thorn;  
Gotta grieve, gotta mourn,  
Got the blues.

### GASOLINE FUMES

The general "humdrum of confab" during the day in a certain section is something like this: The first thing, bright and early in the morning, "Are the trucks filled, Ed., and is 995 ready? I'll take her," "Okay, but sign for it first." Somebody from the front wicket yells, "Have you any bolts this size, Bill?" Meanwhile Larry is prodding Ed. to dip the tanks and matching with Bill to see who buys the cokes. Bill looks for the bolts, when he knows very well we haven't any, while Joe goes for the cokes, and then everybody settles down to enjoy a fifteen-minute break.

Then the addition of long columns of gasoline figures begins and the unfortunate person who happens to utter a sound at this crucial moment usually doesn't speak for the remainder of the morning, and what should a tall, lanky fellow, who drives a truck, pip up with "Don't scold me, I'm only two and a half." When the air is this blue, in walks Melba with three or four of those things called vouchers, saying, "Have you anything for us?" The immediate answer is "no," but she patiently waits till someone looks just in case there is, but she usually walks off with these words ringing in her ears, "No, it isn't in yet, but the demand is, and we'll let you know when it comes."

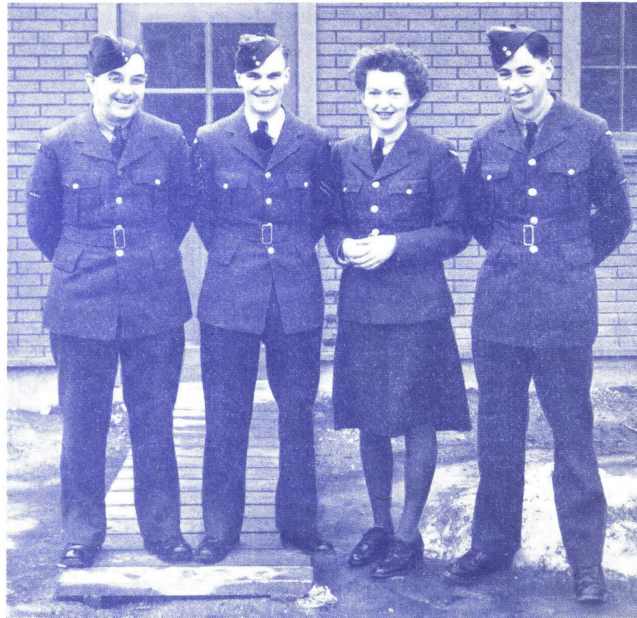
Our neighbor then yells down for some rope and the answer is yes or no, depending on what you want it for. Bill doesn't hear this and as we hear his footsteps approach nearer, we prepare ourselves for one of his stories; while these are being related, "the Toronto forty-eight and twenty-four kid" is catching up on a few badly needed winks.

This, along with jumping over clerk accountants, checking things, people answering the buzzer, M.T. drivers yelling for tenders, maintenance and flights demanding supplies and preparing for different inspections, one would hardly realize that so much goes on, in so small a section, "to keep 'em flying."

### "SHOTS" FROM THE STATION HOSPITAL

Once more the time has rolled around to take typewriter in hand, cast a few sidelong glances hither and yon to see that no one is watching us too closely (thus insuring a fair start should someone disagree with our comments), and start putting the pieces together in what we hope will turn out to be another article to submit for perusal of the long-suffering editors of our Observer.

It is truly with a feeling of joy and good-fellowship that we sit down to commit this article, as today is none other than good old March 21st—the vernal equinox or first day of spring—and it is, to quote one of our old favorite songs, "a great day." The air is warm, the sun is bright and we are gazing out the window in hopes of sighting one of those cheerful harbingers of spring—our friends the robins. The coming of spring



The Photographic Section of our Station who deserve a medal for their co-operation in making your Station paper so interesting with pictures of life at Fingal. They are: LAC Johnson, Cpl. Harwood (in charge), LAW Blakely and LAC Falkins (now overseas). LAW Beal has been added to the staff recently and is not in the picture.

means more, probably, in the lives of the Medical Corps than it does to the multitude, as it will bring to a halt our winter-long battle against colds, frostbite and those divers other ailments which prevail throughout the winter months.

There are several other items which cause a feeling of joy at the Fingal "health resort" just at this time, too. One of them is the recent, long-awaited increase in staff. It is with great pleasure that we welcome into our midst Flight Lieutenant Thompson, who arrived from the Toronto Recruiting Centre this week to replace our S.M.O., Squadron Leader Westman. We sincerely hope that F/L Thompson will enjoy working at Fingal as much as we will enjoy working with him. Other recent additions to whom a hearty welcome is extended are AW's Newton and Caldwell from T.T.S., and AC Turton from Trenton.

The latest item to cause war whoops of joy to pervade the atmosphere in the neighborhood of the Hospital is the news that, as the plans have been completed and approved, priorities obtained, and all red tape eliminated, work will commence immediately upon the construction of an addition to your Station Hospital, which will have double the capacity of our present structure. This will eliminate many of those ambulance runs to T.T.S. and London, and should be a great relief

to our friends (?) in the M.T. Section.

Congratulations are in order at this time to Flight Lieutenant Graham who, since the departure of S. L. Westman, has succeeded to the post of Senior Medical Officer. F. L. Graham has been on the Medical Staff of this Station for a long time and his work has always been of the highest order. His appointment as S.M.O. is indeed a popular one, and we hope that he will retain this position for a long time to come.

A hearty vote of thanks is once more extended to all those who have attended the Red Cross Blood Donor Clinics in the past couple of months. This is really a very worthy cause and we are still calling for people who'd like to give a blood transfusion to a milk bottle in exchange for the many privileges accorded to blood donors (see last month's Observer).

One little item we have noticed lacking in the Observer is any comment on work being done at this School by the civilians. We feel sure that they are doing as good a job as the service personnel and are doing a better job at holding their end up than many of us are. So we should like to say "thank you" to all our civilian co-workers, and particularly to Jimmy Doyle and Johnny McCallum—the Hospital caretakers. We know that one could go along way before finding two harder workers than these men.



That seems to about clear everything off the agenda for this month and so will say "adieu" and hope to be back next month with more gossip from your local "health emporium."

#### O. R. MESS

Heads up; clear the runway, taxiing in, is a plane load of cooks from the O.R. Mess. The first person to step out of it is our very efficient A/S/O Graham, the messing officer, who took over the reins of the O. R. from S/O Little not so long ago. Welcome to Fingal, Miss Graham. Right behind her we see her right hand man in the person of Sgt. Smith. Take a bow, Sarge; you, too, are doing a swell job in feeding us, and we hope you keep it up.

Falling out, now we have the cooks who do the work. No hard feelings, Ma'am and Sgt., so long as you two make up the menu, we will do our part in making the meals.

Some of the boys have been wondering where you got the good-looking staff. Well, to you boys who are interested, they come from all over Canada. There is Cpl. Pretty from Sarnia. Congratulations on the hooks, and a speedy recovery. LAW Dini, a dark-eyed miss from Sudbury. AW Baldry is always ready to defend the West. She hails from Sask. Coming east again, we have LAW Gregory from Montreal. LAW Landale, the blue-eyed blonde, comes from Windsor and is very popular with the air crew. What is your secret, Chris?

In case some of the W.D.'s have been wondering about our male corporals, they are Findley and Cushman. Sorry, girls, both hooked (married). Another W.D. cook is LAW Taylor, from Alberta. If the hearty, fun-loving disposition she has is responsible for the way the Aussies go for her, then I'm off to Alberta to see if I can get me a disposition like it.

The most envied cook of all is LAW Davidson. Why? Because she held the lucky number on the overseas postings, and is now at "Y" Depot. Good luck, Davy. Wish we were all going over with you.

Some Ontario cooks are: AW Burgess, LAW Hudson, LAW Moore, LAW Gaunt, and yours truly, AW Williams, from N. B.

To complete this Who's Who in the O.R. Mess, there is LAW Kyle and LAW Elliot, from Manitoba and Nova Scotia respectively. These are the girls who sell you the ice cream.

Hoping we have given you some idea of who we are and where we are from, we'll be seeing you at meal time. Until then, don't lose your appetite.

#### POSTAL NOTES

The aim of this important section of our Station, typical of all post offices, is to give the utmost in efficient and courteous service. You may not know, but we share your feelings. When your mail comes through regularly, we rejoice as

you, but when there is an irregularity we sympathize.

Most of you know the different phases of postal service that we have for your convenience. To the newcomers we want to tell you of our money order, savings bank, war savings and ordinary stamps.

Don't forget the raise in stamp rates, effective April 1st.

One Airman said the other day: "I'll fool them and buy a bunch of three-cent ones!"

#### Introducing the "Happy Gang"

Would you be interested in meeting them? Of course the first and most important man in khaki is Sgt. E. T. Willis, better known to his friends as just plain "Willie," who holds the reins. Just the same he gets around, both on the Station and on his forty-eights at Markham.

Next in line comes Cpl. D. A. MacGregor. Never do you enter the Post Office without seeing Mac's sunny smile. By the way, Hamilton seems to be quite a spot for forty-eights, eh, Mac?

To say nothing of our Irishman, Pte. J. P. Mullen — better known as "Pop." Although he loves No. 4 B. & G., he would like to go back to the good old West. Don't leave, Joe—what would we do for our afternoon refreshments?

And now for the pleasure of meeting your own charming W.D.'s. How come there is a new postal clerk on the W.D. wicket? Could it be that she was flirting too much on the others? Don't worry, kids, the Station won't bother her after next week.

Amongst all of us Easterners, we have one bucking bronco from the West. What is there about English diamonds that get you, Noreen?

Next in line is Winnie. Don't get too close, boys, because she can sure pack an awful wallop, eh, Corp.?

Now comes little "Baby Snooks" with her charming little ways, and can she ever wow them with her big brown eyes. What have you got that gets them, Phyl?

Next comes "Cuddles," who is pinch-hitting for that jiving heartbreaker. Look out, boys, Eileen is always looking for new jitterbugs, while Anne always waits on the mail from Aylmer. What's over there, Anne?

But all kidding aside, folks—we like our job and we try to please you all. Hope you appreciate us. Remember, our work just doesn't consist of passing out mail and talking to the boys—we also have files to keep up and floors to scrub and wax — that's why the Post Office always looks so neat and clean. So long—we'll be seeing you!

#### THE STATION TRUMPET BAND

A pleasant surprise is in store for our Station from the band in the near future, for they will sound forth, equipped with new type of instruments which are capable of more harmony and richer tone. Now that spring is here and the parade square clean again, the daily Station parades are brightened up considerably by our band.

We all owe this unit our support, for

they have had a hard struggle, considering night shifts, postings, etc. However, the night maintenance being eliminated, many of the members are released to turn out.

Flying Officer Burns, C.E., the band president, is in there pitching and handles all our official business. We appreciate his help greatly and hope he will carry on for us in the future.

Notes From the Mouthpiece — Our sympathy is extended to LAC Fred Asselin, one of the band members, who received slight injuries as the result of a forced landing, but cheer up, he'll be back 'fore long.

Cpl. Vic. Grove has been officially appointed assistant bandmaster and LAC Smith, E.R., instructor.

LAC Rothwell is back in our midst after a lengthy stay in the Hospital. Welcome back, Fred.

#### OUR "EATS"

There is definitely one section in Fingal camp that deserves an efficiency award. We are speaking of the dining hall staff and its director, S/O F. E. Graham.

These points have especially come to our attention as commendable:

1. Cleanliness.
2. Good organization.
3. Well-mannered staff.
4. Variety of menus.
5. EXTRA GOOD FOOD.

Your G.I.S. reporter wishes to express his thanks to the entire staff of the Airmen's Mess.

#### IN CHICAGO

Three Aussies and a New Zealander have just returned from leave in Chicago. Here are a couple of incidents:

One of them was approached in a restaurant by a bright young thing who asked for his autograph. "And would you please write in the name of your ship, sir?" "Certainly," said the obliging Airman, signing his name with a flourish and adding "H.M.A.S. Anson."

Standing in crowded Madison Street one day, another was asked by a civilian, "Are you just as lost as I am, bud?" "No," was the reply, "I'm not lost at all." "You're lucky, because by d—, I am," responded the civvy.

The New Zealander finally sizzled when he was asked how long it takes to travel from Sydney to New Zealand by train.

The said N. Z. shoots a good line, but hesitated to allege that we have trains down there which cross 1300 miles of ocean.

One of our hostesses was watching a nurse take a blood donation from a young Negro who looked up and said, "Yo wouldn't think ah had two chillun, would yo, Ma'am?" "No," she replied, "you look very young to be married." "I ain't married, Ma'am, I jes got dem wildcatin'," explained the candid Negro.

Still, if you have a spot of leave coming up, spend it in Chicago. It's a great city and you'll be entertained royally by most hospitable people. WE KNOW.

# Women's Division



## TWENTY-FOUR HOURS WITH A COOK

Did you ever stop to wonder just how the W.D. cooks spend their days? If you have, then you will be surprised to learn that you were probably wrong in your conclusion.

Here is the inside story of your cooks. Let us begin at the beginning—if you were to be a mouse in the corner of our barracks at 0530 hours you would see and hear this: At 0530 hours, our pal, Mr. Alarm Clock, goes merrily off, little knowing how we hate the sound of his startling ringing. We roll over in our bunks—being careful in doing so that we do not roll out of bed. A bump on the floor might waken up the whole darn bunch. Many times we feel like yelling just to wake them up. Why should they sleep in an extra hour? But we haven't yet. We take one quick glance at the clock, hoping that it is wrong or that you only dreamed it rang. No soap, it's true enough, it's time to get up.

So we crawl out of bed and look out of the window, wondering if you will ever be in the class of people who get up at a decent hour, when the sun is up. All we see is a very black, lonely looking blanket of darkness spread smoothly over the sky dotted with stars. It looks pretty at night when you are strolling under it with your best beau, but in the morning it looks terribly cold. No hint of the coming day greets our sleepy eyes.

Then you gaze casually around at the still sleeping figures in the beds, listen to them. A smile comes over our sleepy faces at the peculiar sounds they are making, talking in their sleep. We wonder if we do the same thing.

But time isn't standing around waiting. Come on, cooks, get dressed. We sit on our bunks to dress, that is, those who are lucky to have a lower one. The poor guy who sleeps upstairs has to sit on a hard chair to get her shoes on. We sit here supposedly to dress, but soon we are back in our beds, fast asleep. Then one of the more wide awake early birds comes tearing down the corridor—yanks you out of bed—clothes and all. Now your bed really is a mess. You bless her for making it so that you have to spend more time to make it up properly for inspection.

At last you are really up. Off you go to the washrooms to dress, where you won't disturb the sleeping girls.

During the few minutes it takes to wash and get your hair fixed prettily, you hear all the previous night's goings on. Such as who took who where, and did you hear so-and-so coming in? Oh, yes, someone would have to be A.W.L. The good-looking sergeant brought Cpl.

EVERYBODY WELCOME  
To  
ALL FOOLS DANCE  
The W.D.'s are entertaining at the  
"WRECK HALL,"  
APRIL 1st  
2030 hours to 2300 hours  
"EATS"

So-and-So home from the dance. Then it's time to scam.

Quietly we sneak out of the barracks, banging the door as the last one comes out, just to let the sleepy-heads know we have gone to prepare their breakfast.

On the way down the road very little talking is done. We are probably awed by the strange quietness of the world at sleep, or probably a little scared of the dark. No planes roaring up in the sky, no cars buzzing about—too darn quiet. Ah me, but then the Mess Hall. Any hint of a quiet place found in there is purely an accident. Dishes rattling—steam kettles boiling, dish-washing machines, bread-cutters and meat-cutters all going at once.

Then the thundering, hungry pack of Airmen and the lonely Airwomen start streaming in. The brave cooks man the steam tables to face this mob. The regular run of remarks we get are as follows: "Can't I have two eggs, please?" "What, only two pieces of bacon?" "More milk, please." "I'm a hungry man; can't I have another piece of bacon and an egg?" But the girls, "Oh!"

"No bacon, please, it makes me fat." "No egg, just bacon." "Just cereal and lots of milk."

My gosh, will seven-thirty never come? At last the clock says it's time to close the doors. We do so and breathe a sigh of relief—that's one meal over. But, ah me, there is always another one to look forward to.

After everyone has been fed, and gone off to parade; the cooks take time out for their breakfast. Fifteen minutes to eat, then off they go to get dinner cooking.

Some make soup, some cook the meat, others make the desserts, while others prepare the vegetables. Let us look in on the ones doing these. First of all they get themselves two barrels, one to put the spuds in, the other to sit on. Now listen here, all you boys who grumble about your spuds. Do you know that every darn one of those potatoes has to be cut and eyed by a girl who knows

darn well that when this war is over, she will be a first-class eye specialist (of spuds).

The dinner is served to the same hungry boys, who line up outside our doors daily one-half hour before the time slated for meals in D.R.O. S'nevertheless we feed 'em.

After things are cleaned up and polished, the early shift goes home (pardon me), goes to barracks to sleep—they hope. But on arrival there, we never do get that promised afternoon nap, because there is always one of the girls wanting you to go to town with her. Or you have some letters that you simply must write to the folks if you expect them to kick in some badly needed cash. But the worst thing of all is to find your name on the bulletin board, to the effect that your floor space is in need of a scrubbing, SO you put on your overalls and dig in to dig out the dirt.

Night! Ah me! The cooks dress up in their fancy best, full blues, and head for St. Thomas. Take in a show, have a lunch that they did not have to get ready, then return to barracks and to bed to dream of the things they have to do on the morrow.

Here is a tip for all the Airmen: We may look sleepy and a bit cranky at breakfast. But really we're not. We are a good-natured lot and a bit of fun, too. Just give us a chance at breakfast and overlook our sleepy looks, then we will be our jolly selves by noon.

Although we sometimes look cross and ill-tempered from your point of view, we are proud of our section and enjoy our work. If you can work as long and as hard as we do, take all the remarks, and not all pleasant ones, and still be able to smile, then life isn't so bad after all. The cooks do it, so how about you giving us a smile once in a while?

Did you hear about the moron who wanted to marry a colored girl, so that his children would always have chocolate milk?

And the moron who moved to the city because he heard that the country was at war?

The moron who took a ruler to bed with him to see how long he slept? And the one who cut off his left side so's he'd be all right? And the one who cut off his arms so's he could wear a sleeveless sweater?

Then there was the moron who was walking down the street with two slices of bread and when asked why, said he was going down to wait for the traffic jam.

And one moron took a bottle of milk to the movies with him because he heard they were having a serial.

And did you hear about the moron who took his nose apart to see what made it run?

And the moron who, upon seeing the girl nudist, exclaimed, "Boy, would I like to see her in a sweater!"



A very informal shot taken near "closing time" in the W.D. barracks, where happiness reigns supreme. The bevy of beauties includes LAW's Sutherland, Edmonds, Brazeau, De Francis, Davidson, Hills, Pinnow, Crawford, Cpl. Joscelyn and LAW Longmuir.

#### TO THE GIRLS IN THE O.R. MESS

We are the boys from the Melbourne Range,

We're always bright and never change.  
But—when payday rolls around,  
We wear a smile instead of a frown.

We are good-natured, as you girls see,  
So how about some sugar and tea?  
We have no coffee, but we're not in a jam,  
For we still have the little empty tin can.

We toil all night, but that's no sin;  
We are in the Air Force just to win.  
There are some good people, and there are some bad,  
There are some who make us mad.

They work us hard from morning till night,  
And they wonder why there is nothing done right.

The girls in the mess are a pretty good sort,  
But once in a while they cut us short.  
We don't expect, as you can see,  
But it's hard to do without sugar and tea.

We get along without sugar and cake,  
But we need tea to keep us awake.  
We fellows out here, we toil and sweat,  
But this little battle is not over yet.

If you girls in the mess could come out and see,  
I'm pretty sure you would agree with me  
We are out here working day after day.  
The meals are good, but it's damn poor pay.

So, dear girls in the O.R. Mess, we got to get on.

This is just a poem from Robby and Don.

#### THE WEAKER SEX?

No Man's Land, comprising the area opposite the Airmen's lounge, is the scene of more peculiar happenings than one would expect in a purely female establishment.

Speaking of strange happenings, we overheard recently a corporal from G. I. S. inquire of a W.D. whether "the W.D. barracks are open to the men tonight?" Was his face red when she gently but firmly replied in the negative. Seems he meant the W.D. Canteen, which for your information is open Tuesdays and Thursdays to the Airmen.

Rather a furor was caused in W.D. Barracks a few evenings back when a newly posted girl appeared wearing the new uniform. Comments, pro and con, flew thick and fast till lights out, and we hope the hat eventually reached its owner. (Get it?) The girls are anticipating the issuing of their new uniforms and as many of them are veterans at the game, tall girls are grumbling that the hats will make them into Amazons, while sturdier-built girls are afraid the uniform won't "do 'em justice." But we're all hoping. Anyway, something new will be a welcome change. Perhaps you men don't appreciate what it means to change from the flattering and colorful garb worn by the modest woman to a drab military suit. Men usually wear the same style of clothes with slight variations in colors during their whole lives, but women, like peacocks, exult in multicolors. (And don't ask us whether we didn't know this when we enlisted; that doesn't help any now).

Several girls have been caught in the wierdest poses lately, in an effort, we were told, to attain perfection as to "streamline-appeal". If exercising will

work the trick, these girls should succeed. The thing that strikes us as woman-like is the fact that they exercise voluntarily, whereas if it were compulsory they would probably be grumbling and trying to get out of it.

The envy of all are those girls who possess S.O.P.'s and turn up mornings looking so self-contented and superior. Guess as time passes more of us will follow in their steps. A new addition to this clique is that little M.T. driver. At time of writing she's still on her honeymoon, but we understand she, too, is taking up residence in town.

Accounts girls have a new slogan, "We may not be able to add, but as long as we're able to distract—we'll!" We won't be telling anything new if we say that most of the girls on the Station seem to do pretty well for themselves. But then the Airmen do, too, judging from the amount of mail, applications for allowances for wives, and telephone calls received here lately. Must be spring!

Some W.D.'s are just plain mean. That's the opinion of one of their trade corporals who came home late one night to find her bed made in a manner not exactly beneficial to good sleeping. And they laughed at her exclamatory annoyance. And another touching story: A W.D. started a "48". The first morning of it was also her birthday. So six amazingly brutal girls, despite tearful entreaties, actually pulled the girl out of her bunk, thus ruining her graceful repose. Who said girls were naturally sympathetic beings?

A committee has recently been formed among the W.D.'s for the purpose of collecting complaints and hints in order to try to make the lives of Airwomen at Fingal a happier one. We hope this committee remains active and really keeps its objective in sight. We would suggest that the other girls stop grumbling and "tell it to the committee".

Stop The Press News—A most important personage here has taken pity on the girls wearing stiff shirts at informal parties and rumor has it that sweaters will soon be placed on sale at the W.D. Canteen to enable us to dispense with shirts, collars and ties, and really make the evenings "informal." That should prove a boost to morale, and we think it's a great idea, sir.

#### "Down Under" Wants To Know

1. Who convinced them in Alberta that the stuff for which they pay 28 centavos per bottle is beer.

2. How do the Manitoba farmers manage to plough, sow and harvest their crops in two weeks? They are snowed in for the other 50, aren't they?

3. When was Montreal a mining town? It's still full of gold-diggers.

4. Why did they build hotels in Ontario? There's nothing to drink in 'em.

5. Why do they make table knives in Canada? No one ever uses them.

6. Who was the wise guy who talked the Indians into not taking it back?

7. How does an Australian pronounce the vowel, "A"?



These smiling ladies greet you at the Hostess House and are artists at serving evening snacks. In case you haven't met them, they are Mrs. Wright and Mrs. Hodgkins.

### TAKE NOTICE

Have you heard? Don't you know? Are you coming? Where? To the W.D. Party in the Rec. Hall, of course! When? April 1st.

No fooling, boys, this will be the biggest and best party yet. You can't afford to miss it. Come and dance to the scintillating rhythm of Sgt. Stretton and his Buoyant Bombers; music sweet and hot. Just get the low-down of the layout, an eye-full and ear-full of this fascinating program.

Dances—and lots of them.

Favours—and your favorite W.D.'s for partners.

Novelties—and novelty dances.

Prizes—and surprises.

Refreshments—with no "pause" in the fun and gaiety.

Don't miss such new and old favorites as "Banana-Belt Blues," "Cokie-Okie," "Fingal Promenade," "Paul Jones," "Long John Silver," "Tag Dance" and "Honolulu Hop."

Have you got those midweek blues? Was your "48" cancelled? Has your best girl turned you down? Never mind! There are good times coming—starting with Thursday's dance.

It's on the beam, it's in the groove, it's cooking with gas—it's sweet, it's hot, it's—what? It's the W.D. party, of course!

### THE Y. W. C. A. HOSTESS HOUSE

With frequent changes in the personnel of the Station, we are glad to take advantage of this opportunity to enlarge a little on the aims and efforts of the Hostess House.

Y.W.C.A. Hostess Houses were established to serve, primarily for the friends and relatives of men and women in uniform. It has been evident from the beginning that the cosy, home atmosphere we strive to attain appeals to young people away from home, and hostesses are very happy indeed when they are able to fill the need for relaxation and recreation in homelike surroundings.

Our Hostess House is open from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., and has permission to serve sandwiches, toast, tea and coffee, etc., between 7 and 9.30 at night. Though our canteen hours are restricted, there is no limit to the interest and help we are anxious to extend to all those who may wish to visit the House and avail themselves of the facilities.

The piano affords great pleasure to the W.D.'s and Airmen alike, and was much appreciated when we had a wedding early in March. The bride came from Alberta, and we considered it a great privilege to act as hostesses on that occasion.

On the other hand:

Alone with a book by a fire—that's swell.  
Alone on the dunes—there's a certain spell,

To that. Or alone is a pleasant way  
To go for a walk on stormy day.

It's thrilling, alone, with the reins in hand,

And to be alone with some work is grand.

Alone in a mist, with a moon, that's magic.

Alone on a Saturday night, that's tragic.

\* \* \*

Patience, Patience:

A woman should not struggle so

To out-talk her mate,

Because statistics plainly show

That if she'd only wait,

She'll outlive him most emphatically.

And have the last word automatically.

\* \* \*

Daytime Starlight:

I wanted Mother to tell me, if she could,  
Where the little stars are hiding in the day.

Do they turn themselves to blue,

Or whatever do they do,

When the sun comes up and chases them away?

And my Mommy told me she didn't really know,

But she thought that when the sun begins to rise,

Little stars can find a way

To come down and spend the day

Putting starlight into everybody's eyes.

She kissed me when she told me,

And I know the story's true,

For way inside her own gray eyes

I saw the stars shine through!

—From a Little Blue Book.



Don't tell us this group always look so happy around the Sergeants' Mess. They are, standing—LAW's Gibb, Kozlowski and McLeod. Seated—LAW Sutherland, "Red" Collier, LAW Halliday and Flt/Sgt. "Benny" D'Entremont.

# ENTERTAINMENT

## A RARE TREAT

On Sunday, March 14th, No. 4 B. & G. was treated to some rare and exceptionally fine music at the evening concert in the Recreation Hall. Happily, so it seems, that practically all the personnel on the Station at the time wended their way to the concert to see and hear one of today's most outstanding singers, and so we boastfully claim R195246, AC2 Kenneth Neate, because he has seen fit to join our branch of the Service, the good old R.C.A.F.

For those who might not have been acquainted with the twenty-eight-year biography of AC2 Neate, a brief summary will be interesting.

Born in Australia of British ancestry, where he lived and received his schooling. At an early age he studied piano, and in his early teens was encouraged to study voice, but did not become dedicated to the conscientious study with many sacrifices of a truly great artist until about ten years ago.

The Metropolitan Opera Company of New York had learned of his accomplishments and acclaim in Australia, and so brought him to the "Met." under contract to sing tenor leading roles. Neate's work was acclaimed particularly during the 1941-2 season in his singing in Bruno Walters' gala production of Mozart's "Magic Flute." He was chosen personally by Thomas Beecham for the Montreal Festivals in April, 1942. The Columbia Broadcasting System contracted him for leading tenor operatic roles during their season.

By this time, AC2 Neate's fame had resulted in his being called to Universal Studios in Hollywood, California, where he was screen-tested and awarded a leading role contract in the reproduction of the "Phantom of the Opera." Unfortunately for all concerned, the war interfered at this point and after having worked on his first movie, was called into the Services and so made arrangements to join the R.C.A.F. rather than the R.A.A.F. These misfortunes resulted in Nelson Eddy completing the picture, which we understand will be released shortly.

Kenneth Neate is attached to A.F.H.Q., Ottawa, which has been utilizing his talent in sending him on a tour, covering most R.C.A.F. stations in No. 1 T. C. Travelling with him as his accompanist and collaborator for spotting outstanding entertainment talent, is a well-known Montreal organist and choirmaster, R159530 AC2 Donald Mackey, who really knows music, having been a successful



LAC Harold Northcutt and bride, recently married at the Hostess House.

pupil of the distinguished Canadian musician, Dr. Alfred Whitehead.

Neate's contribution to the program were two well chosen groups which he rendered in beautiful voice, colored with that accomplished operatic interpretation:

### (A)

- (1) "Where'er You Walk".....Handel
- (2) La donna e'mobile.....Verdi

### Encores:

- (a) "For You Alone".
- (b) "Girls Were Made to Love and Kiss"

### (B)

- (1) Ave Maria.....Gounod-Bach
- (2) "Waltzing Matilda"

### Encores:

- (a) O sole mio.
- (b) "Ah! Sweet Mystery of Life".

On completion of this tour, AC2 Neate intends remustering to aircrew.

At the moment, we have in our midst on the Station, an AC2 George Bolus, who revealed his talents to be of a very high calibre in the playing of his violin. George played very difficult numbers with the finesse which reflects the many years of patient study under such tutorage as Elie Spiyak, well known to Canadians as one of our best musicians.

Our Station Orchestra, which was augmented by a couple of saxophone players from T. T. S., entertained much to the delight of all who are adherents of modern rhythm.

All in all, the night was a success and afforded some of us an opportunity to bask a while in one of life's higher arts.

## ALF TIBBS AT FINGAL

To say thanks is difficult to a troupe show that is fast attaining the caliber of professionals. Nevertheless, that is our task along with giving you a resume of the program that the Alf Tibbs troupe gave us on the night of March 9th.

From the opening number by Don Wright and his Orchestra, to the singing of "God Save the King," the program was a fast moving line of high-class entertainment. The eight charming young ladies in the dance line were so efficient that the writer heard an admirer exclaim: "They are good enough to make the famous Rockets of Radio City Music Hall." Many of the solo numbers deserve special mention, and we single out Hope Wolfe for her rendition of a series of popular numbers. The cheering was so audible, the villagers of Fingal thought all the aircraft of our Station were revving-up simultaneously.

Then we must remember Don Wright in his special numbers—the mouth organs in key and his heart-throbbing 'cello solos—our boys appreciate classical music, even in the Air Force. The young gentleman with his violin gave a performance unsurpassed in the evening's program—better not let Jack Benny hear of his talent, or he'll be sure getting a call from Waukegan. Although Bob Conway couldn't think of any new wisecracks since his appearance here in 1942, he has the ability to make even old jokes sound funny.

To those whom we haven't named personally, we wish to remind that space does not permit to make special mention of all. However, we did appreciate your coming and assure you of the same loyal support from the audience whenever you can arrange a return call.

Although the cast were late leaving the Recreation Hall, there was still time to stop at the Sergeants' Mess for a few refreshments and then take time for request solos and dance in the ante-room to the pleasure of all attending. After filling the radiator on the old bus for the third and final time, the cast was stowed away and we bade them farewell at the end of a grand evening.



## FIRE HALL NEWS

by  
F/S Paveling  
Jokey Smoe,  
the Fire Eater.

### GREMLINS

We have been reading volumes about these tantalizing little tykes lately, and seeing that our middle name is Tom, we naturally doubted about 90 per cent of what was supposed to be authentic information. But from now on we'll believe any and everything said about the speci Gremlin.

It all started last week, while we were trying to straighten our section inventory. Since then, however, we have isolated and classified one or two of the varieties that give us the most trouble. In our opinion, the worst of the lot is the Shovel-Nosed Gremlin. This little guy is, figuratively speaking, a bounder and a cad. He takes keen delight in shoveling figures from one column over to another, until he has the whole thing looking like a bowl full of alphabet soup.

Imagine how we felt after looking at page one of our inventory and discovered that we had 154 fire trucks, and only one water pump extinguisher. Now, we ask you, how can the Senior N.C.O.'s have water fights with only one water pump?

Another brand of pesky critters are the B. R., or the Bomb-Riding Gremlins. These little cherubs ride down with the flash bombs at night time and steer the bombs into the tall dry grass, thereby starting a few grass fires. And all the time we thought it was the cross winds that caused the odd bomb to land so far away from the target.

Yet another recent discovery is the I. G., or Indoor Games Gremlin. Up to the present time we have only contacted three of this particular strain, and they do nothing but make mischief around the Fire Hall crokinole board. We call them "Effie," "Tessie" and "Olaf." Olaf has a voice like a bullfrog, so we nicknamed him "Croakin-Ole." Well, it seems that one evening last week, Flight Lieutenant "Padre" Witzel called around to show the off-duty lads how to sink the disc in the centre pocket. But the genial Padre had reckoned without "Effie." She's a real cute little number when you get to know her, but she has the nastiest habits. For instance, just when the Padre had his disc sailing nicely for the centre slot, darling little "Effie" would jump out from behind one of the rubber-cov-

ered posts (we don't know why they put that ring of posts in a crokinole board, the game would be much easier without them), and smartly kick the disc into the ditch, much to the delight of everyone excepting the Padre. We can't tell you what happened to "Tessie," but any girl-gremlin who would do what she did was asking for trouble.

Last night we happened to be idling away a few spare moments taking practice shots. We had our disc lined up for a 20 score, when "Ole," the big cheat, pushed the disc away and we whacked our trigger finger one hell of a belt on the edge of the board. What we said is better left unsaid. But the payoff came at the last sergeants' dance. We were prowling around in the kitchen, trying to find a loose sandwich, when we spied eight Fem-Gremlins (This breed is known as "Fire Extinguisher Movers.") emptying one of our Froth type extinguishers on top of the cook stove. As soon as they had drained out the last bubble, they all joined hands and started dancing round the stove, singing at the top of their squeaky little voices, "Foam, foam on the range, where the deer and"—say, Mr. Editor, you don't suppose that we—no, no, it couldn't be that; we are sure we saw them all right, but believe it or else, the next time we attend a sergeants' dance we are taking a camera along just in case.

### Just Jottings

Corporal Mulcahy, one of the old-timers in the section, has left us for Number 5 I. T. S. Best wishes, Mac.



LAC Blakely of No. 4 A. O. S., Crumlin, finds a lovely bride in Fingal. What's the matter, boys? Asleep at the switch?

AC1 Arnold, one of our new arrivals, has had more than a little experience as a lifeguard on the Toronto bathing beaches. He was posted at Sunnyside tank for three seasons, so when we get that swimming tank the little bird told us about, the life-saving problem is easily solved.

Things are quiet in our section, which is just the way it should be. We'd appreciate it, however, if everyone was extra careful now that the strong spring winds are here again.

And as there is not much news from here, this is Joe Smoe saying so long and reminding you "That privileges come with promotions. But the privilege of ignoring a 'Smoking Prohibited' notice is never extended to anyone, regardless of rank."

### YOUR CO-OPERATION

We have a place in this Station which was not mentioned in our paper very often, although everyone in the Station does look forward to a few hours of entertainment in the evening. Everyone is welcome, from C.O. to AC2.

I will take the opportunity to say a few words about our Recreation Hall and projection room, which is operated by our willing Sgt. Eaton (when not in London) and Sgt. Drouin, when not (enough said). After all, ours has got to be on the "que vive," if you know what I mean.

Our operators are giving quite a lot of their time evenings so that you all enjoy a good show, and to help you forget some little worries that you may have on your mind—I don't mean the ones who come to our shows just to hold hands—some luck if you can do it; wish I could, too, sometimes.

Now, what do you say if we get down to business, such as when something may happen to the film, such as a break. Don't be too impatient, do not make too much noise, such as whistling, etc.; give the operator a chance to fix it again. And most of all, how about a little co-operation on your part about smoking? He has his orders to tell you about it. Let me tell you a little secret—no matter how much you try to hide your smokes, he can see it so easy from up there. So, let's get together and from now on—SMOKES OUT. That goes for some senior N.C.O.'s, too.

We have a good machine and very good film (sometimes) which is no fault of our friend, Jay Shaver. And too much smoke will spoil the best of any film focus.

Well, boys and girls, cheer up, good pictures are coming.

—So Long.

### MEOW!

Friend—Does your husband object to cats?

Woman—I should say he does. He says I feed all the cats in the neighborhood. Won't you stay for dinner?

# STORM CENTRE

Flight Lieutenant Blurpenburb, the Gremlin expert, and our diplomat extraordinaire to boot, tells us that life is definitely on the up and up. To add that we are heartened by his optimism is putting it mildly. "I don't just know," he said with a horse laugh, "whether the Russians are being told how many tanks Britain and Russia are lease-lending them or what's going to be the outcome of India's politico-bellum-ache. Anyhow, I'm military and not supposed to talk about anything even remotely political." With that he leaned too far back in his swivel chair and fell into the wastepaper basket. We thereupon pounced on him before he had time to regain his dignity and demanded further enlightenment. "Well, f'instance," he continued, fixing us with a gleaming eye from somewhere in the vicinity of his knees. "I read in the paper the other day that an American writer advocates a departure from the inhuman and brutal act of reveille. Gad! Think of it! We could enlist W.D.'s as YAWNS (Youth Auxiliary Wake Now Service). And what could be more sweet," he went on, his eyes now dreamy, "than to have Greer Garson (or a reasonable facsimile) gently nudge an Airman from his bunk?"

Ah! shades of Fingal's W.D.'s  
I never thought I'd see  
A daylight dawn  
Upon a morn  
When you'd awaken me.

No more the rusty bugle breaks  
So harsh upon my dream.  
This can't be camp,  
So cold and damp . . .  
Okay, we quit. Don't scream!

Congrats: Definitely the order of the day for Jay Shaver, "Y" Rep. here at No. 4 B. & G. At the moment of writing he has become a father all over again and was last seen walking thoughtfully up and down a corridor of a certain London hospital. The newcomer, a boy named Peter. Just released from the secret list, the tonnage is confidential still. Anyway, greetings, little, shaver! Greetings and good luck.

Ah! Sweet Misery of Life: Speaking of this reveille business, we are reminded of a localite who, the other day, unburdened his troubled soul upon us. "I can't figure it out," he moaned. "I make an effort to get up in time for breakfast, and sure enough it's flapjacks. The next morning I sleep in and they have bacon and eggs!" We were sorry and suggested that he approach his officer commanding, who might in turn tip off some willing service siren to nip down to his barracks and nudge him. "And another thing," he wailed, catching us by the lapel, "something ought to be done about

this spaghetti," suggesting darkly that perhaps the "Wops" were landing the stuff by U-boat in an anti-morale campaign.

Snub: The "Wops," by the way, are having their own troubles, too. A certain anti-fascist gent named Benedette Croce, famous as a historian and philosopher, who has been living in seclusion in Naples, and whose latest work, "History as a Story of Liberty," was secretly shipped to England and published there last year, was napping one quiet afternoon in his marble villa on the via Trinita Maggiore, when a knock resounded upon his door. The butler who opened it found himself confronted by the King's adjutant. His Majesty, King Victor Emmanuel, was outside in the royal car and wished to call on the philosopher. "Professor Croce does not receive any outsiders," said the butler. But the King was not just ANY visitor, argued the adjutant. The butler retired at that and returned a few minutes later with a wooden face and a soft reply. "The professor regrets, but he does not receive ANY visitors."

King Vic, no doubt, thereupon sang the swan song of a former Tunisian official: "I'm nobody's DARLAN!"

Paratroop: We shudder to contemplate what might happen to Sergeant Senechal if he is ever called upon to "bail out." What we are getting at is

this: if a man carries his parachute by its ripcord instead of by the handles thereon provided, what will he pull when five or six thousand feet up and nothing but thin air between him and terra firma? It might be worth a demonstration, Senny.

Breakfasting the other morning at the Active Service Club with a Fingal rigger called Mortis, conversation turned to war and the aftermath. "I should think," he said, "that they'll send a lot of us fellas over there"—pointing in the general direction of Germany with an egg fork—"for the occupation and send the other boys back home." He then went on to remark that it would be a nice idea. Begging his pardon, we disagreed. Imagine dropping into the Arian equivalent of an Active Service Club and trying to order SAUCISSENKARTOFF-BIERSAUERKRAUTKRANZWURST, a variety of German sausage! We'd more likely die of starvation.

Fer Gawd's sake pass the spaghetti!

Births (and we do speak in the plural): Minnie the Moucher, famous Armourer pet, recently gave birth to three kittens. LAC Fletcher, one of our local statisticians, tells us that that makes forty-nine to date. LAC Scott, obstetrician in this case, got out of bed at 3 a.m. one frosty morning to attend the emergency. Minnie, he tells us, managed it nicely and is good for two score more.

From the Horse's Mouth: People—particularly the victims of this pen—often give our conscience a tweak with



something that goes like, "Why don't you ever squeal on yourself in Storm Centre?" And they mutter foul threats about what THEY could write. Now, if we did this it would be bad form—and not half so entertaining. Besides, we're modest, impressions to the contrary notwithstanding.

Major Reilly, whose shingle dangles in the breeze that blows beside the Armament Section, put us on the spot the other day as we were about to leave for seven days. Said he, "Are you getting married this time?" Taken aback, but equal to the occasion, we replied, "It all depends on Rommel!"

"Rommel!" gasped the Major. "What on earth has Rommel to do with that?" Whereupon we explained.

If Rommel can keep us occupied in Tunisia until late summer—and that's all that Hitler asks of this arch-fox of the desert—then the likelihood of our being able to open a second front this year becomes remote. And by the time next year rolls around, the Axis will have managed to fortify the back door to Berlin, which makes their "Festung Europa" complete. Commentators believe that this may bring about a stalemate, give this debacle a new lease on life and us a job for the next ten years.

"And if that's going to be the case, Major," we concluded, "I may as well get married."

"Hum!" ejaculated Reilly. "But what about Russia?"

Stalin, we pointed out sadly, is the unknown factor in the equation. And Mr. X won't tell us a thing.

\* \* \*

Overheard on the Fingal bus: In soft-voiced English accent, "And d'you know, it was 103 in the shade at midnight." Now, if a certain P.O. will only come forward and explain to us this remarkable phenomenon of "shade" at "midnight," we'll win him scientific fame.

\* \* \*

Said one Airman to another—to LAC Maynard, in fact—"Do you know what the pilot said to the gunner who had been air-sick in his helmet?—Quite a handicap, isn't it?"

Which reminds me of a book by the title, "The Corn Is Green."

\* \* \*

In the last issue of the Observer we took pains to point out, under the heading, "How We See It," that we Canadians are forever belittling ourselves and our war effort. It might give us a bit more confidence to hear what Edward R. Stettinius, Lease-Lend Administrator, told the U. S. legislators the other day. Canada, he said, has provided Britain, Russia, Australia and New Zealand with \$1,000,000,000 worth of goods without payment. In proportion to population, the Administrator said, this was the equivalent for the U. S. A. of at least \$12,000,000,000 in lease-lend aid. \$50,000,000 in tanks went to Russia alone. Canada's doing her bit, but not bragging

about it. Let's lay off her and get on with OUR job.

\* \* \*

AC Cramer objects to his being called Regal (see last issue of the Observer). He says he looks no more like our former Station mascot, that cross between a gigantic St. Bernard and a Toronto street car, than anyone else. In that case, we take it all back and dub him THE CASINO KID—for obvious reasons.

\* \* \*

Mary had a little lamb  
That once went on a spree,  
That cried—in spite of all the wolves—  
"Don't try to pull the wool over me!"

#### SERGEANTS' MESS

This month we welcomed a new member to our staff, being our new cook, Sgt. Wilson. We were very glad to see him and wish him the best of luck in his new station. He is doing a very good job and we're sure it won't be long till ours is the best mess on the Station. While we're in the kitchen we'll introduce you to our staff. Top of them all is LAW Proctor, a good Easterner, better known to us as "Ma'am," whose hearty laugh and witty remarks keep a smile on our faces. When you see the sergeants heading for the kitchen with their cups, they are after LAW Halliday, our expert teacup reader, well known on the Station as AWOL Halliday. Couldn't she let us in on her excuses? They must be good. And of course there's our "Red-headed Herringchoker," LAW Macleod. "Mac" doesn't talk much but she certainly waits anxiously for mail time. It wouldn't be right if we didn't include a bit of the West, being LAW Payne and LAW Heale, who both hail from Winnipeg. Payne is very anxious to go overseas. Could it be love or duty? And why is it that a dreamy look comes into Heale's eyes when anyone sings "Here Comes the Navy"? Coming into the dining-room we are greeted with a cheery smile from LAW Sutherland, who has been with us the longest. We know her better as "Sick Parade Sutherland." Swinging the lead again, eh, Red?

And what about that F/S who is always hanging around the dining-room after supper? LAW "Mac" MacKay appears to be very quiet, but why does her face go red when we mention "red hair"? A new addition is our "Prairie Rose" LAW Meraw, the quietest one of the staff. Where's some of that good Indian blood, Betty? Our newest comer is AW2 Kozlowski. What's the attraction in town that Anne is in such a hurry to get through work at night? Last but not least is our own LAW Gibb—"Slim" to you. Too bad Slim blushes, we know when that tall, dark pilot is around.

And now a word to our customers. We are very pleased with your co-operation when you know we are short of help. Especially those days when our staff is cut in half and you have to wait, it makes us feel much better when we see you grin

and bear it. And when we get your orders mixed up or forget all about you, you just smile and say "That's O.K., I don't mind." And we don't mind when the front tables are empty and you go right down to the back; we like that extra walk. We would also like to remind you, if you have any complaints to make—"tell the Mess President." We do all we can, but you'll get more satisfaction from F/S D. Etremont; at least he listens to your tales of woe. And when we come up behind you and drop a dish, it really isn't intended to hit you; accidents do happen.

So just keep smiling, senior N.C.O.'s, and we'll keep serving, and with your kind co-operation, we'll come out on top and you'll get your meals.

#### OVER ENEMY TERRITORY

In 1943 one of the greatest and most extensive training plans ever conceived came into existence. Like all great enterprises, it had its teething troubles to combat and at the same time it had to turn out fully trained men to go into action against the Axis in all theatres of war.

These men not only proved themselves to be superior in every way against the Italian and German airmen, but also proved the quality of instruction imparted to them by the Empire Training Scheme.

Fingal, like many other training stations, is proud of its part in providing our squadrons with men to carry on the job started by the few in 1940 and we feel sure that these trained by us will do the same excellent job of work that previous graduates have done.

You who are under training at present will no doubt some day proceed overseas to take your place in a squadron with a definite feeling of awe and very probably a slight sinking feeling in your stomach which will be replaced by a feeling of confidence and jubilation when you complete your first operational trip, for on that trip you shall have impressed indelibly on your mind the true meaning of teamwork.

Teamwork is impressed upon you during your training by your instructors, but all the talking in the world won't make you realize the real necessity of it. When your aircraft gets into a tight spot every man must be able to do his job and do it well if that aircraft is to return. All jobs done well collectively mean that one big job is done well, and that job is to bomb your target and get back safely. If one man falls down on the job, not only will many future targets be deprived of your bomb load, but the lives of your comrades who trusted you will be lost.

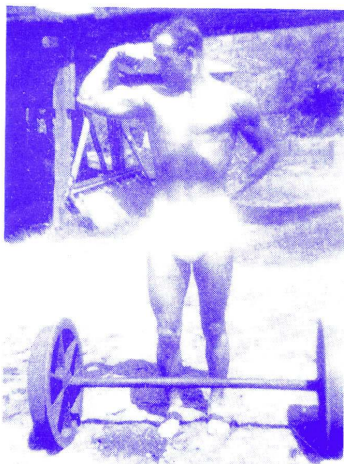
I am quite sure you will enjoy your life in the service overseas and I wish you all the best of luck in any theatre of war that your duties may lead you.

—P/O G. R. Craddock, D.F.C.





# SPORTS



What, Chas. Atlas again? Not this time—it's just Sgt. Brazier admiring his physique.

## SPORTS REVUE

A gala sports evening in March pitted the pride of T.T.S. against Fingal. Basketball, volleyball and badminton games took possession of the Drill and Recreation Halls for the evening.

Volleyball provided the keenest and most spirited competition. T.T.S. got the edge due to an early lead of two games, but Fingal, led by P/O Thurlow and Cpl. Baker, came back to spike the way to victory in the next three games. This victory earned Fingal a place in the league playoffs with T. T. S.

Considerable color and interest was added to the badminton matches by the inclusion of two girls' teams from each of the rival stations. The men's doubles team, composed of W/C Kerr and F/L Bales, finally emerged on the short end of the score in their two-hour battle with F/L Elliott and AC Shedd of T. T. S., but showed their superiority against T. T. S. by taking the third and deciding game rather handily, 15-4.

The Fingal Airwomen carried off the laurels in their two matches after very close play. The winning W.D.'s were Sickles, McKay, Gravel and P. Corbett.

The youthful Fingal basketball team met their masters in the more experienced T. T. S. cage team. P/O Living, the evergreen 10-second man, found the hoop for eight points late in the second half after having helped the volleyball team to victory.

Everyone partook of a sumptuous lunch arranged through the kindly efforts

of ASO Graham, whose generous efforts were voted "tops" by the visiting team.

### Intramural Sports

Floor Hockey League—Course 73 Air Bombers and Headquarters have emerged from the Sahara-like dust clouds of the Drill Hall as the occupants of the upper rungs in the Felt Disc League. The leadership changes from week to week. The challengers to this stage appear to be P. and O. Flight and Air-bombers 76. The P. and O. Flight have part of a topnotch forward line from the Fingal hockey team, composed of Gillespie and Hamilton.

Volleyball League—The old men of G. I. S. Instructors, they are called, are nicely spotted at the top of the list in the net game. The officers and P. and O. Flight might upset the dope in the play-offs carded for the end of March. Sergeant Hardy and his instructors will have to be on their toes to eliminate the teams led by P/O Thurlow and AC Bullock.

Intramural Sports — The basketball picture finds P. and O. Flight dominating the scene. They have five men from the Station team playing for them—AC Eastough, a former Victoria College player, leads a capable band of hoop ball artists composed of Bullock of Glebe, Ottawa, McCotly of Olympic swimming team fame, etc. They are really worth watching.

### Indoor Softball League

Organize your section teams, as the league opens for a five-week schedule April 1st. Come on, Gunner, Drogue and Bombing, renew that basketball and volleyball rivalry in this fast ball league. Are Servicing and Repair Squadron going to keep Maintenance at the top of the heap? G. I. S. Instructors insist that they'll be in the finals with several classy recruits to add to last year's strong team.

## HIGHLIGHTS IN SPORTS

Howdy, folks!

It is some time since you have heard from the sports section, so I am going to give you some of the highlights of the activities which can be put to good use by those who care to do so.

During these long winter days, many dusty hours have been spent by some sport enthusiasts in the Drill Hall. If you had had the opportunity to glance into the hall on several occasions, you would have noticed a scene far beyond my explanation. But looking closely amidst the turmoil and debris, human forms chasing a floor hockey puck could be recognized. The dirt and dust of the

place was too much for any human person, but who wants to be human?

It is my happy privilege to be able to inform you that rectifications are being made, and by next fall Fingal will boast the best equipped gymnasium in the command. Already a large sum of money has been spent for equipment, which includes tumbling mats, wall bars, a box horse, travelling rings, a high bar, wall weights and bell weights. We have at the present time four tumbling mats and a large number of boxing gloves for use at any time you are free to enjoy a few minutes of healthful, invigorating exercise.

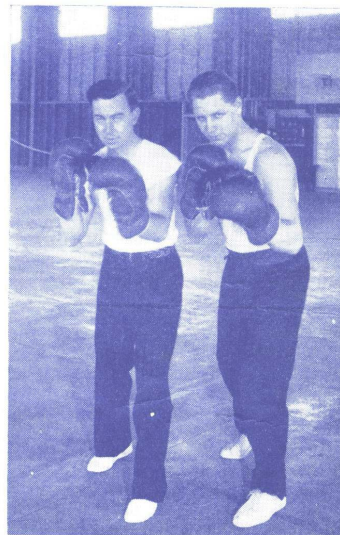
We are looking forward to the day when we can begin activities out on the athletic field. You will remember some of the exciting games we had last year. We had some very fine exhibitions of softball, track and field, and soccer, and we hope that with the co-operation of ALL the personnel, that we may put out some of the finest teams that have played in this district for the last several years.

Teams can only be run and made successful by the support of everyone, and we feel confident that we can produce what it takes to put our honorable Station on the map. So, fellows and girls, let's get crackin' and show what talent we really have.

There are great hopes of this being a successful summer, so let's get in there punching and give our best.

So long for now, and we hope to see you in action.

—A Pair of "Musclemen."



The "Musclemen" of the P. T. and Drill Section, Sergeants Cronin and Taylor, are looking for competition in pugilism.

## Fingal Camp Canteen or

### *"I'd Like to go to Sleep so I Could Dream"*

We have had some potty assignments in our day and we have seldom batted an eye. Not that this assignment (from the movie of the same name) is much off our beam, mind you. No, no! We've done everything and anything from interviewing Station Sergeant Majors for morale-building magazines to writing out orders for gallons of paint, pink, for decorating Airmen's washrooms. And don't, by the holy Boly, consider this an effrontery, you adventurers in the skies. After all, we come in the same category as you. (We should have said "fall in the same category," but we particularly avoid falling in anything if we can help it, because one summery day when we did some falling in, the sun was red hot and the parade lasted two hours). However, to get back to the above quoted subject, as all official correspondence is so nicely put, namely, Fingal Camp Canteen, or "I'd Like to Go to Sleep So I Could Dream."

Can you imagine yourself stepping into a soda bar on Broadway in good old N'York and placing a fevered hand upon a pre-war, chromium-plated rail that runs parallel to a marble-topped counter about as long as No. 3 "runaway"? You can? Then you have a pretty rough idea what our canteen looks like. The ceiling's quite high—about three thousand, we'd say, offhand—done in sky blue with fluffs of white cloud going nowhere in particular, and apparently for the sole purpose of giving its occupants a light head, which seems to be the reason why most Airmen frequent the place. A few palms, fretting in the breeze of large, swishing fans, complete the illusion of a cross between Guadalcanal before the Japs got there and the Coconut Grove in Hollywood. A few boys in blue—but for the moment carelessly garbed in fatigues—are draped over chairs, sipping at cokes and regaling themselves with strange, amber-like fluid. They throb the air with desultory conversation. From the obscurity of a palm-shrouded corner the lowly juke-box gives vent to Bing Crosby—barring the occasional scratch—in mucus melody about a brown-eyed Chloe who sighs softly in a tropical downpour. Nor does this Polynesian beauty cease her sighing at the entrance of the Orderly Officer, though he strides boldly between the palms like the leading man in *Madame Butterfly*. Only an Airman moves, and he slowly turns his head and hollers, "Hiya, Butch!", or something equally and beautifully familiar. At which, the O. C. sidles up to his table and begs him to lay a complaint or something. All this, mind you, to the gentle swish-swashing of palm-fronds and the gurgle of cokes in Airmen's oesophagi. Nothing crude such as might be the case with some canteens. No, sir! Fingal is definitely on the up

and up, with de luxe thrown in for good measure. Your home away from home and a vacation in the South Sea Islands—without the Japs—into the bargain.

All of the above would be highly appropriate, from the deeply cushioned wicker chairs on dark red linoleum to the white uniformed attendants quietly dashing hither and yon, if it were factually correct. But it is not, and for the simple reason that it is not, as we have stated.

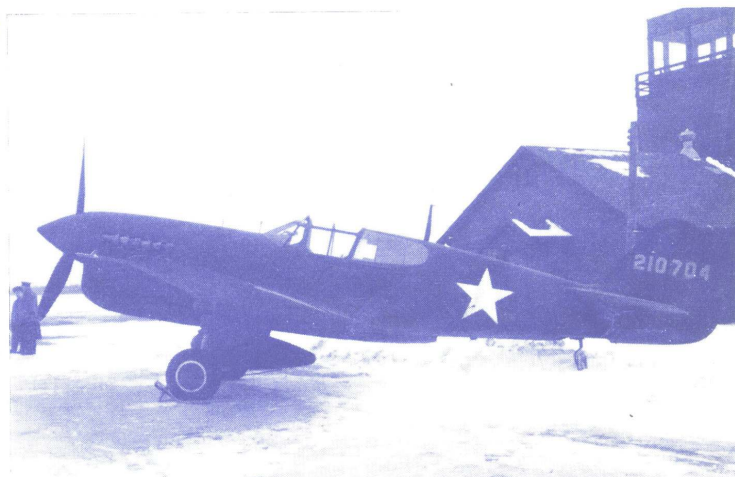
There is absolutely none of this falderal about us. And not because we are faintest fools, without imagination or courage. We have our dreams, though somewhat restricted by the fact that our canteen was modelled and imagined by "the military," which (we understand) is some strange force that makes people (like them) make people (like you and me) make up our bunks "just so," with boots toeing an imaginary line across the foot of the bed. For instance, the walls of our canteen are straight and the corners square. So are the windows, for that matter, only they HAVE curtains to hide their brutal nakedness. Also, we are compelled to concede another point: the chairs and tables have chromium-plated legs. Apart from that, however, we see little to brag about, let alone write an article.—But one must brag a little or go down the sewer of forgetfulness—an end it is so human not to wish to attain.

There are two counters—we once called them "apertures" and were reprimanded for it—so it is counters they are; one for the dry and one for the moister temperaments to purchase their wares. A huge heating apparatus sits snugly in one corner and the juke-box in another. And between these gross, 20th century innovations there is a string device that might have come from a Chamber of Horrors, whose one purpose in life seems to consist of taking nickels from needy Airmen. We presume they are morale-builders in a sense, like "Slap That Jap," "Knock Down That Nazi!" And, by heavens! nothing would do more for the local morale than having a Jap to slap or a Nazi to knock. In an adjoining room there is another counter to which the malted-milk addicts flock for sustenance. Hard by, the barber desecrates the occasional scalp with long, wicked-looking scissors. It is here that the arm-chair generals gather to discuss the intricacies of Lybian warfare or last night's dance in the Rec. Hall.

The committee has been talking about turning the canteen inside out and giving it a complete hair-do. We have peaked at the plans. There, to our startled eyes, we saw a modernistic fireplace and a long—oh, ever so long—bar. When these things come into actual effect we shall tell you about it. Till then, ah! mes amis, till then we'd like to go to sleep so we could dream—about it.

### **"JOE" HAS TRAVEL TROUBLES Or IMPRESSIONS FROM G. I. S.**

The unsuspecting W.O.'s, F/Sgts., Sgts., Cpls. and AC's ("Joes") leave home at the early hour of 0615 to catch the bus at the Talbot Hotel. It's "Joe's" first day living out. Little does he know what lies in store before he again finds himself back



The "War Hawk," a recent visitor, forced down at Fingal due to weather conditions at Selfridge Field, U. S. A.

at his point of departure.

"Joe" stands patiently through rain, snow or ten below zero weather; forty-seven other "Joes" have soon joined him in mournful vigil. They wait and wait and wait; the time appointed for the bus to arrive has long since passed. Finally the bus chugs into view, thirty-five minutes late. It is now 0720 and "Joe" has ten minutes to reach camp and eat. There now ensues a wild push and "Joe," not being the pushing type (as yet) is last to get in. He just manages to get standing room. They start away with a jerk and clatter of the ancient tractor motor.

At the first stoplight the bus came to rest with a lurch; much to Joe's dismay four more hopefuls approach to try to buy standing room. The driver opens the door and in they squeeze. "Joe" is now not even standing on his own feet, and someone is standing on one of his.

As our lumbering bus approaches the steep grade out of town, everyone holds his breath and hopes for the best because many a one of these snorting omnibuses have been known to stall half way up. In this case, however, we crawl to the top at the excessive speed of two miles per hour. We make the hill in 8 minutes flat. "Joe" thought for sure we wouldn't make it, and now emits a great sigh of relief and also a groan of pain as someone slides a hard heel down his shin.

Our gallant steed now picks up speed very rapidly and inside of ten minutes is travelling like a locomotive and making 20 miles an hour. It feels and sounds like we are doing 80. The air now becomes warmer due to an uncovered exhaust pipe on the floor. It is also scented with the delightful perfume of three or four overshoes which are resting on the hot pipe. Of course, the victims do not know they are the offenders. A few lucky people sit near a window which happens to be an inch or so open, or else broken. These fortunates, however, although they escape the burnt rubber and exhaust fumes, either half freeze or get a lap full of snow.

So with bumps and groans and scraping of the rear wheels on the fenders (caused by overweigh and lurching, we finally rattle into Fingal. We have made it in 40 minutes—quite a remarkable run for ten miles, no doubt. Of course, if the road is a little drifted we must travel in second gear and it takes a little longer—about an hour and ten minutes. But poor "Joe," besides missing breakfast, has now also missed parade. He must use the age-old excuse of "late bus." His sergeant threatens to have his sleeping-out pass cancelled and poor "Joe" is so worried and weak from hunger that he is of so little use to the Air Force that he might as well have stayed home in the first place. Now what ruined "Joe's" whole day? Could the answer be poor bus service?

"Joe" finished work at 1650 hours and proceeds to walk to the Guard House, carefully observing the attention area. He arrives in the Guard House at 1700 hours. He is lucky to get near the front

of the line. There are about 50 more hopefuls behind him. "Joe" is happy again. Here comes the bus and he will soon be home with his wife and family. Of course this sleeping-out pass of his we admit is only a privilege, but since it is granted it might as well be used.

The bus approaches and the line tenses for the charge. "Joe" is near the front, as we said, and is quite confident. He has a pleasant vision of a tasty supper awaiting him at home.

But what is this that is happening? The bus comes to a halt at the rear end of the line (the wrong end). There now takes place a mad stampede in which the biggest and roughest and those dragged along in the rush manage to get in after paying for the privilege. "Joe," however, along with a few W.D.'s and others does not manage to get in. They must now patiently await the 1830 hours bus. It finally arrives 15 minutes late. "Joe" just manages to get standing room this time as he uses his head and gets in the centre of the line. So, after a long, hard day, "Joe" arrives home at 1930 hours. His supper has dried to a crisp from re-heating. No wonder he is disgruntled.

Can nothing be done to improve these conditions under which "Joe" and the other "Joes" must travel? We admit "Joe" doesn't HAVE to travel! But if he is given this right and there are facilities available, why can't they be put to use?

#### THE CHARGE OF THE HEALTH BRIGADE

Drink a toast to the Medical Corps,  
When illness strikes, they come to the fore;  
They treat coughs and cold and pains in the head,  
If you're really sick they'll put you to bed.



Our S.M.O. is Dr. Westman,  
If you are sick, he is your best man.

Next in line is Dr. Graham,  
If you're late on parade, he causes may-hem.

Dr. Webster is fine and dandy,  
(With cards, as well, he's plenty handy).

The light of our lives is Sister Tomes,  
With looks like hers, she could wreck many homes.

Our good dispenser is Flight Herb Mabec,  
For a "morning after" he's your baby.

Sgt. Milne is boss of the ward,  
He's acts pretty tough—but he's not so hard.

And "Curly" Hodges of the M. I. Room,  
To the Medical Corps is really a boon.

The steno-in-chief is Cpl. Ryan,  
Sort of dumb, but "in there" tryin'.

Cpl. Montgomery is tops in his trade,  
We still think that he's underpaid.

Cpl. Reedman—a hard-working gal,  
To all the patients is really a pal.

Cpl. Strilaeff's a gem among cooks,  
And all her recipes don't come from books.

Pride of the ward is little Miss Hills,  
Who is quite a "wow" at slinging pills.

Another bright lady is Lillian Bourne,  
Who cheers you up when you feel for-lorn.

The Lodato girl—nicknamed "Bubbles,"  
Will help you get over all life's troubles.

A shining light is Miss McColl,  
That girl sure has lots on the ball.

Phyllis Longmuir is always at work,  
She doesn't know what it means to shirk.

And "Cookie" Pinnow—a lovely lass—  
Is really in there cooking with gas.

A darn good man is AC Staines,  
If only he'd forget those dames.

When you see that lad—short, stout and handsome,  
You know you're looking at Gordie Lamson.

Last but not least—that Franklin cutie,  
The boys all regard her as quite a beauty.

So these are the folks of the Medical Corps,  
If you feel out of sorts and your body is sore,  
They'll render you the proper aid,  
If you'll just report on Sick Parade.

**"QUIZ KIDS"—P. OR O. FLIGHT**

Just about half a year ago today, amongst the many flocking to the colors, there came to No. 1 Manning Depot a certain fifty men, their hearts beating high in the knowledge that they had answered the call of "To arms! Your country needs you NOW!"

They were picked men—physically and mentally A1. There was to be no delay in pre-enlistment or refresher courses for these. No! It would be five weeks preliminary training, six weeks guard duty, then straight to I. T. S.

Five weeks came and went quickly in the novelty and rush of the military life—and they all looked forward. "Preliminary training finished," they said. "Just six weeks of guard duty—then I. T. S.!" And they were glad.

Now the weeks passed, to them, it seemed, on leaden feet—two weeks, four weeks, five weeks—then suddenly it was over, six weeks finished. The cherished goal of I. T. S. loomed high in the minds of all.

But no—it was not to be. "There has been an unavoidable delay," they were told. "Another week or two, then they would go." It was disappointing, sure, but what difference would two more weeks make?

The two weeks passed. No draft yet. Another delay—this time three weeks—four weeks—five weeks—and so on till, with continued delays and excuses, their hope died—cynicism took its place.

Then, after fourteen weeks of "Halt, who goes there?," "Present Arms"—and freezing on the beat, with the SO generous (?) leave of forty-eight hours every three weeks, a draft came for those fifty. Forgetting their past disappointments, their spirits rose, and they looked ahead once more. "It must be I. T. S.," they said. "After so much guard duty they couldn't be so unfair as to send us anywhere else."

But they could be "so unfair"; and they did send them somewhere else. "I. T. S.'s are all filled," they said. "You must wait your turn." Yes, wait their turn—wait with the knowledge that many others who joined with them—yes, and many more who had come in since—fellows who, because they lacked the educational requirements, had been sent to pre-enlistment courses, refresher courses, and so on—were finishing their I. T. S. and going on to E. F. T. S. While these fifty must pay the price of being physically and mentally A1, and wait.

So they arrived at Fingal, still waiting for I. T. S.—yes, they do expect to go. When, they cannot even guess. But while they wait they have a job—not the menial tasks of becoming familiar with the working of a broom, or the quality of Varsol which enables it to clean grease out of oil buckets. No, this is self-imposed, the job of finding out the facts behind their own delay when so many who came in since are so far ahead.

For they are determined that their unfair lot shall not be the lot of others—that when fellows enlist, as they did, to

the call, "Your country needs you NOW," they will not be turned aside, but given the chance to help NOW.

**DE VILLAGE BLECKSMIT**

Under a spreading blecksmit tree de village chestnut stends,

End Smit, a mighty men is he, wit lodge and cinnamon hends,  
De mukkels of his scrawny arms are just like rubber bends,

His hair wuz black, but now it's gone; he also has a face.

His brow is vet, of honest svet it doesn't show a trace.

De trute is dis, he's betting heavy on de second race.

Veek in, veek out from morn till night you kin hear dot feller blow

About de time he shooed a fly. I dun't believe it's so,

Cause ven I tried to shoo a fly de dem ting woul'dn't go.

He goes on Sunday to his choich end sits don in his pew.

End everybody eks him. "Does dot pew belong to you?"

And den he falls asleep until de soivices is trew.

He vakes up ven his daughter stots a singing in de choir,

End goes outside because he hez to change en auto tire.

(His car is second-hand end now he almost hez a buyer.)

Tolling, rejoicing, sorrowing, onvard trew life he goes.

Itch morning sees some tesk begin, itch night he changes clothes

End slips in his pijemis cause he's oined a night's repose.

Tenks, tenks de, my woidy friend, regards from every vun,

To dress a hoss's feet can't be en awful lot of fun;

You gotta know your stuff to be a hoss's chaperun.

**Definitions from the Devil's Dictionary**

**Absurdity**—A statement on belief manifestly inconsistent with one's own opinion.

**Acquaintance** — A person whom we know well enough to borrow from, but not enough to lend to. A degree of friendship called slight when its object is poor or obscure, and intimate when he is rich or famous.

**Barometer** — An ingenious instrument which indicates the kind of weather we are having.

**Cabbage**—A familiar kitchen and garden vegetable about as large and as wise as a man's head.

**Bore**—A person who talks when you want him to listen.

**Consult** — To seek another's approval of a course already decided upon,

**Coward**—One who in a perilous emergency thinks with his legs.

**Egotist**—A person of low taste, more interested in himself than in me.

**Education** — That which discloses to the wise and disguises from the foolish their lack of understanding.

**Edible**—Good to eat, and wholesome to digest, as a worm to a toad, a toad to a snake, a snake to a pig, a pig to a man, and a man to a worm.

**Noise**—A stench in the ear. Undomesticated music. The chief product and authenticating sigh of civilization.

**Peace**—In international affairs, a period of cheating between two periods of fighting.

**LETTER TO THE EDITOR**

Somewhere in England,  
November 21, 1942.

Dear Editor:

I received a copy of your paper for the month of October. I am sorry I missed the one in which my letter was published, but anyway I was glad to hear that you had received it. I saw the article in the October issue and I read all the other news. There does not seem to be many of the fellows left that were there when I was. Cpl. Free and "Lefty" Wilson were there whilst I was on the range, also my old friend Benny D'Entremont of the Plotting Office. We fellows that knew the late Wing Commander Van Vliet were sorry to hear of his death, although we used to think him tough. I remember one instance when Fingal Marine Section got their Rideau Spray, as she was known, before she was taken over. I was night guard on her and the Wing Commander came aboard her to inspect it. I was a little nervous, but the C. O. put me at ease by giving me a cigarette and lighting it for me with his lighter. I realized that night what a different man he really was to what we had thought him. A lot of the old 110th read of his death in the overseas paper published for the **Canadians Overseas**. We have a swell bunch of pilots and men in this squadron and they will all share in the glory when we win. The **Canadians** have proved themselves again as they did in the last war.

I am a little luckier than some of the boys, as I have my folks and home over here, but that does not stop me from wanting to get back to Canada. I have a good reason for wanting to be back and she won't be sorry when I return, either. I will be sending some money for a years subscription when I can make the arrangements. Although the last three copies were not addressed to me, I was given them because the mail clerk of our squadron knew I was from No. 4 B. & G., so I was and am very grateful for the papers and hope I see more of them. In return I will send you one of our Wings Abroad, a paper giving the news of the Canadian Squadrons Overseas. I hope you will find it as interesting as we do.

So, wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I remain,

Yours truly,

A. Creagan.