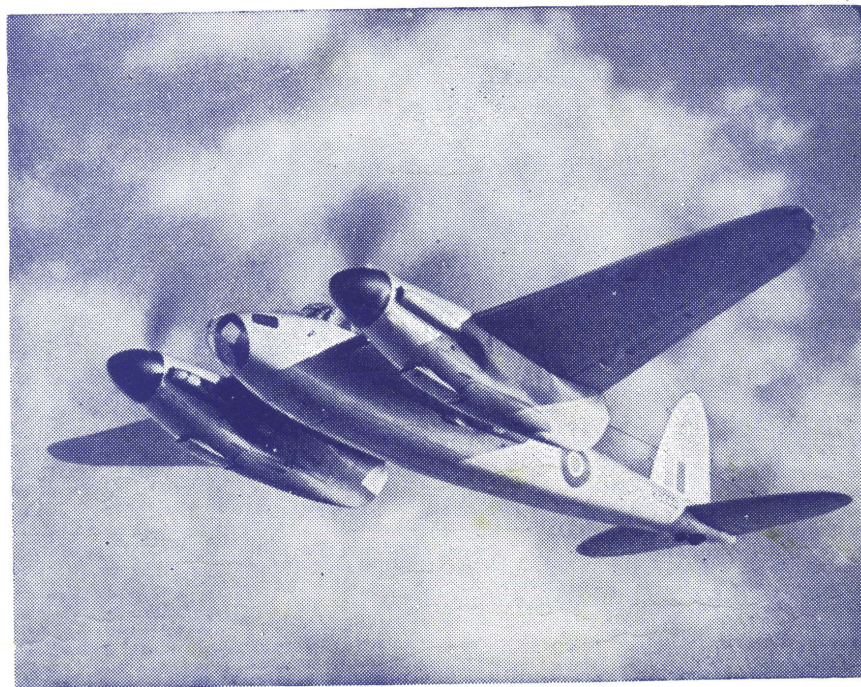


THE
Fingal Observer



NO 4 BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL
FINGAL, ONTARIO, CANADA

Price: Five Cents

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Feb. - Mar., 1943

The Fingal Observer

The official organ of No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario, Canada.
Published under authority of Wing Commander J. G. Kerr, Commanding Officer.

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Letters to the Editor

W303233 AW1 Davis, E. M.,
Eastern Air Command H.Q.,
Halifax, N. S., Feb. 5, 1943.

Dear "Fingalites":

Greetings from two "Fingalites" in Halifax. We just received the January issue of the Fingal Observer and to two lonely W.D.'s it sure hit the spot. It's been five months since we left No. 4 School and we can truthfully say the months we spent at Fingal were our happiest.

Back in August four scared W.D.'s passed through the gates of Fingal for the last time (with tearful eyes, I might add), and scared wasn't the word for what we were, terrified is better.

When we heard we had been posted to Halifax (after all the things we had heard about it, the bottom fell out of our world (but not for long). There was "Smitty" from the plotting office, Germain from the logroom, Schick (pardon me, I mean Mrs. Taylor) from the library, and yours truly from Maintenance Control Room, but alas, the happy foursome has been broken up. Smitty and Germain have gone back to Rockcliffe for a course and they have left behind two lonely W.D.'s in the "Gateway to Canada" (so they tell us).

Since we have been here we have had the privilege of seeing a number of "Fingalites" as they waited to cross the pond—F/Sgt. Reynolds, whom a lot of people will remember, F/L Lamb from Maintenance, Sgt. Observer "Tiny" Blake Merrick, now a P/O, F/O Sprinkle of the old BR Sqdrn (?), boys from the fire hall and ground crew from the different Hangars. Sgt. Bob Gray was on the station (although it was our misfortune not to see him), and we hear he was recently nabbed by Cupid and handed our very good friend her diamond ring. Congratulations, Givens. Latest additions to our station have been S/O Little and Ma'am Fulton. It sure feels like home to see a familiar face around town.

Dot Schick (Taylor) and myself enjoy

our work very much; we're called Clerk Ops.—meaning we work in operations. Dot works in the Filter Room and I struggle in Flying Control, which is all we can tell you about our work. You know the old saying, "military secret."

We'd like to say hello to all our old friends at Fingal—if they still remember us. In case they don't, we're enclosing a snapshot of us, taken in Halifax, to refresh their memories.

We wonder (in our spare time) just how many of the original girls who arrived at Fingal on May 25th (just in time for a wings parade—remember, kids?) are still at our favorite station. Not many is my guess.

So long for now, Fingalites, and the best of luck to you all.

Two faithful fans,
Margaret Davis,
Dorothy Schick (Taylor).

Somewhere in England,
November 18, 1942.

Hello, Editor, and the Lads of
No. 4 B. & G. School:

I do not know if you are still at Fingal or not, so will send it to the "Y" Director. I did not receive an answer to my other letter, so guess you didn't receive it.

The lads in the M. T. Section used to have some real good times, but here is something to put in the paper that will make them realize what a good station they have. The officers and N.C.O.'s at Fingal are the finest one will ever find as they were always willing to help, and of course I should not forget WO1 Thorpe, as he is one of the best "disciples" you will run across.

To the boys in the M. T. Section such as Phillips, Ditchburn and Sgt. Earl Walsh, who were known as five-day, 48-hour leaves, would miss it if they were in England. They may think the crash tender or the ambulance was a hard job, but I would willingly be on the crash tender year in and year out. Those boys do not know how lucky they are.

I will say one thing, that our meals

in England are better than the ones Sgt. Faulkner used to dish out to us.

I do not know where Crawford and the rest of the lads are posted, but LAC Solsky, Cpl. Ridgeway and Ryan, who used to be in Drogue Flight, and quite a few other former Fingal lads, are on the squadron, so we do very good at the public house on pay night.

I saw Laval and Cpl. Bill Newell at the Beaver Club last month on leave, and they said to send their best to the old gang in the Armoury and Fire Department.

Padre Gowdy and S/L White are not very far from me, so see them two or three times a month. A lot of our aircrew are graduates of Fingal, and nearly every place you find Canadian aircrew, some of them graduated from your school.

Suppose the hockey games will soon be going again, and don't forget that a lot of their fighting spirit comes from WO1 Ordridge, the man we all knew better as Hedley.

Well, there is a nice thick fog today and it is dinner time, so will say cheerio to all the lads back in Fingal, and keep up the good work as you have in the past. Never forget the hours and interest G/C W.D. Van Vliet took in Fingal, as he was one of the finest C.O.'s I had the honor to serve.

Please send the Fingal paper to me and I will give it to the rest of the old lads. One of the old Fingal officers just came into the M. T.—F/L Lamb, who was in Maintenance—so he sends his best to the officers at Fingal. Are F/L Gray, J.C., and F/L D. A. Lane still at Fingal?

Can. R78764,
Cpl. Grigg, H. M.,
M. T. Section,
408 Squadron,
R.C.A.F. Overseas.

No. 9 B. & G. School,
Mont Joli, P. Q.,
December 14, 1942.

Dear Editor:

Greetings from No. 9 B. & G. to all at No. 4 B. & G. Arrived here safe and sound and plenty tired; however, one B. & G. is much like another, so I am quite at home down here.

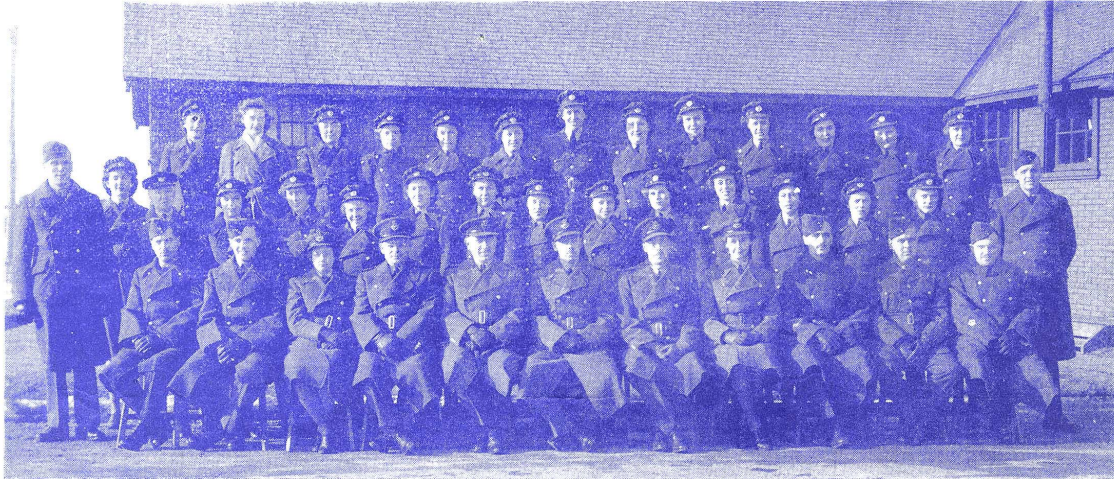
To those who were at Fingal, back when it was just an R.C.A.F. station in name and not size, will remember several of the old hands who are now down here and doing a swell job, to mention F/S Garvie, Sgt. Bell, Cpl. Carr from the Hospital, WO McPherson from Marine, LAC Martin, one-time cook, now taking Air Gunner's Course, also LAC Chapman from Headquarters, on A.G. Course, and several others whom I cannot call by name. Every man is interested in No. 4 B. & G.

This place is like Fingal, lots of cold wind, and down here we have plenty of snow. So, for now will say so long and season's greetings.

Cpl. Stainton, H.
R68102.

FEATURE SECTION

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING



STAFF OF THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

Front row—F/S Guse, F/S Forman, S/O Willson, P/O Shurley, F/L Bales, W/C Kerr, F/O Donnelly, S/O Satterly, WO2 Jenkins, WO2 McCarthy, WO2 Dougall.

Middle row—Cpl. Pierce, AW1 McKenzie, Cpl. Kenney, Sgt. Pooley, AW1 Laurence, AW1 Murphy, AW1 Smithers, LAW Stott, AW1 McKillop, AW1 Hutchinson, AW1 Karn, LAW Sickles, LAW Gravel, LAW McKay, LAW Larocque, Cpl. Ledingham.

Rear row—AW1 Wilson, M. McTaggart, Cpl. Garland, LAW Irwin, AW1 Millan, AW1 Briggs, LAW Dawson, LAW McMurphy, LAW Bennett, AW1 Macaloney, LAW Harrack, LAW Kennedy, Cpl. Jocelyn.

Absentees—S/L MacKinnon, Sgt. Lawrence, Cpl. Perry, LAC McKay, LAW Thompson, AW1 Ashmore, AW1 Thompson, AW1 Davidson.

HEADQUARTERS BUILDING

As this topic will be the featured story in this issue of your Observer, we will endeavor to give you a brief outline of the offices located in the most important building of No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, followed by a series of articles dealing with each department in full.

May we point out first that the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander Kerr, has his office located in the west wing, flanked by the Senior Administrative Officer, F/L Wilson, on one side, and the Station Adjutant, F/L Bales, on the other side. Next, you have the Assistant Adjutant, S/O Willson, and further down the hall are located the Central Registry and the Orderly Room. In this same group of offices is located the nerve centre of the Station, where dozens of small wires lead up to the main switchboard. It is in this small 8x10 "hole in the wall" that you will always find some efficient operator on duty, and in commenting, may we offer a bouquet of flowers to the Corporal (Myrt), and her worthy staff.

On the east wing of the building you will find, in the order of location, the Station Warrant Officer, better known

as Sergeant-Major Jenkin, whom we welcomed here only a few weeks ago. Next comes the main office of the Women's Division, where Section Officer Satterly and her staff hold forth. In rapid succession, we find a petite room that has been having some changes made—first they put in a bed, and now they (must be the Works and Bricks?) are closing the walls in, complete to the ceiling—so your correspondent isn't sure for the future, but at present he occasionally observes F/O Donnelly behind the desk, but always with one hand on the safe—you see, the F/O is the Paymaster, God bless 'im.

May we take you across the hall again, to the former Y.M.C.A. office, which now has a sign on the door which reads, "Non-Public Accounts." P/O Shurly is in charge of this division, and he claims he looks after the nickels from the coke machines, and oh yes, the cash and the accounts from the Officers' Mess, the Sergeants' Mess and the Airmen's Canteen are looked after here as well. Now, if you will peek through the telephone slot in the wall, you will find Squadron Leader MacKinnon, Senior Officer in charge of all accounts, all cash, and the

gentleman who gives you the final O.K. on your clearance papers.

Last, but not least, comes the largest office in the building, known as the Account Section. This office is noted for its beautiful girls, and the boys of No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School have not been blind to this fact, judging by the number of solitaires one may observe on the third finger, left hand.

The following articles deal with each particular section in detail, and contain valuable information for all our readers.

Maybe Adam Laughed at These or The Old Jokes' Home

Abner and Zeke were returning from a rather successful fishing trip and the following conversation ensued:

Abner: Waal, Zeke, that's a purty fine catch we got thar—we ought ter have marked that spot where we got 'em.

Zeke: I already thot of that and put an "X" on the side of the boat.

Abner: Oh, gosh! That's stupid—we might not rent the same boat tomorrow.



THE STAFF OF THE ACCOUNTING SECTION

Front row—AW1 Smithers, LAW Larocque, AW1 McKillop, AW1 Karn, LAW Stott;

Middle row—LAW Harrack, LAW Sickles, LAW McKay, LAW Dawson.

Standing—LAW Gravel, LAW Kennedy, AW1 Hutchinson, F/O Donnelly, F/S Guse, P/O Shurley, AW1 Laurence, C. Connors.

CHECK!—EQUIPMENT ACCOUNTS

Accounting was never like this in civilian life! And where do all those vouchers come from?—are the familiar sayings of everyone in the Accounts Section—commonly known as the “madhouse” of Fingal.

Any hour of the day you can see one of us making our way down to the sections to gather in the said vouchers that we may keep our records in perfect order. To our section the Articles in Use Ledgers are most important. If we are to keep these ledgers up to date and in good order, we must ask the co-operation of all sections in making out all vouchers according to the rules set up. This co-operation will facilitate our making up correct inventories and avoiding those annoying errors that arise in the course of a day's work. It will save time in our office, and in the section, too, for when an error is made, it is the section who has to trace it. Besides checking invoices in the sections, there are some of us who do checking in our own office. There is the checking of invoices, coding of invoices and matching invoices with Local Order Forms. We also do posting in the various registers maintained in our section, and posting in the Articles in Use Ledgers. From the Articles in Use Ledgers are made up the inventories for all sections.

And who are the brains behind this capable organization?

First there is Squadron Leader G. L. MacKinnon, Senior Accountant Officer and Equipment Officer, whose keen and efficient leadership keeps us ever on the job. Then there is Sgt. Harry Lawrence, Senior N.C.O. in charge of Equipment, who checks the work of the Equipment Accountants. “Bud” Perry, our popular little corporal, superintends the internal audit of vouchers, invoices, etc. LAW

Jeanie Harrack is our winsome little Registry Clerk, who registers all vouchers that come into the office. LAW Marj. Stott, the matron of our section, checks Records of Kits and Tally Cards at Clothing Stores. LAW Betty Larocque, our blonde westerner, checks Tally Cards at C Group Stores and Barrack Stores. LAW Joan Gravel, who hails from the Province of Quebec, works on the Internal Audit of vouchers and postings. LAW Kay McKay checks Tally Cards at A Group Stores and Major Equipment. LAW Gwen “Digger” Dawson (nuff said) takes care of the Articles in Use Ledgers and makes up the Inventories of the sections. AW1 Muriel “Nicky” McKillop, the section's heart-throb, codes the invoices and matches them with the corresponding Local Order Forms. And last, but not least, there is witty AW1 Lil Karn, our stenographer on the Equipment side, who takes care of all our stenographic work.

WHAT GOES IN ACCOUNTS— “PAY SECTION”

While seated at our desk the other day, dreaming rather lazily of bigger and better payparades, fewer and fewer traveling claims and dependents' allowance forms, the Honorable Editor dropped in and wishes off on us the lovely job of writing about “What Goes in Accounts?”

Some of the Airmen and Airwomen lead us to believe anything goes. But, when it comes to pay parades it doesn't work, to come in the last minute and get in the line any place as long as you are in. No, no, the Discip. look after that for us. If you happen to be on a “48” and don't get to any of our pay parades, casually stroll up to the Accounts and demand your pay any time, preferably about 3.30 in the afternoon. We shall promptly send you, much to your dis-

gust, back to get a note from your officer explaining everything from how you managed to get 72 hours on your “48,” to your grandmother's age. You, by then, will feel like telling us where to go to and we, my friend, will feel quite the same way about you.

So you were on temporary duty to Toronto? Well, well, that should entitle you to at least \$5.00, or if you can chisel a few more hours you might be able to make a day and a half out of it. Of course, it doesn't matter whose signature is on the claim, whether it's signed before you leave or not, the Account will pay it, but not today. Some of the unlucky chaps who miss pay parades so that they can see our bevy of beauties at closer range are very surprised to find they, too, have to stroll back for note, etc. Good show, eh, men?

If you wish to change your assignment to the little one; in other words, if the old woman puts the bee on you for more money, see us. If you play the part of sucker to some insurance man (no slam meant, Jay), see us to make the assignment. We will also do our part to endeavor to obtain dependents' allowance for those who wait at home for you. Just remember, fellows and gals, only one change of assignment every six months, according to F. R. & I. Also, we don't make the rules as to who gets dependents' allowance and who doesn't—we just carry them out.

That is a little of what goes on in the section that serves those who serve. By all means see us if your pay is not right, if you have trouble with your assignments or any legitimate beef. But please, fellows, there are 1,200 other guys and gals on the Station as well as yourselves. They can make pay parades on time, etc. How about you trying, too? We now sign off until the time rolls around when we shall see all your smiling faces again next pay day, to be sure.

WASH-OUT

My flying days are over,
My helmet's laid away,
My wings are clipped close to my sides,
My dreams have gone astray.
No longer can I . . . like the gull
Soar, dive and fly;
No longer can I chase the clouds,
Chained to earth am I.

How well my mind still visions
My classmates eager, true;
They toss their hearts up in the sky
To chase it in the blue.
Soaring, climbing, banking, diving,
Graceful birdlike things;
Oh . . . how I envy those who fly,
I wish . . . that I had wings.
Yet still I know 'tis not for me,
My niche I haven't found;
Perhaps 'tis written in the book
That I stay on the ground
To keep them flying . . . planes and men,
Must be the job for me,
For deep inside . . . I burn with pride
As wings . . . spell victory.

(Written by Pvt. A. R. Petrucci, former aviation cadet, stationed at Goodfellow Field, Texas, AAF basic flying school.)

NEWS AND VIEWS FROM THE ACCOUNT SECTION

Well, we've lost four of our members, posted away early this year, and wish them a safe journey. They were the valuable Flight Cyster and the playboy, Cpl. Sonny Walsh, and AW's Shirley McRae and Faye Brownlee. Now Sonny's gone, who'll comfort the girls when they're taking a beating, and whom can we ask the numerous questions that the Flight always seemed able to answer—eventually? Shirley and Faye are two girls we envy and we're sure they'll hold their own till others of us get over to help them.

We've lost, in a way, Marge Norman. After months of counting days till the event, Gunnery Flight and the Accounts being date conscious, they finally up and dood it on December 30th. So now it's "no" AW1 Norman but a happy AW1 Stott we work with. Soon the section will give another blushing bride to a certain popular F/O of the same flight. Perhaps Chick Leghorn can give us the secret of the fatal attraction between Accounts and Gunnery. The section has lost its occasional glimpse into a great romance now that an R.A.F. sergeant-pilot has been posted back home. No wonder Marg Kennedy is hoping for an overseas posting. Who said that it was in the spring?

Tommy Thomson seems to manage O.K. When the bad boy of G.I.S. gets seven days C.B., she happens to be on duty watch. Coincidence? Never mind, Tommy, it's a good way of keeping track of him. Any volunteers to take his place when he leaves in the near future? Betty Smithers, transferred from Works and Buildings, is sporting a smart Observer badge on her tie. Dont you know it's non-issue, Betty? What's this we hear about LAW Dawson of N.P.A. having found "love at the Hostess House"? Now that our Sgt. Everett has been posted, Sgt. Douglas has his hands full managing several W.D.'s. Sgt. Lawrence has also taken the reins into his hands over in Equipment. Take it easy, Sarge. Cpl. Perry is still feebly struggling against the predominance of W.D.'s. When's that posting coming, Bud?

Betty LaRocque is still hoping for a posting nearer home. We know that it's not that she dislikes us, but after all the gal is homesick. Come on, D.A.P.S. Lil Karn's certainly hitting it high lately. Subtle kid, that. Joan Gravel works well—had part of her annual leave with the New Year's, and now is getting another seven days in February. Good going!

Last month we heard the Yank's heart was posted to the Electrical Section. Now it's G.I.S. Is the Scotch accent the attraction? Remember the Latin sergeant whose accent and charms kept you interested, Rena? Somehow we can't believe that affair's over. Kay MacKay is also faithful to a former Fingalite. Looking awful dreamy, Kay; could we sell you an overseas posting, too? And Barb Lawrence, don't try to kid us



F/L Bales is our present Station Adjutant. We like his manner at his desk and also on the badminton court.

that it's badminton that keeps you interested evenings. One doesn't take such trouble with one's appearance when only badminton's at stake. Give us the low-down. Jean Harrack is still in there punching, and boys, her eyes put it over in the most desirable manner. (As a few have found out, methinks.)

But we could sell Sergeants Lawrence and Douglas a device that would eliminate the word "romance" from the Accounts Section. But then, they say love is what makes the world go round. (Can we help it if it tends to make us dizzy, W.D.'s?) Seems we heard you are both much married men yourselves. And despite all diversions Accounts carries on! (To Victory in Love and War.)

NON-PUBLIC FUNDS

What are they? Never heard of them. Well, my friends, non-public funds are all profits of canteen and messes. In other words, it's your dough, gang, and does not belong to dear old John Public as do the funds of the Pay Master.

What are we men of the Non-Public Funds Accounts? What are our duties? Everything from chasing around after some mess president or secretary for bills he has had in his pocket for a month, to counting bottles of milk in your milk bar. We feel we are sometimes called upon to be the brains behind all committees formed upon the Station. (Editor's note: What brains?) Advice, we give it by the barrelful. Committees, please note, if you would only follow out some of that advice we would possibly be able to give your statements, etc., swifter and better attention.

What service do we give you, the men and women of the Air Force? First, we give your funds our best supervision, and our accounts may be audited at any time.

Your funds are all there and spent in the proper manner. Second, you, the Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s of the Station may be sure your mess bills will be at all times made out 100 per cent, no over-charge. Third, we are doing our part to ensure you of as much of your favorite liquid refreshments as we can possibly obtain for you. Fourth, we can, upon most occasions, cash for you a money order, bank draft or Government cheque, but no personal cheques.

We, too, belong to the ranks of those who serve those that serve.

P/O F. G. Shurly,
F/S A. O. Guse,
AW1 B. J. Lawrence.

FORTY-FOUR AIRMEN OR POTENTIAL AIR GUNNERS

It was an excited group of fellows, after spending three long, weary months at No. 1 Manning Depot, to hear that we were to go aboard the Fingal Special for No. 4 B. & G. School.

After landing on the Station and doing a little fiddling around, they finally led us to our bunk house. When we were about half settled, we figured we would have to get a little grub in our "middles" before we could do any more. To our surprise, we found very good food in the mess. No doubt this is due to the W.D.'s, whom we must get to know in the near future. Maybe, with the help of some old inhabitants of this Station, this matter could be speeded up.

We are all air gunners and there are wild rumors around that we were to start on our course on arrival. Much to our sorrow, we found ourselves on security guard. To our great relief, three days later, "the powers that be" saw fit to do away with said security guard. By the end of the first week, we find ourselves being nursemaids to a mass of aeroplanes on tarmac duty. Learning that a plane on the ground needs ten times more looking after than one in the air. "Keep 'em flying."

Kirkpatrick, not being satisfied with bringing his G. F. with him, also had to bring the mumps. We hope he is enjoying his stay at T. T. S., St. Thomas. Our friend Stevenson is nearly worried to death because he is a hundred miles from home and is wondering whether his girl friend will remain true to him while he is away. Will he remain true to her?

This is our first attempt to co-operate with the editors of the Observer. We wish them lots of luck in their project, and we will look forward to assisting them next month.

"Mama, why hasn't daddy got any hair?"

"That's because he thinks so much, dear."

"Well, why have you got so much?"

"Get on with your supper, dear."

SECTIONS

HOSPITAL SHOTS

It seems to us that every month we find some new thing which rubs us the wrong way, and we invariably end up by trying to remedy it through our column (?) in the good old *Observer*. So this month we are trying to adopt a new policy (for this issue, at least) of trying to write a squawk-free column. (If we get through this thing without registering at least one peeve, we'll be more surprised than you.)

To begin with, we'd like to offer our thanks to all those who so generously supported our first Blood Clinic. We had to squeeze a little in reaching our quota for that clinic, but we made it O.K., and those who attended it had such a fine time at the free supper and show afterwards that no difficulty has been encountered in attaining the desired number for our second clinic. These clinics will be held every two or three weeks for some time to come, so if you feel like donating a few ounces of claret in exchange for an afternoon off, free supper and show and a late pass, just leave your name at the Hospital and we'll call you up as soon as possible.

A pall of gloom was cast over the Station Hospital this morning when the news came to light of the posting of Squadron Leader Westman to No. 3 I. T. S. at Victoriaville, P. Q. We know that the departure of the Squadron Leader will leave a gap that will prove very difficult to fill, not only as Senior Medical Officer but also as president of the Officers' Mess. He has not only been a grand boss but a very kind and understanding friend to all of us who have served under him. We consider him truly a "regular fellow" and his absence will be felt keenly. To you, sir, and to Mrs. Westman we extend our very best wishes and may you both always enjoy the utmost in health, happiness and prosperity.

As the winter weather still prevails, the morbidity curve continues on the upswing with the result that the Station Hospitals both here and at T. T. S. have the "S. R. O." signs hanging up these days. However, the meteorological experts advise us that "spring is just around the corner" and we are anticipating a decrease in the size of sick parades and the number of guests in our "health resort" very soon. At this time, we should also like to extend a vote of thanks to our good friends in the Motor Transport Section for their co-operation in the handling and transporting of our numerous emergency cases lately.

Right here we are going to put in a plug for F. L. Graham and his sports committee. These men are putting in a

lot of valuable time and effort in the promotion of sports on the Station, so let's all get out and support them in their endeavors—not only for the pleasure derived from participating in different games, but also for the benefits which our bodies will receive from the health standpoint. Our hockey team is fighting with its back to the wall at the present moment in an endeavor to make the playoffs, so what say we all get out and give the boys our support in the few remaining games? See you at the next game, we hope.

Now, just a final word of warning. Elsewhere on these pages you will find (we hope) an alleged poem concerning the hospital staff. We are just going to ask that copies of this be kept out of the hands of the kitchen staff or we will all be eating corn in one form or another at every meal for at least the next year.

TO THE LASSIES OF THE STATION HOSPITAL

You tended me when I was ill,
You catered to my slightest will,
My grouches and complaints are nil,
I'm filled with gratitude.

You brought me pills, you irrigated,
You brought the damdest yeast created—
No wonder I grew irritated,
But still—my gratitude.

You brought me gargles in a glass,
You bathed me all except my (censored),
You brought me capsules (black) en masse,
So deep—my gratitude.

You poked deep down into my throat
With Mandl's Pigment, and I quote,
"My adenoids you did try to float
With that da-da-da nose-sprayer."

Well, after I got better,
But they said to stay a bit,
And I got to feelin' frisky,
And I handed you my lip,
When I wouldn't take my "Brewer's"
And I wouldn't shave the stubble,
When I used, to its advantage,
Issue "zoot-suit" to cause trouble,
I was hard to get along with
Was your justified conclusion.
You hoped the "doc" would throw me out,

And terminate confusion.

Well, now I'm free and I can see
The fault remained alone in me,
And so to show my "after-glow,"
Accept these chocolates "T. A. P."

T. A. P.—They are paid for.

—A 27-Day Guest.

LETTER TO ROCKY

Dear Rocky:

Why do we have to sign over more money to our wives?

(Signed) Old Crock.

Answer—Well, Beezle Nose, I spose the government's found out how you bin borrowing a coupla bucks from the missus now and again, and never givin' it back—so you see what you went and done—shame on you.



THE HOSPITAL STAFF

Standing, left to right—AC1 Lamson, G.; Cpl. Ryan, J. F.; Cpl. Strilaeff, A. M.; Flt. Sgt. Mabee, H. N.; Cpl. Hodges, G. H.; AC1 Staines, T. A.; Sgt. Milne, G. A.; Cpl. Montgomery, J.; Cpl. Reedman, D. M.; Flt. Lt. Webster, W. G.; Sqn. Ldr. Westman, E. R.

Seated, left to right—LAW Lodato, E. L.; AW1 Franklin, H. B.; LAW McColl, M. C.; Nursing Sister Tomes, J. A.; LAW Pinnow, L. A.

Absent at time of photograph—F. L. Graham, R. T. G.; LAW Longmuir, P. E.; LAW Hills, T. E. LAW Bourne, L. J.

"GOBS" OF GOSSIP

Your Observer has both noticed and heard of late, rumors and gossip about different individuals in that wonderful aggregation of workers, namely, Maintenance.

It is with a clear conscience and an unbiased mind that we lay before you, dear readers, these "Gobs of Gossip."

Have you noticed the big smile of late on "Frosty" Winter's face, and where did she get the ring she brought over to have Sgt. Shindelka make smaller for her? Could it be Cupid has made another pickle barrel?

Recently a certain corporal of the Electrical Section has been making frequent trips to Detroit. We doubt if it is just to procure Pall Mall cigarettes. Est-elle une bonne fille, Jae?

Flight Larkin really has his hands full these days with his enlarged "squadron" of electricians. However, he's really conscientious about their training; operator 33 just informed us that the Flight gives them cooking lessons on "How to make current jam."

Since Flight Peterson has been at bombing, No. 5 Hangar has lost something, for it was the flight who continually checked on the ground pressure from the Instrument Section barometer. Regardless of prevailing atmospheric fluctuations, Flight Peterson still claims the barometer leaks.

The Instrument Section is fairly bristling these days. By this we mean just that. Everywhere you look you see a new mustache in all the glory of its youth. LAC Gutsell had a dandy until he started turning on the light when he shaved. LAC Somers sprouted a "fulu" overnight himself. Looks like an old button brush that was shot at with peanut butter out of a water gun. But for the dady of them all, one must just look at LAC Churcher of the fabric section. The one he nourishes and fondles is sort of albino colored. They say dope has a bad effect on people anyway.

One of our men has a habit these days of lying on the road. He was last seen on Hincks Street, with emphasis on "ON." It was a marvelous seven days' leave Walt had, that is, the day he remembers and the road wasn't VERY wet or cold that night anyway.

The boys are very happy these days, though, even if they do have to work until six o'clock. We're not kicking. We get time off for supper and usually get home in time to wave a fond hello to our wives and catch the morning bus back to the Station.

The Log Room boasts its original complement once again, since LAW Pridging has returned to help keep the L. 4's straight.

WO Gosby and Flight Murphy have a great time these days inspecting here and inspecting there. If there's anything that puzzles them, they always reach the proper decision. Personally I think "The Shadow" is behind it all—he knows! So, take in that old safety pin and see if you should demand a new one or have the



This equipment assistant is in the Equipment Section. She is lovely LAW Thompson.

old one repaired as a parting shot at A. I. D. We hope Sgt. Miller will be repairable since the farewell party to WO Ordidge.

It has been brought to my attention that some things are badly needed in the Wing Orderly Room. Sgt. McPherson is badly in need of a soap box to use when lecturing HIS staff, also one pair of pants for Sgt. Harrison that won't rip every time he moves. (Maybe he really needs a different kind of exercise.) Also badly needed, so I hear, are a few more "little aircrew" for Flight Hunt to cuddle.

Our little publication of scandal and slander must be hastily brought to an untimely end now, as your author has to go and check up his bunk. I have just been informed there is a piece of gum on the heel of my left boot, about one-quarter of an inch from the fifth nail on the right. Complicated, isn't it? But one must be neat.

The views expressed in this article are those of the writer, entirely, and have been presented only after tireless accumulation of facts by our staff of investigators.

HOSPITALITY IN THE U. S. A.

This article is not intended as a criticism on the merits or demerits of the U. S. Air Corps. Many ex-U/T pilots have their own ideas on the subject and I am afraid that their remarks have been misunderstood and have, in some quarters, had the effect of giving many people the conception that the Americans were not treating the R. A. F. students with due respect.

Having been under this impression myself before leaving England, and remembering the time when, with countless other fellows, I fervently hoped I would not have the misfortune to get posted to America, I know something of this false conception.

Not being keen on going to America, it naturally followed that I found myself in due course on the ocean, bound for the land of tall stories.

Skipping the "pleasure cruise" with its memories of crown and anchor, poker, healthy appetites (?), and also the memorable arrival in this fair land, and subsequent first impressions of the grandeur and beauty of Nova Scotia, let me take you to Sweetwater, a small town in the wonderful State of Texas, home of the cowboy, the rattlesnake, the deadly black widow spider and—the most hospitable people anyone could meet.

Feeling rather tired from the effects of the long journey and unusual heat, we were greeted by the cheers of the townsfolk and a battery of news cameras. The President himself could not have been made more welcome. This was not a flash in the pan; Southern hospitality is world renowned, and I found it overwhelming rather than amazing.

The first night was spent on lines similar to the study of aircraft recognition, as countless new types of insects, both of the crawling and flying variety seemed anxious to make our acquaintance. The next day (Sunday) leading townsfolk took a student each and more or less adopted him. Many of us had our first taste of iced tea, fried chicken and corn, colored servants (Yas sa' Massa Harris), of ranches and buffalo, outboard motor boating, and wondered if we would get used to the rich food, of eating pineapple with roast beef, etc.

We found the people fully appreciative of the great work accomplished by the R. A. F. They were always keen to hear of Blitz experiences.

We were constantly entertained. One outstanding event was a visit to a "pukka" wild west rodeo. A fleet of luxurious cars, headed by speed cops and flanked by members of the famous Texas Rangers, took us to a town some 40 miles distant. An incredulous welcome assailed us and after many speeches and amidst the resounding din of motor horns, each student was given a saddle horse and then galloped with cowboys to the accompaniment of whoopees and hi-yahs to the arena.

The people's enthusiasm and eagerness to give us a home-from-home increased rather than decreased. The fact that we acted like gentlemen (all being aware of the fact that a gentleman never gets fresh until the second night) probably helped in this respect.

Of course not every person thinks Texas the best state. There is a gentleman on the Station who firmly believes that the good folk of the State of South Carolina have been the salvation of the world, having fought everything from Texans to Eskimaux.

Many hundreds have experienced the hospitality of the American people and will return with broadened minds and happy memories of their big-hearted, but so often misunderstood cousins. I hope, too, that the American boys in England will benefit by their visit, and return with a different conception of what so many had imagined us to be — slow and reserved.

SPLINTERS FROM THE SWITCHBOARD

They say we are the nerve centre of No. 4 B. & G. School. We carry the sensory impulses from the various flights to the "Brain Centres" (the C.O., S.A.O., Adjutant, etc.) and the motor impulses from the "Brain Centre" to the various "Action Centres." To the "hands," "feet" and "wings." We are responsible for linking up the "Brain Cells" for consultations, for sending out messages to gather any number of them together for conferences, and we stretch out across Canada to the great heart of the R.C.A.F. at Ottawa, where the "powers that be" make the momentous decisions. We keep the "eyes" of the Training Squadron (the Control Tower) in touch with the "wings" — those precious wings that may be so easily clipped by icy runways and even by telephone poles — if the ground decides to come up too suddenly. It's those pesky Gremlins that push it up, you know — and incidentally, we hear they have been at it again.

Then brains, wings, hands, feet, and even nerve-centres must relax sometimes — so we are the medium whereby recreation is arranged to suit the needs of all. Through us the badminton teams send out their challenges — "Aylmer, here we come." And certain gentlemen (not to mention names) use our willing help as they slave (and we do mean slave) that our Station may have much needed refreshment of spirit, mind and body. Also bodies must be fed, and here we are, ready to send out an S.O.S. from the O. R. Mess (excuse us, we didn't mean to wax poetical) for chicken or macaroni as the case may be.

In short, day and night, we are the obscure but integral quantity (something always present but taken for granted) that binds Fingal Air School together, helps guard it against intruders, yet keeps its eyes and ears open and ready for "action"—and after all, ACTION is what we need to win this war.

In Lighter Vein

There was the time (we think it was about 2 a.m.) that we were trying to demonstrate to one of our fellow graveyard-shift sufferers how to answer a signal and complete a call on the switchboard. Our plug slipped by mistake from an unused jack into the Fire Hall local. An efficient though sleepy voice answered promptly, "Fire Hall—here, sir." We gulped, and stuttered our humble apologies, but we think it might be best not to repeat what the — said.

And then there's the time we called the Telegraph Office to send the usual wire from a certain officer. We repeated it carefully, "Not dead, just tired, love. (Signature)." The girl at C. N. answered in a somewhat surprised tone—"Not dead, just F.I.R.E.D. Gee, I didn't think they could do that in the Air Force."

And was our face red the day we gave a report on a certain Maintenance officer.

We informed our party that F/L— was out but would be back soon. After a pause an incredulous voice inquired, "Did you say he was in the bathroom?"

We answer a signal and a crisp voice demands: "Deposit a nickel, please." We feel like saying it is too far from pay day, we spent our last one for a coke at the Rec. Hall.

A few things we hear sometimes upon plugging in:

"Oh, ahhh-oh, what the h— did I want? Oh, yes, gimme local 39."

"Get me Flight Lieutenant Shrigamog number one-ee-dee subjectargetoec-andear."

"What the h— is wrong with local 23? Get me local 39, then; well, hells bells, call me when one of them is clear, willya, operator?"

Are we being inquisitive to wonder why a certain line in the Admin. Building is so often connected with Works and Bricks lately?

And might we appeal humbly to the lads at G.I.S. not to have calls placed to them at the orderly room there? The wires are red hot during the busy hours, boys—honest, we often hear 'em sizzle.

Now to Introduce Ourselves

First there is George Withenshaw, our faithful night operator—a Vet. of the last war, who remembers Fingal in the days of mud roads and sulphur water; and who has braved the icy roads this winter to report on duty at midnight. Our thanks, George.

Cpl. Garland, who boasts of being one of the original W.D.'s who arrived last May. She has wistfully watched many a fellow "op." come and go—Berger, Tyrell, LeClair, Howden and Carter, as well as the boys who initiated us into the mysteries of the Fingal switchboard — Craig, Andy Hand, Rioux and Hayes—remember them?

Thompson, our popular little hello girl who is sporting well-earned props now, and who is missing a certain bombardier who recently departed to fields of further learning.

Haslam, who held the lucky number to be drawn for an overseas posting, and whose sunny smile and cheerful service will be sadly missed.

Ashmore has served us with accuracy and patience as our telegram clerk since she arrived last summer, and has now learned to be an efficient "op." as well, and hopes to prove it to the Trade Test Officer this month. Grace was one of the girls who represented Fingal on the recent Radio Quiz program in Toronto.

* * *

Sorry we did not immediately apply our knowledge of the emergency hand-ringing gear the other night, when our ringing power deserted us. But, like the Marjoram jar that Great Aunt Betsy gave us one Christmas, we have never

needed the darn thing—and so forgot its use. Forgive us any inconvenience we caused.

—Myrt.

ON THE CIRCULATION SLIP IN C. R.

On our welcome list, the following: Our new C. O., W/C Kerr; S. A. O. F/L W. L. Wilson; A. A. D. S/O Willson, and WO2 Dougal. . . . We, in C. R., are wondering when Vic. McAloney is going to take another extended visit to New York. . . . Now that the nice weather is just around the corner, we expect Cpl. Ledingham to be coming into the office any day now with another broken leg, from playing football. . . . Whenever McMurphy hears "Anchors Away," she gets that certain look in her eyes. O, for a sailor; . . . Lost! One Station Warrant Officer. Finder please return to the Station Warrant Officer, Sgt.-Mjr. Jenkins, on an urgent tag. . . . I always thought cleaning and moving day was around the first of May, but for the past two weeks a very harassed clerk, when answering a buzzer, would fall over paint pots and ladders strewn around the hall, find herself in the right office with the wrong officer. . . . What has the American Army got that we in Canada haven't got, to make one of our clerks in C. R. go down to Detroit for forty-eights? . . . When everyone else is looking for nice weather, LAW Bennet wishes for storms on her forty-eights. . . . Then there is the case of the nice little W.D. steno. from across the hall, when upon coming into C. R. to borrow a file, is threatened with the following drastic statement: "I'll hit you with a chair, if you ask for THAT file once more today.

* * *

Central Registry—By an Insider

The heart of No. 4 B. & G. School, the Mad House of Headquarters. One will find here records of every Airman-Airwoman; all letters coming into the Station (personal mail excluded) and all letters going out of the Station have to pass through C. R.

All leaves are checked before the big day arrives for the person who is lucky enough to get leave, and woe to the person who tries to get a second transportation warrant in the same fiscal year. Calls from the C.O., S.A.O., Adj. and A.A.D. keep all the clerks in Central Registry on their toes. Then there is the continual ringing of the telephone, sections wanting to know if we will send down a certain file right away, or would someone look up a referenced letter dated two years back? All incoming telegrams pass through C. R. to be distributed to the proper sections. Last, but not least, all personnel, when arriving on the Station, must register in C. R. before going anywhere else.

Now do you wonder why they call C. R. the headache department?

(Continued on page 16)



ENTERTAINMENT



LONDON LIFE

So vaudeville is dead!

The London Life Insurance Company hasn't been notified. Blending the best features of vaudeville and the old-time variety show, the London Life Troupe filled Fingal's recreation hall with life, color and music Thursday night, February 18th.

A capacity crowd roared, whistled and stomped its approval of the tantalizing "Bonnie Bakerish" songs of delectable Doris Martin . . . the throaty blues songs of Lorraine Vardon . . . the scores of other sparkling features.

The cleverest number these eyes have ever witnessed on an amateur stage was "The St. Louis Blues," an old favorite really jazzed up. Special phosphorescent spot-lighting produced an effect cartoonishly weird . . . the vague suggestion of human forms moving rhythmically over the blacked-out stage . . . a fantasia of lilting movement.

Orchids to the stage manager whose fertile mind hatched this brilliant novelty.

"A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody" displayed the old stage trick of a girl and her mirrored reflection, played by two actresses; presented with precision timing that was a delight to watch.

The orchestra, under the direction of Donald Wright, superintendent of musical education for London public schools, did its part with zest and finesse. Providing a perfect background for the numerous acts, it also proved capable of holding the spotlight by itself, with red-hot renditions that often had jitterbugs in the audience hanging from the rafters.

Maestro Wright presented a clever novelty with a series of harmonicas. This man is a regular five-piece band all by himself.

The singing of Doris Hamilton and Mary Lee Bell added charm and beauty of voice and presence to the program.

Surprising in an amateur production was the unflagging smoothness and swiftness of pace. Not once did the production lag.

These shows are conceived, produced and acted by the personnel of the London office of the London Life Insurance Company.

All rehearsals are done in the actors' and actresses' spare time. One particularly lovely young lady took pains to inform the Observer that she and the rest of the cast had to be at work at 8.30 in the morning. This, on top of a double bus trip to and from Fingal . . . a performance . . . and the officers' mess. That's enthusiasm!

Each Thursday night the troupe visits a different service camp. They've been doing this for three years . . . a solid contribution to the Government's plea for building morale.

Chatting with members of the cast after the show—and it was a pleasure—the Observer discovered that Fingal is the girls' favorite spot. "We simply ran out of encores . . . it was wonderful," they said.

Back on a tender subject: "How did you find the trip down here?"

"Rough," was the rueful answer. "Very rough."

We did establish, however, that the troupe travelled by highway, and not by the old Indian trail we've been so often led to believe our famous bus follows.

May the Observer add to the message of appreciation delivered by Wing Commander Kerr. As far as we are concerned, the keys of the Station belong to the London Life troupe.

Please come back soon!

OPPORTUNITIES?

Can you sing? Do you enjoy dramatics? Have you any stage talents? Have you sung in, or directed choirs? Are you interested in dance routines of chorus lines? Would you be interested in joining the R.C.A.F. Entertainment Troupe?

If you are interested in any of the above questions, start to practice now for the visit, on March 12, 13, 14 and 15, of Kenneth Neate, famous Australian tenor, under contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company. Mr. Neate will be visiting our Station in search of talent for the R.C.A.F. Entertainment Troupe. So get your pipes cleaned out, oil up your larynx, stretch your vocal chords, and let the welkin ring.

Kenneth Neate was formerly a member of the Australian Police. He has made a number of records, and has sung with the Sydney Police Choir. While he is under contract with the Metropolitan Opera Company, he at present is a special duties man, looking for talent among the various Air Force stations.

This is NOT just a passing fancy, but IS probably just the chance you've been waiting for . . . a chance to travel and entertain your fellow members of the Air Force, a chance to visit all the stations in the Commonwealth Air Training Plan, scattered over the length and breadth of the land, including Alaska, Labrador and Newfoundland.

Don't forget these important dates: March 12th to 15th, inclusive.

FINGAL ON THE AIR

February 9, 1943, was more than just another day for three Fingal lassies in blue—Muriel Langley, Grace Ashmore and Penny Sheldrick. Yes, sir, it was that very day they made their coast-to-coast broadcast in aid of recruiting more young women to the Royal Canadian Air Force.

With a gleam in their eye and a flame in their heart they left No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery with determination to bring back that Quiz Trophy which Jarvis R.C.A.F. Station had for far too long. The train trip was not a lazy, dreamy ride, but turned out to be an interesting and jolly one. After the girls had chosen their seats they discovered that the other occupants of the car were not just ordinary passengers but were the graduates of Fingal Bombing and Gunnery of that afternoon. Oh man! were these lads ever proud of their third hook! Whenever one of the girls said "Sergeant," practically the whole class pricked up their ears with delight. Was it their new title that was so intriguing or could it have been the personalities of our Fingal W.D.'s? Conversation of every description ruled the trip—what the sergeants thought of their future trips over to the country across the seas—what the girls would experience in Ontario's capital city. Yes, sir, when the conductor announced Union Station, all change, there was a sigh and a groan, for all wished that they were just boarding the train and not having to say the "good-byes" and the "good lucks".

No. 5 K. T. S., Toronto, welcomed the Fingal delegates with a reception. Although the light was dim, seeing it was the wee hours of February 9th morning, the girls felt a surge of friendship in every creaking step of the old Haverger College. After a restful sleep the girls made their way Tuesday morning to the advertising studio, where they were interviewed by the producer of our R.C.A.F. Quiz Program. The major part of the afternoon was spent meeting the rest of the cast and reading over their script, but Tuesday evening the butterflies started to flip and chills were creeping around, for 8.05 the broadcast was to commence.

Yes, before an audience of R.C.A.F. personnel the girls took their places. Grace Ashmore was the first, and on being interviewed it was discovered that Grace wished to become a perfect telephone operator. Also Grace, may we add that there may be 13 stars in your blue heaven, but only 7 in the normal dipper. Then Muriel Langley acknowledged her liking for languages, and may we say

"thank you," Muriel, for giving the correct definition of tarmac. With a jolly snicker and smile, Penny Sheldrick confessed she had delved into dramatics in the past. By the way, Penny, was it a guess, or while hunting tigers you didn't find any in Africa? We would like to know.

It just seemed that luck was against our team because, as you all know, Jarvis walked away with the trophy for another week. However, the girls returned not with the winning cup but with the feeling that they had done their best, and with the knowledge of how it felt to stand before an audience of Airmen and Airwomen who are pulling and striving for the same ideals in life as they are working for.

So, may we say thanks a million, Muriel, Grace and Penny, for doing your best, and better luck next time.

YOUR MONTHLY DANCE

So-o-o-oh? You don't like dancing, eh? Well—a—a— far be it from me to use the term "prevaricator," but, by the large number of the personnel who made their presence both known and heard at the Recreation Hall on the evening of Tuesday, February 2nd, your liking for the art of shaking the light fantastic was clearly shown in no uncertain terms.

Much of the success of the evening was due to the band, which gave a very creditable performance, both hot and sweet, under the able leadership of Sgt. Stretton. Keep up the good work, boys, and you'll make the radio networks yet.

A busload of civilian girls from St. Thomas supplemented the Air Force lasses in acting as partners for the boys.

You were also honored with the presence of your Commanding Officer, Wing Commander J. G. Kerr, who was greatly interested in seeing so many of you present at your dance, and all having such a good time.

BEHIND THE SCENES

The Entertainment Committee of this Station in endeavoring to arrange the very best programs available for all personnel, and in this regard, two stage shows a month, three movies weekly, Tuesday night informals in the Recreation Hall, Sunday night sing-songs along with about an hour of movie shorts, bingo parties every other Friday evening, and even a Sunday hike in the bush with eats around several camp fires (weather permitting), are on your program.

Your Observer would point out that the personnel could aid the committee no end by being at least on time at the movies to avoid stumbling over somebody's size 12's; by refraining from smoking, so that your pictures might be seen more clearly; by pepping up your dances at the Tuesday night informals, and getting here on time (2030 hours) for that very purpose, by turning out in greater numbers for the sing-songs—



One of the occasions when the Duchess of Gloucester inspected the R. C. A. F. (W. D.) overseas. Here is a former Fingalite, LAW Marion McLeod, being interviewed.

after all, fellows and girls, the more the singers, the better the sing-song; and, by the way, we're still searching for a pianist for these Sunday evening get-togethers. Let's ALL co-operate with the committee in all ways possible.

Your Observer has also noticed that the Station has no glee club. Are there enough members of the personnel interested in singing to wish to form a glee club? To have the ability to sing and not use it is a sin, so-o-o, come on, "Sing, you sinners, sing."

There are many games available, such as ping pong and badminton, in the Canteen, the Rec. Hall, the Drill Hall, and in the various Flights, which are being used almost continually. If you have a scarcity of equipment, why not pour out your woes into the very attentive ear of one of your Entertainment Committee members? I'm sure that the "powers that be" would be glad to do their utmost to remedy the situation.

The success of any enterprise of entertainment depends on more than the committee—it depends **mainly** on the **co-operation** the **personnel** gives to the committee, both in the preparation for, and the presentation of the programs. Let's all get in the groove and give out solidly with the old co-operation, and you'll see just how well your Entertainment Committee can send.

Before we forget, when the aforementioned hike becomes a reality, we hope to have signs placed at various vantage points about the Station, and in plenty of time for you all to sign on the dotted line. It would help us greatly if you would sign early, so that we can obtain the eats in reasonably accurate quantities. Just think of bonfires in the bush, with lots of good food, and songs that you love to hear, and above all, the good

companionship that always accompanies such a friendly gathering. We know—it's something new, but it can be successful. But—it will only be as successful as you, yourselves, make it. How's about it, gang? Let's all go!

YOU'RE A BOMBER NOW

You started out as a pilot,
But all your hopes went ker-plunk.
Your wing tips would never stay level,
Your landings were something that stunk.

Then they granted to you a furlough,
And instructed you to report
To that hell-hole they run down at Trenton,
That, chum, is no summer resort.

Here they kept you for weeks never ending,
Then paraded you up to the "Board,"
Who consulted, dissected, and tore you apart,
And ushered you outside the door.

The verdict was not long in coming,
"An excellent Bomber you'll make;
You'll take the next train to Fingal,
You'll be there on a certain date."

Now this hadn't been your ambition
When you joined this man's Air Force,
And there may be a chip on your shoulder
To prevent you from liking this course.

I had the same kind of feeling,
I was "washed out" the same as you;
Now I've never had cause to regret it,
So here is a tip or two.

You haven't much interest in "Theory,"
You're the practical type of guy,
But unless you know "Errors" in bombing
You're just cluttering up the sky.

A machine you may think is silly,
Is the stuffy old A.M.B.T.,
But you'll find it's a real friend of Bombers,
Keep plugging on it and you'll see.

Your Browning's a pal you'll find useful,
If you learn all its intricate parts,
But it's tough, and needs lots of practice,
So work on it right from the start.

Learn all about pistols and fuses,
We'll help you to see the light,
For the man that knows how to use them
Is the man who will win the fight.

A four-ton bomb on the button
Will be a thrill that couldn't be beat,
And you are the guy that can do it,
If you never own up to defeat.

The Bomber's the best job in aircrew,
When it comes right down to the last.
He's the guy that presses the button
And gives Adolf and Hermann the blast.

—"Falstaff"



FIRE HALL NEWS

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

Seems like spring must be just around some corner or other, because we have sent away our regular lot (about a carload) of seed catalogues. It's a funny thing, or maybe it's just co-incidental, but this time of year finds us studying up on horticulture, floriculture, agriculture, yes, even mushroom growing. But results never seem to pan out the way the pretty books say they should. For instance, we'll take a catalogue and go through it from A to Z (asters to zinnias), and decide that we'll go in for something sort of special. Here's just what we've been looking for, "Sampson's Super Colossal Pink Petunias. These petunias can be grown by the lowliest (that's us) amateur, require very little attention, and will repay the grower with an untold wealth of beauty and fragrance." Talk about taking candy from a kid, why this petunia business is duck soup for us. So, we dig, rake, plant, water, etc., and fulfill all the requirements as laid down in the book of instructions. Along about the middle of July we should have petunias as big as your hat.

But what happens? The best we can get is a little bunch of shriveled midget-size posies, that even the smallest dog in the whole country wouldn't favor with a second glance. Which reminds us, that old horse in dog's clothing won't be around to annoy us this spring. One feature about old Regal, though, he'd sleep anywhere. He wasn't a bit fussy. Aster bed today, marigolds tomorrow, he'd take them all in turn. But we're getting away from the subject. We intend to use a little different gardening technique this year.

No pampering, petting or the likes. We'll dig a hole, throw in a handful of seeds, making sure to include the colored page out of the catalogue, so the little seedies will know what they are supposed to look like when they grow up. We'll mutter a fervent "O.K.—dammit, get growing," then sit back and wait till next July, and we'll have petunias by the ton — we hope.

SECTION SIFTINGS

Since last going to press, five of our boys have left for the "Y" Depot. LAC's Gurski, Gropp, Watson, Bowler and Murdock carry with them the best wishes of the Section.

Things have been very quiet in our section lately, which is exactly the way it should be. All fires can be avoided if everyone uses common sense, coupled with carefulness.

This being a short month, our little contribution is along the same lines, so this is J. Smoe saying so long, but reminding you that the only persons privileged to start fires are our bomber crews flying over the Axis countries, so let's all be careful. Don't do anything which may start a fire.

THE JOY OF BEING THE EDITOR

Getting out this paper is no picnic, If we print jokes, people say we are silly, If we don't, people say we are too serious, If we stick close to the desk all day, We ought to be out getting news. If we go out and try to hustle, We ought to be on the job at the desk. If we don't print contributions, We don't appreciate genius, And if we print them, the paper is full of junk.

If we make a change in the other Fellow's write-up we are too critical. If we don't we're asleep. If we clip things from other papers We are too lazy to write them ourselves. If we don't, we are stuck on our own stuff.

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

MARRIAGES

Flight Lieutenant W. G. Webster — Married 14-11-42, to Flight Officer M. F. Wimpory, at St. Thomas, Ontario, by Rev. S. Edworthy.

R132813 LAC Weston, W. J.—Married 21-11-42, to Miss Eleanor Margaret Budd by Rev. Kenneth Maylor, at Montreal.

R89780 AC2 Teeple, A. B.—Married 25-11-42, to Isabelle Wallace, at Hamilton, Ontario.

Flying Officer H. Kelman—Married 29-11-42, to Miss Margaret Golburt, by Arthur B. Lobourty, at Hamilton, Ont.

R150777 AC1 Digney, J. G.—Married, with permission, to Phyllis Jean Frizzell, at St. Thomas, Ontario, 23-12-42, by Rev. S. Edworthy.

W302248 LAW Kouzyer, M.—Married, with permission, 26-12-42, to LAC George Homer Smith, at New Toronto, Ont., by Rev. Richard J. Dobell.

R88848 F/Sgt. Payton, J. O.—Married, with permission, 24-12-42, to AW1 M. L. Abbott, at Beaver Falls, Pa., by Rev. J. Robb.

BIRTHS

R85577 Cpl. Free, H. E.—Born 23-11-42, a son, David Gerald, at General Hospital, Woodstock, Ont.

R63709 Cpl. Emery, D. J. — Born 31-10-42, a son, Walter John, at Strathroy General Hospital, Strathroy, Ont.

183 WO2 McCarthy, C. F. — Born 9-12-42, a daughter, Carol Ann, at Grace Hospital, Ottawa, Ont.

R118132 Cpl. Nelson, S.—Born 17-11-42, a daughter, Donna Arlene, at Grace Hospital, Vancouver, B. C.

R112826 LAC Ferguson, A. W.—Born 5-1-43, a son, Brian Allan, at Memorial Hospital, St. Thomas, Ont.

10296 Cpl. Wilford, A. C. — Born 20-11-42, a son, John Stephen, at Memorial Hospital, St. Thomas, Ont.

R71443 Cpl. Watson, F. J. — Born 2-12-42, a daughter, Patricia May, at Toronto General Hospital, Toronto, Ont.

R122919 LAC Cluney, R. S. — Born 18-11-42, a daughter, Patricia Louise, at Norfolk Nursing Home, Port Dover, Ont.

R126643 LAC Gunning, W. H.—Born, a daughter, Linda Suzanne, 14-11-42, at Grace Hospital, Windsor, Ont.



"Praise the Lord and Pass the Ammunition." Aircrew student fires a few rounds on the 25-yard range.

STORM CENTRE

"Grosse Gott! Englische Blockbombe," Goering may have cried as he hurtled his bemedalled rotundity into an air-raid shelter on that comic tenth celebration of Nazidom. While they were not exactly English Blockbombe (Blockbusters), they were enough to scare your gentle liver, weren't they, Herman? And when one considers the fact that they were transported into Berlin without fighter escort—well, wherefore is thy mighty Luftwaffe, gargantuan Goering?

(N.B.—The Mosquitos, "world's fastest bomber," dropped five-hundred-pound bombs, during those two famous daylight raids on Berlin.)

Speaking of that over-publicized organization, via the Berlin radio not so very long ago, came the voice of Captain Schumann, of the Luftwaffe. Said he, "Wir haben unsere Bombden gerade dorthin geschmissen wo wir sie haben wollten." ("We dropped our bombs just where we intended to.") Surely, a noble, straightforward admission, my friends, when we recall that those very bombs fell upon an English schoolhouse one lunch hour and tore to shreds the young bodies of 42 children! Sometimes, when we dwell upon such sad recollections as these, fear grips our hearts — that we may some day become soft-hearted and lend an ear to the peace yapperings of the Nazis. By the ghosts of these 42 little children, may we never be accused of this.

Goyne (famous for "Goyne's goyne on a '48") strode into the mess hall t'other week or so ago, frost-bitten about the ears and steamed about the glasses. It was a cold day, Goyne was hungry and there was chicken for dinner. With his glasses perched upon his forehead so that he could see which way he was heading, he picked up a plate and strode boldly toward the messing counter. Said the W.D., with a glint in her eye, "Ah! I know you. No second helpings! You've been here before." Goyne, all innocence and flabbergasteration, protested with some vehemence, but without success. Finally, like a drowning man clutching a log, he happily thought of his spectacles. "Look at my glasses," he cried. "I've just come in, and they're all steamed up!" Unmoved, the W.D. replied, "You went outside and came back in again then!" With that, she gave him a small portion. The story would end here were it not for the fact that, at supper time, the same W.D. waited upon Goyne. "What! back again after ALL those dinners?" she jibed.

"The War Came to Mrs. Hadley." Squeezed beside two old ladies on a London bus the other forty-eight, we overheard the following conversation: "My! The war is surely coming home to us now," said one. "It certainly is," agreed her neighbor. "To think," continued her

friend, "they haven't cleaned the snow off our street yet this winter!"

Joe: From time to time we have tried to discover the origin of "Joe," that pet synonym used by Air Force personnel to indicate—if we may become Websterian—a homo sapiens dedicated to monotony for the duration. That's as far as we got until we noticed the report in a recent issue of Time that the Japs, like the Greeks, have a word for it. Apparently, the American Marines have been teaching their prisoners Japanese equivalents of good old American slang. The result is that the Japs now hail each other with "Macki Haru"—which is Japanese for s-ball.

Erk: Something new has been added to Air Force lexicography. In a recent issue of the R.N.Z.A.F. magazine "Contact," we came across the following, quote: "An Erk (is an Airman who) has three species of enemies — Officers, N.C.O.'s and W.A.A.F.'s (W.D.'s to us). An Officer can be distinguished by the crease in his trousers; an N.C.O. by the grease in his hair. Both these types are likely to speak severely to you. Any such action should be immediately reported to the S.P.C.E. (Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Erks)."

And to quote "Contact" further: "Any relation to any living person is rather awkward—isn't it?"

An Erk, by the way, might be the sort of guy with a girl friend called Miggie Womps who calls her Madeline Carrol to soften the blow.

Which is neither here nor there when one considers that Hitler's name is SCHICKELGRUBER!

Word has got around, incidentally, that Adolf is dead. We could have told 'em he was—from the neck up—years ago.

But not so Turk (Arm. Bombs), who was telling us the other day that the first time he heard "Let's Remember Pearl Harbor" he went around asking everybody, "Pearl! Pearl who?" Not much! . . . Incidentally, at the moment of writing, Cramer, formerly Headquarters staff, now elevated to Armourer (ahem!) has just dropped in to present us with a cigar. Waxing friendly among the fragrant fumes (fumus fragrarus, or something), we talked as man to man about the facts of life and what every young Airman ought to know. It was with some difficulty that we finally persuaded him that, no matter how tired he returned from his 48s, it would go badly with him if ever he wandered into the W.D.'s barracks by mistake; that, in spite of the fact that we nickname him "Regal," whether he pulled in his feet, or his face down into his coat collar, it would

make little difference. Taking compassion on this beardless youth, we pointed out the evils of Armament, which include wine, women, song, practice bombs, hang-ups (armament unserviceability), and hangovers (Armourer unserviceability). Tsk! tsk! Do Armourers suffer from the latter?

Now, without any reference to the above—cross our heart—we heard that Traves (overseas) was on a "48" in some little Albionville and got lost in a black-out. Those who know him best can imagine him hollering his head off for a light—with the appropriate embellishments of service language.

"Baldy" Arnold, by the way, is still in Africa, but he's pretty well fagged-out—keeping up to Rommel.

Speaking of keeping up — not with Rommel — AC1 Modified Maynard is about as progressive as anybody these days. Priorities, which have cut so deeply into most of our cakes, hold neither fear nor frustration for him. Take the shortage of electric irons, for instance. This versatile veteran of the 25-yard range merely piles blankets and boots on top of his pants and stands by in his shirt



"MAYNARD presses his parts"

and shorts (see cut) waiting for them to take the crease.

Perfect Airman: AC Something (seven cent kid) Doug Boswell, the purveyor of cokes for Bombing Hangar, recently struggled through the Attention Area with a couple of cases of that famous beverage. He came upon the ensign, dropped the cokes, saluted snappily, picked up his cokes and went his way. What does he want, a D.F.C. or something?

Gaffe: The Tunisian sky was angry with fighters, enemy and allied. Lieut. Richard E. Marks manoeuvred his P-40 and charged full tilt into a bevy of Me's. Nervously, he held his fire until within range and then jammed his thumb upon the firing-button. To his utter dismay nothing happened. Again he tried. Again nothing happened. From then on it was a mad medley of flying skill and wizzarly aerobatics. Someone had forgotten to supply his P-40 with ammunition. Flying

ability alone brought Lieut. Marks back to base in one piece.

Speaking to a friend of ours, newly recruited into the Navy, we asked him if the swaggering uniform gave him a swelled head. "It isn't that," he replied self-consciously. "It's those b— ham-mocks. Mine capsized five times on me last night before I finally got the darned thing to balance!"

Gremlins are with us again, only this time in very vicious form. An entirely new species have put in an appearance at the Photographic Section. Asked to investigate, we gladly complied and went as far as to call in that well-known Gremlin authority, Fl/Lt. Blurpenblurp. Fl/Lt. Blurpenblurp coughed, spluttered and spied into the activities of this new invader. Immediately, he cleverly named it the Photogremlin, was sympathetic to Corporal Harwood's complaints and said he would like to investigate at once. "Don't turn on any lights," he insisted. "This type of Gremlin can best be seen in the dark." With that he plunged into the nubian night of the darkroom. Suddenly, loud screams rent the air. Out came Fl/Lt. Blurpenblurp, a little ruffled, but with a gleam of success in his eye. "I've got him!" he panted as he dragged something behind him. "That, sir," said Harwood sceptically, "is our new photographer, LAC Johnson." "That, my dear fellow," beamed the investigator, "is your Gremlin!"

By the way, exactly WHO did drop that bomb on St. Thomas?

Also, who on earth is the Orderly Officer who quite recently barged into the Airmen's Mess one noon hour and hollered, "Any comments?" Really, sir, do we have to make 'em?

AH, SWEET MYSTERY OF LIFE
A Day at D. A. P. S.

A drama in one act and one scene (which is plenty).

The scene is laid in the office of the controlling mind of D. A. P. S. At 0900 hrs. the controlling mind enters and pushes five buzzers simultaneously. Receiving no response, he pushes the sixth, and the second O. C. appears.

O. C.: Why does no one answer my buzzer?

2nd O. C.: You posted them all away yesterday, sir.

O. C.: Good God, this is sabotage. Give me an aspirin. (Takes aspirin and sits in deep meditation.) Where were they posted to?

2nd O. C.: One went to Alaska, one to Gander Bay, one to Vancouver, one to Halifax, and one to Saskatoon.

O. C.: Ah, good distribution. I knew I hadn't lost my touch. Where are the replacements coming from?

2nd O. C.: Well, sir, the whole five are coming from Fingal, but they are mad



"Theoretically I knocked him down five times!"

as hell and want them to be replaced.
O. C.: Of course, of course. Did you arrange for them?
2nd O. C.: Yes, sir.
O. C.: From where?
2nd O. C.: One from Alaska, one from Gander Bay, one from Vancouver, one from Halifax, and one from Saskatoon.
O. C.: Good work. Couldn't have done better myself. How many of them are married?
2nd O. C.: All of them, sir.
O. C.: Hmm. That only means moving fifteen families. Splendid, splendid. Remind me to recommend you for promotion.
2nd O. C.: There's an urgent letter here, sir. Would you look at it?
O. C.: Yes, let's have it. (Reads and looks progressively more annoyed.) This is absurd, it's fantastic.
2nd O. C.: Yes, sir. It's Fingal again.
O. C.: Here they say that they are carrying a F/Sgt. Green supernumerary to establishment, but as the establishment is being increased by one flight sergeant they wish to hold him to fill the

position. Really, some of these people don't realize they are in the Air Force.

2nd O. C.: What do you want done, sir?

O. C.: Post F/Sgt. Green to Dartmouth. From Dartmouth post F/Sgt. White to Regina. From there post F/Sgt. Black to Goose Bay. From Goose Bay post F/Sgt. Blue to Dutch Harbour. Post F/Sgt. Jones from Dutch Harbour to Winnipeg. From Winnipeg post F/Sgt. Smith to Vancouver. Post F/Sgt. Brown from Vancouver to Dartmouth, and from Dartmouth post F/Sgt. Green to Fingal.

2nd O. C.: But, sir, F/Sgt. Green is already at Fingal.

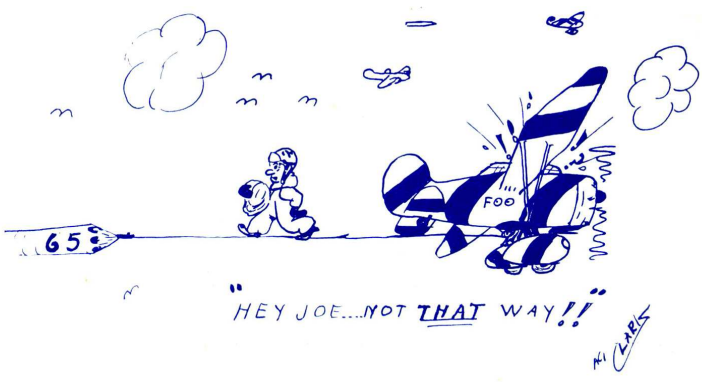
O. C.: Damn it, man, don't argue; do as I say. What do you want to do, break down our system? Ah, I see it is 1200 hrs.

(Both depart smiling, happy in the knowledge of a morning's work well done.)

Curtain.
—Courtesy "The Mountain Viewpoint."

Things We Would Like to Know

- What was expected of such an impressive "wire."
- Where we can get a stove for the Guard House that will work.
- When someone will start closing the Guard House door during the winter.
- When the boys and girls will sign the book legibly.
- When you will stop stealing our pencils at the Guard House.
- When the busses will run on schedule.
- When there will be wedding bells for more girls and boys.
- Why Cpl. Murray prefers Station patrol to other duties.
- When our Cpl. Berger will be out of T. T. S. Hospital.
- If the W.D.'s really know that Cpl. Clark and Cpl. Dawson are eligible.
- Is it true that "Flight," our mascot, has been posted to T. T. S.?
- When LAC Regal, our mascot, will get the needed "vet." treatment.
- When will all the W.D.'s learn that there is no A.M. and p.m. in our time.
- When the war will be over.
- Trust you're not too bored.



How We See It

We were passing the Recreation Hall the other night when the most unheard-of din from within attracted our attention. It is just as human to satisfy curiosity as it is to be curious. We did. The cause of all the noise appeared to be a battle between local carpenters, who were building a new stage, and our local band, which was rubbing up on some new music. After our ears had become accustomed to the racket, the philosophy of the scene struck home some sound common sense. This was no fight between two companies. The band leader, strumming his base viol, was coaching his instrumentalists through difficult passages, in spite of the unrhythmic interference from the carpenters' hammers. And the poor carpenters—they couldn't hear themselves holler—were trying to get the stage up for the next night's show, a seemingly impossible feat since they had so much to do. But—this is the grain of philosophy—behind this Dante's Inferno was a spirit; our unbeatable effort. And that is what is going to beat the Axis.

Before we go any further, however, may we pause to answer a critic? Having read this far, he smiles knowingly. "This sounds like a lot of baloney," he says, "from a well-known pen-fiddler." No hard feelings, mind you. But this is not "baloney". This is the spirit that will beat the Axis. We Canadians are known the world over for belittling ourselves. How often have we heard the remark that such and such a thing can't be up to much because it is Canadian? We grumble about our Air Force. We grumble about our war effort. And Hitler smiles approvingly. Before this war was thrust upon us, what do you imagine Hitler's spies said of our country? "Ach! the Canadians, they have a sense of inferiority." That's what they said. Modesty is becoming—to a certain extent. It is so genteel. A truly brave man is often modest. But he has the guts to know his own worth and prosecute his ambitions, which is an entirely different story. The band leader and the head carpenter each had a job to do. Each felt he could do it and did it, in spite of the odds against him. That is the spirit that is going to break the Axis.

In all our walks of life, whether we be "gun-plumbers," equipment assistants, clerk, "grease monkeys," admins. or pilots, we get fed up. Do we ever pause to realize why? Maybe not. The reason is simple. It is because we feel we are not (and the fault may not be ours) able to do all we want to in the prosecution of our war effort. We think we are in a trying to smoothe out the wrinkles. At any rate, it is not going to help us to sit

back and growl. Particularly so right now when we have the enemy buffaloed. And we have. He thought he had us licked at Dunkirk and Crete, Singapore and Pearl Harbour. "The decadent Democracies!" he cried. Decadent my eye! We are not decadent. We have been fighting for three years without a victory. Could he do that? Not only have we been fighting, but we have been preparing for the Big Push. And that rut. There are so many things we could do if only we had the opportunity. You see, the spirit is there, but the flesh is off-colour.

When Europe's swollen river of discontent overflowed its banks and almost engulfed us, we were having a nice nap. Suddenly it was pounding at our gates. We awakened with a start. We were at war! The result was that everybody got a bit balled up. After all, it takes time to change from "civs" to armour. But that was the one thing that Hitler meant to deprive us of: TIME. What else does blitzkrieg mean? And in the mad rush to arms many of us were pushed into round and square holes, irrespective of shape or adjustment. Does it matter who is who when your home is on fire? First get the flames under control. And many of us feel that we suffered thereby. Perhaps we did. And if we did, then maybe we may find some comfort in the thought that the men who control this gigantic effort of ours are aware of it and are takes a lot of spirit and spunk. Let's get out of our rut if we are in one. Because, if we don't, we are going to be left behind.

Well might we ask how shall we do it? The answer is within ourselves. Follow our spirit. We have imagination. Let us use it. We have perseverance. Let's harness it. A job can become highly romantic and extremely personal if we invent some little knick-knack for doing it the better. And the seed of inventive genius is scattered generously among us. Even if we lack that blessing of the gods, we have grit and initiative. They are two things the most modest of us will admit. We've got to beat the Axis. That's all there is to it. What's more, we can. Also, while we are taking care of them we are doing something else, perhaps vastly more important. We are equipping ourselves with arms for the future. The Flame of our ambitions must be kept alive. If we let them die now, they may not even flicker again. It is the writer's personal point of view that Hitler knows now that he is beaten. He knows full well that he and his allies—if they can be called such—cannot stand the continual onslaught of our growing power. He has reached his peak. He was at his peak when he charged upon Britain, which stood alone against his ire. Hitler is now in decline. His production lines



Our new Senior Administrative Officer, F/L Wilson, who comes to us from R.C.A.F., Dunnville. He is replacing S/L Plowright.

are bled and smashed. His armies are spread over long battlefronts. Eventual defeat stares him in the face. But Hitler is turned inside out with hatred. If he cannot win his war now, he hopes to win it afterwards—

"When the boys come marching home
All over the world."

It is a well-known fact that Hitler hates people. "The masses," he calls them. And that means you and me, and the fellow next door who asks you to come in and look at his new radio. He hates his own people, too. That's why he could unfeelingly send his unclothed armies against Russia's winter. These brutal facts he has proven time and time again. Never was there a greater egomaniac. We may feel that we are far removed from this raving lunatic. We are not. He has planned to defeat us now or confuse us afterwards. In his desk there is a revolver—with one bullet in it. That is going to be his exit. And let us not think that he will kill himself with a cry of anguish on his lips. No. Just a sneer. His victory—he thinks—will be our mad aftermath. He sees revolutions and turmoil and destruction following in his wake. So he sends his Luftwaffe into the skies with more than just a German victory in his mind. Well, we've got to beat that Luftwaffe now, and beat Hitler to the draw in the bargain. We can do it, too. The carpenter completed the new stage in time for the show, and the band leader licked his boys into shape. That we are going to beat the Axis goes without saying. But are we going to beat our own defeatism? That is entirely up to us— isn't it?

Women's Division



OUR W. D. ORDERLY ROOM

Of course, it is well known that the W. D. Orderly Room is a parasite on Station Headquarters, and on that account must have more time than other sections to answer questions. We don't know how that impression got around, but we do know we're expected to have the answers. After months of practice, we're an authority on clearances. Our advice is frequently asked on almost any subject, and we should qualify as a columnist any day—be it a Dorothy Dix or an Emily Post.

Maybe we make our own work, but we find plenty of problems to keep us busy. How would you like the job of looking after a hundred and forty attractive young women? Oh, yes! one would be very pleasant—we've heard that before—but we don't stop to consider numbers; the more the merrier, and from recent calls on this office, there are more than ourselves who'd like to see a few more W. D.'s. There isn't much we can't tell you about the girls here: we know how they work, when they work, and where they work. Better still, we know how they like to spend their spare time, but we won't give you any details on that!

We don't run a Date Bureau; we don't have to. Our record of romance runs pretty high as it is, and many have married service personnel or are about to do so. We keep in touch, but we don't doubt there must be more we don't get told. We've already run into numbers of two figures, and the count is still rising.

Through our location next to the Station Warrant Officer, we keep well informed of what goes on on the Station. One of our amusements is to telephone him, and then decide whether we're listening to the phone or to the vibrations that come over the wall. Confidentially, we find we're one ahead of the rest of the Station on any new and brilliant idea that can be labeled discipline. We could tell you plenty, but that would probably mean our getting acquainted with Section 40. We hear a lot of that! But it's wise to be discreet. If you can get a blow-by-blow account of what transpires in another office, there isn't much that can be secret of what goes on in your own.

Actually the W. D. office has as good a picture of how the Station operates as anyone. There's a W. D. in nearly every section, and many of them are regarded as indispensable. No greater compliment can be paid an Airwoman's work than to have her section refuse to release her to another. Postings have created a state of emergency in some sections, and now



The day before inspection! LAW "Mac" McGillivray scrubs up for Air Vice-Marshal's visit to Fingal, Feb. 4th.

that the overseas postings have started, smooth organization becomes even more difficult to obtain. This Station has sent six Airwomen overseas to date — two clerks accounting, a driver transport, a clerk general, a cook, and a telephone operator. Many of the girls joined the service with a view to going overseas, so each departure has produced a good deal of envy and incidentally quite a few tears.

We've been here over six months now, which should give us time to prove we're needed here. We like the Station and we're glad we came. Are you?

THE ADMIN. N.C.O.'S (W.D.) DAILY MERRY-GO-ROUND

The day begins bright and early when the poor corporal has to crawl out of bed to switch on the lights, the signal for the poor little W.D.'s to rise and shine (shine shoes and shine buttons). She is gratified to see a few heads pop up, but on the whole there is a great show of indifference to the lights, and Cpl. wonders if she should do a war whoop or stampee down the barracks aisle to attract some attention.

Eventually the W.D.'s arrive at the Mess Hall for breakfast—at 29½ minutes past seven. Everyone is clambering for

their breakfast at once, and poor Cpl. is asked if she can't do something to get the girls in to breakfast sooner—as if she hadn't done her best already.

Roll call parade is the next item of the day. While waiting for this event, two or three people decide they want to go on Sick Parade, someone else wants to know how she can get a new suit—the one she has seems to have shrunk somewhat—another has decided to visit Detroit on her next "48" and wants a letter to cross the border, etc., etc. Cpl., not having brought a notebook with her, tries valiantly to remember who it was wanted to go on Sick Parade and who wanted to go to Detroit.

The morning passes in an endeavor to keep the barracks clean and in repair. A couple of trips to W. & B. to have broken ironing boards and taps repaired are the order of the day.

In the afternoon, most likely a visit by the carpenter or plumber or fire fighters keeps her running around finding jobs for them to do (there are usually plenty of them), and on Wednesday, when the C. O. inspects, she doesn't draw an easy breath until he has departed, with, she hopes, a word of approval for the barracks.

Evening comes, and Cpl. makes her rounds, hearing the news of the day. Some have had a good day, and some a bad one. Some are pleased about a new order—some don't like it. Cpl. decides it is possible to please some of the people some of the time, but certainly not all of the people all of the time. After making sure all her charges are safely in barracks, she crawls into bed herself, hoping and praying no one will want her until next morning, when the daily round will start again.

R. C. A. F. (W.D.)

"Women Serve That Men May Fly"—
fly to save—to do or die,
Fly to make our world secure—fly to
keep our record pure.
We joined to do our bit, you know—dull
or exciting, fast or slow.
"Women Serve That Men May Fly"—
even as you? Even as I?

Men will fly and women serve, till the
scrap is won—
Ne'er a Briton quits his post, till the job
is done.
Men will fly if we but serve with a
willing grace—
Keep our chins up — serve as they —
with a smiling face.

"Women Serve That Men May Fly"—
make it service with a smile;
'Tis the spirit in the job we do that
makes it worth the while.
Then, when the peace is justly won,
we'll turn with heads held high
To peace-time jobs and peace-time joys
—we helped to cast the die.

OVERSEAS TIPS

First of all I would like to congratulate all personnel on this Station for the goodwill feeling that exists. On my recent posting to this Station I was given a most welcome reception and made to feel right at home. This goes a long way to making this a topnotch station and a big threat to hoist the "E" pennant on our flagpole. The "E" pennant means efficiency, an honor worth winning, so let's go, gang, and unfurl the flag.

I thought I was through wearing a "Mae West" when I came home, but I think differently now. When S/L Blagrove and company start operations you need anything and everything you can wear, or use—dingy, Mae West, parachute, rum ration (to ward off those chills after a thorough soaking), and most of all some dry sheets. On January 14th we might say the operation was a complete success and all officers returned safely to bed.

I have just returned from England after 21 months' service and some operational experience. I will try to give you some of the latest information about conditions in England. For the guidance and information of those liable to posting overseas, I would recommend the following:

R.C.A.F. (W.D.)—to take all the cosmetics and personal necessities that you can manage to pack, also any civilian clothes you might want for your leaves.

Officers, Senior N.C.O.'s and Airmen—This should be split into two categories: Married men, to stick to clothes, cigarettes and any groceries, such as cheese, jam, peanut butter, candy, etc. Single men with matrimonial or other good intentions can take silk stockings, nail polish, face creams as well as above mentioned edibles. You will be an immediate hit with all the girls and let me say there are a few thousand. English maidens have taken a particular fancy to Canadian and other overseas countries, so don't say you were not warned.

Don't get the wrong idea and think they are starving, it is the luxuries like above that are unobtainable. Food on the whole is very good, well balanced diets are obtainable. We used to get one or two eggs a month and thought we were lucky. I think the idea of four meals a day, namely breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner, is a fine idea.

The liquor situation is a little precarious, spirits cannot be bought by the bottle. The pubs, or hotels as we know them, serve liquor and beer when they have it. Supplies are very limited. The quality of the liquor is not up to pre-war standard but still consumable, without danger of blindness resulting.

Candy, or sweets as they say, are rationed on a coupon system; service people and children are allowed two five-cent bars per week each. Gasoline or petrol is severely rationed for service

use and cannot be purchased for pleasure.

Leave and transportation are both very good. Leave comes every three months and everyone is entitled to four free railway warrants per year. This warrant entitles you to travel anywhere in England, Scotland and parts of Ireland with special permission. There are hundreds of people who have opened their homes to Canadians on leave. This is especially helpful for those who want to stay in the country. London is the happy hunting ground for most fellows. There is still lots of night life and fun to be had for the finding. It does not take long to find your way around.

Actual conditions have improved immensely since early 1941. Defences have been greatly strengthened, both ground and air, and I would say we are about ready to take the offensive all the way around—ground, sea and air.

Everyone here in Canada may well be proud of the boys over there, they are doing a swell job of work and enjoy every minute.

My few experiences were very memorable. On one occasion we had the largest brewery in Karlsruhe confirmed as being wrecked; the force consisted of 25 aircraft. That loss was probably more of a morale breaker than anything else.

The 1,000-aircraft raids on Cologne and Essen were two of the best raids in this war. Cologne was thrown into a complete state of confusion. It was rather pitiful to see such a place go up in smoke, and see the populace running through the streets of ruin. After all, we still must abide by the law, "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth." We are doing to the Hun exactly what he tried to do to us, only we are doing it fivefold.

The experiences and stories that could be told are pretty well covered in the daily papers. The news we get here is "pukka gen" as they say. So, boys, let's get down to the grind and CARRY ON, CANADA!

—B. G. Servos, F/L, G. I. S.

ON THE CIRCULATION SLIP
IN C. R.

(Continued from page 8)

Among the Files in C. R.

As morning dawns, he's on the job,
Limping Leddy, and all his mob,
There's McAloney, when not AWOL,
She hands out files with a smile for all;
McMurphy and Bennet, who know all the dirt,

Whether you're single or hitched to a skirt;

We have a newcomer — she's tall, dark and breezy,

A versatile gal by the name of McKenzie;
She and the rest keep Ledd in a frenzy.
There's also McKay, a likeable chap,
He's always willing to take the rap(?);
Jack the runner (not ripper) walks all day,

Giving wrong files every which way;

And yours truly Wilson, playing postman all day,

But would much rather play (postman) all night, I'll say.

We really can't explain C. R.,
The job they're doing in this war,
And with the help of our new W.O.,
We hope to continue to make things go.

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