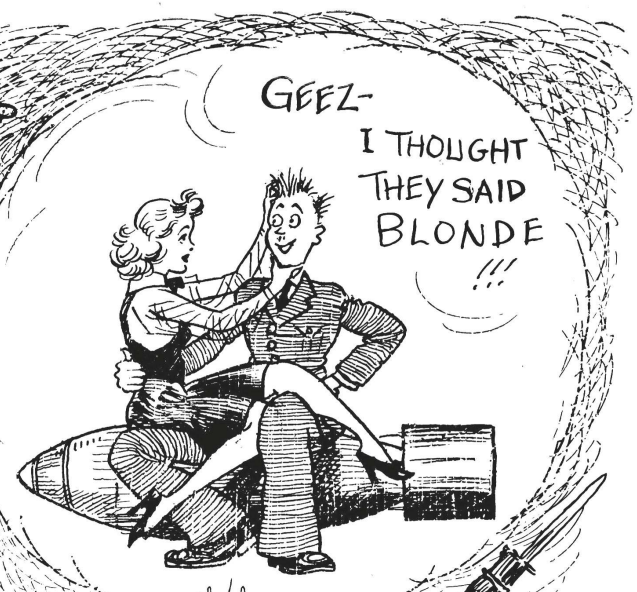


FINGAL OBSERVER
 No 4
 BOMBING AND GUNNERY SCHOOL
 FINGAL, ONTARIO, NOV. 1943.



WELL, NOW, YOU UNDERSTAND — SMITHERS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO BUY A BOND!



J. Price

FINGAL'S BOND-BARDIERS TOP THEIR \$50,000 QUOTA

Fifth Victory Loan Sales Go
Over the Mark With
a Bang

STILL GOING STRONG

FINGAL'S victory bond quota of \$50,000 has been subscribed in full. At press time sales were over the \$50,000 mark and going strong as purchases by service and civilian personnel continued to mount daily.

An energetic committee, headed by S/L M. J. Poupore, and a group of live-wire captains and canvassers are responsible for the success of the campaign.

Committee members include: S/L A. P. Whalen, F/L E. W. Donnelly, F/O A. D. Baillie, F/O Chas. Harris, WO2 D. Dougall, WO2 B. Sugarman, Sgt. D. R. Chapple and Clarke Edwards.

LAW Phyllis Corbett, of G.I.S., LAW Ann Spencer, of the plotting office, and Lillian Rogers, of works and bricks, did the stenographic work at campaign headquarters.

CAPTAINS and canvassers are: Hospital, Sgt. Hodges; provost and security, F/Sgt. Smith; works and buildings, WO2 Paveling and



F/Sgt. Woods; equipment, F/O Elliott; accounts, Sgt. Lawrence; G.I.S., F/O Johnston, P/O Thompson, WO2 Driscoll, Cpl. Sadler; armament and ranges, F/Sgt. Spry, Sgt. Bryans, Sgt. Cooper, Sgt. Ullett; flying squadron, P/O Garrett, P/O Clarke, WO2 Strailie, F/Sgt. Spence, F/O White, F/Sgt. Dickson; unit H.Q., WO1 Finlay, Cpl. Harwood, Cpl. MacAloney; station services, S/O MacIntosh, Sgt. Brown, Cpl. Walker, Cpl. Barber; repair squadron, F/Sgt. Peterson, F/Sgt. Post, F/Sgt. Hodgkinson, Sgt. Vinall, Sgt. Stanton, Sgt. Drouin, Cpl. Grove; motor transport, WO2 Bean, F/Sgt. Nadeau; servicing, F/O Shatford, F/Sgt. Sharpe, Sgt. Phillips, Sgt. Case, Sgt. Widger, Sgt. Brown, Sgt. Conlin; trainees, Cpl. Stoddart; civilians, Charlie Connor, B. Martin.

THE campaign was enlivened by several incidents, notably the "Case of the Missing Blondes." Three posters entitled "You've Got a Date With a Blonde" disappeared from outside the drill hall the morning after they were tacked up. Rumors flew thick and fast. It had been censored. The campaign was off. And so on. But the truth was that some playful airman, perhaps on his way home from the canteen, had ripped 'em off.

It all reacted to the good of the

GUNNERS GET WINGS AND \$1200 IN BONDS

Quota Is More Than Half
Subscribed on First Day

OCTOBER 18 was double-header day at Fingal, with a wings parade and the opening of the bond drive.

When Class 63 WAGS stepped up for their wings, they had bond receipts in their pockets—almost to a man. Twenty graduates took \$1,200 worth of bonds on their last day here.

And the station as a whole took \$27,450 worth—over half the quota of \$50,000—on the first day.

"Altogether a very good show," said S/L Poupore, chairman, who paid tribute to the energetic captains and canvassers.

campaign, since it was the topic of conversation for a few hours at least—until new blondes were put up.

All the smart hand-painted posters around camp were done by LAC Harry Switzer of workshops. Brownie of M.T. handled the sound truck which toured the station, playing "Colonel Bogey's March" and giving short bond pep-talks.

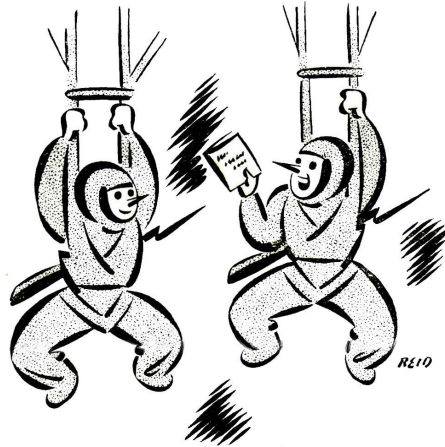
One of F/O White's prospects, an N.C.O. pilot in bombing flight, handed him \$500 in hard cash for a bond—and he couldn't take it! Cash sales are not allowed, except by cheque. So our pilot friend had to open a bank account in St. Thomas and promptly issue a cheque against it.

Believe it or not, one canvasser didn't want to sell an AC2 a bond, when he found it would leave him with \$7 per pay day. But Mr. AC2 insisted so hard that he was signed up.

A doubtful F/O in the hangar area didn't know whether he'd buy or not . . . or just what he'd do. The canvasser was beginning to have trouble with him until an F/L stepped up and said he'd double anything the F/O bought. The F/O took \$350 worth.

Fingal officers assisted civilian campaign committees by addressing meetings throughout the district. They included W/C Blagrave, F/L Servos, F/O Carter, F/O Jenner and F/O B. G. Johnston.

Word comes from overseas that members of the R.C.A.F. Moose squadron are helping to buy the bombs they drop on Germany. At the close of the first day in the squadron's loan campaign, the airmen subscribed \$25,150 of their \$30,000 objective.



"DAD SAYS HE'S WHITE-WASHED
THE HENHOUSE AN' BOUGHT ME
A VICTORY BOND!
GOSH THAT GIVES A GUY A
SENSE OF SECURITY!"

PARADED 32 TIMES IN ARMY BEFORE REMUSTER GRANTED

THIRTY-TWO times "Gib" Smith was paraded between his regimental sergeant-major, adjutant and colonel before getting his transfer to the air force. Then, in August, 1942, after 22 months in England with the R.C.A.M.C. he was sworn into the R.C.A.F. in London.

Smith, 25, was born in Scotland and came to Canada at 21. In May, 1940, he left his home in Verdun to enlist in the army. After remustering overseas he took his I.T.S. in Yorkshire and went to grading school at Carlisle, 2½ miles from his native Scotland.

After returning to Canada he got 44 hours in at Windsor Mills before being sent out as an air bomber. He is now on Course 91 here.

Overseas, he missed being bombed twice by minutes. When he joined the R.C.A.F. he slept past his stop in London, which was bombed 15 minutes later. He went on to Brighton, which had been bombed 15 minutes earlier.

What does he think of English women? "They're a little dense at times, but once you get used to 'em they're all right," he says. "They're not as hep as our girls, unless they've been mixing with Canadians. But once you get used to them they compare favorably with ours."

If you're going overseas, Smith says, the things to take are: chocolate bars, soap, razor blades, jam, civvies and silk stockings, if you can get them.

"Goodness, Norman! This is not our baby! This is the wrong carriage!"

"Shut up! This is a better carriage."





Fingal Observer



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

ESCAPES NAZIS TO FLY AGAIN

JIM MYERS POSTED TO OFFICERS' SCHOOL

Fingal's Senior Warrant Officer in 17th Year of Service

IN his 17th year of service in the R.C.A.F., WO1 James Myers, 39, has been recommended for a commission and posted to No. 1 Officers' Training School at Domaine D'Estrel, Que. He was senior warrant officer in Fingal's maintenance section.

Jimmy, whose home is in Brighton, Ont., was born in Yorkshire. He came out here at 20, and until he joined up he was a mechanic and farmer in Ontario. He was married in Toronto to a girl from Iowa, and they have one son and three daughters.

His air force number is 1501, and he's seen some wide service since he got it. He enlisted in Ottawa in May, 1927, spent a year at Camp Borden, four years out West and seven years at Trenton. He has also been stationed at Toronto, Dunnville and Montreal. He came here in April of this year. His trade was AEM until it was changed to master mechanic.

When his course is successfully completed, it is expected that he will hold the rank of flying officer in the engineering branch.

MARGARET DEFRANCIS IS BRIDE OF SEAMAN

Married to Alfred Reed, R.C.N.V.R., in Detroit

On Sept. 29, in Detroit, AW1 Margaret DeFrancis, 23, of Montreal, became the bride of Ordinary Seaman Alfred Reed, RCNVR, of St. Thomas. They were married by a justice of the peace in Detroit county court-house. Margo's sister, who lives in Detroit, acted as matron of honor, and Pte. Stuart Munro, a friend of the groom, acted as best man. A week's honeymoon was spent in Detroit.

CARD OF THANKS

Cpl. and Mrs. Walter Emery have asked us to express their appreciation of the kindness of Fingal personnel, following their recent bereavement. Their daughter, Joan Margaret, age 3, passed away in St. Thomas Memorial hospital on Oct. 6, following a six-month illness.



JIM MYERS

GROUND CREW F-SGT. IS STRAIGHT GUNNER

Was at Fingal Awaiting Posting After Refresher Course In London

F/Sgt. Lloyd Hewitt, an airman since February, 1940, is realizing an ambition—a job in aircrew. Hewitt, 26, of Toronto, enlisted as security guard. After a six-week course at Rockcliffe, he was stationed at Port Albert, Toronto, Trenton, Mountain View and Hagersville, where he remustered to straight AG last July.

He has just completed a refresher course at Beal Technical school in London. He topped his course, which arrived at Fingal recently. They were posted to ground instructional school for air-gunners, before going on to a B. and G.

NEW "Y" MAN HERE

Burrell Stevens, of Toronto, is now assisting our Y.M.C.A. man. Stevens is here to learn the ropes before being posted to a "Y" assignment.

A.F.M.'s GO AIRCREW

LAC G. E. Dickey and AC2 W. G. Michael, Fingal A.F.M.'s, have remustered to aircrew and are now at Manning Depot in Toronto.



Lloyd Hewitt

SGT. CLIVE FORBES OF FINGAL BAILED OUT ON NORWAY TRIP

WAG Crosses Norway on Foot and Is Interned in Sweden—Finally Gets Back to Britain—Now Training To Be Air Bomber on Course 91

By STAN MAYS

PARACHUTING from a blazing bomber over a Norwegian fjord, Sgt. Clive Forbes, R.A.F., of Newfoundland, escaped across Norway to Sweden and is today training to be an air bomber at Fingal.

He was the wireless operator-gunner of a Halifax, piloted by his wing commander, which was on a hush-hush mission to bomb the German battleships Tirpitz and Prince Eugene in Trondheim fjord. A few minutes after landing on the snow-covered countryside he met his C.O. Together they hiked for days over the most mountainous part of Norway.

After being interned in a Swedish camp with Poles, Czechs and other allied fliers, he managed to return to Britain and was sent to Canada for further training.

Before going on operations from Britain he received his air-gunner's wing at Macdonald, Man., in March 1941. He previously graduated from Calgary wireless school.

"It was purely by accident that I went on that raid," said Forbes. "But I wouldn't have missed it for anything."

THE raid had been well planned and crews taking part had assembled at an advance base. The wing commander's crew was short on a wireless operator-gunner. Forbes volunteered for the job because he wanted to get more operational hours. "It teaches you never to volunteer for anything in the air force," he said with a smile.

The bombers took off on a beautiful moonlit night and flew straight for Trondheim fjord, where they expected a warm welcome from the Tirpitz. When they arrived there was a smoke screen over the fjord. But they had figured on this and laid bombing plans accordingly.

The Prince Eugene was in an adjoining fjord and both battleships were throwing flak as thick as anything he had ever seen.

"As we went in, the starboard inner engine was hit by flak and put out of action," he said. "The bomber lurched crazily but the wing commander managed to control it and after doing a wide circuit we went in again. This time both the port engines were hit simultaneously and the whole wing burst into flames. The C.O. yelled for us to bail out. The second pilot and engineer went out simultaneously through the front and rear escape hatches. They descended so close that on the way down they were able to talk and joke with one another.

"It's still a miracle to me how the C.O. got out," says Forbes. "The bomber was out of control



when I bailed out. I must have fallen over and over before my parachute opened, for when I came to I was swinging to and fro across the sky. I could see the bomber burning on a hillside. That only took a few seconds and I thought the C.O. had gone down with the ship."

THERE was thick snow where Forbes landed. He tried to bury his parachute but was unable to. So he heaped snow on it. "I was certainly scared," he said. "The first five minutes are the worst and I never realized that it would be so difficult to hide a parachute.

"I looked at the stars and figured out the way to Sweden. It was about 30 miles by air, but through the winding mountain passes would be considerably further. Between

(Continued on next page)

SGT. CLIVE FORBES ESCAPES THE NAZIS

(Continued from previous page)

me and the path I would have to take was a fairly shallow river. I didn't want to wade it because I would get too wet, so I walked along the bank.

"I hadn't walked far when I heard a twig crack and stopped dead. Nothing happened so I walked on and then another twig cracked. I stopped again and listened. Still there was silence. When I went on someone shouted, 'Halt, who goes there?' I recognized the voice of my wing commander and shouted to him. He had heard me and had taken a chance that I would be a member of his crew. When I stopped after hearing the twigs crack he too had stopped. That's why we didn't hear each other before.

"I was certainly glad to see him although he had given me a nasty scare. He wanted to cross the river but I was against it because of the wet. We talked it over but after all, I was his sergeant and he my C.O. We waded across the river, the water coming up to my waist."

THEY tried to calculate where they were and listened for the sound of trains. The still air was crisp and clear. Eventually the mountain silence was broken by the sound of a train whistle to the north. They headed in that direction but it was six hours before they came upon the tracks.

Finding the railway, they followed the tracks east towards Sweden. It was a great relief to them to walk on the tracks and not in the deep snow. Eventually they came to a town around midnight. After looking around the yards in the darkness they examined some railway trucks to see if any were marked with a Swedish destination.

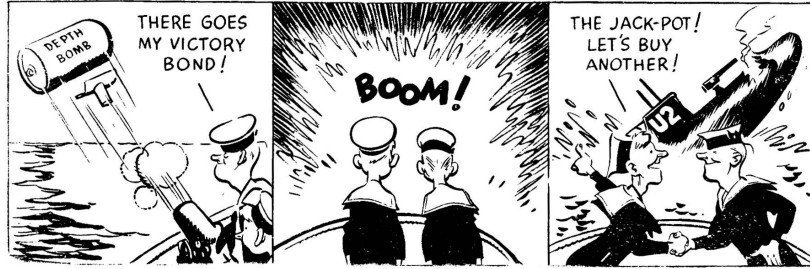
"Although we saw cars with labels saying 'Sveirge' on them, it wasn't until afterwards that we learned this was the Norwegian spelling of Sweden," said Forbes.

Walking around a bend in the railway they came face to face with a German guard. "He was about 20 feet away on a high stand overlooking the tracks," he said. "The wing commander saw him first and grabbed me by the arm and we just stood there a moment mumberling to each other and then casually turned and sauntered off, still talking. It's a good thing we didn't panic or the guard would have been suspicious and everything would have been up. Luckily he didn't notice anything wrong about us. We had disguised our uniforms as best we could."

THEY took to the mountains again and judging the general direction by the sound of trains walked parallel to the railway.

We asked Forbes what they did, and what they spoke of on a dreary hike like this across enemy territory. "You don't speak much," he replied. "We seldom said anything while walking on the road. Occasionally we sat down for a few moments and ate some of our iron rations—malted milk tablets, and chocolate."

The wingco was wondering how he could get word to his wife and



children that he was safe. The next day they would be posted missing. Apart from talking this over they only discussed their best way to get to Sweden.

They stole into a barn and tried to get warm among the hay but were too cold and wet to sleep. After shivering for some time they decided to go on.

"About 9 a.m. we saw a peculiar-shaped mountain which we knew could be seen for miles from either side of the Swedish and Norwegian borders," said Forbes.

"We walked straight for it all day. At night when the snow froze, we could walk on top of it, but in the daytime it came up to our waists and the going was hard. Every step taken required the maximum effort and the slower you walked the deeper you sunk into the snow drifts."

THEY reached the mountain peak at six p.m. the same day and crossed over a range of mountains slightly beneath, to one side of it. They stumbled down the other side and knew they were in Sweden and across the border, having escaped the German patrols.

"We saw lights of a house in the distance and walked up to it as fast as possible," said Forbes. "We were out of breath but the knowledge that we were in neutral territory had given us renewed strength although we had been walking continuously without sleep for three days."

"We decided to give ourselves up at this house, which turned out to be a ski club, where a big party celebrating the eve of May 1st, a sort of Swedish Labor Day, was going on. A Swedish army captain who was in the club took charge of us. We were given food and drink and the women offered us cigarettes. The wingco didn't drink or smoke, but I had a pretty good time. Everybody was very friendly and no sooner was my glass empty than it was filled again," Forbes said.

THEY were given comfortable beds and locked in their room until the next morning when they were awakened at eleven and served a typical Swedish breakfast. This is something like a buffet. You just walk to a table and take as much as you want.

"We were taken to a nearby town and allowed to transmit a message to our relatives telling of our safety. I sent one to my home in Bonavista, Newfoundland. I afterwards found out that my mother and father had received official notice that I was missing on Friday. On the next day, which was my mother's birthday, they received my message from Sweden, and she told me that it was the best

birthday present she has ever received."

Taken to an army base they were questioned and sent to an internment camp at Falun. The wing commander was given accommodation in the officers' quarters and Forbes was put in a barrack with some Poles.

The Poles had tried to escape from Poland to England in a submarine, but a Nazi destroyer had depth-charged them in the Skagerrak and they had managed to stagger into a Swedish port and had been interned.

IN the barracks he was comfortable enough although conditions were a little different from the R.A.F. His bed was less than two feet wide and he was on the lower tier. There were 24 beds to a small room and above him slept an English WAG who had been shot down in the same raid.

Meals were sparse. According to Swedish custom they were served two breakfasts. The first, about 6.30 a.m., consisted of black ersatz coffee and brown bread which looked all right but turned out soggy when you tried to eat it.

Second breakfast was around 11.30 and was usually mainly fish. This was a peculiar dish, served in vinegar. It tasted all right in small quantities but when served in larger portions and more frequently was most unappetizing.

Last meal, more fish, was about 4.30 p.m. Other dishes were limited and 90 per cent of all vegetables were potatoes. Dessert was usually in the form of a stew. Or it might be called a thinned-out syrup in which we found traces of every kind of fruit—raisins, prunes, pears, peaches and apples being just a few. But try as hard as he could he never actually found a tangible part of any one of these.

IN the summer they swam in a nearby lake and sunbathed. There was no work to be done unless they especially volunteered. If they did work they were paid. Money could be earned for sawing timber, cutting wood, working in a brick factory or other manual tasks. Most of them discontinued this as they decided that the food wasn't good enough to work on.

"We could go out every night so long as we stayed in the locality," said Forbes. "The town had movies which were in English and carried Swedish sub-titles. That was okay for us and we had a helluva time. Sometimes, though, we missed the jokes. They were printed on the screen in Swedish before actually spoken by the people in the picture and we often lost them altogether because we couldn't hear above the laughter of the Swedish folk. They

certainly seemed to like our movies."

SWEDISH girls were very sociable, and every week-end they went to the folkparken, which was a people's park. "There we danced to a good orchestra," said Forbes. "They taught us the old Swedish dances but most of us preferred to do the modern steps, which the Swedish girls enjoyed just as well. There was many a romance between the prisoners and the girls of the town and after the war Canadians, Poles, Czechs and Spaniards, who are still interned after the civil war in Spain, are all counting on marrying girls they met in Falun.

"The Swedish girls have an unusual way of dancing. They have no body rhythm but dance with the feet in tiny, dainty steps. Once you get used to it there is no difficulty, but try as we might we couldn't convert them to anything else.

"What amazed me was that so many people could speak English. We never had any trouble talking to Swedes in that town."

"I spent a whole summer in that town of 1600 people. Everybody treated us well and didn't mind if we stole their apples in the fall. We hired bicycles for four kroner a week with money paid to us by the British legation. We entered into the Swedish social life and got a big kick out of May day, when everybody put on beautiful and picturesque Swedish national costumes. I made one trip to Stockholm and stayed for four days, touring the city and making merry. And I shall never forget those beautiful Swedish sunsets."

EVENTUALLY Forbes managed to return to Britain. He had already done four other operational trips, to Rostock, Dortmund, Ostend and Cologne. He was given the opportunity to remuster and train in Canada, and take in some leave at Bonavista on the way there.

He was royally welcomed when he returned home. His parents and brothers and two sisters were overjoyed to see him. One brother is in the R.C.A.F., and his younger sister in the W.D.'s at H.Q. in Ottawa.

That is the end of his story. Safe home at last after an adventurous journey which in his wildest dreams he never expected on that night when he took off to bomb a German battleship in a Norwegian fjord.

Now he is eager to get back to Britain again in order to carry on the fight where he left off. And this is the spirit of which heroes are made. It's the spirit of the air forces of the United Nations today.

FINGAL OBSERVER

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

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WEAR BATTLEDRESS ONLY WHEN ON DUTY

Not To Be Worn Off Station Without Permission

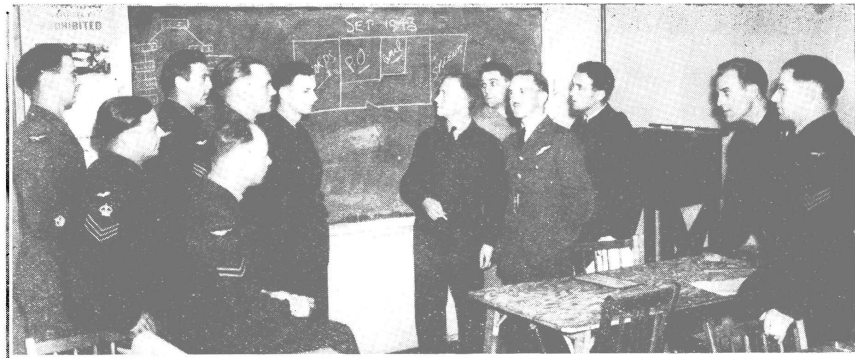
BATTLEDRESS is to be worn only within the confines of the station or when flying. And if you don't believe us, read AFRO 1204.

Personnel are permitted to wear battledress off the station when service dress is unavailable or when proceeding to and from duty, where permitted to live off the station. In these cases airmen must be in possession of written authority from their commanding officer.



MAURITIAN AIR BOMBER

LAC Harry Gorlah, 22, air bomber in training here, comes from Pamplemousses, on the Island of Mauritius. An ex-postal clerk, he joined the R.A.F. in Mauritius in December, 1941. He told us that snow once fell in part of the island, about 50 years ago, and the people still spoke of it as a great event. Harry's brother is a WAG at an O.T.U. overseas.



B. and G. Brains Trust Gathers at Fingal

Every bombing school in Canada was represented at a conference held at Fingal last month, whose object was to present, compare and submit recommendations on bombing training. Each delegate reported on training as carried out at his unit and the conference then set about framing an ideal system rec-

ommended for a standard. In charge of the discussion were P/O J. D. Alexander, of Pieton, and WO2 Jim Macaleese, of Mountain View. F/O John Bee, honor graduate from Fingal, reported on No. 31 B. & G., Pieton, while a former Fingal instructor, F/Sgt. Cliff Awcock, represented Lethbridge.

Other delegates present were: P/O C. C. Willis, Sgt. H. W. Webber, Sgt. W. F. Davidson, of Mountain View; WO1 L. J. Desbiens, Fingal; Cpl. G. Greatorex, Paulson; Cpl. D. M. Armstrong, Dafoe; F/Sgt. G. A. Gamble, Jarvis, now re-mustered to aircrew; and WO2 H. B. Magwood, Mossbank.

Old Soldiers Never Die So "Pop" is Doing His Bit

By LAC RAY MARTIN

AFTER serving three years overseas in the last war as a drum sergeant-major, Harry Williams has returned to do his share in this one. It's easy to see that his happiness is built upon the fact that once again he is doing his bit.

But this time he is not in uniform. His slight, erect figure, soldierly bearing and quick, short steps are all that remain of the days a quarter of a century ago. And now he is getting old, as he readily admits.

"Pop" patrols the entire station daily in search of discarded papers that always plague the caretakers of such large stations. Recognize him now?

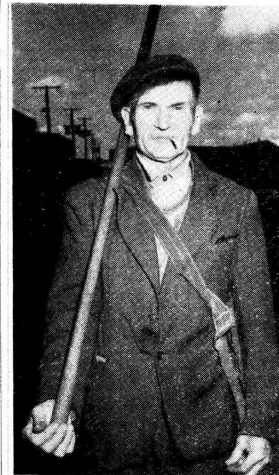
"Pop" has been here for more than a year and has become as well known and as popular a figure as the paymaster. He has taken an active interest in the station's drum and bugle band.

"I can't blow the bugle like I used to because of these false teeth," he said, "but I still like to get out there with the band and swing the old drum sticks," and immediately gave a brief display of his technique.

WITH his son, Edward, somewhere in the Mediterranean theatre, "Pop" has made it a point to keep as active as his son, and the leave granted him a short while ago marked the first time since accepting employment here that he has missed a day's work.

Born in the Guernsey Islands, he came to this country 37 years ago. All those years he has been a resident of St. Thomas, where he has become well known, partly through his connections with the town's veterans' associations. Shortly after the outbreak of the war with the Kaiser, he enlisted with a local regiment and later went overseas with the 4th Pioneers out of Nova Scotia.

That, briefly, is his biography. The next time you see him strut-



HARRY WILLIAMS

ting about with the battered paper sack over his left shoulder and the long spiked pole poised in his right arm, remember that the greatest compliment that you can hand him is to simply say, "Hi'ya, Pop."

YE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

LAC Ditchburn,
 429 Squadron,
 R.C.A.F. Overseas.

Dear Editor:

I hope you will remember me. I am one of the Fingal M.T. has-beens and I think myself very fortunate in receiving one of your July copies that a friend forwarded to me. It sure is like old times to read of happenings back at the old camp.

The place we are at isn't too bad except it's a little different getting breakfast in the mornings. You see, we have something like a mile and a half to go to the cookhouse instead of just hopping out of good old 11A and into the mess. But there's one thing to look forward to, if we are here long enough. We are issued with a lovely bike that saves plenty of steps and can also take us a few "ops" to the nearest pub.

I would like you to tell the old gang that when they get scrambled eggs they can believe me they are real chicken's eggs and not from a container as we get them here.

And another thing, be sure and pay our respects to the new pool and soda bar. It must make life on camp worth while, instead of having to hop back and forth from town on those lovely buses of Richards.

I take it that Jay has left. He sure was a swell fellow and a good sport. So if you contact him, remember Ditch to him.

I guess it's time to sign off with this jabber, so cheerio, with best regards to all.

CRASH AMBULANCE DITCH

The meanest man in the world was the ventriloquist who threw his voice under the old maid's bed.

EMPIRE BOXING CHAMPION IN TRAINING AS AIR-GUNNER

At 38, LAC Al Foreman Remustered From Photographer—
Was at Fingal Awaiting Posting After Refresher
Course in London

LAC AL FOREMAN, of Montreal, who retired nine years ago as undefeated lightweight champion of the British Empire, has remustered to straight air-gunner with the same determination and courage that gained him more than 300 victories in his fistie career.

Never knocked out in the ring, Foreman hopes to knock down enemy planes with the same cool effectiveness. Foreman, who recently completed a pre-aircrew course at a London technical school, has just left Fingal for air-gunner's school.

The stocky little lightweight, holder of the world's record for one-round knockouts, and conqueror of three world's champions in overweight contests, has trained for his chance to fight Fritz just as keenly as he would for a title bout. He reduced 20 pounds to make sure he was at peak physical condition for his aircrew examination. He passed all tests with honors.

UNTIL recently, Foreman, who is almost 39, was considered too old for aircrew. Recruiting officers said they were sorry, but they couldn't overlook the rule which set the maximum age for air-gunners at 33. So Foreman, a crack news photographer with the Montreal Standard and Colonial Airways, enlisted in the photographic section, slugging away long hours at Rockcliffe as a darkroom Joe.

"The recruiting officer promised me that if they ever raised the age

limit, they'd let me remuster as air-gunner," Al said. "I was the happiest man in the air force when the age limit was raised to 39, for I knew my eyes and reflexes were good as ever. Once I trimmed down my weight, I was confident I'd have no trouble passing the physical."

When the age limit was raised, Foreman set out to get in shape. Bundled in heavy sweaters, he did his roadwork along the paths of Rockcliffe, punched the bag and sparred with R.C.A.F. pals until rumor went around camp that he intended to make a comeback. So he did—but not in the ring. It was in the gun turret of a bomber.

WHEN he went before the medical board, he had reduced his weight from 153 pounds to 133, just six pounds heavier than his best fighting weight.

"I'd like to be gunner in the tail of a Lancaster," said Foreman. "It's a good responsible position where I'd see plenty of action . . . and besides, I'd have two more guns than the other lads."

He suggested that many Canadian athletes who thought they were washed up because of their age would make good gunners. "Boxers would make better-than-average air-gunners, for they have been trained to split-second timing, they're cool under fire, and their reactions are good. The air force doctors passed my reflexes as perfect, for example. At 38, I'm sure there are a lot of athletes in Canada who'd give anything for a crack at Jerry, but are under the impres-

Tea? Ugh!! Says an Englishman!

By STAN MAYS

I'M an Englishman and I don't drink TEA! Never touch the beastly stuff. Don't tell me I'm crazy, or that it's un-English. Because that will make you the 375th person to say so in twelve months. Truth is that I'm allergic to a cup of tea. Maybe the M.O. can tell me why. I've been asking myself the question for the last 22 years. The first time my mother gave me tea I said in baby-talk, "Ugh!" I didn't know how near I was to the truth. I've been saying it ever since. I'm still trying to dodge the trouble it gets me into. It's the worst habit I've never had. Whenever I go to anybody's house I say "How d'you do—I don't drink tea." And they reply, "Are you sure you're English?" Silly, isn't it?

sion that they are too old for aircrew."

A member of the C.N.R. Pistol Club at Montreal, Foreman is a fine rifle and pistol shot, which he thinks should help him to master his machine guns.

Never the playboy type of fighter, Al Foreman earned more than \$500,000 in the ring. He didn't develop his footwork in night clubs like other popular fighters of his day. He didn't like night clubs—the smoke hurt his eyes. In training, he took nothing stronger than an occasional sherry and bitters.

"They'll never have to hold any benefits for me," he said. "The money came easily—I got \$11,000 for a fight with Goldie Ahearn in Washington, which lasted just 29 seconds—but I tried not to let it go the same way."

FOREMAN holds the record for the fastest knockout in boxing history, putting away "Ruby" Levine of Boston in one and a half seconds at Montreal. "Both of us had been edging our way to the centre of the ring and when the bell rang, we both led. I connected and he went down to stay," recalled Foreman.

He also had more one-round knockouts than any other fighter. In the ring, Foreman never let up.

Each punch had everything he could put into it, which was plenty. His left hand was as potent as his right. Of more than 200 ring knockouts, approximately half were administered from the port side. In 16 years in the ring, Foreman lost only seven of his 327 fights, drew eight and won 312.

He fought five world's champions and won from three. In 1927 he handed a technical knockout in five rounds to Carl Tremaine, a Listowel boy who went to the U.S. and became world's bantam champion. Tremaine, too, was a terrific hitter. "He banged me one on the side of the head, and so help me, I couldn't wear my hat for two weeks," Foreman recalled with a grin.

LAW LENORE WHITE BECOMES A CIVILIAN

LAW Lenore White, for 17 months at Fingal as a chef, has received her discharge for medical reasons. She was married last April to LAC Gordon White, formerly of Fingal, now overseas. Mrs. White is now residing at 12 Slade Ave., Toronto.

IN THE BULL PEN WITH 89B

By H. HURST and B. J. BECKER

Course 89B, the precision squad of Fingal, though only halfway through the course, is composed of real veterans of Fingal who, before starting course, lived through six weeks of back-breaking heart-rending Joe work. This flight, a high

station official stated, should graduate with highest marks ever obtained by a course of air bombers. Like so many other flights, 89B also has an international aspect, with representatives from Canada, U.S.A. and England. Following is an attempt to set out how the members of 89B appear to impartial observers:

NAME and HOME TOWN	NICKNAME	APPEARANCE	CHARACTER	OUTSTANDING CHARACTERISTIC	CHIEF WEAKNESS	REMARKS
Cpl. L. Jones, Toronto	Jonsey	Dapper	Extrovert	Two hooks	Rec. Hall Dances	Popular with the boys
F. Belanger, St. John, P. Q.	Frenchy	Cute	Student and letter writer	Pilot of flying shoe	Yolande	Barack room brawler
N. Brown, Montreal	Brownie	Dashing	Secretive	Likes P.T.	The Lounge	Not much known
W. C. Clapperton, Montreal	Doesn't look well in print	Meticulous	Romeo	Wolf	Pipes	What happened to a certain CWAC?
D. Freeman, Canada's Capital	Coleman	Energetic	Sax. player extraordinaire	Sick Parades	Sleeping in Ansons	\$5.00 per night in orchestra
S. Guindon, Ottawa	Gunga Din	Matinee Idol	Intelligent	Loquacious	Albany, N. Y.	Maker of French beds
H. Hurst, Sarnia	Andy	Pudgy	Lazy	Sports addict	Dora	A "which" for "what?"
J. MacLean, Antigonish, N. S.	Mac	Healthy	Women's man	Lack of attention in class	None—man of steel	A fine specimen
D. MacIsaac, Sydney, N. S.	Mac	Retired Businessman	Intelligent, conscientious, tolerant	Verbosity	Philosophical discussions	Happy in service
J. MacDonald, Man from Glengarry	Mac	Gary Cooper	Upright	Strong, silent man	Wet canteen	This type is backbone of RCAF
A. McMahon, Windsor	Mac	Conrad Veidt	Secretive	None	Tennis	Dislikes parades
J. Parent, Ottawa (confidentially, Hull)	Gene	Aesthetic	Studios	Cubical capacity —2 pints	Wet canteen	Also makes French beds
J. Ross, North Bay	Scotty	Typical Airman	Energetic	Likes sports	Claire	Real commission material
J. Taylor, Florida	Yank	Mischievous	Assertive	Champion corn-cater—18 cars	Nationality	Last to rise each morning
K. Thomas, Shelburne	Unknown	Typical Bluenose	Military secret	None	Women	Convert from Co. 84
B. J. Becker, Canada's Capital	Beck	Well-fed	Insufficient information	Undiscovered	Studying	Rumor-monger

'An Airman Takes a Bride—and Fingal's W.D.'s Celebrate



**5th VICTORY LOAN
BEST INVESTMENT
HERR HITLER SAYS**

Even the Nazi Leaders Are
Buying War Bonds, Be-
lieve It or Not

By JOE BLOW

We sure met a dumb cluck the other night. He thought that when he bought a war bond he was contributing something to the cause. Like a donation to the Red Cross. He thought he was "giving" instead of receiving.

We said right out loud: "Look at this dumb dastard; he thinks he is GIVING something, instead of making a swell investment."

And, much to our surprise, most of the group to whom we addressed these few well chosen remarks had the same idea. They thought they were making a terrific sacrifice by buying bonds.

"Well," we said, "if you were going to invest some loose change in General Motors or some such stock, would you consider you were making any sacrifice?" They all agreed that they would not.

"OK, then," we went on, "how long would General Motors be worth a nickel if this country went smash?" They all agreed that their investment wouldn't be worth a dime.

"All right, again," we said, "there is nothing more solid and substantial than the Canadian government. When it falls, everything falls. But it ain't going to fall. So when you buy bonds all you are doing is investing your money in the safest and best investment in the world today.

"Why, even the Nazi leaders are buying war bonds because they know that their money will be safe."

**Surprise Party for Murphy
She's Showered With Gifts**

War or No War, Girls WILL Be Girls—So Pink and White Streamers and Gay Flowers Enliven W.D. Canteen In Honor of Lovely Bride

By HELEN KASDORF

GIrls will be girls, even though they are in the service and lead a more or less military life during the day. Pink and white streamers recently took us back to the days when our mothers gave showers for friends and relatives.

A shower was held in the W.D. recreation centre in honor of LAW Kay Murphy, who was recently married to LAC Lloyd Nichol, of this station.

After five one Wednesday the girls got together in the canteen and decorated the west room with pink and white streamers, wreaths of colored autumn leaves, and quaint pink shades. Huge bouquets of flowers were donated by the firemen. A footstool in the centre of the room served as a throne. Gifts were piled around it.

By eight o'clock the girls were all assembled, and someone was sent to bring Mrs. Nichol (she's still little Murphy to us) to the canteen. The minute she opened the door everyone burst out singing "For She's a Jolly Good

Fellow." It was a pleasant surprise for her.

We put little Murphy on the stool in the centre, everyone gathered around, sitting on cushions on the floor, while she started unwrapping the gifts, which included all housekeeping equipment from a whistling teapot to a bath towel to a set of dishes. No reason now for a starved husband.

CUSHIONS and paper were cleared off the floor for games. Cpl. Nora Reedman and LAW Betty Smithers gave some amusing imitations. Dainty sandwiches, cake and cookies were served after a sing-song, topped off by a spot of tea, thanks to our new messing officer, Miss MacIntosh.

About 10 o'clock Mr. Nichol appeared on the scene, and everyone drank a toast (in tea) to their future happiness.

Someone dug up a package of confetti and the young couple looked like a pair of Christmas trees. For a send-off their car was decorated with all the trimmings and escorted to the guard house.

BARTER GOES AIRCREW

Sgt. Pat Barter, G.I.S. instructor, has remustered to aircrew and is now at Toronto Manning Depot.

KIWANIANS VISIT US

Members of Chatham's Kiwanis club were guests here recently. They toured the camp and were entertained at dinner in the airmen's mess.

An English society matron, visiting a farm in her new W.A.A.F. uniform, and all hepped up patriotically, coldly eyed a young farmer, busy milking a cow.

"And how is it, my good man, that you're not at the front?"

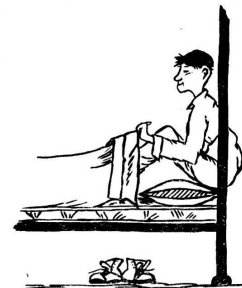
The farmer took a straw out of his mouth, spat and replied:

"Because, mam, there ain't no milk at that end."

**Calling All
Newspapermen**

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

"The Observer seems to be an excellent little paper. I found it interesting without knowing the people."—From a T.T.S. officer.



There's one in every hut. He spends half the night crawling into bed so that he can save five minutes' work in the morning.



'BONDWAGON' CLICKS ON REC. HALL STAGE

Tuneful Musical Show Produced by Fingal Personnel — Goes Over Big

By Our Drama Critic

"Bondwagon" the wainy presentation of Oct. 21, heralded a winter season of fun by providing the debut of a bevy of local talent — musical, musical and dramatic — on the boards of the Rec. Hall.

With the R.A.F. well in the fore, but backed to the hilt by an enthusiastic R.C.A.F. gang, the opening chorus, "Roads for Victory" (in the work's prevailing theme), opened the curtains on an evening of non-stop revue.

Producer "Stan" Stanton has led his entertainment party through six months of shows in England and six weeks of further experience at Moncton, on this side of the pond, to their first presentation at Fingal, and we hope not the last.

We checked, manfully, at the middle cracks of the evening songsters. We listened in delight to the cleverly varied songs of our own Phyllis Corbett. Well may we call her the girl with the golden voice.

We appreciated the musical background provided by Bernard Sandy, former theatre organist of the Palladium, Blackpool, and the dramatic ventures, led by Todd Slaughter, late of Repertory Theatre, and backed by new R.A.F. additions to the song in Johnny Gannon and Desmond George, and our W.D. carriers, Moe McLaughlin and Barbara Boyle.

Our station orchestra successfully welded their own act into the show, as did several other specialty numbers.

"Sam and Max" — Stan and



Glover and Caldwell examine a gun turret. They don't fly, of course, but it makes a good picture.

PISTOL-PACKIN' MAMAS HAVE NOTHIN' ON FINGAL'S RIFLE-TOTIN' AIRWOMEN

Big City Press Crew Descends On Fingal and Does a Job of Glamorizing Our W.D.'s—And Never You Mind Accuracy of the Pictures; They Looked Great in Print, They Did

A SHINY Mack car drove through our front gate one warm afternoon last month. Out piled a press officer, from command, a Toronto Star photographer, reporter and chauffeur. They were here to do a story on the W.D.'s rifle club.

Seems that this reporter, a female, had seen something about the club in the Observer a few issues ago, and ever since has had a hankering to publicly glamorize our rifle-toting girls.

So the girls and the rifles were rounded up, and a lot of afternoon was spent on the 250-yard range, while the big-city cameraman snatched our girls from every angle.

The result was a big spread on the front page of the Star's second section, lauding our girls as would-be snipers, a la the women of Russia.

It was a big layout, big publicity for Fingal and good stuff for recruiting. But in all fairness to our girls' rifle club, we must say that:

1. They don't fire machine guns.
2. They don't march with rifles.
3. And even if they did, they'd carry them on the proper shoulder and hold them in the proper fashion.

They just have a lot of fun and get in a spot of target practice every once in a while, under supervision of gunnery instructors.

Anyway, we thought you'd like to see the pictures. So here they are, for your interest and amusement — and for your script book.

The names are Barbara Lawrence, Anne Bennett, M. McAloney, Florence Caldwell and Kath Glover.



Baileys for McAloney—and the camera never lies, you know.

GERMAN ACTIVITIES

A band of the Germans were hitting it up in the homicidal saboteur; Two bins on the edge of the larynx Were joining a tongue-tamer;

While back of the teeth in a solo game.

Not dangerous Dan Kerchoo, And watching his quill was his Full-of-love— The lady that's known as Ph.

AIR BOMBERS' ANTICS AMUSE RODEO CROWD

Refetchered Men of 92C Spend a Wacky Evening in Town

AIR bombers of 92C had been at Fingal for over a month when seven of them decided to spend Saturday night in town. So you can imagine the mood they were in — capricious, to say the least.

They managed to locate the Legion Club and after some light improvisations proceeded to the big cowboy rodeo. En route they stopped off at Woodrow's, purchased long, early-colored feathers and stuck them in their caps. They were immediately pounced upon by an alert S.P., but two girls with the S.P. dissuaded him from bothering our boys.

EVENTUALLY they got to the rodeo. A clown on a buckskin invited anyone to ride, Carlo, Carlo, the Gauleiter Kid, started for the arena. He was too late, being clipped on by a bunch of small boys who beat him to it.

Then came the evening's most touching scene—a cowboy and his diving horse sat in the desert. And Cow stood up and bared his teeth. He exhibited so amply that it was the centre of attention. Then, when it came to the part where the cowboy was dying and the horse kept kicking him, he yelled to the horse to shoot the cowboy.

A community sing-song in a couple of restaurants and on the tin horns, led by Doug, Nichol, rounded out a wacky evening.

Bombardiers will be bombardiers.

SERVED IN FRANCE WITH RAF IN 1939

Johnny provided us to laughter, and when the Frano Turner (Told and Sandy) crowned everything, by proving that it is indeed possible to place the date thing standing on one's head, we called it a day and went home still laughing.

Special mention must be made of the man of all work behind the scenes—Jack McClure—an able stage manager and those organizing geni, Messrs. Edwards and Stevens, who made the show possible.

Wall Fingal, you have got away to a good start in show-business. Its future during the coming winter months is in your hands. Come on, you comedians, dancers and singers.

In the words of the "Seven Vets" boys' about it:

This space reserved for sections who didn't submit copy. How about it?

LAG George Nancarrow wears an inverted stripe, on his tunic sleeve. It is the R.A.F.'s reward for three years of good conduct and carries an extra three-pence (five cents) a day in pay.

For eight years George was a fitter in the R.A.F. before re-enlisting. In December, 1929, he spent a month in France near the Magnot line, helping to set up an aerodrome.

He comes from Torquay, in Devonshire, and before he joined up he was a chauffeur for a member of Parliament.

'Bonds for Blondes'--P/O Prang's Slogan

WONDER BOY MAKES GOOD AS VICTORY LOAN SALESMAN

He Wants Everyone To Do the Right Thing by Him—And by the Jolly Old Government—So Shell Out, He Says, For Victory

By WO1 J. A. WEARY

THE Fifth Victory Loan drive is on, as if you didn't know, and most of us have been approached by salesmen to contribute our share. Fingal's new flying hero, P/O Prang, is one of those salesmen. Fortunately, his prowess as a salesman is far greater than as a pilot. His gift of the gab, you see.

He didn't want the job. Prang isn't that kind of a guy. But when asked by the C.O. if he was interested, he immediately said, "Why yes, of course, naturally, who isn't?" Appointed as a salesman, he was very much chagrined to discover that it was bonds, not blondes, that the C.O. was referring to.

He was stuck with it, however, and decided to make a decent show. Maybe he'd get a D.S.O. (Distinguished Salesmen's Order) if he sold enough. He read up on the matter and soon became very enthusiastic when he discovered how the drive was helping to win the war.

Then he thought of all the W.D.'s he'd meet and how he'd have to talk them into doing the right thing. "Amazing possibilities in this jolly old job, y'know. Good practice, too, actually," said he.

Since then, P/O Prang has been our most enthusiastic salesman. He really knows his stuff and no question about blondes, pardon us, bonds, is too tough for him.

HE cornered us and dragged us into his office at Victory Loan headquarters in the drill hall.

When he had us comfortably settled in a chair, he started shooting. "Are you a bond-bardier? You are—well, surely you want some more jolly old bonds to drop—into a safe deposit box until this sad old war is over. Now, in this present campaign the objective of the country is one billion, two hundred million dollars and our quota is a measly fifty thousand. We should easily be able to get well over a hundred thousand.

"Perhaps you think you are doing enough to aid the war effort in your present capacity, but actually, old man, you're not. This is primarily a civvie show, y'know, but the civilians are having a tough time of it these days, what with rationing and all, and it's up to us to help them."

BY this time we were completely amazed. Surely this couldn't be OUR P/O Prang—the guy who shoots up trains and towns, flies low, and generally puts up a poor show.

We wondered if he really did know his stuff on the Victory Loan, so we asked, "Why should we lend our money, why not leave it up to other people?"

He answered: "Well, old chappie, it's like this. History proves that wars are not won by the genius of the jolly old few, but by the faith-

fulness of the many. Now you are one of the many and when your dollars are multiplied by thousands of other lenders like yourselves, our objective will be reached.

"From a personal point of view it is also to your advantage. You are not giving, you are making a sound investment and that money will come in jolly well handy at the end of the war. Think of the things you'll want to buy and do at that time . . . the new car or plane, the home full of comfort, the carefree travel, that case of Haig and Haig."

This miraculous change in P/O Prang seemed incredible. Actually, he was turning out to be top salesman on the station. "Yes, I've done jolly well, old chap," he said. "Had some marvellous fun, too, y'know, bombarding blondes with bonds."

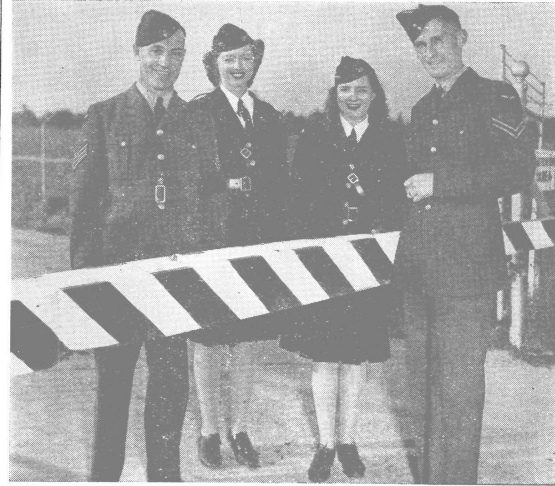
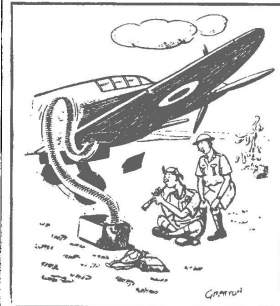
A KEEN TYPE

SOMETHING new has been added at Fingal—room service. An airwoman from the sergeants' mess, who shall remain nameless, answered the phone.

A flight-sergeant pilot was wanted urgently. He was on night shift and at that precise moment was fast asleep in the new barrack block.

Our airwoman discovered where he slept, asked the caller to hold the line a moment, please—and dashed for the barrack block. She knocked on the pilot's door, gave him the message and returned to the mess.

All in the line of duty, strictly.



THEY CAME TO SEE GEORGE MEAD, THE LUCKY GUY

Some guys have all the luck. When these two American beauties popped into Fingal one Sunday, they were taken on a tour of the station. But the real purpose of their visit was to see Cpl. George Mead, of Maintenance, who is a cousin of the lovely lady on the left who looks like Myrna Loy. She's really Betty Mead and her girl friend is Dorothy Bickford, both stationed with the Coast Guard Reserve in Detroit. The man on the left is Sgt. Frank Watson, S.P., who welcomed the girls at the gate. In their trim blue uniforms, Sam Browne belts, forage caps, white shirts and blue ties, the two visitors attracted many admiring glances as they walked about the camp. In one of the hangars they chatted with two W.D.'s, Marion Wilson and Shirley Davinder, exchanging notes on service life. They stayed for supper in the sergeants' mess before leaving for Detroit.

VITAL STATISTICS

MARRIED

Cpl. H. J. Robinson to Wanda Marguerite Bell, at Woodstock.

BIRTHS

- A daughter, Paulette Louise, to LAC and Mrs. J. F. Laroche.
- A daughter, Helen Adelia, to LAC and Mrs. F. D. Archer, at Cobourg.
- A daughter, Viola Gail, to F/O and Mrs. J. E. Ingram, at London.
- A daughter, Patricia Adella, to P/O and Mrs. J. F. Robinson, at St. Thomas.
- A daughter, Susan Elaine, to AC1 and Mrs. J. W. Davis, at St. Thomas.
- A son, Philip Dale, to F/Sgt. and Mrs. R. W. Henderson, at St. Thomas.
- A son, Daniel Edward, to LAC and Mrs. J. H. Northcott, at St. Thomas.
- A son, Gordon Douglas, to LAC and Mrs. G. A. Rake, at London.

PROMOTIONS

- LAC's V. A. Herod, D. Browne, R. N. June, R. J. Cormier and C. E. Enwright to Corporal.
- F/Sgts. E. G. Munroe, L. J. Case, J. B. Straile and G. R. Prince to WO2.
- Sgts. R. W. Henderson, J. E. Richardson, V. B. Cronin, W. A. Wilson and J. I. Lowrie to Flight Sergeant.
- WO3 E. J. Verdone to Pilot Officer.
- P/O W. J. Beggs to Flying Officer.

90A GOES TO TOWN

On A 2:30 Pass

By LAC GEORGE GELL

IT ALL started by 90A being entitled to a 2:30 pass. You see, not one of us wanted the thing, but we were entitled to them so we just had to use them.

We got together and decided that we should see Port Stanley. Milt said the dance hall there had closed for the season. Mac said there was a dance in St. Thomas, and Abe thought we had time to go to London. Well, the only thing to do was to talk this thing out and the only place a man can really do a little talking is the wet canteen.

So we missed the last bus from Fingal. We still had our late passes, though, and we were free men. Once through the gates, we thought we saw a truck coming. And thanks to the good old commando training, we were soon on our way, joyfully singing, freezing and sitting on garbage cans in the back of said truck.

St. Thomas never looked so good to us. Chilled to the bone, we climbed up the cliff, much as Wolfe's men did on another memorable night, no doubt, and went in search of coffee. The Alhlon was sold right out, so we looked over the place and decided we would probably live in spite of everything and headed for the station.

A motley crowd was there and the sparkle came back into the boys' eyes as they surveyed that assortment of horseflesh.

Bob tried the old personality smile and, lo and behold, some sweet young thing gave him a return ticket to Port.

THAT train was crowded, sir.

Maybe that's why we left just before reaching the dance hall. It happened like this—everybody began crowding the exits and Mac said, "Come on, boys, I know this place, too." Well, it seemed like a foolish idea to me, jumping off a train before it stopped, but it was on a bend and not travelling very fast—I thought.

We gathered ourselves together, made a quick check of our gallant band and the next thing we notice is that everybody is running down the road.

It doesn't take us long to make four into five, not after buying Victory bonds, and we start running too, only faster. Well, it was a foregone conclusion as to who would be there first, and am glad to report that 90A nobly upheld the high standard expected of No. 4 B. & G. and were the first to reach the Orion.

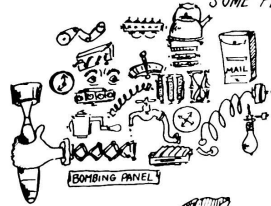
Now, Abe is not a drinking man. Neither is Mo, and it must have taken a lot of the old esprit de corps to say, "Sure, I'll have a bottle" and smile, while seeing all the good resolutions falling like Minskis. But as our flight commander said on leaving I.F.S., "I have never seen a flight with as much drive," and this spirit is still with us here at No. 4. It's a case of all for one and one for all.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?

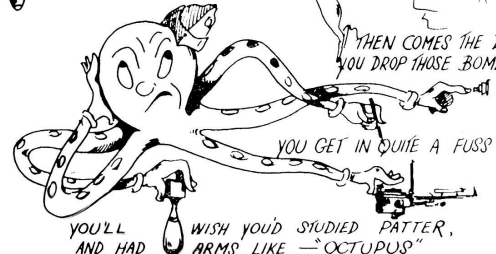
SOMEDAY YOU'LL RIDE, THE SKY WITH PRIDE — IN BOMBING HATCH YOU'LL LOUNGE,



YOU NEST, YOU REST, AND WITH IT ALL — SOME FLYING TIME YOU SCROUNGE



THEN COMES THE DAY, YOU DROP THOSE BOMBS



YOU'LL WISH YOU'D STUDIED PATTEN, AND HAD ARMS LIKE "OCTOPUS"

WE reached the dance hall and immediately went into the old routine. I didn't take a couple of girls away from boys just off the farm and no one met me the next night with a smart little roadster, and I didn't keep creeping back to Orion the Giant or get all excited when a cute little rascal asked me to dance, did I, Abe?

No I found solace in the arms of a welder from Ford's.

The train doesn't wait long after the dance and our farewells were short—but sweet. Then there was Milt, flushed with victory and lipstick, longingly looking back as the conductor comes along shouting "fares, please." And we are on our way back.

We just had to have refreshments on reaching Mitch's town, and the time did go fast, but we had the bus driver with us. There were other species of animal life, too. It's hard to keep track of bus drivers anyhow. The least he could have done was to inform us of his departure, but all's well that ends well, and after a hurried exit and the aid of a healthy pair of lungs we managed to stop the bus amidst stream and pile on.

So, we arrived safe and sound, none the worse for having let our hair down, full of the old enthusiasm and raring to go once more on the C.S.B.S., Mark IX—having added to our repertoire of tall tales to tell in some distant future over another glass of the old brown stuff.

SEND THE OBSERVER AS CHRISTMAS GIFT

For \$1 a Year We'll Mail It Anywhere

HERE'S an idea for a Christmas gift, if you have friends in the air force in Canada and overseas. Send 'em a year's subscription to the Fingal Observer. We don't say they'll appreciate it as much as 1,000 cigarettes or a box of chocolates—but send it in ADDITION. It's only \$1 a year; leave your orders at the "Y" office.

Fingal personnel who are posted are reminded that they, too, should avail themselves of this special subscription rate. We'll mail the Observer anywhere in the world, for a buck a year.

"Say, Doc, I feel bloated."

"Did you follow my instructions, and drink lemonade directly after a hot bath?"

"Gosh no, Doc . . . I couldn't even finish drinking the hot bath."

Orderly Officer (sampling soup): "You say you cooked for the C.E.F. back in 1914-18?"

Chef: "Yes, sir. Indeed I did. I cooked for three years and was wounded twice."

Officer: "Humm, it's a wonder they didn't kill you."

SGT. RONNIE CADIEUX ON 28 BOMBING RAIDS

Fingal Graduate, With 250 Operational Hours, Now Instructs Here

THIRTY miles from base he bailed out at 10,000 feet in the dark. That's all he remembers except waking up in hospital two days later, suffering from head concussion.

For Sgt. Ronnie Cadieux, 22, of Ottawa, that was his 28th—and last—operational trip.

They had been to Duisberg and coming home were attacked over the Dutch coast by a JU88. Their front gunner and second pilot were killed. The observer fell out the hatch with his chute still in the plane. The hydraulics were shot away, the undercarriage wouldn't come down, they were out of gas and one engine conked.

So 30 miles from home they jumped. Ronnie just remembers leaving the aircraft—and waking up in hospital. He hit a roof-top, they told him later, and he rolled onto the ground.

FOR his feat in bringing the aircraft back to England the pilot received the D.F.C., and for navigating from the Dutch coast after the observer fell out, the wireless operator got the D.F.M.

Day after the raid, the German radio announced their observer's name. He was a prisoner of war. But how he got down safely is still a mystery, because his chute remained behind him.



Sgt. Cadieux joined up in December, 1939, and after Montreal Wireless School he went through on the fourth course at Fingal. He went overseas in March, 1941, and flew in Wellingtons with 75 Squadron (New Zealand). He has logged 250 operational hours, with one trip to Genoa and the rest to Germany.

When he returned to Canada he took an armorer's course at Mountain View, then went to a fighter squadron on the west coast and then to Belleville I.T.S. He came to Fingal last November and is now an instructor at G.I.S.



ERNIE DICKENS AND WALT DRISCOLL

TWO TOP CANUCK ATHLETES TRAIN FOR WINGS AT FINGAL

TWO well-known athletes, who left the playing fields of Canada for greater adventures in the skies, are now in training as air bombers here. They are LAC Ernie Dickens, 22, who was on the Maple Leafs' Stanley Cup team in 1941-42, and LAC Walter Driscoll, 25, who made a name for himself in baseball, rugby and hockey. Both are on Course 91.

Ernie, who was born in Winnipeg, started playing hockey at 10 in public school. He continued in high school and then played three years' junior hockey. He played another year of junior in Toronto, and then spent three months in Providence in a minor pro. league.

Being selected by a Maple Leaf scout when he was 16 was a once-in-a-lifetime thrill, but not his greatest. His greatest thrill came as a member of the Stanley Cup team. He played one-third of the 1941-42 schedule with the Leafs and all the playoffs, on defence with men like Stanowsky, Kampman, MacDonald, Goldham and Hamilton.

Captained by Syl Apps, the team won four straight games after Detroit had won the first three, to take the coveted Stanley Cup.

Then, in July of 1942, he enlisted. And he hasn't entirely given up hockey since he joined up. In 1942-43 he played with R.C.A.F. Flyers, who won the Ontario senior championship. And we're kinda hoping he'll be on Fingal's team for the first part of this season. We could make good use of his six feet and 170 pounds of hockey dynamite.

Driscoll, a bachelor of commerce from the University of Ottawa, played inter-collegiate football for three years, as half-back. He pitched in the senior leagues at Ottawa, Hull and Montreal. He then went to the Canadian-American League, pitched one game and returned to his civilian occupation with the inspection board of United Kingdom and Canada, in Ottawa.

In October, 1942, he joined up. He then played hockey for Lachine R.C.A.F., which won the Montreal and district title.

AIR FORCE FORMS GIANT CAGE LOOP

Fingal Team Is Being
Being Entered

TRAINING Command has laid the foundation of what should be the largest basketball league ever to operate in the Dominion, with minor loops scattered throughout Ontario from Kingston to Windsor and from Dunnville to Camp Borden.

The plan for the coming season is designed to fit in with the duty-fitness policy of the air force through which a quick-thinking, quick-moving type of athletic airman will be produced for the job ahead.

Foremost among the organizers of the far-flung court circuit is "Mr. Basketball" himself, F/L William Bodrug, former Toronto Varsity and Western Mustang star and coach of scholastic teams from away back. The R.C.A.F. basketball federation is expected to have hundreds of players in 35 different air stations, all to be encouraged to get into the game to tune up their physical fitness through so-called running sports.

Three zones will operate. Down east there will be Kingston, Picton, Mountain View, Belleville and Trenton. In the central area there will be Toronto, Camp Borden, Malton, Hamilton and other centres. Other groups will comprise Dunnville, Jarvis, Hagersville, Guelph, Fingal, St. Thomas and Crumlin, while farther west there are Windsor, Goderich, Centralia and others.

The newly commissioned lieutenant entered the Pullman and the porter, a fat tip in the offing, proceeded to make a tactical advance.

"Mo'nin, captain." And a few minutes later, "Find it too hot in here, majah?" In a short time, he volunteered, "We's a trifle late, kunnel." Then, as the lieutenant prepared to leave, he assiduously brushed off his blouse, and chuckled, "Dere you is, gennul."

Five minutes later, he inspected the 10-cent tip. With a bellow that could be heard the length of the yards, he shouted after the disappearing officer:

"Good-bye, corporal!"

Officer: "What brought you here?"

Corporal: "Two service policemen, sir."

Officer: "Drunk, I suppose?"

Corporal: "Were they ever!"

FINGAL AIR-GUNNER IS AWARDED DFC

PILOT Officer William M. Maxwell, Fingal-trained WAG, has been awarded the D.F.C. for an "excellent operational record" with No. 426 Sqdn. (R.C.A.F.).

His citation says: "This officer has participated in attacks on such heavily defended enemy targets as Kiel, Duisburg, Bochum and Wuppertal and in several successful mine-laying sorties. The initiative and vigilance which he has always displayed have been assets of high value to his crew and in no small measure contributed to the safe return of his aircraft on several occasions. His courage and skill and devotion to duty have been most praiseworthy."

The girl who used to go to the city and stop at the Y.W.C.A. now has a daughter who goes to the city and stops at nothing.

SCORE OF 22 YARDS IS STILL THE RECORD

FINGAL'S record bombing score of 22.8 yards, set on April 4 by LAC Stevens of Course 76, piloted by WO2 Wheat, still stands. Here are the top recent scores:

Pupil	Pilot	Exercise	Score
LAC Charron	F/S Peterson	B3	47 yds.
LAC Clarke, M. R.	P/O Wicks	B3	56 yds.
LAC Townsend	P/O Neal	B2	55 yds.
Course 89			
LAC McLean	Sgt. Herocek	B2	42 yds.

CANUCK IN THE RAF BUT RCAF HIS GOAL

Gordon Scott, 92A, Is Trying
Oh! So Very Hard For That
Ever-Elusive Transfer

BEURLING did it, so why can't he? That's what LAC Gordon Scott can't understand. He's a Canadian in the R.A.F. — joined up overseas in November, 1941 — and has been trying to transfer to R.C.A.F. ever since.

At every station he's been on, both here and abroad, he has promptly slapped in an application for a transfer.

Once they told him that it was the wish of Mackenzie King that all Canadians in the R.A.F. remain



there. Next time he was told that he would have to wait until he got his wings. He even wrote to Hon. Vincent Massey, high commissioner for Canada in England—but got no reply.

Now Scott is back in Canada, training as an air bomber on 92A, and his first move down at G.I.S. was to apply for a transfer. He's still waiting for results.

Scott, 23, comes from Orillia, where he got his matriculation. He went overseas six months before the outbreak of war. In England he joined the civil service in the post office engineering branch. He worked throughout Scotland and the Orkney Islands. In July of this year he returned to Canada.

GROUND CREW MAN ON OPS. 150 HOURS

F/Sgt. Vernon Laister, Fingal wireless mechanic, has 150 operational hours to his credit. In the early days of the war he flew in Stranaers with an east coast squadron. Laister, 25, joined the air force in June of 1938 at Trenton, and has been on a dozen Canadian stations, including two in Newfoundland. He comes from Toronto, where his wife and six-year-old daughter reside.

90C IS CROSS-SECTION OF AIR TRAINING PLAN

George Marshall's Boys Are a Colorful Group—No Fooling!

By STAN MAYS

PIONEERS who aided in construction of an R.C.A.F. station in Manitoba . . . a young Canadian who made wings for Ansons . . . an American who helped build engines for Bolingbrokes . . . a British seaman who saw duty on a minesweeper . . . These are some of the men who make up class 90C air bombers.

They form a typical cross-section of today's trainees under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Eight Canadians and seven Englishmen work and play together daily in a spirit of good fellowship, with the knowledge that all are aiming at the same goal.

Much of this is made possible by the indefatigable efforts of the worthy class senior, George Marshall, from the wilds of Saint John, N. B. George, an ex-bank clerk, would probably rather buy a thousand-dollar war bond on R.A.F. rates of pay than have his present job.

HE was one of five class members who a year ago went out to Souris, Man., to play a part in the construction of a new station. Landed out in the middle of a prairie with the temperature 57 below, the buildings they were to live in were so new that they had to sweep the wood shavings from the floor before settling in.

They dug sewers and trenches around the perimeter of the field. One day a corporal told them to dig a shallow trench. "How deep?" they asked. "Oh, about three feet," was the reply. They thought this would be easy enough until they discovered that before they got to



earth they had to dig through eight feet of hard snow. For Fingalites, those dear old wedding bells never seem to stop ringing. **RIGHT:** Mr. and Mrs. Alan Robert Hannon. He's I.A.C. Hannon of our M.T. section. She's Cpl. Hannon, ex-Fingal cook, now at Rivers, Man. Stripes or no stripes, at home he's boss, says Bob. Mrs.

Hannon is the former Annie Maxwell Russell, of Orillia. Bob comes from St. Croix, N. B. **CENTRE:** Meet Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Denny. She's I.A.W. Denny, formerly Jennie Gillgross of Sault Ste. Marie, new Fingal telephone operator. He's a first-class stoker with the

Canadian Navy. They've been married four months. **LEFT:** A.C.I. and Mrs. G. M. Hamilton, recently married in St. Thomas. Hamilton, a bomb-armoror, has just been posted to Mountain View on an instructor's course.

earth they had to dig through eight feet of hard snow.

There was a movie camera which took seven hours to show a 90-minute film. And 12 eligible girls in the town—with 1300 men!

WITH Marshall were Willy Watson, a U. S. citizen who left his home in Detroit and went to Montreal, where he worked on Boly engines; Bruce Roome-Smith, a former Toronto office clerk; Brian Ruddy, of Kirkland Lake, who was at college; and "Bud" Gardner, apprentice machinist of Grand Mere, Que.

Undoubted humorist is Denis Rushbrook, of Ilford, London, whose Cockney wit and joie de vivre make life worth living. Then there's Bernard "Mac" McIntee, with an insatiable appetite for ar-

gument, that is if he manages to get a word in edgeways. An architectural engineer from London, he rhapsodizes on the straight line artistry of New York's skyscrapers.

British minesweeper seaman was Jack Waddington, of Liverpool, who joined the British Navy as a boy entrant but transferred to the R.A.F. to see some action. Don't say minesweeping was dull, Jack.

Another Britisher with an interesting job is Alan Rippon of Rotherham, Yorks. He was responsible that all the instruments necessary for an operation were at the hands of the doctors just when they should be. A routine job, says Alan, but if we were on an operating table we'd rather have a stethoscope than a pickle barrel.

And talking of pickle barrels — the first person to win this honor

in 90C was Desmond Lush, who scored a direct hit on his second bombing exercise.

ANOTHER R.A.F. man, Johnny Wheeler, tells some wonderful (censored!) tales. Seems he was an engineer testing electricity meters, but when the labor shortage was acute in England he was asked to "read" the meter as well. And when Johnny met the housewife, who disagreed with the amount of electricity he (and the meter) said she'd consumed, the fun began. But that's where the stories are censored.

Dick "Red" McFaul, Montreal, should know plenty about Ansons as he was responsible for giving them wings. But, says Red, he can't recognize any of his old wings around our Ansons. Plain snobbery, we call it.

Great Master of Handwriting Analysis Here

By **WO2 BEN SUGARMAN**

STEP up, all you believers in phrenology, astrology, palmistry or what have you. In keeping with our policy of something new, something different every time, Fingal now boasts the presence of a world-famous handwriting analyst.

He's none other than Leading Aircraftman Jack Pattison, brought here at great expense by the R.C.A.F. He's on strength as an air bomber, but don't let that fool you, no-siree. He's a wizard at reading between the lines.

And it all started when Jack was "Joed" in accounts section before his course began. Someone passed him a letter to read. Jackson read it and said it didn't sound like the truth at all, not one wee bit.

On the strength of this erudite opinion, Jackson's fame as an analyzer of handwriting started to spread.

HEADQUARTERS W.D.'s were giving him letters from their boy friends, beseeching the Great Master for his opinion. The Great Master gave his opinion, freely, and lo, his fame spread further than rationed butter.

W.D.'s gave him samples of their own writing, passing it off as being from a friend he guessed a couple of their ages correctly. He told one girl that her writing showed she had careless, carefree ways. She was delighted, for 'twas true, she said.

He told one she should be a school teacher and another that she was musical. Both were in ecstasies for No. 1's ambition WAS to be a school teacher, and No. 2 WAS musical—she played piano.

SO Jackson's reputation was enhanced and established as the days went by. But, as all good

things must, the analyzing came to an end with Jackson's posting from accounts to Course 92. Or so he thought.

But our ladies fair pursued him, wherever he went. Slips of paper followed him everywhere about the station. Even in the Hostess House, when he slips over of a night for a quiet saucer of tea, a W.D. will draw him aside and surreptitiously produce a specimen of writing for the Master's scrutiny and opinion.

WITH our eagle-eye on protecting our readers' interests, the Observer decided to track down and investigate this phenomenal young man. Which we did, and believe it or not but Jackson did dabble in the analysis of handwriting at one time, as a member of the Globe and Mail staff in Toronto. And he does know his stuff.

As a matter of fact, we wrote a

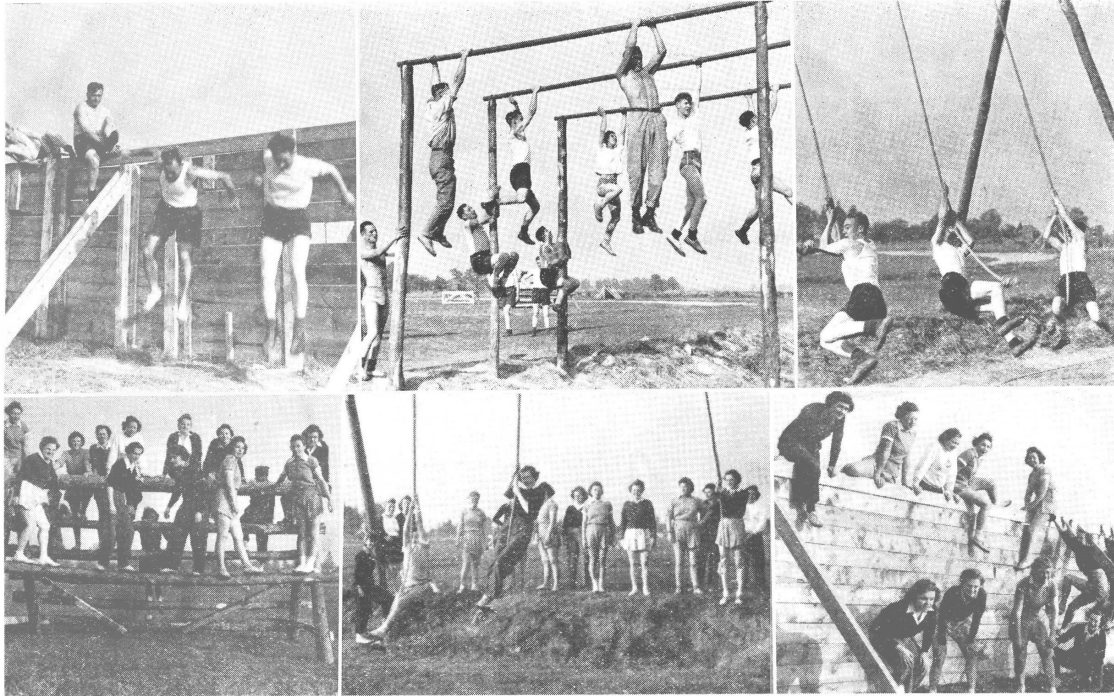
few words on a slip of paper and asked the Master to go to town on it. He studiously pored over it for a few seconds and gave out his opinion. He said our ambition was to have a "48" every week, breakfast in bed, and a staff car for town excursions. And we couldn't deny it. That boy is really good.

NO officers have approached him as yet. "And I sure hope they don't," he said. "I might tell 'em the wrong thing."

For those who haven't had the benefit of Jackson's advice as yet, the following information is promulgated. He resides in Barrack Block 18A, and can be reached by mail or in person most any time. But he prefers appointments made in advance.

And—if business is good—we collect advertising rates for this story. Okay, Jackson?

No More Jerks, Physical, at Fingal—Dawn of a New Era



RELEASE GROUND MEN TO WORK AS MINERS

FORMER coal miners serving in R.C.A.F. ground crew may obtain leave without pay until March 31 to work in coal mines.

No such leave will be granted to aircrew. Men applying for leave must produce letters from mining companies stating that they will be employed in actual mining operations and not on clerical or other surface duties.

While the order authorizes leave for periods up to six months, it expires March 31, so that unless it is extended, no leaves granted from now on can run for six months.



"I hope you won't think I'm hoarding, but I want to buy all I can before they're rationed."

WHEE! P.T. IS WASHED OUT WE'RE ALL COMMANDOS NOW

By JOE BLOW

WHAT Fingal airmen—and airwomen—are doing today is a new streamlined P.T. And if you don't believe us, listen to this incredible news from Ottawa. The R.C.A.F. has abandoned the ancient and traditional system of physical jerks for a form of physical exercise, known as duty fitness.

It will be a course in games, running and jumping, plus an obstacle race. A short prelude of warming-up exercises will be the only hang-over from the old style P.T.

AND what's the reaction to this? Well, as may be expected, the first people to fall for something new were—the women.

Look at the pictures on this page you see. Fingal's W.D.'s doing some voluntary P.T. No, they aren't compelled to go over the obstacle course. But there's nothing like something new and different. And whether it's a new hat or a new dress or a ten-foot fence to climb, the women are suckers every time. Or so it seems.

Anyway, they all look happy enough—and we were a little ashamed by the horrified expressions on the faces of our aircrew trainees as they watched the fences and obstacles being built higher and higher every day. Shame on us.

WE'VE been taking cracks at the W.D.'s. Now let them reply. What would we say if they asked us why some of the airmen have been going around the station looking like convalescent cripples?



OOPS, MY DEARS

Maybe we'd just moan, "step test" or "obstacle course" and hobble away.

Now the R.C.A.F.'s new idea about duty fitness is the answer to

all this.

New conditioning drills have been created, and their names—barrel roll, bouncing ball, crouch run, straddle leaping—give a clue to the punch that the new deal packs. Games that stress running, such as touch rugby, basketball and lacrosse, are included in the program, while others have been eliminated.

TO a last war soldier all this sounds like a dream. In the words of one: "After a hard day we still go to bed and dream of a thick-set man with freckles and a cold blue eye shouting at us on a cold and frosty morning. 'Hon the word one, place the 'ands on the 'ips.'" That man took 20 years off my life. He had no respect for nature, no sympathy with humanity, and no very certain knowledge of anatomy."

This old soldier regrets that it took four years of war to do without the deep-knee bend, "head erect, elbows well back and heels together" business.

This is the new score and we think it's a great improvement—and so do the women.

And, we think, they've got something.

Only the other day a class of air bombers were reading Aldis outside No. 1 hangar. Suddenly the instructor sent "dismiss"—or its equivalent—but not a man moved! Dumbstruck, he took a closer squint at his class and saw the reason. The W.D.'s were having P.T. behind their canteen.

Seems this P.T. is quite the thing around these parts.

Life of Luxury in Mexico So Now He Pays and Pays

By STAN MAYS

LAC JACK WADDINGTON, R.A.F., of 90C, still insists that it would have been all right if the British consulate hadn't been so darned nice about everything!

Now, every two weeks when the paymaster hands him a solitary five-buck bill he looks at it, remembers those balmy days in a luxurious Mexico City hotel, and sighs a deep deep sigh.

With only four bucks in his pocket our intrepid traveller had entrained and hitched from Toronto to Niagara Falls, Buffalo, Cleveland, St. Louis (where he narrowly escaped the floods and incidentally sold his watch for \$25), Kansas City, Oklahoma, San Antonio, Dallas, Laredo, until he came up sharp against the Mexican border. Pausing only long enough to change every Yankee dollar for five Mexican, he hurried on to Monterrey, Mexico City, Guatemala and Pueblo.

THEN, he decided, it was time to stop, but really it was just about time to start—to start back, and fast.

Rough calculations, a glance at his limited finances and some serious thinking decided him to seek the advice of the Mexican police in Pueblo. They sent him to the British consul-general in Mexico City to whom he told his tale of adventure.

"We put our heads together," says Waddington, "and the consul wired Toronto, and told me to stay until they replied." I stayed for two weeks.

The British consul was frightfully decent about it. He insisted that I reside at one of the best hotels and what a time I had. All I had to do was sign for my meals. Every evening I went out with one of the consul's staff and enjoyed the night life of Mexico City. But I was impatient to get back as I didn't want to miss a posting. Maybe, I thought, I should have hitched it."

EVENTUALLY instructions came through from Toronto and he started back on his journey by train to Detroit. Crossing the border to Canada, he was picked up by the S.P.'s and flung into detention barracks for being A.W.L., but was soon sent to Toronto.

Then he found out who had been paying for his life of luxury in Mexico City—none other than Jack the Waddington himself!

"It cost me about \$115," he says with a break in his voice. "And I'm still paying it off!"



"Honest, Rose, I've never felt like this about any girl in St. Thomas before."



JACK WADDINGTON

BIG "DO" IS PLANNED FOR SERGEANTS' MESS

By SGT. GEORGE BROWN

'Tis said that Charlie and Jim play crib. Yes, they never take a dare and when certain rank amateurs TAKE them—oh, well, maybe they CAN play crib sometimes.

Sergeants' mess entertainment committee assures us that as soon as renovations are complete we will have a bang-up night. Oh, let it be soon.

Most popular spot in the lounge these days is right up against the fireplace. Due to a fuel shortage, we would advise that all flagpoles be well guarded. We notice some very covetous looks toward anything that might burn.

We're wondering why LAW Sura spends so much time in barracks lately. Could it be because a flight-sergeant was posted?

The sergeant was asking recruits why walnut is used for the butt of a rifle.

"Because it has more resistance," volunteered one man.

"Because it is more elastic."

"Wrong!"

"Perhaps it's because it looks nicer than any other kind," said another timidly.

"Don't be so dumb," snapped the sergeant. "It's simply because it is laid down in the regulations."

They're telling the one about the drunk who called the famous specialist, Dr. Wassermann, on the phone late one night.

"Hello," mumbled the tipsy voice.

"Ish thish Dr. Wassermann?"

"Yes," replied the doctor.

The stew then crooned: "Are you positive?"

GERMAN-BORN YANK NOW FLIES WITH RAF

George Sapsford, 20, Trains as An Air Bomber on Course 91

A GERMAN-BORN Yank in the R.A.F. is now training as an air bomber on Course 91. He's George "Skids" Sapsford, 20, of Baltimore, Md.

During the last war his father, who was married in England, served with the army of occupation in Germany until 1923. George was born in Coblenz and a year later they returned to the U.S.

At 10, he started at Indianapolis Trades college. When his dad's job took him to England, George wouldn't leave and remained at school. After college he joined the U. S. Army Air Corps Cadets and in 13 months got 200 hours as a pilot.

In February, 1941, he went to England and landed in Liverpool during the height of the blitz. He drove an ambulance until July, when he volunteered for the R.A.F. Until he was called up, 13 months later, he installed radios on aircraft and beacons.

After his posting to Canada, he got 66 hours at Goderich, but washed out on ground school exams.

During his days in England, he started up two bands, one being all girls, and became engaged to Betty Hammond, 21, of London.



GEORGE AND FIANCEE

LIFE IS DULL INDEED WITHOUT WHITE GALS

So Writes an Airman With the R.C.A.F. in North Africa

CONDITIONS in North Africa are colorfully described in an airmail letter received by Sgt. M. G. Fife, Fingal instructor, from Sgt. J. A. Richardson, a St. Marys airman now serving with a Canadian squadron there.

Richardson writes: "Just spent a '48' at Monaster, which is near Sousse, and had a marvelous time trying to beat down the Arabs. There is no price control and consequently we pay outrageous prices for some articles. Monaster isn't exactly a beautiful place. It's a typical African town with its walled city and Arabs and French running to and fro. We got a kick out of buying almonds, grapes and sweet wine. Gad, we sure had some of those Arabs mad at us. They fluster very easily when bargaining.

"It was very enjoyable being able to swim in the Mediterranean. That's the first running water I've seen in six weeks. I sure envy you with so many cold drinks at hand.

Warm water doesn't satisfy our thirst a great deal. Imagine trying to keep cool with the temperature hovering between 100 and 130 in the shade. The nights aren't too bad; they're cool and refreshing. These African star-lit nights are really beautiful, and it's a shame a guy can't put them to some use. Darn it, there isn't a white woman within miles.

"Living conditions are not so good. We have to put up with a lot of hardship. Ants, flies and sand aggravate us tremendously but you do become accustomed to it. Then there are so many diseases one has to be careful all the time. We do get a good tan out of it, to say the least."

A gentleman, on being informed that he was the proud father of triplets, was so overjoyed at the news that he rushed to the hospital where his wife and the newly acquired family were and dashed pell-mell into the room.

The nurse, being out at the time, was irritated upon her return and remonstrated with the father.

"Don't you know better than to come in here in germ-filled clothes? Why, you're not sterile."

He looked at her and said, "Lady, are you telling me?"

"I'm going to love you until the cows come home."

"Okay, fresh guy. But meanwhile you don't have to pet the calves."



"What Have These Blondes Got That We Haven't?"

A date with the blonde that adorns Fingal's bond posters sounds all right—but definitely. But move your eyes a trifle left. It's Cpl. Margaret Kennedy, of accounts, a little brunette who'll give any blonde a nice run for any airman's heart. There's really no story behind this photo—in fact, we're stuck for what to say. But it does make a picture, and if it helps to sell you a bond—well, then our purpose is accomplished.

**SWIMMERS LACKING
AMONG OUR AIRCREW**

THIS is a fine time to worry about it, but it seems that the old swimmin' pool is going to be a busy place next summer. There just aren't enough swimmers in aircrew personnel, A.F.H.Q. said after a survey was made throughout all commands.

The survey showed that only 53 per cent of aircrew can be classed as competent swimmers, who can swim more than 100 yards. Twenty-eight per cent are classed as learners able to navigate at least 10 yards, and 19 per cent as non-swimmers.

**Gay Gowns, Silly Hats are O.K.
For Airwomen On "48" or Leave**

IF THE pretty girl in the printed dress and silly hat starts to salute when an officer passes, don't be surprised. She's probably an airwoman and as such is permitted to wear civilian clothes while on leave for 48 hours or more, under a recent headquarters ruling.

This doesn't mean, headquarters were careful to add, that she can go tripping past the sentry of the station swathed in frills and a fox fur.

"Civvies" must be kept off the station, as only uniforms and sports clothes may be harbored in barrack lockers.

Those sport clothes often turn

out to be a private loan collection. The airwoman who suddenly decides to spend her last week of furlough at a nearby summer camp can amass a smart, informal wardrobe on very short notice.

It's all part of the share-and-share of barracks life, where selfishness is forgotten. The W.D. who's off for a carefree "48" can always find friends to lend her anything from a bicycle to a pair of ear-rings, provided, of course, she doesn't mind parting with her own tennis racquet, house coat or favorite sweater later on, when someone else has leave.

S.P.'S O.C. IS POSTED

Stationed here since April, 1942, F/O Tom Sohler, Fingal's DAPM, has been posted to Toronto Manning Depot to assume administrative duties. Overseas with the army in the last war, he won the Humane Society's Silver Medal in England for rescuing a man from drowning. He served with the 24th Battalion (Infantry) as a sergeant.

A chap at St. Thomas wangled 10 days for his honeymoon, and on the 10th night wired his commanding officer:

"Request extension of leave. It's wonderful here."

Came the answering wire: "It's wonderful anywhere. Report at once."