

Fingal Observer

April, 1944



FINGAL'S 'NEW ORDER' DAILY ROOM SERVICE

Barrack Corporals to Serve
You Breakfast
In Bed

ROOM service in every barrack block, a convenience long sought for by the Observer, will become effective shortly. Banished forever is the unseemly 7:25 a.m. rush to the mess hall.

Under the new order, a menu for the following day will be posted at the entrance of each barrack block by 2100 hours on the previous evening. Anyone wishing room service will simply fill in a chit showing his choice, deposit it in a convenient box, and retire in confidence.

A typical breakfast, under the new scheme, will include: orange or tomato juice, two eggs (any style), four slices of hot buttered toast, waffles with maple syrup, two cups of coffee, four rashers of bacon. Cost, 15c, payable at the airman's convenience.

Each morning, at 0700 hours, the barrack corporal will go to the mess hall and return with a portable steam table bearing the breakfasts ordered. Small bedside tables will be set up at each bunk, and the hungry airman or airwoman will need only to lean out the side of his bed to eat. Courteous, efficient service is promised. Tipping will be forbidden.

There is but one hitch to this plan. Its adoption is dependent upon the willingness of the barrack corporals to act in the capacity of waiters, and it is feared that some slight opposition may develop in that quarter.

YE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

Sir:

I wonder if you could elevate my distress, anyway it is my hope you kin do it, so I am writing this letter to you.

My husband was induced into the surface long months ago and I ain't received no pay for me since he's gone.

Please send me my elopement as I have a four months old baby which is my only support. I am a poor woman and all I have went to the front. Both sides of my parents are old and I cant suspect nothing from them as my mother has been in bed with the same docter for ten years and won't have another.

I understand my husband is now in charge of a flite. Do I get more than I am going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband has applied for a wife and child. I have writ to the authorities and got no answer. If I dont hear from you I will write to Mr. Kerr about it.

My husband says he sets in the YMCA with a piano playing in his uniform, I think you will find him there.

FORGOTTEN WIFE.

Brown Cow Gives Chocolate Milk (ANOTHER FINGAL OBSERVER SCOOP)



Only now can we reveal the story of this chocolate-packin' moma. With meat-rationing suspended, Gulash Gertie (above) has come out of hiding at Fingal to astound the world with a sensational revelation. Normally and without super-bovine effort, Gertie gives chocolate milk, ready for bottling. She owes it all to her mother, who was once frightened by a Browning gun.

Brilliant New "Mark U" Makes Bombing Too True

GOOD news for bombardiers is the invention of the Mark U bombsight by a member of the Observer staff, a gadget which does away with those drafty moments in the nose of an Anson and at the same time produces infinitely better scores.

Principal feature of the Mark U is its remote control operation. No longer will the bombardier be forced to lie prone in the bombing hatch, upsetting the trimming wheel with his left foot and accidentally selecting all 12 bombs with his right elbow.

In the Mark U, the bombardier simply sits in the co-pilot's seat, facing a panel no larger than a midget radio set. Computations—and we don't mean "computations"—are unnecessary. The Mark U thinks for itself.

As the target appears, its image

is projected into a tiny screen on the bombing panel, which automatically selects and fuzes bombs, sets its own headings and tells the pilot what corrections to make. (TV has been entirely done away with, the Mark U inventor having also produced a bomb with no TV).

On the run-up, the bombardier merely watches the image grow larger on the panel screen. When it reaches a certain size, the Mark U trips its firing switch and the bomb falls. Plotting and time of strike are accomplished by another device in the nose of the aircraft. When the exercise is completed, the bombardier has only to turn a crank and a neatly-filled-in T32 falls out, showing six direct hits.

As can be readily seen, the bombardier's task is thus made easier. Come to think of it, he doesn't do a damn thing!

100% AIRCREW COMMISSIONS IS ANNOUNCED THIS MONTH

Designed to Boost Morale, High RCAF Official Tells the
Observer—All to Get F/O's

COMMISSIONING of all aircrew trainees with the rank of flying officer is forecast in an exclusive dispatch to the Observer by our Ottawa correspondent.

Quoting a high RCAF official who would not let his name be used, our correspondent reveals that the move is designed to boost morale among the white flash brigade and to rid them once and for all of the necessity of obeying obviously ignorant NCO's.

"Commissioning all aircrew trainees is a bold step," said this official, "and one which shows clearly that the plight of the long-suffering LAC has not escaped our attention.

"Too often imposed upon by those of higher rank, the trainee has suffered both physically and mentally. After all, the fine and courageous lads who pilot and navigate planes, manipulate turrets or bombsights, deserve only the best."

Many trainees had found it difficult to maintain an adequate scale of living on the pittance previously given them, this spokesman added, and they would henceforth be enabled to move in circles more befitting their status as "World Travellers at 21."

Pressed as to the date when the wholesale commissioning would become effective, the official said it would be "in plenty of time for World War III."

LATEST GEN

By Courtesy of
the Intelligence Section

The new Automatic Instructor, MK. XVII, is now ready for issue to all B. & G. schools.

This device gives lectures and answers all questions, computes class records, instructs students in the air, and shoots skeet.

Instructors will still have to attend graduation parties as the machine has not yet been equipped to absorb alcohol.

L. McGUIRK, G/C O.C. Training

There have been frequent occurrences in the past of students dropping bombs in or around farmyards.

To prevent future happenings of this type, all students will be required to attend regular classes in Live Stock Recognition.

L. McGUIRK, G/C
O.C. Live Stock Recognition

All aircrew personnel will be given an opportunity to remuster to Air Bomber (Helicopter).

This affords an excellent opportunity for doing Helicopter Reconnaissance Patrols over enemy nudist colonies at low level.

L. McGUIRK, G/C
O.C. Helicopter Division

G/C Lucifer McGurk has been awarded the S.O.C.S. (Sacred Order of the Cold Shower) for his outstanding work in organizing the Helicopter Hotel Patrol. This squadron has greatly assisted hotel detectives in patrolling outside downtown hotels on week-ends and holidays.

J. DEADBEAT, S/L,
for L. McGurk, G/C
O.C. Special Awards

Under one of the new amendments to the Rehabilitation Act, a priority is being given to all Air Force Instructors for post-war positions as psycho-analysts at all mental institutions. This does not apply to those possessing qualifications to become inmates of these institutions.

L. McGUIRK, G/C (S.O.C.S.)
O.C. Rehabilitation

Hooks, transporting, Mk. VI, are ready for issue to all airport bus transport companies.

These devices are designed along the same lines as the Sky Hook, and should double the maximum load of all buses. Passengers are required to wear lugs, loading, for use with above.

L. McGUIRK, G/C (S.O.C.S.)
O.C. Transportation

L. McGurk G/C (S.C.S.) has been awarded the bar to the S.O.C.S. (Sacred Order of the Cold Shower) for his original ideas submitted while on the Entertainment Course.

His Rest Pavilion, which provides ice cold beer, rub downs, and 48 hr. attend "CS" for all those completing the Step Test at Fingal is proving very popular.

J. DEADBEAT, S/L,
for L. McGurk, G/C
(S.C.S. and bar)
O.C. Special Awards



Fingal Observer



No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Friendly Fingal, Ont., April, 1944

FIVE JUMP WITHOUT 'CHUTES

WD'S CAN LEAVE RCAF ANY TIME THEY WISH

Rehabilitation Grant Includes \$500 Clothing Allowance and 12 Pairs of Nylons

IMMEDIATE discharge of all WD's who want it is announced this week by Ottawa, together with generous rehabilitation grants which have been culled a pattern for other nations.

Here is what the discharge plan offers: Each WD who has served more than 30 days, who has not committed any major crime—murder, treason, or espionage—can apply for a \$500 clothing allowance which will be forwarded in not less than 14 days.

In addition, a grateful government offers her the following: a diamond ring of her choice, up to and including 1½ carats; a mink, sable or white fox coat; three evening gowns; complete sports ensemble; two dinner frocks; 12 pairs of nylon hose; shoes to match all costumes and a return-trip airline ticket to any city in the Western hemisphere.

Only restriction in the above offer is that it applies only to such WD's as were on active service before the declaration of war on September 9, 1939.

STOP PRESS

Royal York Hotel gets catering contract for airmen's mess.

P.T. is washed out; dances substituted.

48's every week for all Fingal personnel.

New fleet of streamline busses on Fingal-St. Thomas run.

Duty corporal details cancelled forever.

April Fool!!!

FREE PASS

This coupon, when properly filled out, will admit one person to the Roxy Theatre in London, within the next 24 hours. This is a special April treat arranged by the Fingal Observer. What other station paper looks after you like this?

Name.....
Rank and Reg. No.....
Unite.....
Male or Female.....



THE FIVE DARING AVIATORS ABOUT TO JUMP

Hubby Resents Joe Jobs Wife Complains To C.O.

Here's a neat little item that one of our spies at headquarters picked up from the C.O.'s files:

St. Thomas, Ont.,
March 30th, 1944.

Dear Mister C.O.:

No, on second thought I will omit the "Dear." I have been trying to be a good wife to Roderick, but you and your station are the despair of all my efforts. Somehow you just don't seem to appreciate all the wonderful things about Roddy.

First of all I must ask you to call off this thing called duty watch. I'm sure I need Roderick in the evenings much more than you do. If he can't get all his work done during his regular working hours, then I'm going to have him resign from the RCAF. St. Thomas is no place for a poor, defenceless girl like myself to be alone at nights. Why, the wolves in this town don't even bother to wear sheep's clothing. A girl needs the protection of a big, strong man like my Roddy. When I ask him why he has to be on this duty watch he says it is because he has to do Joe jobs. I think

that if you were a good C.O. you would make this man Joe do his own jobs.

And I don't see why those sergeants are allowed to boss around an LAC. A Leading Air Commodore should be able to do what he wants to do. I will thank you to inform them that if they don't leave poor Roddy alone I will come down there myself and give them all a piece of my mind. The next time I see some of those stripes at the tailor shop I'm going to buy some for him so he will get to be a sergeant too. Why, even the officers know how smart he is because I notice when I walk downtown with him that they always salute him.

I hope I haven't hurt your feelings, Mister C.O., but I felt I just had to get it settled once and for all whether Roddy is married to me or to the air force. Hopefully,

Mrs. R. Whittle.

ABOVE MENTIONED AIRMAN TO BE EXCUSED ALL DUTY WATCH PARADES.
—C.O.

JUST ANOTHER DREAM

Pay parade is washed out. The paymaster will personally visit all barracks and leave the money on your bunk, with a neat little card explaining just what you're being paid for. Those who aren't in when he calls will attend a supplementary pay parade the same night in the Grand Central.

AN EDITORIAL

On Kit Inspections

Phooey!

ALL LAND UNHURT ON FINGAL DROME

Sensational Feat Wins Promotion for Aircrew Trainees—the Dopes

WITHOUT parachutes, five Fingal airmen jumped from an Anson and lived to tell the tale.

They were just starting on a navigation flip when the port motor dropped out. Circling the aerodrome, the pilot gave the order to bale out, which the five goons promptly did.

Because they had been warned of a fine if they pulled the ripcord, they didn't bother taking their 'chutes.

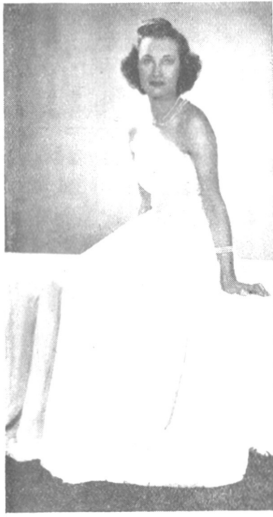
When they landed and news of their astonishing feat spread, newsreels, reporters and photographers swarmed here to interview them. They refused to give their names, for—when the jump was made—the Anson was over the aerodrome, but it was on the ground.

Testimonial To Airmen's Mess



Says Happy Dan: "Since I began eating at Fingal, my health and disposition have improved immeasurably. My digestive juices flow at the rate of 10 gallons a day, including Sundays and holidays. My wrinkles and distemper have disappeared. Happy days are here again."

(The above testimonial was unsolicited and received without payment.)



So you want pin-up girls? Well, here's a lovely lady who gets into print for two reasons: (a) She's easy on the eyes, (b) she's the wife of LAC Eddie Conway, Fingal armorer. Mrs. Conway is the former Mary O'Connor, of Toronto, an ex-model.

CHRISTIAN SCIENTISTS TAKE ROAF TREATMENT

Decision Is Made by Each Unit's Medical Officer

COMPLETE harmony exists between the Christian Science church and the RCAF with regard to medical treatment of members of that denomination whose belief is against the treating of illness, injuries and disease by medicinal methods. So stated Frederick W. Brooer, Christian Scientist minister, on a visit to Fingal.

Brooer explained that their belief denied the existence of bodily ills and subsequently they reasoned that material aid is of no use. "Nevertheless if the law of the country requires inoculations or any other form of medicine, a Christian Scientist will submit to it without protest," he said. "The agreement reached states that it is left to the M.O. to decide when a Christian Scientist is to be treated."

A Fingal Observer reporter was the only guest received by Brooer, who sat in G.I.S. for two hours to meet Fingal's Christian Scientists. He was not disappointed, for records show that there are only a few here. Fingal is on Brooer's itinerary, which covers all military units in Ontario, in case any members happen to have just arrived. He expects to come again and expressed a desire to meet all Christian Scientists here.

There is an old saying that heaven will protect the working girl—but the question arises, who will protect the guy she's working?

Birth of a Front Cover Or Why Editors Go Bugs

ALL those who don't like our front cover, please go jump in the lake. For it took 20 people to arrange it, not to mention several days of negotiation, and several hours of work taking pictures.

It all began with an idea, which was only a gleam in the editor's eye until the C.O. approved it. The editor dropped a note to the S.A.O., S/L Weatherill, who handles Observer matters, outlining the idea.

"For a front cover for April," he said, "we have hit upon the idea of having several airwomen with lambs; cuddling them; feeding them with a baby's bottle and etcetera."

Well, first thing you know, he had it into the C.O. and approved in the Groupie's red crayon. Then our troubles really started.

We had to find lambs. Clare Didsdale got to work on that and discovered two cuddly lambs on the Nott farm, half mile north of Fingal on the Shedden road, on the right hand side, over the second bridge.

This was Saturday. Yes, Mrs. Nott said, we could come Sunday at 3 p.m. and photograph her lambs. She'd have them washed 'n' all nice and fluffy by 3 p.m.

All we needed now was a photographer, transportation and some models. F/L Elliott, o/c photographers, said sure we could have a camerawoman. Then we tore up to the adj. and got her to authorize the M.T. Then we checked with Major Bean, who said he was doubtful if we could have it at 3 on Sunday, but he'd do his best.

Now—all we needed were models. We chased around and got Wini Gascoyne, Bernice Welch, Marjorie Dawson, Terry Gaucher and Alice

Morrison. Then we had to arrange with their sections to get them off at 3 o'clock.

Late Saturday, everything was all set and the editor's hair was just starting to turn grey. Still, it was all set for Sunday, and at 3 p.m. the entire party would meet at the M.T. section and we'd drive out and get some lovely photos for a spring cover.

Sunday came—and it rained.

The entire expedition was washed out until 3 p.m. Monday, and we had to go through it all over again.

Monday morning came. It was dull. So the expedition was washed out until Tuesday. No sooner had we passed the word around than the sun came out full blast, and the expedition was on again for 3 p.m. Monday.

Our safari set out at three from the M.T. section, arriving at the Nott farm shortly after. We got the lambs out and the girls posed with them in many interesting positions.

It was a chilly afternoon, and after we had taken about six shots we adjourned to the house for tea and pie. Cpl. Ralston then discovered that we'd been sabotaged. Some button or other hadn't been pressed—and so far WE HADN'T A PICTURE.

AFTER tea, when we had warmed up a bit, we started all over again, with the lambs and the milk bottle. This time we got results, how good you can judge for yourself. The girls were starting to get cold again, so we called it a day, piled into the station wagon and headed for camp, hitting the front gate at five.

And that, dear friends, is how we got the front cover for this edition.

PAPER BAG

I'm gonna get a pilot I can call my own,
A guy who steers the aircraft straight and true,
And when that super-super guy
Takes me 'way up in the sky
He'll never have to tell me what to do.

Each time he alters course to bomb the target,
He'll bring it down the drift wires all the time,
And when I make a dummy run
He'll take it all in fun,
That super-doooper pilot of mine.

PISTOL-PACKIN' MAMA

The other day on a bombing trip
The target hove in sight;
I said to the pilot, "Quick Left-Left"
When I should have told him "Right."
Lay that Browning down, sir, lay that Browning down,
I'll give perfect patter,
Lay that Browning down.

Last night up in the starry sky
I felt so all alone,
I pressed the button over Dutton
And got a direct on Frome.
Lay that Verey down, sir, lay that Verey down,
Don't waste a pyrotechnic,
Lay that Verey down.

OUR COVER GALS

YOO-HOO, and nuts to you! It's spring tra-la! What all this has to do with our front cover, heaven knows. But the lovely ladies with the lovely lambsys are Wini Gascoyne and Alice Morrison, of Fingal's Women's Division. Cute lambs, eh guys?
—Photo by Cpl. Ruth Ralston

FINGAL OBSERVER

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ALL AIR INSTRUCTORS COME FROM REPATS

Air Minister Power said in the House of Commons that the civilian air training school instructor is slightly better off financially than his counterpart in the RCAF. Many such instructors are on leave without pay from the RCAF.

The Minister was answering questions of members who wondered why these instructors did not enjoy income tax exemption like fliers in the RCAF.

Major Power said the matter of tax exemption was one for Finance Minister Ilsley.

Gordon Graydon, Progressive Conservative Leader, asked if any opportunity was given when completing a tour of duty overseas to take over instructional work.

"We are looking for these men, but many of them don't want to be instructors," said Major Power. "Eventually we will train all our men with instructors who have been overseas."

THEY'RE STILL CANUCKS

Canadians who went over before the war to join the RAF will not be regarded as having lost Canadian domicile for purposes of rehabilitation benefits. Those who enlisted in Imperial forces may return here on discharge and share in the benefits given other Canadian returned men.

Visitor: "Are you the commanding officer? I have a grandson serving at your station?"

C.O.: "Yes, madam, he's away on leave just now, attending your funeral."

* * *

A jolly good scout is a girl who can drink you under the table, drag you into your car, drive you home and carry you in, and when your wife catches her tiptoeing out, convince her that she's a Red Cross nurse.

Fingal's Feudin' Females Fight Furiously



Stinky Kennedy and Clumsy Gibb Battle It Out to a Draw

By CHIEF SHOOTUM BULL DAWSON

Episode the first: On or about 0900 hours on the morning of the 9th of March in the accounts section there arrived a mysterious letter which read:

To whom it may concern: The gang (Chief Running Water Clements, Chief Shootum Bull Dawson, Big Heap Man-Hunter Thomson, Big Heap Eatum More Spinach Ross, Hairless Barden, Bathless McKillop and Boneless Mills) under the leadership of Her Most Worshipful Highness Cpl. Kennedy, D.F.C., B.S., S.O.L., have requested that they be challenged to a "Free for those who drink water only" by the gang (Angle Foot Morgan, Lily of the Valley Boyle, Prairie Moon Davidson, Big Bertha Nickerson, Keeper of the Bar Hawkins, Dakota Yank Dawson) under the leadership of Her Most Clumsy Highness Cpl. Gibb, H.M., D.F.M., B.O., on the second Tuesday of the week, March 13-20 inclusive. One of the highlights of the evening is a duel for supremacy between

Chief Shootum Bull Dawson, M.

Dakota Yank Dawson, M.

The one and only prize for the evening's entertainment, due to the lack of ration books, will be one TWENTY-SIX (Yippe).

(Signed) THE GREMLINS.

Episode the second: The letter did cause much merriment and consternation on the part of the venerable section of the accounts. Who dared write such a letter and speak of its members in such disrespectful manner? Who did it? "Gibb did it, I'm sure of it!" exclaims Her Highness Cpl. Kennedy, D.F.C., B.S., S.O.L., "and something has got to be done about it." "Let's take them up on it," was the cry of the majority. Then seven heads set to thinkin' (and this time they were truly thinkin', believe it or not) and a verdict was reached. Kennedy will box Gibb in the ring, and there will be a bowling contest between the two gangs under the leadership of the two Dawsons, Midge of the Flights, and Digger of the Accounts.

Episode the third: A letter was composed and in the lunch hour passed to the leader of the Flights gang.

To whom it may concern: In answer to your letter, we accept your challenge. Our gang challenges your gang to a game of bowls at the bowling alley at 6:30 Tuesday, March 13. As an added attraction, Stinky Kennedy challenges Clumsy Gibb to a bout

in the ring with the gloves on. May the best team win. (Signed) The winning team, of course, 'CUZ WERE THE ACCOUNTS. P.S.—'Twill be a penniless pay day for a certain gang if any foul play is detected in above-mentioned games.

Episode the fourth: There was an unaccounted for delay in the mess hall that day for some 14 or 15 girls, and much merriment at the tables. It was the Accounts delivering their challenge to the Flights. "Clumsy" Gibb and "Stinky" Kennedy were the centre of attraction. They're going to box and this is the first time that Fingal will have the chance of seeing two girls in the ring. But will they see them? Time will tell. The bowling match was on and the Midge and Digger were both boosting the scores of the members of their team.

Episode the fifth: At 1700 hours the girls met again in the mess and another letter was produced for "Stinky" Kennedy.

To whom it may concern: We accept your challenge. We also wish to advise one addition to our gang in the person of Never Sootum Kempston. Due to extenuating circumstances our gang will be in- disposed until 7 p.m. Tuesday, which happens to be the 12th, not the 13th. Could you arrange it with your mob to hold off until that time? Note here that the challenge between Clumsy Gibb and Stinky Kennedy is now on, providing you don't try out those new false teeth on her. 'Twill be a great day for the hospital and M25's if any foul play is detected in above-mentioned games, and you guys sure won't see pay day.

(Signed) The best team, of course, 'CUZ WE WORK; THAT'S MORE THAN YOUSE DO.

Episode the sixth: No, it would never do for one team to be bigger than the other. So now we have Never Sootum Kempston on the Flight team. Back to the barracks they went and the two boxers were immediately put into training. Both of the great boxers went down to the drill hall to try out the gloves, and the boxing match slate was drawn up as follows:

Components—Stinky Kennedy, Clumsy Gibb.
Trainers—Chief Running Water Clements, Big Bertha Nickerson.
Managers—Big Heap Man Hunter Thomson, Lily of the Valley Boyle.
Water boys—Chief Shootum Bull Dawson, Keeper of the Bar Hawkins.
Timekeeper—Freddie Mercille.

Judges—Frank Dann, Bill Holt. Referee—F/Sgt. Canzano. (Three rounds of one minute's duration.)

Episode the seventh: The night of the fight arrives and there is much excitement. By quarter to seven all the girls are ready and they troop down to the drill hall for the big event. There being too many people around the hall at that time the girls decided to have the fight in the WD dressing room and there they all trooped.

Gloves were donned and the fighters shook hands. Action — well, there was plenty of it when "Stinky" Kennedy got going. She was all of a dither as usual and began the fight with plenty of action. Gibb was a little slow to start, but she got her hand in soon. There was not much cheering and tears were seen sneaking down the faces of the spectators—not from weeping and sorrow, but from merriment. Round one was over and both girls were pretty tired. Ruth Ralston with her camera was on hand and during the three minutes of action she was able to get some good shots. The fight ended with the opponents nearly exhausted from their match and the spectators exhausted from laughing. The judges declared it a draw!

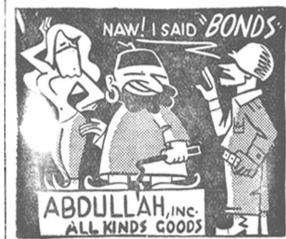
Episode the eighth: Following the fight the girls trooped to the bowling alleys, where two alleys were reserved for the great contest. Midge and Digger got the bowling contest under way. Great exclamations were heard when any member got a strike or a spare. Every once in a while a member of one team would go over to the other's score sheet to see how they were getting along. Scores? Well, here they are:

Clumsy Gibb.....	143
Lily of the Valley Boyle.....	80
Big Bertha Nickerson.....	112
Angle Foot Morgan.....	145
Prairie Moon Davidson.....	125
Keeper of the Bar Hawkins.....	124
Never Sootum Kempston.....	102
Dakota Yank Dawson.....	120
.....	951
Big Heap Man Hunter Thomson.....	142
Hairless Barden.....	121
Chief Running Water Clements.....	127
Big Heap Eatum More Spinach Ross.....	98
Boneless Mills.....	118
Stinky Kennedy.....	102

Chief Shootum Bull Dawson.....	128
Sonny Fibber McGeagh (pinchhitter for Bathless McKillop).....	113
.....	949

Woe is the accounts section. They should have done a little practicing before that game, for the losers had to pay. But who says the accounts haven't got money? They needed it that night.

Episode the ninth: Eats in the snack bar, and plans are in force for the continuance of the feud in a good hearty game of floor hockey or slaughter ball. Watch for announcement of the next feudin'.



In line with our policy of bringing you nothing but the best, here's a little cartoon we borrowed from the New York newspaper, P.M. You like?

A young P/O assigned to a new job at an air force unit noticed that his secretary's telephone rang every morning about 11:45. She would answer, glance at the clock, announce the time and hang up. One day he asked her who it was that called.

"I don't know," the girl said. "I never thought to ask. They call and ask the time and I give it to them." The officer told her to check. Next day the girl questioned the caller. "It's the fire department. They want to know the time so they can blow the noon siren." "Well, how do you know our clock is right?" he asked. "I don't any more," she said. "I've always checked it against the noon siren."



RAF'S DICK LAMB

ARRIVED LAST AUGUST IN "DOCK" EVER SINCE

Courses Come and Go — Fingal's Hard-Luck Kid Goes On Forever

LAC Richard Lamb is Fingal's hard-luck kid.

Lamb, 21, has been in the RAF for two years, eight months of which has been spent at Fingal, following an accident last August.

He came here with Course 88. On a 48 in Buffalo, he fell down a ventilator shaft in the YMCA. After 10 weeks in a Buffalo hospital he came back by ambulance, and remained in Fingal hospital until New Year's Eve.

He was discharged in time for Course 98, was on it for six days, then back to hospital with scarlet fever. He was quarantined for 28 days. His arm hasn't been healing quickly, with the result that he's been in hospital ever since, and is still attached to the hospital.

He did have 14 days' leave, when he went to Prince Albert, Sask., to see his brother Peter at E.F.T.S.

Do not become a hermit, dear,
While you are far away,
Just have a lot of fun, dear,
Slip out each night and play.
Have the girls around you, dear,
They too must have their fling;
Be sure to treat them kind, dear,
Laugh and dance and sing.
Do anything you will, dear,
Pet and flirt and park,
With Mary, Jane and Ann, dear,
Have fun after dark.
The years are all too few, dear,
Your chasing 'round to check,
But should I find you do, dear,
I'll break your damn neck.

The accused was still viewing all those beautiful colors and was "out of this world."

"What were you drinking?" snapped the C.O.

AC2 Blow smartened up for a moment.

"Corby's sir, and I can highly recommend it."

LOVE CONQUERS ALL OR CHRIS TAKES A HONEYMOON

LOVE laughs at locksmiths—and red tape! Living proof is LAW Christina Pearce (nee Landale), Fingal postal clerk, who got a 48 for her wedding and stretched it into a five-day honeymoon.

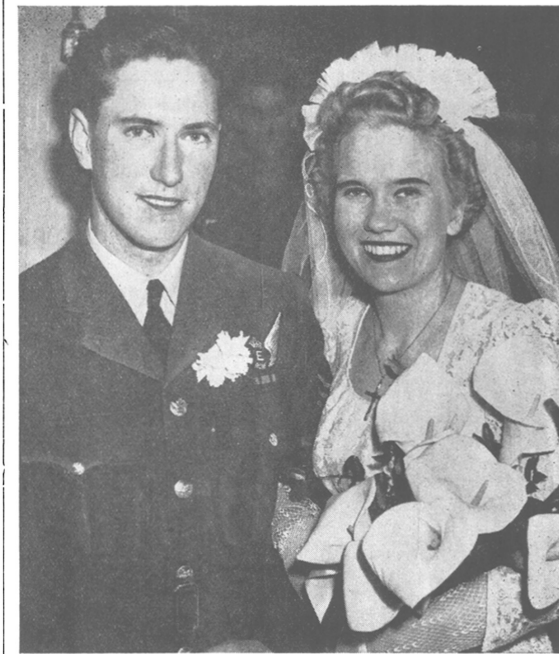
It all began when Chris met her heart-throb, Ted, right here at Fingal. Ted, an AEM, got ambitious when he started going with Chris, and first thing we knew he had re-mustered to aircrew. Today Ted is a flight-engineer with three hooks up.

Well, they became engaged, and boy! was Chris ever proud of that ring on her left hand. Everyone that came for mail to the M-R wicket simply had to admire it.

On March 4, Chris became a leap year bride, in Windsor. Given in marriage by her father, she was a picture of loveliness in a gown of white lace and tulle. Her floor-length veil was held with orange blossoms, and she carried a bouquet of lilies. LAW Cora Moore, who presides over the A-E wicket, was a bridesmaid, wearing light blue sheer, shoulder-length veil held with flowers, and carrying pink roses.

For the wedding trip to Detroit, Chris travelled in a navy blue suit, with matching hat and gabardine topcoat.

The wedding write-ups in the Windsor Star and St. Thomas Times-Journal ended by saying:



THE NEWLYWEDS

"They will rejoin their units later."

The bridegroom has returned to his east coast station, and the bride has returned to the Fingal post office. The day she came back she found the following notice, in large

bold lettering, tacked over her wicket:

JUST MARRIED

You're out of luck now, boys. See the contented look. She's had it! Lay off. This means you.

SGT. TED PEARCE.

Shoot the Bull, Pass the Buck & Make 7 Copies of Everything Or a Day at Station Headquarters

By SGT. WINI GASCOYNE

IT has been brought to our attention several times by the Editor that no news has been received from Headquarters for some time. Even though they say "no news is good news," that's not good enough for our Editor, so the writer will endeavor to catch up on some of the latest doings.

As everyone knows by this time, along about the middle of January the orderly room was blessed (?) with a new major, and believe us, things are different now. Who is it that sits calmly in the orderly room and shouts "Awkins, 'Awkins," only to receive the bright answer, "Coming, Major"? Who is it that believes in the even distribution of the work—half to one of his sergeants and half to the other? Who is it that received so many choice valentines on Feb. 14, and from whom, Major? Or is that still the \$64 question? Who is it that shouts "One more error and I'll cancel your next 48"? It's only our major.

But never mind, we all loves you and that's the main thing.

Have you a posting? Are you going on temporary duty? Or maybe it's just annual leave (lucky fellow). Whichever it is, the orderly room boasts a guide to your troubles in the person of blonde, blue-eyed Phil Corbett. You'll find her at her desk any day from eight until five. Drop in and discuss your problems with her.

"Sadie" is another bright character. Daily she cheers Central Registry personnel by her witticisms and worries about the latest nominal roll.

Runners come and runners go. First we have an air gunner, then an air bomber, then a plain G.D., but whatever they are, they're swell kids and we really appreciate their work, especially the work of Bob Stewart.

Well, readers, this is only a short glimpse into the mad whirl of Headquarters and its inmates. But all good stories must end, so look

us up next month. Do you still want that posting overseas? Do you still want to go back home? So do we.

A grave digger, absorbed in his thoughts, dug the grave so deep he couldn't get out.

Came nightfall and the evening chill, his predicament became more and more uncomfortable. He shouted for help and at last attracted the attention of a drunk.

"Get me out of here," he shouted, "I'm cold."

The drunk looked into the grave and finally distinguished the form of the uncomfortable grave digger.

"No wonder you're cold," he said. "You haven't any dirt on you."

"I'm going to show you," said the flying instructor in midair, "that I've got complete confidence in your flying ability." He threw his stick out of the plane.

"And I've got complete confidence in you, sir," said the student pilot, and threw his stick out, too.

"So You've Got a Beef, Huh?"

By LAC "PAT" PATERSON

DEAR me, I says to myself the other night. Poor Joe, sure is landing crosswind with the world, Joe? He's one of my buddies. He's got the flat below me. Joe is lying on his bunk thinking out loud to me. "Ya," says Joe, "here I am a lousy LAC now for 16 months. Why, back on civvy street I had a job that paid me a buck and six bits every hour and lots of over-time."

Ya, I thinks to myself, those were the days. Hotels open till 11.30 p.m. then. Never ran out of juice, and lots of gas stations open all night and seven days a week, too.

Joe's mumbling breaks into my dreams as he says, "Here I am, sacrificing that good job and all that money for two bucks and two bits a day. And I could really have a swell time with all the dolls I knew. No having to be in a certain time, no sergeant to bawl me out. Why, I could be having a swell time. Beer, women, a little muggin', go to a show, bowl, lots of clothes, money to spend. My own boss. Aw heck, I'm going for a beer."

And with that he bangs up out of his lair and darn near tosses me off on the floor when he banged his head. For ten minutes the air was blue as Joe gave vent to his feelings about living in a lower berth. Finally he bangs out of barracks.

After Joe went I sat up in my two by seven and I think, "Patrick, me boy, maybe you got a beef too."

"Yep," I says, "maybe I have. Let's look at the score and see."

"First," I says to myself, "when I joined up me and my dad had a honey of a trucking business. Yeah, and a swell home, and a wife and two swell kids. (Both girls. I still don't know how some guys get all the boys. Maybe I don't live right.) Then I had me a pretty fair little Dodge, too, and lots of the old do-re-me in my pocket. Yeah and when I wanted a beer I got beer, and if I was hungry I went and got me some grub. Yeah, Patrick," I says, "I think you got a beef, too. You sure sacrificed a lot."

Just then something inside me says, "Oh, yeah"? And that was the beginning of the argument.

"Oh yeah," says the voice.

"Yeah," I says.

"Well, listen to me," says the voice, "when you want a sandwich you go to the snack bar, don't you?"

"Yeah," I says, "but"—

"And ya gets a show all for free right in the rec. hall, don't ya?"

"Yeah," I says, "but"—

"And ya get to the canteen when ya want a beer, don't ya?"

"Sure," I tries to argue, "but"—

"But, be damned," says the voice. "Sure I know when the wife's away the wolf used to play. Ain't ya been out to the coal pile?"

"No," I says, indignant as old Nick.

"Get off that horse," says the voice.

"Well I have not, it's too cold,"

Editor, Fingal Observer.

Dear Sir:
The other night I was sitting on my bunk listening to an argument by a guy who thinks he has a chip on his shoulder. He feels he sacrificed a good job at over \$1 an hour to join up. He's been in for about three months, isn't a wingco yet and doesn't like the idea.

So, I decide to go to work and in a "style" of my own, make me up a story and send it along to you. So, Mr. Editor, here is my contribution to the works of amateur authors. I have called it or should I say entitled it "So Ya Got a Beef." It is written as a one-sided conversation between a not-too-bright airman and himself.

I don't want you to think for one moment that I am soap-boxing or flag-waving for patriotism. It is my belief that patriotism is something you carry deep down inside as a very precious prize and you don't need some guy telling you to be patriotic or for everlastingly waving a flag in front of you.

If you think my contribution of any value, please pass it on, if not please pass paper on to salvage. There is a war on, don't ya know, and waste paper is ammunition. Thanking you in advance for wasting your time.

Yours truly,
LAC "PAT" PATERSON,
Armament Section.

I says, clearing myself of complications.

"And another thing, ya big bum," continued the voice, "ya remember Ern Nelson? He ain't comin' home no more. He's in a grave in Libya. And Bill Nixon, and Jack Alexander who used to go swimming with ya at the old swimming hole. They ain't goin' swimming with ya no more, either, ya lunkhead. And ya remember that letter ya got from Angel about meeting George's wife and baby. Well, George got it from a sniper in Italy and he never even saw or held that baby of his and he ain't goin' to now, either."

"Sure," I countered, "but what has that to do with me? Someone is sure to get hurt over there where they play for keeps."

"You lunkhead," yells the voice, "is that thing you call a head just to put your hat on? What about Pee Wee and Big Pat, over in England?"

"Yeah," I chortled again. "Pee Wee is my kid brother. He and I used to have the damndest arguments, and if anyone busted into our arguments he had to lick the both of us. And Big Pat, he's my drinking cuzzin. We sure used to have some swell benders."

"You see what I mean," says the voice. "You want them to come back so ya can have some more swell times, don't ya?"

"Oh sure, I want them to come back. Then we will have some real times."

"Then how in the name of seven hades do ya expect them to come back if you carry a perpetual beef on your shoulder and lay down on the job?" scolded the voice.

"Aw, nuts, I do my share," I throws at him.

"You do like hades. You could do more, couldn't you?"

"Aw, I'm not doin' so bad."

"Patrick, you're worse than I thought you were," sneered the

voice. "Do you remember when you joined up? Ya said ya would collect some scalps to sorta make up for your buddies that ain't coming back. Have you forgotten them so soon?"

"Naw, I ain't forgot, I'm doing O.K." I come back at him. "It's just what I've gone through since I joined up."

"Aw, nuts," says the voice, "what you've gone through. You, the Great Paterson, who paid 12 bucks per to learn to fly in 1935-36-37-38. You, the Great Paterson, who had the world for a nosegay. You, the great louse. So ya join up as aircrew, and your ears wouldn't let you finish. So ya wash out. So now you're an armorer bombs and ya got a beef on your shoulder like a kid with wet diapers. Hang your head in shame, ya louse."

"Will you quit yellin' at me like that, and leave me alone?" I tells him. "I'm getting sore for all this rag-chewin' you're doing at me. I'll do as I please and I don't want any more of your advice; now shut up."

"O.K.," says the voice. "I tried to do what I could for you. Gayle and Susan and Angel ain't goin' to be very proud of ya anymore, but it's your baby. So long, sap."

"Nuts," I says to myself, and try to get interested in a pulp mag.

But somehow the print don't make sense. I read and reread the same line about six times. All my mind will do is think of Ern and Bill and Jack and Duchy and Knightly and Pee Wee and Big Pat and Gay and Sue and Angel. And suddenly things get a little misty and I feel like the world's prize heel. So I says to myself, "Pat, you ain't got no beef. You oughta thank the A.O.C. upstairs that you're where you are and as lucky as you are. Only a couple of hours from St. Kitts and you're not cold and hungry and ya can fight for what ya believe in. These other guys ain't got no beer either. It's just the weather. If a guy didn't exhale some steam once in a while he'd just explode."

By this time it's 11 p.m. So I snuggle down into my blankets and makes up my mind not to carry a beef any more. With these good intentions I doze off. I only get to sleep when in comes Joe. The beef is gone with the wind and by his breath I get me half load on and he wants to tell me about a new WD on the station. "Boy," he mumbles, "has she got what, and lots of it in the right places." "Cripes," I says, "here I go and get myself into the damndest argument to find out why we have a beef and he meets a WD and forgets. Aw nuts, I'm going to sleep."

So there, my children, is the story of a beef. The moral? Oh, there really isn't one, only, maybe, you got a buddy or two who really did sacrifice. And just think next time you think you got a beef. I wonder if your lost chum said this as he went down with hot lead in his guts or a sniper got him, "I gave up all that for this." I wonder. Don't you? Life's funny.



SO LONG, MARGO: Back to Civvy Street went AW1 Margo Reed, as cute as could be in non-issue clothes with hair-do to match. All the best, Missus Reed, even though we are a bit envious.

AIRCREW IN TRAINING GET "GEN" SESSIONS

No Extra Charge for New Series of Lectures at G.I.S.

TO meet the need for general information on the part of airmen, a series of "progress of war" lectures has been inaugurated. Fingal air bombers now receive seven hours of these lectures plus five hours of films while on course.

It is recognized nowadays that modern mechanized warfare requires not only technical training and skill, but also a high standard of general information and intelligence.

F/O Jim Ingram, station educational officer, is in charge of the course, which is designed to give air bombers some insight into what we are fighting for—and against.

Here's the gen on the educational lineup. First comes "Our Allies," which outlines the changes since 1939, the part played by the United Nations, our Allies in exile and the various underground movements.

Lecture and film No. 2 deal with "Events Leading to the War," which show the Axis record of aggression while democracies were still hoping for peace. Third is "Germany" with her doctrine of "racial superiority," propaganda, German schools, youth movements, attitude toward religion, the Gestapo and the use of treachery as a political and military weapon.

"The Hitler Method" shows the "New Order" and Germany's promises to neighboring countries—Austria, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France and Greece. On the other side of the world, "Japan" is outlined in its similarity to Nazi theories, its record of aggression and general background.

"Italian Fascism" shows Benito's use of the totalitarian technique: use of propaganda, the defilement of the state and the use of the fifth column. Final lecture, "Our Precious Freedom," depicts the fight for freedom from ancient Greece to England, the struggle for democracy here in Canada, the home as a training ground in democratic living, and the achievement of balance between authority and freedom.

Wooden Winco Wolfs Winsome WD's

Meet Mazeppa, Cigar Store Indian With 64 Years on Talbot Street

By WO2 M. R. PALMER

AN American, now residing in St. Thomas, is the envy of every officer in the air force. He's Honorary Wing Commander Mazeppa, acting, unringed, unpaid, who gets at least 100 salutes a day and doesn't return one of 'em. For Mazeppa is an Indian brave, one of the seven of his tribe on this continent.

Mazeppa is on duty 12 hours daily, from 0800 hours to 2000 hours, in front of a Talbot Street tobacco shop. Every Fingal airman and airwoman has seen Mazeppa, but few have made his personal acquaintance. So the Editor sent along a reporter and photographer for Mazeppa's first press interview.

MAZEPPA'S voice was very low. He spoke to us, yet his lips didn't appear to move.

"I came here from New York state in 1880 with old man Honsinger, and have been standing here ever since," he said. "My work is to show the way to this store. The idea of a wooden Indian in front of a tobacco store dates back to my grandfather's time, when my people smoked the pipe of peace similar to the one I carry in my belt. My brothers and I are supposed to represent the sign of peace in tobacco. Whatever white man thought that up should have been placed behind the bars of TTS. In all these years I still haven't figured out the connection.

"I also do buckshee work, serving as a landmark for most people. You see the liquor commission is only two doors to my right. I also act as a stooge for tourists who take my picture. There's no extra pay in it, but my boss is quite pleased. I overheard personnel from your station moan because



HE GETS HEAP BIG SALUTE



FIRST PRESS INTERVIEW

they were caught doing buckshee work. I can't understand it."

The old boy caught us looking him over. His clothes were shabby and worn. Embarrassed, his face reddened. He offered an apology.

"As you know, there is an acute shortage of help around these parts and my employer couldn't get selective service to okay an artist to deck me out with a new outfit. Confidentially, numerous squaws have volunteered to fix me up, but I won't have women fuss around me."

DURING the interview airmen and airwomen passing by saluted the old gent. He returned each salute with a smile for the airmen and a wink for the WD's.

"I have to laugh," he continued, "every time I see these long service ribbons. I've been in permanent service for the past 64 years and haven't even been taken on strength yet. Think of all the pay parades I've missed."

Mazeppa related incidents of his service career.

"One night I was senior duty officer, working overtime. Out of nowhere an old civvy drunk stabbed me in the back. Naturally the knife broke. You see, I take P.T. at noon with the WD classes. P.T. is the secret of my success and the reason for my 94 odd years. Say, Mr. Reporter, do you think the old man himself will read about my taking P.T.? Maybe I'll get more time off than I do."

WE assured our friend that the matter would be brought before the C.O. for a decision. Happy with new hope, Mazeppa continued.

"The only time I ever left my post was a year ago. A number of airmen from (censored) were returning to their unit somewhere near Fingal. They decided it would be a novelty to bring me back to camp instead of the usual WD. We were about to get on the bus when my boss ordered me back to my post. I was severely reprimanded and my temporary rank was deferred for six months. My only regret is that I missed the chance of

visiting that station, where everybody is happy and there's so much to do after hours.

"I'd certainly like to bowl a few strings or go for a swim in the pool they rave about. Maybe I'd better not say more about the station or the S.P.'s might get wise to what station these airmen were from. Anyway, I might come out with the air credits one Sunday."

"How would you like to come to our station to work?" we asked.

"Nope!" was the reply. This time we caught the old wolf looking across the street with a smile of contentment.

"Can't you see her, the red-headed stenog who works in the bank across the street? I'm working on her, trying to get her to join up so I'll get an extra day's leave."

Asked his ambition in life, the old duck said, without hesitation:

"Before I die I'd like to go to a sergeants' mess dance. I've heard so much about them. Do they really play hop-scotch?"

U.S. SENATOR'S SON NOW ON COURSE 103

New Course Boasts Interesting Characters

By F/SGT. AL GAMBLE

The M.T. pushed into the cold dampness of a Sunday night with a dreary load of hoxies and baggage. The duty storekeeper was roused from happy slumber to find she wasn't really needed anyhow. The G.I.S. discip, had a few worthy subjects to impress with parade times. Really original ideas were beginning to circulate about dodging daily sessions of the local Corpulse Club. Fingal was invaded by a new menace! Course 103 air bombers had been gathered and sponsored by the Great White Chief DAPS.

Obviously such a crowd won't need identification, but a few noted characters can't escape mention by your columnist. There's Cpl. Hayes, for instance—only two days after entry was mentioned in dispatches to our daily edition. He's carrying a water-proof container to the bombing teacher now. Then we have "Buck" Brawley—the good shepherd of those who just can't co-ordinate lights-out with reveille—mentioning to one of our repats that the air force was wast-

ing money feeding him when the latter had to make hurried exits from class after breakfast and dinner one day. Buck's brother, incidentally, is a well-known armament instructor at Jarvis.

That Terrible Trio, "I-can't-get-away-with-it" Cook, "Yank" Burgess and "Keen-Type" Gillies, will make their mark here—in spite of Buck. At the moment, Burgess is anxiously studying the U.S. political trend. Should a certain politician (his dad, U.S. senator from Washington State) fail to return, he may perhaps be sending less financial first-aid to his son, and "Yank" will be forced to change from wine, women and song to beer, momma and the radio! Gillies is easily recognized—it's been rumored that those heel cleats are made to special contract for humanity's sake. The collective feminine pulse might rise too rapidly were they not to be well warned by hearing him a long way off!

We've got other interesting tales—but, if they're all told now, what'll we write about next time? In the meantime, watch 103 get into the old Fingal spirit and really do the school proud!

Corporal (to taxi driver): "What are you stopping for?"

Taxi driver: "I thought I heard the young lady say 'stop.'"

Corporal: "She did, but she wasn't talking to you."

102 A Some Class!

By LAC LEONARD ROCHE

Six Canucks and six RAF-ers make up Class 102A, so all things being equal, there should be keen competition. Here's the line-up:

SIDNEY ROBERT BEARG—From Toronto. Played hockey for Marlboroughs and Junior Dukes. A useful man for the air bombers' floor hockey team.

ALISTER GORDON—From Toronto. A Scotsman by birth, from Paisley.

MANNEY ARTHUR GRAFSTEIN—From London. He's closest to home, so he likes Fingal.

RONALD BERNARD MACINTOSH—From Glace Bay, Cape Breton Island. According to Mac, Cape Breton Highlanders are winning this war.

JOHN GEORGE O'DELL—From To-

ronto. A very quiet lad. Nothing known about him.

ROGER DONALD WOOD—From Martintown, Ont. A red-head and a keen sportsman.

And now the RAF lads: ROBERT LINSTAD—From Conisborough, Yorkshire, and do we know it, RCAF lads are amused at his brogue and fun-making.

EDWIN LLOYD—Also from Yorkshire, England. From the town of Middleboro. Where Linstad is you will find Lloyd.

JOHN MAYER—Comes from Heywood, Lancashire. A quiet lad. On good terms with everybody.

FRANCIS IAN PARTINGTON—From Wimbledon, where they play the tennis finals. Ian is taking up badminton to get a homely feeling.

HAYDN WILLIAM RHODES—From Wood Green, London. Is better known as "Dusty." His piano playing is probably known throughout the camp, especially by the WD's.

LEONARD ROCHE—I come from Tottenham, London. Am always looking for someone who can really play checkers, but haven't found anyone yet.

"Did she blush when her shoulder strap broke?"

"I didn't notice."

DREAM HOUSE

Inside Stuff from WD Barracks

By LAW EDYTHE ENOS
 TIME: BED TIME
 PLACE: WD WASHROOM
 MOOD: VARIABLE

By 11 p.m. lights in the WD barracks are out and those still up move into the washroom to let the others sleep. The conversation runs something like this:

Lou Schnob can be heard saying: "Hey! When's the next dance? Gee—we haven't had a dance in two whole nights." Where does she get all her energy from? Must be those wheateas she eats for breakfast!

Nancy McMurray saying: "Look! I'm back again." We wonder if she really goes to the hospital in London.

Peggy Sexsmith can be found with a mouthful of bobby pins as she patiently does up someone's hair. Don't ask her a question, for all you get is a look and you might get the wrong idea for the answer. "Squeaky" Wilson bemoaning the fact that the water's cold. Never mind, it's like that most of the time. So try to get used to it.

LAW Boyle can be heard saying she will get you in the morning and confidentially, she's not fooling. Did you ever try to sleep with all the covers off you at 6 a.m.?

That's not a checker board walking about. Cpl. Ann Spencer has just come in and those red and black checks you see before your eyes are her pyjamas.

Happiest kid around is "Dusty" Greenway. She's just been posted and keeps on wondering if she will be close enough to see her friend in Ottawa.

Cpl. Acres says: "If I start another one of those nightmares again, just wake me up." The reply is—if she starts another one she will never wake up. What's on your mind these nights, Bea?

LAW "Newt" Newton is always going out without her glasses and has to tear back.

A very excited English voice on the phone: "Is Lois Campbell theah?"

Affable Like

A young Scottish recruit was put on sentry-go outside the general's tent. In the morning the general rose, looked out of his tent, and said in a stern and loud voice: "Who are you?"

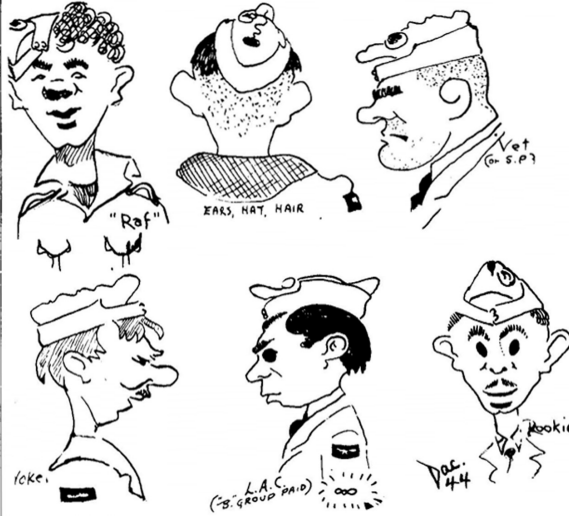
The young man turned around smartly and replied: "Fine, sir! Hoo's yersel'?"

Father—So you love my daughter?

Suitor—Love her? Why, I would die for her. For one soft glance from her sweet eyes I would hurl myself off a lofty cliff—glad of the chance to sacrifice myself in her name.

Father—Well, I forbid the marriage. I'm something of a liar myself and one is enough in a small family like ours.

HATS AND HAIRCUTS



This Month's True Story Sr. NCO's Vs. Richards

By SGT. CREIGHTON AQUIN
 THE clock in the tower of St. Thomas city hall struck one a.m. as two of Fingal's lesser-known NCO's left a restaurant and started back to camp.

The 11.45 bus, which Richards so generously consents to run for No. 4's convenience, had long since departed.

The two gentlemen of fortune (both good and bad) had been to a YWCA dance and remained much too long for their own good. In preference to waiting for the next Fingal express to start its pilgrimage, the pair decided to leg it, in hopes of hitching a ride.

Said one to the other assuringly: "Anyway, if we don't catch a ride, we can be assured of the late bus picking us up on the road." Cheered by this thought, they commenced a fair imitation of Napoleon's retreat from Moscow.

During the first 90 minutes of their self-imposed hike, no less than three cars ignored their motioned requests for a ride.

Profanity rocked the soft, moonlit silence of the night, but doggedly they kept plodding on, half-frozen and almost dead with fatigue. Hoar frost had formed on their moustaches and coat collars which came in contact with vapor from their breathing.

THE BAGGIER, THE BETTER

One of the first things the average young RCAF aircrew officer starts doing, upon his arrival overseas, is to remove the prim and precise stiffness from his peaked cap, we are told. The softer and baggier he can get that cap, the better, be-

cause a stiff cap is regarded as being the mark of the tyro or new-comer. No brass-hat stiffness for Canada's young warbirds!

Sometimes young officers sleep on their caps to remove the sleepiness and stiffness. Another popular stunt is said to be to fill the cap with beer and then use it as a football.

By this time they had walked about six miles, and to keep themselves from succumbing to the effects of their struggle they kept up a running conversation on every topic from religion to politics.

"Judas! but I sure could do with a hot cup of coffee right now," remarked the flight to the sergeant, his teeth chattering.

"Make it a double order," agreed the other and added, "Don't despair, chum, we can at least depend on good old Richards to pick us up any minute now. No sooner had he made this comforting statement than a pair of bright headlights came into view.

Recognizing it as the bus, they embraced each other and wept for sheer joy. They were saved!

As the noisy old rattle-trap approached closer, they fished into their pockets with freezing hands for the fare. Simultaneously they motioned wildly for the driver to stop.

Once in every man's life certain occasions arrive that seem to justify lynching and that precise moment was it.

Disregarding hoarse cries to stop, the driver passed the NCO's and left them to continue the remaining five miles of their journey on foot, in sub-zero weather.

WHY PILOTS GO CRAZY IN ONE EASY LESSON

Dummy Run or Dummy Bombardier—It's All the Same

By LAC J. BURKE MARTIN
 SUBJECT of this discourse is "Patter" or "What They're Really Thinking."

Pilot: Attack heading 360 degrees. I suppose this jerk will give me five dummy runs. He would, on the day that blonde's waiting in the Grand Central.

Bombardier: Attack heading 360 degrees. There's that damned wind-speed bar right in front of the foresight. Oh well, it's probably the wrong heading anyway.

P: Turning on 360 degrees. I wonder if she's still sore about last night. Can't be, or she wouldn't have called me.

B: Turning on 360 degrees. Number 1 bomb selected and fuzed, nose and tail. Gee, the country looks prettv. I'd like to try and plant one smack on that old barn. Bet I'd scare the wits outa some plough-jockey. Holy Moses, that pilot's way off. Right, Right, I mean Left, Left. That makes it about 355, I imagine.

P: Heading 350 degrees. Just my luck to get Joe'd for something if I do get this exercise over early. What a racket, pushing these crates around for a living, listening to the same babble every day.

B: Left, steady. Nuts. I could fly one of these kites better than that. Can't he keep steady for one second? That target just won't come down those wires. Wonder if I could convince the pilot there's been an earthquake and the target really did move? Don't suppose I could.

P: Heading now 347 degrees. This life shouldn't happen to Hitler. Wonder if she'll want to see a movie again. She's crazy about flying pictures, too, of all things. Thinks flying is glamorous. I'll take vanilla. Is he ever going to drop that damn bomb?

B: Bomb gone, master switch off, bomb doors closed. (Long pause.) Bomb plotted, 150 yards at 9 o'clock. I knew I should have gone AG.

FINGALITE "GONGED"

Sgt. Arthur Bowlby, a Fingal-trained air-gunner, has been awarded the DFM. The citation: "This airman has participated in many sorties and has displayed great keenness throughout. He is a resolute and skillful air-gunner whose coolness in the face of the enemy has won high praise. His example has been most inspiring."

And an optimist, friends, is a man who thinks his wife has stopped smoking cigarettes when he finds cigar butts around the house.

"You look like a sensible girl; let's get better acquainted."

"Nothing doing. I'm just as sensible as I look."

OUT-SHOOTS BAND IN ARMY DRILL TEST

**Big Noise From Winnipeg
Developed Lungs the
Hard Way**

Meet the man with the VOICE—F/O "Buck" Sutton, air-gunner instructor in gunnery dispatch.



"Buck"

stand beside a brass band playing a regimental march, and drill a squad on the other side of the square.

"Buck" was a sergeant when he was sent home and discharged as medically unfit. So he promptly joined the air force. After 10 weeks at Brandon as a cornflake corporal he went to Regina I.T.S., to No. 3 Wireless School, then to No. 3 B. & G. at Macdonald, Man., where he was winged.

How does he like the East? "Nice women down here," he commented. "But I'm not fussy about the climate."

ROOM AT THE TOP

From now on there must be "contraction, not expansion" in the air training plan, Air Minister Power stated in the House of Commons. It was necessary that there be no bottleneck at the top of the air force and the department had adopted a "definite retirement policy," said Major Power.

Some officers were too old for active operational service. If all were retained, men who had seen active flying service in this war and were qualified for promotion could not be promoted. These men were younger and had to be shown there was "room at the top," he said.

NEW "Y" MAN

Clare Didsdale, of Galt, is the new arrival in the "Y" office. He's here to assist Clarke Edwards and to learn the ropes. For 10 years he was with Galt YMCA as a gym and swim instructor.



Fingal played host recently to Canada's future captains of the clouds—the St. Thomas and Aylmer air cadet squadron, commonly known as Servos Gremlins. Here they are in the airmen's mess, feeding their happy faces—and not a complaint in the lot.

ARMISTICE OR NO ARMISTICE OBSERVER GOES ON FOREVER

**Station Paper's Own Post-War Plan Assures Job for Its Entire
Staff—So Take the Hint, Brother, and Join us
Now—Meet in Wet Canteen**

By SGT. CREIGHTON AQUIN

AS yet the rest of you might be uncertain about your post-war future, but that of the Fingal Observer and staff is a cut and dried proposition.

Surely, you didn't think a minor thing like an armistice would cause us to suspend publication. Not a chance. Those of us who work for the Observer like our well-paid jobs too well to even think of relinquishing them.

One of the paper's editors declared at a recent press conference held in the editorial offices, which are located in a far corner of the wet canteen: "Since the first edition, the popularity and circulation of the Observer have increased to such proportions that it now ranks favorably among the immortal chronicles of 20th century journalism, such as the New York Times, the Manchester Guardian and Hush. It must not die after the war."

"No, it must not die after the war," droned other members of the staff in wisdom, sounding like a girls' chorus.

SO, in determined fashion, they quaffed their ale and put their little heads together to discuss the situation in detail.

The result was this. They decided to apply to the department of pensions upon being discharged from the RCAF, for authority and backing to make post-war publication possible.

Since the department of pensions is noted for its enthusiasm and generosity in supporting wildcat schemes, the staff expects no opposition whatsoever to theirs.

Rest assured, Dear Subscribers, your favorite newspaper's future and security is practically in the bag. You can depend on reading it

when you are senile old men and women.

It has been decided that the permanent offices will take over the entire wet canteen. Here we shall work for your mental enrichment and literary amusement for the rest of our natural lives. Inspiration constantly flowing in an amber, liquid form will make our task a doubly enjoyable one.

VISUALIZE, if you will, some 30 years hence, a dwindling handful of decrepit and scruffy old men and women (all keen types) working over reams and reams of copy for your consumption. That will be the present-day staff feverishly bent upon the Herculean task of satisfying its bald and grey subscribers.

We anticipate using our present-day stocks of cover girls, even if they become arthritic and insist upon posing in crinoline, lavender and old lace.

Our policy will be to satisfy and champion the wishes of the "Old Comrades League," who will be a group of red-faced old pensioners with bulbous noses, living under the benevolent protection of the government, within the present confines of the station. It is expected that their ranks will be comprised entirely of ex-officers and airmen, who could not make the grade in civilian life after being discharged from the RCAF.

They will be employed at the task of hoisting a few, 24 hours a day, for 365 days of the year.

With this assurance, then, you may depend upon seeing a great deal of us for a long, long time to come.

Last, but not least, if you have been misled to believe any portion of this story, then don't hesitate to have yourself psycho-analyzed at once.

BOMBARDIER KEY MAN IN OPERATIONAL CREW

**Here's the Dope From an Air-
Gunner Doing Ops
On Lancs**

AIR bombers play a vital role in the aircrew team, says F/O Bill Paige, Fingal air-gunner, now on ops with a Lancaster squadron. In a letter to his brother "Punchy" he writes:

"Now, you want a bit of gen about the bombardier and what the crew think of him. Well, this is coming straight from my personal experience, so you can take it for what it's worth. Each man in the crew has his individual job, but the air bomber plays a significant part. If the navigator is duff the bombardier can still guide us around defended areas and flak belts. He's in a position to judge its height and bearing and guide us through, although it's practically impossible to miss flak altogether. I know we have been saved more than once by his precise guidance.

"Over the target, as far as corrections on the bombing run, there isn't much we have time for and dummy runs are called only by the insane. It's just a run-in, bomb doors open, bombs gone — 12,000 pounds—bomb doors closed. Haven't got time for any more because Berlin has 20 miles of defences to dodge, plus fighters.

"The bombardier has his own turret in the front, but very seldom rides in it—only when enemy aircraft is sighted or an attack begins. Also, his pin-points are invaluable when our special instruments are u/s."

The corporal had been going with the gal for a long time. Accordingly he said to her father:

"I wish to marry your daughter, sir."

The father nodded: "Do you drink, young man?"

It was the corporal's turn to nod his head. "Thanks, pop," he said, "but let's get this other matter settled first."

A man who couldn't read or write went into business. He signed cheques with two X's. The business prospered and one day the cashier of the bank noticed a check with three X's signed to it. Not knowing whether to honor the check he called the man and said: "I have a check here signed with three X's. It looks like your check, but I'm not sure."

"Yes, it's mine," said the businessman, "you can honor it."

"But tell me what's the idea of the extra X?"

"Well," said the businessman, "I'm doing real well now and my wife thought I should take a middle name."

Due to the shortage of nurses there was an inexperienced girl on the job. The doctor came rushing into a patient's room.

"Have you kept a chart on his progress?"

"No," she replied with a blush, "but I can show you my diary."



VITAL STATISTICS

BORN

A daughter, Jane Mary, to LAC and Mrs. M. J. Zywna, at Chatham.
A son, Wayne Frederick Walter, to F/Sgt. and Mrs. G. R. Johnston.
A son, John Grant, to F/L and Mrs. W. Webster, at London.
A son, to F/L and Mrs. Nick Carter, at St. Thomas.

PROMOTED

F/Sgt. W. E. Cott to Pilot Officer.
Sgts. J. Marshall, J. K. Jamieson to Flight Sergeant.
Cpl. J. C. Roberts to Sergeant.
WO1 L. LePage and WO2 Pete Prince to Pilot Officer.

MARRIED

LAC M. L. Bradley to Margaret Elizabeth Desarmia, at Arnprior, Ont.
Cpl. D. C. Lund to Verna Rose Wallis, at Rodney, Ont.



HAINER AND HINETT: THEY'RE AIRCREW NOW

FULL PAY CONTINUES IF YOU CANNOT WORK

PAYMENT of full pay plus regular dependents' allowances to men who are discharged, but medically unfit to work, has been announced.

Formerly, once a man was discharged needing treatment, allowances provided were \$44.20 a month; \$18.20 for his wife; \$12 for the first and second children, and so forth. This applied to all ranks.

Now a former RCAF man, discharged and coming under "treatment allowance," will continue to receive air force pay and allowances. Only restriction here is that the ceiling is on the pay of flying officer. These allowances may be continued for a period equal to the man's war service, or for 12 months following discharge.

Other amendments to the War Veterans' Allowance Act provide increases to veterans and widows up to \$365 yearly for a veteran or to the widow of a veteran who has no dependent children, while \$730 may be paid to a married veteran or to widows of veterans with dependent children. In addition, they may have casual earnings up to \$125 annually and unearned income of \$25 per year.

TOWER TOPICS

By LAW EDYTHE ENOS

This month finds T.W.O.R. staff still in the same place and in the same condition. Seated behind all the necessary forms that go to complete the graduation of a course, we find our Cpl. Mac just can't figure out why everything comes in all at once and on the installment plan.

Midge Dawson is still in the dark about things that go on down here. But what she has seen she likes. Midge can be seen putting in her spare time as make-up girl for the dramatic club and working the odd night behind the snack bar.

LAW Crown has just come off annual leave, back to the grind. She often wonders if the log books are at fault, or is it the pilot's addition. Confidentially, we would say they could use a few lessons in counting.

Our adjutant, F/O Murray, is still being pursued from snack bar to headquarters to central warehouse and back here again.

TWO GROUND CREW F/O'S ARE FIRST TO TRAIN HERE

By F/SGT. AL GAMBLE
TWO air force headquarters officers, F/O Barney Hainer and F/O Fred Hinett, are the first commissioned men to train at Fingal as air bombers. They're on Course 103.

"I've held every rank except P/O up to and including flight-lead, so now I'm about to fill that gap in my life," chuckled F/O Hainer, for all remustered officers graduate as P/O's in aircrew.

Hainer's service dates back to 1929 when he enlisted as an AC2. He reached the rank of AC1 by 1931 when he obtained a discharge. In 1936 he re-entered in the equipment branch. By 1939 he was a sergeant, attached to AFHQ, and two years later was commissioned from WO1—hence skipping the rank of P/O. For a long time, though, his heart was set on flying, so when a chance for remuster came, he gladly relinquished the rank of Acting F/L to take aircrew training.

To the other member of the team, F/O Hinett, armament instruction isn't exactly new. He's been connected with training since 1941. He, too, is a "ranker" and well acquainted with the highly-specialized chores of an AC2 in Manning Pool as of October, 1940. When partially through a post-graduate theology course at Acadia University, he enlisted as an armorer, then pursued this enlightened profession on

course. He worked as a humble "Joe" until recalled to the Mountain View Precis Palace for a senior armament instructor's course.

For some time then, his job was to reveal the mysteries of gunnery to budding aircrew at St. Hubert and Camp Borden. Commissioned in 1943, Hinett worked as a squadron armament officer on the east coast and Newfie. Returning to armament training branch at AFHQ, he worked on the preparation of training circulars until remustered to aircrew last December. He will not, he says, pinch-hit for the padre, but will gladly give Jerry a good sermon or two with the emphasis of a well-placed block-buster.

"What happens," asked the science master, "when a body is immersed in water?"

Student: "The telephone rings."

"Now, Willie," said the teacher to a rather stupid pupil, "listen to me very carefully. If I had five eggs in this basket and laid three eggs on the table, how many eggs would I have?"

"Eight," was the cheerful reply.

He: "I like to take experienced girls home."

She: "I'm not experienced."

He: "You're not home yet, either."

FINGAL OBSERVER

Elgin County's Finest Newspaper
ALL THE NEWS THAT'S FIT TO PRINT

Distributed free to Fingalites
Two bucks a year when you're posted

Main Office - YMCA in Recreational Hall
Branch Office - Bombing Teacher (G.I.S.)

An Independent Journal for Airmen We sell no advertising

FUN FOR NOTHING IN GAY NEW YORK

Beautiful Women, Theatre Passes Await All Fingal Airmen

Take out your address book and make a clear, black note of this address:

The Air Force Club
55 West 44th Street
New York City

One of the brightest spots in New York, and certainly one of the most comfortable and easy-going, the Air Force Club is maintained by the British War Relief Society of the United States and the RAF Benevolent Society. It is devoted exclusively to the pleasant work of dreaming up Fun For Flyers.

Last June the club moved into smart new quarters next to the Algonquin Hotel, and since then has welcomed thousands of fliers from all parts of the Empire, including a number of Fingal men.

At the club, every afternoon sees scores of fliers—from Canada, Britain, New Zealand, Australia, South Africa, with a sprinkling of U.S. Air Corps men, mingling in friendly conversation, drinking beer and even tea, giving out with harmony about the piano, and generally loosening up the joints for the evening's activity.

And speaking of evenings, the Air Force Club—with its far-flung network of secret agents — plots parties, dinners, dances, week-ends in the country and other such high jinks for visiting fliers. It also scrounges passes to theatres, broad-casts, sports events, concerts and miscellaneous amusements. And boys without too much cash will be pleased to know that the club can find them lodgings at distinctly reasonable rates in a town where most of the rates are not too reasonable these days.

For parties on the premises, the ingenious hospitality committee — all of them very easy on the eyes — has constructed a games room in the basement that is plenty of fun just to look at. In addition to the ping-pong, darts, record-player and other devices for having fun, the wall decorations represent the most delicious creations of New York's outstanding cartoonists, including Peter Arno, Rube Goldberg and Otto Soglow.

Fingal boys who have visited the club include Harold Bowman, John Love and Pierre Macquet.

Says Mrs. Edward Anthony, chairman of the women's committee, a personable creature of surpassing charm:

"What the Air Force Club needs is more men from Fingal, and what the Fingal boys need is more time at the Air Force Club. Where are they spending their leave? In Detroit? That's preposterous!"

And it probably is.

"Use your noodle, lady. Use your noodle."

W.D.: "My goodness, where is it? I've tried, pushed and pulled everything else in this car."

Attaboy, MacDuff! Fingal Actors Show Their Stuff



P-r-e-s-e-n-t-i-n-g, the cast and Joe-boys of "Her Radio Romeo," a Fingal-produced show, directed by LAC Ben Halter, an AEM. **Top photos:** Love conquers all and Cpl. Margaret Kennedy winds up with AC1 "Ham" Hamilton; AW1 Gene Lawson gets LAC Walter Townsend, and Sgt. Terry Corbett is stuck with LAC Jack Wood, who seems happy enough despite his shiner. That happy group picture includes: AC2 Tom Boyle, who wooed the messing officer with a song; LAC

Tommy McEwen, our musical director; LAC Al Sword, LAC Dave Sapergia, LAW Nancy McMurray, AW2 Agnes Ward and LAC Sid Harris. **Bottom photos:** LAW Gwen Dawson, of accounts, who was prompter for the show; Cpl. Bunty McCully, the yum-yum girl; AW2 Marjorie Dawson, of the tower, seen making up to Lord Jo, commonly known as LAC Jack Wood. At press time, Dutton and Shedden were dickering for the show.

ALL-FINGAL STAGE SHOW ROLLS 'EM IN THE AISLES

Drama Group Presents "Her Radio Romeo," Two-Act Comedy;
Plus a Variety Program of Fingal Entertainers—
Next Stop: Broadway

By Our Drama Editah

CULTURE came to full bloom at Fingal in March when station airmen and airwomen were privileged to witness the first offering of our newborn Little Theatre group, "Her Radio Romeo."

A capacity house greeted the Thespians, and applause throughout the frothy farce was tumultuous. While the histrionic heights may not have been topped in this, the actors' initial effort, roles were well cast, few lines were muffed, and good pacing reflected the shrewd directorial hand of LAC Ben Halter.

"Her Radio Romeo" had to do with the disappearance of one Lord Jo, a titled victim of amnesia; the muddled love-lives of Vera Ralston and Jasper Kenton in one corner and Patricia Dean and Dick Arnold



DIRECTOR HALTER, B.
... it was like a nightmare.

in the other. In the romantic background were Vera's aunt, Ellen, and aforesaid Lord Jo, who came to his senses just in time to escape unwitting bigamy.

Terry Corbett, as Ellen, added some 30 years to her age and was a properly mousy female, restrained, uncertain and unglamorous. Margaret Kennedy, who portrayed Vera Ralston, was vivacious, impatient and somewhat unfaithful to her hypochondriacal suitor, Jasper Kenton, played by Walter Townsend.

Gene Lawson, who left hospital to go on with her role of Patricia Dean, was svelte and lovely. "Ham" Hamilton as Dick Arnold, and Jack Wood in the role of Lord Jo, were highly amusing in their mistaken identity mix-up. Their quotations from Shakespeare, some genuine and some phony, provided most of the play's laughs.

Plot was too involved to undergo analysis here, but the lovers' plight was dissolved through the medium of a highly improbable radio broad-

cast in which their woes became public property. Costuming was excellent, the single setting likewise. The C.O. expressed the views of all present when he thanked the cast and hopes that further plays would be forthcoming.

Before the play, Clarke Edwards MC'd a variety show, accompanied by the station orchestra under Maestro Tommy McEwen.

LAC Al Sword, the voice from armament, sang "All or Nothing at All" and "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night."

Bunty "Twinkle-toes" McCully, P.T.I. corporal, displayed lovely form in a tap dance, while the local wolves howled.

By kind permission of the Metropolitan Opera Company and Tech Stores, LAW Nancy McMurray, of Australia, rendered some classical ballads entitled "My Hero" and "Through the Years."

AC1 Jim Millen, on the bagpipes, accompanied by Drummer Boy LAC Joe Smith, gave out with "Pistol Paekin' Mama." Every Scotsman in the "hoose," including LAC Jock Kinneir of Glasgee, howled blue murder at this sacrilegious performance. But, aye, 'twas guid, lads.

AW2 Agnes Ward, well-known air force showgirl, sang "My Heart Tells Me" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love." She wasn't hard to look at, either.

LAC Fred Shergold and LAC Dave Sajergia did swell on their guitars, including "Apple Blossom Time" and "Dark Eyes."

An act by LAC Sid Harris was novel, to say the least. On a musical saw, issue type, he tore off "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling" and "Bells of St. Mary's." A front-row wag wanted to know if Sid signed out at works and bricks for the saw.

AC2 Tom Boyle, that handsome guy, almost stole the show with "Falling in Love With Someone," which he sang to our messing officer, A/S/O Helen McIntosh, in the front row. He looked her square in the eye the whole time he was singing, and well—you can imagine. Interviewed later, Boyle stated he liked the meals at Fingal and didn't have any particular reason for playing up to the messing officer. Just one of those things. Boyle also gave some excellent imitations of Donald Duck, Mortimer Snerd and The Shagger (ha-ha-ha-ha).

Messing Officer?

The Queen of the Cannibals said to me,
As I just escaper becoming her tea:
To just two things me am belly,
belly partial—
A slice of ham and an Air Vice-Marshal.

The snail, so the story goes, started up the cherry tree in January. He inched his way along slowly while the raw north wind blasted around him. A wise guy beetle came along and hollered at the snail. "Hey, Joe," he said, "you're wasting your time. There ain't any cherries up there." The snail kept on climbing. "There will be when I get there," he said quietly.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF WD'S SPORTS

By LAW EDYTHE ENOS

Sorry, Folks, Nothing Doing
This Time



AC1 JIM MILLEN
... he gave out on the pipes.

AC2 Jones was late for drill. "Well," said the sergeant in his pleasantest sneer. "It's nice to see you. We had begun to fear you'd signed a separate peace."

AC2: "Say, baby, going my way?"
Gal: "Sir, the public street is no place to accost a girl who lives at 972 Talbot St., telephone 8900."

Last night I held a lovely hand,
A hand so soft and neat,
I thought my heart would burst
with joy.
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my heart
Could greater solace bring
Than the dear hand I held last
night—
Four aces and a king.

The Prodigal Son Returns Welcome, Brother Elliott!

By SGT. JIM TUCK

Thinking of putting in for a posting? Perish the thought! Take it from the man who really knows, and stay put at Canada's best B. & G.

Fingal's prodigal son, F/L C. Elliott is back "home" after a year of wandering that took him to almost every B. & G. in the country—and to say he's glad to be back would be a masterpiece of understatement. As armament officer at Lethbridge he was called upon to visit the B. & G.'s in Western Canada, and he believes Paulson is the only one that can even be compared to Fingal.

"This is just like a homecoming," he enthused. "You can take it from me, Fingal is 'tops.' I couldn't have asked for a better posting except, of course, overseas."

Personnel, recreation facilities and even our climate (Westerners, take note) won the airman's praise.

So, Fingalites, lend an ear to the wisdom of the wise, and stay with us as long as Ottawa favors it.

YE EDITOR'S MAILBAG

Sir:
I'm enclosing \$1 and would like you to send the Observer for six months, commencing with April's issue. More than likely when the six months is up I'll be trying to scrape up another \$1.

I happened to run into AC1 Irwin, who used to be at Fingal, and he had an Observer which, after reading, made me realize how much I missed not receiving the news hot off the press. They have a station paper here which is published every Thursday, but certainly doesn't come up to the standard of the Observer.

There aren't as many girls on this station and it seems funny not to see young aircrew running around... 80% of the station here are married so the poor girls haven't much chance.

One thing, the good old West has had a marvelous winter since I arrived in Calgary, and spring is here by the feel of the breezes.

Sincerely,
CPL. ANITA EAMER,
No. 10 Repair Depot,
Calgary, Alta.

Dear Ben:

Or would it be more correct Dear Major? It came as a very pleasant surprise to receive a copy of the Observer from you. Believe me, I hadn't a chance to look beyond the front cover before the lads were around like a swarm of bees, anxious to see what the "one and only station" was doing in their absence, so I immediately poked the letter under their noses and told them what a \$2 subscription would do.

Coming here has certainly made us realize more than ever what a grand station and a grand crowd we had at Fingal. They believe in keeping us busy here—both night and day—and I don't think a single one of us will be sorry when this course is over. All the lads are in good health and reasonably good spirits with the exception of Dusty Miller, who has gone into hospital with mumps. We've all enjoyed our visit to Canada and appreciate the splendid hospitality shown to us all around. We'll have some grand memories to treasure—but we're all anxious to see the Old Country again and I, in particular, am in a hurry to see a very charming young wife.

Yours sincerely,
LAC R. MARSHALL,
No. 1 A.O.S., Malton.

First Airman: "Anybody see a necktie around here? I lost mine."
Second Airman: "What color was it?"



F/L ELLIOTT
... head man of armament



CPL. MACLEOD

1,200 BABIES HELPED GEORGE MAKE GRADE

BABIES, 1200 of 'em, helped Cpl. George MacLeod pay his way through college. You see, it was like this:

George, 20, was taking up chemical engineering at Carnegie Tech in Pittsburgh. To help make ends meet he became a commercial photographer, got a contract with the Mercy Maternity Hospital, and every week photographed about 50 newly-born babies for proud parents.

Every Tuesday and Wednesday for six months George donned a surgeon's gown and mask and braved the hospital nursery, armed only with his camera. Whether it got him down, or what, we don't know. But George threw it all up to enlist in the RCAF. He's now a bombing instructor here.

3 FINGAL FLIERS WIN DECORATIONS

BAR TO THE D.F.C.

F/L G. H. F. CARTER, No. 35 (RAF) SQDN: "This officer is a most determined and reliable navigator. Since being awarded the D.F.C. he has performed his duties with exceptional accuracy, resulting in the successful completion of many missions. He has continued to display outstanding enthusiasm for operational flying with marked ability and great devotion to duty."

D.F.C.

P/O G. W. COBURN, No. 83 (RAF) SQDN: "The above officer has completed in various capacities many successful operations against the enemy in which he has displayed high skill, fortitude and devotion to duty."

F/O G. M. BOWMAN, No. 10 (RAF) SQDN: "As air bomber, F/O Bowman has participated in very many attacks on targets important to the enemy's war effort. He has displayed great determination throughout and his skillful efforts have contributed materially to the successes obtained. On several occasions the aircraft in which he has been flying has been damaged by enemy action, but his keenness for operations remains unabated. He has set a good example of courage and devotion to duty."

"Will the signature of Germany be necessary on the treaty of peace?"

"Certainly not. When did the corpse ever sign the coroner's certificate?"

Lost In a Revolving Door — or — A Day In U.S. With a Bloke

By Sgt. Stan Mays

YOU could all no doubt tell stories of the nightmarish things that happen to you on a trip to the States. How a portly American smoking a fat cigar hurries out of a hotel as you pass and shouts, "Find me a taxi," just like you were the doorman . . . how a grand dowager peers through her lorgnette and commands, "Boy, page my husband!" . . . and there was one air bomber wearing RAF blue, which had grown somewhat grey with the passage of years, who was mistaken for an American Confederate soldier . . . from a masquerade, no doubt.

In Detroit not so long ago I ran into yet another tale of the type we love to tell about Yankee trips, if only to indulge in reminiscence of the pleasures such trips hold.

Seems that two bombardier graduates from Crumlin decided to spend a few days in Detroit before returning to England. One was a sergeant resplendent with stripes and a brand new wing and the other was a Fingal graduate, Bernard McIntee, of Course 90, newly commissioned pilot officer.

As is the custom he had been given a white band to wear around his arm until he could purchase his uniform. So many good-natured Detroiters asked him what it meant that the sergeant jokingly offered to take over the "explanation to natives" department. McIntee readily agreed, somewhat hastily, we think, in case the sergeant should change his mind, when to his utter dismay he heard the sergeant reply to the next questioner . . . "It means, Ma'am, that he's just given a pint of blood to the Red Cross!"

That caused the prompt removal of the white band from McIntee's arm—but he was in for more embarrassment.

In one of Detroit's taverns that evening the two were joined by another group of sergeant graduates. A convivial Detroitier noticed the new bombardier's wings and sergeants' stripes and congratulated them with typical Yankee fervor . . . and then turned to the only one without stripes, and thumping P/O McIntee on his white-banded arm, proclaimed, "Keep at it, son, and one day you'll get to be a sergeant, too!"

Mystery Maid Woos Bourque Marry Her --- Don't Be a Jerk

Anonymous Leap Year Proposal Is Slowly Driving Him Nuts—
If the Sender Reads This, We Implore Her
To Contact Us Immediately

SGT. ART BOURQUE of maintenance is probably the most excited man at Fingal today.

It all began innocently enough, when the sarge received a letter on pale blue scented notepaper, post-marked London. It was in a delicate feminine handwriting and the sarge could hardly contain himself when he got it at the post office. A letter from a girl! A female writing to him! WHO could it be?

His heart beating against his manly chest, the sarge ripped open the envelope and found—an anonymous leap year proposal, in verse.

At great expense, the Observer has secured a reasonable facsimile of the letter. It is reprinted below:

My dear and most respected sir,
I send you this, your love to stir;
It's you I've chosen first of all,
On whom to make this Leap Year call.
I offer you my heart and hand,
Pray take them for your own.
And if for another year or two
You prefer a single life,
I promise you to wait till then
To be your wedded wife.
I do not ask in jest,
And hope you will grant me one request,
And send me back your answer,
NO or YES.
Pray forgive me for my boldness,
Do not expose me for my life,
I only write to ask you if you
Need a loving wife.
I will darn your socks and wash your shirt,
And keep your flat nice and tidy,
And best of all,
I promise not to flirt.
But if your hand does not in wedlock clasp,

Or join with mine, then you must this
Leap Year call,
Obey, and down five dollars of your pay
And besides, a handsome dress.
I'll ask no more and take no less.
Now you must think this letter funny,
But I must have my man or money.
So please now send me your reply
And let me be your wife until I die.
If you guess the sender's name, send it to my
Address, and if for me there is no hope,
Send me back six yards of rope.
With heaps of love and kisses, from one
Who wants to be your misis.

AS matters stand now, the sarge is rapidly losing weight and sleep from worrying about it. Yes, he admitted the proposition appeals to him. But WHO sent it?

The Fingal Observer has therefore undertaken to assist Bourque in discovering his secret admirer. We turned the facts over to our lovelorn editor, who was posted the next day. So in the interests of the poor fellow's peace of mind we herewith print an appeal.

Is the author a Fingal WD? If so, confess—please confess. Is she a St. Thomas civvy, or a London civvy? If so, please, please, contact us immediately. The suspense is slowly killing the sarge, with the result that the entire maintenance wing is suffering.

We appeal to you—fair one—in the name of human decency. Are you a maid or a mouse? Tear aside the veil of anonymity and come stand beside your beloved one at Fingal



F/SGT. AL GAMBLE

ACE BOMBING TEACHER NOW AIRCREW HIMSELF

A SENIOR armament instructor, who spent two years at Jarvis teaching hundreds of aircrew, is now taking his own medicine. He's F/Sgt. Alvan George Gamble, of Toronto, who remustered to aircrew and is now in Course 103 here.

Beside his practical experience in teaching, including 135 hours in the air, Al has had an armorer's course, instructor's course, and attended the analysis conference held here by all B. & G's.

A peacetime chemical analyst, Al was later an advertising copywriter. At Jarvis he was for 18 months on the station magazine, the Fly Paper, as a reporter, assistant editor and finally editor for six months.

The day he arrived here he became a member of the Fingal Observer staff. His first stories are in this edition.

who needs you so terribly much in his hour of crisis.

(Editor's note: Any section with a surplus of rope is to contact the editor immediately.)

KNOCKOUT

"Good gosh, corporal," exclaimed a sergeant to a Service Policeman, "What were those two airmen fighting over that they battered each other so badly?"

"They were arguing," explained the S.P., "what kind of a peace settlement we should have after the war."

AC2: "You've never kissed me like that before, Mary. Is it because we're in a blackout?"

Girl: "No, it's because my name isn't Mary."

Groom: "Did you make this cake, dear?"

Bride: "Here's the recipe. I clipped it from a magazine."

Groom: "Are you sure you read the right side. The other side tells how to make a rock garden."

COURSE 100

"Milestone or Millstone?"
That is the question

By LAC BOB WHITE

THESE days, instructors are pointing to Course 100 with pride and saying something like this: "There they are, Course 100, certainly a milestone in the progress of air trainees in Canada." Yes, I suppose they do look upon us with pride—they who nursed the first and the fifth and the fiftieth courses through their growing pains. And now—Course 100. (Are we going to be remembered as milestones, fellows, or as millstones?)

And now for some ribs at the rubes—

The terrible suspense is over. That letter, scented with attar of roses, has floated in from Detroit and Taylor can sleep nights again. No need now, Herbie, to write Dorothy Dix.

We hear there is a new date bureau doing business in St. Thomas for those who are "in the know." Before you patronize it, lads, ask Watson and Playford if it's worth the trouble.

Some lad in "A" flight asked his instructor if it was possible to jettison a turret. The answer is "After years of research it has been decided that a turret cannot be jettisoned without also jettisoning the gunner."

Who was the lad from "A" flight who told an innocent little WD at the Valentine party that his hobby was studying anatomy by the Braille system? Tch! tch! Stewie, we're surprised!

No injuries were sustained when Messrs. Winning and Crinion made a forced landing from the altitude of—well, how high is a bunk, anyway? Sabotage is suggested.

Are we getting too much spaghetti at the mess lately? Then, where did "Tony" Dutnoff get that fruit peddler's accent with which he has lately blossomed forth?

Instructors aren't rooting when they warn us: "Don't pick up your chute by the shiny handle." We know why, too, don't we, Ken?

Fritz isn't so dumb. It took him a long time to find that wind but he saw a lot of country finding it. Lake Huron looks nice from the air, too.

Bob, do you always say "Ready to bomb" on a wind-finding exercise? And Johnny had his pilot worried when he announced calmly over the inter-com: "Bomb doors gone."

The Newfy kid is doing his best to hold up the reputation of Canadian airmen as a lady-killer. However, in spite of the able assistance of Hardy and company, don't you think seven nights a week is over-doing it?

Night after night we hear the oft repeated phrase hurled through the darkness: "I don't care what they call them in Winnipeg, they aren't gopher holes." Just humor them, Hudson, humor them.

MAY TRAIN AIRMEN FOR JAP WARFARE

"Canada will be in the war against Japan to the end," Air Minister Power stated in the House of Commons, replying to a question on RCAF policy in respect to the war against Japan and the training of men for such service.

The air minister said a transfer of operations from the European to the Far Eastern theatre of war eventually would have to be made. Steps are being considered for the training of men for operations against Japan.

AIRCREW MESSES

Arrangements have been made in several squadrons in Canada for aircrew messes, where men of all ranks eat together after long patrols. These crews receive special rations.



—and they said they'll only look at your short H form.

NOT ENOUGH LEAVE SAYS THE BIG BOSS

Following a statement that RCAF personnel going on leave should be assured of a certain number of days at home, Air Minister Power said in Ottawa that he did not think existing leave arrangements were satisfactory.

He said the army assured two clear days at home for personnel on leave, while the RCAF allowed 14 days for leave irrespective of the distance the man or woman had to travel.

"That discriminates against the people in remote places," a member stated.

"I don't think it's very satisfactory, either," said Major Power.

A bore is a guy who is here to-day and here tomorrow.

Commission Or No Commish You Get A Chicken Dinner!



By SGT. STAN MAYS

FINGAL bombardiers who complete their training at Crumlin can look forward to commissions—and a chicken dinner.

Promotion is quick at Crumlin. Almost all RCAF boys stay sergeants for only a couple of hours. Just long enough for the graduation ceremonies to finish and log books to be distributed. The welcome news is tucked inside in a brown envelope. Few are disappointed. The regular 33% of RAF boys get white bands, too.

But everyone gets a chicken dinner!

It comes along about the second or third week of training. It's free, after duty, airmen for the use of, transport provided — and darned good chicken.

ALL you have to do is ensure that your senior man contacts the two mystery men of Crumlin. This won't be difficult, for as soon as the course makes itself felt on the station he'll go back to barracks one day and there, perched

on his bed, will be the well-known pair.

One is small and dapper and wears a derby. The other is heavy and broad and wears a smile. About the only thing they have in common is that they're both immaculately dressed. They've been well cast. They fit the roles. They're tailors.

Now you may think that we've got our stories slightly mixed and what has this to do with chicken dinner? But we're getting around to that, just like the tailors.

ON the appearance of the course senior and his satellites they both go into their double act.

But as we haven't yet learned how to make a typewriter report two men at the same time we'll unravel their words.

Mr. Big says: "We represent a well-known (sundry advertising here deleted) firm of local tailors and inasmuch as most of the RCAF fellows are commissioned at the end of the course, we undertake, if you will allow us to measure you before that date, to have your complete uniforms ready immediately

after graduation. And if you don't (by any mischance) become commissioned there is no obligation to you. Walk into our store a sergeant and depart a pilot officer," he concludes as his chest heaves its final heave and his emotion subsides.

But Mr. Derby, who has been racing his engine, quickly takes up the threads. "Get measured," he says, just like a discip. saying "Get fell in!"

"Get measured, that's all you have to do, and we take care of that, and you! We'll arrange transportation to our store for the entire course any evening it desires, if you will pay us the honor of being our guests to dinner (chicken, see par. 4) and after you have consumed to the full you may step upstairs where our expert staff of girth-circlers, elbow-benders and kindred craftsmen will collect your measurements quicker than you can say Messrs. Smallman and Ingram.

"After which," and here his voice assumes dulcet tones, "you can commit yourself to your studies assured that your uniforms will be ready for you as soon as you can get to town after the ceremony and don it, to arrive home resplendent in your newly-found glory and a Smallman and Ingram suit."

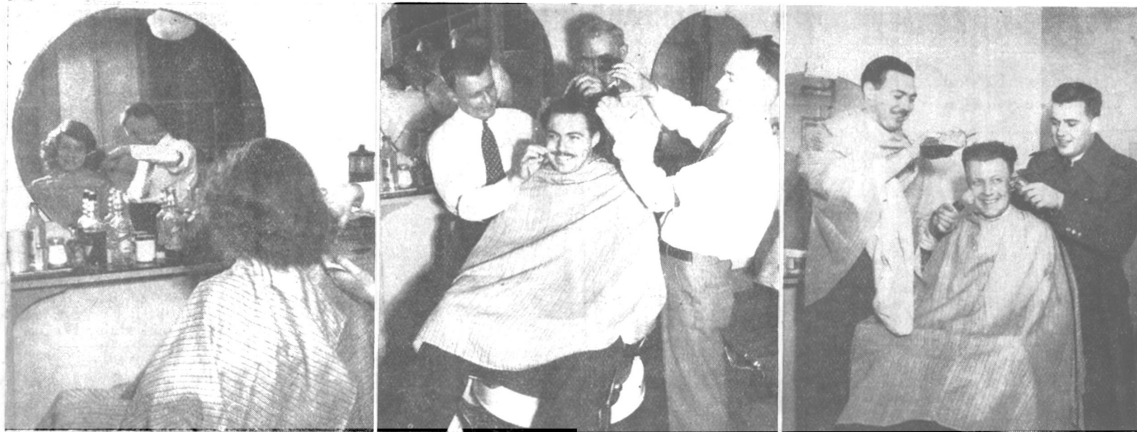
And with a Shakespearean flourish he withdraws.

THAT'S the succotash, we mean sucker-bait. But it all happens just like the tailors say. Most courses accept because its advantages are obvious. If you get downtown quick enough there's a chance that you won't be saluting one of your own course on his way back.

And there's an angle we like, and it's our reason for giving the firm two plugs where usually we hate commercials. Those RAF boys who receive commissions cannot get the air force grant to purchase uniforms until they return to England. Therefore it isn't good business for the tailors to invite them. But the firm makes no exceptions. English fellows are just as heartily welcomed as the Canadians, although the former aren't in the market.

That's the right spirit, we think. And anyway, there's enough discrepancy between the number of commissions granted to RAF and RCAF fellows without adding a chicken dinner to the issue.

Barbers, "A" Group, Give You the Business at Fingal



Being a barber isn't a bad trade if you get many customers like AW1 Gene Lawson, at the LEFT. That's the conclusion the Observer staff reached after seeing Cpl. Mollie Beal's swell pictures and reading Ben Halter's swell story on Fingal's clippers of the hair. CENTRE: WO2 Frank Scott, t-h-a-t pilot from Bermuda, requires three barbers

for his regular haircut and moustache trim. The operators: Wallace "Nick" Hepburn, Cole McPhail and Jack Telford. RIGHT: F/O Manning and Scotty play a return match with "Nick." P.S.—All those interested in barbering may apply to the post-war planning committee, enclosing envelope with stamp, which they will be glad to steam off.

Mitch Hepburn's Cousin
O/C Barbers At Fingal

Trio of Victory Gardeners Have Total of 75 Years Service Between Them, And Not a Ribbon To Show For It

By LAC BEN HALTER

DIDJA know that hair on your head grows at the rate of 1/37th inch per day? Didja know that your hair is hollow? Or that the station barber shop is an interesting place?

Well, neither did we until we got talking to Wallace Laroy Hepburn, Mitch Hepburn's cousin, who is the civilian C.O. of Fingal's barbers.

"Nick," we said, using his nickname, "doesn't being a barber get awfully monotonous?"

"It sure does," he admitted, "especially on a Thursday before C.O.'s parade. But all in all I like it very much."

"How long have you been at it?" "I'll be 23 years come Michael-mass."

"TWENTY-THREE YEARS," we gasped.

"Yep, 23 years — that's nothing. Cole McPhail, on the centre chair, has been barbering for 38 years."

"You mean to say they had barbers in those days, too?" we queried.

"Betcher life they did," chimed in Cole, "and every regular customer had his own mug."

"Well, we should hope so," we said. "It would look kinda funny

if a customer came in to have somebody else's face shaved, wouldn't it?"

"No, no, he means a shaving mug, with the owner's name printed on it," said Nick.

"How long has the other barber in the back chair been shearing the curly-haired wolves?" we asked.

"You mean Junior," said Nick. "He's Jack Telford; at the game only 14 years."

"Ah-ha, just a Johnny-come-lately, and probably as brassy as an air force rookie."

"No," said Cole, "he's a nice, manly young feller. Given time I've no doubt he'll be a credit to the profession."

WELL, to make a long story a long story, and take up plenty of space, we continued to ask questions. Here are the results:

Hair does grow at the rate of exactly one inch in 37 days, on the face as well as the head. Don't take Nick's word for it. Look it up and you'll find scientists will prove it to you.

People with a heavy head of hair will probably say "bosh," but it's true nevertheless. Lots of men may think that their beard or moustache grows at least twice as fast as their



BENNY IN THE CHAIR
... the author gets his cut.

crowning glory, but it is only more noticeable, not quicker-growing.

We also learned that hair is hollow and if cut the hair's natural oil will dry up. Nick's advice: Get a single after a haircut if your hair is falling out and is excessively dry.

Singeing seals the ends and prevents the oil from escaping. Sort of a safety device, you might say.

If troubled with dandruff, all three recommend Booster (plug) as the best remedy for it. For washing the hair, castile soap is recommended.

AMUSING incidents? The barbers have plenty of them. There was the almost-bald officer who sat in the chair and seriously ordered a brush-cut. Then there were 50 air cadets who came in all together to have crew-cuts because they thought that's what a good airman should wear. Nick hopes he never runs across any of their mothers.

His best day's business brought 200 haircuts of which Nick did 102. They usually average about two bushels of clippings a week. It's 120 weeks since they opened, which makes 240 bushels of hair. Maybe the salvage committee can find some use for it. If they can, it's theirs for free, says Nick. Might make nice chesterfield stuffing, at that.

While we were talking, in came WD Gene Lawson of Central Warehouse for a trim. WD's day is Tuesday and on that day they get preference over airmen. Any other day they have to take their turn. Officers come first from 1.30 to 2.30 daily. Price to all ranks: two bits.

The C.O. is a regular weekly visitor. And to squelch all those base rumors, Nick goes on record with the statement that the C.O. positively does not get a percentage from the barber shop every time he orders a parade.

