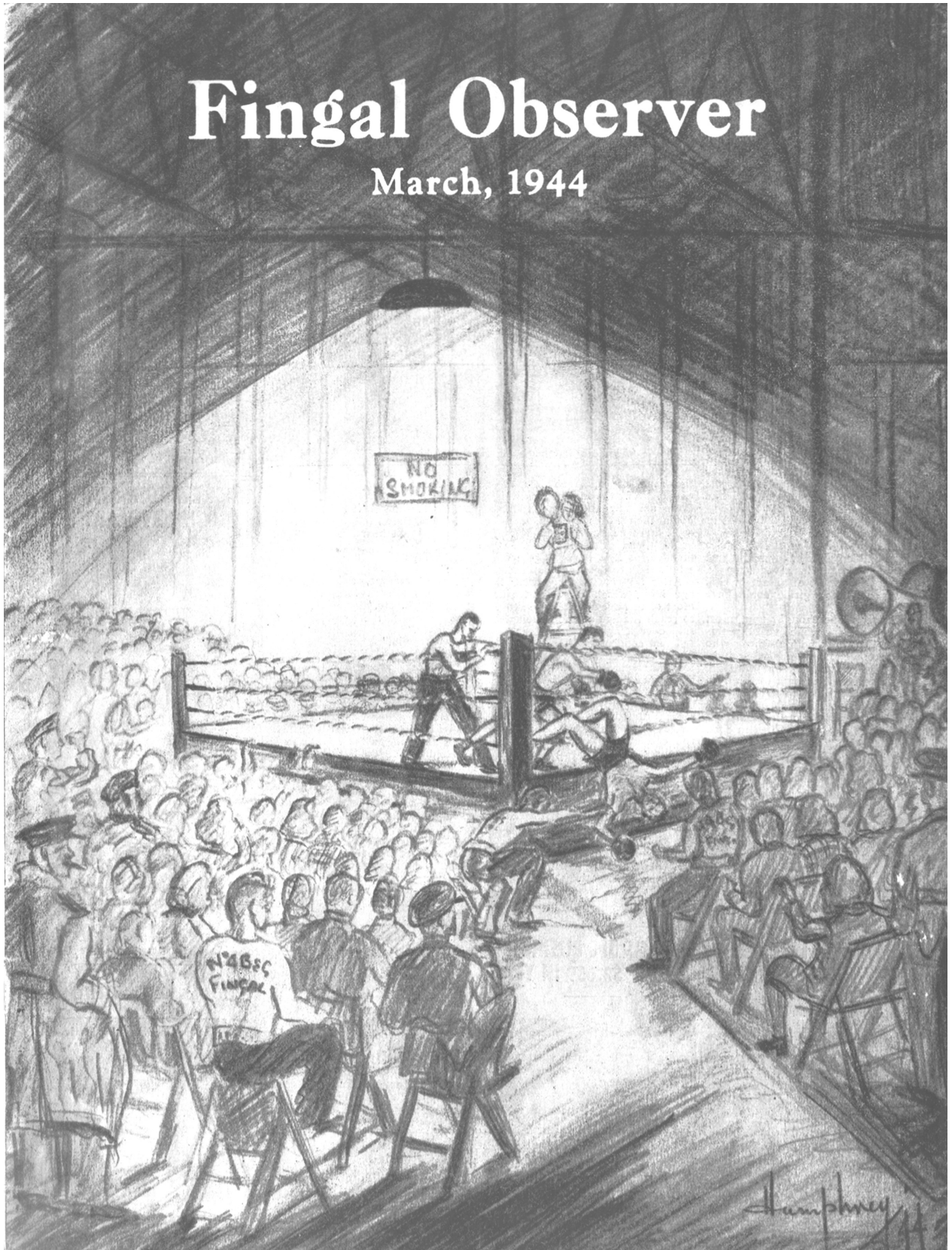


Fingal Observer

March, 1944



Exclusive: How to Dodge P.T.

CAMP'S BEST EXCUSES LISTED BY OBSERVER

Try Your Luck, Little Ones,
And See What You
Can Do

By LAC BEN HALTER

THERE are two distinct types here—those who don't like P.T. and admit it, and those who don't like P.T. but won't admit it. The latter category includes all who tell you, "P.T.'s good for you," and "It's the best thing in the world," and then duck it every opportunity they get.

We once did meet a P.T. sergeant who almost had us convinced that he really liked it, but we lost all faith when they gently led him away by the hand.

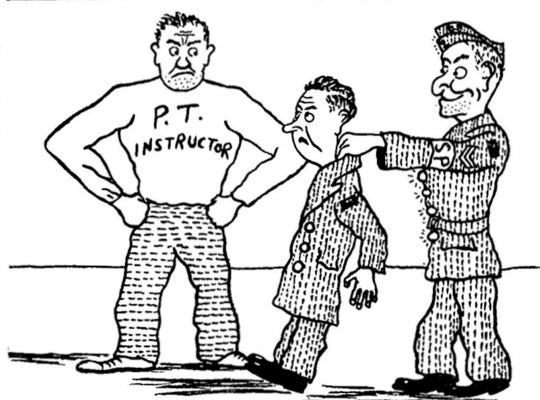
A couple of WD's coyly told us that they adored P.T. because it kept their figures in shape, but in our humble opinion they might just as well have given up the struggle, for nothing short of an act of God or a darn good girdle could have done that.

There is one thought uppermost in our minds while writing this epic. That is to help all those who suffer as we do at the mere thought of "physical torture" but who are not imaginative enough to think up their own alibis. We therefore conducted another Fingal Observer poll as a service to our regular subscribers at absolutely no extra cost. We have listed the finest P.T. excuses in order of their importance. Importance being the length of time they will keep you off parade.

FIRST, naturally, and best of all, is to let your arches drop until they thud gently on the ground. This is a guaranteed sure-fire method and unbeatable.

Next and almost as good, is being a brother-in-law or first cousin to the M.O., and only ranks second to flat feet because either one of you is liable to be posted.

Third in importance is to attain



"This guy has some excuse to get him out of P.T."

the rank of squadron leader or above. When you get that high there are few above you to look down their noses at you, and if such there be you can quite easily avoid them. This is not recommended, as it is harder to become a S/L than to drop your arches.

After that comes being over the age limit, which is 45; but since most of us have a little while to go to reach the age of exemption we'll skip over it lightly.

Then come the attend B's and C's. These are very good, but unfortunately most of them are only temporary, unless of course you have a "Dickey" leg or stomach ulcers or high blood pressure. But these are frowned on in the best circles as you still have to answer roll call even if you don't do the exercises.

THEN there are the excuses you can use from day to day. These are numerous and after you complete the list you can start over again. Here are most of them:

1. Be a blood-donor.
2. Go on sick parade.
3. Go on dental parade.
4. Go up to headquarters ("wanted at accounts, orderly room, etc.")
5. "Working and didn't notice the time." (Use this one sparingly as some doubting Thomas might

not believe it, to your embarrassment.)

6. "P.T. shoes being repaired."

7. "Was there, but whoever took roll call didn't hear me answer my name."

8. "Wings Parade — drill hall busy."

9. "Had cramps, a headache, a sore back, a sore foot, the blind staggers, et., etc."

10. Helping the entertainment committee."

11. "Slept in."

12. "Just plain didn't go." (Dire consequences are liable to follow this one.)

HOW and then we run across an excuse that stands out, such as the one F/L Nick Carter had given to him by an absentee. It was: "My wife's expecting a baby and I'm in no condition to do P.T." But naturally you must be married to use this one.

In conducting our survey we could not neglect the WD's and we asked one what alibi she used. "I don't use any," was her reply. "I just don't like it so I don't go!" That stopped us cold.

And then if you write for the Observer you can use the one we are going to use right now: "We had to finish this essay before deadline."

here. The racks are always bulging with playable basketballs, volleyballs, footballs, boxing equipment, including gloves and punching bags, top quality badminton racquets and everything needed to stock a busy sports centre.

Where does the money come from? From you, airman and airwoman. Out of the slim profits from the dimes and nickels of the canteen fund, known officially as the Station Institute Fund. So keep on shopping at home, boys and girls, and reap the benefits in your leisure sports hours.

OUR FRONT COVER

TO lead off this issue, featuring sport, LAC Jimmy Humphrey, RAF, caught a dramatic scene at our recent boxing show. Jimmy, a top-flight artist, sat back in his chair that night, sketch pad on knee, and faithfully recorded the color and excitement of the ring spectacle.

FINGAL OBSERVER

Published daily, seven days a week, and monthly at "Friendly Fingal"—No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario, under authority of Group Captain J. G. Kerr, A.F.C., Commanding Officer.

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AIRCREW JOIN STAFF BOTH KEEN ARTISTS



DINESEN
By Dinesen

WHITE
By White

Discoveries of the month: LAC J. K. Dinesen, Course 102, and LAC George White, Course 73. Both are top-notch artists, who are on the Observer staff while at Fingal.

Dinesen, 28, was born in Denmark. He has lived most of his life in Peterborough and is one of the few Canadian artists who made a living at painting. He specializes in landscapes and marine scenes.

White, 20, comes from Toronto, and before he joined up was a compositor in a printing house. He took his wireless training at Guelp.

Sports at Fingal

Swimming	Slaughter Ball
Diving	Floor Hockey
Track and Field	Skating
Baseball	Tumbling
Tennis	Borden Ball
Soccer	Boxing
Badminton	Wrestling
Hockey	Rugby
Basketball	Rifle Club
Volleyball	Marbles
Ping Pong	Hop-Scotch
Weight-Lifting	Skipping
Fencing	Snowball Fights
Bowling	Chess
Skeet Shooting	Poker
Line Shooting	Gin Rummy

AIRWOMEN LIKE CLIFF HE WORKS 'EM HARD

One man who can get the most out of women is F/Sgt. Cliff Rainey, NCO in charge of the P.T.I. staff.

Cliff hails from the West—Regina—where men are men. He gave our WD's their P.T. for two months, worked 'em like the devil, and they loved it.

Cliff used to be pro boxer, once taking a crack at the middleweight title of the prairie provinces. He arranged our Feb. 8 boxing show, which was such a success.

To be a discip. and a P.T.I. is a grim combination—but Cliff manages to make the job pleasant, and altogether he's a popular guy.

SPORT'S BIG BUSINESS SPENT \$2,639 IN YEAR

SPORTS at Fingal aren't only a full-time station enterprise—they're definitely Big Business. So big, in fact, that in the past year \$2,639 and 98 cents was spent on sports equipment.

That's why there's never a shortage of anything in the gym. You never have to scrimp or go short



Fingal Observer



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

FINGAL TOPS IN DUTY-FITNESS

1,000 DAILY IN GYMNASIUM SUPER SPECTACLE OF SPORT

Six-Ring Circus of Variety and Action as Fingalites Go All-Out For Duty-Fitness Program—500% Increase in Attendance, Much of It Voluntary

By LAC J. BURKE MARTIN

RINGLING BROS. circus in its heyday never compared in variety and action with Fingal's drill hall, where more than 1,000 airmen and airwomen each day work toward the RCAF standard of duty-fitness. This all-important centre, presided over by F/O George Hall, P.T. and Drill officer, daily presents a spectacle of sport activity which literally occupies every square yard of its space.

That 1,000-a-day figure, incidentally, is a tribute to our commanding officer, Group Captain J. G. Kerr, AFC. When the C.O. came here not quite a year ago, there were only 200 a day using the gym facilities. Realizing that Fingal wasn't doing its full share in turning out physically-fit airmen, the C.O. has deliberately stressed duty-fitness and seen to it that the station's sports program was of a type to attract not only the trained athlete but the average airman as well.

HOW well the C.O. has realized his ideal can be seen in the 500% increase in gym attendance. Thousands of dollars have been spent on equipment, all of it the best. F/O Hull estimates that about 100 can actively take part in games at one time.

For instance, it's possible to have three volleyball games, three of Bordenball and a couple of floor hockey tussles all going simultaneously. Another dozen or so can be ping-ponging away in the games room, and the always-popular bowling alleys will accommodate 20 or 30 at once. Throw in a couple of bag-punchers, weight-lifters, rope-climbers and boxers, and you've got an average-night picture of the kind of muscle-building that goes on under that big roof seven days a week.

AND, speaking of muscle-building, it should be an old story now that the RCAF isn't particularly interested in bulging biceps and barrel chests. Condition is the word now—condition that pays big dividends on long operational hours overseas.

Calisthenics, for instance, rarely last more than 10 minutes of any P.T. period. After a brief run-around to warm up, classes are given only such calisthenics as are deemed really useful. In no case are they carried to the point of fatigue.

Most of the gym period is devoted to games like basketball, Bordenball and floor hockey, games that develop the wind, enable the participant to work up a good hon-

est sweat and get him breathing deeply and often. P.T.I.'s stick around to prevent outright homicide when floor hockey and Bordenball players get worked up, for their own safety. But the general principle is that plenty of solid body-contact stuff is all to the good.

FEW around Fingal now will remember it, but at one time only aircrew trainees took P.T. Now everyone gets it, officers and men alike. No one of the G.I.S. staff can get a 48 unless he's had at least eight periods in the gym since his previous week-end pass.

This all adds up to a lot of activity, some 3,800 gym hours a week. From 0800 to 1800 hours the drill hall resounds to the admonitions of P.T.I.'s. From 6 until 10.30 the badminton addicts, bowlers, boxers, weight-lifters and ping-pongers take over. Bowling alone attracts an average of 200 a night.

Three nights a week inter-section sports, with Headquarters, Maintenance, Senior N.C.O.'s, Officers, WAG's and Air Bombers competing, meet to battle it out for the C.O.'s trophy. No group ever seems able to edge the air bombers out of first place.

DOES all this exertion and perspiration pay off? Let's see some statistics, based on the now-famous Harvard Step Test. Most

(Continued on page 4)



DOC GRAHAM

15% LESS ILLNESS SINCE P.T. STARTED

FINGAL is healthier since the duty-fitness program arrived. We can prove it by the station M.O. In January, 1944, there was a drop of 15% in hospital days over last January, said S/L Bob Graham.

And if you don't think it pays to do P.T., listen to Doc Graham: "We can't trace the 15% drop entirely to the physical training program, but there's no doubt that the extra exercise and sport for our personnel has done them the world of good. Of course, there are always a few minor accidents resulting from sport, but this is more than offset by the vast benefits from the duty-fitness syllabus."

Doc Graham, president of Fingal's sports committee, was a well-known Toronto athlete when he played hockey and football for Oakwood Collegiate. He's certainly helped put sport on the map at Fingal.

COMMAND P.T. MEN TELL US WE'RE GOOD

H.Q. Officers Say Fingal Sets Standard for Other Units

FINGAL'S duty-fitness program is outstanding in No. 1 Training Command.

In a telephone interview with F/L Bill Bodrug and F/O Larry Barton, P.T. and Drill officers at command headquarters, the Observer was given the following statement:

"The comprehensive program embracing all ranks, and administered in an extremely capable manner by F/O Hull and his staff, is one that your unit can look to with pride as being outstanding in this command. We have been following with interest for some time the development of the duty-fitness and sports program at Fingal.

"Continued decrease in the percentage of failures in duty-fitness assessment is indicated by returns to this headquarters. This is ample evidence that the program in operation at Fingal is efficiently conditioning staff personnel as well as aircrew to carry out their duties in a more capable manner.

"Several very favorable comments have reached us on the outstanding voluntary sports program at Fingal, in addition to the compulsory program. The energy and enthusiasm displayed by your sports committee in organizing and supervising the inter-station and inter-section sports should lead the way for other stations in this command.

"We feel that such a program not only implements the work of conditioning undertaken in the compulsory duty-fitness program, but builds a station esprit de corps and provides wholesome relaxation."

Lucky People

Just so that you can turn green with envy we list the types who don't HAVE to take P.T. Female hospital assistants, female chefs and female telephone operators are not forced to take it, said Miss Stambaugh, but they're supposed to get out as often as possible.

Others who are excused are: Personnel over the age of 45, and squadron leader and above.



P.T. STAFF: KEEPERS OF THE TORTURE CHAMBER

By Our Wandering Camerawoman



ROCK-A-BYE BABY IN THE MEN'S LOUNGE

Brahms, Beethoven, Mozart: It makes no difference to the musicians who turn out on Sundays to listen to symphonic recordings in the lounge. Caught in action are these three tired little boys, all aircrew, and all RAF.



T-H-O-S-E A-U-S-T-R-A-L-I-A-N-S

Nope, they're not Free French. They're not Tank corps. One more guess. Correct, they're Aussie airmen, training as WAGS at Fingal. And the ducky little berets are their working hats—so they say. Their wedgies are reserved for walking out. Our cobblers pictured above: LAC's Geoffrey Payne, Les Bennett, Peter Legaert, Guy Fitzgerald, Toby Cross.



CHEESE IT, DA COPS!

Course 98 should be renamed Precinct 98—for no less than five RAF men are ex-constables. P.C. Albert Isles, of London, was a metropolitan copper. Others are: P.C. Neville Clement Balls, of Norwich; P.C. Arthur Bleach, of Sussex; P.C. Wallace Elliott, of Liverpool; P.C. Harold Howe, Bleach's pal from Sussex. Oh yes: now they're all LAC's.

1,000 DAILY IN GYM

(Continued from page 3)

you know this test involves getting up and down from a 20-inch bench 150 times in five minutes. If you're in good shape, it's a cinch. If you're not, it's impossible.

Participants in the test are judged by their heart action, count for which is taken at one-minute intervals at the end of the five minutes. Results are charted on the physical assessment sheet which follows every aircrew graduate when he leaves this school.

When the test was adopted by the RCAF last September, 95 staff

aircrew men were asked to try it here. Of these, 45 couldn't finish. Of those who struggled through, four had scores of 10, eight had 20, 38 had 30. Not one touched 40, which is tops for the Harvard test.

Three months later, 93 men, most of them the same who had tried in September, went through it again. Results this time spoke volumes. Only three failed. Four scored 10, 49 scored 20, 29 got 30 points, and eight had 40, or perfect. In just three months, through following a scientifically planned program of physical training, these men made the progress shown. P.T., it seems, is worth-while!

MESS MYSTERY WOMAN KROEKER WOULD REFORM FOR A POSTING

Sparkplug of Women's Division Exhausts Scope at Fingal — Longs to Return to Wide Open Spaces of Lone Prairies

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

A FREE spirit in a regimented world. That's LAW Linda Kroeker, better known as "Midnight," who keeps 'em in stitches in the WD barracks, the airmen's mess and any other spot she happens to bless with her presence.

"Midnight" is a G.D. But she gets around. She started at Workshops when she arrived here, testing sparkplugs. That's where she got the famous nickname. Then she went to maintenance orderly room.

She's been in every flying flight on the station. She counted holes in drogues. She plotted bombs in the analysis section. And her last stop before the O.R. mess was gunnery flight, where she acted as timekeeper.

WE thought we were doing the interviewing, until "Midnight" got warmed up. Then she let go with some statements that are reproduced here for posterity:

"Why did I join up? I wanted a change in life. I got it."

"My ambition? To get a man."

"Aircrew are stupid; they fall for any line."

"I wanna get posted back West, where men are men and women are proud of it."

"I'm not interested in boys." (Except Pete Mazeppa, her favorite jittersbug partner.)

"I promise to reform when posted."

MIDNIGHT" at 22 has achieved something many of her fellow-mortals seek for a lifetime. She has won the friendship and admiration of all her fellow-sufferers in blue. She is the idol of her barrack block. Said a bunk-mate: "Why, life would be dead around here without 'Midnight'; she's the sparkplug of the barracks."

"Midnight" is really a character. She admitted it herself. But nonetheless a lovable, warm personality. You simply can't help but like her. Even when she turns you down for a second helping in the mess. And how she can turn 'em down. Ma-ma! We wish the Fingal Observer

were wired for sound and technical. Then we could present the real "Midnight" as she winks and clucks her tongue at you, turns up her big brown eyes and says: "Me? Why, sergeant, I'm innocent."

"Midnight" stands five-foot-eight, weighs 150 pounds and for hobbies has dancing, skating, baseball and basketball. And once, on



"MIDNIGHT"

a dare, she clonked a hangar Joe on the head with a pop bottle. He passed out.

PRACTICAL joker and prankster de-luxe, "Midnight" once had the tables turned on her. Her toenails on one foot were painted with India ink while she slept. Result: red and black combination toenails.

"Ever do anything like that to anyone else?" she asked.

"Who, me? Why, major, I'm innocent."

"Midnight" hails from Saskatoon and she'd give a right arm to get back there. "Why, I'd sooner have a posting than a commission," she said.

St. Valentine's Day is long past, but "Midnight" will always treasure one sentimental card she received. It was inscribed:

"To that luscious hunk of lure, Miss Kroeker."

VITAL STATISTICS

PROMOTED

WO2 John Straille and WO2 "Red" Spence to Pilot Officer.
F/Sgts. G. A. Dickson, E. R. Peterson, F. Scott, L. M. Paul to WO2.
Sgts. W. L. Campbell, R. Hercock, E. R. Emmett to Flight Sergeant.
Cpls. W. Hurst, G. E. Vincent, C. B. Hepburn, Wini Gascoyne to Sergeant.
LAW's M. J. Moore, H. B. Franklin, H. M. Gibb to Corporal.
LAC's E. J. Fletcher, J. H. Mills, W. E. Gunning, J. J. Harper, G. W. J. Barrens, W. J. McCracken, B. O. Bennett to Corporal.

BORN

A daughter, Mary Jill, to AC1 and Mrs. H. E. MacKinnon, at Leamington.
Twins, one of each, to F/Sgt. and Mrs. C. H. Larkin, at St. Thomas.
A daughter, Susan Campbell, to S/L and Mrs. R. T. Graham.
A daughter, Carole, to F/O and Mrs. Chads, in Kansas.
A son, Garry, to Cpl. and Mrs. J. C. Roberts, at St. Thomas.
A son, Grover Dean, to Cpl. and Mrs. G. A. Penny, in Arizona.
A son, Robert Paul, to LAC and Mrs. W. M. Thomas, at London.

Sweat Bullets On Range But They Did Miss P.T.

Gunmen of 99A Spend Thrilling Day With the Turrets,
Shooting Down ME109's—Their Visit To the
Country Is Like a Picnic, Almost

By LAC J. BURKE MARTIN
NOTICE—TOMORROW
99A ON 200-YARD RANGE

DIRE warnings were issued that 7:30 a.m., at Gunnery Hangar, was the deadline or you'd miss transportation. Herewith, then, a chronology of that day:

7:29 Greatcoat flapping, cap askew, the writer skids to a stop outside said hangar, executes a sharp bank to port and enters breathless. About half a dozen are on hand.

7:40 Everybody's present, Atmosphere is smoke-filled in the crew room. Someone starts di-dah-ditting on the Morse key. He's told to keep it down.

7:50 One large, tarpaulin-covered M.T. rolls up. In the dim, pin-down light we discern no benches therein. There are none. We load ammunition, Brownings, 18 men and pint-sized Cpl. Mollie Beall, who's to photograph the doings.

7:52 Stop at the O.R. Mess for crates containing our noon meal. Sundry guesses as to their contents are both incorrect and uncomplimentary.

7:53 Out the main gate in a swirl of snow. Follows then a bumpy 10 miles over twisting dirt roads, each man clinging to the other with a tenacity born of desperation as the M.T. sways and leaps.

8:30 We pull to a stop outside a large shack flanked by two red flags, set back about 200 yards from high cliffs overlooking Lake Eric. Everybody out. Indoors it's not more than 20 degrees colder than outdoors. Airmen need little urging to gather firewood. Soon the little pot-bellied iron stove is glowing, and thawing air bombers-to-be take a look around. Facing the cliffs are twin-gunned B.P. and F.N. turrets, set in sheds adjoining the range shack.

8:35 Sight-seeing is interrupted by Sgt. Osterberg, who suggests that, if we want to fire a couple of hundred rounds apiece, it would be necessary to belt and position same. Boxes and links are broken out and the 18 fall to.

9:00 Still belting ammo.

9:30 Still belting ammo. Long, snake-like chains of the stuff seem sufficient to launch the second front. But that's because we don't understand the voracious appetites of four .303's, which later are to suck it up.

10:30 Turrets are loaded. Ammo lies in great shiny stacks all over the place. The first student climbs gingerly into the B.P. turret. He sees three silhouettes of ME109's, about eight feet long, painted on plywood boards and, apparently, coming right for him at lethal range. Jerkily at first, then surprisingly smooth, he swings the twin snouts on target and squeezes the button. Streaks of tracer arc out

through the target to the accompaniment of staccato, ear-shattering bursts from the Brownings. Self-appointed experts watch him and succeeding students — telling each other what the lad in the turret isn't doing right. Everyone gets a crack at the B.P., firing short bursts at each of the ME's and thanking the Lord he doesn't have to allow for deflection or relative speed or worry about flak.

12 noon By now everyone feels at home on the range, and it's time for chow. Pails of water are boiling on the dinky stove. Soon the fragrance of coffee makes everyone remember how long ago breakfast was. Picnic-style eating includes apple juice, assorted sandwiches, coffee infinitely better than the station brew, and oranges for dessert. Somehow it tastes like the best meal we've eaten in weeks.

12:30 This super-satisfying after-dinner cigarette. No dishes to wash, as we're fresh out of water. Someone starts a penny ante game to while away the remaining minutes of the lunch hour. Soon the course gamblers are betting their all on the turn of an extremely grubby card. Everyone's so warm and contented that no one minds if the instructors, in their cubbyhole next door, did have steak for lunch.

1:15 Time for more gunnery. This time it's the F.N. After the session with the other turret, the lads feel like veterans. They find that this baby takes a different kind of handling. Results are about the same, and the gunners wonder how three targets can absorb so much lead and still remain standing. Instructors talk through the intercom like the patient, long-suffering chaps that they are, and even the wildest off-target burst brings only mild reproof. Sgt. Schyburk and P/O Masters explain for the 'nth time how to clear a stoppage. Windows rattle as one keen type fires an over-long burst which sets the barrels smoking. Mollie Beall is up on ladders and down on the floor, popping flash bulbs and recording our efforts for posterity.

2:00 Students get 15 rounds apiece on the skeet range. About 98% of all birds are shattered only by contact with the ground. Never were so many easy targets hit by so few. Skeet, we conclude, is not our forte.

3:30 The last .303 has sailed into the lake. Guns are dismantled, range doors locked. All aboard the M.T. for home. Service songs, ex-navigated for Mollie, ring through the countryside.

4:00 Now, back in gunnery hangar, we handle all that ammo for the third time as empty shells are painstakingly poked through the slots of the capacious box on the south side of the hangar. Tedious work, to be sure, but we did miss P.T. that day!



THE LONE 200-YARD RANGERS

Camerawoman Mollie Beall recorded a day on the 200-yard range with a class of air bombers. TOP: Belting the old ammo. CENTRE: Gettin' a bit o' warm into their bones. BELOW: This is what they really went out for—a home-cooked meal. Note: Instructors ate in their own private dining-room.

STOP THE PRESS NEWS: EXCLUSIVE TO OBSERVER
Daily Routine Rumors have it that squadron leaders and above will also soon be taking P.T. Personally we'll believe it when we see it.—THE EDITORS.



NEW P.T.I. CORPORAL LIKES INDOOR SPORT

Cpl. William Edward Douglas, an airman since August, 1941, says his favorite sport is parlor rugby. "But," he says, "since I'm a happily married man and my wife reads the Observer, don't mention it."

Douglas, an ex-salesman from Toronto, who looks like Paul Whiteman, spent two whole years drilling rookies at Manning Pool. He has the deepest sympathy of the entire station, and we wish him well in his new career here as a P.T.I. His chief interests: baseball and basketball.

He's the popular coach of our WD's basketball team.

A Plug for "WINGS"

Alma Mammy to 35,000 ground technicians. That's TTS, whose "Mech Factory" is covered in a colorful feature in March issue of "Wings."

Other features: "Sketches from Gander," a two-page spread by Artist Don Anderson, "Going Native," pictures of RCAF life in West Africa "What About Today and Tomorrow"—a discussion on how you can utilize facilities already available to prepare for your return to civilian life.

If this isn't enough for your nickel, "Wings" has cartoons, features and tons of other good stuff. So get your copy early, the earlier the better.

Romance And Sandwiches Dispensed At Snack Bar



By LAW GWEN DAWSON

COMPLETE with streamlined fixtures and streamlined hostesses, Fingal's snack bar is fast becoming a Mecca for all who hunger for good food and good companionship. It satisfies that urge in all of us that used to send us to the soda fountain during high school days; a place where the gang met and gossiped and quipped over a sandwich and bottle of pop.

Fingal's snack bar has proven a profitable, pleasurable Joe-job for our airwomen, who volunteer to work for \$1 a night.

Nightly at 7:30 they arrive and for 30 minutes prepare sandwiches and coffee for the evening trade. At 8 the doors swing open and there's a grand rush from then on.

Those who come for an evening

of bowling find the snack bar handy and so do those who play in the adjoining games room and drill hall. Many who are going to the late show come in for a snack before they go to the Rec. Hall. Later, when the first show is over, many couples come in for a snack. The girls are doing a grand job and Fingal is grateful to them for their keen interest.

ADVERTISEMENT

Fingalites: You need not have wrinkles, crow's-feet, creepy throat, sagging muscles or a poor complexion. Prove it yourself. Get quick, amazing results with the famous, time-tested MADAME HORMONE'S CONDITIONING COURSE. Free, in the gym daily. Apply to your nearest P.T.I.

EVEN THE P.T. OFFICER TAKES IT—AND LIKES IT

F/O George Hull and Staff Have Terrific Job on Their Hands—Agreed?

EVEN the P.T. officer takes it—and likes it! So what are you moaning about?

In an exclusive interview, over a chocolate milk, F/O George Hull stated that he takes P.T. with regular classes and his name is checked off against headquarters squadron.

"I don't like taking it any more than anybody else," he said, letting his hair down, "but once I take it I feel better."

According to Hull, it's getting your tunic off that matters. Once you get out of uniform and into some old clothes, it's okay.

"It's something you appreciate being forced to do, but in my job there's no one to force me," he smiled.

That man is certainly honest. What's more, he passed the step test first time, just for fun. Some fun.

Before he joined up in July, 1942, Fingal's P. T. and D. officer was an Etobicoke high school teacher. That's a suburb of Toronto. He taught middle school chemistry, algebra and was in charge of P.T. and sports.

His first posting: Gander, where he spent 7 months, 20 days, 8 hours and 21 minutes—by actual count.

"How'd you like it there?" "I'd rather be here."

Since the change in policy on P.T. and sports, Hull has directed the Fingal program and together with his staff of supermen (and superwomen) has made a success of duty-fitness.

A keen sports type, he has played football and basketball, and coached basketball and track and field teams. Today, he is president of Western District No. 1 Command Athletic Association, which includes Toronto, St. Catharines, FTS, Aylmer, Goderich, Centralia, Clinton, Port Albert, Windsor and University of Western Ontario.

F/O Kay Stambough is WD convener for the district and Clarke Edwards, YMCA, is secretary.

SGT. MUSCLES GIVES TUMBLING TRAINING

Customers wanted in Fingal's tumbling department.

Sgt. "Muscles" Taylor, t-h-a-t h-u-n-k-a-m-a-n, announces that he is now open for teaching the gentle art of tumbling. Just see him during your P.T. period; don't be bashful.

"Muscles" used to be a professional roller skater in Owen Sound. He also instructed in tumbling and put on shows at the YMCA.

Then he joined the air force, got posted here where he met and married Cpl. Dorothy Schick, of Winnipeg, station librarian. "Muscles" is still at Fingal and his wife is a clerk operational in Newfy.



Lead Year or no Leap Year, them wedding bells are ringing out for Fingalites. From the LEFT: Sgt. Bob Grenon and his bride, Mary Henrietta Bruce of Toronto; LAC and Mrs. Norman Morningstar (nee AW1 Lois Tardiff); WO2 and Mrs. Clive Owen (nee LAW Bourne).

REMUSTERS OVERSEAS WINS RCAF FLAT HAT



P/O "Punch" Paige, Fingal instructor, comes from a fightin' air force family.

F/O Bert, his oldest brother, has returned to Canada for pilot training after winning the D.F.M. as an observer. He's now at Clareholme.

F/O Frank, D.F.C., has been killed on active service overseas while pilot of a Sunderland.

F/O Bill is an air-gunner, now overseas.

"Punch," now 24, left his native Kitchener to enlist in the Highland Light Infantry in June, 1940. A year later Rifleman "Punch" went overseas. After a year and eight months overseas his remuster came through and he took his I.T.S. in England.

He returned to Canada for his B. & G. at Jarvis and his A.O.S. at Crumlin. Following an instructor's course at Mountain View he is now at Fingal, where he has become one of our most beloved characters.

Before the war he was an inspector with a Waterloo firm that is rather well known. Seagram's, we believe.

Despite Tea, White Pants S'actually Cricket, Old Boy

Other Exciting Overseas Sports Include Darts, Shove-Ha'penny, Crown and Anchor—A Pint or Two At the "Local" Is Jolly Fun, Too

By P/O K. HORSLEY, RNZAF
ENGLAND'S wars, it has been said, are won on the playing fields of Eton. Probably you have read of the "flanneled fools at the wicket" and the "oafs at the goal." But what do you know of sports played in the British Isles, Australia, South Africa and New Zealand? Have you ever heard of the "Ashes," the "Springboks" or the "All Blacks?" Do you know anything of the intricacies of darts or two up? Have you ever been told about the "wanking pit"? If none of these names are familiar, your knowledge of sporting life in far-off countries is very meagre.

Admittedly, climatic conditions, particularly the incidence of snow, ice, sub-zero weather, short summers—prevent Canadians from enjoying the same sports as played by the people in more temperate corners of the world. But it is as well to know that while you have your hockey, baseball, basketball and football, other countries, too, have their own sports which mean just as much to them.

Cricket is the national summer game. This game is played by two teams of eleven, and may last from two to three days for a single match. It's a colorful game. To hear the resounding smack of bat and ball, and the contented murmuring of the crowd, "Well hit, sir" is to the cricketer fan what a homer is to the baseball enthusiast.

If you have never performed the "bat trick," hit a century, scored a "duck," dropped an easy catch or

been last man in, with 20 runs still needed to win the day—you never can know the fascination of this game. A cricket match, too, is as much a social occasion as a sporting one. It happily combines exercise and congeniality, including about 6 or 8 cups of tea per match.

IN winter months, rugby football and soccer vie with each other for popularity. In the British Isles soccer is paramount, but in South Africa, Australia and New Zealand rugby football is king of sports. These games demand a high degree of physical fitness as the original team plays for the entire match, with no regular changes of personnel as in Canada. The crowds are mobile at these games. The surging of their voices reflects the slightest change of play and they live the match over and over many times during the week.

Darts, two-up, shove-ha'penny, and crown and anchor on the other hand may be classified as indoor sports. All are played in or around the local pub, where keen controversy always takes place as to the events of different sports and sportsmen. With the encouragement of a pint or two of the best, arguments are vehement but friendly.

The national temperament is impressed by sporting activities. Although in different countries we have different games, the spirit behind them all remains the same. A love of fair play, a pride in the fitness of our bodies, and a healthy mind are our heritage. Sports keep them alive.

NEW DRAMA GROUP NOW IN REHEARSAL

To Present "Her Radio Romeo," With All-Fingal Cast

THE Club has been organized, the cast has been chosen, the stage is set and the Fingal Dramatic Society are now in production for the first time with a comedy entitled "Her Radio Romeo." Cast includes Cpl. Margaret Kennedy as Vera; AW1 Gene Lawson as Patricia; Sgt. Terry Corbett as Ellen; LAC Jack Wood as Lord Jo; AC1 Allan Hamilton as Dick; and LAC Walter Townsend as Jasper.

The play will be presented at a concert in the near future with several other dramatic and musical numbers.

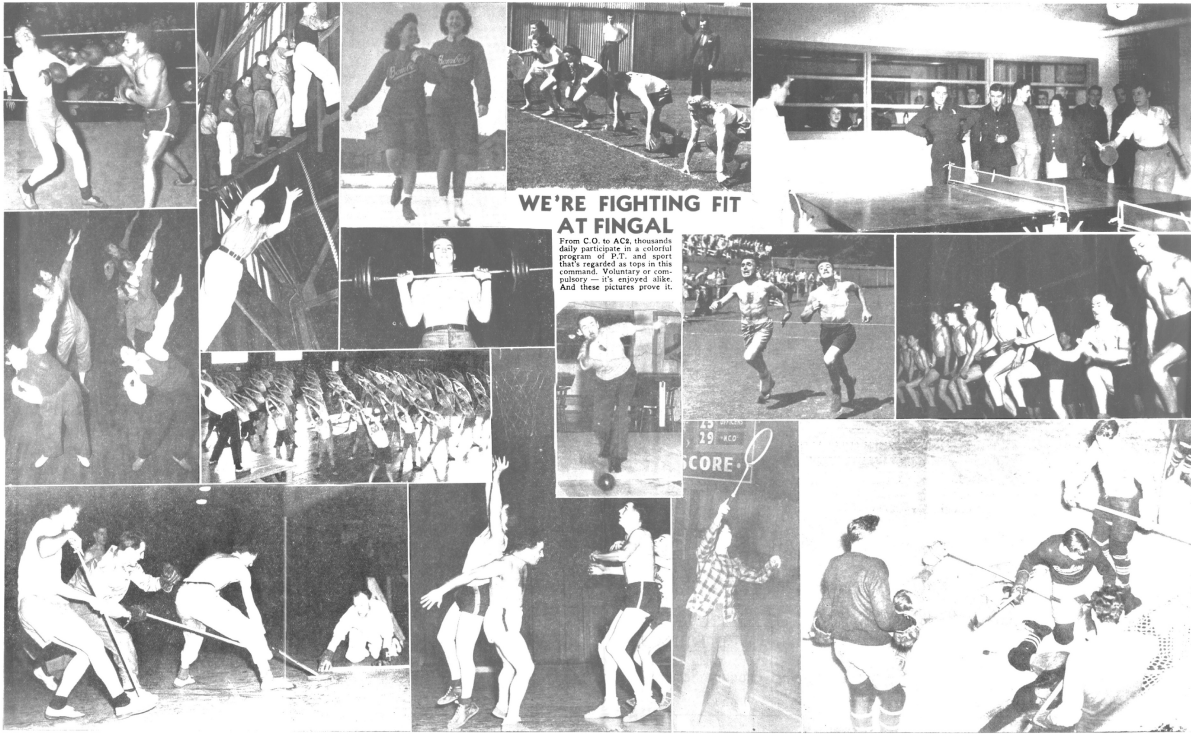
Greater ventures are being planned for the society, and with the help of Training Command they will present "Arsenic and Old Lace." The director, LAC Ben Halter, has been in production with this play before, which will help to encourage the actors.

New members are needed to take part. If you are interested in the production of plays, come along. You do not have to act. There are many backstage jobs that are as important as those acting on the stage. Watch for notices in the Daily Observer.

He mumbled a few words in church—and he was married.

He mumbled a few words in his sleep—and he was divorced.

ARE YOU SCRAWNY, under-nourished? Have your strength and vitality been sapped by perpetual toil, strife and hardships? Cast off that haggard look and emerge a better and happier man. Spend an hour per day with us and we guarantee you a superb body-beautiful. "MUSCLES" KORPUSCLE KLUB, DRILL HALL.



**WE'RE FIGHTING FIT
AT FINGAL**

From C.O. to A.C., thousands daily participate in a colorful program of P.T. and sport that's regarded as top in the command. Voluntary or compulsory — it's enjoyed alike. And these pictures prove it.

S/L WHALEN, TRAINEES O.C. APPLIES FOR AIRCREW AT 35

A Fingal Original, "A. P." Has
14 Years of RCAF
Service

ROSE FROM AC 2

ONLY officer on Fingal's staff since the station opened three years ago last November, S/L A. P. Whalen, officer commanding G.I.S., hopes soon to leave his desk job and take to the air. At 35, with nearly 14 years in the RCAF behind him, Whalen has applied for transfer to aircrew.

Two "firsts" in service courses highlight the career of this officer. In 1932 he and seven others graduated from the first air gunner's course ever given in Canada. Six years later he was remustered to air observer when that trade was established.

Native of New Germany, Nova Scotia, Whalen as a youth was an automobile mechanic in his home town. In 1930, "knowing nothing about the air force," he joined that tiny peace-time organization before he'd ever even seen a slate-blue uniform.

POSTED to Camp Borden, Whalen spent nine months learning the trade of airframe mechanic. After a stay at Rockcliffe, he returned to Borden for that first AG course. In those days, he recalls, the air gunner had to learn a bit of everything. Gunnery, navigation, wireless and photography were on the curriculum, and the graduate was a jack-of-all-trades.

In 1934 Whalen was sent to Jericho Beach, near Vancouver, to work with a flying boat squadron. This was three years after his enlistment and he was an AC1.

During his six-year stay in B.C., Whalen worked on a border-to-Alaska survey of the Canadian coast. His party then mapped out many of the bases used today in Western Coastal Command operations. He points out that even then the RCAF was anticipating future trouble with Japan, and when war did come bases were ready.

IN 1939 Whalen had risen to sergeant. The following spring he was posted to an armament officer's course at Trenton, being commissioned flying officer upon graduation, 10 years to the day since he first enlisted. Following a few weeks at Jarvis, where No. 1 B. & G. was being established in the fall of 1940, he was posted to Fingal as one of two officers on hand to assist at the birth of the new station.



S/L WHALEN

Whalen's rise in rank and responsibility here has been steady. When the station opened to receive trainees, he was placed in charge of the armament section, then the ranges. For a few months he was officer in charge of the air observers' course.

In the fall of 1941 he was given his present post. Security reasons forbid his stating how many thousands of observers, wireless air gunners and air bombers have graduated from Fingal since he has been head of G.I.S. He does state that the present number of trainees is three times as great as the enrollment in 1941.

Now he's awaiting the call that will enable him to follow overseas the thousands whose aircrew training he has supervised. When that call comes, the best wishes of those trainees, and of the Observer, will go with him.

We Hear From Training Wing

at Last

By AW1 EDYTHE ENOS

TRAINING wing orderly room has lost Cpl. Eamer, who has been posted out West where men are men. It only took six months for it to come through, so don't give up, all ye that are waiting for a posting.

Cpl. McDonald is still here and is still arguing with G.I.S. "Now, when was he transferred?" she asks, "and who did it and where is he now and how long has he been there and when will he leave?" Never mind, Mac, some day you will hit the jackpot and get the \$64 question.

F/O Murray can be located anywhere between the snack bar, G.I.S., Headquarters and here between the hours of now and then. Still gracefully sliding around the corners of the doors and tables, he is giving our janitor grey hair. What happens should he fall?

Newcomers are AW1 Crown and AW1 Dawson. Crown works on flying time when she is not busy arguing with F/O Walsh over the amount of instrument that is due to the pilots. She can be found taking classes in town or throwing a mean ball down the bowling alley almost every evening. Dawson has come to take the place of Cpl. Eamer. By the way, she is the girl from North Dakota.

Because we brag about our cleverness is no reason for anyone to laugh at the sign in our office which reads "Silence—Genius at Work!" After all, if it weren't for us who else would fight the battle of Fingal so bravely? (Kindly note that answers to that question are not required!)

NOT MEN SHE'S AFTER JUST WANTS WORKOUT

Even Female P.T.I. Does Her
Daily Dozen

IF you're in the drill hall when an attractive young airwoman is doing a round of P.T. with a class of men, don't give it another thought. The lady in question assures us that Leap Year has nothing to do with it.

It's like this: The gal is "Buntv" McCulley, 23, Fingal's new female P.T.I. corporal. And when she gets cheesed off giving P.T. and drill instruction she takes her own medicine with any airman's class that happens to be around.

"Buntv," whose real name is Ethel, is one of three sisters in the WD's. In first year at university when she enlisted, "Buntv" left Medicine Hat to sign on at Calgary. She took a P.T.I. course in Toronto and a P.T. & D. course at Trenton. By the time this appears she'll be wearing her service ribbon.

To let a fool kiss you is stupid—
To let a kiss fool you is worse.



"RED" WHEAT

32-YEAR-OLD TEXAN TOP BOMBING PILOT

"Red" Wheat's Record of 22.8
Yards Stood for Nine
Months

A SLOW-SPOKEN Texan with a soft drawl is Fingal's top bombing pilot. He's WO2 Charles "Red" Wheat, 32, who has consistently produced the best scores in bombing flight.

For nine months his day score of 22.8 yards stood as a station record. Recently F/O Neal topped it with a score of 25 yards, which would have been 20.8 yards if computed under the old system.

What is the secret of Wheat's success? "You must have patience with the students; be friendly and give 'em confidence," he says.

Wheat is very friendly with the bombardiers, helps them in every possible way and has never bawled out a man while in the air.

His advice to students: Learn your patter and learn to relax. The patter, he says, has improved 100% in the past three months, but he cannot emphasize enough the importance of knowing patter before going to fly.

Wheat was a University of Texas law student when he came to Canada to enlist in March, 1941. He won his wings at Rockcliffe and was posted here. In May, Wheat will mark his second anniversary at Fingal, if the U.S. Air Corps doesn't get him first.

After five months in drogue flight he went to bombing and has been there ever since—its hottest pilot.

AN EDITORIAL

On the
Laundry Service

Phooey!

Testimonial to P.T.

"BEFORE I began taking P.T. I was underweight, anaemic, myopic; had dandruff, suffered from rheumatic pains, and my juices did not flow at the rate of two pints a day," stated LAC Purdy Dull. "I was scrawny, see? I was like a shadder, see? Girls wouldn't talk to me; WD's shunned me. In short life was just a bowl."

Calmly juggling four practice bombs, our hero continued: "Today I'm a new man, yippe! I'm full of joie de vivre, whatever that means. In a word, since I started my hour a day I've developed ze body beautiful. No longer am I a wallflower, left to mope at station dances. Girls seek my company; especially on pay night. And all's right with the world once again. Ow-oo-oo-oo-oo!"

Any resemblance to a Fingalite, living or dead, is purely coincidental. LAC Purdy Dull may be a reasonable facsimile of an airman, but the Observer editors doubt it. Anyway, we have to fill up the empty columns, don't we?

He Served Aboard Submarine Carrying Folding Seaplane

IMPROVE EFFICIENCY BY AIRCREW MESSAGES

An RCAF aircrew mess, where officers and NCO's of bomber crews eat and live together, has been instituted successfully at a unit of the RCAF bomber group overseas.

The new messing experiment is exclusively for aircrew. Where possible a special diet, increased recreation and entertainment facilities, and added service and comfort are provided.

The experiment has shown that the crew members get to know each other better, whether they are officers or sergeants, and that more goodwill and understanding is promoted, as well as crew co-operation.

Eight-place crew tables are provided for the captain, his six teammates and one guest who may be an instructor, admin. officer, or the C.O.

WEATHERWOMAN HERE WITHOUT MET. SECTION



CPL. EVA BEGLEY

She's like a woman without a country.

Cpl. Eva Begley, Fingal's first meteorological observer, arrived here to find she'd been posted to a unit without a met. section. So until they build a met. section for her, Eva is working in the tower by day and in the snack bar by night.

A former school teacher from Matheson, Ont., Eva taught in a little eight-room school-house in a Northern Ontario mining town. When she joined up she took a five-week course in met which included plotting weather charts, measuring height of base of clouds, decoding weather reports, and other stuff like that. Wish she'd have warned us about the February storm that hit us here.

Her twin sister, Gwen, is a WOG at Montreal wireless school.

HOW would you like to serve aboard an aircraft-carrying submarine with a submersible hangar? That's just one of the colorful experiences of F/Sgt. H. S. Bellman, Fingal AFM, whose service career dates from the last war.

Bellman, now 46, was born in London, England. In September, 1914, he enlisted in the army. He served in France and Salonika throughout the great war as a grenade-thrower and mechanic with the Royal Flying Corps.

He was undergoing flying training at No. 1 F.I.S., Netheravon, when Armistice was signed in 1918. In 1921, Bellman enlisted for a period of eight years in the RAF as a carpenter-rigger. During this engagement he spent two years with the Fleet Air Arm aboard H.M.S. Furious, aircraft carrier, and five months with an RAF detachment aboard a submarine with a submersible hangar for aircraft.

They were engaged in experimental work for the Royal Navy in the Mediterranean. The aircraft, on floats, could be folded up and neatly tucked away in the sub.

In 1930 Bellman came to Canada and prior to enlisting in the RCAF in January, 1940, he was a draughtsman in a refrigeration engineering company.

AFTER two weeks at Manning Depot, he was posted to Trenton where the assembly of the majority of Battle aircraft took place on their arrival from England. Eventually the unit known as No.



FLIGHT BELLMAN

6 Repair Depot was formed and Bellman was one of the original ten on the unit's establishment.

Posted to the Aeronautical Engineering School in Montreal as an instructor, he remained there until 1941, when he was promoted to flight-sergeant. In April, 1942, he arrived at Fingal.

Bellman is married . . . has three kiddies . . . favorite sport is racing motorcycles . . . and model-making is his hobby.

GET YOUR RATIONS WHEN GOING ON 48

Pick Up the Card at Headquarters

AIRMEN and airwomen visiting their homes on week-ends or when being entertained in Canadian homes while on short leaves, will no longer strain their hostesses' supplies of rationed foods. The Wartime Prices and Trade Board announced that special ration cards are being issued to members of the armed services on 48, 72 and 96 hour leaves. At Fingal, you can pick 'em up at headquarters.

The new card, which is issued with leave passes and is not valid without the stamp of the issuing unit, is a dual application for ration coupons with applications for both visitor and hostess to complete. The visitor fills in his name, rank and number, number of meals received during the stay, while the hostess must show her name and address and the number of meals she served to the visitor.

Thus completed, the card is a valid ration document and may be mailed or taken to any local ration board. For every nine meals shown on the card, a two weeks' supply of any one rationed food may be obtained in ration coupons. The hostess may choose any one of the rationed foods, but only one for every nine meals.

They Serve That Men May Fly

By LAW GWEN DAWSON

PERHAPS some people would prefer reading history books to accounts of interesting women, but your roving reporter would rather just talk to some of them around Fingal.

In clothing stores we find jovial, brown-eyed Lenora Arnst, from Jansen, Sask. Her parents, who come from Russia, were among the first settlers in 1905. Although brought up on a farm, Nora was able to keep in touch with town life too, as she attended school in Jansen and also helped her father with their store there.

Nora joined the air force because of her love of travel and adventure. She came in as a G.D., but through persistent study remustered to equipment. Sometimes we wonder if she ever regretted that move when she wearily faces you across the counter at stores.

DOWN in G.I.S., working as a projectionist is a provocative little gal who comes all the way from St. John's on the island of Curacao (pronounced Cure-as-o). This little island is west of Trinidad, off the north coast of South America. AW1 Rosemary Greathed, 18, lived in Curacao until she was six. She then went to England, where she attended St. Boniface Girls' School in Portsmouth and St. Hilda's Girls' School in London.

She returned to St. John's when she was 15.

A year later she flew to Canada via New Orleans, New York, Montreal and finally Toronto. She then went to live in Weston, near Toronto, where she attended Weston Collegiate. On her 18th birthday she joined the RCAF.

Her father has been overseas with the Queen's Own Rifles for five years and she wants to get over and see him. She took up photography and was posted to Rivers for contact training. When the third air force show was being formed she remustered to entertainer. Unfortunately, the show was disbanded. And then Rosemary was posted to Fingal as a G.D. Rosemary is fond of studying people, drawing and sketching. She speaks French fluently and a little Spanish. She is also keen on sports and will, we believe, do much to help the sports and entertainment of the station.

WITH Rosemary came another girl from Ottawa and the disbanded air force show. She is tall, dark-eyed Agnes Ward, of Toronto. She joined up as a G.D. and spent 17 months at Brantford when she was remustered to entertainer. She was nine weeks in Ottawa before she was posted to Fingal.

She likes Fingal because of its

many social and sports activities. She also likes her work as a projectionist in G.I.S. While at Brantford, Agnes entered the Ken Sobie tour for talent contest and won first prize. She sang with the station orchestra and hopes to sing with our orchestra. We hear the orchestra would welcome a new singer and we wish her the best of luck.

She took part in the show, "Skyliner Review," which was put on by No. 5 personnel. This show toured Dunnville, Jarvis and Guelph. They also put on a showing at Windsor at the opening of the RCAF Recruiting Centre there. Agnes has one brother overseas, a sergeant career with an orchestra, but at the present time she would, like many airwomen here, prefer an overseas posting.

UP in accounts they have a witty little stenographer named Lillian Ross. She came into the air force from Kitchener as Lillian Karn, and married Able Seaman Duncan Ross last October. It isn't any wonder that Lil joined up when her five brothers are on active service. However, she said she did want to see Canada and hoped that she might go overseas.



Fingal Sporting News



Air Bombers Lead Inter-Section League

TWELVE LOYAL WD'S MAKE UP HOOP SQUAD

By AW1 EDYTHE ENOS

APPROXIMATELY 12 WD's got together this year and formed a basketball team. There were tall ones, short ones and medium ones, and each did her best to make our team come out on top. After listening to Cpl. Douglas ("Coach Douglas" to us) and trying to remember all that he told us, we started to play our games. And we did all right, too!

We had two teams. Team 1 consisted of—Forwards: H. Law (r.f.), P. Sillars (c.), E. Clements (l.f.); guards: N/S Caldwell (r.g.), D. Greenway (l.g.). Team 2 was made up of—Forwards: L. Schnob (r.f.), G. Lawson (c.), E. Enos (l.f.); guards: J. Kempston (r.g.), M. Caldwell (l.g.).

Others who helped were Cpl. Bennett and AW1 Bilton. Our main supporter was LAW Boyle. All took turns at going in for relief, and after doing their bit for the team came limping off, but still breathing. Next season we are going to take commando training and we are going to have the honor of being tops in girls' basketball.

FINGAL BOMBERS LOSE FINAL GAME TO T.T.S.

By SGT. BOB GRENON

Fingal Bombers wound up their inter-station basketball schedule, losing at T.T.S. by 37-32.

First half was all in favor of the St. Thomas Flyers; Bombers just couldn't get started. Half-time score, 18-10 for T.T.S.

Once the second session got under way, Bombers took a new lease on life and led by 28-25 at the three-quarter mark. However, lack of reserve strength didn't help matters any and your Bombers began to tire.

It was nip and tuck at the close of the game with T.T.S. leading at closing time by five points.

THREE YEARS ON CAMP DAVE'S HEART IN GYM

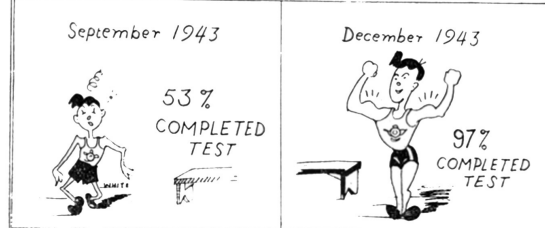
DAVID McGACHIE has been at Fingal for three years, mostly attached to the P.T. staff, issuing sporting equipment. Now Dave has been Joed for the toolshop of No. 6 Hangar and he sure wishes he were back in the gym.

You see, Dave was a bit of a sportsman himself in the good old days, majoring in hockey and lacrosse in Winnipeg and throughout the West.

Dave was a railroad man for 25 years, with the New York Central, the line that takes you to Detroit for that "48."

FITNESS IMPROVEMENT

3 MONTH PERIOD BASED ON STEP TESTS AT FINGAL



THE SPORTING THING

By F/SGT. "STONEY" JONES

P.T., you know, is something like cracker-jack. The more you indulge, the more you want. All we needed was a little push and a gentle warning regarding that "48" and we were doing the bends. And I don't mean elbow-bends.

But seriously, the general attitude toward P.T. has changed tremendously from that of a sullen few to a 90% all-out eager mass. On every side we hear such heartening remarks as "condition," "good wind" and "in the pink." P.T. classes are now a short, snappy workout preceding games of the airman's choice.

Yep, there's fun for all. And teams for all, too. (As if you didn't know.) But this month we've had some surprising upsets in the inter-station league. Both basketball and hockey teams got off to a promising start in January, were beaten two down apiece. The eagerness lost in two close contests but it looks as though the Bombers of the rinks lost their practice along with the rink.

In other fields, though, we are reaping some fruit. The little-known boxing team made two more public appearances since its initial debut in December. Its most recent show was staged here in camp with the usual enthusiastic crowd. Winners of the inter-section bouts were AC1 Forbes, 125 lbs.; F/O Neal, 140 (the gentleman pugilist); LAC Mason, 147 lbs., of London, England; and a neat little boxer from Trinidad, LAC Lopez, at 155.

These were followed by the classic example of six blind bulls in the china shop, commonly called a battle royal. If you haven't been enlightened on what it's all about, I'll tell you. Four Aussies, and two Canucks went to it swathed in towels to the eyebrows. When it became apparent that the only likely casualty would be the referee the bout was termed a draw and the gladiators left the arena.

Main event was the return bout between LAC Phillips representing T.T.S. and LAC Havill (the "Hammer") for Fingal. Although the scrappers tipped the scales at 147 and both boys had fought before as hard ven even fighters, Havill pounded the pride of T.T.S. into a K.O. in the second round. A fit-



BOXERS' BATTLE ROYAL . . . blindfolded, they bashed each other silly.

ting finale to a furious fight. Our leather-lifters are going places now, namely to T.T.S. and Centralia this month when we invade our rivals' native rings for the Western Ontario District semi-final and final meets on March 23 and 29 respectively. But as always, Fingal first, you're getting a preview of our probable representatives at our next station show March 16. Reserve your ringsides!

Now to get away from the squared circle and mention our secret menace, the indoor obstacle course. Did you notice that ladder

COP C.O.'S TROPHY TWICE IN A ROW

With two series in the bag, P/O "Punchy" Paige's air bombers are on top of the heap in inter-section sport. Having won the C.O.'s trophy twice, they may get it for keeps if they win the third series, just started. Two red stars have been placed beside the air bombers' name on the C.O.'s trophy. Final standings:

	Pts.
FIRST SERIES	
Air Bombers	22
Maintenance	17
Officers	16
WAGS	14
Headquarters	12
Sr. NCO's	9
SECOND SERIES	
Air Bombers	23
Maintenance	21
Officers	16
Sr. NCO's	14
WAGS	10
Headquarters	9

STOP-THE-PRESS NEWS

BADMINTON

Command tournament slated for April 28. Events: men's and women's doubles. District tournament to be arranged shortly.

BOXING

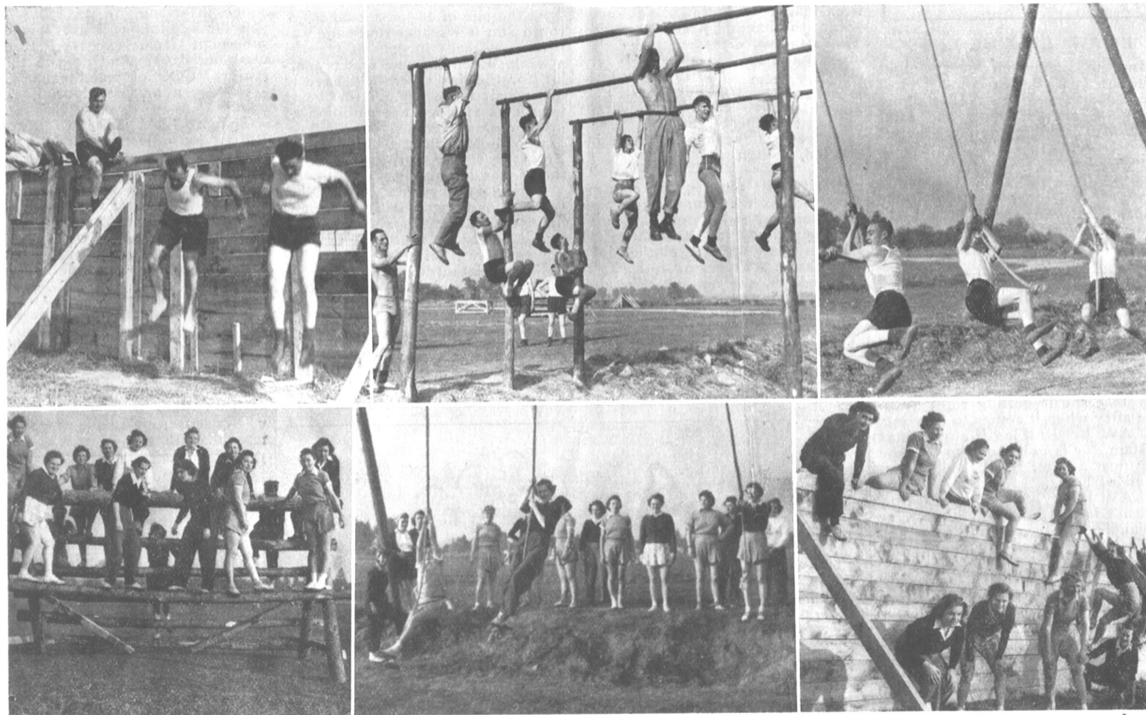
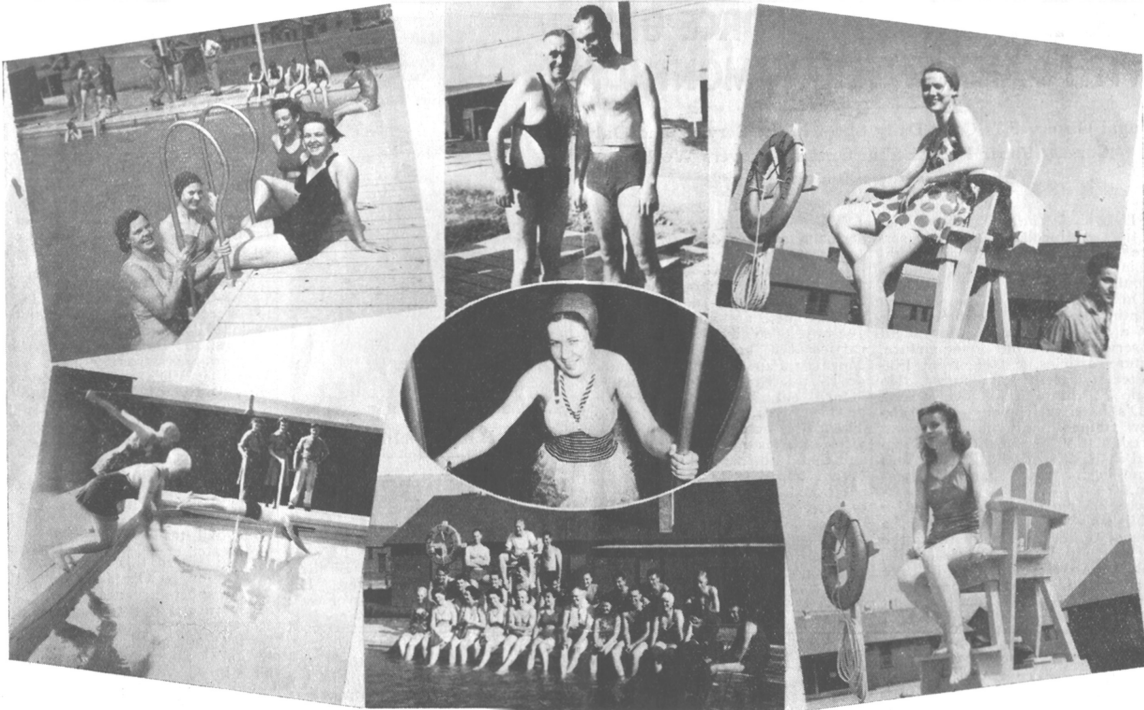
Command boxing finals in Toronto, April 14. Southern group of this district to declare winners at T.T.S. on March 23, who will meet winners of Northern group at Centralia on March 29. In preparation, two boxing shows are set for Fingal, March 2 and 16.

affair running up the side of the gym? That's the start of someone's attempt to prove Darwin's theory. It seems that once you attain the dizzy heights of the ceiling you make your precarious way around half the length of the drill hall, until you find yourself with three methods of descent: rope, swing, or gravity. Evidently any one method is supposed to end in the obvious result, as there appear to be no further obstacles to the course, none being deemed necessary.

And here's a tip to all you gals: To keep that chassis trim Spend less time in Pushface Alley, And more time in the gym.

And say, girls, what's the matter with organizing your own bowling team? You've got what it takes, plus the facilities to practice, and T.T.S. for an opponent. It's only a suggestion. What about it?

And that, loyal Fingalites, winds up the Jones Journal, with a reminder to you that there are 896 muscles in your body. So keep 'em twitchin'!



What's a sports issue without a bit of cheesecake? TOP: Some scenes from the good old swimming pool, even though it's a heckuva time to bring THAT up. BELOW: Male and female commandos playing on the outdoor obstacle course. We bet you can hardly wait for summer. Well, it won't be long till we're sweating it out on the track again.

FINGAL IS ONLY AIR FORCE UNIT WITH DAILY, WEEKLY, MONTHLY

Fingal Observer Is Only Daily Sheet in the Service, and Only Sunday Paper Published in Ontario—Covers World And Camp News Each Morning

FINGAL is the only RCAF station, and probably the only service unit in the world, now publishing a daily, a weekly and a monthly.

On the last pay day of each month, airmen and airwomen here get a 16-page copy of the Fingal Observer, with a full cover picture, feature articles, cartoons by Fingalites and plenty of pictures. No angle of camp life is overlooked. WD's have their own gossip, aircrew trainees' intimate secrets are bared, station personalities are profiled in print, and the ground Joes come in for their share of attention.

Every Monday the YMCA office publishes "What's Cookin'," a mimeographed sheet listing the week's movies, sports events, D.R.O. warnings which might have escaped notice, subjects for discussion at the popular Thursday night Fingal Forum, and all similar gen.

ON February 1 the Observer inaugurated a daily which goes to press at 11.30 a.m. with last-minute Canadian Press news flashes telephoned from the nearby St. Thomas Times-Journal.

Distributed around the station by Joe-boy, the daily Fingal Observer carries the boast: "Only Daily Morning Paper in Elgin County," or as the editor's mood changes, "Only Daily Paper in the RCAF," or "Only Sunday Paper in Ontario." The daily, published seven days a week, carries personal items, lost and found notices and the like, and even scooped D.R.O.'s on the \$100 additional clothing allowance for officers.

The daily edition is put up in every section on the station, at all messes, and all canteens. Extra copies go to the hospital, and copies are sent to all bombing range crews, the 200-yard range, and the marine section in Port Stanley.

After Lights Out In WD Barracks

By AW1 EDYTHE ENOS

In the washroom every night without fail you can find almost three-quarters of the WD's talking over the night's events and after carefully listening to it all, here's how it sounds:

"Mmmmm . . . wonder what it would be like to live in Australia?"
"Say! Did you see who came home with who? Wonder if that's the real thing?"
Gladys Pridding talking with a Scotch accent.

Dusty Greenway bemoaning the fact that she has C.G. stains all over her hands and that even the soap and water won't take it off. (Try some Dutch Cleanser, Dusty; that might do the trick.)

With a mouthful of toothpaste-suds, Cpl. Spencer can be heard to say that she is getting right down the alley when it comes to bowling.
LAW Reed asking if anyone has a stamp or is going out so that she can post a letter to that sailor husband of hers.

LAW Denny, telephone operator, doesn't have to say anything. Her pyjamas just speak for themselves.

And then there are those who just wander in and set to work putting up their hair, borrowing that extra curler for the piece of hair they missed at the back, wondering if someone has an extra bobby pin that they could use. After all that, slap some cream on their face and toddle off to bed.

A certain movie star was married to a director for three years without a blessed event — so she married a producer.



LAC BRADLEY

"GOOD OLD BRADLEY" HE'S MAINSTAY OF 97A

MEET LAC Russell Bradley, 97A's class treasurer. His campaign manager's platform was: "Bradley can hold onto money better than anybody." He was elected unanimously.

Our hero was born in the thriving little town of Toronto, in the year of our Lord 1923. People came from miles around to gaze in wonder at the new-born babe. Nobody knew what the heck it was.

At the age of 10 he started a Toronto Star newspaper route and was sure of a steady income of 12 cents a week. Even then he was preparing for the day when he'd have to live on air force pay. A few years later he'd attained the ambition of every up and coming young fellow. He got hold of a copy of Esquire. From that day forward photography was his hobby.

During the summer, Bradley worked for Canada Packers, Aluminum Co. of Canada and Weston's Bread. Only by exerting our will-power do we refrain from saying he kneaded the dough.

These were night jobs and Russ still carried on with his paper route in daytime. Just as he reached the point where he could retire and clip coupons, along came the war.

Immediately after they dropped the draft age, Brad, felt that old patriotic urge and joined up.

AIRMEN EATING MORE AFTER P.T. WORKOUTS

Since the new P.T. program has been inaugurated, Fingal personnel seem to have better appetites. That's the word from F/Sgt. Howard Davies, O.R. mess N.C.O.

"They seem to be eating a little more, and there's no doubt the P.T. does help give 'em a healthier appetite," said the Flight.

As yet rations haven't been increased, though.

A city girl visiting the country went to the old swimming hole and, after hanging her clothes on a nearby bush, dived in. A country lad came by and tied her clothes in a tidy knot. Emerging, the girl grabbed an old tub nearby and, placing it in front of her, accosted the lad.

"Do you know what I think?" she said furiously.

"Yes," said the lad. "You think that tub has a bottom in it, but it hasn't."



This is one scene you will positively never see at Fingal—not much!

Sports Roundup

By SGT. BOB GRENON

Winding up the winter sport season is yours truly with happy thoughts of winning two bucks from a certain Flight-Loonie over an inter-station cage game. His initials are N.C. Guess Who?

A certain F/O can now get some sleep at nights and not lose any of his excess weight since inter-station basketball is finished.

Question Box: Will the boys come out as strongly next year? Will the WD's come to play and win? Did you know Fingal broke a record? Aylmer is in tears, for this was the first year their basketeers had been licked by us. Wonder how T.T.S. feels after our little "Joe Louis" took their champ? When is the basketball team going to get rid of its excess spirit?

More questions: How will the volleyball team feel when they're undefeated next year, like last year? Don't mention this year. How do the senior NCO's feel now that winter sports are nearly over? So many turned out to support their teams. Orchids to the P.T. staff for the good and lovable and shapely bodies they have given us . . . ahem!

Questions again: When will the station be closed, because no one is satisfied with any others after being here? When are they going to count jitter-bugging as P.T.? Do you think pilots will ever become supermen from excess P.T. on wash-out days? And do you think senior NCO's of maintenance will ever play a lovable floor hockey game?

Things We'd Like to Know: When the officers with all their brawny, healthy and handsome men can field a basketball team that will beat the senior NCO's? When the stars of Fingal (air bombers, of course) are going to be posted so that other sections will have a chance? When Ben Sugarman will ease up on some people and let them finish now?

He: "Do you shrink from kissing?"

She: "No, if I did I'd be nothing but skin and bones."

"You can tell a girl's character by her clothes."

"Nonsense; girls have more character than that."

GAMES OF CHANCE FORBIDDEN SPORT

Despite the increase in sport activity, gambling continues to be taboo on any air force station, according to K.R. (Air), and Fingal is no exception. In the RCAF the term "gambling" includes the playing of games of chance for money, bookmaking, acting as an agent for a bookmaker, and conducting or taking part in any raffle, punchboard or lottery. Act accordingly, lads. Especially pay nights.

We Blow Our Own Horn --- Toot! Toot!

By LAC J. BURKE MARTIN

EXCUSE us, folks, while we blush with pardonable pride. Last month's feature story, telling the results of the Observer's poll on post-war planning, got our paper and our station nation-wide publicity.

Apparently a lot of newspapermen thought, as we did, that what 400 airmen and airwomen are thinking makes news. Results of the questionnaire findings were aired by the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation the day after the February issue was in your hands.

"Hank's Corner" in the St. Thomas Times-Journal ran close to half a column of quotes, commenting that Ottawa would do well to heed the wishes of service men in formulating its post-war rehabilitation plans.

E. B. "Tim" Reid, former Toronto Star man, one of the first public relations officers in the RCAF, and now in charge of publicity for the Department of Pensions and National Health, wrote Editor Sugarman as follows:

"I was very much interested in the results of the poll you conduct-

ed at your station. It probably shows a pretty fair cross-section of opinion in the air force in Canada. I think your paper is an outstandingly good job."

In a special dispatch from its London correspondent, the Toronto Star summarized the results of our poll and published a fair-sized story on it.

We were also gratified with the spread given in the London Free Press by Editorial Writer James P. Dunn. One whole column on the editorial page was devoted to the Observer and its questionnaire.

"We have not seen in this war, or in the last," wrote Dunn, "a service magazine so attractive, newsy, excellently printed, crisply made up and generally made-to-measure as the Fingal Observer."

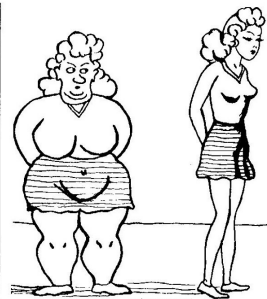
After outlining our poll questions and answers, the editorialist continued: "These replies please us immensely. They reflect that youthful and courageous independence of spirit without which this country of ours cannot achieve her full place. The boys want to work for themselves; they are eager to get back into the channels of civilian work

and production; they may be a little uncertain as to their future, as evidenced in the fact that 52% would remain in the service after the war until they have a job, but only 17% are willing to stay in the service in time of peace.

"All of which reflects a sense of realism and ambition. There should be more surveys of this kind, which, by the way, was the first to be conducted at any RCAF station in Canada."

Dunn also fell in love with our glamour-girl cover with, he said, "a sigh of bald-headed satisfaction." Continuing, he added that the Observer was "replete with pithy, pungent, penetrating paragraphs which make for easy reading and instantaneous literary metabolism." (Don't ask us for a translation; that's what he said.)

So readers, if you want to write for Canada's most widely-quoted service magazine, get those contributions in now. Turn them in to the Editor at the Bombing Teacher or the "Y" office. Original prose, poetry, cartoons, paragraphs or columns are welcome.



BEFORE AND AFTER

OUR WD'S (BLESS 'EM) ARE SPORT CONSCIOUS

They're Turning Out for P.T. And Games As If They Actually Liked It

BY LAW GWEN DAWSON

NOW that the Women's Division is taking an active part in physical training you can expect almost anything to happen.

Classes are held five times a week—each morning and afternoon, Monday to Friday. Just before eight in the morning you can see about 50 weary-looking girls slowly making their way to the Recreation Hall. This group is composed chiefly of accountants, stenographers, postal clerks, M.T. drivers, equipment assistants and G.D.'s. They're put through a strenuous routine of physical jerks which are intended to keep them fit and in top condition for their work. In the afternoon, shift workers and clerks not able to attend the morning class go for their workout.

Before these classes were started, few airwomen took part in any kind of sports. Wherever sports were held there were always some taking part, but always the same few. Some played badminton in the winter. Others took advantage of the swimming pool in the summer. On the apron of No. 2 Hangar a few played tennis.

This winter has seen a change in WD's sport activities. Early in the season many started to play badminton regularly. They're still enthusiastic over the game and becoming experts.

Opening of the bowling alleys has brought out most of the others. Now nearly every girl on the station is bowling. They aren't experts yet by any means, but in a short time they should be prepared to take part in the bowling league which is being organized for them. Some of those who first came down for bowling are now becoming interested in badminton, and so the program slowly but surely expands.

"Jack is the craziest man I've ever met."
 "What's the matter with him?"
 "After I told him that mother wouldn't allow me to kiss him, he went to mother."
 "What did she say?"
 "She certainly gave it to him."

98A PECULIARITIES IMPRESS OBSERVER

By CPL. G. STRETTON

Class 98A have never seen a red cabbage. We're all RAF and since arriving here have been told all about this super-super vegetable. Seeing is believing, so will someone kindly produce one for us? Really, we don't believe there are such things.

Ney Ball is, or was, a policeman and is still busy trying to track down the "Secret Admirer" whose valentine he safely received. We are wondering if the trek from Talbotville at 3 a.m. had anything to do with it.

At the Feb. 3rd concert in the Rec. Hall a lady sang a song dedicated to her "friend" in the audience, LAC Wass. We wondered why our Benny spent so much time in London. Nice work, Benny.

Ken Voyce, Tommy Matthews and Denny Brookhouse didn't believe parachutes really opened. So they all pulled one. And whadya think? They opened!

If Tony Willis suddenly babbles forth in French, don't be alarmed. It's the plotting office influence.

Meet Lou Birn, the man who never forgets a thing. Apart from which country he's in, and where he sleeps, and where he left his flying kit, and a few other things, Lou remembers everything. Maybe Detroit's burlesque shows have done things to him.

Stan Atkinson has a book of "Definitions, the Plain Girls' Handbook." We'd like to give you some of it, but even the Observer wouldn't print it. A good paper, though, the Observer, nearly as good as some we have in England.

Just a Rumor

"I get letters from ladies in almost every town I've been in."
 "Landladies, I presume."

Got Your Willkie Button? Then You're An RCAF Vet

By SGT. CREIGHTON AQUIN

HAVE you got your Willkie button yet — officially known as the Canadian Volunteer Service Medal?

Oh, you lucky people. If you have the required 18 months of service behind you, you may—nay—you must sport this highly esteemed award on the hitherto bare breast or chest of your tunic.

Think of it! For going on 36 pay parades and eating some 1,643 free air force meals, besides risking your neck on numerous C.O.'s parades, they have "gonged" you. The last hazard alone seems worthy of a decoration.

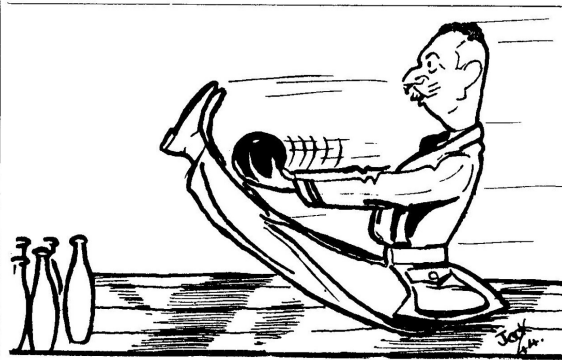
YEP, that little tri-colored hunk of ribbon should give you just cause for pride. You have successfully endured, for a year and a half, the innumerable hazards, sacrifices and bad-tempered sergeant-majors that you have been pitted against in training command.

THIS award can have a two-fold purpose for the wearer's benefit. First of all, if constantly worn and displayed, it will tend to relieve the drab, monotonous effect of air force blue.

Secondly, it should stand you in good stead for at least a dozen free drinks any time you go to the States on leave. Providing, of course, that you don't possess any scruples when it comes to peeling off a tall story or two about the deeds which won it for you.

After all, it wasn't so very long that LAC's wearing white flashes in their caps employed the same trick. They described hazardous exploits overseas, which in many cases resulted in the signing of hundreds of autographs and being awarded movie contracts by Hollywood.

So go to it, guys and gals. You've earned your Willkie buttons honorably—now put them to work. Good luck.



"Damn silly game, wot?"



TEAM SPIRIT

At play or work, Friendly Fingal boasts a team spirit second to none. Teams go out for every sport throughout the entire year. We don't always win, but we're in there pitching to the end. Here we present a few of our hard-hitting airmen and airwomen who make Fingal's sporting headlines.

