

MAY 1944


# Fingal Observer

HE'S THE BEST  
LITTLE VICTORY  
BOND SALESMAN  
WE'VE GOT

GET BEHIND  
YOUR SELF

Buy  
**VICTORY  
BONDS**  
TODAY

03-00

  
TWO HOOKS  
WITH  
EVERY BOND!





### We're Up On the News at Fingal

In order that Fingal may have a clear, up-to-date picture of the assault on Fortress Europe and the momentous war developments of our day, this sign-board in full color

has been erected. The layout and paint job was done by our own talented LAC Harry Switzer. Daily bulletins by P/O V. Pillsworth, intelligence library, are set up on the

board by Joe-boy. One such Percy Pike is shown pointing out a target in Germany. This day-by-day war picture is supplemented by the war summary in the Daily Observer.

### How're We Doin'?

Weekly Gen Sessions For Fingal Ground Crew

Gen for ground crew. That's the theme of a series of talks, movies and news reviews being given to the male and female population here.

An extensive program entitled "How're We Doin'?" embraces current affairs and war developments. A billboard showing maps of combat areas and latest news bulletins has been erected. Current affairs panels are going up in the recreation hall.

Speakers, including repats with first-hand knowledge, will give weekly talks in conjunction with movies and maps. Time is allotted for these talks during working hours for all ground crew, split into four sections: repair, servicing, headquarters and WD's.

F/O Jim Ingram is committee chairman, assisted by P/O Verne Pillsworth, who keeps the war board up to date. Speakers include F/L Nick Carter, F/O Seymour Bernard, DFC; F/O James MacDonald and F/O Tony Brown.

### HOW TO WEAR SKIRTS —Official

Apparently WD's are wearing the new pattern skirts with the two front and two back seams pressed outwards, which alters the appearance of the skirt considerably from skirts which have not been so pressed. Well, girls, you mustn't. In fact, we have a message from the air officer commanding which says this practice is contrary to dress regulations and is to be discontinued immediately. So take a hint.

## C.O. HIMSELF DIRECTS EFFORT FOR IMPROVED BUS SERVICE

Has Tackled Everyone From Ottawa Down and Is Still Trying Hard

### LET US ALL PRAY

The Observer can now deny the rumor that the station isn't interested in improving the bus service because the C.O. wants to keep you around at nights to take part in the activities. It just ain't so.

Said the C.O.: "If everyone would go away at night, I could go home and see my family instead of staying here to see if our recreational facilities are functioning properly."

Here are the facts: For months, the C.O. has really been going to bat, trying to get better service out of the bus people.

He's tackled Ottawa, No. 1 Training Command, the provincial police, the assistant provost marshal and the transit controller.

A detailed report of the Fingal bus service (or lack of service) was submitted to the air officer commanding and we're hoping for results. In the meantime, the C.O. is doing all within his power to remedy the situation.

And, needless to say, the Fingal Observer will continue its campaign for better bus service, regardless of any opposition.

Fingal personnel are asked to appreciate that in wartime, if transport facilities are good, it should be considered a lucky break. Normal transport in wartime is not good. Coaches with wooden seats

### BUS OUT OF CONTROL CRASHES INTO FENCE

When the steering wheel went out of control on the 7.30 p.m. bus recently a fatal accident was narrowly averted, it is reported.

According to an eyewitness account, the steering wheel was loose all the way from Fingal, and the driver had difficulty keeping the bus on the road. On the approach to the bridge the driver lost control and the bus lurched into the fencing at an oblique angle, and only the fencing held the bus back from a plunge.

A civilian woman, employed at Fingal, was thrown against the bar on the front door and knocked out for a few minutes.

The patter of tiny feet was heard at the head of the stairs. The proud mother raised her hand, warning the members of her bridge club to be silent.

"Hush," she said softly, "the children are going to deliver their good-night message. It always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. Listen!"

"Mama," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bed-bug."

are used. Standing from London to Toronto is not unusual.

The transit controller's job is not to make travelling attractive but to stretch all facilities as far as they will go, and to try and keep people from travelling.

Further report in next issue.

## COLORFUL BEACH CLUB IS WD SUMMER HAVEN

Fingal Airwomen Organize a Holiday Cottage at Port Stanley

DAYS of fun in the sun . . . romantic moonlit nights by Lake Erie's waters, gently lapping on the shore . . . starlit skies . . . and soft breezes that carry the promise of romance. . . .

That's the prospect in store this summer for all Fingal WD's, who have something pretty keen in their new beach club. It's an exclusive spot, all their own, and will be HQ for their activities at Port Stanley.

Selected by a committee composed of G/C Kerr, S/L Weatherill, F/O Stambaugh and Clarke Edwards, the club is an ideally located cottage near the L. & P. S. beach station. It has overnight accommodation for 12 or more girls, besides a kitchen, living-room and a long screened-in verandah.

Meals and entertainment (weiner roasts, beach parties) will be arranged by the girls' own committee. Club membership is available to all Fingal girls and will only cost \$3 for the season. Those who stay overnight pay two bits a night for bed and board.

WD's wishing to bring girl friends from other units may do so, provided accommodation is available. A hostess is being obtained to look after things around the club.

Even transportation is being arranged for the members. They may ride to the club in luxurious M.T. equipment that carries the range and marine crews. It is obvious that our gals have a wizard set-up for the summer, and at practically no cost. Membership is arranged through the WD office.

The station intends to stagger 48's so that the most number of gals can take advantage of the club.

### BOMBS INVASION COAST

"We put our bombs fair and square into one of the constructional works on the invasion coast so that there could be no doubt it would be written off," said F/L John L. McCaul, DFC, Fingal-trained observer, following a raid on the Pas de Calais area on the French coast.

McCaul, a Mosquito navigator with over 40 trips to his credit, is described as one of the most experienced airmen in the medium bomber group. He is attached to an Aussie squadron.

A German mother was telling her young son that for the many blessings that life had given him he should thank God and thank Hitler.

After a moment of meditation the boy asked: "What should I do if Hitler dies?"

The mother answered: "Just thank God."

Small boy: "Mr. Jones, Dad wants to borrow your corkscrew."

"All right, sonny," said Jones, reaching for his coat. "You run along home—I'll bring it over."



# Fingal Observer



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

## BOOST CIVILIAN MORALE: BUY BONDS

### FINGAL SETS AN EXAMPLE FOR ELGIN COUNTY BUYERS

We Buy Bags of Bonds—We Give Blood to Red Cross—Next Step: We'll Be in the Reserve Army in Our Spare Time

By SGT. CREIGHTON AQUIN

Well, well, and what do you know? That's right, we're in the throes of another high pressure bond drive.

As time progresses they seem to roll around with the natural regularity of the seasons. Don't they?

Rumor has it that morale needs a boost on the civilian front. So it looks as if the task has again fallen to us.

That's no idle statement, either. During the last bond campaign a spokesman for a heavily populated Ontario district told a theatre audience that it was the overwhelming purchases by personnel on air force

a global war in progress.

There were a number of them to be seen on the trains during the Easter season, presumably pleasure bound. According to some newspapers, service personnel were not to receive any leave during this time, so that the poor, oppressed civilians wouldn't be hampered in travelling.

However, we still have a few good friends among the flat hats, because uniforms definitely predominated on the trains over Easter.

But, getting back to the bond drive, here's a thought or two.

If bonds were released at their present rates of interest by private firms to a privileged few, instead of the entire Dominion population, people would probably be cutting (Continued on page 13)

ACH! THESE \*!!!\* BOND DRIVES!



stations in that vicinity which enabled the county to exceed its quota.

We can, therefore, safely say that aside from serving in this war, we also do a magnificent job in helping to finance it.

Back in eighth grade at school some author wrote a message to youth in the preface of our English literature book. It commenced with: "Girls and boys of America, you are the hope of the world!" When he wrote that particular line he was probably far-sighted enough to be thinking of RCAF personnel and the present war, in conjunction with bond campaigns.

Well, it's a cinch that if we don't set the example there'll be a great many in the outside world who won't be inspired or shamed into buying a bond. After all, some of them, in their frantic pursuit of the all-important dollar for personal glorification and pleasure, are apt to forget that there's a little thing like

### STOP PRESS

Pathfinder II, a new 21-passenger bus, entered the service on April 24. At a press preview, Manager Larry Moore of Richards pointed out its unusual features — air-cushioned seats and head room with no increase in fare. The official inaugural run was made April 26 at 5 p.m. from Fingal, with all rides on the house and Moore at the wheel. A bottle of chocolate milk was used to launch her. Pathfinder II is replacing Leapin' Lena, whose accident in hitting the bridge is expected to retire her from the service, with a medical discharge.

### Any Complaints?

Do you think the airmen's mess is a mess? Have you ever found a hair in your zoop? If you have anything to say about the chow purveyors, say it to the guys in the business — the airmen's mess committee. Suggestions, praise or criticism should be directed to these stalwarts. Here's the gang that will lend a sympathetic ear: Cpl. Gravel, Cpl. MacDonald, LAC Law, LAC Sutherland, LAC York.

### OBJECTIVE: 75 GRAND IN CAMP BOND DRIVE

Slogan: "Not One Iota Under Our Quota"—Who Said Corn?

WITH an objective of \$75,000, the sixth bond drive has opened at Fingal—as if you didn't know it.

This figure is a 50 per cent increase over the last objective of \$50,000. Then the station raised \$90,000, and this time the committee expects that sales will top the \$100,000 mark.

Headed by S/L T. A. Spruston, head man of maintenance, the bond committee includes F/O Les Truman, secretary; F/O C. Low, organization; F/O Bob Masters, treasurer; Clarke Edwards and WO2 Ben Sugarman, publicity men.

Bond headquarters are in the games room, next to the snack bar, and any time you feel like buying another bond just wander over.

Several interesting slogans have been devised for the drive, including: "Boost Civilian Morale—Buy Bonds," and "Not One Iota Under Our Quota." Corny, wot?

Thousands of dollars' worth of sales were reported on opening day, including a \$1,000 bond from a trainee.

A message from the "old man" in the Daily Observer asked everyone to invest to the utmost.

Team captains and canvassers: Hospital—Sgt. G. H. Hodges, Provost and Security—Sgt. Bill Littlejohn, Motor Transport—P/O Andrews, WO2 Bean, Cpl. Haggden, Equipment—F/L Tom Elliot, Sgt. McBride, Accounting—F/O Shurly, Sgt. Chapel, Cpl. Kennedy, G.I.S.—F/L Carter, F/O James, P/O McCloy, P/O Cott, Sgt. Solsberg, Sgt. Sillick, Sgt. Young, LAW Ward, Cpl. Stennett, Armament Ranges—F/L C. Elliot, F/S Spry, Sgt. Silcox, Sgt. Bryan, Sgt. Cooper, Flying Squadron—F/O W. G. White, F/O W. F. Clark, F/O Neal, P/O Haist, P/O Humes, P/O Verdone, Unit Headquarters—WO2 Palmer, Station Services—S/O Kennish, F/S Davies, Cpl. Pretty, Mr. Fillimore, Mr. Gordon, Sgt. Brown, Cpl. Moore, Repair Squadron—F/O C. Pennells, F/S J. E. Hodgkinson, F/S Sharpe, F/S G. H. Larkin, Sgt. Brown, Cpl. G. D. Cudmore, LAC C. G. Gatten, LAC J. E. Yorke, Servicing Squadron—F/O J. W. McBean, Cpl. C. A. Forbes, Cpl. V. F. Groves, Cpl. J. E. Gordon, Sgt. R. T. Conlin, Trainees—P/O R. Bogue, Sgt. Stoddart, Sgt. Silcock, Sgt. Sillick, Civilians—Charlie Connor, Works and Buildings—WO2 Wood, Sgt. Chandler, F/S Collins.

### There Ain't No Santa Claus! Now Is There, Major Power?

REMEMBER our front cover on the Christmas issue? Cpl. Rita Brulotte made her Christmas wish to Santa Claus: an overseas posting.

Here it is almost summer time, and Santa hasn't done a darn thing about Rita's posting. Her stocking was not filled. She's another little girl with a disappointment.

The Observer want you, dear reader, to know that Rita's desire to go over has nothing to do with P/O Ted Loveday, a Fingal pilot who is going overseas. Or so we understand.

Corp.: On behalf of the Observer staff we can't do a darn thing about it nor can the staff at headquarters. It's against K.R. (Air), manual of air force law, manual of administration, air force administrative orders, command instructions and circulars, and DAPS bulletins, to request a posting other than through proper channels.

Maybe this year's Santa Claus will be posted to DAPS at Ottawa. In any event we all have our fingers



"... and please, Santa, don't forget my overseas posting."

crossed for you, Rita. You see, Ottawa is on the Observer's mailing list and some kindly air marshal may even get to read this.



(An Exclusive Observer Feature)

# How To Brush Off Bond Salesmen

By LAC RALPH ROSENBERG  
SIX WAYS to get rid of the Victory Bond Salesman — or the V.B.S. will get you if you don't watch out!

Of course, the simplest way to give him the brush is to say, "I'll take a bond." . . . Then off he'll go, overjoyed that another conquest has been made—and to think—he didn't even have to use that club! But why get rid of him like that? That's far too easy. Why not do it the hard way? Those concerned, please note the following:

(1) You could tell him all about the "poor wife and kiddies." Yes, you need every cent you get; and more! You'd "like" to buy one, but . . . all those kiddies at home cryin' for bread, and no "rye" in the house. . . .

(2) If you're an AC and he's a sergeant, tell him that a Victory Bond would put a cramp in your

beer and cigarette money — and that'd mean (naively) no beer for him the week you're on duty piquet and no cigarettes when you jump the fence; and so on. That should work, brother, it certainly should!

(3) Other AC's approached by NCO's could remind these bunk-to-bunk salesmen of the money they owe you and the similar favors you've done for them in the past. "Gee, with a bond to pay for, how am I gonna have enough money to loan you every now and then?" You'll have no more trouble with that lad. Watch him wilt, Mill, watch him wilt!

(4) If you're a WD, and a big, strong bond salesman accosts you, have no fear, gals, he'll be putty in your hands. Far be it from the writer to suggest "ways 'n' means." You're on your own, wimmen, and I venture to say you'll do all right. When you gals stop "cookin' on all

burners" it'll be a cold, cold day. Suggestions? Well, threaten to tell his wife why he didn't go home for Easter. Another? Go on strike and picket the coal pile. Some more? Say, are you gals kiddin' . . . c'est la guerre, kids, c'est la guerre!

(5) If the situation arises so that an AC is canvassing an NCO, the problem is simple. When this AC comes in and makes his demands, feeling that the whole government of Canada is behind him, abruptly ask him when he's next on duty piquet. Thinking out loud, I can hear you saying, "Humm, that's odd; I happen to know all these orderly sergeants for that week quite well. Swell bunch of boys—do anything I say . . ." At which time, you will be overwhelmed with kindness . . . a cigar in your mouth, your feet propped up on the desk for you, no more queries; and AC Schmaltz goes merrily on his way

humming, "Bless 'em all, bless 'em all. . . ."

(6) If you happen to be a poor ole airman, and a rich ole wing commander comes up to you and asks, so sweetly, "You're buying a Victory Bond, AREN'T YOU?" . . . you've had it, brother, you've really had it! The ground might as well open up and swallow you. Of course, you could refuse! They say Gander isn't bad at all. It's cold and the nights are long and you're isolated, but one gets used to those things . . . in three or four years! Really they do.

(P.S.) All kidding aside, folks, we at Fingal realize that they don't use physical force to get us to buy our share of Victory Bonds . . . and that simply nasty rumor going about that the bond committee is furnishing every solocitor with brass knuckles is absolutely false. Those hot needles under the fingernails will do the trick.

## WARNING TO CENTRALIA BE GOOD TO OUR HELEN

Sgt. Law, a Popular Gal, Is  
Posted From Dental  
Clinic

By SGT. WINI GASCOYNE  
YOU'VE all read Robert Louis Stevenson's story of the little brook that went on and on forever. Sgt. Helen Law, 22 months in Fingal's dental clinic, was beginning to think that the story was dedicated to her.

Postings came and postings left, but Helen seemed to go on forever at Fingal, until April 10, when the fatal envelope from DAPS was opened and out tumbled Helen's posting to Centralia.

Born in Galt 23 years ago, Helen attended public and high school there. After a brief but successful tour of the business world in Galt, she joined the happy band of WD's on May 5, 1942, arriving here a month later.

Helen didn't win any decorations or do anything notorious while here, but her friends were many. She was known by everyone on the station, both socially and through her work at the clinic. The number of teeth Helen has seen pulled out and the number of boys' hands she has held while the dentist drilled are many, but she says the exact number must be kept a military secret.

Now we send her off to Centralia, and with her goes the warning to Centralia to treat her fair and be good to her because she is one really swell person.

Cpl. Penny Romance, a Western gal (Winnipeg) was posted in from Centralia to carry on Helen's good work.

Cpl.: "How many beers does it take to make you dizzy?"  
She: "Oh, four or five, and don't call me dizzy."



SGT. HELEN LAW  
she held many hands

## FLED FROM BELGIUM TRAINS FOR REVENGE

By LAC ALLAN DAWSON  
The open-backed stake-bodied truck skidded to a dusty halt. A pretty uniformed driver edged off the seat and with a sigh of relief strode over to the guard house and announced: "They're all yours!"  
Thus came the second course of flight engineers to Fingal. The group included WO2 Jimmie Ranson, a Winnipeg-born permanent force man (regimental number 765) who remustered to aircrew after spending some years on west coast operational stations.

Wearing the not-too-familiar B.L.V.R. (British Latin Volunteer Reserve) shoulder badges was LAC Jacques de Bagheera. He's a Montreal boy who looked into the end of Gestapo pistols in Belgium and saw the inside of their prisons before he was able to make his way through France and so into a Spanish concentration camp, where the British consul effected his release.

## THROUGH THE KEYHOLE

of WD Barracks

By LAW EDYTHE ENOS

MISSING at this issue are several members of the old gang that first came to Fingal. So, you see, you do get posted even though it takes time.

It all started when Cpl. Acres was posted to AFHQ. From all reports she is doing o.k. and likes it. Next to go was Cpl. Beall, to Dunnville. Both had been here a long time. So long in fact that they were no longer on strength of the station but had been put down on inventory. LAW Campbell was next, and she went to Clinton, followed by Sgt. Law (of basketball fame) to Centralia. To these girls we say so long for now, but we will be thinking of you and wondering how you are making out.

Investigating the cry "Gee, another new girl M.T. driver just came in," Burnabeer was quite surprised to see her nightwear decorating the brooms in scarecrow manner. Could this have been the work of AW1 Bilton and AW2 Shaw?

What was the attraction in Fingal on Good Friday that made LAW Kozlowski, LAW Goucher and Cpl. Dawson take to walking hand in hand with their male escorts down that road? Is it that you are fiends for fresh air, girls, or did you need the exercise?

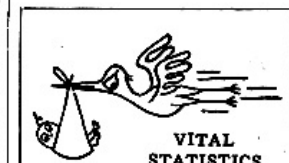
We sincerely believe that Cpl. Helen Gibb should have been an artist. She did a wonderful job of painting faces on the bottom of LAW (Red) Davidson's feet with nail polish, while poor Red, worn out, was busy catching up sleep.

When you hear the greeting, "Hi me" and a reply coming back, "Hello myself," don't think that you are hearing wrong or that it is double talk. It's just LAW Glover and LAW Enos saying hello. Both have the same first name.

## C.O. AND LAC LOGAN ON BADMINTON TEAM

Two senior officers, including the C.O., teamed up with LAC's to make two badminton teams for the Crumlin playoffs. The teams were: S/L McBurney and LAC Wade, G/C Kerr and LAC Logan. The third team was WO2 Refausse and F/Sgt. Smith. Winners of the WD tournament here were LAW Corbett and Cpl. Gravel.

Scores of inter-section badminton:	
Officers	20
Sr. NCO's	14
Headquarters	6
Air Bombers	4
WAGS	0
Maintenance	0



## VITAL STATISTICS

### BORN

A son, Ross Cameron, to LAC and Mrs. R. C. Cowan, at New Westminster, B.C.  
A son, John Lynn, to AC1 and Mrs. W. J. Burd, at Algoma, Ont.  
A son, Robert James, to LAC and Mrs. H. J. Jarrett, at Burford, Ont.  
A son, Paul Victor, to AC2 and Mrs. D. H. Collins, at London, Ont.

### PROMOTED

F/Sgts. G. Bradshaw, T. W. Spivey, L. Neff, K. J. Doherty, to WO2.  
P/O's A. A. McLoyle, T. L. Beck, L. R. Donaldson, J. L. Andrews, R. G. Sullivan, W. H. Walker, L. Woodland, K. F. Marr, R. B. Prowse to Flying Officer.

Sgts. M. E. Emery, N. T. Austin to Flight Sergeant.  
LAC A. W. Turton, LAW's R. I. A. Skundberg, G. E. Dawson, L. A. Pinnow, to Corporal.

### MARRIED

LAC Tommy McEwan to Elsie Lois Hollingsworth, at Jackson, Miss.

## OUR BOMBING POOL IS BEST IN CANADA

Visiting Flight Praises Efficiency of Fingal Instruction —No Kiddin'

By P/O KEN HORSLEY

FINGAL'S bombing pool is regarded as the most efficient in Canada. You have the visiting flight's word for it.

Have you ever seen a keen bunch of young officers—with enthusiastic light in their eyes, a spring in their step, and operational flat hats. These are the bombing flight, wearing the bombardier's single wing.

Their jobs are many. They prepare students for the thrilling sport of bombing. They listen to complaints, check erratic tendencies in the air, console, cajole and act as father-confessor and friend. Guided benevolently yet firmly by a bombing leader, they fill an unobtrusive but vital role on this station. New courses view them, we hope, with a certain amount of awe; graduating courses with a mixture of tolerance and respect.

When a student first visits bombing flight he is met by a bombing instructor. This personage is responsible for the welfare of the class and makes it his business to know a certain amount about each student's ability, personality and service attitude. He then conducts the class through the various rooms, explaining the significance of each section. These sections form a definite link in the chain of instruction.

First the student is taken into the crew room, where he meets the versatile and audible NCO in charge. Here are lockers for flying kit, tables with stacks of reading material, all associated with bombing, a bombsight on a stand, benches and stools and an almost continuous chattering. In this room he sits waiting to be called to flying. He is also encouraged to discuss fully anything which is giving him trouble.

Next he is led to the analysis section. If flying is on, this is a hive of activity. Charts with students' bombs plotted on them are being assessed for scores and flustered instructors are explaining to the bewildered and sometimes belligerent student why this or that bomb fell where it did. If there is no flying—! Ask any bombing instructor and he will tell you that all personnel are at P.T.

Charts on the wall for each course show at a glance the results—for each bombing exercise of every individual student. In the midst of this is a heartening sight. Under the caption "It can be done" are graphs of the best score for each course graduating from the station and the station record.

The docile student is next led past a room marked "Plotting Office—Out of Bounds"; past the office of the bombing leader; gazes lingeringly at a door marked "Bombing Critiques," and is hustled out another door into the hangar.

## Bombing's Their Business...What's Yours?



Masters Richards Donaldson Voakes Crosby Hawkins Pond Krook



Lowe James McCloy Horsley Brown MacDonald Trueman Dent



Taylor Tackaberry Goodwin Bogue Rennick Peterson Hall Pollock



MacKenzie Smith Laforet

Mighty Anson bombers rivet his attention but he is not permitted to tarry or touch. That comes later.

Next step is to learn the intricacies of the parachute and the harness. The student, with other members of his class, is jostled into a little room and shown how to place himself inside his harness and extricate his person without undue effort or embarrassment. Some students develop an amazing technique in very short time. They lie the harness around their necks, around their legs, over one shoulder twice and stand meekly suffering until the instructor—helpful soul—disentangles them.

Then the journey begins once again, this time to the next room, where briefing, interrogation, and dispatching are explained in fullest detail. Here the class instructor delivers a friendly dissertation on what is expected of them during the course and of some of the pitfalls they may expect.

By this time the student is usually exhibiting a strong desire to see an aircraft from the inside looking out. Accordingly he is assigned to an instructor who takes him to an Anson, inside the fuselage and up into the bombing hatch. Imag-

ine that! He is shown the purpose of all the switches and instruments on the bombing panel and taught how to reconcile his knowledge gained on the ground with actual air conditions.

This finishes his tour of instruction. Many of the instructors wish it could do the same for them. But the inexorable routine goes on; day by day, course by course. Students are called and briefed for flying, dispatched, interrogated. Their charts are assessed and analyzed, their records posted on the walls. In due course they graduate and leave for overseas.

It is the instructors' hope and belief that when they go, these students will carry with them some little part of what was taught them by those junior officers in bombing flight. The keen type ones, you remember, with the eager expression and jaunty step.

## PLAN VICTORY GARDEN FOR SUMMER ACTIVITY

Fingalites Are Now To Grow Some of the Stuff They Eat

GOOD news for Fingal's gardeners. We're to have a Victory Garden this summer, with the blessing of department of agriculture and RCAF headquarters.

Everyone will have the opportunity of growing their own kind of vegetables and eating their produce in their favorite mess.

Proposed site is the field east of No. 6 hangar; the bomb fusing huts will be moved.

Each section may apply for an allotment in the proposed community garden. Sections may, however, still have their own gardens or flower beds, if they have suitable plots of ground under their command. Spades, rakes and other tools may be had on charge, without charge, from de woiks and bricks place.

Officers and senior NCO's will be pleased to learn that this will be regarded as a station activity. A committee is being formed to look after the Victory Garden and the flower beds. In the meantime F/Sgt. Arthur Goodwin, of GIS, has been Joed to take down the names of all interested parties.

## MacLeod Joins Observer Staff

If you see a lanky corporal tearing around the station, camera in hand, don't turn him in. He's George MacLeod, official Observer photographer, and he has the C.O.'s permission to operate a camera.

This doesn't mean that all you guys can now bring your cameras to the station—not unless you get permission from the Commanding Officer.

But try and get it; just try.

## Recorded For Posterity: All WD'S On Strength



### WD'S CELEBRATE ON MAY 23 SECOND BIRTHDAY AT FINGAL

Our Lovely Ladies in Blue Have Done a Big Job in the Service,  
Not to Mention Their Effect on Morale—  
Well Done, Gals!

By LAC HARRY McNAB

LET US take you back through the vast deeps of time, to a remote period in Fingal's history. Cast your mind to that day, May 23, 1942, when Fingal's face changed greatly.

The scene is set. At the entrance to the camp an RCAF vehicle toils to the barrier, passes through and stops. From the interior of the bus drop sylph-like forms, until a score of neat, blue uniforms complete with blue stockings and topped by distinctly feminine faces are standing on the muddy road.

Yes, it's true. They have arrived. The first batch of airwomen are here. The girls take a long, searching look round their new home. Uh huh! Mmmm! The camp itself isn't looking too bright. That grey sky, the mud and pools of water, the wet roofs and walls, certainly aren't decked out to attract. Still, after lunch one's impressions might change.

And so, with hearts longing for the brightness and spring attire of Guelph, which they had left a few hours earlier, the slightly weary score of WD's tramp off to the mess.

LATER in the day more ladies in uniform arrived. When the last had settled, Fingal boasted a WD section of two corporals and 53 airwomen. This group consisted of cooks, GD's and postal clerks.

The girls were soon distributed to jobs in the kitchens, plotting rooms, log-room, control tower, workshops and to the flights as timekeepers. This was just a preliminary example of the invaluable work and service to be given by WD's for duration.

An interesting sidelight to the posting on that first day was the presence among the cooks of AW2 Grace Demers, aunt of the Dionne quintuplets, and one of their first cooks. Now we knew that the boys in the airmen's mess were going to thrive.

On June 8, 1942, a week after the girls arrived, the O.C. received a letter from Toronto initiating a series of progress reports on WD personnel for Her Royal Highness Princess Alice, Honorary Commandant of WD's.

These reports had to contain any major events or unusual happenings with regard to WD personnel—ample proof of the great personal

interest which Her Royal Highness Princess Alice takes in the welfare of servicewomen.

BY June 21, a total of 84 airwomen were on strength; every day proved the ability and versatility of the girls in blue. We Fingalites find it hard to believe that two years have passed since the girls arrived. There have been many changes on the station since then, many for the better. The whole-hearted team spirit which the girls have displayed certainly has made them an indispensable part of Fingal and the RCAF.

Last April, when personnel here were asked to become blood donors, no less than 40 of Fingal's airwomen volunteered and attended the clinic in St. Thomas to part with a pint.

The girls made a fine show in the Victory Loan campaign in May, 1943, when they raised \$3,900.

Then, of course, when May 23rd arrived, the girls let their hair down and held a grand party in honor of their first anniversary. Of the original 53, 21 remained. A grand dance was held as tribute to the occasion.

CAME June, and THE women's event. The WD at-home was a great success. Arrangements were made for members of various

women's organizations in the district to visit the camp, and obtain an idea of the work and living conditions. Three visits were organized, the first being somewhat spoiled by tropical conditions. The others, however, brought a grand total of 700 women.

These visitors, guided by WD NCO's, were shown the mess, equipment section, M.T. section, administrative building, station hospital, parachute section, flight offices and hangars. The WD barracks, recreation centre and adjacent sports field, airmen's canteen and rec. hall all underwent public scrutiny and came out very well.

There was no need to ask if the impression gained by the visitors was good. They were positively enthusiastic.

OUR girls next decided to cultivate a deadly aim, and started a rifle club in July. Other sports were receiving attention from the girls. A softball league had been started between Aylmer, Centralia, Fingal and TTS. We ended up tying for second place with TTS, Aylmer being in the lead.

In September several of our girls attended the vice-regal garden party held at Queen's Park, Toronto, for servicewomen.

We lost the basketball league to Aylmer and TTS, but reinstated ourselves by winning the badminton.

There was no holding the girls back now. Night classes at the University of Western Ontario received great support from female Fingalites. High school classes in St. Thomas were also well attended. On the station, the trade improvement classes were in great demand. There is a boom in the cookery section at present.

And is that enough? No! Every night three girls and an NCO slave behind the snack bar, assuaging the thirst and hunger of bowling and badminton fiends.

Ladies, we can assure you that Fingal is proud of its WD's. Thanks for your grand work. We know we don't have to say "keep it up."

### PROGRESS REPORT ON COURSE 103

By F/SGT. AL GAMBLE

Got any jobs to help a guy stretch? Top windows washed, ceilings scrubbed, any rope climbed or volleyball enthusiastically played, by Flecher of 103. "Just half a foot higher and she'll be able to see me," he sighs.

Perhaps one of these days the government will strike a medal for the reforming influence of the WD's. To those of us on 103 this mellowing atmosphere has been especially noticed. By her charm and personality, a lady of Fingal has moved Willy Cook to great deeds of philanthropy. Any WD needing a meal may apply.

Formerly the pride of Skoudonc's choir, Buck Brawley has been a serious backslider from such noble things, but recently has returned to the fold. Involved in his redemption, of course, is a WD who swears she never used her corporal's hooks to order either Buck or Willy Cook to attend church.

Even Yank Burgess has come under the influence. He's been frightfully keen on duty fitness ever since a marathon race got him in just under the wire. Had he not been with a gal of the RCAF he would never have appreciated what P.T. has done for him.

### FINGAL PHOTO SECTION IS RUN BY AIRWOMEN

First All-Female Department  
On the Camp

By CPL. RUTH RALSTON

The photo section is Fingal's first all-WD unit. Since Cpl. Bert Harwood was posted "over thar" in February, we have been an all-girl establishment. The recent posting of Cpl. Mollie Beall to Dunnville and IAW Lois Campbell to Clinton, left only the recent arrivals in the section.

Eileen MacNeil came last September. She should make some airman a good wife, if it's true that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. Eileen is one of the best when it comes to making "soup" (developer). And her sodium thiosulphite solutions are super-duper.

Right now she is all enthused over her new work with the F24 aerial camera. At Rockcliffe she made top marks in her class in aerial photography.

Early in November, I became a member of Fingal's photo staff. Hamilton is home to me. After 16 months at Rockcliffe, where only officers and senior NCO's used a camera, it was a treat to start taking pictures again.

In February, short, dark Kay Kelly of Orillia, complete with Canada badges, arrived at Fingal. Kay remustered to photography at Torbay, then served at Gander.

A large percentage of our work is carried out in total darkness. Ask us about our dark room technique some time. Although no one who has been in for an identification shot will believe that.

We look the victim over and decide whether his hangover warrants the use of one quick flash or whether he can stand the strain of being focused under the floods. If it's a flash he's blinded by it. If it's the floods we have such a time keeping him dry and upright due to the heat, that as soon as the picture is taken the victim makes a hasty retreat without dating any of us. Yes, indeed, it's a hard life.

We have a few cute tricks up our sleeves. Such as saving a particularly good roll of camera gun film and putting the name of a friend on it, giving said friend a good mark. But enough of our trade secrets.

Truly we feel sorry for you people who work on books or aircraft or typewriters all day, because we have the best trade in the air force.

# 17 (count 'em)

## Ways to Get Out of Buying Bonds

By LAC BEN HALTER

Again the Observer scoops the world. At terrific expense, we list all possible excuses, alibis and fables to get out of buying a bond. In line with our usual policy there will be no extra charge whatsoever to regular subscribers (advnt.). And, what is more, this story is not published with the approval of the bond committee.

First let it be understood that if groupie and his adjutant walk over to some AC2 and ask sweetly, "Are you buying a bond?", nothing we can possibly list here will do any earthly good, because, brother, he's had it! He may just as well surrender gracefully and make it as painless as possible.

On the other hand, if it is merely the NCO i/c of your section, or maybe the o/c, you should be able—with a slight bit of coaching in the Stanislavsky method of serious acting (see "What's Cookin'?" for next meeting of drama group)—and one of these excuses, wiggle out of it easily.

The best excuses are ones outside the air force. For instance:

- (1) The wife is thinking of buying a bond.
- (2) The wife is buying a bond.
- (3) The wife bought a bond.
- (4) The wife.

Or again:

- (1) We are thinking of blessed-venting.
- (2) We are blessed-venting.
- (3) We just had a blessed-vent.
- (4) The blessed-vent needs a couple of extra tonsils and a stray adenoid removed.

Or perhaps:

- (1) I am supporting my mother-in-law.
- (2) I am supporting my mother.
- (3) I am supporting a car.
- (4) I am a sucker for a blonde.

Or maybe even:

- (1) I am contributing to the upkeep of a racing stable (\$2 at a time).
- (2) I have to pay taxes to the government (about \$3 for a \$3.90 bottle of Scotch).

If you can't use any of these aforesaid herein-before-mentioned fairy tales because you don't have any of those troubles, you might just as well buy a bond, because you're dead anyway, only you don't realize it. But for the sake of argument we'll present service excuses, just to make the line complete:

- (1) You can't afford it because you are only an AC2, or LAC or Sgt. or WO2, but will gladly take one if you are promoted.
- (2) Seeing as you are a std. or "C" grouper or "B" grouper, it would be awfully difficult unless, of course, the trade board came to its senses and gave you a higher grouping.
- (3) You are an S.O.P. but not getting any living-out allowance, and so if that could be arranged, you would seriously consider the matter.

Okay, bond committee: Bring on the canvassers!

The padre was shocked at the language used by two men repairing telephone wires on the camp, so he reported them to the C.O. The C.O. ordered the men to make a report and here's what the head man said:

"Me and Spike were on this job and I was up the pole and accidentally let the hot lead fall on Spike and it went down his neck. Then Spike looked up at me and said: 'Really, Harry, you must be more careful!'"

## They Teach Aircrew A Trick Or Two

WHEN a Fingal graduate overseas spots enemy aircraft, he takes action with the confident knowledge that he's practised this sort of thing before. Hemispherical trainers, located in two barn-like structures of the turret section, reproduce combat conditions for trainees. And the five amiable-looking airwomen pictured here operate those devices. The operator swings a camera, shooting an aircraft image across a screen. The trainee follows the attacking kite with his turret, bringing into play his range estimation and aircraft rec. From the TOP the gals are: LAW Terry Gaucher of Edmonton; LAW Ann Kozlowski from Warsaw, Poland; AWI Jiggs Greathed, of the Dutch West Indies; LAW Mable Sawyer and LAW Agnes Ward, both from Toronto.



## CLASS 102B BOASTS KEEN TYPES--HAI HAI

By LAC J. SUTHERLAND

In response to the overwhelming demand for thumbnail sketches of the lads in 102B, we take pleasure in listing all 12 as follows:

- LAC I. Aluf, Toronto—Literary-minded member of the flight. He attends all Forum meetings and keeps the boys posted on latest world events.
- LAC D. Balmer, Toronto—This lad can double his pay practically any pay day in games of chance. Invest a fin for us, Don.
- LAC E. Campbell, Montreal—Has a mysterious, compelling way with the fair sex. It is rumored that he uses a love potion to get such results.
- LAC H. Cope, Toronto—The WD's will get no place with this handsome lad. We hear that a little nurse in Toronto has the inside track.

LAC R. Evans, Toronto—This young man is bound to be heard from some day. In fact, just try and keep him quiet. They tell us he has his eyes on four WD's.

LAC S. Harris, Hamilton—We doff our hats to this man because he is our champion tale-teller. We're not sure if he goes home on his 48's to get a new batch of stories or to see his wife. But he gets the benefit of the doubt.

LAC W. Henderson, Toronto—A quiet lad, but then you know the saying about still waters. He uses his influence to quieten the more boisterous members—(wasted effort).

LAC D. Leibman, Toronto—We call him

"the encyclopaedia man" as he knows a little on every subject. He is also the flight's "Mr. Anthony." Go to him with your problems, fellows, and get his sympathy and understanding.

LAC R. McCollam, Montreal—This fast-talking, wise-cracking Irishman will go places, we are sure. Don't let his baby face and innocent eyes fool you, girls — he's dynamite!

LAC J. Maher, Montreal — Here's the perfect man. He never argues, swears or fights, and is a credit to his home town. A few more rides on our bus service should change that.

LAC L. Marleau, Hull — A wavy-haired French-Canadian who is proud of his ancestry and tells us why. However, he's a good sport and we love him. (Don't take us literally, Lou.)

LAC J. Sutherland—He can't decide whether his biggest headache is derived from dice shooting or women. Swears that someone put the evil eye on him.

Customer: "Somehow I don't like the looks of that mackerel."

Fish Dealer: "Hell, lady, if it's looks you're after, why don't you buy a gold fish?"

A male puppy is a son of a female dog. A female dog is the dog catcher's main objective. A main objective is the dream of a dictator. Therefore, dictators are male puppies. And what did we say male puppies were?

## REMINISCENCES OF AN "ORIGINAL"

By CPL. ANN SPENCER

One fine day headquarters at Ottawa decided that No. 4 B. & G. could no longer get by without the aid of WD's and so on the 23rd day of May, 1941, they arrived to make the first appearance through the gates of Fingal.

The ride out was the longest that most of them can remember. Miles and miles and still more miles of countryside seemed to roll by and still they got no glimpse of the air school. At last they turned in the roadway that has become so familiar to most of them that are left. They went through the gates and into the admin. building, where they were interviewed by the WD officer. Later, cold and hungry, they went to the mess, and after they were taken to their barracks.

To start living in the barracks was one of the things that most were waiting for. Since then most of them have got used to the idea of living out of a cupboard and keeping all their clothes in a space that in civilian life you kept only your shoes in.

The canteen as it is today was not like that when these girls arrived. It was just a plain canteen with no soft chairs and cushions. All of it was for the present and what came in the future the girls themselves would have to make and look out for. But the girls found out that they could go there in slacks and relax after duty.

The lounge was the next interesting thing they found. They even had an open night for the occasion. Everyone turned out for the do and even though it seemed strange for girls to be there, they are still here and still go to the lounge even if it is to meet some of the men that once were so skeptical about their coming.

Some of the girls are now married. To those of you that are still here, do you remember:

Lenore White (nee Edmonds), Marg Stott (nee Norman), Kay Middleton (nee Hutchinson), Ora Cooper (nee Holden), Kay Nicols (nee Murphy), Lillian Owen (nee Bourne), Fran Mills (nee Hutchinson), Molly Bessey (nee Wilson), Anne Emery (nee Elliot), E. W. Goodvee (nee Seal), Florine Schiffhouer (nee Caldwell), Margo Reid (nee DeFrances), Lil Ross (nee Karn), Lois Morningstar (nee Tardiff), Anne Hanson (nee Russell), Dorothy Taylor (nee Schick), Christina Pearce (nee Landale), Marie Smith (nee Kouzyer).

## TOWER TOPICS

By LAW EDYTHE ENOS

First of all F/O Murray is still gracefully sliding around corners and ceiling for Macdonald to find that file. And Macdonald is still trying to locate an LAC who was transferred from course to course and who was in the hospital at Christmas but is now overseas as a WAG. Are those wrinkles from worry or from forgetting your glasses so often, Mac?

Dawson can be found beating the keys off the machine as she steadily goes about typing out news for the Daily Observer. In her spare time Midge can be found escorted by a very tall, tall, person who takes up most of her time.

LAW Crown has been in and out of hospital since our last issue. It's quite a job to keep those two sisters straightened out.

Found on the bulletin board was the side of a Pepsi-cod carton and typed on it was the line: "Try Pepsi-cod and get a good taste in the mouth." How it got there is still a mystery to us. It must have been put there by the lady who walks the tower with her head under her arm.

## They Serve That Men May Fly



ELIZABETH



KAY



MARJORIE



JEAN



BERNICE

By CPL. HAROLD HERTZMAN

FINGAL'S five female flat-lats have this in common: they would rather do their jobs near London, England, instead of London, Ontario.

The similarity almost ends there because our WD officers have behind them an amazing variety of experiences.

Efficient Flight Officer Kay Stambaugh of Hamilton is the present High Lama of Fingal's women's division. Although a comparative newcomer, she has the solid support of all the girls under her. Uniforms are old stuff to Miss Stambaugh, who in pre-air force days sported the natty gray of the Red Cross transport corps. First in line when the RCAF decided to

go co-ed, she was in the original 150 handpicked women trained in Toronto, October, 1941, to become the nucleus of the present force.

S/O Marjorie Kennish, new messing officer, comes to Fingal with a wealth of experience. Born in England, she came to Canada in 1923. Following four years at the University of Toronto, where she studied dietetics, she worked for three years in Montreal and Toronto hospitals. Then she spent eight years on the staff of a Bermuda hospital. Eighteen months ago she left Bermuda to enlist and has since served at Brantford, TTS and Picton.

A/S/O Elizabeth L. Dalton, who was Miss Stambaugh's corporal at Guelph Wireless school, is our new

assistant adjutant. A native of Newcastle, N.B., she worked as a stenographer in Saint John until she enlisted in December, 1941, in Moncton. She has been stationed at Toronto, Brantford, Uplands, Guelph, Moncton, Rockcliffe and Centralia. She was commissioned last December.

A Hamiltonian, Flying Officer Bernice Caldwell, nursing sister, has been cheering the sick bay here for the last months. She previously rustled her starched uniform through the wards at TTS. Sister Caldwell makes bowling her priority off-duty pastime, but says her scores would be par on any golf course, so far. She thinks that Fingal's cats must have used up eight of their nine lives because all four

she has adopted here have met sudden ends. Her latest (last, according to the M.O.) named "Sooner," came tie with a slamming door.

Those on sick parade have noticed a new face around the hospital. A second nursing sister, F/O Jean Ledingham, moved in from TTS. A Weston, Ont., gal, she has nearly a year and a half's service. As far as she's concerned, Fingal's sport program is just what the doctor ordered and she intends beating a frequent path to the gym.

"Sometimes," said the mistress, "it will be necessary for you to help the butler upstairs."

"I understand, madam," replied the new maid, "when he's had one too many."

### FINGAL OBSERVER

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#### FINGAL BOXER WINS TITLE AT TTS

LAC Pettit, winner on a technical K.O. over LAC Prendergrast of Crumlin, was declared welterweight champ at the Western Ontario district boxing held at TTS. ABOVE: He receives his award from G/C J. H. Keens, A.F.C., C.O. of TTS, who acted as referee-in-chief.

#### MENTIONED IN DISPATCHES

The King has been graciously pleased to give orders for the publication of the names of the undermentioned Fingal-trained personnel, who have been mentioned in dispatches:

F/L James Alexander Calder, No. 116 Sqdn.  
F/L Hassell Carl Jones, No. 116 Sqdn.  
Sgt. Donald Edward Manghan, No. 31 P.T.U.

"Tell me honestly," she said, "have you kissed other girls?"

He hesitated, then spoke: "There's no use lying—of course I have."

"Then go ahead," she said, "I just didn't want you experimenting on me."

### PADRE V. HALL A REGULAR GUY

F/L V. Hall, Fingal's new Protestant padre, is a veteran with three months' service.

He enlisted in January and while taking training at No. 1 M. Depot he went to inoculation parades and tried to cheer up the lads waiting for their shots—until someone asked him how many shots he'd had, which was none. He's taking them right here at Fingal, his first unit.

Padre Hall studied at McMaster University in Hamilton, getting degrees in arts (B.A.) and theology (D.D.). He spent six years in Western Canada as pastor of churches in Dauphin and Saskatoon.

He has two brothers in the air force, Cpl. Fred, a fitter, overseas for three years, and LAC Lloyd, an electrician with the C. & M. unit in Toronto.

At Manning, he was padre for 950 RAF lads for three weeks. Twenty-one of them, now at Fingal, gave him a royal reception.

"Halt!" ordered the sentry.

"Who goes there?"  
"You wouldn't know me," came a voice out of the darkness. "I just got here yesterday."



## FLIGHT ENGINEERS ARE HERE DESTINATION IS A MYSTERY

Your Guess as Good as Ours—  
Submit Entries At  
Once

### THEY'RE KEEN TYPES

By LAC's GEORGE WOODROW  
and BOB SAMPSON

DO you like mysteries? Do you like surprises? Do you like guessing where you'll be from day to day? If you do, you should be with flight engineers, course 1.

Our original time of 17 weeks at TTS was stretched to 23 due to one of dozens of changes in course since we started. Two weeks' time is allotted us at Fingal. Then we go to ??? That's right, just a question mark. Of course, if you believe in rumors, we are going to Texas, Dorval or England. Take your choice.

We have a very interesting but intensified course here at Fingal. It includes the Browning gun, theory of sighting, range estimation, turret operation, pyrotechnics, gases, aircraft rec. and operational tactics.

F/L Nick Carter and F/L Bruce Servos gave us a hearty welcome. The course outlined to us was appealing and they assured us of every possible assistance. So far the course, although tough, has proved exceedingly interesting and beneficial. NCO's in charge are F/Sgts. Gary Johnston, Jack Scouler and Art Rows.

Every phase of work pertaining to the duties of a flight engineer was covered to a certain extent at TTS. The course consisted of engines, including carburation and propellers; airframe, including hydraulics and pneumatics; electricity and instruments. Non-technical subjects cover first aid, aircraft rec., air force law, signals, engine science and mathematics. If you don't think that's enough to keep a chap busy, try it sometime.

Up until the 20th entry, all FE's

## Good Idea!

Aylmer's got a good stunt going. Every day a ground instructor and a flying instructor take off in a Harvard to visit another air station. In this way, their boys get around and bring back new ideas for Aylmer. Two visited here recently, F/O Taylor, a pilot, and Petty Officer Geoff. Mawson, a Royal Navy signals instructor.

had at least ITS training. The following entries will receive similar ITS training at No. 1 Flight Engineers' School, Arnprior, previous to their TTS phase.

Our gang is from coast to coast, Vancouver to Nova Scotia. Prior to the flight engineers' course some came from ITS, EFTS, SFTS and AOS.

Although the grind gets tough at times the old theory of "Wine, Women and Song" is very rejuvenating.

We were reminded very solemnly that we will get one hour P.T. every day. Any suggestions as to how to side-track this will be gratefully accepted.

Now your information on flight engineers is as up-to-date as ours. See you around the camp.

LAC Allan Dawson, former Toronto Star writer, has joined the Observer staff. Dawson, who arrived with the second course of FE's, was on the staff of the Aircraftman while at TTS.

The reporter came idly into the office.

"Well," snapped the editor. "What did our eminent statesman have to say?"

"Nothing."

"Well, keep it down to a column."



THE GOLD DUST TWINS

### DEADLINE MAY 15

For the information of those on our staff who aren't sure, we're going to define "deadline." It is a big day in the life of an editor. On that day all his faithful staff hand in their stories . . . sometimes. Get it? The "dead" part of it is not out of place . . . Get it? Next deadline is May 15. Contributions welcome from anyone.

## GALS---REALLY PALS SWING FRIENDLY FISTS

LAW's Schnob and Enos Share  
Ankle Socks — Now  
Inseparable Pals

Ladies 'n' gennle-mun: In this c-o-r-n-e-r, at 110 pounds, the Fort William Wildcat, LAW Louise Schnob. And in this c-o-r-n-e-r, at 115 pounds, LAW Edythe Enos, the Vancouver Tiger.

Pals, bosom. That's Fingal's gold dust twins, who have gained fame—but not fortune—in the boxing ring. One night they put on the gloves in the gym and before they got through their exhibition bout had attracted a fair audience.

Louise, 20, is a clerk-steno at headquarters. She stands five feet and 7". "And don't forget that 7", pal," she says. Edie, 20, is a clerk-general in training wing, and stands five-foot-three, with eyes of brown. Shucks, it doesn't rhyme.

Lou and Edie have been firm friends since they met here. They hit it off from the first. "Edie loaned me a pair of ankle socks," said Lou. "I couldn't get them back, so then I let her keep them," said Edie. Now they're pals forevermore. And the two of 'em—a small but mighty pair—do their part in keeping up morale around here, especially for the poor aircrew.

The Nazi merchant skipper was explaining to a claims court just how he lost his ship. "We were torpedoed by a British submarine."

"Just a minute," interposed an SS man at the hearing. "There are no British submarines in the Baltic. You mean your ship struck a mine."

"All right," said the skipper meekly, "we struck a mine."

The court pressed the merchantman for more details.

"Well," said the skipper, "the mine gave us 15 minutes to take to the lifeboats."

## Learn To Box!! Be Fit As a Wildcat

ARE YOU HANDY WITH YOUR FISTS? Could you handle a husky Jerry or his jiu-jitsu side-kick if it came to a showdown? If not, brother, you've got a golden opportunity to get that way before you leave Fingal.

AT NO COST, you can have the finest professional instruction from a guy who's tops in the game. Many an opponent has gone down under F/Sgt. Cosmo Canzano's skill, and he's taught this skill to hundreds in YMCA classes and other gymnasia.

NOTHING WILL DEVELOP self-confidence more than a knowledge that you need fear no man. See Canzano in the Drill Hall—

MONDAYS, WEDNESDAYS, THURSDAYS—8.15 P.M.  
FREE TO FINGAL PERSONNEL—WD's INCLUDED





### Believe It Or Not—They Sold 400 "Wings"

There are a lot of people around here who think "Wings," which sells for a nickel, is the monthly swindle from Ottawa. Just the same the April issue sold like hot-cakes, 400 copies going as fast as they could be sold. Reason, in part, is pictured above. Six lovely lassies,

stationed at all messes during lunch hour, dispensed "Wings" to officers, NCO's, airmen and airwomen as fast as they could rake in the nickels. The other 100 copies of our 500 were turned over to the canteens, and as far as we know, they're still there. The gals,

reading from right to left (we fooled ya) are: LAW Barb Boyle, of maintenance; AW1 Doris Nickerson, of bombing flight; AW2 Jean Buckboro and AW2 Agnes Colquhoun, of central registry; AW1 June France, station orderly room; LAW Lois Campbell, photo.

## WAG BAILS OUT IN GERMANY TURNS UP 5 MONTHS LATER

WO1 Doug. Nolan, Pathfinder Veteran, Now Stationed At Fingal

### IN ARMAMENT SECTION

By SGT. JIM TUCK

NEXT time you pass the gun maintenance room in the Armament Section you may notice a slight, fair-haired, clean-cut fellow in coveralls, busily cleaning machine guns. Think twice before you Joe him to clean out the washroom, corporal, for he is WO1 Douglas Keith Nolan, veteran of 20 ops.

Keith manned the mid-upper gun turret in a Pathfinder Stirling during the big raid on Stuttgart on April 14-15 of last year. Homeward bound after bombing their objective, they were attacked by two JU88's.

The first put their tail turret out of action and into flames before being blasted out of the skies. Zooming at them from below, the second Jerry had more success. The main spar burst into flames, the rear gunner was crippled, and there was nothing for it but to bail out.



DOUG. NOLAN  
... outwitted the Nazis

For 14,000 feet, Nolan floated through the air before making a beautiful three-point landing on good old terra firma. The "terra" in

question happened to be occupied, which meant the crew had a long trek in search of friendlier surroundings.

Gibraltar proved to be their stepping-stone to England, after being listed missing for five months. Because of his escape from occupied territory, Keith was classed as an ex-prisoner of war, and returned to Canada for a month's leave. Soon he found himself married (sorry girls) and taking an armament course. At the beginning of March he came to Fingal.

WO1 Nolan, now 26, enlisted in Ottawa over three years ago. He trained at Brandon, Calgary and Jarvis, and spent 18 months overseas before his return to Canada last September.

### Lucky Guy

Some guys get all the breaks! Most of us break our necks trying to get a 48 to get to Detroit. But not Cpl. Bob Cunningham, of the M.T. section.

He's just had three weeks' temporary duty in Windsor, taking a course at an auto plant. Classes by day; Detroit by night. And temporary duty pay to boot.

Love is like an onion. You taste it with delight, And when it's gone you wonder Whatever made you bite.

## TEST KITCHEN CHEFS INSPECT OUR MESSES

S/O Alice McCready and Sgt. Jean Deakin—test pilots of the kitchen—visited Fingal to give our messing set-up the once-over lightly.

The two gals, attached to No. 1 Test Kitchen at Guelph cookery school, help make up basic recipes for use in all O.R. and sergeants' messes. They visit stations to check if their recipes are being used, if not why not. They also take away ideas and suggestions from the units.

The cooks at Fingal told them what they thought and they will include the suggestions in future concoctions. But why didn't they ask us?

"Did you give your wife a lecture on economy?"

"Yes."

"Any results?"

"Yes—I gave up smoking."

Yardbird: "May I kiss you? May I kiss you? MAY I KISS YOU? Say, are you deaf?"

She: "No. Are you paralyzed?"

## IN GERMANY FOR YEAR AS PRISONER OF WAR

Last War Veteran, Fingal's New Adj. Knows the Score

F/L John Blue, a banker and a Scotsman, is Fingal's new adjutant. F/L Blue, who enlisted in November, 1941, came here from the adjutant's job at Crumlin. In the last war he served as an infantryman with the 2nd Can. Battalion, was promoted to sergeant and was taken prisoner of war. He spent a year in a German prison camp, was repatriated to Switzerland, where he spent three months.

Native of Dumoon, Argyllshire, Scotland, who are on staff or passing through as trainees, may contact, the adj.



F/L JOHN BLUE  
... our new adj.

## Oh, Richards, Richards, Wherefore Art Thou?

By LAC HARRY McNAB

We'd like to ask Mr. Richards, of the well-known coach line, where his sense of gallantry has gone?

On April 11, over a score of young ladies, primed and eager, waited an hour and a half in St. Thomas YWCA for the bus which

was to have taken them to Fingal's Easter dance.

Hearts broke and tears ran unheeded down the cheeks of forlorn airmen who imagined they had been stood up.

Hurried telephone calls were put through to town. The wires were hot. But no news.

Eventually the girls in St. Thomas had to board the regular bus still puzzled by the seeming neglect of their hosts.

When they did arrive the scenes of reunion would have melted the steeliest heart.

Can Mr. Richards remain adamant?

**Hooked!**



F/Sgt. Jack Marshall, head man at the airmen's canteen, and his bride, Betty Wills, who were married in Hamilton.



Cpl. D. C. Lund, Fingal AFM, left No. 6 hangar long enough to get married to lovely Verna Rose Wallis, at Rodney.



Another good guy hooked. He's Cpl. Bill Dayman, navigation flight AEM, and she's the former Audrey Elinor Terrel, of Toronto.

**AN EDITORIAL**

**On Duty Watch**

Phooey!

**Observer Editor on Run For Place In Port Sun**

By CPL. GEORGE MacLEOD

THE Editor of this rag finally broke down! When we came into the office at press time, there he was stretched out on the floor—cold. All our efforts to revive him were useless. He lay on the grimy floor mumbling something about "four walls, four walls."

"One of the staff rushed over to the mess and drew him a mug of breakfast coffee. We fed him some of that. But no use. He was really licked."

After several hours of feverish sleep, our boss woke up, put on his hat and coat, and dashed out of the office. The gang thought I had better follow him and see what he was up to. So out I dashed on a dead run after the chief.

I finally caught up with him at the guard house. I says to him, "What's up?" He says, "I hear there's a place to rent down in Port Stanley." Then it begins to permeate my mind. That's the trouble—the housing shortage in Port Stanley. The boss is out in the cold as far as a cottage this summer is concerned. So, I brought him back to the office, realizing that this was a situation that required the combined operations of the staff.

Well, we sat there for a couple of hours, just thinking. Our morale was low, extremely low. Me, I was desperate.

Then I had a brain wave. Here, for months the boss has been trying to impress us with the power of the press. Definitely irksome. And now was the time to prove that he was right.

To make a long story short, I



INNOCENT VICTIMS ... the Editor's family

told the boss about it and he thought it was a pretty good idea, too. Get a load of that beautiful picture. Can you resist the appeal mirrored in them eyes? Do you want the kid to get scurvy this summer because she isn't out in the fresh air? Come on, fellows, how about that cottage, huh?

As long as it has four walls and a roof, it's a deal. What's more, there's a cash reward of ten bucks for information leading to a cottage at Port. Merely contact the Editor.

**BOMBING RECORD SMASHED  
NEW CHAMP'S SCORE: 10**

"Pickle Barrel" Chapman, Piloted by P/O Hamel, Makes Four Direct Hits

**ON NIGHT EXERCISE**

It took an Englishman to do it!

With a bombing score of 10 yards from 4,000 feet, LAC George Edward Chapman, Course 100, has set a station record that may be an RCAF-record.

Piloted by P/O "Pelee" Hamel, on a night exercise, Chapman dropped six bombs in a close group, including four direct hits. Converted to 10,000 feet his score was 16 yards. Previous high score: 22.8 yards.

The record was set on Chapman's second last exercise. He attributes it to four factors: good pilot, good weather, good wind, good aircraft. He's not such a bad bombardier either. His course average: 108 yards.

**SEND CONTRIBUTIONS THROUGH POST OFFICE**

You're Sure to Reach Us For 3-Cent Stamp

A lot of people who have good stuff to submit to the Observer are a bit shy and backward. And some of them say they can never find the Editor when they want him.

So, from now on, if you have a story or a cartoon for us, all you have to do is to pop it into an envelope and mail it to the Editor at the camp post office. It'll cost you a stamp, but isn't it worth three cents to see your brain child in print?

All contributions should be signed in full, with name of your section.

He: "Will you marry me, dear?"  
She: "But I've just married Jim."  
He: "Oh, that's all right. I can wait a few months."

**"Bushed"**

But Fingal Sergeant Lives To Tell the Tale

By SGT. JIM TUCK

SINKING into the luxurious comfort of one of the choice group of springless specials in the mess, Sergeant Jerry Springings gave a sigh of satisfaction and mellowness. In such an atmosphere, he was bound to wax reminiscent about life in the air force.

"I joined the air force," he mused, "to be a world traveller at 21. Instead, they put me on a See-Canada-First tour."

"And from what you've seen of it," we said, "you think it can be given back to the Indians any day, huh?"

"Give it back? Brother, the Indians still have the part of Canada they stuck me in!"

General Jerry has just come from spending a year in the busiest of bush stations, and he went on to describe how a boatload of squaws was brought in for any station activity requiring mixed company. On Friday nights the boys would spruce up for a dance—known locally by refined people as a hawg rattle—with the sun-tanned Susies from Skidegate.

A weekly basketball game with the "Sons of Skidegate," featured by the Indian war whoop at the end, kept the bushed airmen interested in life in general. Occasionally the squaws were given a real treat when Jerry, an excellent wrestler, took to the mat against a former Western Canada champion and put on an eye-gouging exhibition. He didn't say who gave the war whoop at this.

Asked for his first reaction on being suddenly posted to Fingal among our WD eye-fuls, he wouldn't commit himself for publication. A married man has too many angles to consider.

**We Sell No Advertising**

By LAC JACK BECKON

We have been asked by Mr. R. Finch to advertise his pressing business, located on the WD side of the airmen's mess. His shop is open Monday to Friday from 8 to 5; Saturdays, 8 to noon; closed Sundays and holidays. The price is cheap, only 25 cents for a uniform, two pairs of pants, two skirts, or two tunics. However, we're sorry to say that the Observer cannot accept advertising, so anyone who has read the above is asked to disregard it.

NICE WORK, FRANK

In a notice published in general orders for April 14, the chief of the air staff has thanked WO2 Frank Barber, of Fingal's equipment section, for submitting a suggestion regarding a distribution book for publications, which has been adopted. This is getting to be a habit with Barber.

# Lou Skuce Draws Front Cover

## EXCLUSIVE FEATURE BY FAMOUS ARTIST

Canada's Top Cartoonist Con-  
tributes to the Fingal  
Observer

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN  
INTERNATIONAL fame and  
fortune rest lightly on the  
mighty shoulders of Lou Skuce,  
Canada's top cartoonist. But men-  
tion the Fingal Observer and his  
chest pops right through his vest  
buttons. For the Observer is the  
only RCAF paper that numbers  
him among its contributors. And  
if there's anyone prouder than Lou  
about this—it's us on the staff.

Lou's first contribution to the  
Observer was a front cover for the  
fifth victory loan. Remember it?  
"You don't HAVE to buy a bond,  
Smithers!" Now, for the sixth bond  
drive, he has again contributed a  
masterful frontispiece, plus the car-  
toon with this story.

How he ever found the time to  
do it, we don't know. For he's  
been up to his ears working on ad-  
vertisements for the victory loan  
campaign, and doing a victory loan  
show throughout Ontario on his  
cartoonograph.

Lou has a son in the air force,  
an AEM who trained at TTS, and  
a son-in-law in aircrew. So we  
kinda like to think he has a soft  
spot in his heart for airmen —  
and airwomen—and since he's promised  
further contributions to the Ob-  
server, we're happy as hell about  
it all.

Of course, no one knows what  
we really have to go through to get  
his cartoons. It means spending  
part of several 48's in Toronto with  
him . . . drinking innumerable cups  
of tea brewed by his charming wife  
. . . playing several games of  
"Sorry," an involved card game on a  
parchese board . . . and getting  
the devil from our wife, who wants  
to know why we have to worry  
about the Observer on a 48. Thank



### LOU SKUCE AT WORK—BY LOU SKUCE

Artists being artists, deadlines don't mean a thing to 'em. Here's the scene in the studio of Lou Skuce, a few days before his front cover for this issue was supposed to be ready. Finally it had to be rushed from Toronto. Incidentally, the Fingal Observer is the only RCAF paper to boast contributions from this famous artist. And if any of youse guys and gals appreciate this, you might drop a line to: Lou Skuce, 34 Rochampton Ave., Toronto. You might even get his autograph.

heaven our daughter isn't old enough to protest, also.

Well, along about the third cup of tea we get down to business for a few minutes. Then we get on to this game of "Sorry" which Lou loves. So you begin to see what it's like handling these artist fellows. Not that we don't appreciate Lou; not by a long shot. The stuff that comes from his pen is worth its weight in 48's, and long ago we learned how to deal with Lou when he was doing Toronto Star stuff for us.

At present, his cartoons are appearing in big-time papers all over the U.S. Papers in Boston, Detroit, Chicago, Philadelphia, Miami and many others publish his stuff. So the Observer is in pretty good company. And because Lou's cartoons don't cost us a penny, we're going to tell you something about the grand guy whose facile pen makes the nation laugh.

Lou was born at an early age in Ottawa. No one knows his exact age, but he's been cartooning for 40 years. In nearby Britannia, his father was the village smithy and he saw to it that each of his four sons took a turn at the anvil. At 18 Lou was a full-fledged black-

smith. Lou returned to Ottawa. He became a printer's devil, then a printer; a pressman's apprentice, then a pressman; a cub reporter, then a reporter; an usher in a theatre, then an actor; a playwright, then a producer; a man, then a married man; a husband, then a father; an art student, then an artist . . . and then Lou slipped back a rung and became a mere cartoonist.

For 14 years he was feature cartoonist on the Toronto Sunday World. His name and work became an institution in Canada. During those years he contributed to the comic weeklies of Canada and the U.S. He became the political illustrator for Maclean's. He produced shows, wrote acts and took a turn in vaudeville. He reached the pinnacle of success in the Canadian field. Then he hit for New York . . . and the fun began.

Toronto had said: "How are you?" New York said: "Who are you?" For three years he peddled comics to the syndicates — good, bad and indifferent. Then came the "Cash" and "Carrie" strip and it took like wildfire.

After he returned to Canada, his work appeared in the Toronto Star, Star Weekly and other big

## OFFICERS, SR. NCO'S PLAN SUMMER EVENTS

To Spend Two Nights a Week  
On Station Activities  
This Summer

All Fingal officers and senior NCO's are going to be given the opportunity of spending two nights a week on the station this summer, taking part in some station activity. Which isn't as tough as it sounds, when you consider that dances, movies, sports, Fingal Forum, music and drama group are station activities. Coal pile is definitely out.

Details aren't set yet, but we learn that the summer program is to be highly attractive. And, anyway, the wife won't mind if you come home at 9 or 10 two nights a week; it'll give her a chance to get her gin-rummy time in.

Any suggestions for summer activities gratefully received. Mail 'em to the Observer at the camp post office.

Canadian papers. Now the Observer boasts Lou as a regular contributor—and the only RCAF paper to publish the work of such a distinguished artist.

Remember the cartoonograph we mentioned. Lou's doing an Ontario tour for the victory loan, and he keeps the crowds spellbound with this gadget, like he used to at the Roxy Theatre in New York and the C.N.E. He made a special visit to Fingal and put on a performance on April 26.

Over a tiny, box-like machine he places a flat circle of ground glass. He gives the glass a quick coat of paint, then with a small stick begins to sketch out a design. It might be Lou's famous goose, or it might be Hitler the Heel. But by mirrors the reflection of what Lou is drawing is thrown on a circular screen so the crowd can see.

He works like lightning, scraping out a little paint here, a little there, doing most of his drawing upside down so the watching crowd doesn't know until the last moment what his sketch will be. It's an old-fashioned idea, Lou admits, but with a modern angle. And it's fascinating to watch.

Yes, Lou Skuce is his right name. Lou's Goose is his favorite trade mark.

A young man and his fiancée had wed and were spending their honeymoon at a large hotel. When bed time came the bride went to bed and the groom sat by the window and gazed at the moon and the stars. The bride called to him and asked:

"Why don't you come to bed?" He replied: "My mother told me my wedding night would be the most beautiful night of my life, and I'm not going to miss a minute of it."

In 1904 when girls did swim, They dressed like Mother Hubbard. But now, they have a different whim, They dress like mother's cupboard.



REMEMBER THIS ONE?



ANNE AND ANDY MK. II

## FINGAL WD MARRIES PILOT IN BRANTFORD

Cpl. Anne Bennett and F/Sgt. Carl "Andy" Anderson, who met when Anne was a civilian and Andy was in the army at Woodstock, were married April 15 in All Saints Church, Woodstock.

The bride wore a floor-length gown with white fitted bodice, with flared triple sheer skirt, elbow-length gloves and finger-tip veil of white net. She carried a bouquet of red Sweetheart roses and wore a single strand of white pearls.

Flight Anderson, a pilot, got an extension on his embarkation leave for the wedding. "Andy" Mark II, a beautiful bunny doll, which was a gift from the groom, is now stationed at Fingal.

They spent a 10-day honeymoon in the U.S.

## FINGAL SETS EXAMPLE FOR CIVILIAN BUYERS

(Continued from page 3)

each others' throats to purchase them. That's just human nature. We love to be exclusive.

Some of us are so hopelessly dense that we can't see any personal good resulting from a whole-sale offer to invest and profit over a reasonable period of time. Actually, it's merely an indirect example of the democratic system at work.

Again, by the way of a gentle reminder, we are told that the sixth bond drive is on, and, by coincidence, some of us have 48's concurring with it. Also, the trade test crowd are due to visit us in the near future.

Will decisions resulting in success or failure on both of these issues depend upon our good-will and financial co-operation?

So here's our theme song: "Oh, we did it before and we can do it again." With Damocles' sword hanging precariously overhead, we probably shall.

**Postscript—Not to be quoted by civilian press.**



F/SGT. AND MRS. CARL ANDERSON

## HOLDER OF 1939-43 STAR SERVED ON MANY FRONTS

LAC Cyril Riley Likes the Russian Women and Fingal Food

Course 104 boasts a real "world traveller" in LAC Cyril Riley, who wears the British 1939-43 Star. A former salesman in his home town of Bradford, England, Cyril volunteered for service with the RAF in October, 1939.

He trained as an engine fitter, and was stationed with a bomber group in Western England. In 1941 he was sent to Russia, where he served for six months on a Hurricane station. He participated in the defence of Murmansk. Asked about the Russian women, he was non-committal. "Russian men," said Cyril, "are too particular about the spare time of their daughters—but the daughters are fortunately of a gamier calibre."

Next posting for Cyril took him to Northern Ireland. He was soon called from the lush pastures of the Emerald Isle to the deserts of

## C.O. BLACKBALLED DRIVING OUT OF GATE

If you're a car owner, there's now one chance in 10 that your hack will be searched going out the gate. They have a box with nine white balls and one black ball. If you pick the black ball you get a free search. First victim when the system went into effect was G/C Kerr, who drew a black ball right off the bat.

Egypt. There he worked on a RAF station near El Alamein.

When the African show was over, he was moved to South Africa, and enjoyed the climate of Capetown until March, 1943. His application for aircrew duties, which was made in 1940, had received attention and he returned to England in April. Now he has added another country to his list, and gets on with the job here at Fingal. And Cyril's opinion about Fingal?

"The food is marvellous!"

## Hey Ripley! Get Load of This Shortest Name In Air Force

ET George Ripley blush with envy. Let Barnum turn in his grave. The Observer announces its latest discovery.

Serving as an air frame mechanic at Fingal is an airman who has the shortest name in the RCAF, perhaps even in the world. LAC Don Ek is the man.

Don, 20, comes from Portage La

Prairie, where he was a sheet metal worker. He has been here for six months.

Don says his name is Swedish in origin. His grand-dad, a Swede, came from Scandinavia many years ago, and started the Ek dynasty in Canada.

Probable derivation of the word Ek is oak.

## BOOGY-WOOGY ARTIST NOW HOT BOMB AIMER

LAC Ted Snider Deserts Slick Chicks For Flip Trips

By F/SGT. AL GAMBLE

"From Basin Street to Blockbusters" covers the career of LAC Ted Snider in one sentence. From cooking on the front burner to slick chicks, with red hot licks and a boogy-woogy trumpet, he is now on 103 to send a jarring note across Adolph's Fortress Europe. To any suggestion that this may provide future inspiration for North American jive, Ted just gives a mournful, pitying look.

"Music in my blood," he said, explains how he got interested in this work. His whole family is in this field, so he had no lack of encouragement. Ted's mother and two sisters are artists and teachers of piano, and the latter do orchestration work for big bands.

He appeared in musical productions while in high school, when he went from his Trenton home to Toronto for the purpose of joining the High School Junior Symphony under Sir Ernest MacMillan in 1940. He played in several popular bands and was associated with the Riccio brothers, who are now with the air force show overseas. Ted has played with Cpl. Wally Wickson, now doing a radio show for the army in Toronto.

On speaking terms with Fred Waring, he recently spent a week in New York as guest of Fred's brother. While there he met Captain Glenn Miller among other notables in the dance band world. Therefore, he doesn't anticipate any problem of rehabilitation in the post-war period. "Music is in me and it's going to be my life work," is his positive plan.

## ANZAC CLUB OPEN TO ALL FINGALITES

By PATRICIA EASTWOOD (Of the Anzac Club, Detroit)

Down in little ol' Detroit there's a spot that is just hoping for Fingalites to wear a path to its doorway for a week-end of fun. It's the Anzac Club and all servicemen are welcome to its precincts at the Hotel Fort Shelby. This week-end (the 29th and 30th) there's a special Anzac Day party.

Our club is open every day and evening and besides giving the boys a feed and the kind of company they like, it arranges home invitations for week-ends and dinners. We're even broadminded about officers and quite a few wander by. The parties are held in the hotel's grand ballroom, replete with Venetian blinds, rose curtains and flowered drapes, to say nothing of the lovely hostesses.

"What is home without a mother?" said the corporal to his girl on the phone.

"I am, tonight," she sighed.

# A.O.S. Is Last Lap Before Wings' Parade

## YOU THINK FINGAL'S TOUGH? WAIT TILL YOU HIT CRUMLIN

Sgt. Stan Mays Gives Air-Bombers the Lowdown on Observer's School—Thrills and Excitement Galore, But You Still Work Like Hell

Here are some stories from A.O.S. specially written for the Observer by Sgt. Stan Mays, Fingal-trained air bomber who is sending us monthly dispatches based on his aircrew training since leaving Fingal. This is the first of the series written by Mays, who before joining the RAF was a newspaperman of wide experience in Great Britain.

By SGT. STAN MAYS

WHEN you leave Fingal you are finished with flying just for the sake of dropping bombs. . . . You begin to fly for the sake of flying itself. Whichever A.O.S. you go to, the training program is similar and you can expect the same thrills and excitement . . . because A.O.S. is where they start.

Here are a few stories I can vouch for because they happened when I was at A.O.S. They prove that you are entering a new phase of flying training . . . a phase in which you fly three hours and more at a time . . . learn to judge distances . . . calculate E.T.A.'s and learn to read a map . . . and above all to be at home in the air at all times . . . to play an active part in getting your aircraft out . . . and back again.

One bitterly cold night several Ansons took off from base and headed out over Ontario towards Buffalo. They weren't going all that way; just in the general direction. Then one after another reported bad weather and finally they were recalled by radio. Up to then the navigator and bombardier had been responsible for the plane's whereabouts, but then the pilot took over and flew home on the beam . . . only he didn't fly home. Somehow he got his signals mixed and the compass, too, for he flew the reciprocal course . . . and suddenly realized he was lost, at 6,000 feet in a pitch black sky, with ten minutes' gas left, no airfields visible and miles from home.

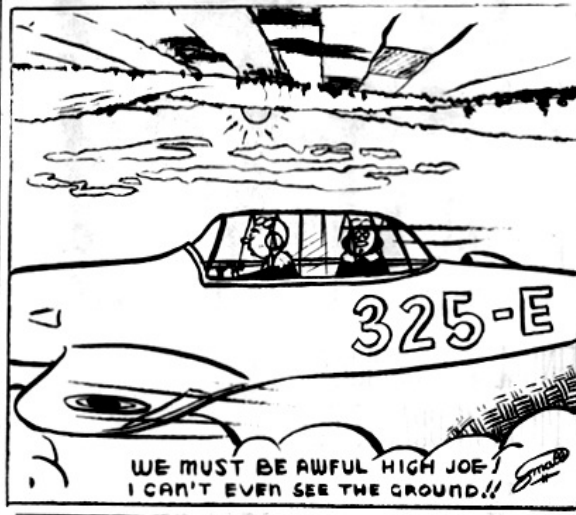
"Prepare to bail out," yelled the pilot as he decided to hold the ship steady while the crew fixed their parachutes. But he didn't touch his own. "What are you going to do?" asked the bombardier. "Take her down and look for a field," was the reply. "Can't we come too?" asked the bombardier. "If you want to, it's a risk. You're taking a chance," replied the pilot. "We stick!" yelled the crew, and down the ship plunged. The pilot switched on landing lights and made a good landing in a field, causing only slight damage to the aircraft and nobody was hurt . . . but they had a lot of luck . . . and really should have bailed out. The other planes returned safely but the crew of the lost Anson found themselves in New York State and a little richer by some unscheduled experience.

EXACTLY what you wear at A.O.S. when flying is usually left to you to decide. It's wise in cold weather to bear in mind that a long navigational trip requires more clothing than a comparatively short hop to drop bombs . . . or fire rounds . . . and it gets very cold at night. What you wear beneath your flying clothes doesn't matter much . . . the warmer the better . . . but there's one friend of ours who will never fly again without his full blue tunic under his flying suit . . . and he takes a spare pair of shoes along, too.

Not long ago he was bombardier in an Anson which took off from base in Western Ontario and flew west towards Windsor. It was a dull day and visibility was poor, but they continued . . . until one engine began to splutter and cough . . . and finally died. The pilot fought to keep the aircraft steady on one engine while he looked for a field. They spotted Windsor not far off and made a landing on the RCAF field. Although the engine was fixed, weather was too bad to return that day so it was necessary to stay overnight.

Our bombardier stripped off his flying suit and from other students borrowed shoes, a tunic and a field service cap and sallied forth to the border to talk his way across to Detroit for an evening. But he hadn't got a pass and the S.P. wouldn't let him through at the tunnel. While he was telephoning friends from a call-box in the customs house the S.P. had more time to notice his appearance . . . overtight tunic . . . oversize cap . . . and civilian type shoes . . . and stopped him for questioning. Dissatisfied with his story and a little confused by his foreign sounding name, the S.P. took him into custody . . . and he spent the night at the Windsor service jail, before morning came and his story was corroborated . . . and at least one wayward bombardier decided not to borrow service dress any more.

IT doesn't matter how good a bombardier you were at B. & G., you're in for an unpleasant surprise at A.O.S. Seems to me that the course average approximates around the 500-yard mark . . . maybe a little lower . . . maybe. Anyway about a dozen of us worked out our first averages after the initial trip and out of the twelve we had an average of 450 yards . . . which isn't a direct hit! . . . and doesn't sound possible, but it actually happens . . . top scores were 850 yards and 1080 yards . . . Much of the trouble is due to the mandatory use of the wind found from the airplot by the



navigator. If his wind is later found to be out then this is supposed to be taken into account when scores are calculated. Sometimes it helps, but on occasions it may remove a direct hit, which you observed, to over 100 yards from the target . . . because, say the instructors, if you HAD set the correct wind, you wouldn't have hit the target at all . . . and bear in mind that there are no dummy runs . . . the instructors aren't too keen about making corrections . . . and you are bombing under conditions totally different from those at B. & G.

USUALLY each aircraft carries one bomb . . . and a photoflash bulb mounted in the nose which explodes as you push the plunger when the camera obscura is in your sights. Only one selector switch is necessary to be depressed and the others are not connected . . . except at night . . . when two flares . . . of the type used for training, similar to the operational type flares . . . are carried in case of emergency. It isn't unheard of that overzealous bombardiers "bomb" their target with a flare instead of the small practice bomb . . . and this is very confusing to other aircraft in the circuit because it seems that the very heavens have opened up . . . and makes the illuminated target even more difficult to bring down the drift wires as well as irking the quadrant crews . . . and everyone else.

AN integral part of the training is map-reading. You prepare a pre-flight plan, noting landmarks en route . . . and during the hop keep a log with frequent notations of distances, E.T.A.'s . . . ground speeds . . . positions . . . bearings and distances . . . aerological and reconnaissance observations . . . and drifts off course. After each flight your log is criticized and marked . . . the pilot makes a report on your air work . . . and to

judge you he may take away your maps in the air . . . hold them for 10 minutes . . . and then demand your position . . . timing you for a correct or incorrect answer.

Which reminds us of our own experience . . . returning from Amherstburg, opposite the U.S. Navy's Grosse Ile air station, near Detroit. Log up-to-the-minute we were enjoying a slight doze when the pilot yelled "Where are we?" Stalling for time we screamed "What, sir?" above the roar of the motors . . . and he seemed to gasp in amazement and subside . . . also to our astonishment, until we looked down, espied a racecourse, searched our track drawn in on the map and found a little town with a racecourse right on track named Watford . . . and we got a good report.

THESE were some highlights of A.O.S. But there's a lot of hard work as well . . . learning the complete geography of Europe . . . pin-points on the northeast and east coastline of Great Britain . . . aircraft recognition . . . photography . . . ensuring that you hold the mammoth camera far enough out of the plane and get the "target" in the picture . . . and not an interior shot of an Anson! Low-level navigation trips as low as 300 feet indicated height over ground 100 feet above sea level . . . "Coastal Command" hops across the lakes . . . and keeping watch for danger areas where you can see Ansons unload in bombs and Boly's tracer firing . . . just a few miles from a nearby B. & G. . . doing the same job you were just a few weeks before . . . that's A.O.S. wherever it is.

Girls who ride horses have legs such as this . . . ( )  
But think of the legs on a deadpan miss . . . !  
Then there's always the legs on the type of a gink—  
Who has to insist on that one last drink . . . ( )



BIG 3 OF MAINTENANCE: PENNELLS, SPRUSTON, McBEAN

## FINGAL MAINTENANCE IS TOPS GOOD SHOW, GROUND CREW

Our Hangar Joes Are Really On the Beam—High Serviceability Is Second to None in the RCAF —Everybody Pitches In

By LAC BEN HALTER

**SERVICEABILITY,** said S/L Art Spruston, "is the number of aircraft completely equipped, ready to fly, as compared to the strength of the aircraft on the station." In other words, if our Daily Observer says Serviceability 75%, it means 3/4 of all Fingal aircraft can be flown—and sometimes are.

To anyone not connected with maintenance of aircraft, that figure might seem low. You might ask why isn't it higher, and why doesn't it ever reach 100%? There are three factors which make that almost an impossibility.

**FIRST** and most important are minor and major inspections, and engine changes. Come rain or shine, when an aircraft has flown the number of hours set by the air force between minor inspections, that ship is automatically u/s (un-serviceable) until the inspection is carried out. After a certain number of these minors are done, usually seven or eight, a major inspection is called for. After a certain number of majors are completed, usually three or four, it calls for an engine change.

The frequency with which all these are necessary depends entirely on how well the airframe and the engines stand up to the punishment they receive in service. A better built engine will naturally last longer between overhauls than a cheaper one, and the same is true of the airframe and all other components of an aircraft.

Another factor which comes into account is replacement of parts. No matter how far-sighted a station equipment section is, it cannot hold all the parts necessary to keep three or four types of aircraft in complete repair. They, therefore, have to order from a central equipment depot, who in turn cannot carry enough to completely equip 20 or 30 types which they have to look after, and so they will probably order it from the manufacturer. All this takes time and meanwhile the plane is grounded.

Third factor is ordinary wear and tear. This can take any form from a seized piston and rings, or bad

brakes, to a missing or sheared-off rivet. Until repaired, the aircraft is not allowed to fly.

**ANOTHER** problem must be taken into account. Although an aircraft is in A1 shape to fly, it can still be u/s because of the equipment necessary to use on an exercise. This includes guns, bomb racks, bomb-sights and winches for towing drogues.

To get a correct picture and to properly proportion the credit, we interviewed the O.C. of Maintenance, S/L Spruston, and also the O.C.'s of the two divisions of Maintenance, F/O McBean in charge of Servicing, and F/O Pennells in charge of Repair.

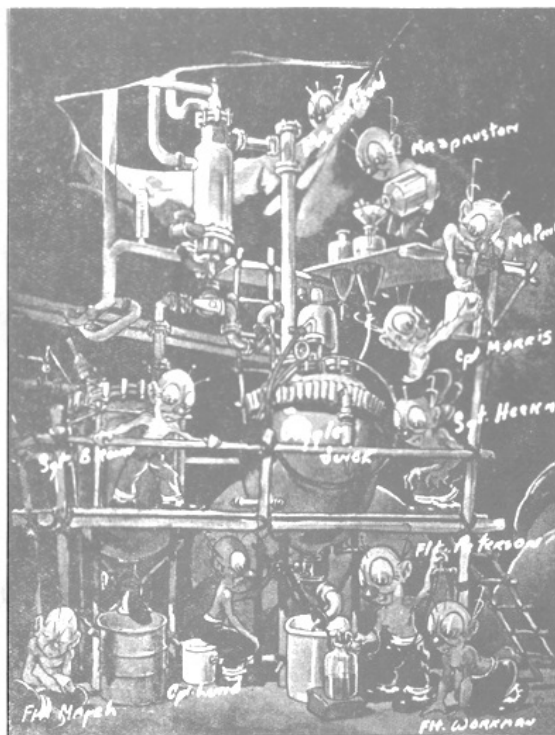
S/L Spruston ascribed the high serviceability primarily to the Central Maintenance Organization. This consists of a closely interlocking system, whereby the Flights and Repair all work harmoniously as a whole to keep 'em flying. All Fingal personnel are trained to work on practically any aircraft.

When a person realizes the turnover of men on a station such as this, it can be seen that it would be ruinous if there were no such system. He also praised the teamwork and co-operation of Maintenance, saying it was a factor that could not be over-stressed when good work was desired.

F/O McBean concurred with S/L Spruston on all points and added that they have worked out an inspection schedule that is a big help. It is obvious that Repair can handle only so many inspections per day. Therefore if the actual flying of the planes is apportioned properly, so that just the right amount come due each day, Repair will not fall behind on some days and on other days sit around and twiddle thumbs.

He gave a lot of credit to the men in Servicing, saying that less men were doing more work and doing it more efficiently than formerly, allowing the surplus manpower to do repair work. He thought the flying personnel were co-operating very well, and helping keep minor un-serviceabilities to a minimum.

F/O Pennells, who is probably in closer contact with the men than



MAINTENANCE GREMLINS AT WORK

S/L Spruston, thought that morale of the men should be placed right up there with the more important reasons. He said they were doing a man's job and should be treated accordingly.

His idea was that the more privileges a man has to lose the harder he will work to retain them, and conversely, if he has nothing to lose, he'll have nothing to work for and won't give a darn. He said: "I cannot recall any instance of any of the men here abusing the privileges we have obtained for them. They know they have a job to do and it's an important job in the war effort. If he falls down on it, he is harming everyone, including himself, and usually he sees to it he is fit and ready when he has to start work."

"Another thing, serviceability has become almost a personal issue with the men. They are vitally interested in it, if for no other reason than their privileges depend on it, but I believe it goes beyond that, and has become a source of pride and achievement with a real meaning to everyone."

He also added that the sharing of responsibility in Repair, without overlapping, in the organization of the NCO's and their crews, has, in his opinion, been of great aid in tuning out top-notch work.

All seem to agree on the fact that No. 4 B. & G. is second to no other station, and probably better than most; although exact figures and facts are a closely guarded military secret.

## ECCENTRIC SCOT JOINS OUR STAFF

LAC Harry McNab, a Scotsman on Course 104, is our new associate editor.

Mac has had wide experience on British newspapers. He admits having scoured the police courts and theatres of London and Glasgow on behalf of the Evening Times, Glasgow Herald, Express and Mirror for several years.

Mac has been so inspired in taking up the pen again for the Observer that he offers to give private lessons in journalism and Praxagorean mathematics to any WD (lonely) wishing such instruction.

"All men fond of music, two paces forward," commanded the sergeant.

When a half dozen airmen had stepped out with visions of getting free concert tickets, the non-com added: "O.K., you six mugs—we've got a piano to move."

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Starting from scratch, without even a government grant, navigation flight in No. 1 hangar is now a going concern. LEFT: F/O Cluick Harris, the o/c, is driving Stubby Humes to work. CENTRE: Navigation pilots, F/O Jack Yuill, Sgt. Willie Williams, F/O Harris, P/O Humes. RIGHT: Williams gets Joed to paint the briefing room sign. No extra charge for navigation trips; all included on your course.

## SAVES LITTLE GIRL RAF LAD "GONGED"

LAC Jim Cashmore Won the Royal Humane Society Medal

Fingalites are curious about the new "gong" which arrived on the right breast of LAC Jim Cashmore, RAF, of Course 104. "But you don't wear medals on your right breast!" you exclaim. You're wrong there. The award is the Royal Humane Society Medal. The little red and white band was given to Jim in 1937.

He was working as railway clerk in Southport, England, and happened to be on the platform one February morning. A seven-year-old girl ran down the station steps and jumped onto the running-board of a departing electric train. She could not open the door, and had to cling to the door handle. Jim leapt on, and walked along the running-board. The train was now travelling at 30 miles an hour. Jim held on to the girl and flattened himself to the outside of the carriage, till they reached the next station, a journey of about 11 minutes.

Jim said his worst moment came when another train passed them. "I had part of my suit torn off—it certainly taught me to keep my head inside the carriage in future."

## Women's News

Old pattern WD uniforms, caps and summer dresses are to be worn on station only.

Under no circumstances except for medical reasons are personnel, except nursing sisters, to be excused from drill.

Length of pace for WD's when marching is reduced from 30 to 27 inches.

When WD's compose part of a parade they are to be placed in the first position as far as possible.

## NAVIGATION SEASON OPENS FOR FINGAL BOMBARDIERS

F/L Dave Campbell and F/O Charlie Harris Supervise Training for Star-Gazing Aircrew—Trainees Now Won't Have a Thing To Do at A.O.S.

By F/SGT. AL GAMBLE  
YOU may soon peep into the future and find the answer to your problems from any air bomber. On orders from AFHQ, Fingal trainees must take their heavenly bodies more seriously.

Now, girls, there's no hint here to cloud up and rain. The boys are already taking you seriously. It's the stars we're talking about.

In fact this may be something to shout about since CAP 12, very official, suggests there are interesting ways to study the heavens on a balmy spring evening. This is all part of navigation, now with us in a great big way.

Right here in Fingal, the boys are getting genned up on a lot of stuff they used to learn at A.O.S. Advantages are obvious, such as getting home after a night of flak-dodging over Germany or an evening of froth-dodging in the local. Most appreciative is LAC L. M. Brown of 103, who recently got lost IN camp going TO the canteen.

Local HQ of this uncanny science as far as students are concerned is in GIS, run by F/L Dave Campbell, and F/O Cliff Low, who are responsible for ground instruction. But ground instruction will never pay off in a practical way, so a whole new flight has been started in No. 1 hangar where the Poo-Bah and Lord High Executioner is F/O Charlie Harris.

Until now, this hangar had been but a storehouse for aircraft not in use. Just where nav. flight's trips will go and type of exercises they'll do is closely guarded by the Defence of Canada Regulations. We CAN say on reliable authority that they will NOT go to Toronto, Buffalo or Detroit on "48" nights.

F/L Campbell, chief navigation instructor, came to Fingal from Crumlin AOS, where he had been on staff for 18 months. Prior to this he had instructed at navigation schools in Regina and Rivers. In peace time he was a mathematics specialist in Dutton high school. Attached to Ferry Command for a brief term, he had the experience of navigating an aircraft to England. F/L Campbell's aide, F/O Low, was also on the Crumlin staff before coming here. He has been an instructor at AOS since receiving his navigator's wing at Malton in May, 1942. Without blushing, he admits Toronto is his home. Other instructors are P/O's Frank Hyland, Don Comrie and D. A. Jamieson.

Under F/O Harris, pilots of navigation flight are darn well showing their job is a heck of a lot more than taxi-driving. These boys are not only pilots but flying navigation instructors as well. Only they can appreciate fully, hence assess and correct the students' practical errors.

The men of Charlie Harris' brains trust are: F/O's Doug Yuill, Kirk Strachan; P/O's Dave Barrett, Sully Sullivan, Stubby Humes, Jimmy Donahue, John Straile; Sgt. Willy Williams.

Simulation bombing, with aerial cameras, is included in the navigation syllabus. And to LAC Keating, 102C, goes the honor of the first direct hit.

"What's the matter, little boy?"  
"Ma's gone and drowned all the kittens."

"Dear me, that's too bad."  
"Yeah, she told me I could do it."



F/L DAVE CAMPBELL  
... head nav. teacher



Navigator: "And they ask us to work fast!"