

Merry
Christmas



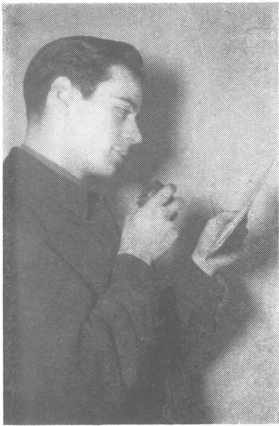
UNSUNG BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

LAC Tommy Harcourt of
G.I.S. Works for Enjoyment
and Entertainment of Others

(Editor's note: It is to be the policy of the Observer to run an article each month about the good work different airwomen or airmen are doing on the station. Work which usually goes unnoticed in our busy life.
If you know of anyone who is doing a bang-up job, and deserving of mention, let us know.)

TOMMY HARCOURT does things for the greater pleasure of Fingalites.

Thursday night—Music Appreciation Hour — Tommy Harcourt, Commentator. But who is Tommy Harcourt? We interviewed him.



Several years ago in Toronto there came vocalizing into the world . . . Tommy. An unconventional chap who says, "Toronto's not bad, but I know of better places . . . like Montreal, New York, Chicago AND Detroit." His school life ended in the University of Toronto Schools. Two more years were spent in "Life Underwriting" (insurance selling). His post-war plans include Psychiatry, as his life's work, and the further development of his hobby of music.

Tommy's interest in music arose from his four years in a boys' choir and the lessons he took in piano and pipe organ. At present he is building a record collection consisting chiefly of classical, popular and Latin-American dance music.

Tommy enlisted in the spring of '42 and after time spent at Toronto Manning, No. 6 I.T.S., and Jarvis, No. 1 B. & G., came to Fingal last January. Here Tommy's habitat is the little room down the hall in G.I.S., where he "mixes cement" and from which issue duplicated copies of D.R.O.'s and precis.

Since Tommy has been in charge of this project he has consistently striven to improve the standard of the programs by securing a balance in the selections and narrating background material so helpful to better understanding and appreciation of the music offered.

He expresses his aim in this venture as follows: "Those people who refuse to have anything to do with

(Continued on last column)

FINIS--THE BRITISH COMMON- WEALTH AIR TRAINING PLAN

THE expiration of the Empire Air Training Plan early in 1945 marks the official completion of one of the most constructive, and also ambitious, achievements of the whole war.

Founded early in 1940 by a conference of the Air Ministers of Great Britain and of the Dominions the scheme was originally designed to provide a constant and continuous stream of trained volunteers to carry on and develop the work already being performed by the permanent branch of the Royal Air Force. It was realized by the Empire statesmen who gathered at Ottawa five years ago, that Air Power had become one of the most decisive and powerful instruments of war and might well prove to be the difference between defeat and ultimate victory.

The scheme had its origin, then, during the early days, when it was still a "phoney" war: it developed during the Battle of Britain and the systematic terror of the blitz: and now, when the scheme is finally drawing to a close, Germany is herself being methodically reduced by the very method which she employed in 1940.

DURING that time, training has been conducted in all categories of air crew, not only of men from the United Kingdom and the Dominions, but also of many thousands drawn from the long occupied countries of Europe, and the success of the plan lies not just in the fact that it realized its original intention of maintaining a continuous supply of trained air crew—it did much more than that! With the two hundred thousand men trained to date, we have now enough trained air crew, it is stated, to last for five years, even assuming continuance of the present casualties.

The success of the plan represents a notable triumph in large scale planning and organization and is a tribute to the vision and farsightedness of its founders, particularly Canada's representative, Major Power (now retired).

But there is also another side to the plan. The conducting of large scale training has meant the setting up of large numbers of training stations and of necessity the grouping together of thousands of men drawn from the nations making up the scheme. Canada, by reason of its climatic conditions, and particularly its virtual immunity from potential enemy attack, was selected as the site for the greatest part of the training under the plan and the bulk of graduates have therefore passed through Canada.

Canada herself has proved a most hospitable and tolerant host. Not only has she been a vast new world of strange and surprising contrasts to explore and discover, but her people have opened their homes and their hearts to their visitors. It is not the easiest thing for a small population to sustain for five years, a Service influx of such constant proportions, but Canada has kept it up cheerfully and unflinchingly. The proof of this can be found in the thousands of marriages that have taken place already between air crew graduates and Canada's womenfolk, and the legion of friendly contacts and associations formed all over the country.

INDEED, the Empire Air Scheme has served to prove that the relationship between the nations of the British Commonwealth can be something more than a mere statute, drafted by lawyers and guaranteed by politicians, but in fact a real strength and inspiration. And therein, perhaps, lies the greatest success of the whole scheme.

For my own part, speaking as a Dominion graduate who has experienced Canada's hospitality in five separate provinces from the Pacific seaboard to the mouth of the St. Lawrence, I wish to express my warmest appreciation and thanks to the Canadian people.

Good luck to you all!

—F/O Ted McWhinney

FINGAL OBSERVER

Published monthly at "Friendly Fingal," No. 4 Bombing and Gun-nery School, Fingal, Ontario—under authority of the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander R. E. Morrow, D.F.C.

THEY WORK THAT YOU MAY READ

President of Observer Committee,
"Hank" Coleman, YMCA

Editor-in-Chief.....
F/O V. H. Pillsworth

Feature Writers.....
F/O George Gibson

Cpl. Betty Loosley

LAC John Corle

Cpl. Gwen Dawson

Cartoonists.....F/O Stan. Marsh

LAC George Horobin

Photographs by Photographic Section

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Unsung But Not Forgotten

(Continued from first column)
the larger scope of music because of their love of jazz are encouraging a development that lacks proportion. Jazz is not a substitute for Beethoven, and a wise man won't try to pretend that it is. Even the top instrumentalists in dance bands—those boys who swing it hot—are more often than not as thoroughly familiar with Bach and Beethoven as they are with jive. My hope is to have station personnel realize that an appreciation of jazz is but a step towards a fuller knowledge of music and thus a balanced musical appreciation."

BESIDES the Music Appreciation Hour, this young man is on the Observer staff, the entertainments committee and was M.C. for the one band concert produced some time ago. His is the voice of "the vast mobile broadcasting unit, R.C.A.F., Friendly Fingal, on the Red, White and Double Blue Network." Also, he has a very just claim to position of "unofficial liaison officer without portfolio at the Hostess House."

His opinion of Friendly Fingal is: "That despite certain minor disadvantages such as Richards Coach Lines, it must rank with the better stations because of its messing standard, its friendliness (the S.P.'s being partly responsible), and the greater opportunity for extramural activities."

Here's to Tommy, who is doing much for Fingal.

P.S.—Tommy has been posted.

S.P.: "Parking. You can't loaf along this road."

Voice in car: "Who's loafing?"

"Mary, aren't you getting too big to play with the boys?"
"No, mother, the bigger I get the better I like them."

Gal: "Sorry, Airmen, but I never go out with perfect strangers."

WO1: "Oh, that's all right, babe. I ain't perfect."



Fingal Observer

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



W/C MORROW TAKES OVER



EX-FIGHTER PILOT TAKES OVER COMMAND

New C.O. Has Served Both Against the Germans and Japs—
Succeeds W/C Swetman, D.F.C., D.S.O.

"I'M happy to be here," said W/C Morrow as he eased himself into the Commanding Officer's chair on the 23rd of November. Arriving a few days ahead of schedule for a familiarization check, the new C.O. comes fresh from a recent administration course at the RCAF War Staff College, Toronto. Wearing a D.F.C. and with a brilliant flying record, the Wing Commander takes over from the youngest C.O. in Canada, though he himself is not much older

We are fortunate in securing a man of his calibre with two years' experience in the European theatre, not to mention 12 months in the Aleutians, flying as fighter escort and on nuisance raids in both P-40's and Bostons.

If you examine his decorations, don't let the gold caterpillar scare you, as it's for bailing out of a doomed aircraft or "hitting the silk." Any information regarding his operational experience must be gained from a third party — W/C Morrow only smiles at the mention. We would advise you to read "The First Four Years of the R.C.A.F.," a book vividly describing the work of the R.C.A.F. overseas.

THE Winco hails from Cross Field, Alberta, but now claims Toronto as his home. In that city, he studied law at Osgoode Hall and his spare time was filled with the usual sport activities. "I played

them all, none really well but none poorly either." After the war, he plans to return to practice, but as to the location he is non-committal.

Coming to this station at this critical time of indecision, the new C.O. has his work cut out for him. It is the job of all personnel to see that this position is not made heavier. On taking his new appointment the Wing Commander stated, "Of the future of Fingal, I can only see a gigantic question mark; but when this becomes, to me a larger exclamation point, I shall speed the news to you. Let us prepare now for the period after the war; I want to give you every possible assistance in filling the gaps in the great government scheme of rehabilitation."

This is the man of action that Fingal proudly calls "the new Commanding Officer."

A Christmas Message

By F/L V. A. HALL

I WOULD like very much, through the medium of this paper, to extend to each one of you, service and civilian, best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. With the tension, rush and turmoil sweeping us along, with the hope that another Christmas will find the world at peace, let me challenge you to prepare for that peace, with the words of B. Y. Williams:

WHO ARE THE WISE MEN?

Who were the Wise Men in the long ago?
Not Herod, fearful lest he lose his throne;
Not Pharisees, too proud to claim their own;
Not priests and scribes whose province was to know;
Not money changers running to and fro;
But three who traveled, weary and alone,
With dauntless faith, because before them shone
The Star that led them to a manger low.

Who are the Wise Men now, when all is told?
Not men of science; not the great and strong;
Not those who wear a kingly diadem;

W/C Swetman's Farewell Message.

I CAN say without restraint that I enjoyed my sojourn at Fingal to the full. And truly may the description of "friendly" be applied to it; for I leave many good friends at this station. Concerning the personnel, no commanding officer could find a more co-operative bunch to proudly turn over to his successor. W/C Morrow is a man I know you are going to like, for no man could do the things he has done and not have something on the ball. If during my stay of five and a half months I taught you anything of value, then the wealth of "gen" (especially administrative information) that has come to me, from you, places the balance of debt well in your favor.

IN conclusion, let us not forget Fingal, for after the station has closed, and the war is over, let us keep the comradeship and high sense of unity we shared in the Service.

Not those whose eager hands pile high the gold;
But those amid the tumult and the throng
Who follow still the Star of Bethlehem.



POST OFFICE PREPARES TO HANDLE CHRISTMAS RUSH

New Hours, 1130-1500 and 1700-1800, Adopted—Careful Wrapping and Addressing Speeds Delivery

ARE you sure there's nothing for me?" which according to the post office is a question that should be punishable by death. Mail, we were told, for the entire service was handled by the Canadian Postal Corps working hand in hand with the civilian counterpart. It's a big job, as the average Erk receives two pieces of mail per day. Just ask Sgt. Booth or Cpl. Butler if that isn't a job in itself.

On learning that the press was on hand they screamed, "Please tell those people to address their mail correctly. See this pile of mail here which has to be forwarded. The reason for that is that people won't advise their folks when they are being posted, and this heap of unnecessary work results."

Addresses on mail, we were told, should be easy to read as the postman is not a mind reader. For your address, put down name, initials, regimental number, M.P.O. number and post office town. (Fingal's M.P.O. No. 103.) The postman's life is not, however, all wrong addresses and heiroglyphics; he, or perhaps I should say she, gets a chance to read the postcards, though now with the Christmas rush of stamps, money orders, postal notes and parcels there isn't much time for the longer cards. The Post Office Savings Bank is a handy way of saving money with interest. In every first-class post office there is a branch bank. To deposit or withdraw, only the pass book and your identification card are required. This is very handy when one is caught short of cash and besides, when can Joe Erk reach a bank during hours?

WITH the Christmas headache almost on the doorstep, the mail folk are digging in. With a little care in wrapping, securing and addressing, most of the "headache" could be dissolved by an aspirin tablet. Leave out glass objects and matches as well. Place the address and a return address on the inside as well as the outside of the package. Cords should be tied in several places, otherwise a single knot, no matter how strong the string, may come undone. Make certain you put on enough postage. Mail your Christmas gifts early. Here are the dates that promise Christmas delivery:

Ontario.....Dec. 18
Local.....Dec. 19

Christmas cards may be sent with the flap open for a special rate, if you didn't know that already.

The post office now stays open from 1130-1500 hrs and 1700-1800 hrs, daily except Sunday.

The girls have assumed complete charge of the mail shack under the watchful eyes of Cpl. May Lambourne. Asked to comment, she said: "It will be a big job, but we are pretty much on our own, and we know all the gang." "Christmas," smiled Sandy Goodfellow out from under those auburn locks, "is a time for mailing letters without stamps or addresses, a time for under-stamping, or a time for more cards to people you want to forget." I stopped her, as I didn't wish to hear Santa Claus blasphemed. Maybe Sandy does have something to kick about.

"Those wicket-woodpeckers," said Marg Gaunt, but this is mere camouflage; they love the place, where joy and sorrow is passed out in small packages, where if we could read beneath the harsh white envelopes we would find the real heart of the station. You know how well you like to get mail, others enjoy that privilege both at home and overseas, so get out the pen and paper and write tonight, and think while you write of the great system set up so that your scrap of paper gets over there.



ONE OF FINGAL'S OPERATIONAL GRADS RETURNS TO CANADA

F/L Maurice C. Smith, Grad of '41, Returns After Completing Two Tours of Operations Overseas

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

Halifax, N.S.—F/L Maurice C. Smith is one of Fingal's most operational observer graduates. That's the claim we're making for him—and you're stuck with it until you can prove otherwise.

Smith, 23, went overseas three years ago. Today he is home in Toronto on leave following two operational tours with bomber command overseas. He wears the 1939-43 Star, Canadian Volunteer Service Medal and the gold operational wing with a bar.

The son of Mr. and Mrs. John Mottley, of Plainfield, N. J., "Smitty" lived with his grandparents in Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. John Coles, Clovelly Ave. He attended John R. Wilcox and D. B. Hood public schools, and then went on to Vaughan Road collegiate.

"Smitty," a former Toronto Star carrier boy, left school to enlist in April, 1940, but was turned down because his pulse rate was too fast. So he took a job in a garage as a stop-gap and in November, 1940, was finally accepted for aircrew.

He went to No. 1 Manning Depot, Toronto, then for his initial training to the Eglinton Hunt Club, then to EFTS at Malton. He had reached the last stage of pilot training at St. Catharines SFTS when he was washed out for "lack of air sense," he laughingly recalled.

He returned to Toronto Manning Pool's "washout squadron" and was remustered to observer. He finished the course at Malton AOS and got his "O" wing at Fingal B. & G. Then followed a special course in astro-navigation at Pennfield Ridge, N.B.

"Smitty" arrived overseas with the rank of sergeant in January, 1942. He trained for "ops" in Wales and Yorkshire and was posted to an RAF squadron. He did 27 trips in Wellingtons with an all-RAF crew, to some of the hottest targets in Germany, including Bremen, Cologne, Kiel, Dusseldorf, Frankfurt and Kassel. He made one trip to Turin, Italy. He began his first tour on August 1, 1942, finishing up eight months later, in March, 1943. In the meantime he had been commissioned from the rank of flight-sergeant.

In July, 1943, he was promoted to flight-lieut and posted to an RAF conversion unit, which trained crews for "ops." Here he was bombing leader, in charge of training for bomb-aimers.

In May, 1944, he returned to Canada on special leave for 30 days, long enough to be married to his high school sweetheart, Iris Beauchamp, and enjoy a honeymoon. Mrs. Smith is a daughter of SQMS John Beauchamp, overseas for five years with Canadian Army HQ in England, and Mrs. Beauchamp, Roseneath Gardens, Toronto.

"Smitty" returned to England in June, and in July he joined a fresh RAF squadron and did his second tour on Lancasters, this time in 3½ months. His second tour was limited to 20 trips, and not once did he visit any of his first-tour targets. He went to Essen, Stuttgart, Saarbrücken, Bonn and French targets during this tour.

With his total trips at 47 and his operational hours at 260, "Smitty" was taken off "ops" for good and has now returned to Canada for a further period of leave.

During both tours as a bomb-aimer he had no turnbacks from the target, he was never hit, and he always dropped his load. He couldn't tell us just how many tons he personally had dropped. Just never bothered to keep track.

"Apart from the usual twitters we all had every time we went out, there's nothing worth mentioning about both tours," he said. "We were scared every time we flew, but our luck held and both crews came through without a scratch."

"Smitty's" second crew included three Canadians, F/O Joe Sauve, Hull, Que., the rear gunner; F/L Johnny Hoffman, D.F.C., of Windsor, the wireless op; F/L Doug Trick, Stonewall, Man., the navigator. His pilot was S/L Tony Prager, D.F.C., a RAF lad who trained in Georgia.

Their last trip, on Oct. 26, was a daylight show to the Ruhr. Only "Smitty" and the pilot knew that it was to be the last trip, and they didn't spring the news on the crew until they were headed home. You can imagine the scene. "Smitty" says it's a wonder they did get home. The boys were throwing everything in the air—maps, rulers, pencils, compasses—and generally raising merry hell.

ON Nov. 25, he arrived back in Toronto for 35 days' leave before reporting back to Rockcliffe for further posting.

In his three years overseas he never flew without wearing a brown silk scarf, a gift from his grandfather.

His pet hates: the BBC and the English weather.

His pet like: English pubs.



"WHAT TO DO WITH JAPAN?"

OBSERVER INQUIRING PHOTOG. CANVASSES STATION PERSONNEL

This Is Another in the Series of Interviews and Pictures on
Topics of the Day by the Observer
Roving Photographer



LAW GRACE LYON
Parachute Section

"This barbaric nation should be occupied by Allied troops from five to ten years after the armistice. Not only Japan, but all the countries of the world must disarm to ensure world peace. Her trade should be restricted in some way. The Japanese government with their religion, hand in hand, are to blame for the attack on the rest of the world, and for this reason should be separated and spread about; for no small group should make the decisions of a nation."



F/SGT. JACK CORENTZ
Station Orderly Room

"Japan's heavy industry must be curtailed to the point that war production is impossible. This, I grant you, will take a deal of co-operation by the Allies. Her armed forces would be cut down until her aggressive nature is crushed. The government of Japan, to even act as such, must remain in the hands of Japanese, but this time guided by the Allied Nations acting in a policing capacity."

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:

It was with a great deal of pleasure that I received your May copy of the Observer. I really enjoyed it very much, especially since it was the first copy I had received since your January issue. Your staff and yourself are certainly to be complimented on the work you are doing in connection with the Observer, as I think it is about the most interesting Air Force publication that I have read. I always have considered Fingal to be about the most up-to-date and best station that I have been on and with your bowling alleys, swimming pool, snack bar, etc., that have been added since I left there, it really must be "bang on." They have really been keeping us busy since "D" day; as a matter of fact I've only been off our station one night in over a month. However, we are not complaining just as long as we can do our little part to help out the boys in France. Jerry is getting a little more active again these days and evenings, after laying low for a while. Our last trip was really a "hot one" as we ran into bags of "flack," searchlights, etc., over enemy territory. To make our evening complete, we had a fighter on our tail all the way from the target back to the British coast. Fortunately our gunners had seen him in plenty of time and didn't give him a chance to close in on us. We were plenty busy for a while, though. "Cork-screwing" and doing evasive action to keep out of his way. The navigational training that the air bomber gets at B. & G. school really will come in good stead as practically all our time is spent working special navigational equipment and we usually only leave it on our bombing run. However, if things get a little too hot I like to be up in the turret with my guns, as it's a mighty

nice feeling to be behind a Browning if you are being attacked. Life on a squadron is really a very pleasant and happy, carefree one, with lots of good food, etc., even if you are a little overworked at times. Looks as if this will have to be all the news for now. Please remember me to all my ex-instructors and friends and the best of luck to all the boys on course there at present. Yours sincerely,
F/O BOB ALLEN.

Langley Prairie, S.C.

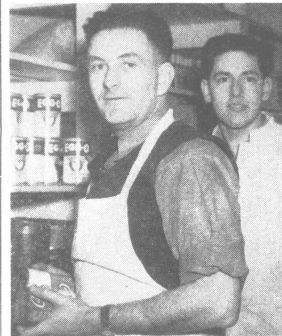
Sir:

Recently Corporal Gwen Dawson sent me copies of the Observer dating back to the time I left Fingal (April, '43). So when not attending to our nine-month-old daughter or writing to hubby overseas, I managed to catch up on Fingal news. I would like to congratulate you. The Observer is a grand little magazine.

It was interesting to note the wonderful changes that have taken place. Although there are a great many new faces, I still see there are a lot of the old gang there, especially in accounts, where they are still struggling (?) along.

I am sure Frank (also an ex-Fingalite of New Zealand descent) joins me in wishing the Observer the best of luck, and in saying a fond "hello" to all our friends still there. Sincerely yours,

Marg. Stott (nee Norman).



LACS EVANS AND RAYMER
O.R. Mess

"Japan must never again become a force in future world affairs. Definitely her armaments should be cut off. Mind, she has to live, so she must trade, but on a controlled basis. Japan should never be permitted to engage in the Canadian fishing industry. If a measure of Canadian immigration is allowed, don't let them settle near the coast; ship them inland."

He: "Please."

She: "No."

He: "Just this once . . ."

She: "No."

He: "Aw, hell, ma, all the other kids are going barefoot!"



SGT. GEORGE FALKNER
M.T. Section

"Japan should be wiped from the face of the earth, but I know that such a policy is impractical. In any case, she must be punished with the greatest severity. She should have no voice in any future international matters. Her power, economic and political, would be wrenched from her grasp. Japan must be placed in such a position that beginning another war is absolutely impossible. Economically speaking, cheap Japanese goods must no longer flood the foreign markets. Let her export goods at the same price and under the same business basis as the rest of the world."



SGT. LLOYD HAMILTON
92 Wags.

"I would disarm Japan completely, but I would give her another chance to live peaceably—under Allied control, of course. I believe in giving anybody a second chance. Her trade would be confined, because Japanese being Japanese, can never raise their standard of the masses even by the largest outside influence."

Slick Chick: "Do you know what they're saying about me?"

Joe: "Sure, that's why I came over."



P/O GORD. STEWART
Bombing Flight

"Japan should be occupied by the Allied troops and her army, navy and air force reduced to a mere token. For the damage she has created, she should pay in money, material and labor for the restoration. The conquered lands would be returned, of course, to their original owners. For the punishment of war criminals, I would suggest that an international court be set up. These types must not escape. Japan must be dealt with as a full Axis partner if the peace of the world is to be assured."

ELECTRICAL SECTION



DENTAL CORPS AT FINGAL ONE OF THE FINEST

**Capt. Metzger and Lieut. Boyd Head Efficient and Well
Organized Staff—Have They Checked
Your Bicuspids Lately?**

COMING close to us all sooner or later, is the dreaded moment when we seat ourselves in the dentist's chair and bare our ailing bicuspids to the man with the drill. More words have probably been written about the horrors of dentistry than will ever be written about the importance of this all-essential job that is being done so efficiently by the Canadian Dental Corps here and overseas.

Our own station here at Fingal boasts one of the finest establishments of this kind in the cheerful, friendly atmosphere of the Dental Clinic, and the kindly and careful staff. If we were to go to the Dental Clinic on the necessary appointment, the first person we would see would be Pte. A. J. Phillips, who is in the orderly room and will make sure that your call is expected. After you have waited in fearful anticipation in the very comfortable waiting room which is well stocked in the best of magazines, you will be summoned into the "operating room," where you will be jovially and efficiently attended to by either Captain P. F. Metzger or Lieutenant Boyd.

Captain Metzger has had long

dental experience and was, as he says himself, in the Dental Corps at the "tail end of the last war . . . and I hope that doesn't give my age away." Before coming to Fingal, he was at Camp Borden for about eighteen months.

Lieutenant Boyd has also considerable dental experience to his credit, having been in the Dental Corps for some time before his graduation. And we hear that in the near future he is in line for that next pip. May we offer our heartiest good wishes for the future, Lieutenant Boyd?

ALWAYS ready when anything is wanted, are two extremely capable WD dental assistants, Ser-

geant Sandham and Sergeant Romance. Currently replacing Sergeant Sandham is Pte. O. E. Crawford who, we regret to say, girls, is married. However, Pte. Crawford will be leaving on the 12th of December and Sergeant Sandham will be returning. Another loss that will be felt keenly in the Dental Clinic is Sergeant Lewis, who is the dental technician and who is responsible for some of the fine jobs of artificial tuskery that necessarily must be done from time to time. Acting Corporal A. Anderson is relieving Sergeant Lewis who, it is believed, is going overseas. Good luck to you, too, Sergeant.

Other things you should know about dental work, either on this station, any other station, or in any other branch of the service, is that it is a single service treating seamen, soldier or airman. The Canadian Dental Corps is administered from a single head and is dedicated to fight against the oppression of pain and ill-health. Its numbers include 1,200 Canadian dentists and 3,000 non-professional personnel, including members of the CWAC and the RCAF (WD). Since the last war, in which a soldier was compelled to be absent from his unit for a period of several days to receive dental treatment, the C.D.C. has evolved to a unit which is as mobile as the branch which it serves, and the result is that the dental officer of to-

day is accompanied by a complete dental office packed into two trunks. The technician also possesses two such trunks which provide his complete outfit for the making of dental appliances. Every mobile clinic is fully equipped with a range of dental and x-ray apparatus.

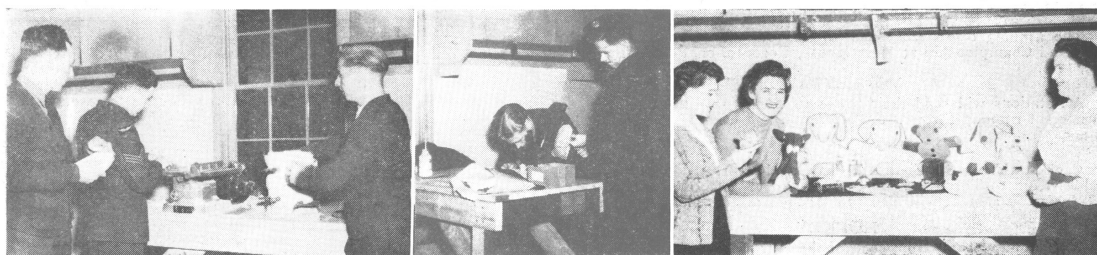
Since the formation of the C.D.C., great advancements and improvements have been made in dental techniques and standardized methods have been perfected in the care and treatment of oral discomforts which provide the finest of treatment in any part of the world where the Dental Corps functions.

WE may consider ourselves fortunate to be availed of this great service and wish to express our sincerest appreciation for the splendid services we have been rendered in the past by the Canadian Dental Corps. Not so very distant now, is the day when we will all be saying good-bye to Fingal. When the old station finally closes, our friends in the Dental Clinic will be packing up and moving on . . . probably to a Navy or Army camp to do the same excellent work there they have been doing for us.

When this time comes, our best wishes will go with them.

The difference between in-laws and outlaws is that in-laws promise to pay it back.

STATION CRAFTSHOP IDEAL SPOT TO SPEND EVENINGS



ACCOUNT SEC. NEWS

THE Accounts Section has gone over the top with changes in staff since we last had news from them.

The first to leave this august establishment was LAC Hugh McKinnon, who went to Pendleton, and he was quite happy about the whole thing. Then we lost LAC Al Crandall and LAC Bill Holt, who got the envious posting to Montreal. Cpl. John Linklater started a long trek to Dawson Creek in the new North Western Air Command and he was followed a month later by F/S Harry Lawrence, who had been in the section for two years. The Accounts lost their romeo then, LAC Joe Baxter, who went to 14 S.F.T.S. in Kingston, via No. 1 T.C., Toronto. Following that, little Cpl. Fran Mills followed her husband east to Moncton, N.B. Last week AW1 Peggy Wallace went to Mount Hope, where she became one of twelve WD's at that station. With discharges in the fashion, Accounts lost LAW Lil Ross, who returned to 'civvie street' the last week of November.

With the exit of so many, of course there had to be replacements, and in came Cpl. Barb High, Cpl. Eileen Yardley, LAC Ralph Rosenberg, AW1 Val Foster and LAC Johnny Duck (the Cairo Kid). With the first of December came the promotion of Sgt. Dave Chapple to flight sergeant and LAC Johnny Duck to corporal.

Life in the Accounts goes on as usual with the staff working hard—believe it or not! And life at night—well, the girls are all to be seen taking part in the various functions. Many of them are busy at handicraft. At the dances you can see Shirley Mustard, Fran Barden, Tommy Thomson, Val Foster and Marg. Kennedy in action. Two of the girls are just getting over a gay leave in New York—could they be Grace Trapp and Gwen "Digger" Dawson? We wonder why Lois Achurch spends so much time at the Hostess House and Barb Lawrence seems to be taking badminton (?) to heart. We are glad to have Bubbles Hawkins and Nicky McKillop back with us again after long terms in the hospital.

Did you hear about the two old maids who went for a tramp in the woods?

RIGORS and pressures of armed service still leave young men eager for off-duty relaxations which will use their individual powers to can be seen any night in the new Craftshop located in Barrack Block the full and retain their interest in the peacetime future. Proof of this 10A, where officers, airmen and airwomen turn out a variety of objects that are both artistic and useful.

Open daily from 1600-2200, the Craftshop is drawing an increasing number of craft enthusiasts, so many in fact, that the circular saw, probably the hardest working machine on the station at present, sends out a steady drone the entire time the shop is operating. Two very capable WD instructresses, Corp. J. Dowdell and LAW Lil Urquhart, are on hand to assist any who are interested in making numerous useful objects.

At the present time many are busy making gifts for Christmas, which are not only attractive but inexpensive and save a lot of running downtown.

"A SOGER LIKE MYSELF"

By LAC JOHN CORFE

"MARK my words," stated the grizzled veteran who had seated himself beside me at the soda bar in the Plaza Grill, "the boys is going to get some dirty deals after this war."

"But, sir," I remarked earnestly, "the government promised that we would get a square deal and I think they mean it."

"Don't make me laugh." He leaned closer and I could hear the breath whistling through the tangled hair of his nose. "I was all through the last war. Joined up as a mere boy of fifteen. I saw Paschendale, Vimy, Wipers and Bull Run. I was wounded ten times by shrapnel and once by a mule bite. What did they do for me?"

"What?" I hazarded.

"Hah!" The veteran leaned back and I had a feeling that he was going to expectorate on the floor. Then he leaned close to me again so that his red-rimmed eyes peered fiercely into mine. "After waiting ten months in England, I got my discharge. Considering my rank of colonel," (here he fished around through threadbare pockets and finally extracted a very grubby and absolutely undecipherable piece of linen paper) "I was treated with about as much consideration as a piece of cast-off clothing. Here is my commission." He held out the paper. "Oh, yes," I said, unable to see anything but folds and finger-marks.

"When I got back to this country, I went to my former employer at the bank and he just laughed in my face. 'Go out and see if you can get a job sweepin' the streets' was his exact words. All the government had given me was about

forty acres of land and a thousand dollars. I tried to make a go of it, but considering the fact that I had nothing to work the farm with except a team of horses, a plow and a harrow, I was forced to turn to other lines of profit."

"Other lines of profit?" I asked.

"What were they?"

"Well, much as I am agin likker, I found the means of startin' a still. Of course, it used up all my thousand dollars and shortly after I had opened up for business, the damned government men came and took it all away."

"But you had the land yet?" I ventured.

"The land! Yes, of course, the land. I was young myself once, lad," he said patronizingly. "What good was the land after I had it all mortgaged to buy mash for the still and needed horse hides to improve the quality of my product? There just ain't no justice!"

I COULD see what was coming and was hurrying to finish my hamburger and coffee. "I was just wonderin' seein' as you are in funds and are, in a manner of speakin' anyway, a soger like myself . . . could you let me have a dime for a cuppa coffee?"

"Why, I am awfully sorry," I cried in feigned camaraderie, "but you see I have just enough to pay for my own."

"If you don't believe I was wounded," said the veteran ominously. "Take a look at this!" And he began to remove first his coat and then his shirt.

"Hold on!" I managed to gasp. "I have just found a quarter I didn't know I had."

"Thank you and God bless you," said the veteran piously, accepting the money so rapidly that I became

TOWER TOPICS

GREETINGS! There have been several changes in Training Wing orderly room of late. Our A.W.L. kid, Edie, has been posted to Ottawa. Lots of good luck, Edie. Corporal Joedy Dowdell has been transferred to Maintenance orderly room and in her place we have Sgt. Terry Corbett. Terry was in Maintenance orderly room for two and one-half years and now she has come to see what makes T.W.O.R. tick. Our Midgie is on compassionate leave and Val is on temporary duty in Ottawa. Hurry back, kids!

You should see our Willie type; we'll make a clerk of him yet. Willie has been spending a lot of his spare time in London. We wonder why. Our efficient runner, Bill Elliott, seems to have his love life straightened out now. He has lost those worried lines since his last 48! Incidentally, Bill, who is "E"?

Our post-war farmerette, Helen, has taken up bowling. She challenges anyone to beat her high score of 16—any offers? We hope she has better luck with her love life—stop blushing, Major!

Our Ilene is doing a swell job dividing her time on "Training Reports" and "Log Books." Never mind, Ilene, this war can't last forever. To our knowledge, Ilene has been a good kid of late, but she tells us that she spends her 48's visiting her mother; we wonder. Windsor is a big place.

Our boss has become quite a drinking man since we started serving tea daily in the office. We hope he doesn't turn to anything stronger.

convinced that the hand was indeed quicker than the eye. "Now, if you'll excuse me . . ."

And for a man who was agin likker, he made record time into the Talbot Hotel.

There is a saying in the Mess Hall that there is no way of pleasing everybody. This seems to be borne out by one of our airmen, who was discovered by the orderly officer one Friday afternoon staring at his plate of fish and dangling his fork idly in his hand.

"What's the matter?" asked the officer kindly. "Don't you like your fish?"

"Oh, it's not that," explained the lad. "But . . . long time no sea."

No. 1 Training Command Play-off Schedule

BASKETBALL

The winning teams from each of the four districts will decide the Command Championship at Hart House, Toronto, on Friday, February 3rd, 1945.

VOLLEYBALL

All stations will send their teams to Toronto on 26th January. A tournament running through the afternoon and evening will decide the winner.

BADMINTON

Each station in the Command may send a men's doubles and WD doubles team to Toronto for the Command tournament on 9th February. This tournament will also run through afternoon and evening.

HOCKEY

The winning teams from each of the four districts will compete for the Command championship on 1st and 2nd March.

WESTERN DISTRICT PLAY-OFF ARRANGEMENTS

To comply with the play-off arrangements laid down by No. 1 T.C., the District Athletic Association held a meeting on Friday, 10th November. Since basketball and hockey are the only sports in which the district winner alone may compete at Command, ways of picking the district winner were discussed. In all the other sports listed above each station will send its representative to Toronto. In basketball, exhibition games will be played, with a tournament later in February deciding the district winner. Hockey will operate a complete schedule on St. Thomas arena ice.

CHANGE OF SPORTS LEADERSHIP

F/O Hull, who has guided the sports activities of this district since its inception in June, 1943, resigned at the last committee meeting. His successor is F/O Mike Sasone of T.T.S., who has been prominent in sporting circles for a good many years. Charlie McKeon, Y.M.C.A. representative at T.T.S., automatically replaces Hank Coleman as secretary. F/O Hull continues as convenor as representative on No. 1 T.C. Athletic Association.

A drunk watched a man enter a revolving door. As the door swung around, a pretty girl stepped out.

"Darned good trick," he muttered, "but I don't see how that guy changed his clothes so fast."

Father: "I'm going downstairs to throw daughter's young man out."

Mother: "Now, Dad, remember how we used to court."

Father: "Gosh, I never thought of that. Out he goes!"

The slowest thing in the world is a nudist going through a barbed wire fence.

New version of an old song: "I want a girl just like the girl who married Harry James."



SPORTS IN REVIEW

BASKETBALL By SGT. DOUGLAS

MONDAY, November 20th, started another session of intersectional sports at the local sports palace, carrying on from where they left off last year. All the teams seem to be trying to knock the Air Bombers out of first place, which they held throughout last season.

Starting the league off with a bang in basketball, the Senior NCO's and Officer Pilots played a whirlwind game for forty minutes with the score going first one way and then the other, with the Officers finally coming out on top. Starring for the Officers were P/O's Hogarth and Miller, exceptional at one-hand set shots and lay-up shots respectively. For the Senior NCO's, F/S Williams' quick break-aways and scoring punch, combined with Sgt. Grenon's one-hand shots, had a lot to do with the tying of the score almost to the last basket.

The second game featured two well-matched teams—Maintenance versus Officers Ground, with Officers Ground bringing home the bacon. F/O Hull's shots from around the foul line, combined with S/L Grant's team play and P/O Julien's ball handling and passing, tipped the scales when the score was tied. For Maintenance LAC Margetts, Vernes and Morton were the big thorns in the Officers' sides.

The final game for the first week between Air Bombers and WAG's was a one-sided affair, Air Bombers having much the better team and winning by a score of 30 to 10. For the WAG's, however, it can be said that when they get organized they will field a much better team and give stiffer competition. For the Air Bombers, LAC's Hamilton, Beauchamps and Thompson played a heady game and accounted for 18 of the points. While on the WAG's team, Brown, Wilson and Boyd turned in the star performances.

Officer Pilots and Maintenance opened the second week's competition with a thrilling game that went to the last half-second before a winner was declared. Marquetts scored the winning basket just before the final whistle, the final score being 30 to 28. Maintenance showed a decided improvement on team play from last week's game and improved their position in the league standing. An interesting feature of this game was again the one-hand shots of P/O's Hogarth and Miller, and LAC Marquetts for Maintenance, all of whom scored twelve points for their respective teams.

BOXING By F/S CLIFF RAINEY

ONCE again we are around to that time of year when boxing is one of our main sports. Consequently we are carefully checking all our new arrivals with an eye on their fistic abilities and are very pleased with our immediate prospects.

Since my arrival on this station a year and a half ago I have considered it a great privilege to be connected with the squared circle. In no other sport are the contestants more keen, more physically fit or finer sportsmen.

Many of you will remember some of our outstanding boxers, namely, LAC Doug Habill (Hammer), 147 lbs., on course as a WAG. Many critics prophesied a brilliant career for Doug in the ring, but he was quite willing to postpone that for a more important role behind a machine gun.

In January, 1943, Doug represented Fingal at the T.T.S. tournament and fought LAC Phillips, the T.T.S. entrant. The judges' decision was rather disappointing, Phillips winning the bout on points. However, a return match was arranged for our February 8th boxing show at Fingal, in which both contestants starred in the main event. In the second round there was no alternative but to stop the fight and award the decision to LAC Habill on a technical knockout over Phillips.

Another classy performer was LAC Lopez, hailing from Trinidad. In our March boxing show of '44, Lopez was matched with Sgt. Hindergass, R.A.F., from Crumlin, Ont. The fight came to an early conclusion when Lopez connected with a right hook to the jaw, winning with a technical knockout.

One of our new arrivals, LAC Walker, a tall, good-looking chap from Edinburgh, Scotland, weighing 180 lbs., looks as though he has plenty on the ball. Walker was with the U.S. Navy for the past year while going through training as a pilot and has competed in many Navy tournaments.

Also from Edinburgh, Scotland, weighing 150 lbs., we have LAC Clark Walker's team mate. We hope to see these boys in action in the near future.

At the present time we are waiting for a new ring, which we hope to have completed before this edition is published. We have the finest equipment and facilities any young pugilist could wish for. Just come down to the gym, and leave your name with the writer as we plan to have one boxing tournament per month.

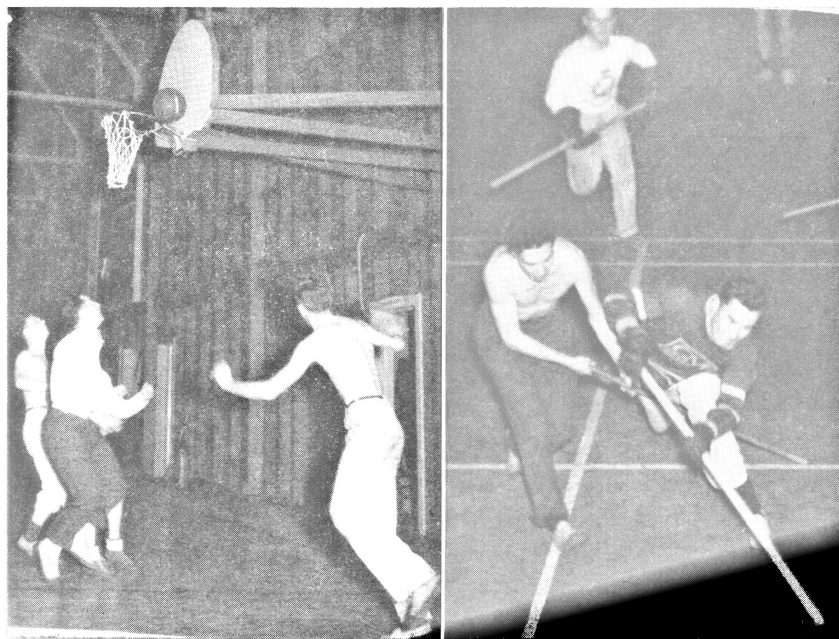
FLOOR HOCKEY By F/S BAULDRY

IF one should be casually walking or ambling by the drill hall these days, don't be alarmed to hear cries of pain, yelps of joy, lit him again, he scored, etc., for the days of floor hockey are with us once again.

As everyone knows by now, the schedule of inter-section sports competition is only just started, but we have already witnessed very fast and keen action.

Setting the pace in the hockey schedule we have those fighting Maintenance fiends, and when I say fighting I mean it. However, not to be outdone are the Officer Pilots, who are a pretty scrappy outfit themselves. But let's play hockey.

The Maintenance line looks like a Hurricane taking off when they



go into action (if I may use my imagination, but after all, what would a P.T. & D. instructor know about those things?)

By way of an announcement, starting Wednesday, December 1st, there will be a "floor hockey nite" with the winning team receiving the sum of \$1.00 per player. Anyone wishing to take part report to the NCO in charge each and every Wednesday evening thereafter.

Let's get behind this program and put it over with a bang.

Not to be forgotten are the Air Bombers, who are a real threat to all opposing teams.

ST. THOMAS OLD IN HISTORICAL BACKGROUND

Anglican Church, Located Near Approaches to City, Among
Oldest in District—Original Settlers Married There

By CPL. B. LOOSLEY

DISGRUNTLED R.A.F. who feel that they have seen quite enough of St. Thomas and its neighborhood, maybe somewhat cheered to learn that they are not the first British exiles the district has known. That redoubtable Irishman, Colonel Thomas Talbot, for whom St. Thomas is named, was himself an army man who served in Wellington's campaigns on the Continent. The "St." in the name was added, as an afterthought, for the sake of harmony and had nothing whatever to do with the disposition of the said Colonel, who was, on the contrary, renowned among the early settlers as a peppery martinet.

One of the most interesting buildings in St. Thomas is the old Church of England, whose spire can be seen among the trees, high on the hill to the right, as you come into the town from Fingal—that is, you can see it, if you haven't been jolted into a state of semi coma by one of the local charioteers. This church, too, has its military associations. The land on which it stands was the gift of Captain Daniel Rapalje, one of the original settlers in the district. Later, during the years 1838, 1839 and 1840, when St. Thomas was a garrison town, many a military wedding took place in the little church, in which stiff, scarlet uniformed, side-whiskered officers from far off England acquired brides from the nearby Canadian "wilderness." It was being done long before the present wave of R.A.F.!

The church is well worth a visit, even for those not contemplating matrimony! A small replica of an English parish church, it was built of bricks made in the valley below, and coated with rough cast mortar. At the iron entrance gates grows a

huge elm, which casts a cool shadow on the gravel path. The door is open—anyone can walk into the quaint interior at any time during the day. Standing by the dark old pews, in the dim colored light, it isn't at all difficult to imagine a

time when the church was used for services; filled with the subdued rustle of the "best black silk" of numerous local matrons, proud of their crinolines; enlivened here and there by the bright uniforms of the 32nd and the 85th, on garrison duty in Canada. Now there is only one memorial service in the year; but this is still an event of importance in the life of the modern town.

OUTSIDE, in the churchyard, are the graves of the founders of the town, the first settlers, whose bodies lie in the ground they wrested from the wilderness—Ernatingers, Drakes, Rapaljes and a host of other honored names. Here, too, is the tombstone commemorating a local legend, for whose authenticity the Observer cannot vouch.

In the early days, a certain Mr. Chisholm was captain of a lifeboat on Lake Erie. Once when a particularly violent storm lashed the lake, Chisholm was forced to launch his boat. Among his crew was a young boy, the only son of an old Irishwoman, who was on the shore when the boat was ready to put out into the stormy lake. She forbade her son to leave the land, but Captain Chisholm used his authority to force the lad to go with the others. Whereupon the old woman swore solemnly that if any harm came to her son, she would put the curse of Ireland upon Chisholm and his descendants forever. The young Irish boy was drowned, as his mother had feared. The ancient curse was invoked. One Chisholm was murdered; one was burned to death; another committed suicide; and the captain broke his neck.

One daughter seemed to have escaped the fate of the other Chisholms. Marrying a wealthy mine owner, she left St. Thomas to live

in the United States. But she made the fateful mistake of returning for a visit to her childhood home. Bound to do a thorough job, old Irish Mary reinvoked the curse. The young bride was killed in a train wreck on her way back to join her husband; his mine was mysteriously flooded with water and he died soon after, a poor and broken man. Within the space of five years all the Chisholms had died a violent death. Irish Mary's son was avenged. Elaboration and coincidence may play a part in the legend, but do not be bold enough to suggest this to the citizens. After all, St. Thomas likes a good story as well as any other town in Canada!

AND so the old church stands, slightly apart from the main street, individual and unique. It is a part of our Canadian heritage. Anyone interested enough in us and in our history can learn a great deal about Canada and Canadians from a visit to a building like this. But very few of us get any further than the "Talbot" or the G.C.—for those who do, the door of St. Thomas' historic church is always open.

INTER-SECTION SPORT

The success enjoyed by our inter-section sports program last winter encouraged us to use the same three sports (basketball, floor hockey, volleyball) for this winter's competition. This year the games are being played at three-thirty in the afternoon. The sections, similar to last year, are as follows:

Sr. NCO's
Maintenance
Officer Pilots
Officers Non-Pilots
Air Bombers
Wags.

Sgt. Douglas of the P.T.I. staff is in charge of the basketball part of the program, Sgt. Young the volleyball, and F/S Bauldry looks after floor hockey. These three instructors have written their impression of the games played to date which will be found on this page.

TOURNAMENT NIGHTS—PRIZES

SOMETHING new, something different—a tournament in the drill hall every night. That is what our new sports program calls for.

With inter-section sports now taking place in the afternoon the drill hall is not the hive of activity in the evening that we would like to see. To correct this situation, a tournament will be conducted every evening, starting at 1900 hours. The schedule is as follows:

Monday: Basketball.
Tuesday: Volleyball.
Wednesday: Floor hockey.
Thursday: Badminton
(doubles).

Table tennis (doubles).

These tournaments are for men only. Teams may enter on the night of the competition. No substitutes are allowed. Each member of the winning team will receive a canteen chit valued at \$1.00.

DISCUSSION GROUPS PROVE POPULAR

Recent Inauguration of Discussion Groups Amongst Main-tenance Groups Well Received By Personnel

DURING the past seven months a program of "Current Affairs" for groundcrew has been conducted on the station. These have consisted chiefly of educational films and talks on the war or other current problems by local or guest speakers. The purpose behind the program was to provide the opportunity for a more intelligent understanding of the war and what we are fighting for. The interest aroused by the program has varied considerably with different speakers and films, but on the whole it is felt that the effort was well worth while. A person could not help but be impressed by such films as "The Battle of Britain," "The Battle of Russia," "Victory Through Air Power" or by such speeches as those given by Dr. Talmann, Major Maine and others. It has been said, however, that some of our local speakers such as F/O Ted McWhinney and F/O Phil Truman would be difficult to surpass.

During recent weeks, however, it has been noted that for obvious reasons the centre of interest in current affairs has been shifting from the war itself to post-war problems. Although it is realized, or should be realized, that the war has not yet been won, and that a tremendous effort is still required, yet the imminence of return to "civilian" life for so many Air Force personnel has resulted in a natural increase of interest in the problems of civilian life. With this thought in mind, and with the active co-operation of the Commanding Officer, Chief Engineer, Officer and others, a number of discussion group leaders have been selected to lead in the discussion of topics that should be of interest and value to service personnel, both from the viewpoint of personal interests and the viewpoint of being responsible, well informed citizens of a democratic society.

To date the small discussion group idea for groundcrew has been carried out only with main-tenance personnel, where approximately two hundred men have been divided into nine groups, each of which meets every Wednesday afternoon under a different leader. At the time of writing the plan has been in operation for four weeks, and the results achieved, as indicated by both group leaders and group members, have been so encouraging that it is hoped it will soon be possible to extend the plan to other sections.

The group leaders who have taken part in who plan to take part are:

W/C Swenson—Post War Aviation.
F/O Gaudin—Public Health.
F/L McWhinney—Post Employment.
F/L Main—Public Health.
F/L Hup—Position of Slave in Post War World.
F/L Kline—Canadian Contributions.

MONTE CARLO NIGHT AT FINGAL



W/C Swenson—Post War Aviation. F/O Gaudin—Public Health. F/L McWhinney—Post Employment. F/L Main—Public Health. F/L Hup—Position of Slave in Post War World. F/L Kline—Canadian Contributions.

CHALLENGE TO GOVERNMENT SEEN IN RESULTS OF POLL

Observer Reports Results of February Questionnaire, Which Attracted Nation-Wide Attention

By THE EDITORS OF THE FINGAL OBSERVER

IS TODAY'S airman tomorrow's forgotten man? What, dear friends, is going to happen to us the moment the war is over?

In a station-wide poll, the first of its kind conducted on an RCAF station, the Editors of the Observer set out to find the answers to these and kindred questions.

More than 400 airmen and women were returned by men and women in all trades—aircrew, maintenance, headquarters, freighters, hospital—enough certainly to give a fair cross-section of Fingal.

Here are the results. Draw your own conclusions.

Yes	No
1. Would you like to remain in the service after the war?	175 45%
2. Would you like to remain in the service until you have:	
a. a wife to take care of you?	425 45%
b. a home to live in?	355 45%
3. Have you a job to go to right now?	355 45%
4. Do you know what type of job to do after the war?	355 45%
5. Do you want to go back to work?	355 45%
6. Have you a clear knowledge of the plan the government has in mind for you?	355 45%
7. Do you think that after the war all airmen should be turned into unemployed men?	355 45%

It is not hard to see why the matter. Elsewhere in this issue the Observer has summarized what those in uniform may expect from the government after the war.

To continue with the poll results, the Observer found that by far the largest group, 49 per cent, want to work for themselves when they are demobilized. An even 30 per cent want to go back to school, 15 per cent would return to their old jobs, and the smallest group, 13 per cent, want to work for someone else.

Uncertainty as to the future was reflected in answers to Question 2: "Would you like to remain in the service until you have a job to go to?" Apparently willing to accept governmental patronage—though the overwhelming majority didn't care for the service as a permanent career—52 per cent said yes. Although such a plan has not even been reached, the Observer felt it would be interesting to point out that 13 per cent of those who said they would like to remain in the service until they had a job to go to.

Most revealing were the answers to Question 3: "Have you a clear knowledge of the plan the government has in mind for you?" Only seven per cent answered yes, despite the fact that Canada, according to no less an authority than Fortune magazine, "is very far ahead of the field with a clear-cut official statement of the demobilization commitments which she has legally accepted as a part of the contract with her soldiers."

If only seven out of 100 airmen and women know what Canada has promised them in the way of rehabilitation, it seems to us that it's time for some publicity to the

PHOTO SECTION NEWS

WE at the photo section are usually silent partners of the Observer staff—however, the literary eye has again turned its wily head.

Enough has been said previously of our various darkroom techniques. However, they are improving, aren't they, boys? Take, for example, the particularly good results with the miles of camera gun film recently. Gensery Flight might be interested in the fact that they received almost eleven miles of film last month. And if they could have heard the conversations that were carried on in the dark they would have been surprised.

Everything was covered, from what a cute niece "Gale" has to how to raise children (the voices of inexperience)—then on to discharges, amusements, and consoled. When things get really comical, some one starts to sing right now the Christmas carols are kept and "Good King Wenceslaus" the favorite. In fact we are threatening to serenade the double-decker barracks some night soon.

We all enjoy doing pictures for the Observer and even though they are on up to the standard of "Lac" maybe some day we will be famous and then you will be able to say: "My, Baby, Vicky, Ruth, Gale or Doris took my picture when she was a WD (weekly date) at Fingal." Remember the time when...

Yes, it will be nice to reminisce of Air Force days. BEST WISHES to you all from the photo staff for a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year in civilian life.

Gather your kinsies while you may. For time brings only sorrow. The girls who are so free today. Are chaperons tomorrow.

war all stations should be turned into universities to train you for civilian jobs. Opinion was fairly evenly divided here, with 38 per cent favoring the suggestion and 41 per cent against.

THE Spirit of Christmas

By F/L C. E. MULLIGAN

A FEW hours ago a captain, two flying officers and three corporals met to organize a Children's Party to mark our "official observance" of Christmas. The whole effort was designed to please the youngsters of our station personnel—for Christmas is certainly their day.

It's a long time since people started to honor St. Nicholas. Then his day was December 18th—just a week before our date of Christmas—and he was the generous patron of children. Happily his day and the memory of his goodness has now been joined in celebration of the birthday of the Divine Child Himself, Christ—our Emmanuel—God's priceless gift to humankind.

We all want to spread happiness at Christmas time. We want to give our universal good-will—we go "all out" for it, but why should this all evaporate so soon after "Ho, Ho, Ho?"

The world and Canada need a concerted effort on good will. No, we do not mean the shoddy, superficial, offering spirit of the service clubs' official good fellowship; we mean the genuine, deep and genuine brand that adored Christ in the manger of Bethlehem and even today finds Him again in poor, befuddled, sad, and, tragically-sadened humans.

POOR, helpless, weak babyhood appeals to us all and usually effectively. Humans in spite of their sophistication are, in the mass, naive, helpful and weak. Such need and indeed deserve our affectionate consideration as a program of life.

This may well be the last Christmas we RCAF people, the joined masses, have together in uniform unity. We have tumbled and driven over many an arduous bump on our way to

M. T. News and Views

WITH Father LAC Politt travelling the North Stage route, while a while out over a dog team for the Transport and Post Office, the great champion courier team of Hedges, Politt has been disbanded. However, the Motor Transport crew is forever.

We wonder whether Cpl. Brillotte will be able to find the correct the boys want to use "you know the one next to the other one hanging beside the hammer—Oh what's the use—let it get it myself, thanks."

We have Sgt. Faulkner back again from a course at Berks in Windsor all ready to blow his top at LAC Pearce in the Work Shop. Look out, Pearce, the only triple mechanic left.

How does Clements like it back at dear old Fingal? After being on his way once (too bad).

Even if LAC Ferguson is fed up, he is still driving Gas Tenders and doing a good job of it.

We wonder if anyone ever thinks of every day as the luck and call of all in all kinds of weather? The backbone of the station? You have to hand it to the Transport—being you is, we bring in your clothes and we are glad to take you out—just get the OK from WOB Bean and you're had it.

STONALLER Tapped in the Morse key. Tapping through the wire. Brevity eyes of wrong black tea. Staking up the fire. Listening for a light. Watching for a light.

De, dit, dah, the code spills out. With an even pace. De, dit, dah, another phrase. De, dit, dah, another phrase. De, dit, dah, another phrase.

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WIRELESS SECTION AT FINGAL RATED TOPS

Staff of Operators and Technical Men Equivalent to Those on Operational Stations—Service Tops

By LAC J. CORFE

TO be able to peer ahead into the future has been the dream of mankind since the beginning of time. The few far-sighted men who could look far enough ahead to visualize the development of air travel, could scarcely be expected to foresee its companion development, radio communication.

In these years of war and stimulated air transportation, wireless has become such a vital and important factor that hardly a single aircraft, whether it be fighter, bomber or trainer, leaves the ground without equipment for the provision of Radio Talk or Wireless Telegraphy (Morse).



HEY!

During the initial stages of the war, the Royal Canadian Air Force became acutely aware of the increased importance of wireless. This was increased during the heroic Battle of Britain, in which radio played such an important part that it is claimed by those in good authority that the battle would have been lost had it not been for the extremely complex Radar and Fighter Control system that existed in England. Indeed, radio became the basis for the preservation of lives and property.

In that interval, thousands have been trained in the air force for operating jobs and the more skilled tasks requiring exact technical knowledge of wireless equipment.

Anyone of an inquiring mind here in Fingal would then ask: "Have we a staff of operators and technical men on this station that are equivalent to those on operational stations?" And the answer is, of course: We have a Wireless Section at Fingal which employs about sixteen wireless mechanics or WM's. The WM's are those who maintain and install wireless equipment and naturally their knowledge of the subject must be of a greatly advanced nature. Generally it may be stated that the wireless mechanic's course is the longest of any in the Air Force and this may be understood if we stop to consider the very technical nature and the extreme variance from almost any other type of learning that goes with radio work.

However, let us take an informal look at the Wireless Section at Fingal as it stands today.

As in most trades, the work is slackening off as training becomes less and less. The weather hasn't helped any lately, either. But this doesn't damp the spirit of the WM very much and we may see him swinging across the hangar, his headset around his neck, his needle-nose pliers and small screwdriver clutched in one hand. His name may be McKay, Fulton, Horrobin, Beammer, Book, Charlton, Carnell, Lucas, Nichol or Corfe. He may be short, tall, medium fair

or dark. It doesn't matter. He will have the same general appearance regardless. He hails from the same alma mater . . . Number One Wireless School.

VERY frequently you will hear the WM's talking amongst themselves of the happy days spent in Wireless School in Montreal, where all manner of things that were desirable existed in large quantities. But that is in the past. What is the Wireless Mechanic's job in the present?

Primarily, he is concerned with the perfect operation of radio equipment under his charge. There is a surprising amount of it to be considered. Almost every aircraft carries a transmitter and receiver, and failing that, they are wired for intercommunication between all members of the crew. The WM must make certain that each individual piece of equipment is functioning with the utmost efficiency. Sometimes he even manages to do that.

In charge of the Workshops part of the Wireless Station is "The Whip" (as he is affectionately known to all). Properly called Flight Sergeant Britton, he wields an authoritative and capable hand over the WM's. He knows as much about the work as anyone will ever need to know and can do a repair job that would take a "C" Group man all day, in a few seconds.

The Wireless Section has also usurped a spot in Number Two Hangar to provide for two subdivisions: Wireless Servicing and Wireless Ground Installations. In the place of anyone more capable, LAC "Nick" Nichol has taken command of the situation in Servicing. Nick is one of the more interesting WM's, although he claims that they are all "nuts," and finds relaxation in crossword puzzles and reading such literature as "The D.A. Strikes Back."

Corporal "Horace" Height is in charge of Ground Installations. Horace is newly returned from overseas, where the job he was doing was much different to that which he now does. We like to talk to him about overseas doings; it gives us a feeling of being in touch with the war. Corporal Ingram believes in starting things at an early age and he is already giving his daughter a few practical hints about radio. "You can never tell . . ." he says. We call Corporal Ingram "Buck" from the

Hollywood at Fingal

Saturday, December 16th—"Canterville Ghost."

Monday, December 18th—"Shine On, Harvest Moon."

Wednesday, December 20th—"No Greater Love."

Saturday, December 23rd—"Between Two Worlds."

Monday, December 25th—To be listed later.

Wednesday, December 27th—"Ghost Catchers."

Saturday, December 30th—"Make Your Own Bed."

word "buckshee." Can you guess why?

Brooding over the whole thing in their eyrie situated on the second floor of the Control Tower are F/O Chisolm (now retired), WO2 Robinson ("Robbie"). The major hasn't been with us very long, but as soon as he appeared here he set things humming. Mr. Chisolm knows what he score is, too, and can put a mean hand to work on any type of radio equipment, especially car radios (usually his own, which by now should be a wonderful contraption of about 300 miles of wire and 50 pounds of solder).

Amongst the few we haven't given special mention is one Dave Sapurgia, LAC. Few of us can claim as much practical and theoretical knowledge as he possesses. Whenever we are in doubt about something dealing with the practical side of radio, you may hear: "Ask Dave." He usually has an answer, too.

AFTER this war is over, remember the tradesman with sparks on his sleeve and buy his pencils or plaster-of-paris war memorials when he comes to your door. Chances are he has retired his soldering iron and has turned to a more profitable and relaxing occupation.



Vital Statistics

BORN

A daughter, Donna Marie, to Sgt. and Mrs. D. J. Truan.
A son, James Brian, to Cpl. and Mrs. J. M. Sowler.
A son, Brian Raymond, to Sgt. and Mrs. R. H. Cormier.
A daughter, Gail Eleanor, to LAC and Mrs. R. C. Trotter.
A daughter, Ruby Dianne, to F/O and Mrs. L. R. Donaldson.
A daughter, Elaine Margaret, to LAC and Mrs. J. D. Chalmers.
A daughter, Elizabeth Ruth, to LAC and Mrs. D. R. Stewart.
A daughter, Donna Marie, to LAC and Mrs. J. Ramsay.
A daughter, Sue Anne Rose, to LAC and Mrs. R. A. Harrison.
A daughter, Gail Patricia, to LAC and Mrs. P. L. Diamond.
A son, Karl Arthur Joseph, to F/S and Mrs. A. S. Goodwin.
A daughter, Judith Marilyn, to AC1 and Mrs. C. E. Noel.

MARRIED

F/S E. J. Trotter to Mary Anne Adlys, at Toronto, Ontario, on November 11th.
LAC R. S. Rosenberg to Esther Shaner, at Montreal, Quebec, on November 5th.
F/O J. B. Cummings to Lucille Paullette, at St. Thomas, Ontario, on November 1st.
LAW L. P. Hearn to Pte. Kenneth Stanley Schultz, at St. Thomas, Ontario, on October 30th.
LAC J. Gordon to Ruth Catharine Ahlers, at Toronto, Ontario, on October 24th.
P/O D. G. Barclay to Hazel Iris Mercer, at St. Thomas, Ontario, on October 28th.
LAC P. D. Hansen to Ruby Pauline Core, at Maudamin, Ontario, on October 20th.

ROMANIAN INTERLUDE

The scene is a train compartment in Romania. The characters: a German officer, a Romanian officer, an old lady and an attractive young girl.

The train enters a tunnel. The passengers hear first a kiss, then a vigorous slap. The train emerges into the light again. Everyone remains silent, but the German officer has a black eye.

The old lady thinks: "What a good girl she is, such good manners, such a fine moral character."

The young girl thinks: "Isn't it strange that the German tried to kiss the old lady and not me?"

The German thinks: "That Romanian is a smart fellow—he steals a kiss and I get hit."

The Romanian thinks: "I am a brilliant fellow. I kiss the back of my hand, hit a German officer and get away with it."

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.'"

MAINT. REMEMBERS FINGAL WAY BACK WHEN . . .

The Good Old Days of Mud and Water As Seen Hhrough the Eyes of Maintenance

The author of this little article had just returned from a forty-eight, and while wondering whether it was worth it, standing in the doorway of the canteen building, he saw a lighted cigar approaching him. Ordinarily a lighted cigar is nothing in anybody's life, but no one seemed to be carrying this one. The cigar was headed for the canteen door.

Being a naturally polite person, the author stepped aside. The lighted cigar addressed him:

"Howya doing, pal?"

The author said: "Very well, thank you."

The lighted cigar said: "Well, let's not be formal. Our futures are inextricably bound together."

The author said: "What does inextricably mean?"

The lighted cigar said: "Well, I don't rightly know. But you'll find out."

At this point the author noticed that there was something vaguely wrong with the figure holding the cigar. He did not seem quite substantial. He was standing in front of a sign. The part of the sign to his left said, "Bottle must not . . ." The last word of the sign seemed to be "canteen." But the startling point of the business was that the author could see the rest of the sign, the part in between. It said: "Be taken from the." In fact, the author in a fuzzy sort of a way could see right through the guy.

"Look, old pal," he said, "I think I can see right through you. Do you know of any good reason for that?"

The cigar hesitated for a moment. Then it said: "Let's step outside. These lights hurt my eyes."

We stepped out and walked towards Hangar Six.

"You might as well know now as any other time," he said, "that you're stuck. Our futures are inextricably . . . what is that word?"

I said "inextricably."

He—or it—said, "a good word, isn't it? I'll make a note of it. However, it happens every year. Every time the Christmas edition of the Fingal Observer comes out. But this year I will be here to help you."

"Help me with what?" I asked. "Well," said the cigar, "we might as well get this over with right now. I am a ghost."

"You can't be," I said. "I don't believe in ghosts. Therefore you are not. I may be able to see through you. But I don't think you are there, you are not there. That's all there is to it."

"Hegelian philosophy," the ghost remarked. "German philosophy. Just the thing we are fighting against."

"I still don't believe in ghosts," I said, a bit huffy.

"Nonsense," the half visible holder of the cigar said. "I remember when you were in reform school. You had to study 'Macbeth' whether you liked it or not."

Shakespeare had a ghost in that. He had a ghost in "Hamlet" too, if I remember correctly. If he recognized ghosts, who are you to doubt? Are you a greater mind than Shakespeare?"

"Leaving that aside," I began.

"Leaving that aside, nothing," he interrupted. "Consider Charles Dickens — highly considered as a writer, I believe. He had a ghost in 'The Christmas Carol.' Pretty well accepted by the general public."

As we got farther away from the lights in front of the canteen I noticed that my companion was becoming slightly more solid — or at least more visible. I could even see that he seemed to be an elderly — if not definitely old — man in an air force uniform. I noticed "props" on his sleeve. Despite his age, he did not look like the kind of a guy you would willingly trust your young sister with. His face seemed to have a perpetual leer on it.

"Speaking of Dickens," he said, "have you ever read his letters? He was pretty hot stuff. Pretty sexy."

"Look, old pal," I said. "Let's get this straight. Who are you? Or why are you? Or why—if you are a ghost—are you manifesting yourself at this time?"

"I see," he said, "it is time you learned the facts of life. I myself used the term 'ghost' some time back, but it is a very inexact term. I prefer to consider myself an extoplasmic exudation — what I might call, more aptly, an extoplasmic representation of a spirit that is one hundred per cent air force. I am, in fact, the official historian of Maintenance at Fingal."

While he made this statement, he had drawn himself up and had achieved a kind of pathetic dignity.

CAMERAS—Do You Want One?

FOR many weeks now, we have received numerous inquiries from station personnel questioning us on where they could obtain a camera.

Since the daily edition is no longer published and though we do not publish advertising in any form, a contact has been procured for station personnel to take advantage of the latest types of cameras and equipment, just the minute they are released in the very near future.

A new mail order camera business has been formed by service personnel. They have guaranteed No. 1 priority to members of the armed forces.

Here are some of the items which should be available first:

Movie cameras, projectors and film roll film 35mm, and view cameras, exposure metres and enlargers.

You may get your name on this list by contacting

Sgt. Jack Stoddart in No. 1 Hangar,

or if you forget and are posted, write:

"Cameras-By-Mail,"
Box 35,
Shelburne, Ont.

The leer had almost gone from his face.

"That is all very well," I said. "But you said you are a ghost. There are no ghosts on the strength at Fingal. Therefore you are not. How do you explain that?"

From under his tunic he produced a copy of C.A.P. 12 75. He flipped it open and said: "Read Section 12, Sub-section 36."

AS far as I could see in the poor light, the sub-section said:

"In case of an apparent wherever when together, Section 4, Section 8, shall apply but if previously recommended as not taking place

(Continued on page 14)

Fingal Fliers Are Decorated

Distinguished Flying Cross

P/O JOSEPH JEAN CHARLES
URBALD MASSE, 425 Squadron, RCAF.

"Throughout a tour of operational duty as air gunner, Pilot Officer Masse has consistently displayed outstanding initiative and a fine fighting spirit. On a recent sortie he was rear gunner of an aircraft which was hit and damaged by enemy fire. As a result of violent evasive action the elevators were rendered unserviceable and the aircraft went out of control. The door leading to the rear turret was jammed but Pilot Officer Masse managed to force his way through. Control having been temporarily regained, this officer then succeeded in locating the defective control rod and with the assistance of the flight engineer the damage was repaired. By his coolness and presence of mind Pilot Officer Masse contributed in good measure to the safe return of the aircraft."

P/O REGINALD JACK BOOTH,
100 Squadron, RAF.

"Throughout two hours of operational duty Pilot Officer Booth has displayed exceptional keenness and skill. On many occasions his alert and resolute attention to duty have contributed largely to the safety of aircraft and crew. His fine record of achievement is most praiseworthy."

F/L JOHN SINCLAIR GORDON,
645 Squadron, RAF.

F/L ERNEST RAYMOND HENRY,
109 Squadron, RAF.

F/O REGINALD GEORGE CONRAD,
166 Squadron, RAF.

F/O RONALD McLELLAND GIRVAN,
100 Squadron, RAF.

F/O ADOLPHE ANTOINE HENRI
JULES NOEL ANDRE DUCHESNAY,
10 Squadron, RAF.

"In air operations this officer has displayed skill, courage and devotion to duty of the highest order."

Bar to Distinguished Flying Cross

F/L COLIN ARTHUR SINCLAIR
DREW, D.F.C. (RAFVR), 83 Squadron, RAF.

"Throughout his tour of operations this officer has achieved a splendid record. On one occasion, in spite of adverse weather and his aircraft being engaged by heavy enemy fire, six runs were made over the target. Flight Lieutenant Drew was satisfied with the accuracy of his aim. His enthusiasm and unflinching determination to complete his duty makes this officer invaluable to his squadron."

Distinguished Service Order

F/L HUGH BURNS HAY,
692 Squadron, RAF.

"This officer has participated in a very large number of sorties, involving attacks on a wide variety of enemy targets. He has invariably displayed a high standard of courage and resolution. He has rendered much loyal and devoted service."

Distinguished Flying Medal

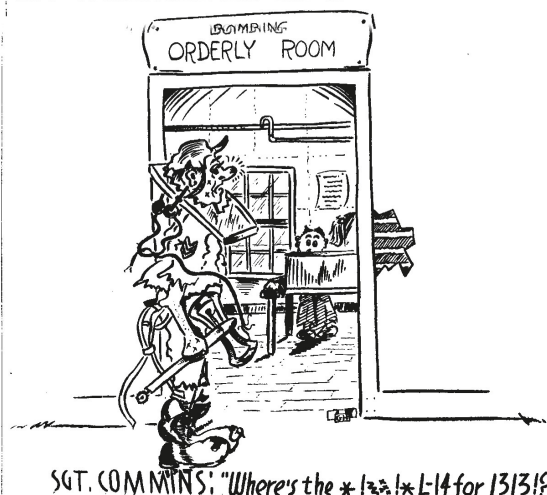
FLT. SGT. KEITH DE HAVILLAND
HAMBLIN, 463 Squadron, RCAF.

"This airman has taken part in numerous sorties and has invariably displayed a high standard of skill and devotion to duty. In June, 1944, he was the air bomber in an aircraft detailed to attack a well defended target in Germany. When nearing the target area the aircraft was struck by shrapnel. Sergeant Hamblin was badly wounded in the leg. Despite this he remained at his post and continued to advise his captain throughout a successful bombing run. Not until the aircraft was well clear of the target area did he inform his captain of his injury. First aid was then administered and he afterwards insisted on fulfilling his duties until the English coast was sighted. His courage and fortitude were most commendable."

A civilian who wasn't quite able to distinguish an officer's rank by insignia was conversing with a group captain. Several times he called him wing commander, then, as if not sure, he asked: "You are a wing commander, aren't you?"

"Well," said the group captain, slightly amused, "I was once, but I'm not any more."

"That's too bad," consoled the civilian. "Was it women or liquor?"



MAINT. REMEMBERS

(Continued from page 13)

in Paragraph Six standing shall be as heretofore stated."

I read it several times but it always came out approximately the same.

"It doesn't seem to make sense at all," I said. "I certainly don't see anything in it that puts a ghost officially on strength."

"You are a comparative newcomer," my new found acquaintance commented. "You will find that many sections of C.A.P. don't seem to make sense but that is the air force for you. You will find, however, that I am the official historian of Maintenance. You'll find out."

While he was talking, the extoplasmic exudation seemed to be becoming more solid. I saw a LAW hurrying down the road. As she passed abreast of my spooky friend he reached out and patted her on the back. Even on a dark road that might have been all right, but his pat was so low on the back that it was practically an assault. The LAW leaped like a startled gazelle. I turned to look reprovingly at the self-styled historian of Maintenance. He had completely disappeared. The LAW gave me a glare that would have stopped a Panzer division in its tracks with enough ice left over to cool the fires of youth.

As the LAW disappeared up the road, the extoplasmic exudation began again to become apparent.

"If you make a habit of doing things like that you would be a good guy to stay away from," I said.

"You know what the prophet said about 'Joys of the spirit,'" he said with an evil grin. "This is one spirit that enjoys himself."

"A good guy to stay away from," I commented.

"Well, you won't," he said. "You'll get to know me better. Just call me 'Spook.' LAC Spook, if you want to be formal."

He disappeared.

The next morning the author was called to the glass house.

"I understand you are a writer," said F/L Pennells.

I admitted I could write.

"You can read too, I believe," said Mr. Pennells.

With modest pride, I admitted I could read.

The statement was well received. "So he can both read and write, the ideal man for the job," said Mr. Pennells. "Mr. Post, explain to him what is wanted."

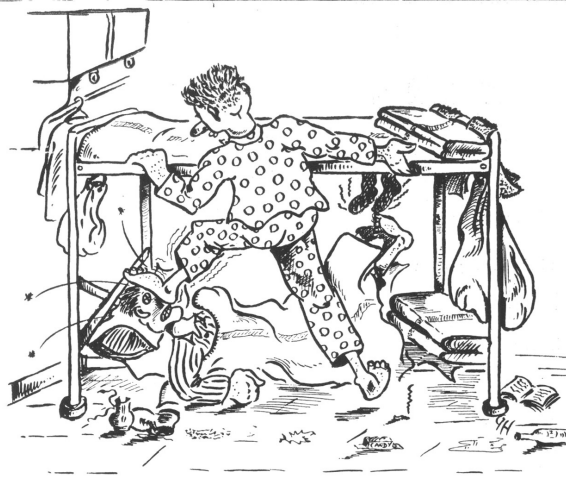
Flight Sergeant Post explained that something about Maintenance should be prepared for the Christmas edition of the Fingal Observer.

"We don't know just what they want," he said. "It's something about Maintenance. We don't know how much they want, either. It may be either 500 words or 50,000 words. Now do a good job on it."

Outside the glass house, I found LAC Spook waiting for me. He was still smoking a cigar. He grinned.

"Don't worry," he said. "You're the only person who can see me. Maybe you're mental. I understand you are going to help me do a his-

(Continued on page 16)



CLASS DIS-TINK-SHUN

By SGT. K. P. JENSEN

WHEN it comes to beefin' . . . now don't get me wrong . . . I'm not the beefin' kind because I can take as much of the guff as the next guy an' (if the weather isn't bad) mebbe a little more. When the weather is bad the ol' joints begin to ache, see? That's why I'm using a lower bunk and that's how I know there are two classes of guys in this set-up: upper bunkers and lower bunkers.

I got it on pretty good authority that a buy who sleeps in an upper bunk has a much better chance of gettin' his commission on account he is so used to climbing over other guys.

Now let's call in on my top-story neighbor. He is just an average upper-bunker—the Tarzan type—and he scares the linin' daylight outa me every time he makes a leap for his top perch. Some day he's gonna miss and land on his snoot.

I call him Joe when I am polite . . . so let me tell you a little about Joe and it will be the same as telling all about the upper-bunkers you will ever meet.

I am sittin' on the edge of my slumber pit last night readin' in the paper how the Maple Leafs is a cinch for the cup, when the bunk takes a lurch to port an' I am sittin' on the floor with the paper wrapped around my neck like a sultan's turban. That's Joe doin' his crash dive. I get settled back once more readin' the news on the bombin' of Berlin when . . .

WHAM! Something swooshes through my paper, takin' out the last three pages I am readin'. It is just a service boot that Joe is lettin' down for the night. I swing over to the other side of the bunk to miss the second one and get there just in time to get it right on the noggin . . . an' if you think those boots aren't heavy, you want to get one on the bean sometime!

I am just gettin' settled agin, readin' some receipts on the cookin' page (which is about all there is left of the paper) when I

smell something. It is like a mixture of rags burning and the cole slaw we get in the mess hall. But I know it isn't, because what's stickin' into my left eye isn't exactly a bunch of raw carrots. It's Joe's feet danglein'.

SO I figger I better climb in bed, an' if I can forget where I am, mebbe I can get some sleep. So I close the ol' peepers, and start counting sergeants jumpin' over cliffs when I feel something like I want to sneeze. I open my eyes. For a moment I think that it's just snowin', then I realize that it's just Joe bangin' the ashes off his cigarette. So I pull the horse blanket over my head and hope for the best.

Joe suddenly decides that he has to go somewhere in a hurry an' he hops down, usin' my bunk as a stepping stone, planting his big foot right in my face and rippin' the pillow case with his toe nail.

And that is only a start. Other things he includes in his repertoire are: trampin' on my clean linen with his dirty boots on; hanging his socks on the underside of the upper spring and tossin' orange peelin's down my neck. One thing I gotta give him credit for is being a clean kind of guy. He always tests his socks every evening to see if they need washing. He tosses them at the ceiling and if they come down they are okay for another day, but if they stick there they need washing.

BUT I do get mad! Now, like I said before, I'm not a guy to beef, an' besides that he weighs two hundred pounds to my one hundred and sixty. But if they find that guy fit for a casualty list some fine morning you'll also find that I'm on the posting list the night before. Which reminds me . . . the usual gag is to ask a guy for a match when he has two kit bags over each shoulder and a bed roll under one arm and with a couple of coat hangers full of clothes.

Yes, sir, life in the service isn't all a bed of roses . . . especially if the bed happens to be a lower bunk.

Flash

WO2 Ben Sugarman, ex-editor of Observer, now on "civv street."



Remember last year's Christmas cover—here it is again. Santa let Cpl. Rita Brulotte of the M.T. Section down this year and didn't post her overseas. Please, Santa, how about it?

A Merry Christmas

Dear Friends:

As you read through this Christmas issue of the Fingal Observer, you will, no doubt, already have made plans for your Christmas or New Year's leave. It is truly a joyous time of the year—full of expectant hope of joining with your loved ones for the greatest time of all the year—Christmas.

It would be impossible for Gene McReynolds and myself to personally wish everyone on the station "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year," so we wish to take this opportunity of conveying our wishes to you all. Although I myself have been here but a short time, you have certainly made me feel that Friendly Fingal is a home to me, and my only hope is that this "home" won't be broken up too soon.

We wish also to thank you on behalf of the YMCA organization for the splendid co-operation we have had from all personnel on the station in our work here—it is indeed a privilege and a pleasure. Once again, then, a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year with the best of luck throughout 1945.

Gene McReynolds
and Hank Coleman,
"Y" Staff.

The most impossible things in the world are some of the people in it.

He: "I'm practice."
She: "I'm perfect."

WEDDINGS of FINGALITES

Rosenberg—Shaner

On November 5, at the home of the bride, the wedding of LAC Ralph Rosenberg of the Accounts Section and Miss Esther Shaner of Montreal took place.

The bride wore a street-length dress of heavy fuchsia crepe trimmed with sequins and a coronet of pale blue feathers with veil. She carried a Bible with an orchid bouquet and pale blue streamers. She was attended by her aunt, Mrs. Bessie Shulman. The groom was attended by her aunt, Mrs. Bessie Shulman. The groom was attended by his brother-in-law, Mr. Alex Shulman.

A reception followed, attended by many friends and relatives. Following the reception the bride and groom left on a wedding trip to Los Angeles, California.

Barclay—Mercer

At the Centre Street Baptist Church, St. Thomas, on October 28, the wedding took place between AW1 Hazel Iris Mercer of Training Wing and F/O Don Barclay of Bombing Flight, Padre Vic Hall officiating.

The bride wore a street length dress of black velvet trimmed with white lace and matching accessories. She was attended by AW1 Jean Brigham, who wore a grey crepe dress with matching brown accessories and carried a nosegay of red roses and baby's breath. The groom was attended by F/O H. A. Gilbert.

Following the ceremony the bride and groom left on a wedding trip to Eastern Ontario.

WATCHA KNOW, JOE?

Time to dust off the cerebellum and prove that alongside of you Aristotle was only a piker. Now if, at 10 points per correct answer, you hit 100 in the below listed mental Olympics, you aren't so far wrong. We aren't betting against you but — anyway, one thornless laurel wreath if you get over 80. On the other hand, we don't want to set you up as proof that Darwin wasn't wrong either, so stay above 60.

1. What ancient toy operates on the basic principle of the aeroplane?
2. The skin of what animal is known as Hudson seal?
3. What nation first colonized Nova Scotia?
4. On what ocean is the easterly end of the Panama Canal?
5. What was the "German Gibraltar" in the North Sea?
6. What is the temperature under the blankets of the quintuplets?
7. In a pipe organ, do the long or short pipes produce the high notes?
8. Where would you go to see a horse opera?
9. What is the only musical instrument represented on a national flag?
10. What berry has its seeds on the outside?

(Answers on page 16)

F/S Rainey says: "If you know of a one-legged hockey player, I know where he can get a cheap skate."

Wedding Bells



F/O AND MRS. DON BARCLAY

U.S. Occupied Germany Becomes Laboratory for Military Rule

By Camp Newspaper Service

The "fingernail" of German territory now held by American troops is serving as a laboratory where military government officers are learning, by practical experience, many lessons which will prove useful when much more of the enemy's country comes under our rule.

The occupied territory of Germany over which Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower now rules begins on a flat, windmill-dotted plain northeast of the little Dutch town of Sittard and extends southward beyond ruined Aachen.

This occupied Germany had 250,000 population before the Nazis began evacuating it. Probably fewer than 50,000 are left. Its predominant population today is the American Army, which doesn't regard itself at the moment as an army of occupation, but as an army poised for further invasion.

That fact conditions the character of the military government. Its temporary regime is in the area of active military movement. It is under German shellfire by day; German bombs fall on it at night. Tanks and anti-tank guns are dug into potato fields. Important artillery emplacements may be camouflaged in sugar beet fields.

German civilians live in what Lewis Gannett, of the New York

Herald Tribune, a front-line correspondent, has called a "Teutonic Ghetto." They are not permitted to stand and talk in the streets. Throughout most of the region they are permitted in the streets only on certain hours of the day. In one area, for instance, it is between noon and 1300, when housewives do their shopping. Farm workers are permitted to go to the fields at dawn, but must return by 1730. Only the American-appointed mayor, doctor, priest and town policeman have permits good at any daylight hour.

Each house bears on its door a placard listing the inhabitants, their occupations and ages.

In each of the 20-odd towns in the territory, American authorities, after careful checking, have named temporary burgomasters, who are responsible for order and food distribution. None is paid, but some towns already are installing tax systems. Food distribution, except in a few cases where whole villages were evacuated to camps in the rear, is left entirely to German officials and varies from village to village. In Cangelst, each resident is allotted 300 pounds of potatoes to carry him until the next harvest. This same ration was accorded under German rule, and the old ration cards are still used.

On the whole, there have been

STOP PRESS NEWS

Station Christmas Box Dance

On Tuesday, Dec. 19, 2100-0100 hrs., in Drill Hall. Free to all personnel and their lady friends. Free buses will leave Richards' bus terminal at 2015 hrs.

Hostesses will be invited for airmen not bringing a partner.

On Thursday, Dec. 21, 1500 hrs., in Drill Hall. Free to all children of station personnel. Ages up to 10 years.

Be sure to register your child's name and age with Section Orderly Rooms not later than Wednesday, Dec. 13. Free buses will leave Richards' bus terminal at 1415 hrs.



AFRIKA KORP MEDAL

issued by Rommel to his troops for their triumphant entry into Alexandria and Cairo.

During a recent inspection, an officer was quite at a loss to know what he should do next when he came across an airman whose shoes were somewhat battle-scarred and mud-encrusted.

"Shine your shoes?" he asked dryly.

"No, thank you, sir," replied the bright lad. "Have a cigarette?"

few cases of disobedience, and no evidence that any Germans are organizing to implement Himmler's appeal for an anti-American underground. The Germans obey orders and take care of their own local affairs. Uniformly, they express relief at being out of the war.

Offenses for which civilians have been fined or imprisoned are: appearing in the streets during forbidden hours, trespassing beyond specified limits, and, in one case, going outdoors at night with a lighted cigarette. The officer who tried the case doubts the latter offense was deliberate.]

MAINT. REMEMBERS

(Continued from page 14)

tory of Maintenance. Can you write?"

I said I could write in a sort of a way.

"You can read, too, I suppose," he said.

"Let's not go over that again," I remarked. "That's been dealt with once. And another thing — what makes you think I'm just helping you? You can't be a historian; you're dead."

LAC Spook looked a bit hurt and began to disappear. Apparently he thought of something and began to come back.

"What do you mean I can't be a historian because I'm dead?" he asked. "You've heard of Gibbons, who wrote 'The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire'?"

I said I had.

"Well, you admit he's a historian and he's dead?"

I admitted that was true.

"And you've heard of Carlisle and his history of the French Revolution?"

I said I had.

"Well, he's dead too," said LAC Spook. "You might say the best historians are dead. Now, just be guided by me."

He stopped to watch a WD cross the hangar and then continued.

"HOW this station was officially opened in December of 1940. At that time it was mostly buildings and mud. The O.C.'s of Maintenance since that time have been Flight Lieutenants Smith, McLaughlin, Collins, McCormick and Lamb, S/L McGillivray and Wing Commanders Spruett and Taylor. Now we will leave the fitters and riggers to look after themselves for the time and do the allied trades."

We stepped into the Instrument Section and found there a horde of men all busily engaged in fixing watches and clocks and making various gadgets which suggested the Christmas rather than the military spirit.

"Now it is no use wasting time on these people," said LAC Spook. "I can tell you all about them. The section first appeared as a section over in Hangar 5 and moved over to its present quarters in the spring of 1943. Its first NCO was Corp. White, originally an RAF man, and since then the NCO's in charge have been Flight Sergeants Armstrong and Hodgkinson and now Sgt. Corner who, it is expected, will soon have his crown."

The Electrical Section, we learned from Sgt. H. W. Smith, has grown from a corporal and seven men in 1941 to a staff of 22, now in charge of Flt. Sgt. Larkin.

In the Wireless Section we learned from Flt. Sgt. Britton that the first wireless mechanics arrived on the station Nov. 11, 1940, before the station itself was officially opened. The first wireless equipment did not arrive until August, 1941, when interphone equipment was installed in all battle aircraft, and radio equipment was provided for drogue ships.

"We disposed of them fairly quickly," LAC Spook commented. "Now we should visit A.I.D., which

technically isn't A.I.D. at all, and the log room."

"What about stores?" I inquired.

"They must have some history."

"Stores are out, definitely," he said. "Maintenance stores have been hounding me with mediums to try and get back a hacksaw I signed for in 1941 and as for tech. stores, you can't even get information over there unless you have vouchers in triplicate signed by everybody on the station above the rank of AC2."

As we were on our way to A.I.D., a WD passed and LAC Spook rushed off after her.

From WO Vallance in A.I.D. we learned that A.I.D. is partly a misnomer.

"A.I.D. is really an 'A' group trade and we actually have no A.I.D. men on the station," he said.

A.I.D. is responsible for modifications, special inspections, air frame and aero engine inspection reports and many others.

The section was started as a separate section by WO2 Gosby in 1942. WO1 Vallance has been in charge since last February.

On my way to Workshops, I was again joined by LAC Spook. He reported sadly the WD had somehow eluded him.

"There is no fun in being a historian these days," he said. "The women are all too reserved. Look at the fun Gibbons had writing up Fausta and some of the other empresses. They were people who really did something."

In Workshops, Sgt. "Mac" McDonald delegated the supplying of information to Corp. G. W. Sewell, who came to Fingal about the time the Indians were moving out.

"Corp. Bert Sewell, Corp. Cameron and myself were the first three men in Workshops," he said.

"We got here before the station was officially opened. Outside it was all mud and inside it was



QUIZ ANSWERS

1. The kite.
2. The muskrat.
3. Scotland, in 1625.
4. On the Pacific. The Canal runs north and south, but the Pacific entrance is slightly to the east.
5. Helgoland.
6. Five below.
7. The short pipes.
8. It's a western movie.
9. The harp on the flag of Ireland.
10. The strawberry.

THIS WEEK'S PEPPY SLOGAN

London (CNS) — Robert Ley, Nazi Labor Front leader, has a new home front slogan for the Germans, according to a broadcast picked up here. The slogan: "Hold Tight! Hold Tight! And once again, Hold Tight!"

Do You Know?

Q.—What is the procedure in granting pensions?

A.—In every case where a member of the forces is discharged for medical reasons, his documents are sent to the Department of Pensions and National Health, and they are examined by the Canadian Pension Commission. If the Commission is satisfied from the evidence available that a pension should be awarded, it is granted automatically following medical examination for assessment purposes.

Q.—If pension is not granted automatically, or I am dissatisfied with the award, what procedure is followed?

A.—Briefly, it consists of three steps: on first application the evidence presented is considered at what is known as a "first hearing." If the decision is adverse to the applicant, he is entitled to a second hearing, provided he applies within 90 days. When presenting his claim for second hearing, he is required to include all disabilities which he claims to be due to military service. He is furnished with a complete and detailed summary of all evidence pertaining to his case available in the departmental records. He is given every opportunity to revise this evidence, to include any additional evidence he can secure, and is allowed six months to prepare his claim. If the second decision is adverse, the applicant has the right to appear before an appeal board sitting in his district and to call witnesses. The judgment of an appeal board is final, unless special permission to reopen a claim is secured, based on an error having been made, or by evidence not having been presented, or otherwise.

Q.—Am I given assistance in preparing my claim?

A.—Pensions' advocates, attached to Veterans' Bureau throughout Canada, are available to give impartial advice and assistance at no charge to you. These men are fully experienced in pension procedure.

Do you remember the sergeant who, when asked what he'd done with his pay, answered: "Part went for liquor, part for women, and the rest spent foolishly."

empty space. We did not even have a lathe and a band saw until a year and a half after the station opened."

LAC Spook, who despite his claim to be official historian, had displayed no interest whatever in Workshops, insisted instead on visiting the log room and the fabric section.

"There are WD's in both places," he said.

We learned the log room was originally set up by LAC Brinklow and LAC Mazeppa and is now operated by Sgt. J. F. Harrison and Corp. B. Boyle and LAW Morgan.

LAC Spook assisted in the writing of this effort by sitting on the edge of the desk and talking about Cleopatra, Hedy Lamarr, Madame Pompadour, Nell Gwynne, Lady Hamilton, Maria Montez and all the attractive WD's on the station. When the work was finished, he disappeared.

Voice in the air raid shelter: "Hey, take your hand off my knee. No, not you—y-o-u!"

Sergeant (during roll call) — "Brown."

Voice—"Here."

Sergeant—"I don't see Brown."

Who answered for him?"

Voice—"I did. I thought you called my name."

Sergeant—"What's your name?"

Voice—"Steneopotski."

C.O. "How do you explain that barrel of beer I found in your room?"

Corporal: "Doctor's orders, sir. He said that drinking beer would restore my strength."

C.O.: "And did it?"

Corporal: "Yes, sir, when I bought that barrel I could hardly move it and now I can push it all around the room."

Remember the Time?

By SGT. VINALL

HERE it is the 28th November again and just time enough to make the deadline.

It was just four years ago today (Nov. 28) when a bunch of us, Joes or groundcrew the Air Force calls us, hit good old Fingal. What a day it was, a nice blizzard blowing and there we were on a stake job coming from TTS. Of course, Richards' bus service about that time was looking for parts to make a jeep for the run to Fingal. After all, who were we but a bunch of airframe and aero-engine mechanics? We thought the weather was bad but did not know how lucky we were. In a few days later the thaw came and it kept us busy pulling one another out of the mud just going from the barracks to the mess hall.

About this time we thought we had better have a shower, so we rushed for the new plumbing and, lo and behold, it was water, colored with coal dust, and boy, did it smell! When a couple of the boys flushed the lavatories they had to run outside. One fellow managed to get an S.O.P. because his wife was ill, but she sent him to camp again and told him to stay there.

The next day we went down to the hangars to look around for aircraft but did not find any until we got over to good old Six Hangar. There she sat, a monster Fairey Battle, all roped off with an "out of bounds" sign on it. We thought, "Is this Fingal? The mighty No. 4 B. & G. School? No, it couldn't be." It was not long before the Battles started to roll in on the runways and we were all busy little Joes, shoving, pushing and cursing, for the farmers were using all the tractors then. Later came the flat Oleo Legs and Glycol Leaks. Everyone wanted to borrow the other fellow's pliers and screw drivers and most of us would sigh and wish we had the tools that we had had at TTS. How we fixed them and kept them serviceable we'll never know, but we did.

ONE day we were stuck with a tough job on an Oleo Leg so two of us dashed into the orderly room to see the corporal, who to us was as big as a Winco is today. He said: "Did you fellows go to TTS?" We said "Yes" very meekly, so he said: "Well, get the hell out of here and fix it, because I didn't," and went on with his crib game. By this time things started to change at Fingal. Stores got in some parts and tools and everyone was happy until he tried to get some of them. So, at last we had the Battles licked. Now, what happened was we received some Northrop Nomads with French written all over them. About the time we got the Nomads under control we received a flock of Mark II Ansons to contend with.

Came the glorious day. We were informed that we were going to have Central Maintenance so we would know where all the aircraft were and what was wrong with them. It was a load off our minds as some of the boys were ordering



OBSERVER

BOOK REVIEW

THE latest "gen" on books (which should be good news to our faithful readers) is the Station Library's coming exodus from the airmen's lounge to the barrack block 10B, where it will be a close neighbor to the "Handicraft House"; the Educational Officer; and the Personnel Counsellor. No longer will detective story addicts be forced to nose their quarry to earth in semi-darkness; it will not be necessary to knock down several brother airmen to get at the Thorne Smith shelf; and those far-seeing individuals consulting material on post-war jobs or the future state of the world, need not be jostled by their shorter-sighted pals in search of a rousing Western novel. We hope you'll like it and forgive any interruptions in service while the great trek is on.

Along with current fiction, the library is making it a policy to stock books that will help with the jobs we all hope to be getting into soon. Here are a few of the subjects on which we have recent, up-to-the-minute information: Farming (including specialized branches,

Nomad parts for Ansons and vice versa.

Then came the Lizzies or Lysanders and Bolingbromes. But, where did those Mark I Ansons come from?

Maintenance at this date is a pretty happy family under Central Maintenance with its control room, which is called the nerve centre. Here the log books of each AC are kept, and a complete record of flying time, engine times and all unserviceabilities in the flights from minute to minute.

Under the fine leadership of our O.C., F/L A. C. Pennells, better known as "Chuck" Pennells, No. 6 hangar is really running as an efficient organization. Over the past year Maintenance has completed an average of 60 inspections per month, as well as all engine changes and other minor unserviceabilities. No wonder the boys at Maintenance are proud of their record.

such as fruit production, poultry raising, vegetable crops); Construction Trades (boasting an excellent handbook on estimating construction costs); Refrigeration; Photography; Plastics; Diesel Engineering; and Interior Decoration. Through the Canadian Legion, the library is able to order a wide range of technical books — providing we know what to ask for. Here is where you come in! We are anxious to have any suggestions for book buying—we'll do our best to fill requests as promptly as we can.

ANOTHER library service that is proving very popular is the reserve list. Any book may be reserved, simply by asking. When it comes in, you are notified by a printed slip in your mail box (and you don't even pay for the stamp, which, for some mysterious governmental reason, is necessary even on station-to-station communications). In the short time left, we want to make the library as useful to you as possible, not only for novels and thrillers, but to give you any help or information we can about the important things you're going to do when Fingal is only a fond memory. Here are a few of the new books, which may be useful for just that very purpose:

Audel's Refrigeration and Air Conditioning Guide—Anderson, N.Y.; 1944.

Color in Photography—Dmitri; Chicago; Little Technical Library; 1939.

The March of Science—Garbedian, N. Y.; Covier Friede; 1938.

Popular Home Decoration—Gillies; Toronto; Musson; 1942.

How to Make Color Photographs—Boston; American Photographic Pub. Co.; 1944.

Poultry Husbandry—Jull, N. Y.; McGraw, 1938.

Making Color Prints—Lead-

ley; Chicago; Little Technical Library; 1941.

Diesel Engines; Operation and Maintenance—Chicago, American Technical Society; 1944.

Elements of Dairying—Olson, N. Y.; Macmillan; 1938.

Carpentry—Townsend, Chicago; American Technical Library; 1944.

The Steel Square—Townsend; Chicago; American Technical Society; 1944.

How to Estimate for the Building Trades—Townsend; Chicago; American Technical Society.

Vegetable Crops—Thompson; N. Y., McGraw; 1939.

Handy Book of Practical Electricity; Graham, N. Y., Audell & Co.; 1944.

New Automobile Guide for Mechanics, Operators and Servicemen; Graham, N. Y.; 1943.

Diesel Engineering Handbook, 1943—Diesel Publishing, Inc.

German Officers Told To Save Selves First

London (CNS).—Additional evidence that the Germans, realizing they have lost this war, are planning for a third try at world domination is contained in a "super-secret" document described in front line dispatches from the western front.

Contents of the document were first revealed to the American press by telephone to New York from Joseph Driscoll, New York Herald Tribune correspondent.

Bearing the imprint of the "Supreme Command of the Armed Forces" of the Reich, the document declares that "every officer has the duty to save himself in an emergency," because the Officers Corps is necessary for "the reconstruction of the Fatherland."

"It was the German Officers Corps which most promoted Germany to be the world power in the first attempt in 1914-18," the document continues. "It was this same Officers Corps which reconstructed Germany for the second attempt to lead the world. It has been foreseen that this second attempt could also fail. The present turn of the war forces us to be extremely conservative with expending our officer material. In order to prepare for this unavoidable third content for leadership of the world expertly, we need our officers. At all times we have found troops in sufficient quantities."



NEW BOOKS IN STATION LIBRARY

McNeile, H. C.—"Bulldog Drummond On Dartmoor." London, Hodder & Staughton, 1938.

Mann, Thomas — "Joseph the Provider." N. Y., Knopf, 1944.

Marshall, Rosamund — "Kitty." N. Y., Macmillan, 1944.

Miller, Caroline — "Lebanon." N. Y., Doubleday, 1944.

O'Brien, Jack — "Silver Chief." Chicago, Winston, 1937.

Poe, Edgar Allen—Works, Vols. 1, 3, 4 (tales). N. Y., Williams-Barber, 1908.

Roberts, Cecil—"The Labyrinth." N. Y., Doubleday, 1944.

Roberts, Kenneth—"Northwest Passage." N. Y., Doubleday, 1943.

Sinclair, Upton — "Presidential Agent." N. Y., Viking, 1944.

Strabel, Thelma—"Storm to the South." N. Y., Doubleday, 1944.

Tolstoy, Leo—"War and Peace." N. Y., Modern Library.

Allen, Hervey — "Israfel; The Life and Times of Edgar Allen Poe." N. Y., Farrar & Rinehart.

Beard, C. A. and Beard, M. R.—"Basic History of the United States." N. Y., New Home Library.

Capablanca, J. R.—"Chess Fundamentals." N. Y., Harcourt, 1921.

Capablanca, J. R.—"A Primer of Chess." N. Y., Harcourt, 1935.

"Coastal Command: The Air Ministry Account of the Part Played by Coastal Command in the Battle of the Seas, 1939-1942." N. Y., Macmillan, 1943.

De La Roche, Mazo — "Quebec; Historic Seaport." N. Y., Doubleday Doran, 1944.

Derrickson, Marjorie R.—"Post Scripts." N. Y., Whittlesby House, 1944.

Einzig, Paul — "The Japanese 'New Order' in China." London, Macmillan.

Finnie, Richard — "Lure of the North." Philadelphia, David McKay Co., 1940.

Griffin, D. F.—"First Steps To Tokyo." Toronto, Dent, 1944.

Hay, Ian — "The Unconquered Isle; The Story of Malta." London, Hodder & Staughton.

Poncins, Gontran de — "Kahloona." N. Y., Garden City Publishing Co., 1943.

Inman, Samuel Guy — "Latin America; a Place in World Life." N. Y., Harcourt, 1937.

Kraus, Rene—"Young Lady Randolph."

Kraus, Rene—"Winston Churchill." Philadelphia, Lippincott, 1940.

Lanson, Fred — "Lake Huron." N. Y., Babs Merrill, 1944.

Lariar, Lawrence — "Best Cartoons of the Year, 1943." N. Y., Crown Publishing, 1944.

Lewis, David and Scott, Frank—"Make This Your Canada." Toronto, C.C.F., 1943.

Ludwig, Emil — "Mackenzie King." Toronto, Macmillan, 1944.

McCauley, C. B. F.—"The Helicopters Are Coming." N. Y., McGraw, 1944.

McCracken, Kenneth — "Baby Flat Top." N. Y., Farrar, 1944.

McKenney, Ruth — "My Sister Eileen." N. Y., Pocket Books, 1942.

MacKenzie, Compton — "Mr. Roosevelt." N. Y., Dutton, 1944.

Nash, Ogden—"The Ogden Nash Pocket Book." Montreal Pocket Books, 1944.

THE FITTERS' CORNER

By F/S POST

Many of you have heard of fitters, but I would like to explain what their duties are.

Fitters are engine mechanics and their duties are many, such as installing newly overhauled engines, making necessary repairs to the engines or accessories and making regular daily and between-flight inspections. Approximately every 40 hours they inspect the engine thoroughly, replacing worn parts, spark plugs, etc.

Although our work may appear to be routine, we have many interesting experiences that help break the monotony. One of the advantages of being a fitter is that they have the opportunity of flying in all the types of aircraft they work on, and trouble shooting, and this valuable experience may be applied in future aviation.

Much credit must be given these boys, many of whom a few short years ago had never seen an aircraft engine or worked on one. It is interesting to observe the progress of these men from the time of their arrival from Technical Training School. The majority have never had any practical experience and so, much depends on the crew leaders and NCO's with whom they are detailed.

If a man can qualify for a trade test in a reasonable length of time he is recommended by his NCO and, if successful on his trade test, is given greater responsibility and eventually is made a crew leader.

Nizer, Louis — "What To Do With Germany." N. Y., Ziff-Davis, 1944.

Parker, Dorothy — "Death and Taxes." N. Y., Sun Dial Press, 1939.

Parker, Dorothy — "Enough Rope." N. Y., Sun Dial Press, 1944.

Pyle, Ernie—"Ernie Pyle in England." N. Y., McBride.

Rolo, Charles J. — "Wingate's Raiders." N. Y., Viking, 1944.

Saint-Exupery, Antoine de — "Airman's Odyssey." N. Y., Reynal & Hitchcock, 1944.

Senior, C. N.—"When the Boys Come Home." Toronto, Collins, 1944.

Tobin, Chester M. — "Turkey; Key to the East." N. Y., Putnam, 1944.

Van Loon, Hendrick — "The Story of America." N. Y., World Publishing Co., 1944.

Van Loon, Hendrick — "The Story of Mankind." N. Y., Garden City Publishing Co., 1938.

Van Loon, Hendrick — "Van Loon's Geography; The Story of The World." N. Y., Garden City.

Van Paassen, Pierre—"The Forgotten Ally." N. Y., Sun Dial Press, 1943.

Wood, Frederick L. W. — "Understanding New Zealand." N. Y., Coward-McCann, 1944.

Armstrong, Thomas — "The Crowthers of Bankdam." N. Y., Macmillan, 1941.

Baum, Vicki—"Hotel Berlin. '43." N. Y., Doubleday, 1944.

Brown, Harry—"A Walk In the Sun." N. Y., Knopf, 1944.

Buck, Pearl S. — "East Wind, West Wind." N. Y., World Publishing Co., 1944.

As a crew leader he has the responsibility of his men and their work.

After a crew has installed an engine or has made a major repair, one of the crew members goes along with the aircraft on its test flight. The remainder of the crew are usually watching the aircraft for a few minutes after it is airborne, and slowly a smile will creep over their faces and, I think, their chests expand just a little.

Some men who were posted to Fingal before flying started are still here. To mention a few: Sgt. Vinall, who is in charge of air frame mechanics; Sgt. Phillips, in charge of a group of crew leaders; Corp. Lund, in charge of a group of air frame crew leaders; Corp. Toms, in charge of a group of fitter crews; and Corp. Dixon of A.I.D. These men have seen Fingal grow from the beginning and, of course, great changes have been necessary from time to time until today we have as fine a maintenance organization, under the leadership of F/L Penells, as one can find anywhere. We probably have never won any pennants nor do we claim to have done better than the other sections on this or other stations, but we believe the fitters have every reason to be proud of what they have accomplished.

This story may sound a little one-sided, but after all I am a fitter and proud of it and I am glad of the privilege of working with a great bunch of guys.

FAREWELL DINNER

Flight Lieut. McBean before his departure from Fingal was guest of honor at a dinner attended by a dozen men who have been at Fingal since its first year.

Sergeant Smith, recently discharged, was also a guest.

Among those present were F/S Tribe; Sergeants Vinall, Slute, Phillips; Corporals Groves, Toms, Sewell, Lund, Guy and Nymarke; and LAC Paton.

Among Fingal old-timers who were unable to attend were Flight Sergeants Sharpe and Britton, Corp. Dixon and LAC Gatien.

On the opposite page are covers of past Observers which were acclaimed the best by public opinion during '44.



Many a man in love with a dimple makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl.

The Wolf

by Sansone

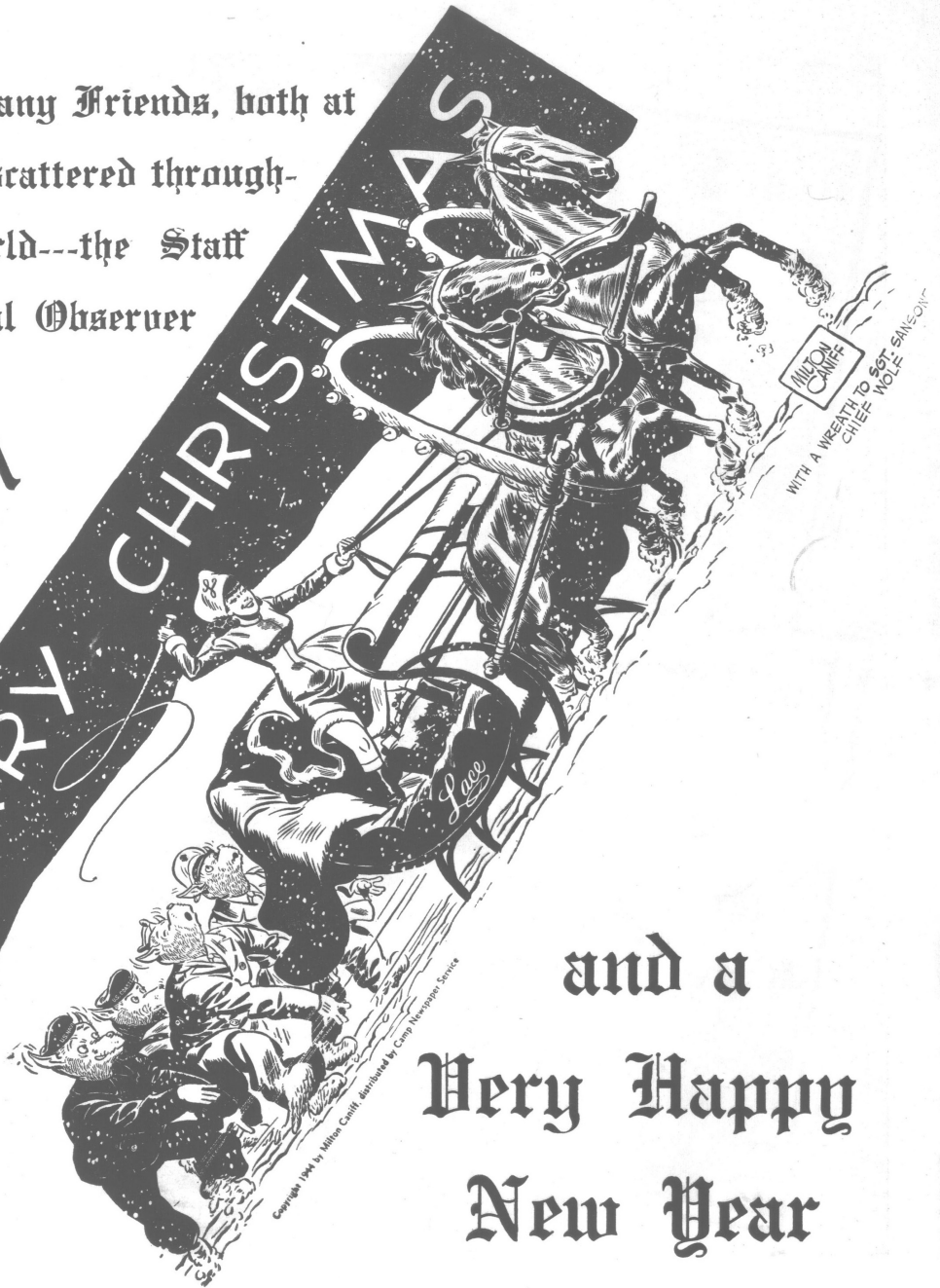




To Our Many Friends, both at
Fingal and scattered through-
out the World---the Staff
of the Fingal Observer
wishes

A

MERRY CHRISTMAS



and a
Very Happy
New Year

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