

NOV. 1944

Fingal Observer



"You won't always be on Parade"

INVEST IN VICTORY

UNSUNG BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Sgt. "Jo" Saunders, A/C Recognition Specialist De Luxe, Assists Many Students

(Editor's note—It is to be the policy of the Observer to run an article each month about the good work different airwomen and 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.)

THIS month we interviewed a very sincere and sensible young WD who is doing a twofold work in this war—Sgt. "Jo" Saunders of the A/C Rec Section. Sgt. Saunders is not only noted for her active and enthusiastic co-operation in the numerous activities of the A/C Rec Section but is also keeping a home running.



SGT. "JO" SAUNDERS

Teaching has been her business. Born in Didsbury, Alberta, she went to school there, later graduating from the Calgary Normal School with some university subjects to her credit. After this she taught for three years. In January '42 she enlisted, first as a cook and later found herself at Rockcliffe admiring Ottawa buildings and studying for an instructor's post in A/C Rec.

At Fingal she has specialized in the production of A/C training charts, and her latest work is the maintenance of a Gen Book of the latest aircraft news. The trainees under her are chiefly WAG's and her comments are that "New Zealanders are most gentlemanly and Aussies very lively." A big kick for her is the plane-sketching periods in which trainees' efforts are invariably those of two-year-olds.

Asked about amusing incidents on courses, she recalled an Aussie who always sat at the rear of the room and at each difficult "shot" on the screen would murmur audibly "It's a trap." Then there was the huge Victor Maturish Newfoundland who sat in the front and continually gazed at her with the eyes of a St. Bernard pup. These are two of the many she has helped to succeed in A/C Rec.

Sgt. Saunders says that trainees take a little time in getting used to a female instructor. Her advice to trainees is the persistence of study,

EDITORIAL

AFTER VICTORY---WHAT?

THE recent discussions between representatives of the three major powers indicates that the governments, if not the people of our countries, are alive to the necessity for formulating concrete plans for the maintenance of post-war peace and order. Some of us may regret that the decisions arrived at have not been more specific or more binding, or that the big three themselves were not present. Nevertheless none will deny that the conference was a step in the right direction and in this regard the results in the end cannot help but be beneficial. The tragedy of the last war was that when the peace came, the victorious Allies were caught quite unprepared. Apart from President Wilson's ill-fated Fourteen Points, no constructive proposals for reconstructing the world had been advanced or even considered at that time; the result was that it proved an almost hopeless task reconciling the diverse interests of the various powers when ultimately they assembled at the peace conference.

In the maze of secret treaties and conflicting loyalties, the statesmen of yesterday were hopelessly lost. Under these circumstances, is it any wonder that the peace which did ensue, was unsound—the real surprise was that it endured as long as it did. Those were the mistakes of yesterday, and it is a simple matter to look back now and censure. But we shall repeat those same mistakes if at the conclusion of the present war we do not have any plans cut and dried for dealing with Europe, and for that matter with the whole world.

MOST of us are agreed that the basis of any strong and durable peace lies in the continuance of harmonious and active co-operation between America, Britain and Russia. It is useless to talk of moral principles in a world of material values, unless we have the strength to back up our words. To that extent the Big Three, as the only combination capable of prosecuting the war to a successful and early conclusion, must of necessity assume obligation for the maintenance of the peace which they will finally bring about.

It is to be hoped, then, that the agreement in principle arrived at, at Dumbarton Oaks, will be followed up by a full-blooded alliance or other definite agreement between the powers. If any one of the three powers is incapable of, or unwilling to make such commitments, then the outlook for continued world peace is very black indeed.

THERE are other factors, too, that must have their place in the peace settlement—such problems as the re-distribution of geographical boundaries, the rights of political minorities, the necessity for some international medium for stabilizing currencies—even the question of affording to all countries equal access to the raw materials and resources of the world.

But these things are undoubtedly subordinate to and depend upon the effecting of permanent harmony and stability amongst the nations. Otherwise the economic and political anarchy of the last twenty years will be re-enacted once more.

especially of silhouettes, to which she credits most of her success. We might mention here the commendable spirit of co-operation prevalent in the section which has produced such a vast amount of material available for a few minutes' study each night.

HER reaction to the East is an appreciation of the scenery

and the fine summer weather hereabouts. But she cannot get used to the winters and is continually freezing. How she must love these fall parades!

Our hats are off to this unassuming young girl who is doing a piece of splendid work.

NEWS OF FORMER OBSERVER STAFF

Former Fingal Observer writers are leaving their mark on other camp papers. LAC Ben Halter, who used to do those humorous feature articles for us, is now editor-in-chief of "Astra," station magazine at Debert, which he helped found. WO2 Ben Sugarman, former editor of the Observer, is now editing "Crosswinds," the Rockcliffe station paper. In his spare time he acts as our Ottawa correspondent.

TOWER TOPICS

YE Tower of Control again reports its findings for the month of October. All members are once more present in body, if not in mind.

Val Lawrence is back after spending several weeks of temporary duty at Montreal. "Post me to Montreal," quotes Val when asked how she liked it, "and I'll be happy."

Midge Dawson is still sweating the "T" off her typewriter. And when it comes to course work, none can beat her. Courses, courses! and still more courses! I sure wish I was graduating," she says, "and then maybe the other fellow would know what it would be like to do all this."

Still the slave driver when it comes to bringing in the log books is LAW Crown. She still manages to get them done and attend all the dances and the odd bowling game.

Our Cpl. Joan is still in the hospital over at TTS, so we take time out to send her a get-well-but-quick-soon message and best wishes for a speedy recovery.

Fifth WD of the Tower is in disgrace for the month, so we shall not mention her.

New arrival of the Tower staff, AW1 Helen Rogan, who comes from Marmora, Ont. Been in the Air Force just about a year and she has been stationed at Aylmer and now here. Here is hoping you can stand the noise of the Tower and like your work.

So, with all the members accounted for, we say remember our motto, "All work and no plan can sure make life darn dull."

AUTUB

Dow thad autub id here aged;
Dow thad the birds hab all god south;

The leaves od the trees are turnig red

Ed the abble tastes sweed id the mouth.

This is the seasod ob chilly breeze
Ed hod-wadder boddle ed camphor too . . .

Pardod be, I think I'b . . . I'b gonna sneeze . . .

I ab . . . a-a-a-a-a-cho-o-o-o-o!

—John Corfe

WRITE TODAY

By the way, when was the last time you wrote to that relative or friend of yours overseas?



Fingal Observer

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



BOND DRIVE TOPS \$100,000



LEFT AND RIGHT—BOND COMMITTEE AND SALESMEN. CENTRE—BOND BILLBOARD.

STATION PERSONNEL BACK 7th VICTORY LOAN DRIVE

Staff To Be Congratulated on Fine Showing — Opening Day
Sales Total Over \$90,000 — Drive Continues
To November 13

PUTTING the well-known thumbscrews to all station personnel, the 7th VICTORY LOAN salesmen bore down on us from every angle. "Have you bought a BOND?" You haven't? Well, just sign right here. You have? Well, how about another?" That was the call from every corner and cranny at Friendly Fingal.

Our hats off to the Accounts Section who were the first to reach and then exceed their quota.

In spite of the good war news, the lads and lassies of old No. 4 B. & G. realized that here was their chance to salt away some of the folding stuff for VICTORY and the rainy days that we all hope will never come. Whatever the reasons for buying, the bonds were sold at a speed beyond the fondest dreams of every salesman.

Said one of the salesmen, and we quote, "I thought it was going to

be a real tough job. After all, this is the 7th time we have had the same merchandise to sell to the same customers, but my fears were groundless." So if you have not yet signed that contract with your future, better hop to it. Tomorrow may be too late. Remember, as we say on the COVER, "You Won't Always Be On Parade," which means, of course, that now is the time to put by for the uncertain times ahead.

Below is a list of the Committee and the Team Captains for the

HELLO, FINGAL, HELLO!

After a very pleasant embarkation leave in sunny Arizona, God's country to those who have once tasted the joys of that land, I returned once again to Friendly Fingal. It's rather odd to come back to the scene of my crimes, but here I am—so it looks like you will just have to put up with me until one of us is discharged. The C.O. is a busy man, so please wait for a few days before storming his office.

—Cpl. G. A. Penny.

various sections. Contact the one in charge of your group, or any of them for that matter, and BUY A BOND TODAY.

Chairman.....S/L Cowan
Secretary.....F/O Truman
Organization.....S/L Henderson
Treasurer.....WO2 Lane

Publicity Managers....."Hank" Coleman
Cpl. Switzer
Observer Staff.....LAW Loosely

Team Captains

Accounts.....S/L McBurney
Hospital, Provost and Security, and Post Office.....F/S Smith
M.T. Section.....P/O T. B. Fawcett
Equipment.....LAC Conway
G. I. S.....F/L MacDonald
Armament and Ranges.....F/L Cee Elliott
Flying Squadron.....P/O Shepherd
Unit Headquarters.....F/O Leggett
Station Services.....F/S Davies
Repair Squadron.....F/O Pennells
Servicing Squadron.....F/L McBean
Trainees.....F/O Bogue
W. and B. and Fire Hall.....WO2 Wood

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE 7TH VICTORY LOAN INSIGNIA

THE symbol or emblem — from which the 7th Victory Loan insignia has been adapted is of shoulder-sleeve type issued to the personnel attached to the Supreme Headquarters Invasion Staff. The significance of its design is as follows:

"Upon a field of heraldic sable (black), which represents the darkness of Nazi Oppression, is shown the sword of liberation, the flames arising from the hilt and leaping up the blade. This represents avenging justice by which the enemy's power will be broken. Above the sword is a rainbow, emblematic of hope, containing all the colours of which the national flags of the United Nations are composed.

"The heraldic chief of azure above the rainbow is emblematic of a state of peace and tranquility, the restoration of which is the objective of the United Nations."

You can never tell how a girl will turn out until her folks turn in.

Clerk: "Shopping bags?"
Girls: "No, just looking."

INVASION COSTS MONEY

EVEN before the soldier landed on the beach, expensive equipment had to make way for him. The softening up process by bombers and naval guns meant an initial cost running into millions of dollars. Heavy bombers cost about \$300,000, medium bombers about \$110,000, and fighter planes about \$50,000. To make one medium bomber takes about 13,000 man hours. Food from 20 acres is needed to feed the workers who turn out one bomber. Large bombers take about 27,000 man hours.

The expenditure is not in planes alone. Bombs weighing up to 4,000 pounds cost about \$875. Another detail, such as oxygen masks for the crew of a Lancaster bomber, cost about \$40. To each mask is attached a regulator costing \$60, and

a \$25 oxygen cylinder from which the flyer draws his breath of life.

In one day of combat, an infantry division can expend 300 tons of ammunition.

Ten .50 calibre machine guns firing at a maximum rate of fire for two hours and five minutes would use one million rounds of ammunition. It takes 1,832 workers to produce this number of rounds in one day.

In one hour of firing, a 75 mm. gun on Canadian Sherman tanks expends 7,250 pounds of copper, 3,000 pounds of zinc and 42,750 pounds of steel.

A 105 mm. cannon can shoot out more than 3 tons of steel in one hour of firing. The cost of the cannon, without the shells it uses, is about \$13,000.

BOND DRIVE EXPENSE

Did you know that in the last Victory Loan drive the total cost for advertising, salesmen's commissions and all other expenses was only .72 per cent of the total. The Observer's financial expert and advisor, P/O Kouch, tells us that never in the history of finance was so much money raised at so little cost. That ought to belay any fears that anyone might have that their hard-earned cash is not doing the job as economically as possible.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN COLUMN HEREBY OPENED

Personnel Invited to Submit Letters, Which Will Be Cheerfully
Answered or Your Money Back—An Exclusive
Observer Feature

HAVE you any troubles? Is your girl a two-timer? Does your beau ogle every pair of "gams" that walk down the street? Have you any affairs of the heart that are driving you crazy, or dragging you down? If so, consult Mrs. Mendurheart of the Fingal Observer by placing your letters in the little red boxes around the station.

Mrs. Mendurheart says:

Dear Mrs. Mendurheart:

I am a hard working LAW and am deeply in love with a Sr. NCO, who is a F/S. He is continually having to attend mess dinners and dances, and is present at all functions involving the entertainment of visitors. Consequently I do not see him as often as I wish and as a result, even though I do trust him, I cannot keep my eye on him. How can this situation be remedied? An Unhappy WD.

Dear Unhappy WD:

Have him demoted or get three hooks. Mrs. Mendurheart.

* * *

Dear Mrs. Mendurheart:

Some time ago I met a very attractive girl on this station and at first took her out frequently to help pass time away between 48's. Unfortunately she has become extremely fond of me and insists upon accompanying me everywhere. It has even reached the point where she desires to come and spend 48's at my home. However, in a nearby city I have a very charming wife, whom I love dearly. Shall I dissuade the girl in question or continue with the affair and allow her to remain happy? A Harrased LAC.

Dear Harrased LAC:

The solution to your problem seems to me quite simple. If, as you say, you are very fond of your wife, you should not endanger your future. Remember, "As you sow, so shall you reap." It is not too late, however (I hope) to terminate the affair with as little heartbreak as possible to the girl concerned. You have, if your courage fails you, one other alternative — GET A POSTING to an inaccessible spot; I advise Goose Bay or even Alaska. In such a place you could escape the two individuals already concerned, and any future entanglements.

Mrs. Mendurheart.

Course 116 has produced a bombing expert. Recently Dennis Bernard of C class had two direct hits on a night bombing exercise. The exact date, October 19th.

The sergeant was playing left field and he missed three easy flies. When he came into the dugout he said to the coach: "I guess I'll have to get glasses."

"You're too far gone for glasses," said the coach. "Only one thing will help you."

"What's that?"

"Radar," answered the coach.

OBSERVER WELCOMES CONTRIBUTORS

Deadline for the next Observer is November 20th. All copy for the November issue should be left in the "Y" office by that date. Section reporters are asked to have their stories ready as early as convenient, and if possible, typed, double-spaced.

The Observer welcomes contributions from anyone on the station. Articles, human interest stories, pictures, cartoons, poetry—in short, anything you think may interest your fellow-airmen and airwomen.

BARRACK CHATTER

Knitting has become all the rage with the girls. Nearly all of them are doing it, and to such an extent that when someone came in and made the remark, "Hey—is someone burning wool?", the bright reply they got was "Oh, don't worry over that, it's just Sunny learning to knit." To see some of them, it is really amazing. Take Pat Silars, for instance; her mouth goes around with every stitch and others just grab the needles for dear life. Champ, of them all is Cpl. Denny, who can straighten out the worst messes and get them back on the needles without even losing a stitch.

Some people just can't understand how Mother Nature works. Namely Midge Dawson, for when our weather was rather on the cold side Midge wanted to know if the fall had been turned off. Plueeze—Midge—where did you get the idea that you could turn it on or off? Never mind, Midge, we know what you meant, but I'll bet a lot of others never would.

If you are tired of living and would like a nice easy death, just ask LAW's Glover and Enos how they spent most of their spare time during the last month. No need to say any more. Looks speak for themselves and if that is not enough, you'll hear how to wash the M.T.'s trucks and how to scrub them until the sergeant thinks they are clean. Ah yes, such is the staff of life.

"Well, I never," quoted Shirley Davidner in utter amazement the other day. "This beats everything"—for there stood Shiril with her shirt in one hand and around her neck was her collar and tie, still tied.

We would seem to be rather on the snoopy side if we came right out and asked Val Lawrence what she did with her nights while down at Montreal. But we're not going to, 'cause we have a pretty good idea. By the way, Val, how does Montreal look from the top of Mount Royal at night?

JOKES!

And If You Don't Think
They're Funny, Send
Some That Are

SWO: "I saw you the other day at the corner winking at the girls."

AC2: "I wasn't winking. That's a windy corner. Something got in my eye."

SWO: "She got into your car, too."

Her: "I think dancing makes a girl's feet big, don't you?"

Jim: "Yeah."

Her: "I think swimming gives a girl awfully large shoulders, don't you?"

Jim: "Yeah."

Pause.

Jim: "You must ride quite a bit, too."

"What's the difference between wrestling and dancing?"

"Tell me."

"In wrestling some holds are barred."

MEN AT WORK



Left to right: F/O's Krook, Laforet and Pollock.

Left to right: P/O Gibson, F/O Lowe and P/O Kouch.

BOMBING SECTION HAS FACE LIFTED WITH PAINT

Staff Does Redecorating Job in Record Time — 100 Per Cent Improvement

By P/O G. GIBSON

"This section smacks of the distant Side of the Styx," quoth the Bombing Leader.

"Let there be paint and brushes and labor in abundance. Yea, great shall be the beauty and far-famed as the accuracy of the quadrant's plotting. Allah be praised." And folding his cloak about him, he disappeared into his office to commence planning this earth-shaking effort.

Displaying a last year's out-of-bounds sign, the brain-trust took to the task. The talk was an education — ideas thicker than water. What genius was exposed that day.

And with the coming of the sun work began. En masse they entered the section with a look of grim determination—to work or not to work, was the pinpoint for decision.

So all day long the noise of paint brushes swishing, hammers clicking, coke bottles popping and saws biting into wood.

Then they came as pilgrims to a shrine to see the wondrous thing that had come to pass.

"Miraculous," said the painting section.

"Now I know where to get a carpenter," shouted Major Woods of Works and Bricks. But we like best he comment of a cute, blonde WD, who whispered, "Words fail to describe it."

Despite this we must try to put this spectacle on paper. In shades of giant pea, quince and deep ocean—otherwise known as "that goddam green," the section and the personnel take on an appearance of Looking Glass Land.

Step past a neat sign into the crew roomavenued with names like Browning Boulevard and Allen's Alley, it presents quite a residential faubourg. A short course in scientific bombing is given here to the eager-beavers who fail to get "joed."

Gen men, all of them, the section runs like a clock with summer oil. Truly," smiled the Bombing Leader, "a bit of heaven."

So we galloped around with a pall trying to find the number of angels that would take a short course in harping. Each time we were greeted with, "Sorry, but alas, I'm going to be posted soon."

"What Are You Going To Do On V-Day?"



LAW Thomson, "Tommie"
(Accounts Section)

To begin with, let all work cease—then throw in a 24-hour pass on top of that. There should be entertainment of some type—preferably a big station dance. Let us not forget, however, that there will still be much to be done—not only in Europe but also in the war against Japan.

Sgt. Sandham, Phil (Dental Clinic)

Will there be such a thing as an actual V-E Day? I think that it would be better to finish the European situation and be sure before planning for such a day. If—and when—V-Day should come, let's have the day off—by all means. And along with this—all the messes open to all ranks.

He (driving along a lonely road): "You look lovelier every minute. Do you know what that's a sign of?"

She: "Sure, you're about to run out of gas."

Little Girl: "Mamma, may I go out and play?"

Mamma: "Yes, but don't play with any of those rough little boys."

Little Girl: "All right, Mamma, but if I find a smooth one can I play with him?"

WHATCHA' KNOW, JOE?

So you think you are a candidate for the brain trust? Not that we want to discourage you, but we think that there are a few puzzlers here which will tickle your wits as well as your fancy. Those of you who landed in the "Little Audrey" section last time can get out by scoring 60 or more. Count 10 points per correct answer and see what you can get. Are you a genius?

QUIZZ

1. What is a Southpaw?
2. What is Steve Brody famous for?
3. Who is in full command of the Air Force in Canada?
4. What is the single qualification for membership in the "Caterpillar Club"?
5. How much water is used for the average bath?
6. Why was the name "Great Britain" adopted?
7. Why were German submarines called U-boats?
8. Why are airmen always tired on the first of April?
9. How many one-eyed Jacks are there in a pack of cards?
10. Do we have a Fourth of July in Canada? (answers on page 10.)

DONT BE CAUGHT WITH YOUR PLANS DOWN OPINION OF MOST

Here Are What a Few Have in Mind For That Gala Day—Prayer, Fun and . . . Well, Read It—and Compare Your Ideas

V-Day, or V-E Day, as it is officially known, is, we hope, not too far off. With this in mind the natural question to put to a cross section of the station personnel was, "What are you going to do on V-Day?" The answers were both interesting and varied. In the temporary absence of Cpl., almost a Sgt., Penny (posted, you know), Tommy Harcourt took over and did a swell job. Here are the results:



F/Lt. Hall (Prot. Chaplain)

My reaction to the ideas or plans for V-E Day; first, it should not be—as planned by some—a grand and glorious drunk. It will, of course, be a time of celebration and festivities. There will still be a further job to be done in Europe and yet another in the Far East—the fight against Japan. That is only natural. Arrangements have been made to have all personnel attend a short religious service of prayer and thanksgiving as soon as the good word arrives.



LAC Pratt, Bill (116 A.B.)

A full sports program prepared—to get into operation in a few hours. Plenty of refreshments—free if possible. I think that it would be a nice idea if the personnel were allowed to invite civilians to inspect the station. Inspection in such a way, however, that it would not leave us open to criticism from the "higher-ups." The visiting would be best limited to invitations. Follow this at night by a large station dance.



AC1 O'Neil, Tom (Armament Section)

It will certainly be a day to be remembered—perhaps not as much for us as those overseas, but we have all contributed. I think that there should be some celebration on the station—possibly a big dance. Also make it an "open house" for the station—allowing civilians from around the country to visit the station and see what it is like on a day off. Let us have all messes open to all personnel on an invitation from a mess member.

LAC Richardson, Bruce
(P.T. & D.)

Useful Employment)

My immediate reaction to the announcement of V-E Day would be to make for town, look up nineteen other airmen and cope with the situation as best befits an occasion of that calibre.

On more mature consideration, after seeing that this would be impractical, I would probably wind up by telephoning first—my wife (collect) and then my mater (paid), who has been saddened by the loss of one son due to flak over Belgium and the partial loss of another due to six months U.E. at Fingal.

Then I might look up some good maps of the Pacific theatre, repair to the billets and inaugurate a conference to determine the best and most expedient joe-boy strategy for success against Japan.

Officers' Service Bureau Opened

New Centre Opened in Royal York Hotel, Toronto—Open From 10 a.m. to 10 p.m. Daily

YES, an information centre has been established in Toronto for officers of the three armed forces.

The new bureau is located in the southeast corner of the Royal York Hotel lobby. Its aim is to co-ordinate existing services for officers and to fill a need which arises from other services. It will be staffed from 10 a.m. to 10 p.m., including Sundays, by Junior League volunteers. Information regarding entertainment, hospitality, theatre tickets, sports events and club facilities which the city has to offer will be readily available.

A welcome is extended for all officers while in Toronto to drop in the next time they are in Toronto.

OUR FRONT COVER

Our cover this month shows a recent C.O.'s Parade. The morning, if you remember, was a bit hazy, breezy and chilly, but, as you can see from the smart "Eyes Right" executed by the WD's Flight, this did not matter to the hardy souls at Fingal. We had some anxious moments when Cpl. Ralston was perched atop the Bombing Teacher to get a birdseye view of the birds on parade, but she managed to get down from her precarious position to the extreme relief of all.

A candidate, arriving at the gate of heaven, asked admittance. "Where are you from?" inquired the genial saint. "Montreal." "Well, you can come in, but you won't like it."

Airman Quirt won't lose his blonde for ever since he's known her. He's been buying lotsa bonds And naming her co-owner.

AC2: "How do you tell a city girl from a country girl?" Corporal: "Why, you watch them in a brisk breeze—a country girl

will grab for her skirts but a city girl will grab her hat."

For News You Can't Get Elsewhere—Read the . . .
FINGAL OBSERVER
Daily and Monthly

A politically independent publication, not affiliated with any group of newspapers.

We Sell No Advertising

What A Standing Operating Procedure



ANYONE who has ever been subjected to that inhuman school practice of "supplementary reading" automatically develops a horror of "improving" books, that no passage of the years can quite

ANYONE who has ever been subjected to that inhuman school practice of "supplementary reading" automatically develops a horror of "improving" books, that no passage of the years can quite erase.

People read for two reasons — for fun, and to learn something. Reading for fun is no problem. You simply pick up a novel or a detective story, turn to the first page, and read.

But reading to learn is a problem for many Canadians. And in addition each of the four books is exceedingly interesting, you know.

That is the whole secret of reading to learn something. It's really very simple. Find your interest and then read. You'll find that the best way to read books is to read the books you enjoy. When you've tried it you'll have to admit that the old barrier between books for fun and books for improving the mind is quite forever.



New Books in the Station Library

Course 116 Air Bombers Come From Far and Wide

REASONS FOR NOT SUPPORTING THE 7TH

Irish birth or descent. The Irish have a time adjusting themselves to our riotous living — "they are so quiet at home!" Oh, to have the Irish fighting spirit.

"Look! Cairns is the lad from

You Turn Out the Light

WHEN you are out selling bonds, or anything for that matter, everyone has an excuse for not buying. Some of them are

Scotland with all the Scottish good nature and more. He does not come from the Clyde, of which the chief production besides ships is men with a thirst (for argument). However, Sid Green makes up for this

good, on the surface, some are bad on the surface, and some are pure stinkers. Of course, no one should buy more than they can afford. That is worse than not buying at all, but there are darn few of us that can't find enough places to

One amazing thing to RAF boys is our discipline and drill. Their chuckle at our would-be commander's: Into three's, eh! Naturally their way is equally amusing to us: Turning about—about turn! Women

1. (Student at G.I.S.): "If

Most of 116's RAF came from an English Aircrew Dispatch Centre where P.T. was conveniently done in a wooded area. At each of the many turns in the road one or more

pass my exams I'll buy a \$100 omnibus, and if I don't I won't." (Kind and selfish, aren't you, kid? Just because you won't study hard enough, you penalize yourself and the BOND DRIVE).

3. (RAF lad): "Why should

Of such as these are made and with ingredients above caliber 116 is destined to make its mark.

buy a bond? I can't take it out of Canada anyway?" (Better check out the facts before you try using that one. All the government wants is your support, in the form of cash. The BOND, once paid for, is yours to do with as you wish.)

per gallon; here we pay about \$4.05 for the same quantity . . . it's the carrying charges, you know, shades of the finance shar. . . pardon me, companies. Called to the army af-

3. (RAF lad): "Why put money in Canadian Bonds when you can buy English Bonds and get 3½% instead of just 3%? (Again you had better check the facts. Remember that the English Bonds are

Corporal Minthe is a Parisian whose father was an inspector of insurance. A student of the Sorbonne until the invasion of North

4. (A Sgt. in Maint.): "My wife is going to have a baby." (Can you think of a better way to insure the little rascal's future than

Africa, he and his brother succeeded in getting across into the so-called unoccupied zone and thence across the border to Perpignan . . . and a Spanish prison. After two vain attempts to escape from a concentration camp, they finally suc-

5. (Cpl. on Staff): "Why should we do the fighting and pay for it too?" (Lending your money at 25% interest, when you can't get a better rate anywhere, is hardly paying for it. Is it?)

3. (Most anyone): "I'm broke."
(To begin with, this old state of

1. CO_2 is a greenhouse gas, and its concentration in the atmosphere is increasing. This is causing global warming, which is leading to a rise in sea levels and a decrease in biodiversity.

up on a subject that interests you, pick a book that you enjoy reading—and there'll usually be a lot to choose between. Finding a book for your particular needs may sometimes not be easy; but shop around a bit before you turn

MacLennan, Hugh—*"Barometer Rising."* Toronto, Collins, 1942/1.

Smith, L. — "Strange Fruit." N.Y. Reynold and Hitchcock, 1944.
Strong, A. L. — "Wild River." Boston, Little, Brown, 1943.
Weiskopf, F. C. — "The Firing

you could go on to Bruce Hutchinson's "The Unknown Country" and John Murray Gibbons' "Canadian Mosaic: the Making of a Northern Nation." By that time you would be well on the way to knowing more about Canada than a great

STRIKE---SPARE---BLOW! FROM DRILL HALL ECHO

Refinished Bowling Alleys Once More Open for Season—Big
Crowds Turn Out, 6-10 p.m.

THREE strikes and you're out! Not only are you not out, but you're definitely in the bowling groove. The bowling season is here again with the sound of rolling balls, cries of "Strike!" . . . "Spare!" . . . and yes, even "Blow!" From six to ten each night the game is in progress, and participation is so keen that a "Priority List" is posted on the board to keep track of those awaiting their turn to bowl. All ranks are seen here and members of both sexes indulge equally.

Four alleys are at your disposal, and if you are really a good bowler, don't forget to try alley No. 1. It's bewildering and mystifying — ask any patron. Straight balls curve and curved balls straighten out. It's really a lot of fun.

In case you haven't tried the game (but of course you must have) it is named "skittles" in RAF jargon. Here it is in a nutshell. Stand in the centre of the runway with your heels together and your toes apart, according to C.A.P. 90, a ball

is held gently in one of your hands. You make a nice easy dash for the foul line (which you must not cross). Ben Sugarman could tell you of the rubber foul line in the Bolodrome in Ottawa, which is a most effective stop for those enthusiasts who will sprint too much). As you approach the line your hand (the one that's holding the ball) goes forward, releasing it. Then a hurried stop, and you stand for a moment swaying in order to direct the ball somewhat in the manner of a curler. (We forgot to mention that you aim for the king pin, trying to hit it a little on one side.) If it's a strike you turn around clapping your hands; if it isn't you repeat the process. Of course, when you blow you merely say that you were striving for a curve and couldn't get the hang of it. And when you're finished, with the amazing score of 75 (your best in weeks) you make a horrid face and murmur that you haven't bowled that low in two years.



Counting is very simple. The most important fact is that unless you hit the fourpin you count nothing.

More advice: if you are a WD you should walk up to the foul line as if you were a movie actress trying a screen test, bend down gently and lay the ball on the floor and then push it slowly towards the headpin. This is what is called dribbling, and usually results in a strike.

SO come and join in this interesting game. And when your game is over, join more of your friends in the ever-popular snack bar, which is catering to the needs of the always hungry with delicious hot dogs, coffee and other refreshments.

Mother: "I do not approve of these one-piece bathing suits."
WD: "Oh, I think a person should wear something."

A Visit To An Army Air Corps Station

By CPL. M. HORNE

WELL, come along with me. We'll board the Detroit-bound train, then instead of stopping over we'll head out to Mount Clemens on a luxurious bus. We might have time for a hamburger before our next bus leaves for the Field.

As we get out of the bus the first thing we see is a little hut with a sign "Selfridge Field," and inside two husky chaps in tin hats lettered "MP." They take our passes, then we wait for still another bus to take us into the camp. It finally arrives and turns out to be an army vehicle with two rows of seats, a roof, but no back. The driver is a civilian. On the front, of the bus—not the driver, is a sign, "Shuttle Bus." We drive down the road a piece, past the hangars and runways and control tower, right into the barrack area.

The time is now 20:00 hours, Saturday night, and the place is the isolated "WAC" area. The WAC barracks are two-story affairs with outside steps leading to the top floor.

The rooms here are divided in two and numbered alphabetically on the outside. One section has two single beds and the other section one single bed. They are rough, unfinished and on the whole very plain. Curtains, photos and other ornaments are conspicuous by their absence. Each WAC has her own bed, which is made up GI style, one blanket on and one folded under the pillow. Blanket covers are rolled up at the foot and can serve on chilly nights. Every girl

has a 7-foot wooden locker, divided into three sections; two divisions in the top part and one in the bottom for odds and ends. Once you become a WAC, you leave civvy life for the duration; only issue clothes are in evidence. In addition to this locker each girl has a trunk at the foot of her bed to take care of the rest of her ample wardrobe. Shoes are kept, we noticed, in a straight line under the bed.

Halfway down the central hall is a recreation room for letter writing, etc. Their rooms are not nearly as well furnished as ours. For example: tin wash basins instead of porcelain, showers instead of tubs, and rough boards instead of smoothly finished wall board. But they do outshine us in one respect. Each barrack block has a washing machine.

AFTER a tour of the barracks we were shown their "Day Room." It is very much like our canteen, but not nearly so cheery. The room is equipped with a ping pong table, lamps, couches, tables, radio and a juke box. Oh yes, men are permitted here. Besides this "Day Room," they have a PX or Post Exchange where all the necessities of camp life are for sale — some luxuries, too; like beer, and this to both sexes.

From here we proceed to the NCO Club, and quite a walk it is, too. It is housed in a permanent brick building. As we enter we are impressed with the size and furnishings. The main room has a fireplace at one end and a bandstand at the other. Around the walls are tables, lamps, etc., and

leading off this main hall are smaller rooms, one of which is a restaurant and bar. As it is Saturday night, most of the personnel are in town, but the juke box is blaring merrily away. It's now 23:00 hours, so an MP comes in and starts locking up.

As it's getting late we decide to turn in. Returning to the Corporals' rooms we are given a pair of blue check issue pyjamas and a wine-colored corduroy house coat. With so much clothing issued to them I can't see where they spend their money. Tomorrow will be Sunday and as the WAC's work in the morning, no compulsory church parade, we say good night and after a few turns in the unfamiliar bed are fast asleep.

AT 08:00 hours we awake and by 09:30 are dressed and ready for breakfast. The mess we are taken to is run for and by WAC's and apparently stays open all day, for we don't get dirty looks even at this late hour. The mess is quite similar to ours except that they have individual stools instead of benches. There are red and white curtains at the windows. We eat off sectionized tin plates. This sectionizing keeps the gravy out of the dessert, etc. Their cups don't have handles, shades of Fingal, but aside from these minor differences things are pretty much as in the RCAF. Cereal is served to us in individual boxes and milk in cardboard containers. The drink of the day is coffee, no tea or cocoa.

After breakfast we return to the Barrack Block and get into conversation with some of the girls. From our talk we see that their

duties are very much like ours. One works in the Drill Hall, so we accept her invitation of a conducted tour of that part of the camp. On the way we pass barrack block after barrack block, permanent buildings and other small structures. Really, it's a little city in itself.

The station, we learn, has two gyms; one for staff and one for trainees, but NO WAC instructors. Lucky, aren't they? Their gyms are simply super layouts with a stage at one end, dressing rooms, etc. The sides are lined with bleachers for the spectators at basketball games. This, by the way, is their main winter sport, aside from hockey. Showers and more dressing-rooms are in the basement. Upstairs they have their offices and Sports Stores. Quite different from ours; they have plenty of badminton birds and tennis balls. Outside are tennis courts, handball courts, a boxing ring, an obstacle course, etc. One building is set aside for the ever popular bowling alleys.

After seeing all this we suddenly realize that if we are going to catch that train back to St. Thomas we had better get on our horse. So we say our good-byes and thanks, once more board the bus, faintly reminiscent of Richards Coach Lines, only more comfortable, and head for Detroit.

WE arrive at Friendly Fingal in the wee hours, wander through the guard house and down the deserted streets to our barracks, climb into our bunks and just before closing our weary eyes we think back over it all; yes, I think we'll take the RCAF.

FOOD, FUN, BRIDGE and SONG!



Y.W.C.A. HOSTESS HOUSE WELCOMES STATION PERSONNEL

"The Friendly Place to Meet" Offers Many Attractions For
Enjoyment Plus Good Food

HOSTESS HOUSE: a friendly place to meet. How many times have you noticed this sign while waiting for a bus to town? You might even have looked back at the House and yet never have entered it. If not, may we take you on a short introductory visit? Following along the walk we pass lawns and flower beds which in summer present the beauty of home surroundings. As we enter the House through the front hall we come into one of the two sitting-rooms.

Looking around we see many small groups spending a quiet evening. In one corner two airmen are writing letters. In the centre of the room four others are having a game of bridge. Early in the evening the radio supplies the music, but later on one of the visitors seats himself at the piano and soon a sing song is in full swing. In the other room many of the air-crew are pursuing their studies and above the hubbub of voices you hear bombs and comps being discussed at great length. Some of the girls will be knitting or sewing. Still other visitors are having refreshments, for to those who feel the urge to satisfy their hunger the

canteen provides a great boon. Here we meet the two hostesses, who are usually busy preparing a select variety of light snacks. Our senior hostess, Miss Oonah Hewson, has been with us since February and her assistant, Mrs. Dorothy McCallum, since June. Both have been "Y" hostesses for some time and have a natural ability to make you feel at home. That which we see is only a small part of the duties of the hostess. If you have any problems they can help you. The Hostess House is a place where you can meet and enjoy the company of your civilian and service friends.

A Message from the Padre

By F/L V. HALL

SPECULATION is rife as to suitable celebration of "V" day, when Nazis will at long last come to the bitter realization that further resistance is futile.

Is our celebration to take the form of a colossal binge or will it be a prosaic affair savoring of the blue-laws of the Pilgrim Fathers and their bleak descendants?

Both varieties have their sponsors. Wisdom and common sense will very likely dictate a middle way.

It is quite obvious that youth and spontaneity will take care of the whoopee end of it with little or no help as to promotion. And after all it is youth's prerogative for, as usual, youth has paid the price in sacrifice of time, thwarted ambi-

tions, toil and alas, blood; life and limb. Since youth demands and accepts whoopee as at least part payment, by all means grease the band-wagon and spare not the horses. Of course there will be reasonable control.

But what about the other side of the picture? There is the fact that a bountiful Providence has made our victory possible and infinitely less costly than we feared. To this truth Churchill, Roosevelt and all our Christian leaders subscribe. Gratitude and thanksgiving to God for this boon will give proof of the nobility of our national character, and indeed will even be a gauge of further prosperity.

The suggestion that five minutes of silent prayer mark the beginning of our celebration, as bells ring and sirens sound, is all to the good.

In the 6th Victory Loan Campaign the armed forces purchased 47 million dollars of Victory Bonds.

"Dad," said the only son not in service, "I'd like to marry after harvest."

"Why wait that long?" inquired papa. "Maybe she can run a binder."

This harem beauty was blue, So promptly from Turkey she flew; For fame she did pine:

Now she's one of nine On the stage of a burlesque revue.

"Eavesdropping again," said Adam when his wife fell out of a tree.

NEW "Y" SUPERVISOR TAKES OVER

**"Hank" Coleman Replaces
Clarke—Station Extends
Welcome**

THE Y.M.C.A. has given us a new man to fill Clarke Edwards' shoes. That's going to be quite a job, but after talking with him and looking into his record—we have to check on these things, you know—we have come to the conclusion that they, the "Y," have not let us down. No, sir, "Hank"



"HANK" COLEMAN

is a good man and no mistake. (Top 'ole, to be RAF-ish.)

His first post in the RCAF was at No. 1 Manning Depot, Toronto. Hank was there when a lot of the chaps on this station were learning which was their left foot and how powerful two hooks can be. He has met several since his arrival at Fingal that he recalls from the old days. It's a bit like old home week, says he.

Hank's specialty is handcraft, and at that he is a wizard. So if you have any particular problems in that line he is just the man to solve them for you. Of course this is not the only thing in which he is interested. Hank is sport-minded and can smell a good "show" a mile away, so we can expect the "Y" to go the limit, and more, for Friendly Fingal. We're right behind you, Hank.

QUIZZ ANSWERS

1. A left-handed baseball player or other athlete.
2. The chance he took. He jumped off the Brooklyn Bridge.
3. Air Marshal Guthrie.
4. Having made a successful emergency jump by parachute from an airplane.
5. 30 gallons.
6. To distinguish it from the smaller Brittany in France.
7. The German word for submarine is Unterseeboot.
8. They have just had a march of thirty-one days.
9. There are two.
10. If not, what follows the Third?



OBSERVER

BOOK REVIEW

MR. CHURCHILL has done it again! Appearing in Moscow with dramatic suddenness, he has once more turned the spotlight on one of the most important corners of the world. For the second time Mr. Churchill is the diplomatic Mahomet, going to the Russian Mountain—a significant indication of the mounting prestige of the country. Russia is emerging as the great power of Europe.

Long before this fact became evident, Anne Louis Strong, American by birth, Russian by marriage and conviction, was explaining enigmatic Russia to the rest of the world. In her recent book, "Wild River," she has attempted a different medium for propaganda than that used in her other works. In the form of a novel, she tells the epic story of the building of the Dnieper Dam, Russia's giant scheme for the electrification of her industries in the Ukraine. The development of this vast project is mirrored in the career of a Russian "Wild Boy," orphaned by the war and revolution. While learning to tame the mighty Dnieper, on whose banks he spends his youth, Stepan finds himself. Disciplining himself to rechannel the river he loves, he grows beyond his early, lawless individualism towards a life of co-operative effort within the framework of the Soviet State.

In spite of its obvious bias, the book presents a splendid picture of social conditions in Russia. Particularly interesting is the insight it gives into co-operative farming and the political representation of the people. Along with the engineering project of the dam goes the development of agriculture and the education of the people who work on the Dnieper. Anya, Stepan's wife, is as important a person as he, the engineer, for she develops new methods of growing the sugar beet. Her subsequent election to the All-Union Congress in Moscow gives an illuminating picture of the actual working of the Russian constitution. It is difficult for Stepan to recognize that his wife's work is

as worthy of notice as his own, but it is an admission he is forced to make, if his marriage is to last. Once again, Stepan finds that the way of co-operation, of adjustment between individuals, so that each may develop his highest capabilities, is the only possible solution.

THROUGHOUT the whole book there is an epic quality—the efforts of men and women to build a country. The struggles, the hopes, the disappointments of a people are welded into the massive structure of the dam. But in the end they have their reward.

Then, for the first time in its ages of history, the mighty Dnieper swung to the yoke that man had placed. It swirled under the ice, and beat against the wooden bulwark; finding no outlet there, the river turned eastward and smashed its way into the left channel, bearing along the broken ice.

But the dam is more to the people who constructed it than a mere engineering feat of steel and concrete. It is their contribution toward a better life.

At the end of the book, war has come to the people of Russia. Stepan, now engineer in charge of the dam he helped to build, is given the final task of blowing up the gigantic structure to delay the invading German waves. Behind him, the people start their long planned, orderly migration to the east. When they are safe across the bridges he will throw the switch that will destroy the works and hopes of a lifetime. Firm in his determination, before the fatal moment, Stepan speaks for Russia in his words to a boyhood friend, who cannot see beyond the immediate destruction. "No, Ivan, we're not back where we started. We're two hundred million lifetimes ahead. We built not only the Red Dawn Farm and the Dnieper Dam. We built the people that burned the farm and blew up the dam in the war to save the world."

On this note the book ends. It is an admirable picture of the Russia which made itself strong enough

FINGAL OBSERVER

Published monthly at "Friendly Fingal," No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario—under authority of the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander W. H. Sweetman, D.S.O., D.F.C.

THEY WORK THAT YOU MAY READ

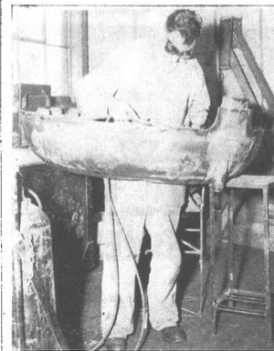
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Photographs by Photographic Section
War Correspondent with RAF
Overseas.....Sgt. Stan Mays
Ottawa Correspondent.....WO2 Ben Sugarman

The Monthly Observer is distributed free to all Fingal personnel in the last pay parade each month.

All news must be in the hands of the Editor not later than the 15th day of each month. The Fingal Observer receives material supplied by Camp Newspaper Service, War Department, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. Credited material may not be published without permission from Camp Newspaper Service.

WORKSHOP



LAC FRED GAMBLE

HOLLYWOOD AT FINGAL

The following movies will appear at the station in November:
"Hairy Ape"—William Bendix
Susan Hayward.
"Phantom Lady"—Franchot Tone, Ella Raines.
"Home in Indiana"—Lon McAllister.
"Sensations of 1945"—Eleanor Powell.
"Ladies Courageous"—Loretta Young.
"Buffalo Bill"—Joel McCrea and Maureen O'Hara.
through the efforts of its people, to withstand the most brutal assault in history. It is a "must" book for anyone interested in present-day Russia; worthy to stand beside the accounts of Paris, the Webbs and Ambassador Davies.
Strong, Anna Louise — "Wild River." Boston, Little, Brown; 1943.

Ye Editor's Mail Bag

August 23rd,
1809710 Sgt. Kirby, A.W.,
22A Victoria Rise,
Chapman Common,
London SW1, England.

Dear Editor:

Thanks a lot for the Observers, which I am receiving regularly. There are several ex-Fingalites (all Air Bombers) with me, both RAF and RCAF. As you may guess, the old camp magazine is eagerly devoured by all. It's really wizard to get news from our second "home"—dear old Fingal. We all, the "Limeys" that is, thank everyone for the grand time we had in Canada. Thanks a lot—especially to you at Fingal. I suppose I should tell you who we are—well, Peter Rushby, Tally Morgan and I—Shad Kirby, are all ex-95 and 96 Course AB's. We've been back in "Highly" for quite a time now, but somehow haven't got around to writing until now. I've been getting the Observers O.K. and so I've had all the news. Talking of news reminds me, I ordered Fingal Observers up to 1946; if one goes by the present news the war is going to be over pretty soon. Then, I dare say, I shall be unlucky so far as the Observer goes. In the words of the Air Force, "I shall have had it".

You will probably enjoy hearing that we are in a special outfit engaged in dropping paratroops. This requires higher standards of map-reading, bomb aiming, etc., than any other outfit, including Pathfinders. Out of our crowd, five of the AB's are Fingalites, a bigger percentage than any other B. & G. All of the instructors at APL and OTU think highly of No. 4.

I was rather surprised to hear that Phyllis Corbett is in England. I hope to see her soon and hear all about her views on England.

Will you give my kindest regards to all my friends at G.I.S., No. 5 Orderly Room (where I spent 2 weeks "luc-lobes"), the Hostess House and the S.I.Q. I thoroughly enjoyed the articles on the various sections. Keep 'em up.

Well, I must close now; we are just going on a nav. trip.

Cheerio for now, best of luck to the Observer. Yours very sincerely,

SHAD KIRBY.



VITAL STATISTICS

BORN

A daughter, Myrna Blanch, to LAC and Mrs. C. C. H. Brien.
A son, Vernon George, to LAC and Mrs. A. H. Hewer.
A son, Robert Wayne, to LAC and Mrs. R. A. Ryland.
A daughter, Dianne Marie, to Cpl. and Mrs. F. A. Harlow.
A daughter, Mary Colleen, to LAC and Mrs. E. G. Conway.

MARRIED

Sgt. W. N. Davidson to Elizabeth Hale, at Georgetown, Ontario, on April 4th.
P/O E. W. Bishop to Marie Edna Twells, at London, Ontario, on August 26th.
LAW M. Carsell to Bruce French of Hamilton, on September 29th.

SHOWS BOOKED

This fall season promises to be one of outstanding entertainment. Already two shows are booked to visit Fingal.

The Tweedsmuir Group-London show on Nov. 14, and on Dec. 11 Alf Tibb's Originals.

Keep these dates open.

The old-fashioned girl used to stay home when she had nothing to wear.



Mr. and Mrs. Bruce French



Corp. and Mrs. Charles Forbes

MORE FINGALITES TAKE FATAL STEP

Observer Extends Congratulations to Newlyweds—Extra Observer as Wedding Present

A WEDDING of double interest to Fingal took place in Devon, New Brunswick, at the home of the groom on August 18th, between LAW Alberta Crown of the Officers' Mess and Cpl. Charles Forbes, who recently worked in Drogue Flight until his posting to Summer-side, P.E.I.

The bride wore a floor length gown of white satin with a gathered bodice and sweetheart neckline. She wore a single strand of pearls, a finger tip veil and carried a bouquet of pale orchid gladioli with streamers of white and silver ribbons. She was attended by Mrs. Fred Forbes as matron of honor, who was gowned in blue, and Miss June Forbes as bridesmaid, in pink. Sgt. Neil Rice and Ralph Forbes, brother, attended the groom.

A reception followed, attended by many friends and relatives of the bride and groom. The couple took a wedding trip through the Province of New Brunswick.

THE photographic section also came into the news last month with the marriage of LAW Margaret Carsell of Wainwright, Alberta, to Bruce French of Hamilton, Ontario. The ceremony took place at Knox Presbyterian Church, St. Thomas, with Padre Vic Hall officiating.

The bride wore a floor length white sheer chiffon gown and a shoulder length veil. She carried a nosegay of pink gladioli, white tea roses and bouvardia. She was attended by LAW Mary Anderson of the photographic section, who recently has been posted, and wore a gown of blue brocaded organdie with a shoulder length pink veil. She carried a nosegay of pink gladioli, white tea roses and bouvardia. The groom was attended by Jack Berdan of Hamilton.

Immediately following the cere-

mony a reception was held in the Rose Room of the Grand Central Hotel. Following this, the bride and groom left for a short trip to Buffalo and Niagara Falls. For travelling the bride wore a gray gabardine suit with navy accessories.

GERMANS WILL GET TOUGH, JUST RULE

(By Camp Newspaper Service)

A "tough" but just rule for the portion of Germany to be occupied by our armed forces was indicated by Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower, Supreme Commander AEF, in his first proclamation published on German soil. "We come as conquerors but not as oppressors," the proclamation declared.

Eisenhower promised that Nazism and German militarism will be obliterated.

"We shall overthrow the Nazi rule," he stated, "dissolve the Nazi party and abolish the cruel, oppressive and discriminatory laws and institutions which the party has created. We shall eradicate that German militarism which has so often disrupted the peace of the world."

Speedy trial and punishment of military and party leaders, the Gestapo and others found guilty of crimes and atrocities also was promised.

Germans were warned to obey "immediately and without question" all the enactments and orders of the Allied Military government. Resistance to Allied forces will be dealt with "severely," the proclamation declared.

All German courts and educational institutions in the occupied territory were ordered suspended and all officials were "charged with the duty of remaining at their posts until further orders." Included were employees and workers of all public undertakings and utilities and all other persons engaged in essential work.

The proclamation followed by a few days an order of L/Gen. Courtney H. Hodges forbidding

Y.M.C.A. SUPERVISOR LEAVES FINGAL

Clarke Edwards Posted to Mt. Hope—Many Friends Say Farewell

WITH things happening so fast at Fingal lately, we are apt not to notice the absence of some of the mainstays of long standing. One of these mainstays was Clarke Edwards.

Clarke started his Air Force career with the Y.M.C.A. at Camp Borden and finally found his way to the group of buildings just 12 miles west of St. Thomas. It has been and is called any number of names, but officially is known as No. 4 B. & G., Fingal.

In the 18 months that he was here he worked long, hard hours for the enjoyment and pleasure of all. Shows, track meets, dances, etc., all had the Edwards touch and for all this we sincerely thank you, Clarke.

Before leaving for his new post at Mount Hope he was presented with a pen and pencil set by the C.O. as a token of appreciation for the fine job done.

Fingal will miss you, Clarke, the Observer in particular, and the station in general. Best of luck to you at Mount Hope. May they appreciate you as much as we did.

FINGAL FLIERS ARE DECORATED

Distinguished Flying Cross

P/O DAVID JOHN CUNNINGHAM WATERBURY, 162 Sqn., RCAF.

"This officer has invariably performed his duties as navigator in a most skillful and efficient manner. While on an anti-U-boat patrol his aircraft attacked an enemy submarine. During this encounter the aircraft was seriously damaged by anti-aircraft fire and later was forced to alight on the sea. As eight crew members occupied one dinghy the situation was difficult. After three hours an air/sea rescue aircraft dropped a lifeboat which unfortunately drifted away from the survivors. Stripping off all his clothing, Pilot Officer Waterbury swam after it and secured it and with considerable difficulty paddled it back to the remainder of the crew, who were eventually rescued. But for this officer's determination and courage all would undoubtedly have been lost."

F/L CHARLES MURRAY CARTER, 428 Sqn., RCAF.

P/O JOHN HEATON, 427 Sqn., RCAF.

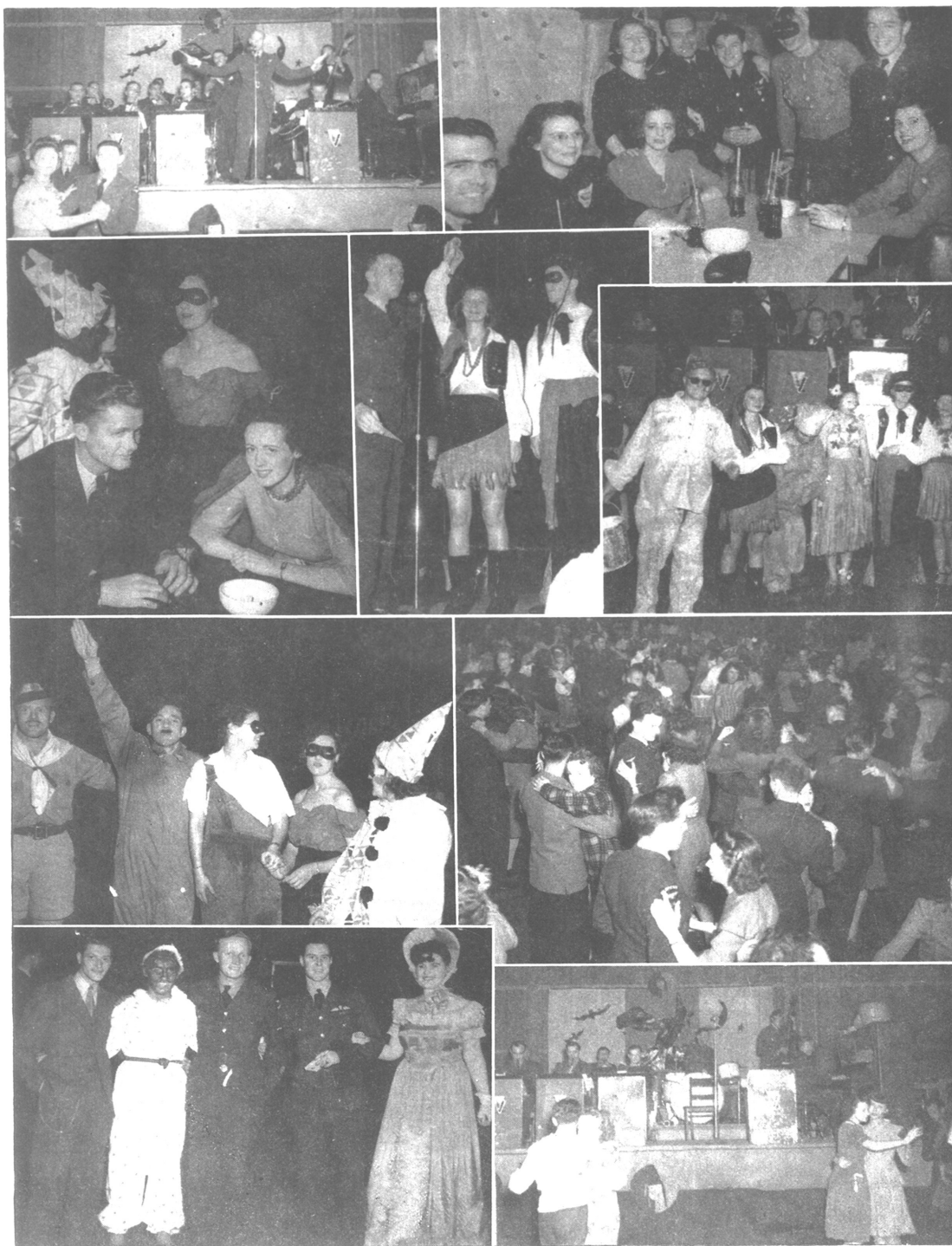
Bar to Distinguished Flying Cross

F/L JOHN FREDERICK LEWIS, DFC, 405 Sqn., RCAF.

"This officer has flown on a great number of sorties against strongly fortified targets in Germany. His technical skill and keenness for operational flying has set a fine example to the rest of his crew."

American 1st Army troops to fraternize with German civilians.

Three American MP's disappeared mysteriously near Rotgen, south of Aachen, in occupied Germany recently. Their jeep, which Capt. Lindsey Nelson, of Knoxville, Tenn., said was "shot to hell" was found by the road only two miles from the unit command post.



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