

Fingal Observer

SEPT. 1944



IT'S UP TO YOU! [See Page 9]

UNSUNG BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

F/Sgt. Austin of G.I.S. Spends
Time Building Synthetic
Training Equipment

(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.)



One of the most important jobs on the station, and one with the least amount of thanks is that of a ground instructor. They are constantly lecturing on the same stuff to a new group of trainees trying to turn them out just a little bit better than the previous ones. They are continually racking their brains to devise new ways and methods to put across the same old ideas. This is our introduction to F/Sgt. Neville Austin. One of the hardest working of the ground school staff. The flight hails from the West, Saskatoon, Sask., to be more exact, and prior to joining the RCAF in August, 1943, he worked as the principal of the high school in Scott, Sask.

After enlisting as an armourer he eventually found his way east and to station Fingal. Since his arrival here he has worked continuously at G.I.S. During this time he has helped many students make the grade. Only recently he built a mock-up of a Lancaster bombing panel which contains in duplicate, on a smaller scale, the equipment to be found in a Lancaster. This project, built of his own time and labor, is helping and will help many a student to obtain a clear picture of the job which lies ahead.

The flight at the present time lives in St. Thomas with his wife and one child, a boy age 3. He has also one other brother in the service, who is with the medical corps.

Airman: "Would you turn off the lights if we were sitting over on the davenport?"

She: "Why, of course not—you lazy thing."

EDITORIAL

SERVICEMEN AND THE POST WAR WORLD

RECENTLY the Dominion Government, and in fact the governments of all the United Nations have been giving increasing attention to the many problems of post-war reconstruction.

Of course, it is realized quite definitely that there must be no relaxation at this stage in our efforts towards the earliest and most decisive conclusion of the war, and to this extent we have the positive assurance that the government's plans represent no interference to, or interruption of the war effort. Nevertheless there can be no doubt that we must have the bulk of our preparations and plans laid beforehand if we are to ensure the smoothest and most expeditious transition from war to peace. Indeed the lesson of the period between the two wars points emphatically to the dangers of an unplanned or transitory scheme of national economy.

Repatriation of servicemen is one of the biggest and, from our point of view, one of the most vital problems of post-war reconstruction. This concerns itself not only with the demobilization of our forces, but also with the vast field of pensions, medical treatment, marriage allowances, training for industry and commerce, and most important, the placing of each and every serviceman in a job that will guarantee him something more than the mere necessities of life. Somehow or other, rightly or wrongly, the last war did not do that. It was a war fought for health, freedom and sanity, but out of it came only revolution and counter-revolution, strikes and hunger marches, depressions and bread lines. It was a cynical and disillusioned generation that grew out of the troubled years between 1929 and 1939.

No one can really be blamed for the conditions that arose. The problems were so vast and complex that they simply proved too much for those handling them at the time. This time at least we have all the experience behind us. Quite apart from that, however, it is quite certain that servicemen will not be satisfied merely to return to pre-war conditions; they are in a position to aspire to and obtain something far more than that. In this regard, it is noted that several constructive and specific proposals for post-war benefits have been advanced in official quarters—to cite the Beveridge report for example.

The immediate problem of the post-war years will be to get a mean between what is socially desirable and what is actually economically practicable. The long range problem will be to ensure that social and economic anarchy does not break out once again.

To this extent official pronouncements upon the post-war reconstruction and repatriation will be watched with considerable interest in the next few months.

OUR FRONT COVER

Our front cover this month shows LAC A. H. Bamsey, a drogue operator on our station, in the midst of a swan dive. Albert's home is in Guelph and he enlisted in the RCAF July 24, 1941. Since then he has spent most of his time here at Fingal.

An ardent swimmer, he spends a great deal of his spare time at the pool.

FINGAL'S REPUTATION SPREADS OVERSEAS

Personnel of Many Stations
Have Heard and Know
Of Friendly Fingal

By SGT. STAN MAYS
(Fingal Observer War Correspondent with the RAF)

At a Northwest Air Station (by bomber mail) — "Friendly Fingal" has made a great hit here in England.

No matter where you go, all the air force stations have heard of Fingal, Ontario. "Oh! you were lucky—that's the wizard place near Detroit," is the invariable reply when you tell your A.F.U. instructor where you trained.

Yes, Fingal has a great reputation. And why not? Trade stories with Air Bombers from other stations and you realize that Fingal had more than other B. & G.'s—and kept it in the right place, too.

Let me tell you of a conversation around the bar in a little cellar-like taproom of a pub just behind "B" dispersal site of this station.

Our course instructor was availing himself of a few quiet pints when the boys ganged up on him for a "gen" talk. "Where did you train?" he asked, and when someone started to shoot a line about South Africa, Jock, a haggis-basher from Gourrock, Scotland, who says he was in course 88 ("Which war, Pop?"), chimed in: "You should have been at Fingal, chum."

That started it. "'Friendly Fingal' I've heard it called," said the instructor. "It's supposed to be a good place."

"Supposed, indeed," retorted Jock. "Och, aye! I'd like to be there now. I knew a bonny WD called Jean, who..." but we shouted him down.

"You Fingal boys seemed to have enjoyed yourselves anyway," said the P/O, and it couldn't have been an easy place because all your bombing averages are higher than elsewhere—they must be tough, eh? Still, you do all right over here, which is the main thing."

We sat around for a couple of hours and talked about Fingal, until there were only the ex-Fingal boys left—did Margo get married?—what happened to Kruger, boys? She'd been off the reservation—could I use a coke now? They'd never let you drink one before a flight—only milk. Milk makes me sick—coke doesn't!

Remember Van Buskirk—the guy who won all the money—he should have his third by now. And the C.O., he was really for the boys.

The evening ended as the barmaid called time and we strolled back to the mess.

No, sir! Fingal isn't forgotten. I can vouch for that.

She: "Would you like to see where I was operated on for appendicitis?"

He: "No—I hate hospitals."



Fingal Observer

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



"STRIKE UP THE BAND"

"IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD
OF LOVE, PLAY ON"

Fingal's Own Brass Band Is
Organized—Parades for
the Use Of

WITH music the food of morale and general smartness, the Fingal musical program has been expanded to include a full-fledged brass band. Under the indefatigable leadership of F/O Chuck Pennells and F/O Mac Mackenzie, the doughty group set to work on a three-thousand-dollar project with ninety dollars in their pockets and an unaccountable amount of ambition.

This perilous enterprise, once conceived, immediately started to function. Instruments were loaned to the band for the duration of the war by the townspeople of Blenheim and Rodney.

Among the many are Cpl. Vic Groves and LAC Tommy McKeoun, whose untiring efforts brought about the conversion of the bugle band to a brass band in less than fourteen days.

On the ever-memorable day of the 14th of July, a serious, anxious band sat, grouped behind music stands, on the parade square, waiting to give forth written musical sounds so that once again they could swell with pride in the knowledge that they were part of a true harmony which reigns so unconquerably throughout Fingal School.

Since the first appearance of the brass band, many new applicants have arrived and have taken out musical instruments. Music lessons as well as band rehearsals are being given, and great plans for concerts and a grand musical are now diligently being expanded.

The thirty-four members of the band feel the charm and the heart-felt enjoyments of common life so pleasing through the idiom of music, that it is their wish that others experience this blend of feelings into harmony, and by doing such, make use of some of the free time which is left to the personnel after hours. During the fall they plan to start work on a major musical show and use much of the talent now remaining dormant at Fingal.

To quote Schopenhauer, "the unutterable depth of all music by virtue of which it floats through our conscience as the vision of a paradise firmly believed in yet ever dis-



Newly Formed Brass Band On Wing's Parade

tant from us, and by which also it is so fully understood and yet so inexplicable, rests on the fact that it restores to us all the emotions of our inmost nature, but entirely without reality and far removed from their pain."

Fingal Observer Makes Esquire

YES! Believe it or not, the Fingal Observer has crashed the pages of Esquire magazine, a magazine which no doubt many of you well know.

If any of you wish to check our statement, we would advise you to look at the September issue, pages 96 and 97, and there you will find smack dab in black type, two jokes taken from the Observer.

P.S.—It'll cost you 55c to satisfy your curiosity unless you can scrounge a look at a copy.

Little Boy: "Daddy, did you ever go to Sunday School?"
Old Sarge: "Yes, son, regularly."
Little Boy: "I'll bet it doesn't do me any good either."

YOU, TOO, CAN BE ONE

HOW often have you said hopelessly, "Oh, to be a Winco for a day." Well, Fingal makes their boys W/C's for two whole weeks. The program is gradually becoming properly organized with colorful attractions being added constantly. The co-operation given by the students has been excellent and they deserve congratulations for their interest and support.

As you probably know, the movement was initiated for the purpose of acquainting prospective NCO's and officers with future duties and responsibilities which they will perform. A.C.L.T. under the guidance of F/O Carly Johnson has appointed wing and squadron staffs as well as orderly officers and orderly sergeants daily.

The A.C.L.T. program has been carried out in several other stations across the Dominion before its inauguration at Fingal. It might be well to impress upon the students that any suggestions or constructive criticisms that they have to offer would be appreciated by the A.C.L.T. staff.

C'mon, fellas, let's get behind this idea and make Fingal's A.C.L.T. the best in the land.

"What is puppy love?"
"The prelude to a dog's life."

News---Away From Home

By our Ottawa Correspondent

Rockcliffe.—A Fingal sergeant-major, who normally gives orders, is taking a few himself, right here at Rockcliffe station. He's WO2 M. R. Palmer, pipe-smoking, hairy-chested "boss" of Fingal's H.Q. orderly room, who is on a three-week course here.

The major, who lectures to Fingal WD's, is now being taught a few things himself. For the course is designed to teach teachers how to teach more effectively, and includes NCO's and officers from stations throughout Canada.

What's more, Palmer's home is right here in Ottawa, so altogether it looks like a happy three weeks for your beloved sergeant-major. No cracks, please. He'll be back at Fingal on Monday, Sept. 11, at 0800 hrs. So dust off the whip, Sgt. McDevitt.

Barber: "Haven't I shaved you somewhere before?"

Sgt.: "Nope, I got that scar at Pearl Harbor."

"Of course I couldn't tell much about him. Both times I met him he was sober," said one sweet young thing to another.

HE STOPPED A 20MM CANNON SHELL

Back Home as an Instructor
After Some Thirty
Odd Ops

MAJOR STUART CHESSMAN stopped a 20 mm. cannon shell and lived to tell the tale. The Major, now lecturing in G.I.S. on Operational Tactics, is a veteran of some 30 odd ops. Enlisting in July, 1941, at London, Ontario, he went to Manning Pool at Toronto. With



thousands of others he went through the gruelling task of becoming an airman. His heart was set on being a pilot, so after completing his course at No. 6 ITS, he was posted to E.F.T.S. at Mount Hope. Working his way through the circuits and bumps, solo checks and 20-hour check-up, he finally came to aerobatics. These were a bit more difficult than he had anticipated. "The powers that be" decided that he was the keen type and definitely what they needed in aircrew, so he was remustered as an observer.

It wasn't long until a ruling came from Ottawa to the effect that the observers' ranks should split, some to become navigators and some bomb-aimers. Chessman took advantage of this and once again made a switch; he was now a bomb-aimer.

His first posting as a bomb-aimer was to Fingal. He got his wing at Crumlin and then went overseas, where he became an integral part of No. 12 Squadron.

Asked if any of his trips were particularly exciting, the Major said: "I guess they all were. Especially the time we were on our way to Berlin and encountered Me-109's as night fighters. This was something new in the book. I guess they must have been running low on the trusty Ju. 88's. Evidently they wanted to keep us away from

When the Red Flag Flies

One of our roving reporters with complete disregard for his own personal safety recently tackled a dangerous assignment in a never-ending search for news. This man, who has now almost recovered from a severe attack of nerves, went right into the lions' den to brave Fingal's armorers in their own fusing point.

The organization behind the three words "Bombs gone, sir," are slightly staggering. Firstly the bombs, detonators and cartridges all have to be stored in separate huts, a comfortable distance apart, and Fingal's happy bombardiers get rid of a sufficient number of bombs to keep four jolly joe-boys working all day unpacking them from their cardboard containers. These would-be pilots, incidentally, are amongst the hardest working joe-boys on the station; if our students put in an unusually hard day's bombing, these chaps, who are earnestly awaiting their LAC's, have to go to the depot to replenish the stores, and do not get off duty until 1930 hours.

On being unpacked, the bomb cases are taken to the inner sanctum or fusing point to be filled with a cartridge and detonator. Here the quiet, calm efficiency with which every action is done speaks volumes for a confidence that can only be gained by some months of experience. The armorers do a week's duty shift in the Point during every month or so; and the two men whom we visited have been doing the job for some time. They were LAC Moscovitch, a machinist in civilian life, and LAC Burd, a steel worker. Both seemed very happy in the service and promptly tried to persuade your reporter to remuster to Armorer (Bombs); this suggestion was politely refused with thanks, and after taking a final hurried look around, violent, evasive action was taken.

The reporter in question hoping sincerely that he had collected sufficient gen to keep him off such a dangerous assignment for some time to come.

their capital city because they were throwing everything at us but the kitchen sink. Most of us got through and dropped our calling cards, two-ton ones."

WO2 Chessman stopped his 20 mm. shell on another mission to Berlin. A Ju. 88 came up underneath him and opened up with everything he had. Jerry pretty near sawed the plane in half. One shell came through an opening in the bomb-aimer's compartment and caught him in the shoulder, exploding on impact. "In spite of the number of shells that hit our plane, I was the only one injured, and it's a funny thing, but if that shell had not come through the opening I would probably have been injured more seriously from shrapnel. I wasn't in too good shape as it was, so we dropped our load on the outskirts and headed for home. When we landed and got a good look at the kite it was hard to believe that we had made it. The whole trailing edge of one wing was gone."

The Major spent four months in the hospital and then returned to

NAVIGATION FLIGHT NEWS

Another month gone and no complaints about our column, so we are throwing in a little more news and nonsense from "Nav." Flight. Outside of hot weather and Ansons giving trouble, there is little news of interest to our readers. Since our work is detailed out months ahead and we believe in sticking to our work schedule, everything is running as smoothly as the Southern France beachhead. "Nav." Flight once again are ahead of flying schedule, so all the boys were treated to a Sunday off and they are looking forward to a few more. We would like to know just how Van Horne broke his elbow. We have heard so many different stories on how it happened. We promised that our poet would write something on the pilots for this issue but he suggested a substitute. Being like all airmen, it was a woman. After the build-up he received in last month's issue, nothing came of it, at least from the feminine angle, so he was down in the dumps and wrote a little poetic advertisement on himself. This is real serious, girls, so won't you please answer his plea and send them into the editor of the Observer?

WANTED . . . A WD

There're WD's and women
Around old No. 4;
Some have just passed sweet 18,
And some, in days of yore.
It seems a rotten pity
I'm barkin' up a tree,
'Cause darned if I have found one
yet
That's hankerin' for me.

While musing on my outcast state,
Had yearning for a trip,
So climbed aboard a Richards bus,
The seats caressed my lip.
There, while wondering, "What's
to do?"

L.O. much to my surprise,
I saw a sign by Fewster,
Quote, "It pays to advertise."

Canada. With such an experienced man on the staff at G.I.S., the classes in tactics will take on a new interest and prospective.

We are glad to have you here, Major, and we are sure that the students will benefit greatly from what you have to say.

20-20 VISION

The rookie reached the eye examination and was asked if he could read the last line which looked like this:

"kzysvmnk."

"Can you read that O.K.?" asked the doctor.

"Sure," cracked the lad. "I knew him well. Played guard for Notre Dame."

The wing span of the B-29 is 20 feet longer than the first aeroplane flight ever made—that was by the Wright brothers.

"Marriage," says G.I. Joe, "is like boxing . . . the preliminaries are often better than the main event."

'Tis well that inspiration came
From those few words inscribed,
'Cause my desire's to have a dame,
Borrowed, begged or bribed.
Please study well these lines below.

You'll surely get the breaks,
And I'll be strangely honest
And not tell any fakes.

Whoever gets me, ladies,
Is due for a surprise,
'Cause I've a set of boughten teeth
And lost one of my eyes.
I'm also so anaemic
(Though with a touch of gout)
That I leave one foot in the grave
To keep the other out.

My trousers, made of homespun,
Creep half way to my knees;
I have a touch of goitre
And mild attacks of fleas.
The stomach, long since underfed,
Is now exposed to view.
Nurtured by many drinking bouts
And bottles of "home brew."

The hair that parted easily
Is parted from my view,
So also has my credit—
I owe a thing or two.
My nose, described as Roman,
Is now glued to my face,
The victim of a traffic jam
In which we lost the race.

My left hand you may pity,
Is minus digits three;
My lungs, I hope, will soon be well,
Neuritis in the knee
Brings on a verbal epitaph
That I should never utter,
When it gives way beneath my
weight
And drops me in the gutter.

Now, ladies, young and beautiful,
Or three score years and ten,
You'll all have equal chances
If you've a courtin' yen.
Just write to the Observer,
Box 14-Y-X-3,
And you'll have me to dote upon,
Yours truly—Horace E.

RATES FOR AIRGRAPH CUT TO FIVE CENTS

It has been brought to the attention of the Observer that many are unaware that the rate of Airgraph letters was reduced as of June 1st. The correct postage for Airgraph letters is now 5 cents.

An airman was running the obstacle course not long ago. He puffed through till the last hurdle. The officer in charge noticed the man on the ground.

"What's the matter?"
"My leg, sir. I think I broke it on the last hurdle."
"Well, then, don't waste time just lying there—do push-ups."

The sweet young thing had broken her glasses. She carefully picked up the pieces, placed them in an envelope and took it to her optometrist.

"Will I have to be examined all over?" she asked as she handed him the envelope.

"No," he replied, "just your eyes."

IMMIGRATION TO CANADA?

A Touchy But Important Question ---We Must Decide Now

Observer's Inquiring Photog. Canvasses Station Personnel in
Second of Series of Pictures and Opinions on
Topics of the Day

SHOULD Canada open wide her gates to the oppressed peoples of the world after victory? If so, who and how many should we let in? Do the vast stretches of undeveloped land within our borders hold the answer to the rehabilitation of millions with broken homes and broken dreams? On every hand we hear these questions asked and answered, yes, no and maybe. The Inquiring Photographer wondered how those at Fingal felt about it, so he went out among the large and small fry, asked the question and got these answers:



LAW Pat Sillers (Publications)

I think that we should restrict the number of immigrants to the number of jobs available. In other words, take care of our own first. Select only those that have records as good workers to open up the new country and develop the latent resources of Canada. No Japs. Let's not tempt fate again. Germans, yes. Italians, too, have a lot they could add to our culture. Immigration should bring the good that the foreigners have to offer.



LAW KERR, R. (for Ruby),
Photo Section

Immigration should be encouraged, but selected from the peoples of Northern Europe, as they seem to fit best into Canadian life. No Japs, but some Chinese and Hindus. It might be a good idea to have much the same entry requirements as the U.S.A., with certain changes that suited our particular problems. Families settle easier than single parties, but in either case they must have some cash to start them off in their new life.

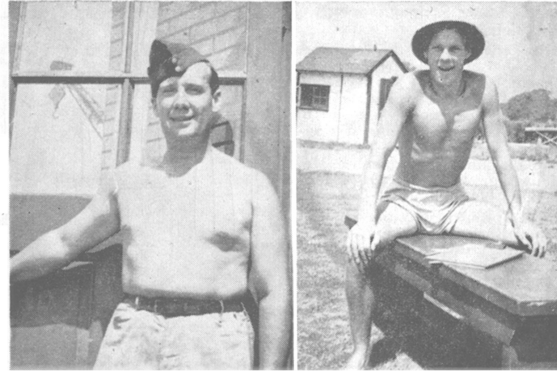
THIS IS OUR ENEMY

WHEN the American forces had broken through the last defences of the city of Cherbourg, they came upon a concentration camp of pippen barracks and barb-wire fences. Upon storming inside they were greeted by approximately 1,200 yelling, half-starved, emaciated Russian prisoners who were being held by the Germans at hard labor on the Atlantic wall. In the matter of a few minutes the combined efforts of the daughboys and the liberated prisoners, the entire German garrison was wiped out.

According to the commanding officer of the American forces, there were originally 2,000 Russian prisoners, but about 800 had died of starvation. These figures included both prisoners of war and conscripted laborers who had been carried off away from their homes after the German invasion. In defiance of the Geneva Convention, the prisoners were forced to work 14 hours a day on tunnels and fortifications in the area.

When the Germans knew that the Americans were approaching the city, they selected 200 of the toughest prisoners, all those capable of leading insurrections, and shot them.

After their liberation the ex-prisoners held a meeting and decided to ask permission to form a separate battalion and fight the Germans on the western front. "The Boche is nearer here," they said.



LAC Henry, M. (for Milton),
Tech. Stores

Sgt. R. (for Robert) Young of the
P.T. & D. Department

Canada can easily support a population of 40 millions. These should come from all the countries of the world. Some favoritism should be shown to those with skills or professions. Let's not take any Germans until we are sure that the Nazi tendencies are erased. Keep out all the Japs. One thing that should be carefully watched in the new immigrants is their development into Canadians, especially the children. One other mistake we must not make, and that is the allocation of the immigrants. In other words, put only farmers on farms.

Yes, I've thought quite a bit about it and this is the way I think the problem should be handled. I'd say work out a quota system. Put the immigrants on farms for a period of say five years. Have them report to some authority every six months to prove that they are remaining on the land. At the end of their probational period they can move to the cities if they want. This would keep the cheap labor away from the industrial centres and at the same time develop the undeveloped land. I would not discriminate against any race, creed or color, but the initial selection should be made very carefully.



F/Sgt. Emery, Works and Bricks

Canada needs more people, but not just any people. We should make sure that they have a sum of money, say \$500, when they enter Canada. This would bring capital into the hands of the country and would also ensure us that the immigrants would not become a public charge right away. Selection should be in favor of those who have a trade before they enter. As to whether or not we should let Germans and Japs in, I'd say let 'em all in or keep 'em all out. Definitely no discrimination as far as race is concerned. Keep track of



LAC Binkley (Bink)

We should have a definite plan and system, perhaps like that used in the U.S.A. Ban the Japs for all time. Germans and anyone else who can't meet the standards of Canadians should be kept out. Money should not be a barrier. Many people with a lot to offer have lost everything in the war. The government should help them financially to get started. The majority should be settled on the land. There lies the answer for millions.

every immigrant for a period of three or four years after entry.

TOWER TOPICS

Along with about the other thousand and so people on the station that are finding things a little on the hot side, we find all members of the tower having a sweltering good time.

New members to the tower are: F/O Shatford, formerly of maintenance, now as the Adj. We found out that he has a weakness for painting. For proof, just see the job he has done on our section—also on everyone who came in and leaned against the counter! Must admit, however, that green looks good on blue uniforms.

S/L Cowan is now the new O.C. flying. Born in Chatham, Ont., he spent most of his life there; prior to enlisting he lived in Detroit, Mich. S/L Cowan enlisted in March of 1940 and came to Fingal from Brantford. He has spent seven months recruiting in Ottawa and Calgary. After that he took the administration and armament officers' course at Trenton. As an armament officer he became attached to the General Flying List for training, and was transferred to it in June, 1942, while with the 119 B.R.S. at Sydney, N.S. Then for 14 months he was at Newfie. In the last war he was with the Royal Flying Corps and the Royal Air Force. While with these units he flew Sopwith Camels in France and after being shot down and spending one year as a prisoner in Germany, he finally came back to Canada. So there you have the new O.C. flying.

When teased about the flowers, Midge says that it is not her fault that it doesn't rain. (Ever hear of a watering bucket, Midge?) For information concerning Course 108, just ask Val. She knows all about that course. Sports fiend of the

The Wolf

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"An' now show me Lana Turner!"

section is Cpl. Joan, who takes to tennis. LAW Crown is just about to go on leave to go down and see her sister get married. And from the excitement that she is going through, we wonder which sister is getting married.

So with one eye on the weather report and the other on the rulers and pencils that have the nicest habit of disappearing, we say so long for now.

by Sansone

"Well, you said I had to choose, didn't you?" demanded the husband, in bed with his golf clubs.

Old Maid: "Has the canary had its bath yet?"

Maid: "Yes, ma'am. You may come in now."

"Can you mention a great time-saver?"

"Yep—love at first sight."



VITAL STATISTICS

BORN

A daughter, Elizabeth Jane, to F/S and Mrs. W. L. Campbell.
A daughter, Candace Marion, to Cpl. and Mrs. S. C. Herrington.
A daughter, Margaret, to LAC and Mrs. T. W. Dobson.
A daughter, Anita Florence, to WO2 and Mrs. R. A. Bolland.
A daughter, Janet Susan, to F/O and Mrs. R. B. Voakes.
A son, Bruce Robert Chaplain, to Col. and Mrs. P. V. Bourne.
A daughter, Patricia Gail, to Cpl. and Mrs. H. W. Bolton.
A daughter, Paulette Violet Mary, to LAC and Mrs. P. E. Spence.
A son, Richard Harold, to F/O and Mrs. V. Pillsworth.

MARRIED

LAC D. D. Macdonald to Joan Patricia Murphy, at New Westminster, B.C.
Cpl. G. W. Sewell to Ruth Patricia Hamilton, at Fingal, Ont.
LAC J. E. Yorke to Florence Beatrice Treaster, at Lachine, P.Q.
AC2 J. E. Frenette to Leda Campbell, at St. Henu, P.Q.

It isn't what our girl knows that bothers us, it's how she learned it.

For News You Can't Get
Elsewhere—Read the . .

FINGAL OBSERVER

Daily and Monthly

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We Sell No Advertising

Escapists' Utopia---Port Stanley, Ontario

By F/O K. HORSLEY

ANTICIPATORY and predatory females, giggling arm in arm, coyly glancing over shoulders, sidling down the promenade. The smell of Mackie's "French fried"—shouting, gesticulating, pleasure-seeking crowds, eating hot-dogs. Women screaming as they derive wild thrills from the ferris-wheel—men smiling smugly as they clasp the waist of their temporary beloved.

Semi-clad bodies jostling each other on the land, skins of all hues from copper brown to scarlet red to office worker white. Bodies of remarkable contours—concave, convex and indeterminate. Blonde hair, brunette, red-head and mousy, splashing in the waves, cleaving through fish flies, swimming and drowning in the water—romance, intrigue and death.

Crowded beer parlors and a cloying dance hall with its inevitable smuggling, sweating mass of humanity. This is Port Stanley, summer resort, Fingal's night life, escape from everyday reality.

Port Stanley divides itself into quite clearly defined sections. First there is the Orchard Beach locality

not known to the average Fingalite with any intimacy. This is the residential area with a complaisant air of permanency. The average occupation of the Orchard Beach resident is (coupled, of course, with the inevitable swimming and sun bathing) bridge, golf and self-sufficiency.

The Hill Crest area is next in line. This is rather better known by reason of the fact that a hostelry of the same name nestles precariously at the end of the road. The end of the road, in reality, to many a thirsty soul. This area is a quieter section of Port Stanley—usually until about 10 p.m., when the beer parlor disgorges its happy throng.

Apart from the recurrent nightly disturbance, inhabitants here live a sequestered and peaceful life. At the foot of the hill is the shopping section, the municipal offices, the river, the RCAF marine section, and usually the village policeman. An itinerant and transient crowd is inevitably milling here—purchasing their "daily bread," cigarettes, ice cream cones, doing all those things one usually does in a shopping centre, and looking forward with

much anticipation to the pleasures to be derived in another locale remote from there.

THE movement tendency from here is westward—ho—across the river down to the left. A friendly sign on a hotel asks "Why Not?" If any person should stop to find out, and if that unwelcome sign, "Sorry, sold out" were not prominently displayed, the answer would be obvious. Having, presumably, passed by this obstacle, a choice offers itself. To beach or not to beach? That is the question. One path, broad and wide, leadeth to the Orion Hotel—the evening domicile of the TTS G-men. The other, almost as wide but more conspicuously "broad," leads to the pavilion and to the various attractions of the beach. Whichever course is taken, solace is assured to the thirsty or the lonely soul.

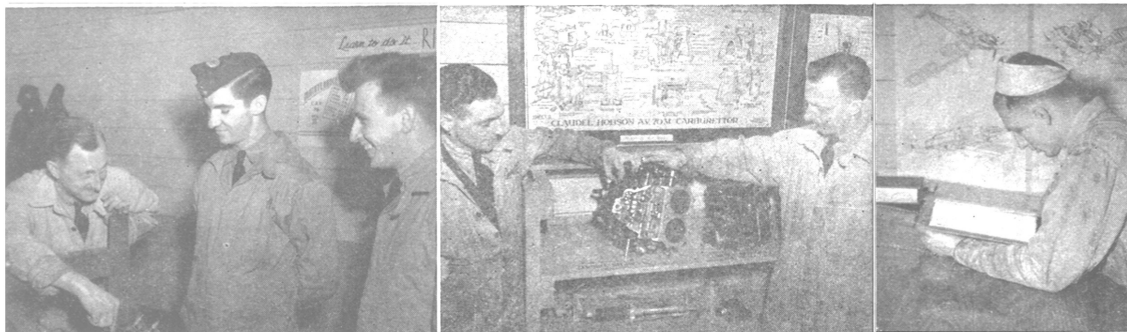
The Orion Hotel is probably as well known to the average Fingalite as any building in Port Stanley. Frenzied stewards passing out laden glasses, being beseeched, "Hey, George, over here," perspiration streaming down their faces—trying to satisfy the insatiate. The

hurly-burly increases in tempo until approximately 10 p.m., when a hectic-cheeked sometimes steady clientele is spewed on the road. This hotel surely represents the spirit of the age. Along the promenade, at almost any time from 7.30 onward, stroll smirking, sauntering, wolfish, affectedly coy, tall, short, thin, fat, well-dressed, semi-undressed crowds. Always crowds! The blare of music from the open air dance, the shrieks of women at the various sideshows, the innumerable indefinable noises, the hosteling and the almost permanent hunger and thirst of youth and old age at the numerous sidewalk cafes. All these are essentially a part of the scene. Always in the background is the lake and the beach with its couples arm in arm.

Such is the summer resort, Port Stanley. Its sights, smells, noises and people have become familiar to us. In this war-torn world the solace it affords weary minds must be beneficial. It's night and relaxation to hectic youth.

It seems, too, that this small corner of the world, in its own strange way, is doing its share of the war effort.

ALL INTERESTED INVITED



Instructional Room In 6 Hangar Open to Both Air and Ground Crews

Cut-Away Views of Engines and Parts Only Part of Interesting Display—Maintenance Publications Also Available for Those Interested

By CPL. G. T. DIXON

THE instructional room in No. 6 hangar, Maintenance Wing, is open to all interested personnel, whether they be pilots or ground crew, during normal working hours for the purpose of familiarizing themselves with the cutaway views of the various engines and components in use at this unit.

This section was especially planned and laid out for Trade Improvement classes. In this room of many things, there are two engines on display: a Bristol Mercury used in the Bolingbroke, and a Cheeth used in the speedy Anson. These engine displays have cut-away views; you can see every operation of all the parts of the engine in its complete cycle, from induction to power stroke.

On the display benches there are cut-away views of carburettors, pesco vacuum pumps; the most fascinating and intriguing one is the propeller mechanism display—the manner in which it is fitted to the shaft to withstand the tremendous strains in flight. There is also a working display of the hydraulic brake system.

The original intention was to place all available knowledge in a readily accessible place for those interested in improving their trade ability, whether standard or "A" group tradesmen. To this end, a percentage of maintenance publications have been placed in the instructional room, with more to follow. The most recent technical text books dealing with air frames and aero engines accessories and maintenance are also available in the maintenance wing orderly room. This collection of technical books is considered one of the best available in this district and any person interested may borrow these books.

Trade improvement lectures for AFM's and AEM's are held Monday to Thursday in the instructional room and the best possible instruction is given right on the floor, where it actually counts.

The boys at No. 6 Hangar visit the instruction room often, picking up information to enable them to perform a better job on repairs. This "on the job" interest explains the reasons for their high serviceability record. The boys are a steady, hard-working, co-operative group of fellows.

Silence Means Security

When a man stands ready to fight—to his last drop of blood—to his last breath of life—he doesn't do much talking. He lets his weapon do that for him.

And, later, he doesn't talk about where he has been—or when—or what he did—or saw. He knows that the safety of millions depends on his silence!

Barrack Chatter

Heard on the sports field:

"Oh Slim—have you a cigarette?"

"Sure—here's the package."

"Oh Slim—have you got a match, too?"

"Sure—here they are."

And from not so very far away a voice said, "Careful, Slim, that kind of talk got me a wife."

Bright reply of the month goes to Sunnie Maghee. When asked what was new, our Sunnie was heard to reply, "Oh nothing much—New York—New Jersey and a few other places." (Tsk, tsk! Such corn we never did hear before.)

What fair damsel was seen turning out the porch light in the WD

barracks? (We might add that LAW Norman sure has nice night wear from where we were standing.)

That M.T. section must really be hard working, for every time you see our Rita she's sleeping. "Horizontal Brulote" we now calls her.

"Ye gods," moans Shirley Davidson as she reads that daily crime sheet on the bulletin board in the barracks. "I made the headlines again. Oh, why must they have a way to fold blankets? After all, can I help it if they don't go the way they are supposed to?" (Maybe the blankets are slightly crooked, Shirl—who knows?)

"Such gratitude," says Edna Peever as she wearily climbed out of bed. Poor Edna came in after a hard game of ball and found her bed all made up—the wrong way.

Who is the cause of that gleam and far-away look in Val Lawrence's eye? And do we hear church bells, too, Val?

"Ah, me," sighs Pat Sillers as she gazes on one of those blue air-graphs from over the way. Almost every day she gets a novel and at the end of the week a complete book. Some writer, that man of yours is, Patty!

Is that tired and worn out expression that we see on the face of Sadie Hawkins from worry over that party that Headquarters had, or is it from late night and early morning risings?

What causes our P.T. & D. instructor, Cpl. McCulley, to scream in her sleep, "EEEEEE, Franke"? Is it Sinatra or could it be someone else?

We wonder why Cpl. Spencer grins so shyly when the girls say to her, "Please, Cpl. Spencer, this is not a summer resort." That man in her life must have something to do with it.

That fancy stitching we saw in LAW Givens' slip was really amazing. Wonder what next the bo-stitcher will be used for.

Hillbilly Drama

"Ye better move yair foot, paw; yer standin' on a live coal."

"Which foot, maw?"

We wonder why it is that a girl who screams at the sight of a mouse thinks nothing of dating a wolf.

DID YOU KNOW?

Q. How many ships are in operation by the Canadian Navy?

A. Three hundred and thirty fighting ships, including two fleet class destroyers and four Tribal class destroyers. Four hundred and ninety patrol and auxiliary vessels and harbor craft.

Q. Who are the American, British and Canadian naval chiefs of staff?

A. American, Admiral Ernest J. King, U.S.N., commander-in-chief of the U.S. fleet and chief of naval operations; British, Admiral of the Fleet Sir Andrew Cunningham, Bart., G.C.B., D.S.O., R.N., First Sea Lord and chief of naval staff; Canadian, Vice-Admiral George S. Jones, C.B., R.N., chief of naval staff.

Q. How many Canadian naval ships have been lost in this war? What are their names and where did the actions take place?

A. The following are the names and locale of Canadian ships lost in the present war, with dates: June 29, 1940, H.M.C.S. Fraser, destroyer, near Bordeaux, France. October 30, 1940, H.M.C.S. Bras d'Or, minesweeper, vicinity of Gulf of St. Lawrence. Mar. 27, 1941, H.M.C.S. Otter, patrol ship, lost by fire out of Halifax harbor. September 29, 1941, H.M.C.S. Levis, corvette, in North Atlantic. September 29, 1941, H.M.C.S. Windflower, corvette, in North Atlantic. December 10, 1941, H.M.C.S. Spikenard, corvette, in North Atlantic. September 14, 1942, H.M.C.S. Raccoon, patrol ship, Gulf of St. Lawrence. September 18, 1942, H.M.C.S. Charlottetown, corvette, Gulf of St. Lawrence. September 21, 1942, H.M.C.S. Otawa, destroyer, North Atlantic. February 16, 1943, H.M.C.S. Louisburg, corvette, in Mediterranean. March 19, 1943, H.M.C.S. Wayburn, corvette, East Atlantic. October 1, 1943, H.M.C.S. St. Croix, destroyer, North Atlantic. February 7, 1944, H.M.C.S. Chedabucto, minesweeper, St. Lawrence. April 29, 1944, Athabaskan, destroyer, English Channel, off French coast. May 15, 1944, H.M.C.S. Valleyfield, North Atlantic. The total to May 15, 1944, is 16.

BABY MAINTENANCE REQUIRED FOR MAXIMUM SERVICEABILITY

Do's and Don'ts of Baby Care Plus Hints on Bringing Up Father Revealed for First Time by Observer

IN keeping with the "baby" spirit fostered at Fingal by the picture baby contest, by the numerous new arrivals and by the prospect of many future stork deliveries, the Observer Information Bureau presents, for your education and enlightenment, facts and advice pertaining to the care of the baby. It's all real gen—more or less based on the best publications on the subject.

Sleep is most important for the baby (for the adult, too, they say) and regular sleeping hours, restful sleep, and plenty of fresh air in the bedroom are all key points. Getting the baby to fall asleep sometimes proves difficult. Gently rocking the crib for an hour or two will do it. But then the little genius will insist on the rocking routine every night, which is not good from the parental point of view.

A regular routine of bathing and feeding helps greatly. A bath acts as a sedative and a regular, well-balanced diet makes for good digestion, comfort, lack of gas and sleep.

If the baby gives with a "painful" cry there may be gas trapped in its stomach. Raise the baby to a vertical position (head upwards) and pat gently on the back. A healthy burp gets rid of the gas. Dress the baby comfortably for sleep, but don't overdress the baby or cover with too many blankets, as excessive heat makes the baby very uncomfortable. Changing the diaper makes the baby more comfortable for sleep (and so it should).

A REGULAR schedule must be adhered to in feeding (midnight steak-eaters, please note), and care must be taken not to overfeed the baby as this produces indigestion and gas.

Here they are, Fingal's baby entrants. All children of officers or airmen stationed here at Fingal . . . all 18 months or under and all waiting to be judged the winner by YOU, the personnel of this station.

Cash prizes will be awarded to the entrants polling the greatest number of points. These points will be awarded by you in your selection. Everyone has three choices—first, second or third, and points of 100, 75 and 50 will be awarded accordingly.

Simply fill in the ballot on the last page of the Observer (page 16), noting the number designating your choice and send it in either to the "Y" office or drop it into the nearest contribution box located in your section. Ballots must be in prior to midnight, September 10th. Your decisions will decide the contest.

BE SURE AND VOTE!

All babies must partake of P.T.—for example, kicking freely, turning over, attempts at raising themselves, etc. Lacrosse and slaughter ball are not recommended until the skin and muscles are tougher.

In short—babies and grown-ups are alike. Lots of sleep, a regular diet and exercise are needed by both. The baby can be given these things by the parents. Grown-ups should, but seldom do, follow these habits. That is why babies look so much better than grown-ups.

Now for an unusual but vital topic—the care and feeding of the young father. AFTER BABY COMES. This is a particularly try-

ing period for the young, inexperienced male. It is doubtful if any man is ever really prepared for fatherhood—he may think he is. His wife may have told him he is. He may have enthused over the layette and bassinette and bathinette. He may have exclaimed over booties and shirts and bibs and gettrudes and yards upon yards of daisy cloth, and he may have spent hours deciding on the little rascal's name. But he is due for a rude shock. Subtle changes take place in the young father's diet—particularly with respect to desserts. Gradually pie disappears altogether and soft-boiled custard, tapioca and junket come to take its place.

OBVIOUS explanation—inasmuch as the baby has to have these foods, it's much simpler to make

The Nazi Soldier---Thin and Shabby, But Still a Very Dangerous Fighter

By Camp Newspaper Service

Here are a few things GI's learned about the German soldier during the early weeks of the fighting in France:

1. He fights hard and with courage. But when the going gets tough, he's likely to quit.

2. He doesn't like to fight at night. And that's a good time to go out and get him. You can pick out his position better at night by following the line of the tracers from his machine guns. By day it's hard to see him because he fights behind hedgerows and his powder is smokeless.

3. He's very tricky. If you give him a chance to pull a fast one on you, he'll go ahead and pull it. Watch him when he surrenders. German soldiers have been known to surrender with a white flag in one hand and a potato masher in the other. When they get close to you they are liable to let you have the grenade right in the face.

4. He's inclined to be trigger

happy. Sometimes he will fire aimlessly just to build up his courage. Generally, however, he's a good shot and a dangerous man with a gun, but he's no match for our men with a bayonet.

Physically, this 1944 edition of the German soldier is thinner and shorter than the 1940 model. The early "superman" is dead, or wounded, or guarding the front at home. His successor on the fighting fronts is a lesser man, physically and psychologically, according to reports printed in Stars & Stripes and other newspapers abroad.

Gone is the arrogant, fanatical Nazi who laid waste the entire continent of Europe. His place has been taken by a smaller, shabbier, less enthusiastic and more bewildered soldier—a man who doesn't want to fight so hard, but who still knows how to do it.

To sum it up, the German soldier today isn't the fighter he once was, but he still is quick and smart, he's tough and he's wicked. Don't let him fool you.

left leg of a ginger-bread man in his soup.

Pieces of sodden zweiback may turn up anywhere—on a chair in the folds of the newspaper, on the rug, among neckties in the lower bureau drawer and often in a shaving mug.

It's a critical period for the young male. And there is the case of the young father who awoke one morning and declared that it had been he who had had the baby. Expert psychologists went to work on the case, but all they got was the same answer: "Listen, Doc, you can talk all you want to. But I know what happened and, believe me, I never want to go through that again."



Yank occupation of Saipan gives the U.S. key to the conquest by air and land of Japan and the Philippines. From Saipan it's only 1,500 miles to Tokyo, 1,600 to Manila, Shanghai, in Jap-occupied China, is but 1,900 miles away.

FINGAL OBSERVER

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THEY WORK THAT YOU MAY READ

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YOU PICK THE WINNER (SEE PAGE 16 FOR BALLOT)



OTTAWA CORRESPONDENT SITS IN HOUSE OF COMMONS

First Parliamentary Report Written by a Camp Newspaper
Correspondent From House of Commons
Press Gallery

By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN



THIS is a unique political dispatch. It is the first ever written by a camp newspaper correspondent in Canada from the House of Commons press gallery. It is also a story by an alleged political correspondent which hasn't a thing to do with politics.

Posted to Rockcliffe, it was inevitable that the Fingal Observer would appoint us as Ottawa correspondent. And when the editor decided to send a man to Parliament Hill to see just how the country was being run while we're in the air force, we had our first assignment.

Apprehensive at first, we must confess that it was an exhilarating and amusing experience, and the two hours we have just spent in the House gave us some sense of satisfaction in the guys who make our laws.

We had 20 minutes to kill before the session opened at 3 p.m., so we popped into the lovely old library, took a soft seat and waited. We noticed that they kept files of all the leading newspapers in Canada, for years back. This is a good idea, for air force personnel returning from years overseas will be able to catch up on all the back comic strips.

S.P.'s, known as House of Commons police, are all over the joint. They keep asking you where you're going and who you'd like to see. But we finally managed to get into the press gallery, just as the Wednesday afternoon session opened, without so much as a roll call.

We can't give you a political account, because service papers aren't supposed to dabble in that sort of thing. After all, we are paid by the government. But we'll try to give you some picture of the House and some of the flavor and color of its proceedings.

We were handed a leaflet entitled "Routine Proceedings and Orders of the Day" (it's available for inspection). Some of the questions listed in it may interest you. Mr. Bryce asked, "Can the party operating a farm, owned by a conscientious objector now in camp, receive drought bonus? If not, why?" He didn't get the answer.

Mr. Black asked: "How many (a) carloads, (b) dozens of empty beer bottles have been shipped out of Nova Scotia under Administrator's Order No. A-505 of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board since it became effective December 11, 1942, stat-

ing the places from which such shipments were made?" We didn't get the answer to that one, either.

In the Notices of Motions, Mr. Church proposed the following resolutions:

That, in the opinion of this House, the government should immediately consider the advisability and urgent necessity of adopting improved measures for the better protection of all who serve in His Majesty's forces, and more particularly—(a) that a system of life insurance on all soldiers be established, to include provision for their dependents, both during and after the war, provision for their insurance against unemployment and want, and free hospitalization; (b) that a daily allowance be made for local carfare and for free fares on Canada's railways, under the Railway Act (R.C.S.); (c) provision for a revision and improvement in rates of pay, subsistence and other allowances of all ranks, especially privates and non-commissioned officers and removal of existing inequality between all ranks; (d) a high cost-of-living bonus to be paid to all dependents of soldiers, adjusted from time to time and to include better allowances for their children; (e) provision for a moratorium from foreclosure, eviction and certain other immunities from debt while absent on war duties, and for six months after the war, and more adequate and improved housing for themselves and their families at low cost; (f) a better and more adequate and quicker system of paying the dependents of those reported missing.

Looking down from the press gallery, we found the actions of the members of interest. One chap below us wasn't paying the slightest attention. He was concentrating on a letter, and had two pages finished by 4 o'clock. His pal next door was reading the funnies.

Premier King was absent, as were most of the cabinet ministers. In fact, at 4:30 we counted up the Liberals, and could only get to 15. On the other side about 25 were present. It must have been the Wednesday half-holiday atmosphere.

O/C of the session is a fellow in a black gown, known as Mr. Speaker. He sits on a chair in front of the Throne. On the carpeted steps at the foot of the Throne sit half a dozen runners commonly known as page boys. They are kids about 12 to 14 years of age, dressed in miniature tuxedos, only the coats are cut away like a vest. You really have to see this. Anyway, they're cute little fellows, sharp as a razor and specially chosen for the job.

They respond when a member snaps his (or her) fingers, and they'll fetch anything from a glass of water to last week's Sunday

(Continued on page 14)

A LETTER FROM THE RANGES

IT was one of the warmer days of the spring of 1944, the place Frome bombing range, the time doesn't matter so much, but the idea was really something. One of the erstwhile corporals of the range crew was sitting astride the target amid a crescendo of crashing bombs waving nonchalantly at the pilots as they zoomed past with cargoes of Canada's budding air-bombers. But one thing, before any of you gentle readers brand this corporal as being insane, temporarily or otherwise, please banish the thought from your head. He figured as only a genius can, that the safest place on a bombing range was on top of the target, the very thing the bomb aimer were trying so hard to hit. It was! The corporal walked away unscathed. If anyone wants to know why he should be on a target when bombing was in progress, our friend went out to fight a grass fire that was threatening the total destruction of the target.

The fine, upstanding young air-men who comprise the crews on Fingal's bombing ranges do not spend all their time plotting bombs as they fall, no sir! They are cooks, carpenters, first-aid men, painters and what have you. One range even went as far as being the maternity hospital for eight water spaniel puppies.

The tremendous spirit of co-operation and goodwill that exists

among the range crew has no equal anywhere else on camp except, perhaps, the S.W.O.'s office. The range crew do honestly make Fingal what it is, but in spite of this heavy burden these lads carry on their shoulders, they can still manage to smile under the most trying circumstances. For example, two aircraft bombing at the same time on the same target, both of them follow-ers.

But stop and think for a moment. Supposing that range crews ceased to exist, what would happen then? Who would do the joe-jobs? The air force would be thrown into complete chaos, training would be disrupted. There would be no need for maintenance and the aircraft would be grounded. With things like that, they would be probably handing out discharges right and left, just think!

Although there are no provisions in K-R and A-C-1 for the saluting of the backbone of the air force, the range crews, some form of recognition should be instituted whereby these hard working, long suffering crusaders would be given the recognition and praise they so justly deserve.

Lastly and above all, remember the pioneer spirit in Canada is not dead. You can find it branded on the sunburned faces of all of the G.D. airmen who call a quadrant shelter, and RCAF bombing range, home.

Hollywood at Fingal

Here are some of the movies to be shown here during September in the Rec. Hall:

"China"—Alan Ladd.
"A Guy Named Joe"—Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne.
"Adventures of Tartu"—Robert Donat and Valerie Hobson.
"Are Husbands Necessary?"—Ray Milland, Betty Field and Pat Morrison.
"Flesh and Fantasy"—Charles Boyer, Barbara Stanwyck, Edward G. Robinson, Robert Cummings.
"Assignment in Brittany"—Pierre Aumont and Susan Peters.
"True To Life"—Mary Martin and Franchot Tone.
"Lady Takes a Chance"—Jean Arthur and John Wayne.
"Apache Trail"—Lloyd Nolan, Donna Reed.
"Madame Curie"—Greer Garson and Walter Pidgeon.
"I Dood It"—Red Skelton and Eleanor Powell.

SAFER BELOW

Aouse boarded a two-decker bus and found a seat by the driver. He talked and talked, until the driver suggested that he go above. The drunk amiably clambered upstairs, but in a few minutes he was back.

"What's the matter? Didn't you like the view up there?" asked the driver hopelessly.

"Sure, nice view, nice air," answered the soak, "but 'taint safe up there. There's no driver."

20 YEARS IN UNIFORM



Yes, since he enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps in 1915, F/Sgt. Hilton-Sargent has had 20 years of military life.

Born in Norfolk, England, he graduated from Cambridge University. When World War II started he again donned the uniform in October, 1939.

Since his arrival at Fingal in April, he has been connected with P.T. & D. section, looking after the station sports, particularly soccer.



Fingal Sporting News



Along Our Sports Trail

With P/O J. R. TACKABERRY
PEOPLE are still talking about our Field Day. To say the least, it was one of the best conducted meets we have ever attended. Due credit should go to F/O George Hull and Clarke Edwards, Y.M.C.A., and the committee, for clocklike precision with which the events were run off.

Credit should also go to the entire personnel of Fingal for the way in which they supported Field Day. There was a record number of entries for all events, and competition was very keen.

Coronets to LAC Wint, our friend from the land of sunny skies, for his outstanding efforts in several events. With coaching of a professional calibre, Wint's track abilities would compare favorably with Phil Edwards, a former renowned track man.

Also to LAC Poce, who gave an outstanding performance of strength and endurance in the "mile."

Incidentally, both boys are entered in Command meet scheduled for Varsity Stadium in Toronto.

The officer entry was noticeably small but possessed of a degree of quality in so far as F/O Curly Johnson gave a remarkable demonstration in the pole vault event. That is, for a man who refuses to believe he is too old to compete with the younger generation. P.S. — He proved his point.

Section Officer Betty Dalton proved a keen contestant in the 880-yard relay for WD's.

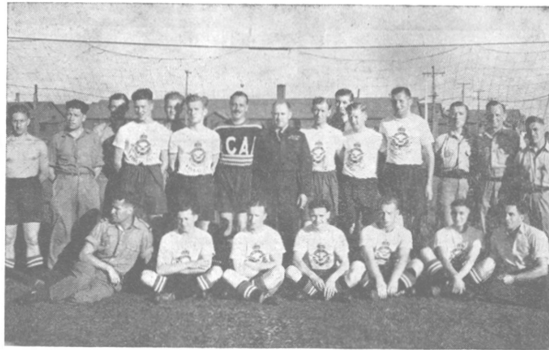
While on the subject of WD's, we still cannot understand how our WD softball team was ever eliminated by our neighbors, TTS. The girls are certainly a powerful group of hitters who are deserving of a better fate. Never mind, LAW's Krock, Brissan, Davidson, Sutherland, Gaucher, Sexsmith and others, you have supported the good name of Fingal well.

Some good Fingalites carried the school banner to Sunnyside Pool in Toronto for the swimming meet, August 18th. LAC Thorren, WO2 Refausse and LAC Castle representing the airmen, and LAW's Schnob, Cooney and Sillus, and AW1 Urquhart representing the airwomen.

There has been a clear note of general goodwill during the inter-section sports nights, but the last meeting of the Air Bomber students and the Officers topped them all.

We would like to see more of

It Was a Great Fight!



SOCCER TEAMS' WHO'S WHO

Sgt. Jack Davenport, pilot, Liverpool (captain) — A player to whom the team educated feet can be used safely. A man of outstanding ability and brilliant footwork. A popular and sincere captain.

LAC Ken Bohling, 106B; Surrey, England—Goal. A keen amateur of great experience. A player of outstanding value to the team and a great keeper.

LAC Ian Dewar, 110B; Scotland — Right half. A strong, forceful player, was recently deputized for centre forward.

LAC Jack Bellicombe, 105B — Left half. Has since left the station. Born in Hampshire, England. A really wholehearted player whose loss the team has felt very keenly.

LAC George Bolt, 105AB — Centre half. Born in the much bombed city of Coventry and has since returned to England. He was the oldest player on the team and one of the best.

Sgt. Trevor Williams, pilot, Oshawa—Right back. A recent addition to the team and the only Canadian. A sincere player who plays all out from start to finish.

LAC George Shadbolt — Left back. Has since graduated as a sergeant air bomber. Born in Portsmouth, England. A defender whom opposing forwards found extremely difficult to beat, and who possessed the tenacity of a terrier.

LAC Norman Barlow, 110B — Right back. Born in Liverpool,

that good-natured kidding on sports nights. After all, good fellowship is the basis of our democracy.

The Air Bombers with their speedball artist will probably never live down the last inning beating they got at the hands of the Officers. Never mind, fellows — keep practicing???

England. One of the team's outstanding players. A man who has football down to a fine art.

LAC Henderson, 105B—Outside right. Born in Kent. Since been commissioned. Another man whose loss was keenly felt, and whose position we have been unable to refill.

LAC Collinge, 106B—Centre forward. Born in Rochdale, England. A sharp-shooting centre forward, or a brilliant opportunist who was the fear of our opposing goal keepers.

LAC Graham, 110B; Scotland — Inside left. A strong, stockily built player who could always be relied upon to account for himself well.

LAC Winters, 106B; London, England — Outside left. A keen sportsmanlike player, who recently opposed us on being posted to Crumlin.

LAC MacGarrity, 85 Wags; Scotland—Left half. A most welcome recent addition. A player of outstanding ability and holds a Scottish International School boy's cap.

LAC ROSS, 110B; Scotland — Outside left. Another man from the "Land of the Heather." A utility man who can always be relied upon for a good show, no matter his position.

We would like to express our appreciation to a man who frequently remains in the background but does invaluable chores for the team. We are speaking of F/S Collins, one of the team's most popular, valuable and ardent supporters.

In closing we would like to express the sincere gratitude of the whole team to Freddie, our popular manager. The amount of training and organizing that he has put in to ensure that matches take place on schedule has been outstanding. May we on behalf of the team, past and present, say "Thanks a lot, Freddie?"

SWIMMING POOL IS MOST POPULAR SPOT

Station Personnel Find Relief From Torrid Temperatures In Cool Waters

"LAST one in is a skunk!"—and the cool waters closed over him. Yes, they're all swimming at Fingal, and is it refreshing? Always popular and always well patronized, the station swimmin' hole stands alone during the hot summer weather. Built last year by F/O Gilson's cohorts and financed by Non-Public Funds, the pool is station built, manned and enjoyed—a true home product.

The twenty yards of water are under the scrutiny of LAC's Tom Fletcher and Bruce Richardson — both have life-saving credits — but girls, don't take advantage of it.

Emphatically let it be said that the pool is not open all day. Twice daily, from 1400 hrs. to 1600 hrs., and 1700 hrs. to 2100 hrs., are the two daily chuckers.

At all times the life-guards are in charge, for when the white flag is up the swim is on. The only restrictions are that you must take a shower (fed from the cake coolers on the station) and the duck boards must be kept clean.

During the recent hot spell, by special arrangement, the pool was closed for a repair job and the construction of a diving tower. Now the pool has reopened, complete with two boards one and three meters, and the water boys and babes, to say nothing of the trial-size (air cadets) are doing swans, flips and gainers.

In the near future an aquatic display made up of a troupe of professional divers and clowns, will entertain the station to a gala extravaganza of water arts, so watch for it.

Come on, let's head for the tank. The canteen sells swim trunks, so remember, "Last one in is a skunk!"

A Welcome In New York

A CORDIAL welcome is extended to all officers and men of the armed forces of Australia and New Zealand, when visiting New York, to drop in to the Southern Cross Club, located at 16 East 54th Street, New York 22, N. Y.

This club has been organized by resident Australians and New Zealanders in co-operation with American friends for the purpose of providing a friendly meeting place with facilities for your comfort and entertainment.

The club offers, among many other things, week-ends in the country or at the seaside as guests in private homes, theatre, movie and radio tickets, sightseeing trips and general information service. Remember the address, 16 East 54th Street, New York 22, New York.

SALUTING IS MORE THAN COURTESY IN OTTAWA, IT'S TOUGH EXERCISE



By WO2 BEN SUGARMAN

OTTAWA.—In Ottawa an airman gets more exercise walking three blocks on Sparks St. than he suffers in three weeks of basic training. It is sawing off salutes to groupies and P/O's that does it.

The salute is a military calisthenic which is held in high esteem by junior officers and consists of a jerky up and down slice with the right arm like a hound dog scratching its ear. The only times an AC2 is not required to bend the elbow to an officer is when he's asleep or if he happens to have both arms broken.

The higher you get in rank the less people you have to salute. Flight-locks, F/O's and P/O's start saluting at squadron-leader. The squadron-leader salutes all higher ranks and so on.

But, says K.R. (Air), all airmen and officers, when meeting the King, the Queen or any member of the royal family, shall come to a halt, face them and salute. So remember that!

The salute should be given at a sufficient distance so that the officer saluted will have time to return the salute. That's what the book says.

But if the airman can find an interesting store window full of girdles to gaze into before the officer bears down on him it saves the energy of both of them.

If he fails to spot the officer until it is too late, then he should tear off his salute smartly, looking the officer straight in the eye, and not carelessly or half-heartedly.

That goes for all air force, navy and army officers; officers of our allies, and officers of the Wrens, WD's and CWACS. We have looked a lot of WD's in the eye, but our shiny blues haven't even rated a kind look.

Officers, too, have their problems. A Rockcliffe flight-lieutenant gave us this: "When you're coming face to face with an airman you don't feel like looking directly at him. He might think you're looking for a salute. Yet you don't like to let your eyes wander, in case he does salute. So what are we to do? It's a hard life all around."

The good book also says: All airmen shall salute an officer "not in uniform whom they know to be an officer." But if you're out for a swim at Britannia and you see your section commander stroking through the bay it is hardly necessary to embarrass him.

And, says K.R. (Air), "compliments shall not ordinarily be paid in such places as hotel lobbies, trains, boats, street cars, buses, restaurants, theatres, railway stations, churches and auditoriums."

Also, "the operator of a motor vehicle shall not salute while the vehicle is in motion."

All ranks shall salute the quarterdeck on boarding or leaving any of His Majesty's ships or a man-of-war of a foreign power.

(Friendly foreign powers, we take it.)

It is considered good form on the part of a new born P/O to go on the prow for salutes the first day he sews on his thin stripes. Then he stops the first gee-duddy who tosses him a snappy one and gives him a dollar. From then on they're free and he can walk around where the AC's are thickest and enjoy himself.

Most energetic saluters in Ottawa are the girls. They like to salute. The actual performance is accomplished with a straight face, but their expression right afterward says plainly, "I'd like to see an airman beat that one."

It is well to give a British serviceman a wide berth on a crowded street. He salutes everybody and it is a manoeuvre that requires the full width of the sidewalk. His hand comes up with a conclusive jerk, clipping him with considerable force around the ear, and is then tossed violently to the right with a jolt that almost tears the arm off at the socket. He also yells "Good afternoon" at the salute.

The rule that most conscientious airmen follow is to salute everybody. What if he does happen to waste one on an usher from the Capitol theatre. There isn't a P/O in town who can get you a good seat in the movies these days.

It was June in the park. The moon shone on the bench nestled among the rose bushes. The fragrance of the flowers filled the air. Music drifted across the small lake from the Casino. On the bench sat a couple entwined in tight embrace.

"Corporal, she sighed, "where did you learn to kiss like that?"

"Siphoning gas."

"Do you love me alone?"

"Yes, dear."

"Will you always be true to me?"

"Yes, dear."

"Then let's elope tonight."

"I can't, dear—I gotta date."

"Light from the sun travels at the rate of 186,000 miles per second. Isn't that a remarkable speed?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's downhill all the way."

Our Hats Off!

We doff our chapeaus to the courses who are now handling their parades with their own cadet NCO's and officers.

This training for future officers and NCO's aircrew is, as we feel, proving itself more and more each day.

We call your attention to the fine way in which they conduct themselves, especially on C.O.'s parades.

There are many of us who could benefit by observing them.

OBSERVER

BOOK REVIEW

THE publishing business, in the years since the last war, has allied itself increasingly with modern advertising to sell the world as many books as possible. The result, as far as the average reader is concerned, is a state of complete literary bewilderment. With book clubs, anthologies of "best" efforts; laudatory book reviewing magazines, all clamoring that the particular publication they sponsor is THE book of the century, the timid reader scarcely dares to squeak his disagreement. The Fingal Observer, however, with its accustomed journalism, has dared to dive into this publishers' whirlpool and emerge with several recent literary pearls (all to be found in the station library) which it now casts before its readers.

For critics who claim that there is no Canadian literature, we recommend "The Book of Canadian Poetry," edited with an introduction and notes by A. J. M. Smith, a Canadian who is now professor of English at Michigan State College. His introductory essay, alone, marks a high point in Canadian literary criticism. The anthology proper, ranging from Indian poetry to the most recent work of the young Canadian poets, represents a further stage in the slow growth of the Canadian spirit. It shines through the beautiful Haida verses "Song of Whip Plaiting," in the splendid, surging lines of E. J. Pratt's sea poem "The Cachalot," in the tortured contemporary verse of Margaret Avison, reaching out towards a larger universalism. The fact that a collection of this excellence has been published during the war years is convincing proof of Canada's maturity as a nation.

Another important book, also Canadian, has recently appeared. Professor McInnis's "The War; Fourth Year," more than maintains the standard of his three previous volumes. This set has now received international recognition as the authoritative record of events in the present war. The latest volume follows the plan of the other three. Divided clerimologically into four sections (October to December, 1942; January to March, 1943; April to June, 1943; July to September, 1943), it covers the campaigns of these dates clearly and comprehensively. Completely objective and factual, the account is

easy to read—it seems almost impossible that the welter of events could be reduced to such order. Seen in perspective, the story is an encouraging one for the Allied Nations, including the turning of the tide at Stalingrad; the campaigns of North Africa, Sicily, Italy; the battles of the Pacific. The book is provided with clear, detailed maps; a valuable clerimology of events; and an excellent index, particularly useful in a work of this kind. It can be heartily recommended to befuddled victims of "progress of war" studies (if such there be in our enlightened midst).

The third (and last) book is a decided contrast to the first two. Katherine Hathaway's "The Little Locksmith" is not a great or important book (in spite of its publishers' "blurbs"). But it is a most unusual biographical study—the difficult, courageous struggle of a handicapped individual to adapt herself to a world which is cruel enough for the normal person to face. The external environment plays its part only as it is reflected through the personality of the author. Through her eyes the reader catches some of the beauty of New England; its quiet towns with their spacious white colonial homes; the wild coast of Maine, where the great granite headlands jut out into the sea; the cultured, somewhat puritan atmosphere of an American family in the early part of the century. This is secondary to the main theme, the growth of a small, handicapped New England girl to wise, tolerant maturity, told in distinguished, sensitive prose. "The Little Locksmith" will not lie widely popular, but for those people who discover it for themselves, it will be read and read again.

Fingal readers are reminded that these are only a very few of the recent books available in the station library. If you disapprove of the Observer's choice, you are encouraged to drop in and make your own. If you do, you might drop us a hint as to what books you would like to see featured in another issue. How about it, "literati"?

"Papa, what do you call a person who brings you in contact with the spirit world?"
"A bartender."

AN HOUR SPENT IN THE DARK PROVES WORTH WHILE

This Story Will Be Familiar to Many a Trainee Who Spends Countless Hours in the A/C Rec Room of G.I.S.

CRASH! The eight o'clock bell sounds, a new day begins in the A/C Rec. department. A faint rumble is heard somewhere amidship of G.I.S. Rapidly it approaches. Could it be the thundering herds—oh no, only a course of air bombers arriving. In they tumble, grinning all over their faces, ready for a session in the "sweatbox." The usual cheerful good mornings are exchanged—the boys seem to feel it's wise to keep on the good side of the Sarge. "You know, after all," they say, "she does mark our examinations." A few of the more enthusiastic souls can be heard chirping the age-old chant, "Good morning, dear teacher," while some bold individual may even arrive bearing an apple, housing two worms, or even a rose. All for teacher, of course. In the interval the boys are busy sizing up the Sarge, trying to detect whether the mood of the day is good, bad or indifferent.

Scraps of precious paper are distributed and we are off to the races. The worn out, oft repeated questions are asked yet again. "How many planes on this morning's test?" The usual answer is forthcoming—no sooner is it uttered than some "Joe-blow," who has been busily wandering around in a daze or a prolonged snooze ever since 7 a.m. P.T. class, pipes up in a loud voice, "How many planes, Sarge?" By that time a few other drowsy individuals arouse themselves and the same query is voiced, the reply repeated, and at last we are under way. The "Sarge," safely ensconced behind the "pigeon box" (projector stand to non-A/C Reckers), announces calmly that this will be a silhouette test. At this point, moans, sighs and much muttering into no-existent beards or infinitesimal moustaches, is heard. The test begins—thirty men glare fixedly with half-closed eyes at the screen. Number 1—flick! They've had it! "Hey," yells a lusty voice, "you never showed a picture. I didn't see a thing, so you couldn't have flashed one! Show it again, please!" Finally, after admonishing the heavy-eyed hero, we proceed. Number 5 slide is reached—shown—it's a "stinker." Thence ensues much head scratching, copious quantities of chiseling, neck craning and open cribbing. All to no avail. After all, what's the use when it's a case of the blind leading the blind?

Various squeaks and creaks are heard at this juncture and the distracted instructor is hard put to decide whether it is the students' brains working overtime on a knotty problem or if it could possibly be the tables wobbling on unstable legs.

SUDDENLY the door begins to sneak open, inch by inch—gremlins? Not at all. Just someone trying to steal in late. In he creeps, glides into the first chair and looks around in a business-like manner as though he had been there all the time. Finally he discovers he has no paper (precious stuff) to write the beastly test on, and immediately proceeds to beller for some. He is by this time classed as a member of our flourishing "Pussy Foot Club." What's that organization? Definition: the keen types who straggle in late, making valiant attempts to enter undetected and managing to create as much racket as a proverbial bull in a china shop. The "Pussy Foot-

ers" seated, we continue peacefully to shoot shot No. 7.

Thump! thump! Hmmm! Must be a knock; who could that be? The door flies open again and there stands a corporal. "Excuse me," says he, dashing up to the front of the room, "but would you mind signing this chit? It's for Central Confusion, you know, just to prove you had the class." (As if you didn't already know by this time.) The necessary initials are provided and away trots the Corp., bent no doubt on an intensive search for further signatures. Tsk! tsk! These autograph hunters! Once again we all sigh and settle down to the grind. This time we are fortunate and manage to reach slide No. 10.

All of a sudden the Sarge hears a discreet cough somewhere in the vicinity of his port side. Upon looking up he discovers a shadowy figure hovering over him. Oh! Calm yourself! This is only the Major requesting your button polish. The Major disposed of—away we go again. Before the coveted goal of slide No. 25 is reached, a few more heads have popped in the door demanding scissors, glue, needle and thread and what-nots. But finally the test is finished.

IDENTIFICATION follows, combined with heated arguments and much patient insistence on the part of the now weary instructor. Marking of papers begins. And here our system is really unique from the Sarge's point of view. The student is very generously given 100 marks before he ever starts the test. Then upon checking it, gremlins pop all over the poor lad's page and proceed to nick off 12 and 9 marks for even the "teeniest" mistakes. After considerable beeping about said "12" and "9" gremlins, marks are compiled and recited aloud to be recorded by the "dirty" old Sarge in the little green book. Just for future reference, you understand.

Now for the second stage of the lesson. By now the sun is very warm and all the windows being closed so the blinds won't blow—copious quantities of perspiration are shed by all concerned. Hence the name "sweatbox" for the A/C Rec. Room. (Come and take a Turkish bath—costs you nothing.) Anyway, to continue with the lecture. Today we will have a sketching class for those who think an Hs. 129 and Me. 210 are the same

CHINESE LOVE POEM

Nice night
In June
Stars shine
Big moon
In park
On beach
With girl
In clench
Me say
Me love
She coo
Like dove
Me smart
Me fast
Never let
Chance pass
Get hitched
Me say
She say
O.K.
Wedding bell
Ring, ring
Honeymoon
Everything
Settled down
Married life
Happy man
Happy wife
Another night
In June
Stars shine
Big moon
Ain't happy
No more
Carry baby
Walk floor
Wife mad
Me cuss
Life one
Big spat
Nagging wife
Bawling brat
Realize
At last
Me too
Damn fast!!

plane. "The whole class will now make rough sketches," says the Sarge, "of these confusing craft." Such a nasty crack as the following is heard: "Do you think I'm a Gainsborough? I can't draw!" Or perhaps, "Whom do you think we are, kindergarten students?" Well, we shall let the readers decide the answers to those questions after they pursue the accompanying sketches—well!!

Nine o'clock. Goodness gracious! Off gallop the boys and one hectic period is ended in the "sweatbox."

Perhaps at a later date we will again make a visit to this department and further investigate the mysterious ways of this A/C Recognition.

"How are you this evening?"
"I'm lonely."
"Good and lonely?"
"No, just lonely."
"I'll be right over."

The Atlantic has been crossed by air 20,000 times since the war began.

R. TALK . . .

HELLO Elgin, hello Elgin, this is Ostmark 100 calling To the uninitiated the preceding call sign is the designated signal of the wireless section to the control tower and the curse of the R.T.O.'s on duty therein . . . this subject is devoted to the enlightenment or amusement of the station of Fingal as to what's doing at the wireless section. First, we have a personnel of 17 W.M.'s when we are fully staffed (but you know what postings are). . . . It consists of, right now, a senior NCO, Sgt. Johnson i/c; Corporal Ingram, second in command, and a number of lesser but not inefficient W.M.'s. This section is devoted to the maintenance and repair of all radio equipment, etc., on the station, not barring telephones (which officially is the Bell "Joe").

There are approximately 32 A.T.R. 5's, 3AT1-AP2's and numerous intercom systems on the station plus teltalk system. Also we have the marine section at Port Stanley equipped with radio, which contacts our planes plus the tower in cases of emergencies. At number 6 hangar one of our constant "joes" is fixing up the teltalk system and the P.A. system which our F/S Post (NCO i/c of maintenance) has the habit of shouting into a mike and wrecking them constantly with his stentorian voice.

An insight to a W.M. is the following: he spends 5 months at a W.E.P.T. course, then he spends a further 6 months at a wireless school studying continuously and becomes a glorified AC1, sometimes after waiting two or three months on a station. He studies diagrams galore, but never has the use of tools until he is on a station, then he thinks, well, now I will be able to see the inside of a radio, but is that so? No! He has the glorified job of doing D.I.'s, which consists of climbing into an Anson and turning on the set, bother the R.T.O.'s for a while, then considers that this is sufficient and shuts the radio off, signs the L14 and wonders why he spent all the time at wireless school. Should he have the luck to find a radio u/s, he gloats with glee and says to himself, "Well, now I shall see the inside of a radio at last," but no, it has to be taken to the section, where the senior NCO looks at it, fiddles around with a few wires, etc., and says, "O.K., you can cart it back now and put it in the ship."

But seriously, it's lots of fun working with radio. Another particular Joe is when over the teltalk comes a call that a certain A/C is u/s and the pilot is sitting at the controls warming up the ship and cursing under his teeth that the radio is u/s. A hurry call and a W.M. is quickly on the way, climbs into the ship, asks the pilot what is wrong and he complains he cannot contact the tower. The W.M. quickly looks around and finds out that the main switch is on intercom and not radio. On one station a pilot complained that he couldn't contact anybody, only to have the poor W.M. tell him to plug in his headphones and it might work. Imagine the pilot's embarrassment. But such is life, especially a W.M.'s, so for this month this is Ostmark 100 listening out.

Ottawa Correspondent Sits In House of Commons

(Continued from page 10)

comic section of the Montreal Standard. Around ten to five they're busy as bees fetching afternoon Ottawa papers for members all over the House.

During a busy period, the furious snapping of fingers in all parts of the House and the little lads scooting in answer make an amusing scene. In the midst of all this, the member on the floor goes on talking as if nothing was happening.

This afternoon one speaker said: "A breath of air is the only free thing left in Ottawa." It was part of a long speech which we cannot report, and we present this interesting sentence for what it's worth.

While the speakers take the floor, one after another, a shorthand reporter calmly takes down every word that is uttered. They work at high speed, and they change every 10 minutes, one man taking over for several seconds before the other actually comes to a stop.

Each reporter leaves the House after his 10-minute session. We think he dashes out the back to try and transcribe the stuff right away quick before he forgets. Actually the stuff is edited at once and set in type so that Hansard can be ready for the morrow.

Members sit in pairs at desks which adjoin each other, like they do in some high schools. They share a common ink well, but each has his own pen. When entering and leaving the House they bow slightly to Mr. Speaker. When they think he isn't looking they just give him a quick bow, more like a dip of the head, if you get what we mean.

When we found only four or five reporters in a press gallery that seats about 25, we knew it was going to be a dull session. We found ourselves sitting between the Toronto Globe and Mail and a French paper whose name we can't remember. Big-time stuff, guys, and did we feel flattered. We pulled out a big pencil and bigger pad of paper, and started taking copious notes.

In order to hear better we moved down from the press gallery to the adjoining visitors' seats, still taking notes like mad. An S.P. (we mean an attendant) said: "Say, bud, you can't take notes there; only in the press gallery." We didn't feel so important then.

Apart from the members of parliament, the visitors who come to see them perform put on a good show themselves. We spent quite a few minutes watching a lovely young thing in a pink gown, with fluffy pink hat to match, make up her face.

And in the very back row of the visitors' gallery, facing the Throne, we saw an airman and an attractive girl in white holding hands. Honestly, there's no predicting where they'll go these days. Love will find a way!

Just in case you're interested, the House sits from 3 to 6 p.m. and 8 to 11 p.m. Monday through Friday with the exception of Wednesday night. They get a two-hour break

OBSERVER WELCOMES CONTRIBUTORS

Deadline for the next Observer is Sept. 15th. All copy for the October 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.

period for supper; no parades before sessions begin, and no roll call. Each week-end they get a "48" good until 3 p.m. Monday, and a free ticket to travel on the railway.

The House is open at all times to airmen and airwomen, and believe us, it's better than going to a show, and more educational, too.

We could only stay till 5 p.m., unfortunately. First of all, we were getting hungry, our lone chocolate bar having been munched long ago.

Secondly we had a date on the Merivale road to mind the two sons of a civil servant pal, while he and wife stepped out to celebrate their wedding anniversary.

But we still think this is a political dispatch unique in journalism—it offends no one, doesn't even mention politics and above all takes up several pages in the Observer just when we're hard-pressed for material.

The real news we've left to the end. Two women M.P.'s we observed in the House didn't utter a single word in two hours. If that isn't news, we'll go get a man to bite a dog for the next issue.

W.D. N.C.O.s. FORM CLUB AT FINGAL

A short time ago an NCO's club was formed at Fingal for the members of the Women's Division. Aims of the club were discussed at the first meeting of the club and the election of officers took place. Sgt. Winni Gascoyne was elected president; Cpl. Barbara Lawrence, vice-president; Cpl. Jody Dowdell, secretary; and Cpl. Rita Brulotte, treasurer. Under this capable executive the club hopes to carry out its good work amongst the members of the Women's Division.

Of course, no club operates without a social side and the first social evening of the new club took place on Thursday, August 10th, in the WD Recreational Centre. There was bowling arranged for 7.30 in the station alleys for those who wanted to bowl, and the high score for the evening was accomplished by Cpl. Marj. Brooks, with Cpl. Gwen Dawson being the runner-up. In the meantime Cpls. Marg. Kennedy and Penny Romance were busy in the O.R. mess making sandwiches for the evening's refreshments. At nine o'clock the girls and their boy friends began arriving at the WD Recreational Centre. Cpl. Ruth Skundberg and Sgt. Winni Gascoyne started off the dance program. In the southeast corner of the lounge, Cpls. Barb. Lawrence, Marj. Horn and Bunty McCully were taking care of some of the drinks and refreshments which had been served to them by Cpl. "Squeaky" West. Then came a singsong led by Sgt. Corbett. Altogether it was a grand evening and the girls and their escorts are looking forward to another party very soon.

FINGAL FLIERS ARE DECORATED

DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS
W/O Jean Fernand Racette,
37 Sqn., RAF.

"Warrant Officer Racette has invariably completed his duties as rear gunner with keenness and outstanding vigilance. He has operated against the enemy in Africa, Sicily and Italy. In October, 1943, after attacking dispersed aircraft at an enemy airfield, his aircraft was attacked by a Junkers 88. After a long combat during which W/O Racette displayed skill and coolness and undoubtedly saved his bomber from destruction. He has invariably discharged his duties in a most creditable manner."

A/F/L Robert Bonnar,
205 Sqn., RAF.

"Flight Lieutenant Bonnar has consistently set an excellent example of efficiency and devotion to duty."

"After the fall of Singapore, F/L Bonnar went to Java and back to Sumatra, being engaged on constant operations against the enemy."

"By his skill and efficiency both on the ground and in the air he has been a valuable asset to his squadron."

W/O Earnest Stewart Hawkes,
426 Sqn., RCAF.

"In September, 1943, during an attack on Mannheim, this Warrant Officer was rear gunner in an aircraft which was twice engaged by enemy fighters. While illuminated by searchlights over the target, a Junkers 88 was driven off by accurate fire. A few minutes later the second attack took place and the bomber was hit by cannon fire. Although wounded in the leg, W/O Hawkes continued his fire and also gave his captain instructions for evasive action."

"Since that mission this W/O has participated in other sorties, displaying coolness and courage of high order."

P/O Rodger Wilson Beamish,
10 Sqn. (now No. 4 Repair Depot).

F/L Francis Halliday,
53 Sqn., RAF (missing).

F/O Chesley Borden Steeves,
422 Sqn., RCAF.

F/O Henry Cyril Cameron Banks,
405 Sqn., RCAF.

P/O Graham Willoughby Coburn,
83 Sqn., RAF.

DISTINGUISHED FLYING MEDAL

P/O David Harold Parker,
420 Sqn., RCAF.

"Throughout his second tour of operations, during which he has taken part in many important attacks against targets in Sicily and Italy, this airman has continued to display outstanding courage and efficiency."

"His ability as wireless operator has been well over average, and he has set a fine example of determination and devotion to duty."

D. S. O.

F/O G. M. Bowman,
No. 10 Sqn., RAF.

As air-bomber, F/O Bowman has participated in very many attacks on targets important to the enemy's war effort. He has displayed great determination throughout, and his skillful efforts have contributed materially to the success obtained. On several occasions the aircraft in which he has been flying has been damaged by enemy action, but his keenness for operations remains unabated. F/O Bowman has set a good example of courage and devotion to duty."

There was no braver man than Private Furbish, but his incessant praying began to get on his companions' nerves. Finally one of them sarcastically remarked, "Come, come, Furbish. Praying is fine, but don't overdo it. After all, those Japs are probably praying for victory, too."

"Japs praying," mocked Furbish. "What difference does that make? Who understands Japanese anyhow?"

"How is that little lad who swallowed the nickel, nurse?"
"No change yet, doctor."

The Wolf

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by Sansone



"Ah! Safe at last!"

Better Hurry---Only One Hundred and Ten Days Till Xmas

Ye Editor's Mail Bag

Hello, sir:

You told me to drop a line when I got to the other side, so here I am. I would have written sooner, but have been kept pretty busy getting moved into our new home. Gadys Pridding (Gunnery Flight) and I are staying together and are both at Headquarters. The other two girls that came for No. 4 are working at different places, so we don't see much of them. Now about our trip. It sure was swell and I enjoyed every minute of it. There were only a small number of WD's, so we were given officers' quarters and ate in their dining hall. The steward treated us like queens. The weather was perfect all the way, so none of us were seasick. We had a wonderful train ride down through Scotland, and I can honestly say it is the most picturesque country I have ever seen. I don't think I've ever seen such beautiful green hills and flowers, and the people are simply grand. USO ladies were at the train and handed out tea and buns and, believe me, it sure tasted good. The train is something of an antique itself.

Being stationed right in London gives us a wonderful chance of seeing it thoroughly. You have to look real close to find the bombed areas, because they have done such a wonderful job in cleaning up. We didn't visit the real bombed part of London, because people told us that it wasn't a pretty sight. Our next adventure will be to Windsor Castle and that ought to be something to write about. Say hello to Fingal for us. We sure miss it. Don't let anybody tell you it's not a good station. They should be over here and see some of them. Bye for now. Best always,

LAW A. WARD.

Sir:

I just received your February issue of the Observer, and at last you have shamed me into writing again. But truthfully saying, I have been really busy, as you can see from my new address. At the present time I am writing this from France, sight-seeing at the government's expense.

I have been reading the station magazine from start to finish, which has been interesting reading, with lots of laughs. It sure cheers one up to read it, especially over here. This one magazine which you sent me passes from hand to hand. Tell your wonderful staff who put the book up that they are doing a wonderful job. I know many of the persons mentioned, and their pictures. By the way, if LAW Terry Gaucher and AWI Florence Preater are still there when you receive this letter, tell them that their picture which was one the front cover of February's issue is travelling around with me in my truck. I have it pasted behind my front seat. I certainly envy them and their ice skating.

The only thing that I do not like here is that I have a hard time trying to speak French. I carry a little book, but still I don't get very far. My chum, Reg. Hall, who was posted away with me, is still here. That sure is a spot of luck.

So until later, and I won't try and be so long between letters, cheerio, all you blokes. Say hello to the M.T. section. Yours sincerely,

LAC BRUCE BOOTHBY. (Ex-M.T. Section).

Sir:

You told me to drop a line when I got to the other side, so here I am; would have written sooner, but have been kept pretty busy getting moved into our new home. Gadys Pridding (ex-Gunnery Flight) and I are staying together and are both at Headquarters. The other two girls that came from No. 4 are working at different places, so we don't see much of them. Now about our trip. It sure was swell and I enjoyed every minute of it. There were only a small number of WD's so we were given officers' quarters and ate in their dining hall. The stewards treated us like queens. The weather was perfect all the way, so none of us were seasick. We had a wonderful train ride down through Scotland, and I can honestly say it is the most picturesque I've ever seen, such beautiful green hills and flowers. The people are simply grand. U.S.O. ladies met us at the train and handed out tea and buns, and believe me, it sure tasted good. The trains are something of an antique themselves. Being stationed right in London gives us a wonderful chance of seeing it thoroughly. You have to look real close to find the bombed areas, because they have

Guffin' Around G. I.s

HAVE you ever heard of Hon-singer's special (2 for 5c on Friday, 3 for 10c any other day)? Well, look for a five-inch hunk of rope settled neatly between Major Desbien's teeth. World famous brands such as YUSTANDEMI-CANT. Of course F/O Pillsworth helped the distressing situation out somewhat.

One of the most well-known figures (?) around our lively station, F/O Curly Johnson (better known since the London sports meet as "Peg Leg Louie or the 'Shot Put King'") is almost the most elusive person on the station as well. Just ask Norman. Just try and find him at 0930 hours—call every section of the station. If that brings no result (never does) then see if he is having his leg rubbed at the hospital, or gosh, maybe he flew down to Jarvis. Oh well, it's now 1130 anyway, so he's sure to be in the mess soon.

Corporal Anne Spencer, between Fort Erie and a prospective pilot, finds time to chase Navigation Flight with a meat axe as well as blush beautifully as Major Sam Nelson innocently says, "Now what did I say?" If you really want to see a morning sunrise, drop in, drop a crack, and watch the fun.

The Flim Flam Bomber "Chuck" does well to keep herself hidden behind Appendix As ever cherishing memories of 107 Air-bombers Appendix As. Just ask Mr. Trueman. She seems to have an extremely hard time convincing that northern appetite of hers that she really doesn't have to go to the canteen. Anyway, she remembered Bill Thomson while in the hospital, enough to take him the things she liked to eat.

Our bucksome discip. Smittie (alias F/S Smith) keeps his hefty self busy looking after the straying students. He's just like a mother to them, so affectionate and helping. Do what you like, boys, but don't let him catch you. Are you still tired, Smittie?

O.C. G.I.S. Stores, O.C. Daily Observer, as well as O.C. Questionable Poetry, and O.C. Penney Household is our carefree Cpl. Gordon Penney. A more cheerful guy you couldn't find and don't forget, you proud poppas, that Penney knows all—well, that is, all about baby's teething problems and formula, and is learning more every day. Let him share his knowledge with you and learn how to raise babies the easy way.

Everyone has their laundry problems, but just ask George Dickson. He is still open to suggestions on how to wear a shirt for three weeks

done such a wonderful job in cleaning up. We didn't visit the real bombed part of London; people told us that it wasn't a pretty sight. Our next adventure will be to Windsor Castle and that ought to be something to write about. Say hello to Fingal for us. We sure miss it. Don't let anybody tell you it's not a good station. They should see some of them here. Best always,

LAW A. WARD.



F/SGT. AND MRS. B. TRIPP

This month we start off our wedding news with that of another member of the Equipment Section—none other than the popular F/S Beldon Tripp. Miss Wilma Carol Ostrander became the bride of F/S Tripp on Sunday, June 25th, at two in the afternoon, at Pictou United Church, Pictou, Ont. She looked lovely in a street length dress of white sheer chiffon with white accessories, and carried a bouquet of roses. She was attended by her sister, Miss Joyce Ostrander. LAC Everett Lavender, nephew of the groom, who is stationed at Rockcliffe, was the best man.

while your wife goes on her vacation. Anyway, he just had a session of temporary duty down at Mountain View, but we were so glad to have him come back alive that we waived any grievances—as if we had any.

Official liaison officer for the Hostess House is our stalwart youth, Tommy Harcourt. He runs the cement mixer in the precinct, room and any of you girls that

HOW TO SALUTE (The Pukka Gen)

HERE'S the real inside dope on how to salute, brought to you after intensive search by the Observer. If you think we're kidding, see Cap 90 for yourself, Chapter V. Now, all together, let's practice this:

Maintaining the remainder of the body in the position of attention, raise the right arm smartly in a circular motion to a horizontal position, level and in line with the shoulders, elbows and wrist straight, palm of hand to the front, fingers and thumb fully extended and close together, and turn the head and eyes smartly to the right sufficiently far to be able to see the arm and hand and check them for accuracy.

Bend the right elbow and bring the hand in smartly to the head in a circular motion, second finger slightly higher than and to the right of the eye. Check the position of your right arm. The upper arm, wrist and hand are to be straight and the elbow is to be in line and level with the shoulders. Then close the right hand smartly as in the position of attention. Cut the right hand smartly straight down to the side in the shortest way and turn the head and eyes smartly to the front.

have nought else to do should trip over to the Hostess House any night and have a luscious homemade sandwich (plug) and a spot of tea with the lad.

A Message from the Padre

By F/L V. HALL

THE Observer staff decided that it was time to hear from the padres, and with that in mind asked for an article for the paper.

The natural thought would be something along spiritual lines, since we realize the tremendous need in these days for a greater knowledge of, and devotion to God, especially in the armed forces. However, much as I want to speak of those things, I feel that there is great urgency to tell of something that will solve the problems of a great many airmen.

Men come to me from day to day, or word reaches me concerning them, worried almost to the state of despair because an emergency exists at home, requiring extra money, and they do not know where to get it. The government saw this in 1942 and set up what is known as the Dependents' Allowance Board, and looks after emergencies which arise, over and beyond the ordinary allowances and assigned pay.

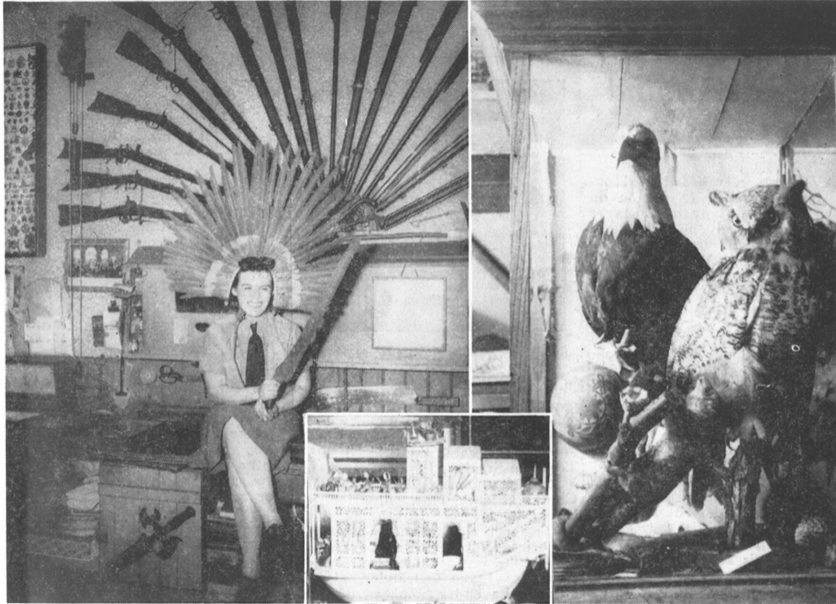
This might be either financial or non-financial. You come to the Padre or to another officer if things are not going well at home. The folks at home, who are your de-

pendents, can get help in the way of advice by appealing to the Board of Trustees, which is represented in many of the cities and has connections with various social service groups in almost every town or village. The Children's Aid Society in St. Thomas is our nearest post.

In the financial sense, they will assist in many ways, such as sickness, x-rays, dental case, optical requirements, funeral expenses, special education costs, and losses due to calamities, and in cases where there are more than four children and the income is sufficient to meet the needs.

The board makes it clear that they are not making a loan or offering charity. What is paid, is paid by the government. The feeling behind this scheme is that many could give proper support to their families if they were back in industry, making a bigger salary. Therefore, since they are serving their country and mankind in general, they should be free from unnecessary financial worry.

So, people, if you are in such a state, give your blues and worries the air by a visit to the Padres. We have the gen. Only WO1's and officers need not apply.



Thousands of Interesting Articles In St. Thomas Confectionery Store

Local Collector of Oddities Spends Lifetime and Small Fortune
Gathering Unusual Objects From Far and Wide

(Editor's note.—This is the second in a series of descriptive articles and pictures on interesting things to see and places to go near St. Thomas.)

MR. BERTRAND SUMNER, jovial proprietor of the confectionery at 779 East Talbot, is the owner of a huge collection of this, that and a lot of the other thing. We, of the Observer, heard of him and his oddities and thought that you might be interested in it too. So some night, when your girl friend's mother is home and your wallet is thin, walk down to his place and spend a pleasant evening. Here are just a few of the things you'll discover.

For over 57 years Mr. Sumner has been collecting interesting and odd things. It all started when a man in London, Ont., gave him some fossils of trilobites. Trilobites, we learned, were the first living things on this old earth. From that day to this he has added and added until now he has close to 50,000 different objects. This last is our own guess as he refused to even hazard one.

As you first enter the shop it appears to be just another confectionery with the usual show cases filled with the answers to your sweet tooth, but you soon become aware of the many curious and interesting articles in the cases, on the walls and shelves.

The small picture at the top of this page, for instance, is of a Chinese state barge, carved in ivory,

that sits, covered with glass, on the counter. Mr. Sumner told us that he didn't know how old it was or who carved it, but he did have this to say. It was first exhibited at the World's Fair at Chicago in 1893. At the end of the fair it was bought by a man in Hamilton, who eventually sold it to Mr. Sumner for an undisclosed price. Within the show cases are rings, watches and hat pins. Remember what a hat pin was? They were used back in the days when a woman's hat was something to cover the head.

But his real collection is in the back room, so we wandered in there and started snooping around on our own hook. Here are a few of the thousands of things to be seen. There are snuff boxes dating as far back as 1700, pipes—Indian peace, meerschaum and calabash—arrow heads and a few of his 387 guns, every one registered with the police. "Isn't that kind of silly," we said, "registering those old guns, when you can't possibly buy ammunition for them today?" "No," said he. "You see, I, or anyone who knew how, could quite easily make bullets to fit any one of them and they all could kill a man. Yes, they may look old, odd and innocent, but don't let that fool you."

BUTTON, button, who's got the button? Mr. Sumner has over 2,500, no two alike. There are big buttons, small buttons, wooden, bone, ivory, leather, glass, silver, brass, iron and even stone buttons.

In a glass case on the west wall are some 400 military badges and buttons, representing most of the various units in His Majesty's Forces. No, there is no C.O.'s inspection once a week for him, so he wasn't interested in our proposition to sell him a carload of Silvo.

In a little addition at the rear he has a music box that still plays after over 75 years of use. It is unique in that it works by means

A BOMB AIMER

A bomb aimer stood at the Golden Gate,
His head was bowed and low,
He asked what should be his fate
And could he enter now.
St. Peter said, and what did you do
in the world below?
Below, said he, as an air bomber I
went to Tokio.
St. Peter swung wide the golden gates
And gently pressed the bell.
Come in, said he, and have some tea,
You've had your share of hell.

VERSAILLES TREATY

France (CNS).—Hitler's hatred of the Versailles Treaty boomeranged on him recently after the Allies had captured a German corporal during the fighting here.

The German refused, at first, to give more than his name and serial number. "I can't tell more than that," he said. "It's in the Versailles Treaty."

The interrogating officer realized that his captive meant the Geneva Conference, but pointed out that Hitler had condemned the Versailles Treaty.

"Py golly, dot's right," the prisoner exclaimed. He then told everything he knew.

of a large 24-inch metal disk with perforations that catch on tuned prongs. It's kind of simple, but very ingenious, too.

Upstairs in his private apartments Mr. Sumner keeps his sword and knife collection. Here are Sumari swords from Japan, two-handed jobs from China, and a nifty little number that they use in Borneo. A fellow could lose his head over, or rather under it.

Of course Mr. Sumner makes his living from the fine candy he has been producing for years. He came to St. Thomas in 1907 and since that time has seen the old town grow from a one-horse burg to, well, what it is today. His business has been considerably curtailed by the war and sugar rationing, but his interest in odd and interesting objects is as keen and active as ever. We highly recommend his collection and his candy, so drop in on him, across the street from the New York Central depot, and satisfy your sweet tooth and your curiosity.

Soon after the American troops moved into the Mediterranean area, Lieut. Gen. Mark Clark paid a courtesy call on the sultan of Morocco. As General Clark left, the sultan said: "This has been the greatest thrill of my life. It is the most wonderful day I have ever experienced." "Your highness," responded General Clark, "for a man who has 95 lives, that is indeed an appreciative statement."

"Hullo, old man! I haven't seen you for a while."

"No, I've been in bed for some time."

"That's too bad! Flue, I suppose?"

"Yes, and crashed!"

Observer Baby Contest Ballot

Place the number of your choice in the order of your preference. Entrants polling the greatest number of points will be declared the winners.

No.	Points
First	100
Second	75
Third	50

Ballots must be placed either in the "Y" office or the nearest Observer contribution box, not later than midnight, September 10th.