

# Fingal Observer

JUNE, 1944





A farewell visit to the sergeants' mess was made by G/C Kerr, on his last day here. LEFT: He ladles

himself a bowl of delicious soup (adv.) at the self-serve counter. RIGHT: At the luncheon table

with several senior NCO's, including WO2 (now P/O) T. B. Fawcett, who was commissioned that day.

## G/C KERR, TEARS IN EYES, BIDS US FOND FAREWELL

Posted Overseas After 16 Months at Station He Made One of Canada's Best—Expects to Command an Operational Unit in Great Britain

**E**MOTION that brought tears to his eyes prevented Group Captain Kerr from finishing his farewell address to the station, prior to leaving for overseas.

Assembled on the parade square on May 12, Fingal personnel saw him take the C.O.'s parade for the last time. After the ensign hoisting the C.O. leapt onto a table and began speaking into the mike. His voice choked with emotion, tears came and he could not carry on.

He brushed his tears with a handkerchief, and with eyes red from crying he took the march past. That was his official farewell—surely, a tribute to a station unique in air force history.

Thus ended 16 months at the station which he made known up and down Canada as "Friendly Fingal."

Later he told the Observer that it wasn't the place but the people that got him. "You don't cry at leaving a bunch of temporary buildings," he said, "but when you see 1,000 people out there who worked so hard for you, well, it does things to you."

"I was so happy to be posted overseas, I thought that would overshadow my departure, but this morning I simply couldn't take it."

**T**HAT day, the Daily Observer published this last communique from the "old man":

"I wanted to say a word to you this morning about your new C.O., but unfortunately I didn't quite make it. He's still on leave, but at

my invitation he came down for a short visit yesterday.

"I would like you to know that I'm absolutely certain that you will find him a 'right guy.' He went overseas two years ago as a sergeant-pilot and today he's a wing commander—and I believe he has earned it. He's been tried in battle (53 trips over Europe) and as a result he wears the DSO and DFC. As far as I could see he's forgotten that he wears them. That's not an easy thing to do when you realize that there are only about a dozen DSO's in the RCAF."

"He knows that this is a new job and is eager to learn. If you give him the same backing that you have given me, Fingal will really go places. I discussed with him our ideas of running a station and he agrees. So I am sure that any changes that are made will be for the better."

"Again, thanks and good luck to every one of you."

**A**CCOMPANIED by S/L Art Spruston, honorary president, he paid a farewell visit to the sergeants' mess, where he had lunch

(fish and potatoes and raisin pie). One flight-sergeant became a groupie for about 30 seconds when he tried on the C.O.'s hat. The C.O. wasn't looking, of course. The occasion was enlivened with a hot-foot for WO2 Elmer Bean.

"I would like to say good-bye to everyone on the station, but my time is short," he said. "To all ranks I wish the very best of everything. Of all the stations I've been on, Fingal is absolutely tops."

At a party given by the officers and their wives, G/C Kerr received a pen and pencil set, and Mrs. Kerr received a bouquet of roses.

In his remarks, the retiring C.O. said that under the terms of K.R. (Air) he was prevented from accepting a gift, but he was taking the present on a 99-year loan basis, with the promise of writing to one mess member every three months.

Prior to the presentation, F/L Ernie Weaver tried to make a few remarks on the departing Americans, which we understand F/O Paton was not present to hear.

**S**UCCESSING W/C D. D. Findlay on Jan. 19, 1943, G/C Kerr arrived in the worst blizzard in 78 years. He was an instant hit, and we're not giving you the usual business when we say that he was personally popular with all on the station.

During his term here, he built a reputation as a square shooter and as a man who knew his business. He knew every corner of the station and really got around, as a lot

## MISSING LAUNDRY DELAYS G/C KERR

G/C Kerr almost didn't get away on time, and for a reason that every one of us will appreciate.

He had his clearances signed. He had his leave in his pocket. But his laundry wasn't ready, thanks to ye olde Aylmer Steam Corporation.

Fortunately this story has a happy ending. The laundry got cracking and produced the group captain's parcel in the nicotine.

of unsuspecting airmen can testify. His improvements here were many, including the swimming pool, canteen, bowling alleys, drill hall floor, snack bar, Fingal Forum, gen sessions for ground crew . . . to mention a few.

While he initiated these projects, he gives credit to the airmen and airwomen who did all the work and who provided all the money from canteen profits. He was sorry he couldn't be here to see the sports pavilion completed and the WD's beach club in operation.

He always gave wholehearted backing to the Fingal Observer, and it was during his term that the Observer was cited as the best camp newspaper in Canada. A daily edition was inaugurated Feb. 1, with his approval and support. On matters of urgent news interest, he instructed the Observer staff to telephone him direct. Before leaving he accepted an appointment as an Observer war correspondent overseas.

**N**OW 35, G/C Kerr left Glebe collegiate in Ottawa at the age of 18 to attend Royal Military College for four years. During holidays he was a provisional pilot officer and for two months each summer he flew at Camp Borden.

During his third summer, in August, 1930, he won his wings. In 1931 he took a permanent force commission as a P/O. He went to Camp Borden for four months and then to Trenton for an advanced training course. He did army co-op work and spent three years as a flying instructor.

In all he was five times at Borden and three times at Trenton, beginning in its mud-hole days.

As a F/L he went to Hamilton, Ont., as adjutant of 119th bomber squadron, which he helped organize. He was there for a year with the week-end flyers without whom, he said, the RCAF would be behind the eight-ball today.

In 1938 he returned to Trenton as C.I. and supervised EFTS and SFTS training, both given at that unit. When No. 1 SFTS was formed at Borden in May, 1939, he went there as o/c of initial training squadron. In September, 1939, the month war broke out, he was promoted to S/L.

In July, 1940, he left Borden with A/V/M S. F. McGill, then C.O. of Borden, to open Uplands, where he remained until January, 1941. Now he was W/C Kerr.

**H**IS next job was organizing six SFTS's. He was detailed to pick four officers and organize all

(Continued on page 13)

## OUR FRONT COVER

A warm smile and a warm handclasp greeted our new commanding officer, W/C W. H. Swetman, DSO, DFC, as he stepped out of a Beechcraft for his first visit to Fingal on May 11. He is pictured with G/C J. G. Kerr, AFC, our C.O. for 16 months, who is now overseas.

—Photograph by Cpl. Ruth Ralston



# Fingal Observer

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



## W/C SWETMAN TAKES OVER



### G/C KERR TO WRITE FOR THE OBSERVER

He's Now Our War Correspondent With RCAF Overseas

Group Captain J. G. Kerr, AFC, has accepted an appointment as war correspondent for the Fingal Observer, attached to the RCAF overseas. The Observer thus becomes the only service newspaper in Canada with a group captain on its staff.

The departing C.O. was keen on taking the job and has promised us regular dispatches by airgraph or bomber mail, typed and double-spaced. His first story will appear in the July issue.

### WE WARN RICHARDS BEWARE OF NEW C.O.

In addition to a swell station, W/C Swetman has inherited the pride and joy of Fingal—the bus situation.

G/C Kerr discussed the bus service with him during his first visit here, and the Observer understands that the new C.O. will take up the battle where the old C.O. left off. And with 330 operational hours to his credit, W/C Swetman is just the man to direct a blitz on Richards.



W/C "Bill" Swetman tries out the C.O.'s chair on his first visit to Fingal in May. CENTRE: In flying togs overseas. RIGHT: On his return to Canada, he was photographed writing out a wire to his mother.



### YOUNGEST C.O. IN CANADA ARRIVES DIRECT FROM OPS

Trip to Frankfurt on March 22 Was His 53rd and Last Raid Before Coming Home—Went Over as a Sergeant Three Years Ago

A TWICE-DECORATED operational veteran, who is the youngest station commander in Canada, is Fingal's new C.O. He's Wing Commander William Herbert Swetman, 24, who left school not quite four years ago to enlist in Ottawa as a pilot. Just over two months ago he was still on ops.

After the usual period of waiting and Joe-jobs at Manning Pool he went through No. 1 ITS, took his elementary at Crumlin EFTS and got his wings at Dunnville. He went overseas as a sergeant.

Following his O.T.U. he was posted to the first Canadian bomber squadron (No. 405) in August, 1941. Operating in Wellingtons, he did 13 trips as a sergeant and was commissioned in January, 1942.

Half-way through his first tour

of 33 trips they converted to Halifaxes. After 14 months he left the squadron in October, 1942. By then he was S/L Swetman, DFC, with an operational trip to the palace to be gonged by the King.

For a short time he was with the Goose squadron, where he formed a conversion flight, from Hampdens to Hallys. When the first Canadian (No. 1659) conversion unit

### DAUNTLESS LEADER TWICE DECORATED

His Courage and Devotion to Duty an Inspiration To All

#### DFC CITATION

"F/L Swetman, a bold and resolute captain, has inspired the confidence of all crews with whom he has flown. He has participated in attacks on the Ruhr area and other targets both in Germany and German-occupied territory. Throughout his operational tour he has performed excellent work."

#### DSO CITATION

"This officer has completed two tours of operations, during which he has attacked most of the enemy's heavily defended targets in Germany, including six on the capital city. He has always endeavored to press home his attacks with the greatest determination and his example of courage and devotion to duty has inspired all. W/C Swetman is a dauntless leader whose able and untiring efforts have been reflected in the fine fighting qualities of the squadron he commands."

was formed he was one of its flight commanders.

After a period on the staff of an RAF group headquarters, in the training branch, he went to Canadian group headquarters.

Then, last June, he returned to ops as a flight commander in the Thunderbird squadron, who were converting from Wimpys to Lancs, the first Canuck squadron to do so. Last August he became C.O. of that squadron with the rank of wingco. He did 20 trips with the Thunderbirds.

At the end of his second tour, two weeks before he came home, he was awarded the Distinguished Service Order. His operational hours now totalled 330.

INTERVIEWED on his first visit here May 11, he had some nice things to say about Fingal.

"I've heard a lot about Fingal before I even came," he said, "and I think it's a very fine station. I'm looking forward to the job and hope to do as much flying as possible, including training trips. Since I cannot do any more operational flying, I realize that Fingal is probably the best place for me."

(Continued on page 4)

## YOUNGEST C.O. IN CANADA ARRIVES DIRECT FROM OPS

(Continued from page 3)  
ably the nicest station a fellow could be posted to."

We had two touchy questions for him, on behalf of our readers. Was he married? What did he think of P.T.?

He answered them both good-naturedly, with a ready smile: "No, I'm not married. And as for P.T., the present set-up will probably be continued. I can't see any reason why any airman shouldn't take part in sports and games. It pays dividends overseas."

At the time of his appointment as C.O. of Fingal, W/C Swetman was the youngest station commander in the RCAF, at home and abroad. But a few days later, W/C A. F. Avant, DFC, age 21, from Saskatchewan, was appointed C.O. of the Bison squadron.

So now W/C Swetman is the youngest C.O. in Canada, and the first graduate of the air training plan to command an air training plan station.

**W**HEN the C.O. at No. 6 SFTS at Dunnville pinned pilot's wings on LAC W. H. "Bill" Swetman back in May, 1941, he launched the young airman on a career which rivals any success story created by Horatio Alger.

In September, 1940, he was a 20-year-old boy sitting around the Ottawa recruiting centre waiting for an interview. W/C Swetman learned his trade the hard way. He has sympathetic recollections of the problems that face an airman in the early stages of his career.

Then a flight lieutenant, he was awarded his DFC on June 16, 1942. The citation described him as a "bold and resolute captain" who had "inspired the confidence of all crews with whom he has flown." His work throughout his operational career was described as "excellent."

In April, 1944, came his DSO, and he became the 14th man in the RCAF to win that outstanding decoration.

The DSO citation told how W/C Swetman had attacked most of the enemy's heavily-defended targets in Germany, including six sorties against Berlin. He was described as a "dauntless leader whose able and untiring efforts have been reflected in the fine fighting qualities of the squadron he commands."

**H**E attended ITS in Toronto and then did guard duty at St. Hubert. He took his pilot training at Crumlin and Dunnville and was posted overseas in May, 1941, with the rank of sergeant.

He flew a Wellington in the first all-Canadian bomber squadron and was commissioned in January, 1942. After various stretches of training and converting to four-engine bombers, he wound up as flight commander of what is now the Thunderbird squadron.

Last August he was made a wing commander. He was then, at 23, the youngest in the RCAF to hold this rank and given command of the squadron.

On March 22 of this year Wingco Swetman donned his flying kit and, with his veteran crew, went out to the Lancaster "A-Apple" to undertake his 53rd bombing trip. After returning from Frankfurt he was informed that he had been screened from further flying operations and would be assigned to new duties of a non-operational nature.

Three days later Air Vice-Marshal C. M. McEwen, M.C., D.F.C. and Bar, Air Officer Commanding the Canadian Bomber Group, summoned him to group headquarters to offer congratulations on the "immediate" award of the DSO. Then W/C Swetman packed his bags and headed for Canada on leave. He hadn't been home for three years.

It was a brilliant climax to a career which had begun to assume legendary proportions. Six trips on his second tour have been to Berlin, when the air offensive against the Nazi capital was stepped up to crescendo. During January he logged three sorties against the capital, and on several occasions operated on successive nights, a considerable physical strain.

In the 35 days which preceded his final trip he made nine sorties against hot targets, including Berlin, Leipsig (twice), Stuttgart (twice), Schweinfurt, Frankfurt (twice) and Le Mans in France.

**H**E is proud of the crew which flew with him. Two of them, F/O "Taffy" Thomas, DFC, his rear gunner, and F/L "Jimmie" Devan, DFC, his flight engineer—both of them English lads—finished their second tour with their skipper, and also made their first tour with him.

The other four members of his crew, F/L R. E. "Ted" Ratcliffe of Kingston, navigator; F/O "Con" Massey of Pointe Claire, Que., bomb-aimer; F/O I. N. "Art" Peterson of Grassy Lake, Alta., wireless operator; and F/O Jelley of the RAF, mid-upper gunner, have also been screened with their captain after completing their first tour.

He is warm in his praise of the unsung heroes of the air force—the ground crew lads who are responsible for the maintenance and flying efficiency of today's heavy bomber. "You can't give them enough credit," he says.

Two members of the Thunderbird ground crew whom he singled out for special praise are Sgt. Jack McKellar of Radison, Sask., and Sgt. Jim Watson of Edmonton. To them he assigns a good share of the credit for the job which he and his fellow-airmen of the Thunderbirds have been able to do.

Born in Kapuskasing, Ont., he is the son of H. J. Swetman, who has been in Great Britain for considerable time on overseas war service organizations. His mother resides in Toronto. After graduating from high school at Kapuskasing, he attended Sir George Williams College at Montreal for a year and was studying for a degree in commerce



JOHN OLGERT STEFAN  
FOCHS  
... air cadet to air bomber

when he joined the RCAF.

A fighting speech by a fighting flyer, who is Fingal's new C.O., made a great impression on the station.

Opening navy week in the bond drive at Toronto, W/C Swetman told a crowd in front of the city hall that he wasn't trained to make fancy speeches. He was trained to fight, and that when he and others like him came home on leave after a tour of ops they wanted to spend it with their relatives—not making speeches to persuade people to buy bonds.

He said his colleagues overseas were not very well pleased to know that high-priced movie actors and actresses were brought from Hollywood to persuade people to do what was their obvious duty, to buy bonds to supply the materials to keep the boys in there fighting.

Also, he said, his friends who did come back home after service overseas were not too pleased to see so many young men of their own age not yet in uniform.

"You might think it an even break—us to fight your battles and perhaps die—you to buy war bonds and get your money back. We don't think so."

He spoke of the Canadian people's complacency, and told them that they were on the eve of having the war really brought home to them.

"When the invasion starts," he said, "there will be more Canadian casualties in a few days than all the combined Canadian services up to date."

### FASHION NEWS

Purses are to be worn by airwomen with both summer and winter uniforms. The strap is to be:

- worn over the right shoulder, under the lapel, with the purse resting on the left hip;
- adjusted to allow the bottom of the purse to be even with the hem of the tunic.

Purses may be worn on working parades or roll call at the discretion of the C.O.'s. Purses are not to be worn on ceremonial parades, church parades or other special parades.

## FLED FRANCE IN '40 TRAINS FOR REVENGE

LAC John Fochs, Course 103,  
Once Lived in  
Berlin

By F/SGT. AL. GAMBLE

"World Traveller at 19." That's LAC John O. S. Fochs, air bomber on 103. Due to Hitler, he's been kicked around a lot of countries where the RCAF is now making sleep a little difficult for the natives, and he's now living for the day when some well-aimed bombs of his will do a bit of kicking around the other way.

It was in the critical days of 1940 with the roar of guns in their ears and the bewildered French people watching their army being annihilated by the Hun, that the Fochs family fled Paris on the last diplomatic train. Reaching St. Malo, from which Jacques Cartier had sailed three centuries before to discover a grand new land, they embarked on the last free vessel from there with the promise of life with liberty in Canada.

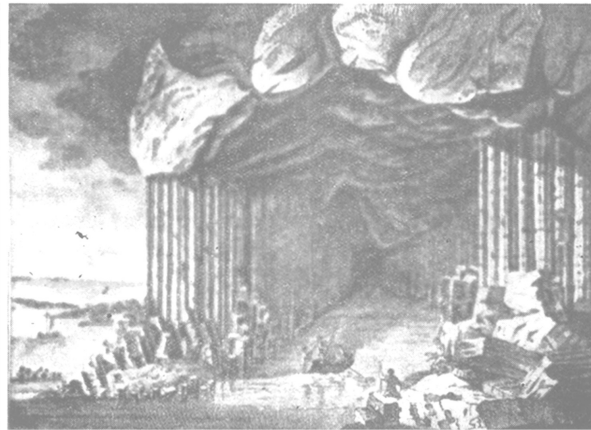
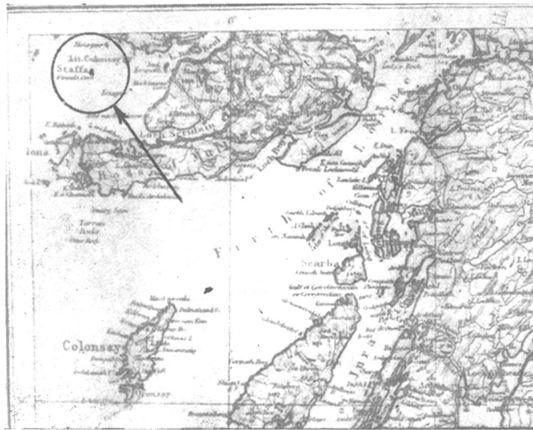
John, the only son, was born in Alsace Lorraine of French-Polish parents. Shortly thereafter he was taken to Berlin, where his father was managing a lumber business. Not many years passed until the strange doctrine of Nazism began to take hold in the schools. To avoid being exposed to it, John was sent to Scotland when 10 years old to finish his early schooling.

Racial hatreds in the meantime caused his parents to move to Switzerland for safety, but in 1938 they moved to Paris where John and his three sisters could attend school and be at home with the family. Until they had to flee from here, LAC Fochs studied classical languages and is able to converse in German, French, Spanish and English.

Since arriving in Canada, his home has been in Westmount, Quebec, and he enlisted in the RCAF as soon as he finished school in Montreal. Before joining up he was an air cadet sergeant in No. 1 Westmount Sqdn. for two years. His air cadet regimental number, K277148, stays with him in the RCAF.

John has an uncle, a former co-worker of the great psychologist Freud, who is a major serving with the British army, helping restore nervous and shell-shock cases. Another uncle is in New Zealand, where he is a noted architect, musician and composer.

All of his mother's family are missing since Poland was invaded. Two of her brothers were officers in the Polish army, while her sister was a nun and doctor in charge of a hospital for blind children. So it's with a keen appreciation of the issues at stake, that LAC Fochs tackles his course at Fingal and throws in his efforts with the RCAF for this country which has, he believes, the greatest future of all countries in the world today.



Research by the Observer has disclosed that the name of Fingal has a long and honorable history. At LEFT: Arrow points to the Isle of Staffa in the Hebrides, which is the location of the famous Fingal's Cave, pictured at RIGHT.

## ANCIENT SCOTS' HEROIC KING FINGAL'S GREAT GRAND-DADDY

Famous Warrior, Born in 282 A. D., Gave No. 4 B. & G. Its Name—Fingal Also Perpetuated in a Brilliant Overture by Mendelssohn

By LAC HARRY McNAB

Achievements of Fingal flyers in aerial warfare overseas have a rich tradition, centuries old.

Fingal has been connected with deeds of valor and defence of the right since the third century. Research by the Observer staff has unearthed some exciting facts about the origin of Fingal, and we proudly unroll the parchments to gen you up on our ancestral status.



Renowned in song and story is Fingal's name. Here's the frontispiece from a famous book, which you may see in the Toronto reference library.

Where did the name come from? Fingal was King of Morven, land of the North West Caledonians in Scotland. A son of the giant Comhal, Fingal was born in the year 282 A. D. and became renowned for his love of freedom and truth.

Perhaps it was symbolic that he should go to war in defence of the weak, but his greatest exploit started when Cuthullin, vice-regent of the Irish kingdom, appealed to him for aid against the invading Scandinavians under King Swaran. Fingal obliged his fellow-monarch by crossing the channel, landing in Ireland, and sweeping Swaran's armies back into the sea. The defeated Swaran received knightly treatment at the hands of his captor, and history lets the tale drop there.

All through Celtic legend, Fingal represented the true knight and hero.

His greatness is commemorated today in the name of Fingal's Cave, on the isle of Staffa, Scotland. This cavern was actually the point at which Fingal's armies assembled to relieve the harassed Irish. It must have been quite a scene.

In 1829, the composer Felix Mendelssohn passed through Staffa on a tour of Scotland. He was so impressed by the cavern that he produced pencil and paper, and wrote



Mendelssohn was so inspired by his visit to Fingal's Cave that then and there he wrote the first notes of his famous overture, "Fingal's Cave," or "The Hebrides." ABOVE: Mendelssohn's original manuscript of the music.

the opening of his famous "Fingal's Cave" overture on the spot. Indeed the music expresses the atmosphere of the cave.

To quote an eye-witness of Mendelssohn's visit: "We were put out into boats and lifted by the hissing sea up the basalt pillar stumps to the celebrated Fingal's Cave. A greener roar of waves surely never rushed into a stranger cavern — its many pillars making it look like the inside of an immense organ, black and resounding, and absolutely without purpose, and quite alone, the wide gray sea within and without."

On such a spot Fingal gathered his boys to take a smack at oppression and force.

Ossian, son of Fingal, who became one of the best known Scottish bards, wrote an epic poem on his father's exploits. This became a best-seller with the Gaels, and was translated by James MacPherson in the late eighteenth century. This aroused interest in Ossian and his poetry, and brought the name Fingal once more into the limelight.

Thus the small rising town founded in 1832 in Western Ontario got its name. Once manufacturing centre of the province, Fingal has slowly but surely retired from the producing world. In her heyday, Fingal boasted four hotels, seven blacksmith shops, four big dry goods stores, two tailor shops, a millinery shop, three shoemakers and a cabinet-maker.

There were more than 700 people there in those days. Now the village scarcely musters 200. It was the lack of a railway which started Fingal on its decline. Traffic, which formerly passed southward to Port Stanley, faded away and manufacturers began to find the going tough.

Gone are the days when kegs of Labrador salt herrings lined the sidewalks in front of stores and farmers loaded up a keg or two to take home.

Tasmania and England both boast a town by the name of Fingal, but Ontario's Fingal seems to be the only one which follows the old king's traditions to the letter.

## FIRST DISPATCHES ARRIVE BY BOMBER MAIL FROM FINGAL OBSERVER WAR CORRESPONDENT

Sgt. Stan Mays, RAF Air Bomber Who Trained Here, Describes  
Atlantic Crossing and His Return to London After  
Two Years in Canada and U.S.

### AN EXCLUSIVE OBSERVER FEATURE

By SGT. STAN MAYS, RAF

Fingal Observer War Correspondent in European Theatre of Operations

London, Eng. (by Bomber Mail) — Typing this dispatch from my desk at the Ministry of Information is like kneeling before the block waiting for the guillotine to whip my head from my shoulders, as in the days of the French revolution. Reason: I am about to reveal all that can be said of a war-time trans-Atlantic voyage in a troopship. Penalty: The censor is waiting to strike. A colleague whispers, "Only the best men write on this subject—and live!"

Here, however, are hints for your trans-Atlantic trip; no pleasure cruise in wartime but on the other hand, not a journey of undue hardships. Unless you are on the biggest of ships, the seas, Atlantic storms, and the part of the ship in which you are berthed are the main factors bearing on your comfort.

**Baggage rule:** Take only what you can carry yourself. That may be interpreted differently by different people. When the crowd of RAF sergeants with me staggered up the gangplank most of them were on their knees. Webbing, a kit-bag (the proportions of which are limited only by your ability to carry it) and perhaps a small canvas hand-bag or small case (suitcases are taboo). These things are covered by the term baggage.

If you are an officer going abroad for the first time you may carry suitcases instead of a kit-bag. But you must be able to handle everything unaided.

**Another tip:** Don't completely fill your baggage before embarking. On most ships there is a large variety of goods for sale. Fancy boxes of candy, fountain pens, lighters, soaps, tobacco and cigarettes at tax-free prices.

Three days after the canteen opened, kit-bag space was actually being sold. I know of one instance where a square eight inches of space was sold for five dollars.

Another man sold a small case for double that amount after he had crammed its contents into his already bulging kit-bag.

Don't be afraid of taking too big a kit-bag. It pays. Pack it securely and rest it lengthwise across the top of your webbing pack.

**Mail:** Don't write the folding type of Canadian airgraph during the voyage. Whether you mail it on board or once you land, it will not be photographed, as in England the single page non-folding airgraph is still in use and the folding edition will go ordinary mail.

**Letters to friends:** One of the strictest security regulations says that if you bring letters from people in Canada to friends in England these must be handed in aboard ship. Otherwise, if they are mailed in England, it is tantamount to evading censorship and the security officers are very, very suspicious. The censorship delay won't be long and it will still be worth

bringing notes with you.

**The journey:** Troopships, especially the trans-Atlantic variety, are always crowded. Don't expect the comforts of a well-heated barracks with clean linen. Don't get scared at the sight of a bundle of hammocks. The introduction, if such, should be painless and a good night's rest should be assured.

One of the advantages is that you will enjoy some of the best white bread it is possible to get in wartime—baked daily on the ship—and your last grip on luxury before hitting the grey dough of the United Kingdom.

Aircrews en route to England have little to do once they are in quarters. If you are the reading type take along your own books. It is unlikely that on comparatively short voyages the library will be opened.

By SGT. STAN MAYS  
Special to Fingal Observer

Moncton, N.B.—It is only by the grace of God that your correspondent is alive to write this story. Leastways, that's how he feels about it right now. Reason: Just a few hours ago I was the victim of a haircut and shampoo in this Maritime town—and I repeat, victim.

Feeling that the shaggy locks could do with at least a gentle pruning before it became possible to trip over their lengths into the arms of a discip, I climbed the narrow staircase of a building on Main St. to a door marked "Barber." Opening the door, I found myself in a private house in circumstances very much like a visit to the local bootlegger.

I was quickly disillusioned. It really was a barber's and I was immediately hustled into a large bare room where a solitary clipper stood by a swivel chair and once I was seated proceeded to cut hair with



SGT. STAN MAYS, correspondent for the Fingal Observer in the European Theatre of Operations. Former trainee at Fingal, he now serves with the RAF in England.

### WAR NEWS

High on a ladder in the British Admiralty's war room stood a WREN, sticking pins in a map which marked the progress of a North Atlantic convoy. A crusty British sea lord stalked in, glanced upward at the map. Said he: "Captain, that WREN will either have to wear pants or we will have to move the convoy to the South Atlantic."

rather pronounced vigor.

Then to my surprise he asked, "Shampoo, sir?" Surprise, I say, because there was no sign of a wash-bowl in the room, nor was water laid on. So just to see what happened I decided to call his bluff and agreed. But I let myself in for the whole works . . . a great production they have here when it comes to shampoos.

Abruptly the enthusiastic clipping stopped and I was grabbed by the hand, whipped out of the chair and run up and down two flights of stairs and into a domestic room where a lady was busily ironing the week's washing. Pointing to a chair beside a washing tub, the barber said "there, please," and proceeded to take a large cake of washing soap and apply it with quantities of water to, by this time, my rather reluctant head. Another bowl was produced and doused over the soapy lather, a towel applied to my head, my hand grabbed again and that same breathless rush helter-

### London Letter

By SGT. STAN MAYS, RAF  
London, Eng. (by Bomber Mail)

"London," remarked my friend, a Canadian sergeant-bombardier, "seems to be just like any American city." He was trying to be funny! Reason: In this part of England the kaleidoscopic khaki colorings of the Yanks outnumber the dark, and a little darker, blues of the RAF and RCAF respectively.

London hasn't changed much since I was here two years ago. A little more shabby, perhaps, but so full of military that it still runs with color. However, the coming of so many servicemen from Canada and the United States has brought innovations.

In one of the newer servicemen's clubs in the West End (Canucks seem to prefer that part of the metropolis) facilities for the forees have doubled recently.

Most popular centres are the Beaver club and Nuffield House. In the latter, presented to servicemen by the automobile king of England, you can get your pants pressed while you wait.

As it seems to be the opinion in Canada that an Englishman doesn't know what a trousers-press is for, may I add that this service is well patronized by the Imperial troops.

But it is freely admitted that this service was started mainly because of the insistence of North American servicemen.

Overseas clubs, catering only for Dominion visitors, have sprung up all over London, providing an unequalled service of hospitality, invitations, accommodation and food for Allied forces.

The Yanks may have "taken over" the City, but the Canadians are there in force. Perhaps they are a little shy of the big bars and the well-known pubs—but in the back streets of the City of London (one square mile of the whole metro) you'll find them in the cafes and pubs and houses. They seem to have made strong, quiet friendships that last over many, many furloughs.

## Braves Moncton Barber 'Ere Sailing to the Wars

By SGT. STAN MAYS  
Special to Fingal Observer

Moncton, N.B.—It is only by the grace of God that your correspondent is alive to write this story. Leastways, that's how he feels about it right now. Reason: Just a few hours ago I was the victim of a haircut and shampoo in this Maritime town—and I repeat, victim.

Feeling that the shaggy locks could do with at least a gentle pruning before it became possible to trip over their lengths into the arms of a discip, I climbed the narrow staircase of a building on Main St. to a door marked "Barber." Opening the door, I found myself in a private house in circumstances very much like a visit to the local bootlegger.

I was quickly disillusioned. It really was a barber's and I was immediately hustled into a large bare room where a solitary clipper stood by a swivel chair and once I was seated proceeded to cut hair with

rather pronounced vigor.

Then to my surprise he asked, "Shampoo, sir?" Surprise, I say, because there was no sign of a wash-bowl in the room, nor was water laid on. So just to see what happened I decided to call his bluff and agreed. But I let myself in for the whole works . . . a great production they have here when it comes to shampoos.

Abruptly the enthusiastic clipping stopped and I was grabbed by the hand, whipped out of the chair and run up and down two flights of stairs and into a domestic room where a lady was busily ironing the week's washing. Pointing to a chair beside a washing tub, the barber said "there, please," and proceeded to take a large cake of washing soap and apply it with quantities of water to, by this time, my rather reluctant head. Another bowl was produced and doused over the soapy lather, a towel applied to my head, my hand grabbed again and that same breathless rush helter-

skelter back through the house to the chair, where the drying operations commenced.

That's how this writer counts himself lucky to have survived unscathed. For instead of a hair dryer the inventive genius of our talented haircutter had led to a towel, folded double, with a weight in one end, something like a sling, which he whirled around at great speed just a couple of inches off my brow, as he ran his hand through my hair to allow the cool breeze to penetrate.

Surprisingly enough it seemed to work, and within a few seconds the hair seemed dry—or could it have been wishful thinking? Then the cover was whipped off, a hand proffered for a dollar, and as the next unsuspecting victim requested a shampoo, the hairdresser put his head around the door and yelled into the house, "Nother wash coming through."

And the moral is obvious. Get a haircut before you reach Moncton!



### Crime Does Not Pay---Not Like It Used To

Staring you right in the face, as you enter the guardhouse, is the neat little sign above. The neat little number laughing at it and at the S.P.'s is Mrs. Christina Pierce, Fingal postal clerk, who works next

door. Good thing, too, for they're always handy as models. Now, skip your eyes to the right. TOP: F/O Birtles, Fingal's chief of police, sets the example by giving himself the once-over. CENTRE: Watson and

Baakon try to find where you signed out, which you did, didn't you? BOTTOM: The Friday night queue, just after the five-o'clock whistle. Wonder where they're all going?



## Fingal Gestapo's Bark Worse Than Their Bite

S.P.'s Aren't Such a Bad Lot When You Get To Know 'Em—  
But Who Wants To Know 'Em?—Station  
Has Clean Crime Sheet

By CPL. HAROLD HERTZMAN

THE recruiting officer smiles. Standing before him is six feet of enthusiastic applicant who doesn't even know what S.P. stands for. "You're in," he cries, hastily pressing forms and tickets into the rookie's hands.

At Manning Pool our hero gets along swell. But one day someone asks, "What are you in as?" "I'm going to be an S.P.," he answers. From that moment on he can't understand why things change. He uses the right soap. He doesn't have a trace of pink on his toothbrush. But people avoid him like church parade. And then one day his best friend told him.

"It doesn't stand for special privileges; it means service police. You're going to be an air force cop!"

THEN on to Trenton. Weeks of law, parades, jiu-jitsu, and learning how to say "no" nastily enough.

One day a pair of hooks is sewn on, a transportation warrant reading Fingal is made out and another RCAF St. Peter is ready for the front gate.

Next time you feel a nasty remark about S.P.'s coming on, just place yourself in their position. A day with these men and you'd have an entirely different view of things. Their work goes on always. They're busiest just when the average airman is starting out to have a bit of fun—week-ends, Christmas leave, or just any ordinary evening, winter or summer. Working around the clock means getting out of warm beds at midnight, or not seeing daylight for weeks.

Only a small part of their work is actually seen by the station. Those pairs of S.P.'s that seem to be heading for the canteen or down to the hangars are actually foot patrols whose job is to keep an eye open for fires, unlocked doors or any un-

usual occurrences. They go to work when trouble starts.

The patrol car visits the more remote sections of the airport and you can find them circling past the bomb dumps or bouncing out to the coal pile. Twice a month they strap on their best revolvers and nurse the \$30,000 that means pay day back from the bank.

THE local Gestapo consists of 20 men. Top watchdog is DAP Man F/O S. R. Birtles, World War I veteran. Wounded at Ypres, he moved on to a quiet, recuperative job in the Royal Irish Constabulary, better known as the Black and Tan, and had a hand in policing the Irish uprisings following the last war. A job in Nigeria in West Africa filled in the years before his last move came. Seventeen years ago he came to Canada and became a salesman.

Heading the NCO's is F/Sgt. E. B. Smith of London. If you were ever ticketed for speeding in this neighborhood before the war there's a good chance that the motorcycle cop was none other than Flight Smith. One of three former policemen here, he was a mechanized bobby during working hours and a dirt track rider on his own time. To get overseas he has toyed with the idea of remustering to a dispatch rider. He has had clearances to

"Y" depot twice, only to have them cancelled.

Sgts. F. J. Watson, Bill Littlejohn and O. O. Baakon constitute the balance of the senior NCO's at the guard house. Baakon saw action in France in the last war and recently saw his 19-year-old son don khaki just as he did 27 years ago.

Behind the wicket, on the gate, out on patrols, it's the corporal S.P.'s that do the job. Outside of Cpls. Brand and Flood, none of these men did police work before enlisting. On the Windsor police force for 14 years, Brand saw service as a plain-clothesman, while Flood was kept hopping as a guard at Burwash Prison in Northern Ontario.

WHAT do these men do in their off hours? Practically any time during the day or night, if you visit their private hotel in 12B, you'll hear a steady patter of French with a distinct English accent. The boys have been told to learn "la langue française" and they now take special instruction here.

Perhaps you'll also see Cpl. "Curly" Wolfe counting his chickens before they hatch or even before he had the egg. He's ginning up on those handy feathered critters with an eye on an occupation after the war. Interested in dogs, Cpl.

(Continued on page 10)



## LAUNCHING PARTY FOR PATHFINDER II

Begins Her Career in a Cascade  
Of Chocolate  
Milk

By LAC HARRY McNAB

THE evening sun glistened on polished metal. The crowd was silent, tense, eager. There was a faint plop, a gurgle, then a stream of chocolate milk cascaded down the bonnet of the sleek bus at the gates of Fingal. Pathfinder II had been launched.

Observer Editor Sugarman, proud sponsor of the launching ceremony, aided by a "mike" from the M.T. sound truck, eulogized on the luxury and finer points of the latest addition to the Richards fleet. He wasn't even discouraged by the stark unbelief in the eyes of the Fingalites present.

Someone tittered as Editor Sugarman displayed the airy interior and air-cushioned seats with a wave of the hand. A glance silenced the scoffer.

Manager Larry Moore took over and thanked the Observer for this opportunity to demonstrate Richards' alleged interest in our welfare. "We've had a struggle to get this bus," said Moore, "but we believe that nothing but the best in transportation is good enough for the folks at Fingal."

Shrieks of delight greeted the announcement that on the maiden run all passengers would ride free. And so, with a smooth purr and comforting sway of efficient springs, Pathfinder II started on her first journey to St. Thomas.

### On Board Pathfinder II

1700 hrs.: We're off. Power and promise throb in the engine. The coach is airy, spacious and oh so comfortable. Can those nightmares of past travel be true? The old, familiar fields and trees flow past with an incredible smoothness.

1704 hrs.: Consternation raged among the passengers when, on tugging an attractive leather cord which runs the length of the bus, a sharp, efficient buzz was heard, and the bus promptly drew to a stop.

1708 hrs.: Someone was heard to sigh in ecstasy.

1713 hrs.: We are now over half way to St. Thomas. Unbelief has left the eyes of the Fingalites. Admiration, grudging but genuine, has replaced it. Applause broke out when Pilot Moore stopped and waited at the railroad crossing.

1718 hrs.: A WD offered to kiss the driver when he honked the horn at a jay-walker. What a horn. So loud, safe and satisfyingly rich in tone.

1719 hrs.: With amazing care, Moore slowed down and took the gradient at Kettle Creek bridge under 10 m.p.h. No shudder or grind was evident when the hill came, and it was with a sense of triumph that we hurtled down Talbot Street.

1720 hrs.: Expressions of gratitude, delight and relief fill Mr.

## News: Richards Gets a 'NEW' Bus



"I christen thee Pathfinder II." So spoke LAW Lou Schnob, Fingal WD, as she launched the new bus with a bottle of chocolate milk. TOP: A view of the bus interior which has—believe it or not—head room, comfy seats and windows that actually open. We understand that it's the first of many to come. Did we hear you snicker?

Moore's ears as the crowd descended to the pavement. They have arrived safely—and in record time.

Here ends the excerpt from our log.

And thus the Observer popped another feather in its cap. Talk about crusading. The torch has burnt so fiercely that another new bus was promised within a month—which is just about now.

## AN EDITORIAL

On  
Station Parades

Phooey!

## FINGAL GESTAPO

(Continued from page 7)

Kellow specializes in the red variety. Cpl. McKellar, "Killer" to his bunkmates, has unofficially been selected Fingal's one-man humane society after his recent removal of an obnoxious cat from the officers' mess.

At a recent ceremony in the hospital Cpl. McCracken was invested with the D.M.C. (Distinguished Malingering Cross) for valor in managing to keep his blue suit. McCracken was a baker before enlisting.

Many of the local gendarmes had unusual civilian occupations. Cpl. Harrison did some trapping. Cpl. Fuchs hauled beer out of Preston. Cpl. Elrick was a drug and toilette goods salesman in Winnipeg and did a spot of flying on the side. Cpl. McLeod was a hard rock miner. Cpl. Cramer snipped and soldered as a tinsmith. And up in North York, Cpl. Dawson pitched up a good game of checkers as a fireman. Daddy of the SP's, Cpl. "Pop" Jackson, was an insurance salesman.

## 3 FLIGHT ENGINEERS ENJOY AN ICY DIP

This is written to relieve the minds of two WD's on this station.

If these two members of the feminine side of the air force think the three airmen in blue, white and green shorts, respectively, cavorting in the outdoor swimming pool on the cool evening of April 25 were the result of something they ate or drank, let them banish the thought. It was definitely not a hallucination. It was merely three flight engineers cooling off after a basketball session.

Interviewed following their icy immersion, the airmen were reluctant to talk but with a little persuasion finally said in unison: "Brrr!!!" They then disappeared beneath the blankets again.



"It's the only way he'll ride when home on leave. He's a Lancaster tail-gunner."

# Factsof Life (Bare) From Fingal Hospital

By LAC RALPH ROSENBERG

IN true newspaper tradition, the Fingal Observer stops at nothing to get the story. When the Editor decided he wanted the inside, uncensored dope on the station hospital, the staff wondered: But how? By whom?

None of the patients would talk. Neither would the hospital staff. However, genius being what it is, he hit upon the idea of having us bask in the sun for a few hours too many. When said writer was "done to a turn," they presented him on sick parade. Seeing the human piece of toast, the M.O. immediately admitted said crumb, we mean, said piece of toast.

So, to make a short story long, yours truly ended up in ward "A" with a dozen other patients. As soon as they took off that darn jacket with the folded sleeves, we set about getting the info, thinking it would be quite easy.

Jolly Eileen "Bubbles" Lodato was fussing about, so we asked her a question or two, to which she replied, "Oh, I'm sorry, I daren't say a word. . . . Cpl. Hills, you know." She then vanished into the third room down the hall on the right. Hmmm, we thought. Then the farmer's daughter, Ada Mable "Newt" Newton came 'round to pass out the usual afternoon refreshment (straight or mixed, mind you). So we tried to pump her. "Newt" screamed and fled, mumbling something that sounded like "Cpl. Hills'll get me."

As the day wore on, we asked others—Ted Leather, Mary Caldwell, and even Sgt. Charlie Evans. But all were reluctant to say a word and each mumbled something about "that Hills person."

Hmmm, we thought again, not taxing our mind too heavily, who can this Hills be? What a brute he must be! To think he beats such nice people with a cat-o'-nine-tails. Oh yes, there was ONE who failed to mention this Hills person when we spoke to him. That was the Thin Man, Cpl. Al Turton. He just turned pale and fainted.

TOLD that Cpl. Hills was on duty that night, we eagerly awaited his entrance. However, that evening, when the moment came for this Big Bad Corporal to enter, to our surprise and utter amazement, we found that HE was a SHE. Yes, it was Cpl. Thelma Hills of the new-two-stripes.

It wasn't a monster after all, but a very attractive WD. After watching her a while, we found that she absolutely does not snort fire, nor does she carry a whip. She even smiled, though we did have to wait a while (approximately 6 days, 11 hours and 22 minutes).

Now for some simple facts about the hospital. There are two kinds of patients: bed patients and up-patients. The former cannot get out of bed. Up-patients are given blue flannel zoot suits and are allowed up and around, and occasionally go outside for an "airing." They are also allowed to participate in fatigue duties those kind people manage to think up. Therefore, as you can easily see, when a bed patient becomes an up-patient,

Observer Reporter Becomes a Patient to Bring You the Full, Uncensored Story for the First Time — His Unique Journalistic Scoop Is Mentioned for Pew-litzer Prize

he wishes he were a bed patient again.

Bright and early in the morning, just about the time the filthy rich are coming home, we have to get up. An angel in white (minus halo) "gently" wakes you so she can take your temperature and ascertain your pulse.

Gosh, it must be nice to be awakened "gently." They must try it some time. One finds himself awakened by a jab in the anatomy, which usually sends your floating rib down in back of your liver. You turn 'round, indignantly, but before you can utter a word of disapproval, an evil tasting (alcohol, no doubt) thermometer is shoved into your mouth. She then holds your hand and takes your pulse; then, when you try to do the same, the thermometer is almost shoved down your throat . . . and they call this a democracy.

IF you are a bed patient, you dine as the rich and get your meals in bed. A bed tray with three good legs is given to you, and you try to eat your meal "the hard way" . . . feeding yourself with one hand, balancing the lop-sided tray with the other, and at the same time using an elbow to prevent your pillow from falling on the floor. You find yourself so occupied, invariably your spoon, just full of Snappo-Crackies (the Breakfast of Champions) misses your mouth completely and ends up in your left nostril. By this time the pillow has fallen on the floor and you have upset the tray trying to catch it, thus making yourself look like grandpa's vest after a 10-course meal.

Being a bit ruffled and thorough-

ly disgusted with the events of the day so far, you feel a nice hot bath would soothe your shattered and battered nerves; and you ask for one . . . innocently; little knowing what lies ahead. Ah, but it's not that easy. You have to go through the "proper channels." You ask the WD who happens to be near your bed, who asks the WD in charge, who asks the corporal in charge, who asks the sergeant in charge, who asks the nursing sister in charge, who asks the doctor, who says no; and that is that. So you dampen your eyelids and hide your head under the covers, cursing the evils of the "system."

In the meantime, when the bed patients finish their meal, the up-patients really start to work. A certain Cpl. "Lil" Pinnows, the very able hospital cook, finds all sorts of fiendish jobs for the blue boys to do, but they love her just the same; honest they do. That knifing incident was pure fiction. Anyway, by the time the up-patients are through they wish they were bed patients again and start imagining all sorts of ailments which, strangely enough, the M.O. never discovers. Yes, they shooed of stood in bed.

AFTER the M.O. gets through with the regular morning sick parade, he comes to the wards. Bed patients "lie-easy" while the blue boys stand at attention by their beds. The "doc" never seems to worry about these lads in blue, for he feels that if they're still standing up after working for Cpl. Pinnows, they'll be okay. Bed patients aren't worried too much about their condition, for they have complete confidence in the hospital staff here

at Fingal; they are aware of the fact that the staff has a record of 100%. When they say you die of pneumonia, you die of pneumonia . . . and nothing else.

Meals are wonderful, but "light" to say the least. What used to be a ward of big, healthy men is now filled with replicas of Frank Sinatra. Only he's fat compared to us. Quite a variety, too. We get two choices at every meal . . . take it or leave it.

It's amazing how orderly the men are when those attractive WD's are fussing here and there. However, we'd like to clear up a small item by saying that those fiendish, wolf-like howls heard 'round these parts are NOT from ward "A"; they're from surgery. And it's not true about the girls being issued with blackjacks "just in case."

Having a lot of extra time, we find that 97 1/2% of the patients (a recent survey with the help of Time magazine) go in for the finer things of life. These men, North America's "new" generation, devote their idle hours to bettering themselves and improving their minds. Always, always improving. Oh yes, that also goes for the RAF lads in the ward.

At our disposal are various encyclopedias and other scientific books, and these are quickly absorbed by the patients. When radios are on, they are tuned in to the music master works of Beethoven, Brahms, Bach and Moe Zark. Modern songs, such as "G.I. Jive," "Mairzy Doats" and "Father, Pass the Hammer, There's a Fly on Baby's Head" are strictly taboo. They hum and whistle not these, but fine works, musical gems. Ah yes, many's the time one can hear them harmonizing on two of their favorite pieces, Beethoven's "First Movement From Ex-Lax" and Schubert's "Refrain From Spitting." True music-lovers.

MOST all patients in and out of the hospital in the past ten months have come in contact with Fingal's permanent patient, Great Britain's Dick Lamb (Lamsie-divy to the inmates). Dick is a fine chap and is well liked by all, even though he does seem to get in everybody's hair; sort of a "human Vitalis."

Officially, lights go out at 2145. Patients, especially those in ward "A", co-operate 100% and say not a word when one of the hospital assistants comes 'round and puts them out. In fact, by 2147 all are fast asleep and complete silence prevails. "Bubbles" Lodato and Mary Caldwell marvel at the good behavior of the men and we can quote them as saying they have never seen a more obedient bunch.

When the time comes for a patient to be discharged, he finds it not too easy to say farewell to those kind people. He finds himself realizing that he really enjoyed his stay in the hospital; at the same time wishing he never has to come back again (for obvious reasons). Yes, all in all, we found that the station hospital is a lovely place; in fact, the loveliest place we know of—to stay away from.

## The Vanishing Americans

Farewell to a Grand Bunch of Guys Who Return to Fly Under the Stars and Stripes

By F/O KEN ALEXANDER

WE, the departing Americans, wish to tender a fond farewell to the air force. To Group Captain Kerr and his staff, the airmen and airwomen of No. 4 B. & G., and to our former associates at all stations on which we served — good cheer, Godspeed.

It is with deep nostalgia that we look back upon our flying careers in Canada. We leave with gratitude for what Canada has done for us. We have a clearer concept of her people — generous, kind and resourceful. Our being here has familiarized us with these facts. Now, we who have journeyed north know our neighbors. Linked with this happy knowledge is the realization that we take back with us inseparable friendships.

In post-war days—and God will that those days be not far off—we can return to Canada, either to visit

or remain permanently. Some of us who will want to share with these young people in the progress and development of their nation, will return with the assurance that —"Here is a land I know, over which I have flown."

There will be none of the hesitation and curiosity so frequently felt when a man first journeys to a foreign land.

This, also, cannot be denied. Canada has introduced many of us to the new world of flying. The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan has coached us well and in this mentorship we will find the resourcefulness to meet what flying duties we have yet to perform.

Again, cheerio! We who have been here and learned your ways will understand and smile the smile of friendship and good fellowship when, in future flying, we see the tri-colored roundel pass by.



## Observer Artist Crashes National Art Gallery

A graphic seascape, painted by LAC J. K. Dinesen, Observer staff artist, was accepted for the RCAF exhibition of art in the National

Gallery of Canada. The picture, entitled "Brewing Storm," is reproduced above. Dinesen (RIGHT) and Mrs. Dinesen visited Ottawa

for the opening of the RCAF art exhibition, which will be shown in cities across Canada and later will tour RCAF stations.

## HOW TO STAND AT ATTENTION

—Official

DO YOU know your drill? Are you familiar with CAP 90? Then detail the position of attention.

Give up? Okay, here's the official dope on how to stand at attention—try it some time:

Heels together and in line, toes turned out to form an angle of 45 degrees. Knees straight, the body balanced and weight evenly distributed on both feet, between the fore part of the feet and the heels; body erect and carried evenly over the thighs, with the shoulders (which are to be level and square to the front) drawn down and back without straining or stiffening; this should bring the chest to its natural forward position; arms hanging easily from the shoulders as straight as the natural bend of the arm allows, wrists straight, back of the hands outward, fingers bent inward at both joints, thumbs placed to the side of the forefingers at the middle joint, the thumbs and back of the fingers touching the thighs lightly with the thumbs immediately behind the seams of the trousers; head erect, eyes looking to their own height and straight to the front; breathing unrestricted. This is the position of "on the alert." Exactness in this position is of great importance. Therefore, a man is not to be at attention oftener, nor longer, than is necessary.

Now altogether, let's try it.

### Call of the Wild

I like pictures of pin-up girls.  
I like shots of babes in swimmin'.  
I like stills of movie starlets.  
I'm a Fingalite—I like women.

## Bennie Sheds Dry Tear His Posting Day Is Here

By LAC BEN HALTER

It is with mingled emotions that we take typewriter in hand. That stinks. Let's start over again.

They say everything comes to him who waits (even a Richards bus), and so it has proven in our case. After two years and four months at Fingal we're posted.

Sgt. Tribe and Cpls. McIntyre and Forbes were in the orderly room when we walked in, strictly minding our own business, you understand. They greeted us with this trite little phrase, "Brother, you've had it!" and then told us we were posted to Debert, Nova Scotia.

During our stay here the lads have had us posted at least eight times, from Goose Bay to Coal Harbor and points in between, and so we took it with a grain of salt. But when Sgt. Corbett at maintenance orderly room confirmed it, it began to sink home.

No one can be at a station for the length of time we have and not have formed little attachments that they will feel awful bad about giving up. Nostalgic grief will overwhelm us every time we'll think of the bus service, the L. & P. S., the duty picquet, the signing in and

out at the gate, the 48 and leave systems, and all the other little items that made us so happy in the service. But . . . we'll try and bear up under the strain.

Seriously, we will miss the host of friends we have made on this station, and although we are not much of a hand at letter writing (having written one letter in the last year and torn that up), we promise to answer all correspondence . . . eventually.

In closing we want to wish the Observer continued success and a long and robust life as the top service paper in Canada.



"AW# Jones, sir. Selected for her ability, I presume."

## NOOZY NOTES

From the guard house bulletin board: To rent, furnished apartment, modern conveniences within 1/4 of a mile. Apply Mrs. H. V. Sutherland. (You get your P.T. in while going for a shave.)

Ask Sgt. R. R. Eaton, bombing pilot, to show you his high-class log book . . . leather-bound and gold-lettered, we hear.

Seven WD's sold 500 copies of "Wings" in less time than it takes to write this item. Thanks to Barb Boyle, Doris Nickerson, Red Davidson, Lou Schnob, Midge Dawson, Sadie Hawkins and Virgie Morgan.



Dunce or dandy—the digit decides: Little finger on the wall, won't you point straight up at all? So sing the errant air bombers. The little digit has the unhappy habit of drooping as the scores soar. When the finger's down, the students are sore, too. An upright position means one of two things. Either the air bomber keeps red on red or he has a pal in the plotting office.

Anne Bennett welcomed her overseas posting for more reasons than you may know. First of all, her hubby just went over. And secondly, she has bags of relatives in England, including one who owns a pub in Cornwall.

Gene Lawson, Shirley Mustard and Myrtle Shepherd recently helped some flight-engineers celebrate their graduation.

April's best bombing pilots (official): P/O Hercock, average 115 yards; Sgt. Narraway, 134; P/O Doyle, 138; P/O Gilbert, 140; W/O Neff, 141; P/O Haist, 141; P/O Roy, 146; F/O Wickes, 149; P/O Beland, 149; P/O Bowyer, 150.

## FINGAL OBSERVER

Published daily, seven days a week, and monthly at "Friendly Fingal"—No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario—under authority of Wing Commander W. H. Swetman, DSO, DFC.

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The Daily Fingal Observer is distributed by Joe-boy to every section on the camp. The Monthly Fingal Observer is distributed free to all Fingal personnel on the last pay parade each month. Extra copies: 10c. Subscription rates, anywhere in Canada or overseas: Six months, \$1; 1 year, \$2. Subscriptions may be left with the Circulation Manager at headquarters, or with any member of the staff.

## G/C KERR BIDS FINGAL HIS FOND FAREWELL

(Continued from page 2)

new service schools, starting at No. 11, Yorkton. His party opened Brandon, Claresholme, Aylmer, Hagersville and St. Hubert. He remained as C.O. of St. Hubert for five months.

His next year was spent at AFHQ as deputy director of air training. That's the department that supervises all flying training.

For his tireless work in the service he was awarded the Air Force Cross in the King's birthday honors list last June, and with it came promotion to his present rank.

Overseas, it is expected that G/C Kerr will assume command of an operational squadron. As a group captain he will be permitted to fly on ops twice a month, and he is looking forward to adventure in the skies.

"I am delighted at the prospect of going overseas," he said, "and unfortunately we are not permitted to relinquish temporary rank to fly, and my flying will be confined to two trips a month."

Mrs. Kerr and their two children will continue to reside in St. Thomas. Mrs. Kerr, popular president of the officers' wives club, is expected to continue in that capacity.

"Look at this gorgeous stone my sugar daddy gave me last night."

"It's divine, but why didn't he have it set in a ring?"

"Well, he said if I'd come up again tonight he'd give me the mounting."

Mister Tamson's a fine-like gent—But no' the Tamson that pits up the rent!

# THE BROONS



Especially for the benefit of our readers from overseas, we publish for the first time in Canada, a comic

strip from the Scottish newspaper, Glasgow Post. If you can't understand the dialect in "The Broons"

(translation: The Browns) consult the RAF or the Editor's wife. Printed without permission of the Post.

## Get Married For Free in Station Chapel

We've got a brand new station chapel. It's a lovely place, with new altar drapes and a new altar on the way, to replace the one lost in a recent fire.

But — the padres inform us —

there has yet to be a wedding in the Fingal chapel.

Will some kind Fingalite take the hint and take the plunge on the station? Just think of it: first wedding in the station chapel. We can

see the headlines now; and we can always use a good story.

Incidentally, there are no fees attached to being married by the padre on the station. It's all free, as laid down in K.R. (Air).

## They Dood It: Bond Committee Hits 160 Per Cent. of Quota



Setting an example for civilians, Fingal personnel subscribed 160% of the station's original bond quota. With 78% of personnel participating, a total of \$120,350 was reached in 1,181 sales.

The drive got off to a good start, exceeding the original objective of \$75,000 on the fourth day. We hit the \$100,000 mark on the eighth day. The Sixth Loan exceeded the amount received on the Fifth Loan by \$30,000. That \$30,000 in excess of the Fifth Loan is an amount equal to the objective set for the entire station in the Fourth Loan. Because every section made such an excellent showing it was decided

not to list the sections by a numerical standing. However, some sections showed such outstanding results that they deserve a round of applause.

Works and Buildings knocked the top out by obtaining 500% of their original objective and more than four times the amount received in the Fifth Loan.

Trainees collected more money than any other section, obtaining 50% more than last year's sales, with nearly 80% personnel sold.

Repair Squadron shows 75% more than the Fifth Loan sold, with 90% personnel partaking.

M.T. Section exceeds all previ-

ous records with practically 100% personnel sold and nearly twice the amount collected in the Fifth Loan.

G.I.S. staff doubled its sales with an exceptionally good percentage of personnel sold.

Armament and Servicing Squadron battled it out till the last day, both having the same quota and nearly the same number of personnel. For several days in a row their totals were the same, both well over last year's subscriptions, with Servicing holding only a slight lead in personnel sold.

Equipment Section finished with nearly twice the subscription of the Fifth Loan and all other sections

exceeded their original objective.

### Final figures:

Section	Fifth Obtained	Sixth Obtained
Hospital	\$ 2,300	\$ 2,550
Works and Buildings	1,300	5,650
M.T. Section	1,600	2,100
Service Police	1,700	1,400
Equipment Section	1,300	2,100
Accounts	5,500	1,800
G. I. S.	8,150	16,450
Armament	4,850	6,000
Flying	17,400	19,800
H.Q.	6,800	6,300
Station Services	2,550	7,400
Repair Squadron	8,950	14,850
Servicing Squadron	5,250	6,150
Trainees	13,550	23,350

## IDEALISTS MUST NOT DOMINATE THE PEACE

Might Result in Another War, Judge Tells Fingal Forum

By P/O TED MCWHINNEY

Judges, like other wise people, are peculiar—and judges apparently nourish a lasting distaste for professors and other impractical, academic men. At least, that was our impression from a speech by Judge Ernest Livermore, of Norfolk County, at the Fingal Forum.

In a vigorous 45-minute address, Canada's youngest judge traced the origin of the present war. Surveying certain tendencies in current discussions of possible peace terms, he expressed the fear that idealists might once again dominate the peace conference and produce a peace that could only result in another war.

After his address, a full-blooded discussion raged for some 90 minutes, and even the serving of supper didn't put out the fires.

If you have any ideas, information, or surplus energy, or even if you just take pleasure in disagreeing with others, come along to the Fingal Forum. In fact, come along if you simply want to spend an evening pleasantly and listen to others talking their heads off. Best of all, come along for the free supper—every Tuesday night in the airmen's lounge.



"And why were you late for parade?"  
"They called the roll before I got there."

## FINGAL DRAMA GROUP WORK ON NEW PLAYS

Succeeding LAC Ben Halter, guiding spirit of Fingal's drama group and director of its first production, P/O George Gibson has taken over its leadership.

Gibson, from Toronto, has a wealth of experience in writing and producing plays for presentation

publicly and on radio networks.

At the moment he is concentrating on W. W. Jacobs' "Monkey's Paw," while that energetic worker, Meg McLaughlin, is backing him up with a humorous melodrama.

There's a lot of dramatic talent on the station, both latent and developed, and it will be utilized in the future. The station looks forward with interest to further drama group productions.

## DENNIS DE RIVERS RETURNS AFTER OPS

Demon Squadron WAG Is Now an Armament Officer Here

F/O Dennis De Rivers, 22, who graduated here on the 12th WAG course, has returned from overseas and is now a Fingal armament officer.

Overseas for 21 months, he was on shipping strikes with the Demon squadron until medically grounded. He flew in Hudsons. Previous to that he spent two weeks in Iceland with a Whitley squadron. The RAF C.O. had never seen a commissioned WAG before and he posted four of them back to Britain, three of them Fingal grads.

After he was grounded, De Rivers took a specialist armament officers' course in England. On his return to Canada he was armament officer at two O.T.U.'s in Eastern Air Command before he arrived here.

Read the  
**FINGAL OBSERVER**  
The Newspaper That Can  
and Dares Tell the Truth!

Published Daily and Monthly  
at "Friendly Fingal," Can-  
ada's Finest B. & G.

**We Sell No Advertising**



The good people of Blenheim sent us a minstrel revue that made a hit in a packed Rec. Hall. The black-face end men posed with a few Fingal airmen after the show, above. Pictures at RIGHT, from the top: Dorothy Mifflin, who represented South Africa in the parade

of nations, with LAC Sam Ryan; Marie Ryan, his sister, who represented Great Britain, and Agnes Lipa, New Zealand. Before he enlisted, LAC Ryan took part in eight of the group's annual minstrel shows, and it was a gala reunion for him and the cast. CENTRE:

Bess Mallory, Australia, and Jean Purvis, Canada, with LAC Ham Hamilton, Fingal. BELOW: Lovely legs on the piano, posed by Jean Purvis, Bess Mallory and Ruth Stevenson. The guy in a daze is AC2 Walter. Note: All the girls may be reached at Blenheim, Ont.



## SUMMER SPORTS OPEN C/O TROPHY CONTEST

Six Sections Represented in  
Race for Commanding  
Officer's Award

Preparations for the most ambitious summer sports program since the opening of the station are completed.

Both men and women will find a part in the extensive schedule, which will include softball, soccer, touch rugby and giant volleyball. In addition, each Thursday will be inter-station sports day and will feature contests with teams from TTS, Crumlin, Centralia and Aylmer.

Competing for the C.O.'s trophy, emblematic of proficiency in all sports, will be six sections from the personnel. Game nights are Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, and each section will be expected to field a team in each sport on playing nights.



## Attention: Psychiatrists! She Prefers Fingal to N. Y.

By CPL. RENA SICKLES

**New York**—This is Rena Sickles, formerly of Fingal and AFHQ, now at the newly formed RCAF Financial Liaison Unit, 37 Wall St., here in Manhattan.

It's been all of eight months since Fate and DAPS snatched me up from my happy hunting ground at No. 4 and dropped me into the venerable lap of the great Winged Gods at Ottawa. And believe me, there was no hurting there.

Then, wonder of wonders, I was posted down here. I give you my word, no tears were wasted on my

masse for a posting back to the Fingal of a year ago. You who are lucky enough to still be there won't understand why, but ask anyone who has been posted away. Nostalgia grips me as I recall dances in the Rec. Hall, swimming, sports nights, evenings reading (?) in the lounge, digging up dirt and serving it up via the Observer. Could kick myself from the Bronx to Brooklyn when I remember how I used to grumble and grouse, whining for a posting out of what I thought was the forgotten corner of Canada.

At Fingal I was, for obvious reasons, called the "Yank." Down here my "Canada-USA" shoulder badges have 'em guessing. They think I'm an apostle of the good neighbor policy, a policy much practiced down here. USO's come across with tickets to plays, dances, movies. People are very hospitable. Met a F/Sgt. on leave from Coal Harbor who, seeing a write-up and picture in Esquire of a lovely New York model, phoned her up, was invited to lunch—and last we heard of the bewildered and delighted NCO, he was escorting said beautiful damsel on a round of Gotham's night spots. No wonder airmen and airwomen, returning to duty from leave spent here, declare they require additional recuperation leave. Wonder what I will need? Probably several months' rest in TTS, when I leave this big town. This tumultuous, fast life, this perpetual holiday town, this New York!

37 Wall St.,  
New York, N. Y.  
Dear Major:  
Perhaps you can use the attached effort. Afraid I'm slightly out of practice, but I mean every word.  
Best of luck to the Observer. It's still the best of its kind . . . and good luck to the staff and personnel of No. 4.  
Will be available at any time, any Fingalite needs assistance in New York.  
Sincerely,  
RENA SICKLES

departure from the Capital. Life is wonderful here. Broadway with its lights and glamor; the hustle and bustle of Times Square; Greenwich Village with its slightly unusual population; the skyscrapers; the entertainment; the subways; the stores; theatres—all this and men, too—all branches of services represented.

Ah, 'tis to be happy after manless Ottawa—and yet, would you believe it—I'd give up Manhattan en

## FORMER FINGAL A.E.M. GONGED FOR COURAGE

Working himself to the point of exhaustion in an attempt to save a mail-carrying Flying Fortress which had collided with a Wellington in dense cloud 5,000 feet above the Bay of Biscay, Cpl. Albert DeMarco, former Fingal AEM, has been awarded the Air Force Medal.

The citation, announced at Ottawa, said DeMarco was exceptionally calm and showed initiative under the most trying conditions, while jettisoning everything movable.

# The Love Life of An S.W.O.

Published For the  
First Time Anywhere.  
World Copyright, 1944.

## EDITOR'S NOTE

Any coincidence between this story and Fingal's SWO or any SWO in the RCAF, living or dead, is purely resemblance, and is to be misconstrued as such.

By LAC HARRY McNAB

A FACE as cold and harsh as the Yukon winter. Eyes that were pools of ice.

A voice that was the thunder of twin Cheetahs.

That was the SWO!

His personality dominated the lives of all who served on the station of Lagnif. His iron will shadowed the working and recreational hours of the personnel. He remained a grim, almost legendary figure, gazing from the heights of headquarters at the bustling anti-life below.

It was whispered that he never slept.

Huddled over their milk-shakes, the Joes muttered fearfully of his unending vigil. LAC's cast nervous glances round the wet canteen before mentioning his name. Crap games crumpled and vanished on suspicion of his approach.

Thus — with the rigidity of a light-series carrier, and the unrelenting force of a Browning breech-block, the SWO held sway at Lagnif.

It was in the spring of 1944 that the first strain of sweet wistfulness entered the SWO's life.

May had bloomed, and the air held promise of blue-skied days, and cool, fragrant nights. Yet Lagnifites were not enjoying the weather.

By way of recreation the SWO had taken to spending his spare time supervising some charming little Joe jobs he had invented. The whiplash of his tongue was rarely off the shoulders of some perspiring AC.

The sun was purpling the walls of the guardhouse one evening. An air of frantic industry was evident. Several inert figures, sprawled on chairs, indicated that the SP's were busily investigating the rabid criminal tendencies of Lagnif.

An unobtrusive figure crossed the attention area. It was an LAC, with buttons polished, pants razor-creased, hair cropped and marching at strict attention. He strode forward boldly; then suddenly quailed. Not ten yards away a silent, expectant figure had loomed up. The bodies on the guardhouse porch had vanished.

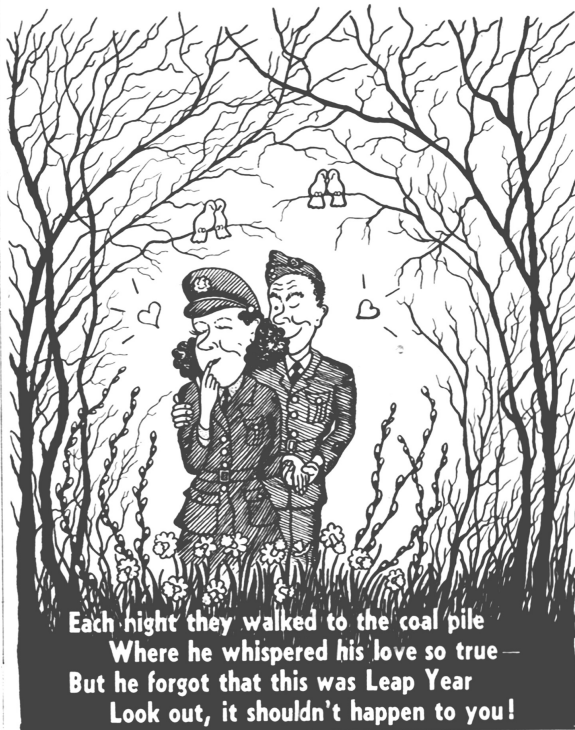
The LAC felt the steel probe of those eyes on his person. The SWO! It could be no other. That tense, vulture-like stoop. Still there couldn't be anything wrong tonight.

Then the ground shook. Buildings quivered. Everything blurred for an instant as the SWO's below reverberated through the silent camp.

"Come here—YOU!"

Quaking, the LAC approached, and stood rigidly at attention (See page 12.)

The black-browed figure loomed over him. With a sneer on his lips, the SWO pointed to the victim's feet. Peeping below the shuddering



—By LAC J. K. Dinesen

cloth of his trousers leg was one-third of an inch of shoe-lace.

A look of overwhelming menace lit up the glowering countenance. Triumph glittered in the ice-blue orbs. "Right," he snarled. "You're on charge. A disgusting spectacle to be dribbling about the attention area!"

The LAC motioned as if to speak. "Quiet," barked the SWO. "Consider yourself lucky you haven't a month's detention before you. Tuck in that shoe-lace before I add 30 hours pack drill."

Hastily the pallid LAC did as he was bid. Then he awaited the next blast.

It never came.

At the far end of the attention area, silhouetted against the golden sky, a figure had appeared. A lissome, blue-clad figure that minced toward them with a wistful smile on her face. The LAC winced. A WD! Ugh, what humiliation!

He glanced cautiously at the SWO. He felt his knees buckle. What had happened to the man of steel. This couldn't be true. The harsh, taut, wicked lines had vanished from his face. He was smiling gently. A tired, understanding smile.

"Well, now, old man," the SWO said (his voice would have melted the nose of a blockbuster). "We'll have to be more careful of our ap-

pearance in future, won't we?"

He took another glance at the approaching figure. She was within earshot now.

Stark unbelief was registered on the LAC's face. The SWO nodded. "So just remember next time, won't you? Run along now." Weakly the victim nodded. He turned about, and made for the wet canteen. This had been too much for him.

The SWO fumbled with his tie, smoothed a ruffled hair and grinned feebly as the WD hailed him.

"Good evening, Major," she countered coyly. A delightful band of flaming scarlet infused the SWO's head. He gawked a while, put his hands in and out of his pockets, gazed at nothing in particular, then faltered — "G-good evening, LAW."

She smiled. He toyed with a stray nickel that had wandered into his pocket. Then, mustering his waning courage, said: "You were—eh—going out of camp for the evening, Miss Poppewort?"

"No," she replied, "I was just about to take a stroll around the drome. It's such a lovely evening."

Two buttons snapped off his tunic breast as he sighed.

Raising his eyes to her tunic belt he queried: "Miss Poppewort, I sincerely trust that you won't think this presumptuous of me. For many weeks now, I have been battling

## A Sonnet Dedicated to All SWO's

This is the love life of an SWO  
Who seems to have girl friends where-  
ever you go;  
It might be Port Stanley on a bright  
sunny day,  
You'll see them clad briefly in bath-  
ing array;  
It might be Detroit on a bright moon-  
lit night,  
But she's always a vision of charm  
and delight;  
She may be tall, fair and sweetly  
serene,  
She may be short, dark and a won-  
drous dream;  
Then again his taste changes and you  
will see  
A girl like a vision from a previous  
spring,  
Who has oodles of pep and bubbles  
with life,  
But is not quite the type you would  
pick for a wife;  
For her face is her fortune, so the  
poor girl is broke  
And, the whole ruddy poem is just a  
good joke.  
—RIP

with myself. You will never quite realize the fierce struggles that have been going on under my tunic. Now, I realize the time has come to state my case, to lay before your elfish size fives my desperate straits. Sleepless nights, unfinished meals, incomplete charges, and fantastic urges have accompanied my thoughts for you. Ever since I saw you daintily sucking that ice cream cone, I have wandered far in the realms of faerie. Miss Poppewort—I must ask you now. Will you . . . er . . . would you walk with me to the snack bar and share my chocolate milk?"

What will she do? Will Penthisalea Poppewort touch the forbidden fruit and have a slug of the SWO's chocolate milk? What dangerous chasm is she nearing now? And what of the SWO? Will he win his lady fair? Will he stop being a hard guy? Or will he be banished to Newfy? Be sure to read every thrilling line of this dramatic new serial, published for the first time in the world. Watch for the July installment of "THE LOVE LIFE OF AN SWO" (illustrated). An exclusive Observer feature.



## VITAL STATISTICS

### BORN

A daughter, Marie Lisette, to AC2 and Mrs. E. J. C. Cantin, at Montreal.

A daughter, Karen Lee, to Cpl. and Mrs. R. J. Kellow, at Leamington.

### PROMOTED

Sgt. W. R. Bryans to Flight Sergeant. LAC's W. A. L. Freeborn, E. J. Ingram to Corporal.

LAW's F. A. Barden, G. Pridding, M. Wilson to Corporal.

P/O R. L. Stevenson to F/O.

### MARRIED

F/O D. D. Barrett to Lillian Joyce Atkinson, at Lawrence Station, Ont. F/O H. R. White to Betty Jane Gertrude Palmer, at Aylmer, Ont.

Wife: "Goodness, George, this is not our baby. This is the wrong carriage."

Husband: "Quiet. This carriage has rubber tires."