

SEPT.
1942
Vol. 3
No. 20
Price 10c

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Observer

NO 4 BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL
FINGAL, ONTARIO, CANADA

Published the fifteenth of each month by authority of the Commanding Officer,
Wing Commander D. D. Findlay.

Subscription Rates: \$1.00 per year, mailed anywhere in the United States or the British Empire.

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THE OBSERVER

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF No. 4 BOMBING AND GUNNERY SCHOOL
FINGAL, ONTARIO, CANADA

Published under authority of Wing Commander D. D. Findlay, Commanding Officer.

EDITORIAL

Trenton, Ontario,
August 9th, 1942.

Dear Sir:

I am taking this opportunity to write and thank you for the copy of The Fingal Observer which I received from you. I see it really has grown into a fair sized edition now. My stay at Fingal Station was one that I won't forget for the hospitality that was shown to us—the boys of No. 6 Repair Depot Mobile Unit.

Will you kindly tell me how I can go about getting a copy of The Fingal Observer, as soon as it comes off the press? My hobby is getting them from all the stations I visit, and make one volume of them all for a souvenir.

Hoping that you will be kind enough to let me know how I can secure more copies of your Observer, I would like to thank you again for this one that I have now.

Yours truly,

#10742, LAC Robson, T.H.,
#6 R.D., R.C.A.F.,
M. P. O. #310,
Trenton, Ont.

Transient Officer's Mess,
No. 31, P.D.,
Moncton, N. B.,
August 27th, 1942.

Dear Editor:

Was glad to get your long and interesting letter which was forwarded to the address above and arrived only the other day. You see, although posted to Penfield O.T.U. from Rivers, I never got there, for while on leave, a telegram instructed me to report instead to Halifax. Here I spent a pleasant few days before it was discovered that someone had blundered and I should have come to #31 P.D.

Have been here just over three weeks now, doing very little but shopping around and taking in the odd show. The next "hop" MAY be eastwards, but one never knows exactly when.

Congratulations on a splendid number of the good old Observer, now having grown into a very interesting magazine. It is a commendable step and reflects great credit on all the hard workers behind it. The August issue hasn't caught up with me yet, but I'll be doubly glad to see my little sketch in such a "professional" setting. It is possible that I may have left this station before the

magazine arrives, but in such event, I'm sure it will be forwarded to me.

You seem to be having a more than usually busy time at Fingal, and you make me envious with your tales of concert activity. Were I only stationed at No. 4 B. & G. now—and had no studying to do—I should have enjoyed giving you a hand, as entertainment and dramatics were two of my peace-time hobbies.

Thanks for your trouble in connection with my missing laundry. I guess "I've had it," as we say in the R. A. F.

Of course I'll drop you a line with any news of general interest, from time to time—and even manage to convert it into a feature article—but couldn't guarantee sufficient regularity to warrant appointment as a permanent correspondent. No further news meantime—we do **nothing whatever here!** Very best wishes.

Sincerely yours,

J. Wallace Bennett, P/O.

(Editor's note: P/O Bennett will be remembered as one of our Station's outstanding students, and particularly as a former R. A. F. Officer Overseas, who in order to get more action, remustered as an L. A. C. and came to Canada for training. After taking a course at Fingal and completing it at Rivers, he graduated to an Air Observer and was immediately given a commission. Congratulations, P/O Bennett.)

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

R. 129850

LAC Fitton, J.M.,
No. 1, O.T.U.,
Ucluelet, B. C.

Dear Editor:

I just got situated, so thought I had better write you a few lines. We finally got to our new destination after eleven days of hard travelling. It sure was a nice trip, though. We all had a good time coming through the Rockies and Jasper. We had a four-hour stop at Jasper and enjoyed it very much while it lasted. The other fellows I am with are from Fingal, too. They are Andy Andress, Tom Brownlee, Al. Wigg, and Mark Wiseman, all from Drogue Flight. Lloyd Lalonde, who is from Gunnery hangar, and myself, of course, from the mess. They all are a heck of a nice bunch of fellows. Most are pretty lonesome for Fingal, believe it or not. We think it is definitely the best station in Canada.

Our station here is sure isolated. The nearest village is two hours away, by water. It is Port Alberni, a nice little place and very quiet. We get four days a month off, being so far away from everything. It takes us about twenty-



Since our last issue appeared, The Observer staff has suffered a severe loss in the posting of P/O Montgomery. We won't say that we didn't appreciate him while he was here, but we sure do miss him since he left. If we failed to realize how much he really did for the Observer, we know now, since we have to do it without him. Far from having a holiday down in Sunny Florida, he writes to tell us that he's working twice as hard as he ever did before. However, he says that his work is very interesting (that's all we know about it, since it's a **military secret**), and with all his energy and enthusiasm, we know he'll make a success of it. Good luck, Monte. Drop in and see us sometime.

eight hours to get to Vancouver by bus and boat. I will tell all we did in our eleven days of travel. First we went all the way to Prince Rupert, which was a big mistake on our posting. We stayed at Prince Rupert for two days; it wasn't bad, but the Air Force are out of it there. It is mostly Navy and Army for those people. From there we spent two days

on the (censored) bound for Vancouver. It was a nice trip for all of us. We stopped at a place called (censored) and it sure was a pretty spot. Not one car in the town to be seen. A big pulp mill was the main attraction there for everybody, but is only a short distance from Bela Bela, the R. C. A. F. Station.

Then from there we went on our way. We had to idle away three hours that night waiting for the tide to come in. We finally hit Vancouver and went to R. C. A. F. Jerico Beach for further transportation. We stayed overnight until 4 p.m. the following day. While we were there I went out to Sea Island, where Scotty Cruickshank is posted. He was an engineer at Fingal, but got a compassionate posting out here. He was on a day off, so I didn't see him. We left Vancouver by boat that night at 6.15 for points north, about a two and a half hour ride, and was a tiresome trip on an old tug. When we landed we had a long bus ride to Port Alberni. It was midnight then and not a vacant hotel in sight, so we all slept in the county jail. It was a nice place to spend the night. We had great company, three prisoners awaiting transportation to some island. Anyhow, it was a great experience; came the morning, the jail-keeper woke us up at seven bells in order for us to catch another boat bound for Ucluelet, where I am now stationed. It sure was an enjoyable trip all around. But I would sure like to make it once more, just back to Fingal.

We have a Y. M. C. A. Representative on our station who is a nice fellow. I asked him if he would know Jay Shaver at Fingal and he can't quite place the name, but might know you to see you. I don't know what his name is, but he is doing a fine job for the fellows. You see, all we have around us is trees and mountains to clear off, and we sure appreciate some recreation at night. We have two shows a week and different recreation in between times.

The boys and myself would like a write-up in the Observer if you can make it. We can't think of anything to write, but we thought you would put in a word for us. One thing sure, we all miss good old Fingal. Well, I can't think of much more, but I will write you some gossip when I get it all gathered up. By the way, all Japanese people were moved out of here in April. We had a visit from two Jap subs the other day, but they didn't cause any trouble. They just took a look around and went away; we couldn't get at them in time, so they got away luckily. I hope we don't have any trouble right now, when I am just getting used to the place.

Well, I must close for now, but will write again. Our very best regards to you and the Station personnel.

Yours truly,

LAC Fitton.



"Now, you can't put my picture in the Observer unless you give me a pass to the Capitol. Just call at the 'Y' office.

Overseas Service,
July 18th, 1942.

Dear Editor:

I have just got hold of a copy of The Fingal Observer, and was I happy for a while. I was at No. 4 B. & G. when W/C Van-Vilet (now Group Captain Van-Vilet) was Commanding Officer, and I was on the range crew with F/Lt. McCoombs as our C.O. I am over here now, and enjoying myself. Of course, I am in my old country now, but I am still hoping to get back to Canada. Some of your other fellows came over at the same time. There were Rine, Ruttan and Tonlin, who also were in the Range crew. I remember, too, Lofty Wilson, Benny D'Entremont, LAC's Long, Smith, Harry Free, Robinson, Gilbert, Henry, Cpl. Vogel, Cpl. Allen and F/Sgt. MacPherson. I would like some of them, at least one of them, to drop me a line when they have time. I am with the original squadron, which was the 110 City of Toronto, and is now 400 Squadron, R.C.A.F.

Well, I enjoyed your paper, and it brought back memories of the good times on the range when we argued with the Observers who used to claim a pickle barrel. I remember an Australian, or rather a New Zealander by the name of Whittham, who got three pickles out of seven bombs from 8,000 feet. One bomb being a bang-up, it was too true to believe; but I plotted his bombs, and I know he really did it. It was lots of fun those days, going to the lake and getting a good suntan, for it is hard to get one here. Well, I will close now, wishing you all the best of luck. I remain,

Yours truly,

(Can.) R-91202, LAC Creagan, A.,
400 Squadron, R.C.A.F.,

Att: Royal Air Force,
Overseas.

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SPECIAL ARTICLES

"ALL'S WELL AND SAFE" IS MESSAGE OF CORPORAL CASE, VETERAN OF DIEPPE

"All's well and safe—Writing"—magic words that brought comfort to the heart of a woman who has already given two sons and her husband to the armed forces of Canada.

Breathless hours of waiting—and torturing anxiety were ended in this telegram received yesterday by Mrs. C. E. Case of Barthe Street, wife of Flight Sergeant C. E. Case of the R. C. A. F.

The message was signed Corporal Russell Case—one of the Essex Scottish heroes of the Commando raid on Nazi-held Dieppe.

Corporal Case, who enlisted in the Windsor battalion in September, 1939, was of those who threw the word "blitz" back in Adolph's face. He was one of those who whetted the dagger that ultimately will stab at Berlin itself.

"Russ" Case was only 19 when he joined the army—one of the first Kent men to go into the service of King and country. Three years of rigorous training made him ready for the thrust at the French coastline early this week.

His brother, William, is now a sergeant pilot at the R. C. A. F. base at Trenton, where he is serving as an instructor.—Chatham Daily News.

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

In assuming the President's duties in this important R. C. A. F. magazine, I wish to thank the personnel of Fingal for the trust and confidence that they have bestowed upon me.

Fully recognizing the responsibility of the task before me, I eagerly anticipate

the fullest co-operation of the committee and the various flights throughout the camp. It is an understood fact that to maintain a representative paper, a co-operative spirit must prevail in the form of spontaneous contributions from all ranks.

Only by such voluntary support can we hope to preserve this first-class magazine and keep our Fingal Station on the high plane that it now enjoys.

May I suggest that material in the form of short stories, cartoons, poems, and articles of special interest, representing the life of the Station, be regularly contributed to the Observer Committee.

Finally, I should like to assure our

PRESIDENT OF OBSERVER STAFF

Squadron Leader Massey catching up at his equipment section desk.

readers that as far as possible, it is my intention to place my services wholeheartedly to this essential work, which I firmly believe contributes materially to the morale of the Station.

SALVAGE AT FINGAL

Organized collection of waste was instituted at Fingal Station, beginning with the month of August. The committee headed by Padre Witzel, is responsible for the salvaging of 2,400 pounds of valuable material made up of glass, bottle tops, paper, cardboard, and rags.

This salvage campaign was inspired by Headquarters to replenish supplies of necessary items needed in our war economy.

Save all papers, glass or metal for your Section or Barrack collection. There are containers in all Barrack blocks for these articles: SAVE TO WIN!

THE AIR BOMBER

When all hope has seemed to vanish,
And you're courting K.T.S.,
Don't give up the ship, lads,
Be a Bombardier, nothing less.

You won't get all the glory,
Nor you shan't get all the braid,
But you will be the minute man
On every single raid.

One long and lasting minute,
Boys, devoted all to you,
Then in some lengthy write-up,
You might be mentioned, too.

So don't you get downhearted,
Keep your spirits in the sky;
Be a good old Bombardier,
You'll be "Joe" until you die.

BACK TO COLLEGE

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NEXT TO GRANADA

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO

Madres' Page

THE TASK BEFORE US

We have witnessed in our generation great scientific advance, especially in the field of communication and transportation. We think of the aeroplane and radio, although it is not limited to these. The result of this scientific progress has been to make of the world one large community; a community being a group, large or small, of interdependent people. In a community the action of one person affects the life of all the others. This is precisely the situation that holds in the world today! An event on the other side of the earth affects our life here in Canada. The time was when each nation could live more or less to itself. That day is gone. The world today is one large community.

It was the Germans who first realized this unity and community of the world, and under the Nazis determined to capitalize upon it. They conceived the diabolical plan of organizing the world into a political unit for the selfish purposes of their own nation and race. This they planned to do by force. When military power had accomplished its purpose they would be in the position of the master, with the rest of the nations as their slaves.

Many right thinking people have doubted this. The conspiracy of the Nazis seemed too heinous and diabolical to be credited. Some regarded this as clever British propaganda. But a reading of *Mein Kampf*, or a glimpse of the horrors and crimes which the Nazis have committed against the conquered peoples of Europe, will convince anyone of its truth. It was the initiation of this diabolical, but well-laid plan which brought us into the war against the Nazis.

And the achievement of this conspiracy by the Nazis is possible. With military victory, Germany could gain and keep control of all the natural resources and means of production, so that men could be held in permanent subjection to her. We see how the Nazis do it in Europe. Even food is a weapon in her armoury. Rebellion would be impossible, for men who are weaponless and starved do not rebel. The attempt to wipe out Christianity, the spring and source of all that is fine and good in our western civilization, would be made. The Nazis would not tolerate its teachings concerning the brotherhood, the freedom, the dignity and worth, of man. Our first task is to accomplish the defeat of this satanic, Nazi conspiracy.

But if that is all we did, we might labour and fight in vain; for they might rise again in twenty-five years; or some other gangster nation might attempt the enslavement of man. The world must be safeguarded against its recurrence.

If it is within the bounds of possibility for the Nazis to organize the world into a political unit for their own selfish purposes, I contend it is also possible for the democratic nations to organize it on a democratic basis, for the well-being of all people. This is the second part of our task.

Many are skeptical about the possibility of this, but if we are to give any credence to the pronouncements of our great statesmen, we must believe it. The purport of the Atlantic Charter, Roosevelt's Four Freedoms, and Cordell Hull's last speech, is all to this end and purpose. It will mean a democratic world government, with a strong world police force to give its laws effect. This may sound utopian to some. The plain fact is that the world has reached a new turning point in its history, we have to take a new step forward. We must take it. The building of this new, free, democratic world order is a part of the task that faces us.

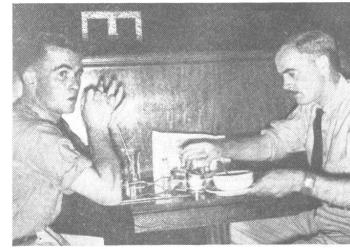
We live in terrible, yet wonderful days. What a privilege to have a share in determining present and future history, that will have such tremendous import for generations to come! If the Nazis win, there is darkness and slavery ahead for all but the so-called "master-race," perhaps for a thousand years to come. If we win, there is the possibility of ushering in a day of freedom for man, such as has never yet been seen. If we succeed, our children in future generations will "rise up and call us blessed." Who can ask for a greater purpose in life for which to live and work, and if necessary, to die?

BOOK REVIEW OF THE MONTH

"I, JAMES BLUNT"—H. V. Morton: Dodd, Mead & Company (Canada) Limited, Toronto.

We remember H. V. Morton mostly for his amazing powers of description. He took us into "The Heart of London," "In Search of Scotland," "In Search of England" and "In the Steps of the Master" so realistically that we forgot we were merely reading books until the last page brought us back to the armchair. His keen insight into human nature and his knowledge of the things people like and his gift of description has long put him among the classics. It was with these thoughts that we opened Morton's latest, "I, James Blunt."

James Blunt is an Englishman, living in the year 1944. The book is a record of a diary kept from September 11th, 1944,



A couple of "Corps"—Banks and Tuford. Why the turbulent expression?

until March 13th, 1945. According to this diaryist, England is under the yoke of Naziism, beaten and subdued by the Hitlerites. And this modern Mr. Pepys tells about the reign of terror under the Swastika. The style is simple, written in the language of the son of an English ironmonger. Perhaps that is its forte. Morton is not there, except occasionally, when he seems to slip into a couple of lines, now and again. Perhaps therein lies disappointment. And possibly the critics may call for Morton's head on this account, forgetting that the diary is that of a man living under the yoke of Naziism when to even think of England as she was would be sufficient excuse to place him before the firing squad. One can read his suppression between the lines. It is all rather terrible, but perhaps not so terrible as complacency and wishful thinking (that it can't happen here), which is the very point Mr. Morton strives to drive home. The book is dedicated "to All Complacent Optimists and Wishful Thinkers." And if Mr. Morton is willing to sacrifice his literary fame, if he is willing to curb his descriptive powers and write what is seemingly a mediocre book to this cause, then Mr. Morton has our sincere appreciation. He might well have written it anonymously. But, apparently, Mr. Morton wishes to put his name at the head of his condemnation of Hitler. And let us not forget that Mr. Hitler keeps a black book. Anybody who prints anything against Mr. Hitler is duly annotated in that black book.

It took us an hour to read the book. But we are still thinking about it. The horror of it still gives us the creeps. We hope a lot of people will read it and understand, to quote Morton, "that the scientific extermination of British nationality would be the first act of a victorious Germany."

Long live Morton!



F/S Paveling, our own Fire Chief.
(Joky Smoe)

(The following is a prize-winning column of the issue, contributed by the Flight-Sergeant in charge of the Station Fire Hall. We will welcome for further issues stories of your work that will be of interest to Airmen. You might as well figure in the prize money, too.)

FIRE HALL NEWS

By Joke Smoe the Fire Eater

Well, well, it's certainly surprising how you find things out. In one of my weaker moments, I agreed to jot down a few notes so the rest of the School would know that the Fire Section was still alive and kicking, and behold what happens. I discover that I am, of all things, a columnist. How will I remember being an "Almost" AC2, an "Acting" AC1, a "Lousy" L. A. C., a "Corny" Corporal, a "Sloppy" Sergeant, and now I'm supposed to be a "Fat" Flight or a reasonably accurate facsimile of the same.

But all this has taken time. In the last two years and some months, I have been through what is known as "the mill." Yes, I'm afraid I have added years and grey hairs to many a drill sergeant, and no doubt a certain Station Warrant Officer was right when he told me I should get a job with the Navy scraping barnacles off torpedo detonators.

You see what I mean, I have always been one of those slow (except at meal times), awkward (except when wangling an extra "forty-eight") kind, and promotion has come the hard way. So now, being jumped up to O. C. (Observer Columnist) is a real surprise, and rather frightening, to say the least. But they (the editors) asked for it and you, my poor suffering readers, will shake your heads and despairingly ask why you must needs tolerate such goings on.

There are a few fleas—beg pardon, I mean flies—in the journalistic ointment, however. In the first place, why should I, to quote the editors, "be put on the same status with LAC Halter"—What's he charged with? I've heard lots about "passing the buck," being "Joe'd" for jobs, "swinging the lead" and being "put on the peg," but I draw the line at being put on the "Status" with anybody until I know what the charge is. And besides, Halter wasn't there when it happened. Then a little further on they state: "We will also leave a blank box at the head of this column for his picture, and dare

him to print it." But what they really mean is this: "We dare him to put a picture of his blank head in the box at the top of the column." And they end up their little fairy story by asking me to think something over twice. Why, it gives me a headache to even think of thinking anything over once.

Well, anyway, it's all in fun, and if any of the married personnel want to prove to their kiddies that there really is a "bogey man," I'll loan them my identification card. Better still, why not send a few extra copies of the Observer to the folks back home? The subscription rate is low, and I only get a small cut. Thanks a lot. I know they will appreciate the portrait of the handsome gentleman at the top of this column.

Just Jottings

Corporal Stuart has returned from leave looking very pleased with himself. He starts off all his letters now with, "My Darling Wife." Congratulations, Corp.

Emergency Stretcher

If an injured person has to be moved, and a standard stretcher is not available, a "Blanket Stretcher" can be used. The person is laid on his back on a blanket, or if person is extra heavy, two blankets. Two or three men on each side fold in the edge of the blanket and roll it up, at the same time pulling on the roll, and finishing close up to the patient. The men's hands clasping the blanket are evenly distributed along the roll. If the men now lift in unison, the patient may be easily carried even if tilted at a considerable angle, such as might be necessary if descending a stairway.

And now, dear readers, this is J. Smoe saying so long, but wanting to remind you that our Bomber Crews are ever willing and ready to start fires in Germany, provided they are not started by a fire which carelessness started in Canada.



THE FIRE DEPARTMENT GETS A WORKOUT

The little shed just west of the Firehall is a flame and smoke test shed, not as someone remarked, a 'smoke house to cure the Firemen's tobacco crop (two plants).

One of our chaps asked us if it was possible to mince up beefsteak tomatoes and make hamburgers. Then he laughed as though he had said something funny.

Had a very interesting conference in the section last month under the able direction of F/L L. Bishop, the Command Fire Prevention Officer. This School played host to the Chiefs from Aylmer, Mount Albert, Clinton, St. Thomas T. T. S., Centralia and No. 1 T. C. Sorry to say there were some very black looks passed around after we had finished with the oil pit tests.

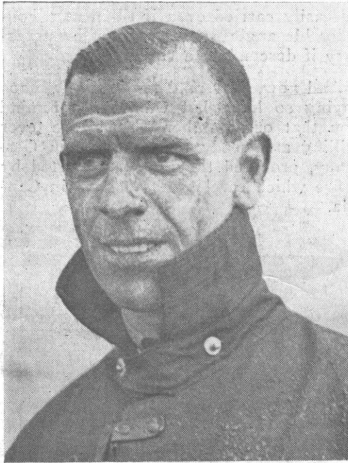
TRUE TO LIFE AT THE POST OFFICE

Of great interest to every member of the Station is the Post Office. Here we have an assortment of expressions. There are always the boys whose faces beam when they find that particular letter every day, but oh, the pathetic look of those not so fortunate.

Probably you think the fault of this is all at the other end, but actually, if you and I right here at Fingal did our part, I venture to say that that certain somebody would do hers, too. This applies to both Airmen and Officers alike, because, believe it or not, they have been seen going around with long faces, too.

May we let you in on those who make up the personnel of the P. O. Staff. First

we give you an introduction to our Postal Corps of a short time. Sgt. E. T. Willis, in charge, hails from that political town occasionally referred to as "Hog Town," but we don't hold that against him. We won't say much about our humorous Cpl. A. J. Booth, because he comes from the same place. Next in line is Pte. J. P. Mullins, coming to us from the "windy" city of Winnipeg. Then there are the two smiling and ever courteous Airwomen, who hold down envious positions



Flt/Sgt. Anderson, Fire Chief from T.T.S., looks more like a Commando after coming out of a fire.

at this place: AW1 Lang, from London (in the bush), and AW1 Griffiths, from the "Quaker Town" of the West. Then we have a member from Owen Sound who bears the name of AC1 Wright — often think he could have done better as an auctioneer, being able to get four words in to an average person's one.

The staff was sorry to lose one of its valued members in the person of J. P. Coghlan. Best of luck, Joe, and we certainly hope you get a well deserved promotion at your next new station in Quebec. Take it slow around the curves, Joe.

EXTRACTS FROM THE EQUIPMENT SECTION

First of all, you must know that the Equipment Section is the most important section of all, or else the Station would not be as it is, so we are kept on our toes continuously. First by one section, then another, or as in all cases, they all come at one time. Well, anyway, you must realize why storekeepers die young.

We have at our helm one of the best S. E. O.'s this side of Winnipeg, in the person of S/L Massey, who we believe comes from the immediate vicinity of Halifax or thereabouts. It is through him that all our business must go, so you can see that he doesn't just sit and twiddle his thumbs. He has in the past handled it very well with his able assist-

ant, F/L. Sgt., or should we say WO2 Wallis (it sure is a long time coming). Nevertheless, we take our hats off to those two boys of the old school, who know all the answers and never tell us.

Since our establishment has been raised, our dear old friend F/O (F.T.) Milliken has been making his headquarters in the Squadron Leader's office, and it would do you good to see the files fly out of there, P.A.'d and not B.F.d. They sure don't waste any time there, no matter how urgent; the mail must go through.

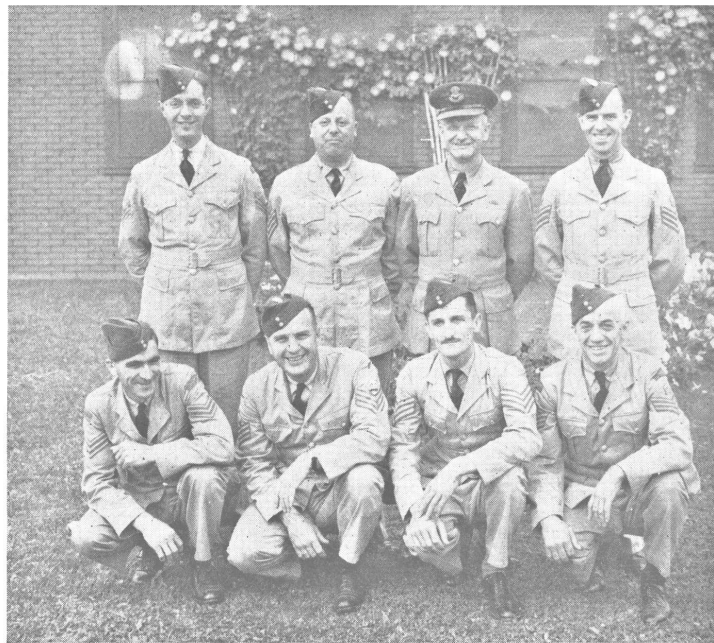
As you all probably know, F/O Milliken hails from good old Flin Flon, the "fur trader's haven," where you can get

I believe that this will wind up our little paragraph, and promise to send in another very shortly, and perhaps from Trenton — who knows?

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SMOKED and FRESH MEATS
Free Delivery
PORT STANLEY, ONTARIO



Flt/Lt. Bishop and his husky smoke-eaters, who attended the Fire Convention at Fingal during the month of August. Where did we get so many good-looking Sergeants?

a genuine sealskin for a pound of tobacco. Also known as the "land of plenty," and you are actually living on the fat of the land.

I believe that after this bloody war is over, "Texas" won't be the only one heading in that northerly direction with a shotgun over his shoulder.

Maybe Jay will be up there, too, with the good old Y.M.C.A. — who knows?

If you should need a can of dyhedral oil, just see LAC "Red" Taylor in C Group of Tech. Stores, in No. 6 hangar.

At this time we all wish AW1 Jerry Fulton the very best, and congratulate her on receiving her commission and leaving the good old Publications Section, which is always a headache. So we really expect two 40-ouncers before she leaves. Good work, Jerry, and throw in a third for good luck.

COMPLIMENTS OF

**HOBBS
HARDWARE**

LONDON, CANADA



Third Prize in Photographic Contest
(Contributed by LAC Judd)

GUARD HOUSE NEWS

Since the last edition, there have been many changes around our home for better and for worse. Our good friend, Corporal Painter, has been transferred to Gaspe, Que. Well, Bob, you may have to play dumb around the village for a while, but people say "French" is easily picked up. From the friends you didn't have a chance to see before you left, they all say "Good luck to you, Bob."

Now come the heartbreaks for the W.D.'s. LAC Arthur (Scotty, as he was commonly known), AC2 Seary, and LAC Caille, J., have all been transferred to Coal Harbour, B. C. We certainly will miss these boys, especially Scotty and Johnnie, as they have been with us a long while, and we know they will soon find friends at their new station.

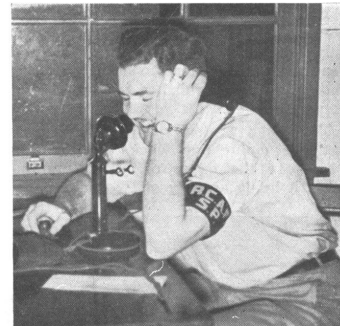
Now for LAC Stewart, another handsome bookman, who has been transferred to Vulcan, Alta. He has the same thing to look forward to, as one of our not-forgotten Airmen, Sgt. Frizzell, who was posted there a few months ago. Good luck, Stew. Sgt. Moore, Neil, has been posted to Victoria, B. C. We wish him lots of success at his new station. Last, but not least, LAC Zarowuy, F., has been posted overseas. He is extra glad to get the posting, as part of his western unit, which he used to belong to, has been over there for some time. We hope you have the good fortune to see the boys, and we say "Good luck, Frank." Cpl. Richardson is still on the Station, but doesn't work for us any more. He will be found at the Airmen's Canteen. Now, Ritchie, keep temptation behind you while waiting on the boys at the wet canteen.

We have some new additions at the Guard House. They are as follows: Sgt. Willis, Cpl. Booth and Pte. Mullen, all of the Postal Corps. We bid them welcome, and hope they will like the Station as well as the one they left.

FLASH—AC1 Coghlan (Joe) of the postal staff has been posted to Bagotville, Que. It is our loss and their gain, as Joe's smiling face was always looked for when calling for the mail. We hope you don't forget us too soon, Joe. I'm sorry, but will have to stop, as Works and Buildings has taken over the Guard House again, and amidst the buzzing of the saws, pounding of hammers, and sometimes the odd curse as the hammer hits the wrong nail, I will close, hoping to have more news in the next issue.



Sgt. Dick of Service Police



That smiling red-headed gentleman, Cpl. McWilliams—and the band on the arm is self-explaining.

ANSWER TO BRAIN-TWISTER IN AUGUST ISSUE

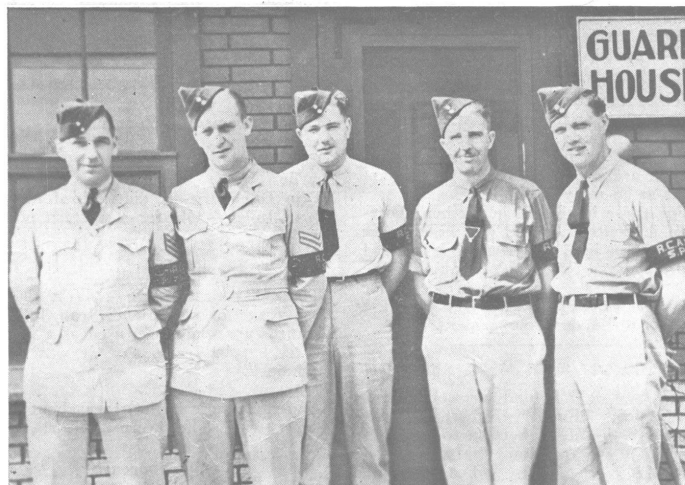
How Fast Does the Chauffeur Drive?

At 44 miles an hour, of course! All this has to do with the Brain-Twister given on page 23 of our August issue. In case you don't believe it, how's this for a solution?

On this particular day the car left the house as usual, and having returned ten minutes earlier than usual, must have travelled toward the station for five minutes less than usual before he met the commuter. The commuter, having left the station on foot an hour earlier than he usually left by car, must have walked for 55 minutes before meeting his car. The point of meeting, therefore, was 55 minutes by foot and five minutes by car from the station. The car therefore travels 11 times as fast as the man walks. The man walks at 4 m.p.h., so the car must travel at 44 m.p.h.

Nothing to that one, is there?

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Sundaes and Cold Soft Drinks
JOHNSON'S
DRUG STORE
(Opposite Capitol Theatre)

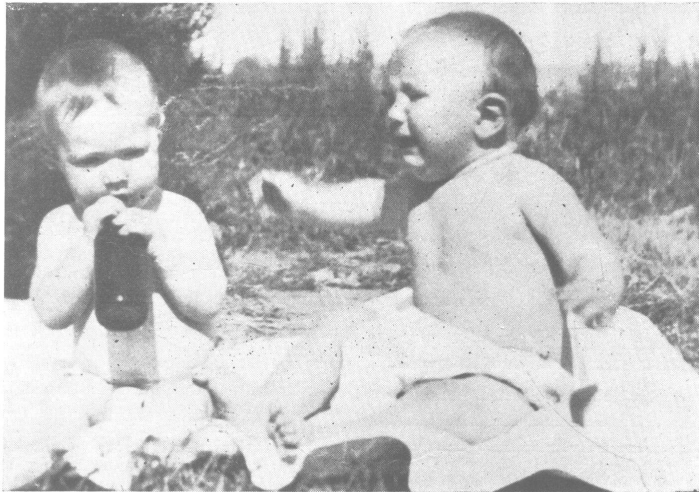


Sgt. Dick, Cpl. Ross, Cpl. McWilliams, Cpl. McCreary and Cpl. Stewart are these pleasant-looking boys, the men who steel themselves so firm when the clock has gone on a bit too far (?)

PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST

Here it is at last. The photography contest which was inaugurated in the July issue of the Observer has come to a head and the winners to date have been chosen and are published in this issue of your magazine.

To pick a winner was a difficult task, but after some two weeks' deliberation, we chose the entry of AC2 Cumming A. J., it being a study of two babies hav-



FIRST PRIZE IN THE PHOTO CONTEST
Contributed by AC2 Cumming, Alec. J.

ing a difference over one bottle. The second prize winner was contributed by LAC Mather, which was a study of a faithful collie dog showing his million-dollar smile. The third prize entry was contributed by LAC Judd, and could be a study, or simply two anxious girls awaiting a ride from St. Thomas to Fingal. We wish them luck.

If the winners will call at the "Y" office in the Recreation Hall, they may pick up their prizes as well as their snaps which won for them these valuable prizes. Those not so fortunate in the contest are asked to call for their snapshots at an early date.

For those interested in further photographic contests, there will be another competition in the November issue, and you are urged to get out snapping those Fall scenes. Be sure to patronize your advertising druggists when you purchase additional film for your camera.

DUST FROM THE M. T. SECTION

We have said a fond farewell to our good friend, "Flight" Herbert. It isn't like us in the M. T. Section to look unhappy, but we are afraid that we did on that Friday in August when "Flight" said good-bye. Although we hated to see him go, we wish him the very best of luck in his training as aircrew. We all know that he's got what it takes.

Congratulations to Sgt. Faulkner, who has so ably earned his third hook. Our new "Sarg" is keeping things afloat now, and doing an excellent job, too.

Oh yes, and there's "Willie," Cpl. Williamson to you, who is now Sergt. Faulkner's keen little helper and moral supporter. Congratulations, Willie.

* * *

Flash—There was a party.
The place—the G. C.; the time—one

Klintworth—"And where did you see the man milking the cow, Dagwood?"

Haworth—"Just a trifle beyond the centre, old boy."

* * *

Capt. Porter—"You say that you have never had a tooth filled, yet I feel flakes on my drill."

Cpl. Williamson—"That's my collarbone, sir."

* * *

Sgt. Faulkner—"Don't you know what good clean fun is?"

Kingswell—"I'll bite; what good is it?"

* * *

Adams (getting his dinner)—"This soup isn't fit for a pig."

Cook (in messhall)—"Just a moment and I shall get some that is."

* * *

The use of wheels and axles was discovered by the Babylonians, and proved one of the most important discoveries of all. The axle was used to connect the wheels and upon this contraption a box or wooded frame was placed so that goods could be pulled around . . . and so the Fingal M. T. percolates.

SPARKS FROM THE WIRELESS SECTION

Hello, again! We've finally found time off from the hearty heckling of all our boys since returning from our sojourn in T. T. S. and Fingal diggers to start our Wireless Column. First of all, well deserved congratulations are due to our congenial boss, Ernie Britton, on his promotion to Flight Sergeant; also to Jimmie Guggins, now a sergeant attached to G. I. S.; and Art Fanjoy, our latest addition to the N. C. O.'s. All the fellows join in wishing them heartiest congratulations. We wish to welcome to our section LAC Frank Pacquan, who has recently arrived here after spending twenty-one months as a W.E.M. overseas; also LAC Fred Nowlan, W.O.G.

We Hear Them Say

Sgt. Faulkner—Oh! My nerves!

"Pop" Hogsden—Have you got a cigarette?

Cpl. Williamson—Your nickel—you speak first.

Cathy Newton—Is there a letter from Charlie?

Don Ditchburn—I didn't doed it.

Jean Julien—Oh, for a western posting.

* * *

This 'n That

Three flat tires in three days; that's the average of our friend. Jean Julien, Flat tires are sometimes used as a good excuse, but in Jean's case it was just tough luck.

* * *

And then there is the story about the aircrew twins. They were nice girls, too.

* * *

Mostly Nonsense

Peterson—"What is the most pathetic picture in the world?"

Hogsden—"A horse-fly sitting on a radiator cap."



Second prize in Photo Contest.
(Contributed by LAC Mather, W.)

posted here from I.T.S., Toronto, now attached to G.I.S. along with Sergt. instructor. Another addition is AC1 Ted Guggins and Cpl. Thorsteinson as signal Roberts, recently remustered from Security Guard to W.O.G. Your correspondent joins with the gang to welcome these lads.

Our beef trust, combined with that of Electric Section and Workshops, walked through the tug-of-war competition. Nice going, boys. Those officers weren't exactly lightweights, either. Another week has rolled by, and still no corn roast. I guess the boys are still in hiding after our wiener roast. Next time we'll have a little more about our corn roast (I hope).

WEDDING BELLS

Perhaps the special event of the Sports Day at No. 4 B. & G. School was the wedding which took place at the Hostess House. And a very pretty ceremony it proved to be. The bride was Miss Joyce Mathew, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Mathew of Edmonton, and the groom AC1 Charles Dixon, who is stationed here. Son of Mrs. B. Dixon and the late Mr. B. Dixon, the groom hails from Kenora. AW1 Jean Jullien, an Edmontonite-now-Fingalite, attended the bride, and P.O. J. I. Mathew (brother of the bride) was best man.

F/Lt. J. W. Witzel, Protestant Padre at this Station, officiated at the ceremony, and Mrs. F. A. Fullerton, the Y.W.C.A. hostess, and Mrs. C. H. Rose took charge of the arrangements for a reception which followed.

The bride wore a wedding gown of white chiffon with bridal veil to match, and carried a Briarcliff rose bouquet. She was attended by the bridesmaid, who wore the uniform of the R.C.A.F. (WD), and tiny Nancy Sifton, of St. Thomas, was flower girl. Mr. Sifton, also of St. Thomas, gave away the bride.

The fact that this ceremony took place at an Air Force station in no way dampened the proceedings. AW1 P. Corbett, an accomplished soprano soloist, from Vancouver, rendered "O Promise Me," accompanied by Cpl. Smith, of Fingal Dance Band fame. Among those attending the reception, we noticed Wing Commander Findlay, the Commanding Officer of this Station, and Mrs. Findlay. Mr. Sifton gave a toast to the bride, to which the embarrassed groom replied with a brief "Thank you."

Incidentally, we finally managed to get the groom aside and asked him if he had anything to say for the Observer. But, in his preoccupation he mumbled, "I feel fine, how are you?" So we offered our congratulations and let it go at that.

It is understood that the happy couple have taken up residence on Jackson Street, St. Thomas. The Observer takes this opportunity of wishing them happiness and lots of it.

— M. L. S.



Wireless Experts Seeley and Brithey fix up "Lizzie."

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OXFORDS
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If you win Observer Photography Contest with print we've developed.
Expert Finishing
SMITH'S DRUG STORE
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CLEANERS AND DYERS
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TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS



AC1 and Mrs. Dixon smile after their wedding at the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House. The bridesmaid was AW1 Jullien and the best man was Pilot Officer Mathews, brother of the bride. The little flower girl was Shirley Sifton, from St. Thomas. Congratulations, Mr. and Mrs. Dixon.

Y. M. C. A.

YOUR MOVIES

By the time this goes to press you will be having three movies a week. We who are on the Entertainment Committee and run the movie projector would like to give you a little inside "dope" on the whole thing.

First of all, you'll find equipment similar to ours on most stations. That is, 16 mm. with sound. The big movies you see in town are 35 mm. and cost upwards of \$4,000, while the 16 mm. size costs about \$1,000. That is the main reason for using the 16 mm. equipment here.

Secondly, the 16 mm. film is practically all slow burning and is fairly safe to handle. The 35 mm. is very inflammable and very dangerous to handle, especially around a station. The cans containing



AC1 Harvey is seen flying to victory in the running broad jump.

the film would have to have special care, and could not be loaded in a truck carrying certain kinds of other material.

Thirdly, the cost of the film rented is less because all this 16 mm. film is copy and generally known as second run shows.

In the fourth place, it is not necessary to have a licensed operator for this type of film, and anyone who can spare the time and a little patience can easily learn to operate this equipment.

A fifth point is that this equipment is very easily moved, and can be set up wherever there is electricity, in a very short time.

From time to time you hear someone over the sound system asking you to co-operate in stopping smoking in the Recreation Hall. The reasons for this are numerous: (1) We use only a 750-watt lamp in the projector, and have absolutely no light to waste. As a rule, these films come to us slightly dirty, and a dirty film eats light like nobody's business. Any smoke or dust in the air also

cuts down the light on the screen. (2) Then there is the fire hazard. (3) The floor. You won't find a nicer floor in any of the Recreation Halls on any of the stations. We are proud of it, and we know you are, too, and when you read this we know that you will do your utmost to co-operate.

A lot of the boys here probably had 16 mm. cameras in civilian life, and no doubt some of you have some interesting films. Any time you would like to show some of these, just come to the "Y" office, or see Cpl. Eaton, or see any of the boys who are helping with the movies, and we'll be glad to show them.

Or if any of you are interested in the equipment, just come up any time we're not busy and we will be only too glad to show you around and maybe let you learn to operate the projector.

When the Station first started, Vic Groves ran the movies for a long time. Then we had an old outfit that came from another station. Last fall LAC Joe Drouin and Cpl. Williams learned to operate, and have been assisting the present operator and doing a good job of it.

For our Tuesday night informals we use the sound end of the projection machine and a phono pick-up and turntable to give you canned music for dancing. All this is a "Joe" job for the boys in the projection booth. Lately Rod Smith and his Rhythmaires have been practicing on Tuesday nights, and that helps a lot. Corn?

Many thanks, boys, for the good job you are doing! I am sure the W.D.'s and the boys really appreciate your efforts.

So long till next time. I guess I'll cut here.

SOMETHING HAS BEEN ADDED

After a five-day conference of all the Y.M.C.A. War Services Supervisors and Senior Secretaries from the Ontario and Quebec Provinces, which was held at Geneva Park, Lake Couchiching, Fingal and the local "Y" rep. were the better off because of the posting of Mr. Gordon Webb to this R. C. A. F. Station.

Gordon Webb hails from the dairy town of Woodstock, surrounded by the fertile hills of Oxford County. Latterly, Gordon has been a very successful insurance salesman in his locality, and during the recent campaigns for War Bonds and War Savings Certificates, Gordon headed the committee to make the sales campaign a huge success in his locality. Previous to the insurance profession, Mr. Webb was a financial wizard with the Imperial Bank of Canada. During his nine years in the banking business, he travelled through a greater part of Ontario, and for a six-month period served his firm in the resort state of Florida, U. S. A.

No doubt all the personnel of Fingal will give Gordon their fullest support and co-operation during his rookie days

as a War Services Supervisor. After a few weeks at Fingal, our friend may be leaving us, although we hope not, for some distant Y.M.C.A. outpost, either to the east or west, of our Maple Leaf Dominion.

Y. M. C. A. MOVIES

The following is the schedule of shows coming to No. 4 B. & G. School over in the Recreation Hall under their respective dates:

September 16th—"Let George Do It," starring George Formby. On the same program, "Biscuit Eater," an outdoor action drama, starring Billie Lee, Cordell Hickman and Helen Millard.
September 19th—"She Knew All the Answers," a love and laugh frolic star-



Cpl. Williams, Cpl. Dan Eaton and LAC Drouin—our regular operators of the Bell & Howell movie sound equipment.

ring Joan Bennett, Franchot Tone and John Hubbard. Selected shorts, etc.

September 21st—"Bank Dick," starring W. C. Fields, F. Pangborn and Una Merkel. Shorts, "Stranger Than Fiction," etc.

September 23rd—"Nothing But the Truth," a comedy, starring Bob Hope, Paulette Goddard and Edward Arnold.

Shorts, "With Poopdeck Pappy," starring Popeye. On the same program—"Nice Girl," starring Deanna Durbin.

September 26th—"Secret Service," a mystery drama starring Florence Rice, Barton Maclean and Bruce Bennett. Shorts, "You Nasty Spy," a stooze comedy.

September 28th—"He Stayed for Breakfast," a comedy hit, with Loretta Young, Melvyn Douglas and Alan Marshall.

September 30th—"Beau Geste," a drama of the Foreign Legion, starring Gary Cooper, Ray Milland and Robert Preston, with Susan Hayward. On the same program, "Little Accident," starring Baby Sandy, Hugh Herbert and Florence Rice.



Entertainment



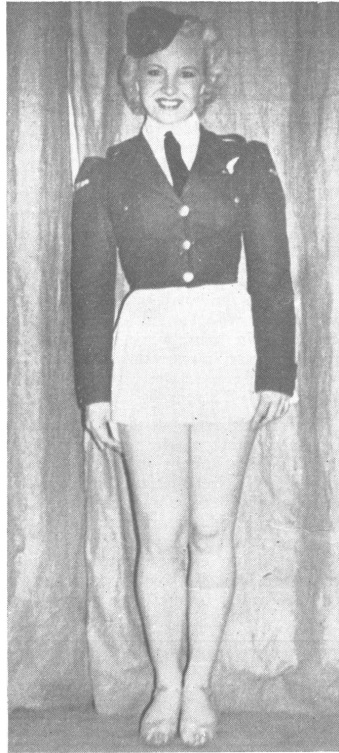
THE SEASON'S HIT—LOWNEY'S CARAVAN

It sure was the season's best, and we all know that's saying a great deal, for we gladly acknowledge having enjoyed some fine shows, but this Lowney's Caravan was and definitely is "the tops." Why, this show was not only good, not only one of the best, it was nothing short of outstanding because, unlike even the better than average, this gay little troupe had everything and gave us everything. Of course, we all know and acknowledge with sincere appreciation the generous gesture of the sponsors for this bundle of talent, and we'll surely have a double reason for preferring that good old favorite "O Henry Bar." But coming back to the field of entertainment again, we want to go on record as saying that when better shows are produced, then you can rest assured that "Red" Foster will be right in there doing the producing.

But let's just go back over that program again, by starting off with that swell little guy who started the ball rolling for the show, Joe Carr. You know the genial, clever master of ceremonies with personality plus, whom everybody just couldn't help but like, simply because he made us feel he really liked us. This versatile gentleman is well known to many audiences of both stage and radio, and well deserves the title of Canada's best character actor. Joe is regularly heard over most C. B. C. drama broadcasts, particularly the popular "Carry On" program which features some of his finest work.

Now here's where we can pay our respects to all those dazzling little dancing darlings. Mister, what a delightful eye-fel and what catchy, clever and captivating dance numbers. Remarkable how all eyes were focused intently on the intricate movements of fingers and wrists. But there again, we found all that goes to make up a first-class dance troupe, for every number was more than well received by all.

We would like to say further that all our good Canadian provinces were very beautifully represented by these gorgeous gals, and it appeared that Miss Ontario held a slight preference. Their Hoe Down and Rhumba Rhythm numbers were particularly attractive and colorful, and all the boys had a special little corner in their heart for lovely June Barrett, with the sweet voice and saucy, twinkling eyes, and that's not all. We are fully prepared to hear that the Hospital Staff is rushed off their feet trying to straighten out a lot of twisted necks, etc., since witnessing the thrilling twists of Ruby and Eveline. May we venture a suggestive warning that the Chairs



Miss June Barrett of the Lowney show, who stole the heart of every Airmen as she sang and danced before a most receptive audience at Fingal, Sept. 5th. We all hope she comes back real soon.

Twist isn't meant for the likes of most individuals. We could just rave on indefinitely, but let's just agree that these lovely girls really are "Cracker Jacks."

We just don't seem to be well acquainted with the professional technique of Spanish dancing, but even in our ignorance we found much appreciation for the excellent performance of vivacious Conchita Triana in her colorful, striking dances. And now we come to two more very popular members of the Caravan. Clair Rouse, the very versatile musician, first as a perfectly well climatized hobo, then in great contrast as the suave and talented concert artist that he really is. Mr. Rouse is a very successful veteran of vaudeville, having toured extensively throughout the North American continent. We would like to see a lot

more of him, and also this very unassuming and very capable fellow, Rex Slocombe, musician and magician of the very first order. Incidentally, Rex, we sure hope you'll bring Joyce along again; she was really your smoothest trick. Wing! Ding!

Not many of us realized that the little man at the piano, who actually and literally "played" such a major part in this great show, is the same Ernie Barnes who played at Shea's Theatre in Toronto for fourteen years and who enjoys the reputation of being known as Canada's best musical show pianist, and a really grand little guy, too. Last, and by no means least, we come to the friendly, capable director and manager of the Caravan, Gordon Forsyth. This man spends all his time telling about the fine work of everybody else, while all the time he's right in there handling the kind of jobs that most of us walk away from. We all noticed how smoothly the whole show was run, and he's the man who is responsible, for he must gain the complete co-operation of both cast and stage assistants. Incidentally, fellows, he really is hoping to bring his show back again, and we all hope he does, too. O Henry!

AIRMEN'S DANCE

The Airmen's Monthly Dance may well be acclaimed a real success, judging by the good number of happy couples out there on the floor, and was the competition ever keen. Our charming W.D.'s turned out in goodly number and proved to be the best of company as well as grand little dancers. They really have

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No Embarrassment. Inexpensive. Open days and evenings.

JOHN CHALMERS
Dancing Master
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WRIGHT BLDG., opp. Y. M. C. A.
Tel. Metcalf 6240, LONDON

what it takes when you consider the punishment that they take from the boys. Reckon they must be close competitors for special mention in despatches for conspicuous bravery in the face of real danger. Well anyway, gals, we boys sure are glad to have you with us.

Under the direction of Maestro "Rod" Smith, our Station dance Band sure put on a right good program, and we ain't kiddin'. We'd like to offer a bit of a suggestion in the form of AW1 Corbett taking at least a few of the vocals along with the band. We think the little gal really has talent and would like to hear more of her.

This happy event was made even happier with the serving of a most delicious lunch made possible by the genuine co-operation of that great little O. R. Mess Staff under the supervision of A. S. O. Little, and we'll wager F/Sgt. Faulkner was also right in there pitching. We have no hesitation in stating that as time progresses, future monthly dances and the Tuesday weekly will become increasingly popular.

SEASON'S FIRST AMATEUR NIGHT

On Thursday evening, September 10th, No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School of Fingal, Ontario, staged their first Amateur Night of the season at the Recreation Hall, before a capacity crowd. Judging from the genuine response spontaneously rising from the audience, we are proud to acclaim this event a reasonable success. So much so that it has been generally agreed to adopt it as a regular monthly affair.

The program was of a varied nature, including tap dancing, tumbling acts, roller-skating numbers, vocal and piano solos, and clown and comedy acts. We were indeed fortunate in having the services of Sgt. Pilot Case, who handled the master of ceremonies duties like a veteran. Also we were indebted to Mr. Gordon Burrell, from the Y. M. C. A. War Services staff of T. T. S., for his excellent piano numbers. Others assisting in program arranging were Cpl. Eaton, Cpl. Nelson and other members of the Entertainment Committee.

The judges found considerable difficulty in selecting the prize-winners, since the contestants provided keen competition. Finally, however, the tumbling act, consisting of AW1 Burrige, Cpl. Taylor and AC1 Lockwood, were awarded first prize, with second prize going to LAC Neill with the fine baritone voice, and the song and comedy of LAC Duncan won for him the third prize money. While it was not a scheduled act, the clown who turned out to be Cpl. Storm also contributed to the program and was awarded the "booby prize." May we urge that you now start preparing yourself for the October Amateur Night, and cut in on the prize money?

THE STATION TRUMPET BAND

A unit that has become of considerable prominence at No. 4 B. & G. School is

AVIATORS' GOGGLES	SUN GLASSES
E. H. FLACH - DIAMOND HALL	
WATCHMAKER - JEWELLER	
Official Watch Inspector Michigan Central Ry. and Pere Marquette Ry.	
377 TALBOT STREET	PHONE 427
ST. THOMAS, ONT.	

the Station Trumpet Band. A voluntary organization, the band has been equipped and maintained by the Station itself. The members are Airmen who work at various trades and turn out every morning for Station Parade, also for the Wings Presentation Parade, and the Commanding Officer's Weekly Inspection, as well as any other occasions requesting the band.

Pilot Officer Burns, the band president, has given his wholehearted support at all times, and has seen to it that the band is officially recognized as one of importance.

Under the guidance of Cpl. Dean, the bandmaster, who has had many years of experience in band work, the band has shown a great improvement in harmony and type of music, and has now been built up to full strength.

This unit deserves all the credit we can give it, as most of the members never played an instrument prior to their enlistment. We feel that the band contributes materially to the discipline of the Parades and adds coloring to the Station in general. The members had been anticipating an engagement at Windsor for Labor Day, but owing to a decision of the Trades Council the parade was

called off in view of the war effort and the engagement cancelled. Oh! well, better luck next time, boys, and we'll be hearing more from you shortly.

ONCE UPON A TIME

I usta get home 'bout once a week
All my folks to see,
But since the new system, she's come out,
I'm really up a tree.

I remember me Mudder—she usta say:
"Son, you're lucky, bein' near home 'an
all."

But, but gosh, now she's sayin',
"Guess you won't be home till fall."

An' with my gal, Mary, all ain't well;
Lately she been writin', givin' me h—
So, fellas, what I goiner do
If seven-day duty watch don't scadoo?

Now, Mary, she one ver' fine queen,
And with 'er, I like ta be seen;
But, alas—all ain't well,
'Cause new duty watch made 'er mad
as h—.

So it's round the Station—every nite I
moop;

Heart, she's heavy an' shoulders sloop—
It's got me beat—but what can I do?
Just another A.C. feelin' blue.



Remodelled for Your Service. Prompt and Courteous Service
DIANA SWEET SHOP



A wonderful couple went to Wonderland and really enjoyed themselves—as you can plainly see. How about an introduction, Handsome?

NOT TRUE BUT COULD BE

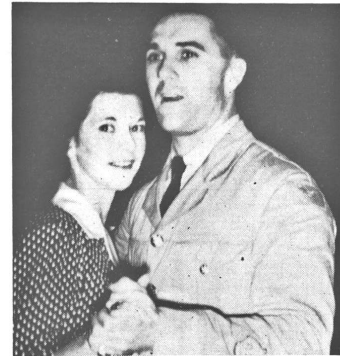
Dear Mr. Jones:

I am writing to tell you about your brother's leave. That is, Bill WAS coming home on leave next week. I suppose your sister-in-law has been notified by now, "next of kin," and all that. Well, anyway, Mr. Jones, knowing that you are Bill's older brother, and saw service in the last war, the boys in the section asked me to write and let you know all about it. We figured that you could explain it easy-like to Bill's widow and youngsters. Now, everything would have been hunky-dory if the alarm hadn't rang. That's the part I mostly want to tell you about.

The siren started wailing around 2 o'clock in the morning and the Duty Fire Crew pulled on their boots and coats, hoping and praying (well as hard as an Airman can be expected to pray) that the fire wasn't in the hangars. In a few moments we would know. It wouldn't be more than 10 or 15 seconds at the most before switchboard would give us "location" and then we could "roll." But no dice. We thought maybe the line was burned out, so we tested back and switchboard told us: "Lines are all O.K., but no location phoned in yet." It's pretty hard to explain just what you feel like when you are waiting to get "location." You've got a powerful siren screeching at you to get rolling. Your stomach feels all crumbly inside, the palms of your hands start to sweat, and you know that something is wrong, definitely wrong, and you are powerless to do anything about it. Well, there is only one thing left to do, drive like the devil for the hangars, check them all, and then try and find out which box was "pulled." We checked all the hangars, no trouble there, so we started back to look over the sleeping quarters and hospital.

We were wheeling a corner when it happened, and believe me, Mr. Jones, when you feel that back step trying to skid out from under you, then you dig your toes in and wish you were handcuffed to the backrail. I can't say, but maybe Bill was thinking about his leave, or about those two kids of his, and in three more days he would be going home for two weeks' holiday with his family. He often showed us the kids' pictures, the ten-year-old boy who was going to be a great flyer some day, and the little three-year-old girl with the crippled foot. He sure was proud of those kids.

Anyway, I was going to tell you, I was bucking the back step, when suddenly Bill seemed to fly headfirst for the roadway. We couldn't stop then, but it wasn't long before we were back. Yes, Mr. Jones, I'm sure you have guessed it by said he was sorry, but nothing could be



"The Newlyweds," WO2 Desbien and his lovely wife, trip the light fantastic at Wonderland.

done for Bill's fractured skull and broken neck.

But what we can't figure out is this: why would anyone want to ring in a false alarm? Everybody know what the siren sounds like, because we test it every day at noon. Then again, all the alarm posts are painted red with yellow bands, and a red light burning at night, so how could anyone have made a mistake?

Surely to goodness no one would ring in a false alarm just for fun.

Well, it was no mistake, and neither was it funny, as far as Bill and his family are concerned. But there is some sort of consolation, though—at least we fellows in the section figure it out that if your brother's death can be the means of stamping out false alarms, he has more than done his bit for his country.

Yours very truly,

One of the Boys.

P. S.—Our M. O. tells us that he has wired a specialist friend of his out near your home, so you can tell Bill's widow that the little girl's twisted foot is going to be fixed up just as good as new.

WE WISH TO SAY

THANK YOU

to the personnel of the R. C. A. F., Fingal, for their patronage and proper conduct during the Summer Season. We trust you enjoyed our entertainment.

WONDERLAND

SUMMER GARDENS

Canada's Largest and Finest Rendezvous



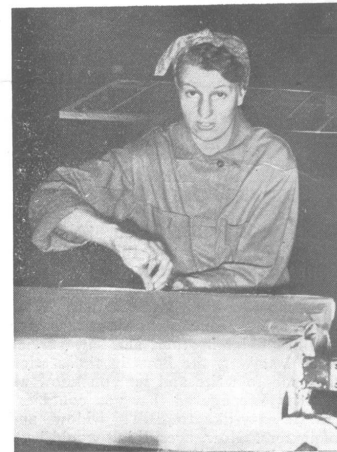
In this action shot, you see Mr. Forsyth, manager of the Lowney Show, after he presented Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Carr with a token of esteem, on the occasion of their leaving the Lowney Caravan.



AW2 Kennedy first in 50-yard dash. Too bad, Mam!



These tennis enthusiasts are LAC Lees, LAC Paton, WO1 Martin and LAC Whitworth. It might be interesting to know that the first two men have played in competition at Wimbledon, England. Sgt. Mjr. Martin will let you know how well they do now.



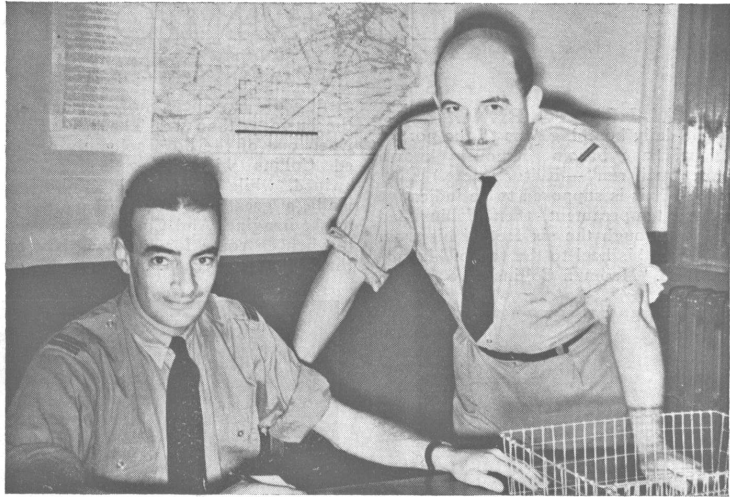
AW1 Marie (Coy) Kouzyer repairs a flap in Maintenance hangar. How about prettying up and going to Wonderland for a dance? Call at the Observer office for your pass.



Cpl. Bain keeps the Women's Division on the bit.

Coffey's Smoke Shop

IN HOTEL TALBOT
BRITISH PIPES
ENGLISH AND IRISH
TOBACCOS
FILMS
MAGAZINES



Both of these officers have left our Station. They are Flt/Lt. Wilkinson and F/O Moore. They have been posted to R.C.A.F., Aylmer, and Air Force Headquarters, Ottawa, respectively. Good luck, gentlemen!



AC1 Harvey coming in first.



Just playing around in the Battery Room.



Sqdrn Ldr. MacKinnon, who is our new paymaster. 'Mac' will explain many of your income tax problems for a small consideration.

Be sure to tell the merchant, "I saw your ad. in the Observer."

You too will enjoy-



*Delicious
Nourishing
Appetizing*

MAIL RUN TO BENGAZI

By Malcolm L. Storm

MAIL-RUN TO BENGAZI

(The daily bombing runs to the port of Bengazi have become famously known as the "mail run" — Editor's note.)

If red hair is supposed to be indicative of fiery temperament, then Collins had it right through the six feet of his from the ball of his heel to the top of his cartoty head. "Madman Collins," we dubbed

ment could have been more serious about the business than we. The pay-off came when one of the boys solemnly presented Collins with a postie's hat he'd swiped, while on leave in Cairo. We made a great ado about that, as you might imagine. And Collins always wore it when en route for Bengazi. Not only that, but from then on, the mail was

they are. You can't help but feel sorry for them. The sight of water sends them quite crazy. I imagine they'd burst into tears if they weren't so dessicated. If you say, "Heil Hitler!" to them and stick out your arm in that cockeyed way the Nazis do, they growl and swear in German. I guess the old boy is not so popular as he used to be.



Flt. Lt. Lamb — better known as "Hugh" — who was our engineering officer on maintenance, and has since been posted overseas.



It is a happy occasion for the Commanding Officer to present AW2 Smithers and AW1 Schick with their awards of August 19th.

him. He'd climb into his Hudson bomber like catching a bus at the corner of Richmond and Dundas. And when he swung out for take-off amid swirling dust, he'd holler down the intercom, "Okay! boys. Here goes the mail for Bengazi." Lovely packets of mail they were, too. Nicely done up in steel containers. And each one was neatly addressed "Special Delivery" by Joe, our armourer. We used to rib Joe about taking so much care with his lettering. But he maintained that, since Collins was no less careful a dispatcher, he broke even. That was the set-up. In fact, the farce was carried to such an extreme, that no postal depart-

registered and duly entered in a book one of the Riggers had drawn up. Last thing before take-off, the Rigger would run out with his book and make Collins sign for his load of mail. And if you think this is a lot of nonsense, it goes to prove that you've never lived in the middle of a hot desert, with nothing but the sun and sand for diet, and bomb splinters for salad dressing.

It was our upteen-umpteeth mail-run, and Collins' squadron was making the circuit of what we politely termed our

drome. We waited until he dipped his wing in farewell and then sought shade from that blast-furnace they call the sun in Libya. We used to think it was hot on the tarmac at Fingal. Fingal is a Mount Everest compared with this Libyanite of a sun. It tans you inside and out. And when the sand blows, you feel like a piece of over-fried chicken. It would be a relief to sweat. A wet shirt would feel rather nice. But it's too hot to sweat down here. You just dry out like twice done toast. Your skin gets as leathery as a well-worn saddle. Not that we mind. We love it. Particularly since we know that Rommel's crowd is having a tougher time than we. And that's not a lot of baloney. You should see some of the prisoners that pass through here occasionally. They look like coat hangers with burlap thrown over them. Just kids, at that. Seventeen and eighteen. The only razor any of 'em have ever seen is the one that Papa Fritz used back home in Rhineland. That's how young

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Well, Collins had just left. It was his thirty-fifth raid on Bengazi. The Flight was trying to collect bets, as usual. And, as usual, nobody was taking him. He had made a pile of jack in that racket. Collins always came back and furloughs in Cairo were pretty expensive. And I doubt whether anybody would really collect if ever Collins didn't come through. He was too much a part of us. We loved him in that marvelous way men love each other on active service. Why! I remember one time when we were out of water — except for about one pint in the bottom of a five-gallon can. Jerry had blown our supply to smithereens two days before. We sat around, waiting for Collins to come back, each of us eyeing that can like a bunch of thugs around a vault of gold. We were so dry that every time we swallowed, our throats felt like sandpaper. We kept that pint for Collins, though. He was the apple of our eyes, and our tin god thrown in. By him we stood or fell. And although the Flight was willing to bet against his coming back, he was as crazy about him as we were. That's the way we are. Hard on the surface. But down inside of us we are thicker than thieves.

"No takers, eh?" Flight said. "The odds are getting better every day. Collins can't keep it up forever. A bunch of screwballs, that's what you are!"

"Pipe down!" someone hollered. "I want to get some sleep. A fellow can't work all night and . . . !" He ducked before a salvo of boots and billy-cans.

"How about a game of cut-throat?" said Joe.

"Sure!" Flight agreed. "Who's got the cards?"

* * *

We heard the drone of our aircraft just about sundown. It wasn't actually sundown, but a sandstorm was blowing from the west and the air was full of sand and gloom. The flying sand stung our legs and arms and faces as we made for the drome. It got in our eyes and

teeth. A man isn't healthy if he doesn't moan about something. Joe was walking ahead of me, his head bent down and his chin nestled on his chest. He was swearing to beat the band. I was wondering what his mother would think if she could have heard him. The Rigger, with his "Registered Mail" book under his arm, was just behind me, singing some song in Arabic he had picked up in a slop-joint in Cairo. Every now and then he'd stop to spit out sand. There was a deafening roar as our aircraft nosed in. We stopped in our tracks to count them. Two were missing. We bent our heads and ran like mad. The sand was blowing so hard, it was impossible to identify one craft from the other. Fl/Lt. Hardman was the first one in. We made for him as he climbed out of his Hudson. One question queried all our minds. "Who had got it?" It seemed like an eternity before Hardman un-

strapped his helmet. Then he looked around and said, "Lord! it's getting thick. We had a devil's job getting in."

Then the Flight came up, his face all screwed against the storm. "Too bad, sir," he growled.

"Could have been worse," Hardman returned. "Another twenty minutes, we'd have made it." Then he gave the Flight a kind of long, questioning look. "Oh, yes, Collins? He went in pretty low. Oh, well! I hope I can make thirty-five trips without a knockout. That's a darned good average."

Can you imagine how we felt? The sandstorm lasted three days. But that was nothing compared with the loss of Collins. Sandstorms come and go, but men like Collins come once in a lifetime and go forever. And their going leaves a little niche in your heart where memory burns her everlasting lamp. We played rummy. We played cut-throat. We rolled

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dice. We wrote letters and read old ones over again. We darned socks and mended torn shirts. All the while, the storm raged about us like the hand of the enemy. And in the middle of our little rounds of domestic chores and the circling fury of the elements was that little emptiness. It was the centre of our circle. Try as we may, we could not help but look down the radii towards it. We never spoke of Collins, mind you. No. We were war-hardened men—outside.

Finally, a morning sun came through red like our sand-tortured eyes. By noon the world was that typically tropical black and white under the glare of it. In spite of the heat, the boys were cleaning the Hudsons, and Joe was lettering his bombs again with beautifully flourishing



This looks good for Bond's team, when they caught our vivacious first baseman a bit off the bag.

vengeance. The mail was going to Bengazi that night.

About three in the afternoon we heard the most ungodly sound coming out of the west. It was the roar and splutter of ten "T" model Fords, with a few out-board motors thrown in for good measure.

"It's a Hudson!" yelled the Flight. "His port engine's gone." He made frantic and helpless motions with his arms. "Pull up your port wing before she strikes!"

The Hudson came spluttering on. Sometimes his port wing barely missed a sand dune. We cheered like mad. One of our boys limping home from Bengazi. At last, as if every effort were spent, the Hudson flopped on its belly and did a neat about-tourn as the port wing threw up a great cascade of sand. Our dilapidated crash-truck went careening towards it, with practically everyone else in its wake. By the time I reached the scene, the pilot had got out. It was Sergeant Johnson, and he looked as bloody as a butcher's apron, and he was talking at a great pace to Fl./Lt. Hardman and pointing to the west. Most of us could not make head nor tail of it. But we had an idea the news wasn't too good. Then Mr. Hardman called for the Flight. He gave him a few rapid commands and the

Flight in turn asked us what we were gaping at, and told us to scatter the aircraft all over the place. "And I mean presto!" he shouted. "After that, take cover. We want this place to look like a graveyard." Something was afoot. We were quite excited about whatever it was.

"The Jerries are coming," Joe told me. "Johnson had his port engine blanked out over Bengazi, but managed to get away. He's limped home like a frog ever since. Once he gave up and landed in the desert. Then an American tank column came along. A couple of the Yanks knew something about aircraft and managed to patch up his port engine. They gave him some hundred octane gas they'd picked up. Nice guys, the Yanks, eh?"

"Sure!" I agreed. "But what's this about the Jerries?"

"Johnson says he's been tailed most of the way by an ME 110."

"What! Just one?"

"That's right," Joe replied. "Queer, too. It didn't make an attack. It just dodged around him. It was after Johnson had left the Yanks. He'd managed to make a thousand feet. Was scared to shove her up higher in case the port engine wouldn't hold. And this ME comes out of the blue, passes him like a bolt and plays touch-tag all the way back. Johnson lost him for a while at Tobruk. But I guess he just dropped in there for gas, because the next thing Johnson knows, the ME's on his tail again. Then the port engine begins to splutter and the Hudson begins to drop. Poor Johnson. He was in such a sweat. He's all for dropping the Hudson then and there, rather than show the Jerries where our hangout is. Then, smack, dear old Mother Fate brings him into the tail end of this sandstorm and he dodges the

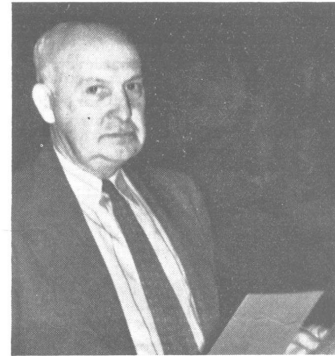
Nazi and makes a break for home."

Well, did WE ever sweat! We made the place look like a graveyard as the Flight had said. We were told to lay low and not move until so ordered.

And, sure enough, after a while we heard the ME. He's poking about somewhere above us. We were all for taking a smack at him, but the Flight was adamant. So we lay as still as corpses while that pig-headed Nazi prowled around. It burned us up not to be able to pay back the score on Collins.

"He's making the circuit," Joe said.

He was making the circuit, all right.



Mr. John Gillies, popular president of St. Thomas and District Softball League. Here we see him at the time of the presentation to the victorious Fingal Bombers.

The Flight let me sneak out to take a look. The place must have looked like a graveyard to him, because was actually

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coming in. When I slipped back and told the Flight, he grinned. Said that was fine. Hardman had something cooked up. The drone became a roar as the enemy plane swung overhead. He passed right over us, coming in, and made a lovely landing on the desert floor a few yards from the crippled Hudson. The nerve of the guy. He shut off his ignition and sat there, giving the place the once over. But he had no sooner turned his head from the Hudson than Hardman leaped out of its shadow with a Tommy gun against his hip. We had crept out of our hiding and were watching the little drama from behind a pile of junk. Apparently, Fl/Lt Hardman rapped out an order, because the Nazi pilot jerked his head in surprise and then climbed down from his perch. He yanked off his helmet. And then, by heavens! if he and Hardman didn't start hugging each other. It was Collins! Mind you, Collins! We almost went mad. He'd swiped an ME after a forced landing and had actually tried to escort Johnson back home. We had a good laugh when he told us how he had tricked the Germans at Tobruk. They had gassed his plane.

"I just sat there and glared at 'em through my goggles," he said.

Joe, who had been poking about the ME, let out a yell as if he'd been bitten by a snake. He'd found the postie's hat. Collins snatched it from him.

"Come on, boys," he shouted. "Let's get the mail to Bengazi."

(Editor's note: LAC Storm again wins \$5.00 for the best short story submitted. Hurry up, some of you other fellows. Get crackin'.)

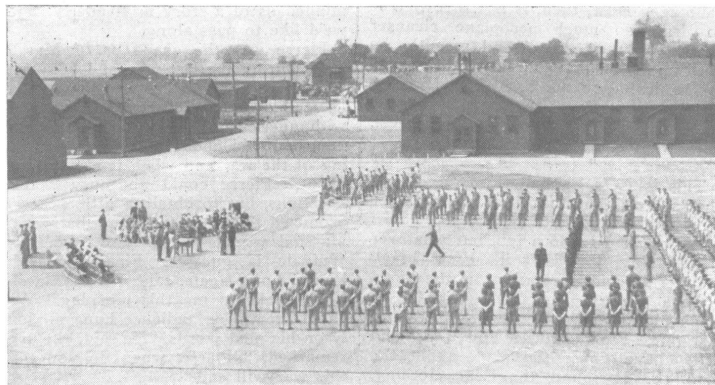
Be sure to tell the merchant, "I saw your ad. in the Observer."




The Boys' obstacle race was a mad scramble from start to finish. Here they go under the tarp.



We would like to know the name of the above Airman. Perhaps he had better come in for his Capitol pass!



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BOMBING BITS



by
LAC HALTER
Ben

"All references to actual persons living or dead is purely intentional."

We do not want to start off this month's column by appearing to be a stool-pigeon, but stern duty compels us to be one. In supply stores we saw a sign which said over-issuing or over-drawing of stores was tantamount to sabotage. How, then, is Sgt. Brown able to draw so much aeroplane cleanser soap? Why, one week-end recently he used up fifteen (15) gallons and eight (8) mechanics! For the S. P. C. A. (Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Airmen) we hereby register a strenuous protest. (But what good will it do?)

This is AC's Randall, Roffy and Mitchell's Creed, but it'll do for any Airforce mechanic, we think.

We enlisted to do a job, but whatever we're doing, this isn't it. We'll break every rule and regulation in the good book a dozen times and squeal like a stuck pig when we get caught breaking just one. We'll grouse and beef and bellyache all over the place about the food, the discipline, the issue clothing, and feel cheated if there is nothing to moan about. We'll drink if we can, how we can, when we can, what we can, and yell for more no matter how much there is. We'll make love to all the pretty girls, sympathize with the homely ones, and pay special attention to the Women's Division of the R. C. A. F. We'll never obey an order unless we have to, and then weep about the caste system and dictatorships. We'll try and spend our money on pay night and if we accidentally have any left over, lose it gambling the next day. We'll shine our buttons only when the verdigris can be scraped off or when we can't duck the C. O.'s parade. We'll go A.W.O.L. as often as we think we can get away with it, and if eventually we do get caught we'll swear up and down that we are cursed by hard luck. All in all we'll have some fun and get a big kick out of living, and when our number's up you can bet we'll give the devil hell!

In case you walk into the Bombing Hangar some fine day, don't forget to stop in and see "Maggie's Doin's," that new timekeepers' desk erected by the lads and named in honor of AW Margaret Givens. We haven't seen a finer bar even in New York. In fact, the first day it was built. P. O.'s Kelman and

Washer, probably from habit, walked up and ordered two Scotch and sodas. They were disappointed.

That was certainly a terrific party Course 58 threw the night before they left. The Service Police from T. T. S. were very happy when it all ended, and reports have it they rushed back to apply arnica and liniment to aching bruises, but it wasn't all one-sided, for the following morning the digger at T. T. S. was a little crowded.

Sgt. Pilots Gray and Eaves are waging a personal feud as to who will eventually succeed to the title, "Peck's Bad Boy of Bombing," recently vacated by Sgt. Pilot Cook. Settle down, you two rookies!

Sgt. Cass was telling us the other day that just because he wears three stripes, civilians seem to think he should know everything (naturally we know different) because, he says, they keep asking him when he thinks the war will end. It reminded us of a story in Reader's Digest we'd like to pass along.

Pierre was the chauffeur of Marshal Foch during the last war, and because of that, whenever he returned home on leave his fellow citizens plagued him with queries concerning what the great man had said about the triumphant ending of the war and when it was to come about. Pierre could not answer these questions, but to obtain a little peace he promised to repeat to them whatever the Marshal would say to him about the "fini de la guerre". Finally one day Pierre, home again, said: "Well, Marshal Foch spoke to me this morning." With bated breath his audience hung anxiously on his next words. "He said," he dryly remarked, "Pierre, when do you think this war will end?"

Who was the lad from Vancouver who went tearing all over the Station trying to change postings with a wit who was supposed to be going to Coal Harbour? We wonder if his face was red when he found out that his leg was being pulled.

It's a very good thing the Observer printed last month, the fact that we were going to be paid \$5 for our efforts, because there were a few doubting Thomases who wanted to know how much we paid to have our column printed. In fact, we were on the verge of sending a column to the "Backwater Daily Screech," where we are very sure it would have been accepted. The fact that our uncle is owner, editor, publisher, manager and printer's devil has nothing to do with it. Our efforts would have absolutely been accepted on its merits or our aunt wouldn't have any place to visit next summer. Anyhow, if we can win a prize, it just shows that it doesn't take any brains or ability. Why don't you try?

(Editor's note: As a matter of fact the five spot we slipped Ben was provided by "Unc," who paid us twice that much to keep Halter out of the Backwater Daily Screech.)

ESCAPE

The wind blew the door shut. She turned quickly. She was trapped. She must get out. Being inside the cabin was as cold as on the deck of a Corvette in the North Atlantic. Hurrying to the door, she leaned her slender strength against it, but it resisted her strenuous efforts. She searched for other means of exit but the windows were boarded and escape seemed impossible. Yet she had to regain her liberty. But how? There was no sign of food and she was starving. Pacing up and down she faced the truth. Well, it was her own feminine curiosity that had put her in this precarious position. Footsteps sounded outside. She flew to a corner and crouched there. The door opened and a man, tall and ugly, strode past her hiding place. Now was her moment — the alley cat glided noiselessly out the door to freedom.

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R. C. A. F.

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We wax poetical with "An Airman's Dream":
 Last night as I lay sleeping I pleasantly dreamt,
 And waking, wondered what the dream had meant,
 For I had seen myself with stripes galore
 And gold braid crested on my hat, and more,
 I was C.O. of some station, nothing less,
 And took a great delight, I might confess,
 In changing everything my predecessors had
 Established to make the Aceytoos so sad.

I started in with shorter hours, higher pay,
 And longer smoke periods four times a day;
 Ritz-Carlton food was served at every meal,
 Downy pillows, spring mattresses to raise the zeal
 With which the lads awakened sharp at nine,
 And no buttons or shoes they had to shine;
 Parades were just to watch at circus time,
 With nary an inspection, to make it all sublime.

Loathsome duty watch I took in stride,
 For it filled me through and through with pride
 To see that absolutely none were Jo'ed
 To rake any lawns or have them mowed;
 Their tour of duty lasted half an hour,
 With no C.B. that used to make their life so sour;
 But just when I felt a gentle kick that seemed
 To break three ribs, "Get up, you're late,"
 some shrill voice screamed.

I slowly pried one eyelid up and looked
 upon my watch,
 Which read six-thirty sharp, my spirits
 dropped a notch;
 I slowly climbed from out my weary,
 touselled bunk
 And vowed fervently that nevermore
 would I again get drunk.

* * *

Overheard on Talbot Street: "No, Mildred, S.O.P. doesn't mean some other place."

* * *

Corporal Dixon, our worry wart de luxe (although to us his biggest worry seems to be the shine on his buttons), tells us if there is any more little additions to his family he'll have to start calling the roll every night when he gets home.

* * *

Then there is the story of the Bombardier who had been out celebrating the night before and as a result rang up a score that was nothing less than horrible. When Cpl. Avery of G. I. S. asked him what the trouble was, he replied very pained, "Oh, I was all right, but the darn target wouldn't stand still."

* * *

See you next month.

Whenever you see an Airman "moon-ing around" with a far-off look in his eyes, and giving away his dessert at lunch, then you'll know immediately he is: (1) going on leave, (2) on the verge of a nervous breakdown, or (3) the man's in love. Now, with AC Boswell, it's all three of them. For just about the time this edition goes to press, he'll be up there saying, "I do." We all wish them the very best of luck.

"MEN WHO FLY"

(In gratitude, dedicated to the flying warriors of the United Nations)

Fain would I write of men who fly
 And bear the brunt of war's most fearsome pace,
 Who throw themselves between us and the storm,
 And add a priceless lustre to our race.

Would that I had full ample words to wield
 And in some mighty ballad thus proclaim
 The praise of these knight errants of the sky,
 And build a lasting tribute to their name.

These noble, gallant heroes—men who fly,
 With smile upon their lips and face aglow,
 That you and I may live to carry on
 And build a world that they may never know.

These men, who on the threshold of full life
 For home and loved ones risk their very all,
 That peace and justice may forever reign
 And all we hold most sacred may not fall.

As wild geese do they fly through starlit night
 In arrow shape, that forms a victory Vee
 Or, glide like seagulls on unerring wing
 In one unceasing watch o'er land and sea.

They rise, these men—our flesh and blood,
 Into the very screaming jaws of hell,
 Unheeding, bear their breast to meet the fire
 And ne'er return until the cry "All's well."

They do not question as they soar on high

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Beautiful girls usually storm
 A handsome man in a uniform,
 But not this man—
 till he learns, m'friend,
 He has to perspire,
 but needn't offend!

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 prevent "B.O." (Body Odor)

But, of their very best, most freely give
 That all that's true and noble still survive
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BITS OF CHIPS from WOOD AND BRICKS

What prompts us to attempt this article, is that it comes to our ears that someone should lift our section to its proper rank in the columns of our breezy, ever-expanding Station mouth-piece.

One official in our department that we have come to respect and admire, is our O. C., F/Lt. Coady, who is particularly well-informed regarding the duties of our section. To be successful as a leader in Works and Buildings, one must needs be a specialist, a veritable encyclopedia at all times. Our O.C.'s experience makes him a real asset to No. 4 B. & G. School, as well as a guiding star to his staff at Wood and Bricks. Having been associated with the Works section since its inauguration in November, 1940. I am on firm footing when making the assertion that the combined efforts of this section ever aim towards the betterment of the Station's surroundings.

Perhaps our department of transportation, capably engineered by Sgt. Frank Wood and his group of trusty drivers, deserve special mention for the way they serve No. 4 School. Assuming a wide range of responsibilities, they are kept constantly on the move, not the least of which is the power-mowing of our spacious grounds and the hauling of tons of coal to fill the many bins connected with our heating system.

These knights of the wheel spend many weary hours during the winter months, battling on the snow-drifted runways and Station streets.

Turning to the Mechanical Division of the Station, we are compelled to admit that to do justice to the plumbing and tinsmithing shop is too great a problem for the puny scope of our editorial ability. However, we do know that these needs

are taken care of by two adept members of their professions and their willing assistants.

The Electrical Section, with its ever-growing volume of business, is manned by a notable trio of experts who are ever alert to the need of keeping the heart of the Station "alive."

The Woodworking Department, under the capable supervision of F/Sgt. "Pop" Case, and assisted by his graduates of the hammer and square, functions effectively at all times.

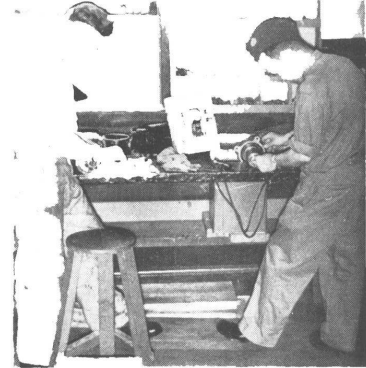
Indeed we would do well to mention the two stalwarts of the Color Card who wield the brush so artistically and keep our buildings bright and trim.

Then again the duties performed by the branch under the supervision of Flight Sgt. George Collins are most essential to the steady progress of No. 4 B. & G. School. It is due to the untiring efforts of the staff of engineers and firemen that the "pressure" is kept at a comfortable degree.

Last but by no means least, we should like to refer to the activities so willingly performed by the "labor gang". Their duties, while ranging from soup to nuts, are all of an essential nature and are discharged with a determination that coincides with the spirit of doing things properly. Such co-operative spirit permeates all other branches of Woods and Bricks.

Having made reference to the manual jobs, let us never lose sight of the efficiency of our genial Office Staff. The type of work done here is an integral part of our section's everyday life, and the staff is kept busy at all times. It is here that the "urgent" calls are received and are given prompt attention.

John Ruskin has said: "When we build



Electric Section—Cpl. "Wimpy" and you name him. Incidentally, Cpl. Renaud has received his posting overseas.

let us think that we build forever. Let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for."

And so the labors of the Works Section roll merrily along. The old clock ticks away; seconds, minutes, hours, days and week, all fade into eternity. The sun rises and sets and our job goes on like the ebb and flow of the tides.

Thus may we be privileged to briefly refer to one more section on this Station, whose everyday efforts are combined with those of all the other branches of No. 4 B. & G. School to enable our Station to maintain the enviable position it has attained in the ranks of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

WORKSHOPS

Down at the east end of Centre Street sits a little brown building, surrounded with a white picket fence. That little brown building is called the Station Work Shops, where very much interesting work goes on. The Work Shop is divided into three sections.

Metal and Repair

Where Cpl. Sewell, gallant soldier, in a vain attempt to get some work done, rounds up the boys incessantly from morn till 5 o'clock. Take it easy, fellows; take it easy, fellows; he has other trou-

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bles, and they don't originate in the shop. Something about too many little corporals with too many bows and arrows.

When is Micky Calhoun
To get his group "A"?
He shuns the saloon,
And waters the lawn all day.

Where Tom Richards (every shop needs someone like Tom around) does all the hard work in welding and layout work. Tom, by the way, has just handed over \$5.00 to a certain minister—more bows and arrows.

Where Rudolph Cormier, the "inventor of work shops, invented a washing machine. All it requires to run is the motor out of the stove in one of the barracks. Cormier's latest invention is a way to get those corporal stripes, which he should have had many months back. . . . Where White, a marvel at welding, is a first-class metal worker.

We have several other very good men in the metal shop, Brooks and Hardy for two. Brooks is a very good man at repair work. In fact, Cpl. Sewell tells me he would give anything to have a couple more like him.

Hardy is our special rad-repair man. If they are not U. S. when he gets them, he darn soon makes them U. S.

Carpentry Section

Of late we have lost our Corporal, who has been promoted and transferred to W. & B. I hope he is liked as well up



Officers' tug-of-war team. Look's like F/Lt.'s Poupure and McLeod are really working.



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there as he was down in the Work Shops. In our Corporal's place, we have a new one—Cpl. Birch. He is one of the best, and I know that the fellows in the section will give him their fullest co-operation. We have two or three other good men, too—our English lad from Liver-

pool, A. C. Clarke—who would give anything to get back home. Let's hope some day in the near future he will get his chance. Then we have our boy from the farm, C. Todd, whom we all thought had been made corporal, but Cpl. Birch was the choice. Let's hope he, too, will get next chance. (I think he would make a good one—he sure can talk.)

To complete the picture, we have in full charge a very good man, whom all the fellows in the shop admire, and he is one of the best—namely Ft/Sgt. Bellman.

That's all, folks!

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↳ COURSE 58 (Bomb Aimers) ↲

Pray listen, please, whilst I unfold
A wondrous little story
Of thirty boys—bomb Aimers all—
Who passed out here with glory.

These lads were first on Fingal's soil,
July, this present year,
And bombed with gusto—and I add,
Consumed their share of beer.

Step lively, there, else you'll be late,
BILLIGTON! At the double—
Now give that smile that won us all.
(Boy! could that guy find trouble!)

"Sergeant BRITTON"—that's the call
Whenever we felt blue;
He'd keep the barracks' laughing loud.
(We're kinda missing you.)



F/O Sprague and his two Drogue operators are all set to go upstairs for another exercise. Can you imagine how hot these boys get in their teddy bears?

So come on, folks, let's gather round
And meet Course (censored);
You'll like them all, I guarantee,
Each one of them is great.

Look—here comes ALVIS—quiet lad,
Fair hair and eyes of blue;
He worked just like a slave, they say,
I woke him up once—phew!

Next comes BARTLETT, and 'tis said,
He stayed awake at night—
Heart trouble down in U. S. A.
I hope things go all right.

Corporal DICKERSTAFF—what a man!
He'll have to mend his ways;
Thought "48" meant "62",
(O.K., Corp. . . . seven days.)

A Cockney next—a lovely lad,
A sweating, fighting male—
BOB BURNS—he knew K.R.'s so well
He finished up—in jail.

A dancing man was CALDECOURT,
And always making "passes";
He'd sing and tap the whole night through,
And get his sleep in classes.

Blonde, blue eyes and full of beans,
A swell guy, young and frisky;
Just shake the hand of "Snowy" CLUBB
(But hide away your whiskey.)

A Canadian lad is DAVIDSON,
A credit to his land,
(And whilst we're on the subject, Dave,
I think your girl is grand.)

DEBLAQUIRE next—a gorgeous brute,
Come, folk—just take a peep.
Slush! Steady there, not too much noise,
His favorite subject's—sleep.

Close wavy hair, a golden voice—
A thrill runs up your spine—
DEVENE is whom I'm speaking of,
The women say "Divine!"

From Scotland comes this worthy soul,
A lot of milk was spilt
When GORDON bombed a lonely cow.
(He might have dropped his kit!)

This next lad called our own "Flight"—
George,
At fighting was a "wow",
He beat up six S.P.'s one night—
Come, HAYDON, take a bow.

Now Wales produced this knowing lad,
His name, of course, is JONES;
He'd drink so much—I do believe
He'd hollowed out his bones.

Six foot one—just like an ox,
And darned good-looking, too,
A Texan—JORDAN is the name,
A key man of the crew.

Young George KNOX is on the ball,
A level-headed guy;
He'd see his pals home safe each night,
Then sadly murmur—"Why?"

A nice young boy is little MOORE.
"That bombsight is a treat."
He used to say, "and just to prove—"
He'd put one in the street!

MULHOLLAND'S got an awkward
name

To put in verse or rhyme,
But when it comes to making love,
(Say, Harry—watch that time.)

The Irish Free State sent this son,
McWILLIAM—(Smell the clover).
The worst thing that I ever saw
Was Mac's "last night's" hangover.

Now NEWCOMBE is a splendid boy,
I know you'll all agree;
How he's escaped those gorgeous girls
Remains a mystery.

Look—here's a treat for all of you,
Yes, Reggie PIKE is able
To meet the girl—then get his feet
Right underneath the table.

(Continued on next page)



Cpl. H. A. Gray, now at Dartmouth, N. S., was a mainstay at G. I. S.

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Mood
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COURSE 58 (Bomb Aimers) (Continued)

George SCOTT is chafing at the bit,
And through this toil and strife,
Our George thinks only of one gal,
I mean — his charming wife.

This next guy really has a time
At missing Cupid's arrow.
His heart is right out on his sleeve —
Hey! duck there! Michael SPARROW!"

And so you've now met twenty-nine
Great guys, you'll all agree,
But number thirty got left out;
Who was it? — little me.

(Editor's note: Duncan very unfortunately broke his ankle during his course, and had to be held over to complete his training.)



Here's our Station Syncopators — a real troupe.

APPOINTMENTS:

Temporary Flight Lieutenant, eff. 1-7-42:

F. O. M. F. Gauldin (C2838).

Appointed to rank of F. S., eff. 1-8-42:

9942 T/Sgt. Britton, E. G.

R76193 T/Sgt. D'Entremont, B. L.

R53088 T/Sgt. Faulkner, A. R.

18086A T/Sgt. Martin, J. V.

R53156 T/Sgt. Larkin, G. H.

R50834 T/Sgt. Cyster, A. H.

Appointed to rank of Sgt., eff. 1-8-42:

R56802 T/Cpl. Gugins, J. P.

R66590 T/Clp. Everett, J. W.

R52292 T/Cpl. Spry, W. J. E.

R63662 T/Cpl. Powell, I.

R52640 T/Cpl. Baker, R. A. M.

R71715 T/Cpl. Dick, J.

R66015 T/Cpl. Leadston, G. A.

Appointed to rank of Cpl., eff. 1-8-42:

R68441 LAC Peckham, D. W.

R73121 LAC Fanjoy, A. G.

R64656 LAC Hall, B. C.

R52064 LAC Earl, W. E.

R64280 LAC McHaffie, S. F.

R68008 LAC Stretton, J. H.

R59039 LAC Slute, W. H.

R63706 LAC Morris, J. M.

R63690 LAC Rowe, R. T.

R67692 LAC Vollans, B.

R116684 LAC Welburn, W. A.

R91389 LAC Birch, C. N.

R83823 LAC Lethangue, V. M.

R69444 LAC Everitt, E. J.

R89638 LAC Montgomery, J.

R99828 LAC Adams, W. H.

R117208 LAC Lacy, E. S.

W303602 AW1 Eamer, A. M.

R90609 LAC Dean, J. G.

R99745 LAC Lynch, T. E.

Appointed to rank of Cpl., eff. 7-8-42:

R157416 LAC Dickens, C. T.

Appointed to Acting Warrant Officer, eff. 19-8-42:

183 F. S. McCarthy, C. F.

Appointed to Sergeant, eff. 19-8-42:

R116840 Cpl. MacDonald, L. J.

Appointed to Temporary Corporal, eff. 1-5-42:

64671 A/Cpl. Chapman, C. E.

Appointed to Temporary Corporal, eff. 7-5-42:

R99558 A/Cpl. Church, J. G.

MARRIAGES:

R91445 AC1 Harris, R. H. — 27-7-42 — to Verda Ellnora Aldridge, at St. Marys, Ontario.

R145133 AC2 Eichenberg, J. C. — 4-7-42 — to Margaret Mary Toulouse, at Chatham, Ontario.

R124784 AC2 Richards, T. A. — 1-8-42 — to Margaret Elizabeth Gushue, at Hamilton, Ontario.

R152078 AC1 Stewart, D. R. — 12-8-42 — to Ruth Christine Smith, at Seaforth, Ontario.

18073A Cpl. Wilkins, J. R. — 22-8-42 — to Irene May Chilton, at St. Thomas, Ontario.

R82673 Cpl. Stuart, R. C. — 14-8-42 — to Mabel Margaret Stitt, at Rankin, Ont.

R52356 WO2 Desbiens, L. J. — 12-8-42 — to Marjorie Lillian Hansberger, at St. Catharines, Ontario.

R106271 AC1 Dixon, B. A. C. — 19-8-42 — to Joyce Mary Mathew, at Fingal, Ontario.

Births

R120723 LAC Olson, M. E. — Born, 15-5-42 — a daughter, at Bienfait, Sask.

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STORM CENTRE



By Cpl. Storm, M.L.

Believe it or not, we have bats in the belfry. Or, at least, our equivalent of a belfry. We have bats, anyway. They come in flights of ten to fifteen every dusk and lead the men on night maintenance a devil of a life. In fact, the men go to work with a broom in one hand and a wrench in the other. But all this was before F/S Reilly got the smart idea of shooting them out of existence. The pilots immediately took his cue and procured a few 22 shotguns. Did the bats ever get a surprise! But not as big a surprise as your columnist when he saw F/S Reilly mounted Buffalo Bill style on the back of WO2 Thornes, waving a six-shooter like Tom Mix shootin' up Injuns. That, we said, was the payoff, as, no doubt, the Reilly-Thornes setup will say when they see the cartoon. Personally,

we believe they just had a touch of Fingalitis.

* * *

But even the mighty sometimes suffer from that same disease, even though it may have another name, like the rose that smelled just as sweet. A friend was telling us only today that he used to live about a hundred yards from the great George Bernard Shaw, and was often alarmed, not to say surprised, to see that bewhiskered gentleman doing a sort of solo ballet on his lawn of an evening. Yea, whiskers an' all.

* * *

The Corporals we "Walt Winchelled" about in last month's moan are Corporals no more, but lordly Sergeants. And that calls for a throwing of (belated, sorry) bouquets in the general direction of Sergeants Baker, Powell and Spry. We had a hook-wetting do at the Hillcrest just to bless the event and smarten the boys up a bit. And the Armament gang turned out in full dress. But we think it would be nothing more than fair to snub the would-be humorist who was heard to remark that Mae Wests should have been handed to each man as he entered the hall of celebration. For, quite decidedly, it wasn't wet enough to float a battleship, even though it were an Armament event. No sir. That's a lot of tripe a la baloney, if we may be downright plebian about it. Besides, most Armormen can swim through any depth of wetness without an M. W. Of course, there were the customary (heart) renderings — in many sharp and minor keys. But that was long after — or was it long after? — respects had been paid and toasts drunk to the new Senior N.C.O.'s. On the side (strictly private, mind you), S/L Blagrave has not only a good voice, but he is a remarkable song-leader. Take a bow, sir. Particularly so when he is sandwiched between F/Lt. Wilkinson and F/O Moore. And that's a lot of brass, isn't it? We are sorely tempted to tell you how F/O Moore came by his nickname. You'll not tell a soul, of course. This is strictly on the hush-hush. For, heaven knows, promotion is hard enough to come by without putting a foot in it. And a fellow's got to keep his nose clean one way and another. It hap-

pened long ago while he was at school. Boys will be boys, and the boys were, apparently. Someone got poetic and discovered that manure rhymed with Moore. Odd, wasn't it? That brought the curtain down on schoolboy Moore for a while. But he squared his shoulders to the ordeal. He also used his head. The outcome was that it was agreed that "Min" was not only a fairly good abbreviation of the word — sh! sh! we'll not repeat it — but it was polite enough for parlor usage. So it stuck like a stamp to a letter. To this day, F/O Moore's close friends call him "Min". While we are at it, you may as well know how we got this story out of Mr. Moore. Sergeant Spry stood up (while he was able) and suggested a toast to Aletter's cat, Minnie, who had just blessed us with five kittens. "This one is to Min!" he cried. S/L Blagrave and F/Lt. Wilkinson threw "the-cat's-out-of-the-bag" glances in the direction of Mr. Moore, who in turn flushed crimson. Then the cat hopped out of the bag very prettily. Now, would YOU like to take a bow, Mr. Moore?

* * *

Speaking of names, we have a bone to pick with the editors of the Observer. We're not fussy, mind you. Not in the least. We might be dubbed worse and all that. But we'd like 'em to explain why they persist in adding an "s" to "Storm". Surely one storm is enough around here! Gentlemen, in the singular, if you please.

(Ed. Note— Necessary action taken. For your information, Mr. Storm, would you like to take a bow?)

* * *

Some fellows are always having tough breaks, believe it or not. It was only a little while ago that we were telling how Powell put on a great shine for a free dance that was being held at the Recreation Hall. Remember how we told you that it finally cost him two rounds of six elbow exercisers? Two times six times fifteen cents, etc.? Well, he's done it

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again. Only, this time it was nowhere near as expensive. The other Saturday afternoon, being in the vicinity of the Recreation Hall, he dropped in to get a "coke" from the machine just inside the door. The place was in darkness to keep it cool for the evening show. Tall, Dark and Sun-tanned fumbled with his nickel and "one cent tax," put the nickel in the tax-box and tried to put the cent in the machine. What, no coke? Yep! that was it. No coke, but a nickel for the tax collector.

Aw! well, someone's got to pay for these stripes they're handing out, Sarg!

While spending a "forty-eight" in London a little while ago we had the good fortune to run into Sam Screaton, who was a corporal in the Armament Section way back last summer. Old-timers will remember him well. He left us to become a pilot and had the misfortune to get tangled up with a car—of all things!—just two weeks before graduation. That's set him back a little. However, he was able to show us a cigarette-case nicely engraved, "For Highest Proficiency in Flying," which was presented to him at graduation. Good luck and best wishes from Fingal, Sam. And may no car block your pathway to wings in the future.

And, for old-timers' sake, we received a letter from Tom Urlin, formerly of Fingal, now overseas. He likes it over there, and he tells us that he has met quite a few Fingalites. Got his hooks, by the way, back-dated to November, '41, too. Nice going, Tom, old man. Keep those bombers banging Badman Nazi.

We often kid each other about having to make a jump. You know, out of an aircraft. And all of us swear that we'd just love to HAVE to do it. On condi-

tion that the aircraft was a blazing inferno and the seat got too hot to sit on, of course. Well, anyway, we think "the-neatest-trick-of-the-month-laurel" belongs to a certain pilot who participated in that thousand-plane R.A.F.-R.C.A.F. raid on Cologne during the merry month of May.

"We were set alight by Nazi fighters," he calmly put it. At that, he gave the word to jump, and the Second Pilot handed him his 'chute. Just then, the Nazis attacked again. The bomber immediately stood on its head and went into a spin. The next thing the Pilot knew, there was a great explosion and he was flung into space, his 'chute in his hand, like a traveller carrying a brief-case. "I clipped it on in mid-air," he explained, adding apologetically that it was "a difficult and alarming experience."

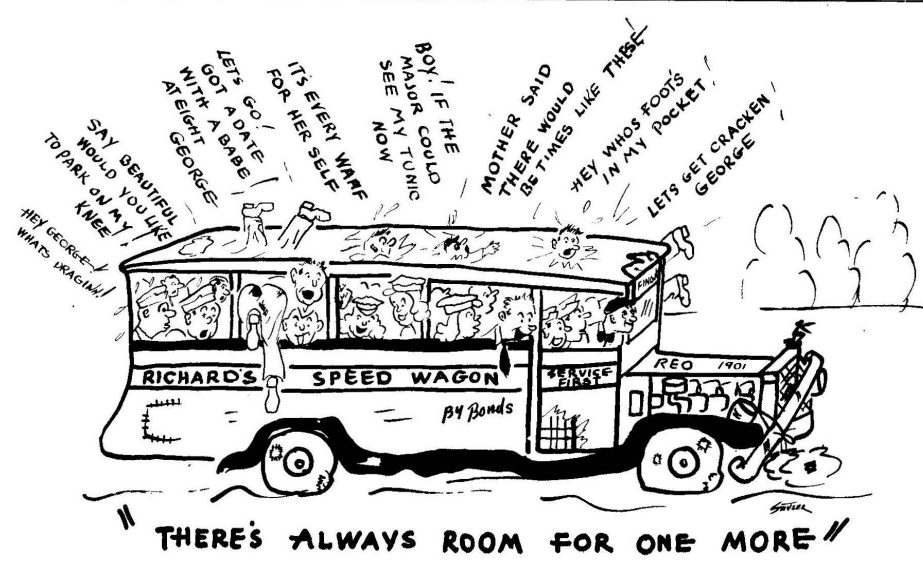
Difficult and alarming? Brother, that was a nightmare.

The Armourers must be a mushy-wushy, tender-hearted bunch of bums. Why else should Nelly pick on them? Nelly! That's right, NELLY M. L. S. You've never heard of her? Just another cat. Taking a tip from Minnie, she parked at the opposit end of the barracks and delivered four kittens to be fed and reared and petted and pampered. It's all right with us that a cat should have nine lives. Quite. They're welcome to 'em. But, what the devil are we going to do with NINE kittens? As the sailor said, who stepped on the gang-plank that wasn't there, that's another story. Or, perhaps we can palm them off on the Range Crew who have lately come to share quarters with us. How about it, Nelly? Rub yourself against their legs for a while.

While we are mentioning sailors — honestly, that wasn't intentional—we'd like to report that a forty-second cousin

of ours is an officer in the Submarine Service. He writes to tell us that they are certainly keeping the Axis on the hop. And he also says that if people think the undersea boys don't have fun, they are quite and properly all wet. Nor do they live in mortal fear of being depth-charged into the hereafter. Our Submarine Service has more tricks to fool Hitler than you can shake a stick at.

Forgive us, but every time we are banging out this column, we just can't resist the temptation to call Hitler names his mother would be ashamed to hear. So here goes. German papers please copy. Hitler's the biggest liar, the biggest traitor, the biggest bamboozler and phoniest phony this side of heaven—or hell. Nor do we mean to malign murderers, thugs or baby-killers thereby. Someone pass him the prussic acid.



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SPORTS PAGE

ANNUAL SPORTS DAY

Well, sir, Fingal came through with what could be called an A1 Field Day. This is the second one held here at No. 4 B. & G. The enthusiasm and sporting spirit surpassed even our bang-up affair of last year. May be because the Women's Division being stationed here

the public address system. He was Don Wilson, Graham MacNamee and all the rest combined. He certainly put on an entertainment while announcing events.

F/Lt. Graham, president of the Sports Committee, was Field Day referee. Pilot Officer Burns (P.T. and Drill Instructor) and Squadron Leader Blagrove, of-

the Bombers, 3 to 1.

Rod Smith's Station Band furnished the music for quite a song fest, after and during a swell corn roast (I've still got butter in my ears). Prizes were awarded the valiant winners to bring to a close a grand Fingal Field Day.

Other winners of the day's sport events were:

Men's 440 yard relay race—1st, Noseworthy, Bourne, Tees and Davidson; 2nd, Harvey, Banks, Weaver and Moran; 3rd, Barry, Newall, Hill and Woolcox.

Three-legged race for men—1st, Whitworth and Baker; 2nd, Miller and Wallace; 3rd, Sallows and Lodge.

Women's three-legged race—1st, Smithers and Schick; 2nd, Brazeau and Pawloski; 3rd, Bennett and Sickles.

Running broad jump for men—Davidson, of G. I. S., 18½' jump.

Half-mile race—Five starters, but only a couple of finishers, Whyman and Whitworth. These chaps represent G. I. S. also.

Hundred yard scamper for the W. D. Section was taken by AW's Kennedy, Smith, and S/O Satterly.

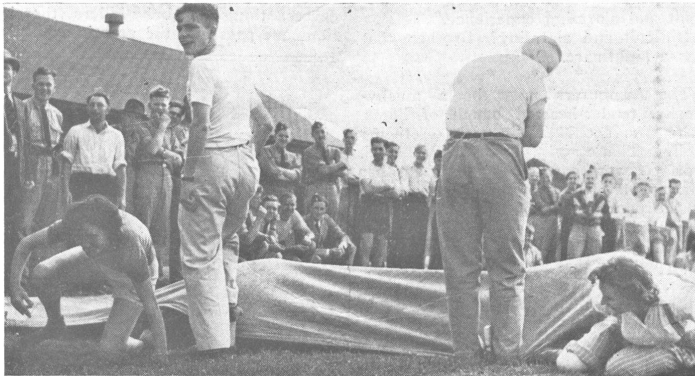
Fifty yard dash for the fairer sex was taken in tow by AW Kennedy, S/O Satterly and AW Millen.

Men's high jump—Burwell, leaping to victory at 5' 1". Next came Harvey at 5'. Tied for third place were Wicketts, Bremner and Stanton.

Slinging horseshoes over the old peg, as follows: Graham, Hunter, Draper, White, and Sgt. Cork and Sgt. Cody.

Those throwing the discs were as follows: P/O Thurlow, P/O Hammond, and "Lefty" Noseworthy.

Wing Commander D. Findlay, Commanding Officer of this here No. 4 B. & G. School, was very much in evidence throughout the whole affair, and was act-



Maybe it looks like a giant grab bag, but it actually is the tarpaulin under which the girls had to scramble as part of the obstacle race.

gave the boys the old showoff stuff or the "will to win" spirit. At any rate, all the Allied Countries had Airmen represented. Canada, U. S. A., New Zealand, Australia, South America and the British Isles vied for the prizes, and a finer bunch of lads would be impossible to find.

The members of the Women's Division in competitive action held the spot of some of the day's feature attractions.

The day was ideal—perfect weather, and grounds in excellent shape. Inter-Squadron honors went to G. I. S. The Wireless and Electric Section provided one surprise of the day by winning the tug-of-war. The winners met a team from Course 58, G. I. S., in the finals. Mixed relay and obstacle races for the Airwomen and Airmen were quite an event, and the winning team of the relay was Airmen Noseworthy and Davidson, and Airwomen Howden and Kennedy. Running second were AW Miller and Kouzyer, and AC Burns and Tees; third, AW MacAloney and Shaunessey, and AC King and Zinn.

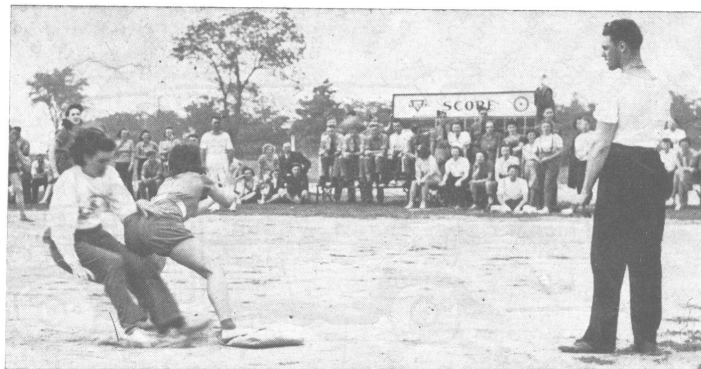
Winners of the obstacle race were Mitchel, Bourne and Olson. Winners in the women's race were Cpls. Bain and Leitch, AW Sickles and Brazeau.

In the volley ball tournament the G. I. S. Juniors took the honors.

F/O Savage did a remarkable job on

official starters, had a hefty job for the afternoon. F/O Murray and P/O Washer were official scorers.

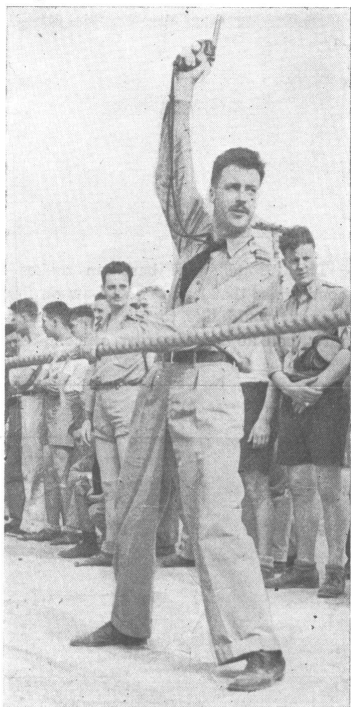
Supper was a real event, and after everyone had a tummyful, a couple of games of softball were enjoyed. The Women's Division played Weatherheads of St. Thomas. The Canadian Army team from Chatham played the Fingal Bombers. The Chatham team, undefeated until then, lost a close, hard game to



Nice slidin', Vicki—Safe on third.

ing as honorary referee.

Judges of track events were S/L Massey and S/L Courier, F/Lt. Lamb, F/Lt. Wilkinson and F/Lt. Westman, while F/O Elliott and F/O McMahon judged



This isn't Shootin' Bill from Bunker Hill. S/L Blagrove shows rare form getting them off to a good start. He starts 'em, but who knows where they'll stop?

field events. Clerk of the Course was P/O Bullied. F/Lt. Foster and F/Lt. Poupure were the official timers. Assistants in managing and supervising all and sundry affairs were Lieut. Benson, F/L Webster, Padre O'Reilly, Padre Witzel, Capt. Porter, P/O's Harvey, Menzies and Thurlow, F/Lt. Whalen and F/O Morris were track inspectors.

Jay Shaver, our own Y.M.C.A. director, as is always, where there's fun and sport, was a busy guy, I'd say, even doling out the refreshments.

Well, 'twas a great day. Fingal can really do things, and we don't mean perhaps.

Inter-Station Softball

Last Wednesday afternoon the Fingal Bombers journeyed on down to the Chatham Army School just on the outskirts of that snappy little town of Chatham. We were all very much impressed with the exceptionally fine appearance of their entire grounds, well kept lawns studded with attractive flower beds. We might also mention that each man on the camp,

of all ranks, was obviously proud of his surroundings.

The game got under way on schedule, with the Bombers going to bat first. Our fellows knew they were playing a right good ball club and were out to make it two straight, but before the game had hardly opened up, the Army team just seemed to hit the old apple right where our men just couldn't make a play. The acknowledged ability of our opposition to show real hitting strength doesn't alter the fact that they were also enjoying a great run of luck in the way their hits always were potentially in pay dirt territory. But don't get us wrong, we know we met defeat at the hands of a smooth team, playing airtight ball and giving their ace pitcher the best of support.

But right here we want to say that the Bombers sure turned in a good report, for both infields and outfields really showed fine form. Speaking of fine form, we want to mention the fine fielding of our new member, Russ Hunter, who really was sensational in right field, after having pitched the first two innings. Barney Zinn then took over and sure kept the opposition plenty worried. Every man without exception was right in there working and slugged out eight good hits for three runs against the Army's 11. This score would indicate the game was far from a good one, but the general opinion was firmly held that the score really should have been more like 5 to 3 had it not been for two very costly decisions coming at most critical times. However, this corner would like to state that these Bombers still can beat the Chatham Army team again just as they did here on their home ground.

Let's just run over the Bomber lineup. Russ Hunter started out on the mound for the first two innings, then going out to right field, replacing Barney Zinn, who took over the pitching duties very capably for the rest of the game, and incidentally banging out a smart

double to score Sgt. Miller. Yes, Good Old 1876, the real pepper in any ball team and a right dangerous player in any position, Jack did a great job behind the plate. Then we go around the bases—first to Dave (Chappie) Chapman, another man with lots of pepper, then over to second with Ben Berry, King on third, and "Spinny" Spendlove at short, making a right smart infield. Comes next "Smiles" Noseworthy out in centre field, and "Muscles" Taylor in left field to round out a well selected team, and a team we'd sure like to see a lot more in action. Good work, fellows, and good luck.

KIWANIS CARNIVAL—PINAFORE PARK

The afternoon features of the Kiwanis Carnival, held on Labor Day, was an extensive sports program. Fingal's representatives acquitted themselves very creditably in several of the events. LAC Harvey gaining second in the 100 yards open and third in the broad jump. LAC Whitworth finished third in the hotly contested 440 yard race. The tug-o-war team, from the Electrical Section chiefly, but including other Airmen from various other Station sections, and the relay team composed of Harvey, Whitworth, Banks and Moran, had to be satisfied with third place. We are glad to add, however, that the Aylmer team gave Fingal the credit of having given them a better tug than did T. T. S., which is saying a lot. Congratulations are in order for our small but determined track team, and all Station personnel who took part in the various events.

Remember the track meet at Toronto on September 19th. A complete track and field program is scheduled to be held at Varsity Stadium. Entrants from this Station will be made in every event. All candidates should contact P/O Burns or Jay Shaver at the "Y" Office, in order



OUR VICTORIOUS FINGAL BOMBERS

First row—LAC Berry, LAC Spendlove, LAC King, LAC Mazepa, LAC Zinn, WO2 McAdam and WO2 Ordidge.
Second row—Cpl. Taylor, Cpl. Baker, Sgt. Miller, LAC Thompson, LAC Titz, WO2 Noseworthy and Sgt. Cocks.



AW1 Leach getting ready to "bring in that run."

that eliminations can be arranged. Entries due September 15th.

Tickets were sold to the personnel of this Station for the Kiwanis Carnival in the amount of \$133.00 (one hundred and thirty-three dollars).

THE KIWANIS CARNIVAL

Probably the greatest effort that the St. Thomas Kiwanis Club have made, was the Carnival that they sponsored on Labor Day, September 7th, in order to raise funds for the purchase of a Blood Donors Coach. The weather man co-operated beautifully, and the successful affair was held in the delightful surroundings of Pinafore Park.

It might be well for our readers to know that the personnel of Fingal Station contributed in no small way to the financial success of this event. In all, some \$233.00 worth of tickets were sold on our Station. In response to the request of the St. Thomas Y. M. C. A. Secretary, Mr. Herb. Hembruff, in charge of the sports program of the Carnival, the Y. M. C. A. War Services Supervisors were ready and willing to assist in the handling of the various sports events. As a result the "Y" Supervisors of No. 14, S. F. T. S., Aylmer, the Technical Training School, St. Thomas, and our own Fingal Station were "Johnny-on-the-spot" for this festive occasion.

The sports program was materially assisted through the facilities of the Fingal Public Address System, which was taken over and operated under the direction of Cpl. Eaton, while the announcing duties were capably handled by our one and only Jay Shaver. Our newest addition to the Fingal Y. M. C. A. staff, in the person of Gordon Webb, took up his duties as one of the judges checking close decisions at the finishing line.

To our many readers who will be interested to learn if they were "in the money," we are very glad to announce that the second grand prize was won by our own Pilot Officer Washer, one of

our good friends from "Down Under," holding the prize-winning ticket number 1825. Congratulations, Charlie, we'll sure be around. Other lucky ticket holders from our Station were: LAC Crossdell, whose winning horse was number 1794, LAC Bell with number 1237, and LAC Seneca with number 1796. No doubt there are others who have yet to be identified, and we trust they will attend to this matter in the very near future.

Finally, we would like to extend our heartiest congratulations to the St. Thomas Kiwanians on the outstanding success of their Carnival, and are happy indeed for the privilege in sharing in such a commendable undertaking.

"Spring are here,
Da Boid is on da wing,
Ain't dat absoid,
I always t'ought
Da wing was on da boid."

— Seen in another
Air Force Magazine.



The "Bond" first baseman makes a costly miss that lands AW1 Law on first. If you would like to see a good show, girls, call at the Observer office.



QUEEN'S HOTEL

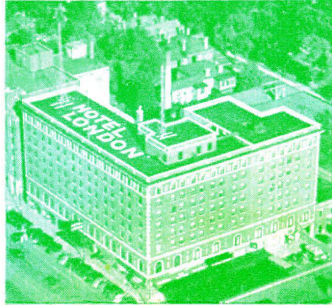
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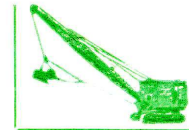
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