

# THE FINGAL OBSERVER

Vol. 1 - No. 2

No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, R.C.A.F., Fingal, Ontario, Canada

March 15, 1941

## AN IMMEDIATE DUTY!

By Saving You Serve Both Your Country and Yourself  
Buy War Savings Certificates

### HOW

Officers and Airmen wishing to assign pay for the purchase of War Savings Certificates should obtain and complete an application form. These application forms may be obtained from the flight or section commanders, or from F/O Gilmore, at the Supply Depot. It should be remembered when completing these forms that monthly assignments should be for one, two, four, or multiples of four dollars. The War Savings Certificates thus purchased will be sent to the purchaser, or to anyone he may designate, monthly, or as soon as sufficient money has been received from the purchaser to complete the purchase of one Certificate. For those on Active Service, Overseas, these Certificates may be retained in safekeeping at the Bank of Canada without charge, and may be withdrawn at any time by the Registered Holder. The Certificates are issued in the denominations of \$5.00, \$10.00, \$25.00, \$50.00 and \$100.00, the purchase price of which is \$4.00, \$8.00, \$20.00, \$40.00 and \$80.00, respectively. The purchaser may register the certificates in the name of anyone whom he may wish. Care should be taken to give the most permanent address possible.

They may be redeemed for cash at statute values at any time, six months after the date of issue upon application, by the registered holder to the War Savings Committee, Ottawa. The Redemption Schedule values for a \$5.00 Certificate are as follows:

After 6 Months		\$4.00
1-1½ Years	\$4.04	4½-5 " \$4.38
1½-2 "	\$4.07	5-5½ " \$4.45
2-2½ "	\$4.11	5½-6 " \$4.53
2½-3 "	\$4.15	6-6½ " \$4.61
3-3½ "	\$4.20	6½-7 " \$4.70
3½-4 "	\$4.25	7-7½ " \$4.84
4-4½ "	\$4.31	

Maturity Value at 7½ Years 5.00  
Certificates of larger denominations are also redeemable in proportionate amounts.

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### WHY

By saving you serve both your country and yourself.

Interest rates are excellent — ask any business man if he wouldn't like to get these returns on his capital outlay.

After demobilization there will be an inevitable lull before a job is taken in civilian life. This saving will tide over. The ambitious may want further education. Here is your stand-by.

The single man should start right now to assure a happy beginning in married life — avoid that skimping in the first few months which often overstrain even true love.

Those who have dependents will provide a sum of ready cash for emergencies consequent upon disability or death.

By saving NOW you give vital credit to your Government for the tools YOU need so badly and when the war is over there will be a vast credit reserve to keep the factories, etc., moving while our economy readjusts itself to peacetime activity.

THE OBSERVER is happy on this occasion to give its front page as part of the effort to make our War Savings Certificate appeal successful. It will be noted that the committee has been chosen so as to include a representative for each Flight and the senior Airman for each Barracks. While it might be more convenient to place all questions with your immediate representative, the Commanding Officer is anxious that each Airman feel free to approach any member of the committee from the Chairman down.

### SAVE and SERVE

You will observe that the caption is not in the form of an alternative, "Save or Serve." We may do both. The enlisted Airman might be inclined to excuse himself from the necessity of

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*You too can SERVE—  
by SAVING!*



BUY

WAR SAVINGS  
CERTIFICATES

# THE FINGAL OBSERVER

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WING COMMANDER W. D. VAN VLIET

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A FRENCH VISITOR	

## WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Our name is still THE OBSERVER. We have no suggestion for a better one has been submitted.

One outside critic did say: "But you don't have 'observers out there'." Our reply was twofold: "Yes we have, and in any case a name does not necessarily have to relate to the nature of the work done."

"Observer" is a classic name in the journalistic world. If we were to call it the "Gunner's Gas Bag" or "The Bomber's Bugle" or "The M. T. Rag" or "The Headquarter's Hurrah" the only foreseeable result would be internecine strife and its early demise.

THE FINGAL OBSERVER as a name seems to have come to stay. Already we have the proud honor of being quoted by other papers and we hope to remain worthy of this notice. Our first issue did not proclaim any purpose. It still has no other purpose than that anticipated by Wing Commander Van Vliet, when he said that it could play a definite part in building up School esprit de corps.

We dare to hope that in twenty years' time when some serious student is browsing over old copies of THE OBSERVER he may find in its pages a fair representation of the life and thought of No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School.

## Let Us All Pull Together

With these words your contributor rang off in the last edition. Since then he believes it is the starting point for a new editorial. He has seen more, heard more and thought more in the interval and it all leads to the one conviction, that what we need more than ever is to learn how to pull together. Necessary as it is, yet it cannot be included in the native equipment of our human set-up. It is among the things that must be cultivated.

It is humanly easy to be doing one's own little piece of work and forget that in it all we are out to win a war. And in a Station such

as ours there must of necessity be many pieces of various kinds of work, some of which may be very remote from the other in meaning and execution.

The reason for the existence of some tasks may be very obvious as far as the part they play in moving the wheels of the war effort is concerned. The importance of training a man to use a gun, or aim on a bomber is easily granted, for those who train the observer and the gunner are on "Production," so to speak, if one may use a term commonly employed in modern industry.

But the importance of others is not so easily seen. One could name a score of jobs on the Station which give no immediate suggestion of war, or any preparation for it. Their operation from day to day and month to month calls for not even the mention of a weapon, or the use of language common to air activity. Their only tools are the pen, the shovel, the broom, pots and paint brush and a thousand other devices well known in domestic and unspectacular modes of employment. Yet who is going to relegate these tasks to the classification of "non-producers" in the war effort?

There is an interesting figure very much to the point in an ancient writing known as the "Letter of Paul to the Corinthians." He refers to his collective readers as a "Body," but in order to show the importance of each individual within the body, he calls attention to the significance of the lesser parts of the human frame. "The head cannot say to the lowly foot, 'I have no need of thee.'" So runs the ancient writing, but it was written for this hour as much as for that of the first century, A. D.

The so-called production man cannot say to the so-called non-production man, "I have no need of thee," no matter how trivial or lowly his job seems to be. Even pilots, gunners and observers have to come to earth to be fed and sheltered. The mind which plans

and provides bodily comfort may be no less important than the mind which plans the discipline of an aircrew; and the skill which keeps a plane in serviceable condition is comparable to the skill that operates it.

It is the same argument that is being used as the basis of appeal in promoting the sale of War Savings Certificates. In simple wisdom it means that money is behind guns, ships and planes; that the hand which opens and empties the purse is the hand that moves the "stick" or pulls the trigger.

"Doing your bit" is a phrase carried over from the last war, but we know of none to take its place. It says all that we are trying to do. You cannot do all the tasks and nobody expects it, but you may do your bit.

Bits make up the whole. This is a providential economy, for it safeguards in two directions. It checks the one against the sense of over-importance, and the other against the sense of futility.

In a word, it may be said that the only thing absolutely indispensable in this war is not what you and I are doing; it is, rather that we pull together.

## The New World

We were being urged, upon a number of grounds, to support the War Savings Bond drive. One of these was that after this conflict we were going to have depression, a number of people now holding good jobs were going to be upon the street. What most depressed the writer was that this condition was being advanced as inevitable. It wasn't even given with a rider that it was regrettable that we should be able to do better than that. No, here we were right in 1941, with a world changing beyond all previous thought and we were being told to anticipate a depression as if it were in the just order of things.

General Wavell has the modern idea surely when he says, "We should put as much energy into our peace efforts as we do into our war efforts." An order which can anticipate a depression *must* be wrong. When we have material and men there is no excuse for a depression. We are witnessing an encouraging trend in England today with the pooling of our resources under a central committee to make the maximum out of our effort. That we need to do this to obtain the maximum power is universally recognized, and that being so, why shouldn't it be true of peace-time?

Hitler perhaps has shown us what centralization will do but

where we violently disagree with him is in his methods.

What pooling of resources we undertake must be done under the control of a free government democratically elected. For this right we are fighting Hitler and all he represents, but while we may hate most of his ideas, we should remain objective enough in our thought to see the value of the nationalization of those things now too ponderous for effective individual control.

## Save and Serve

It takes all sorts of people to make a world! There are those who think we are in imminent danger of being corrupted by drink and inundate all and sundry with a series of publications warning of the evils of alcohol.

That dignified journal, "The Christian Science Monitor," is quoted by them without distinction between "alcohol" and "drink." "Every person who buys a bottle of alcohol should have the fact brought to his attention that he is about to drink a potential poison."

They proclaim proudly that, while Australian army camps have had to submit to public pressure and stock the dreadful stuff, Air Force camps remain dry. We pointed these facts out to one of our more red-nosed pals but all he could babble was, "Beer, wonderful beer." And the modulation of that "wonderful" was truly lyrical. He followed this up with something about, "The beaded bubble burbling at the brink," and shouting he had Shelley's authority for it. On our part, we couldn't help but think of Byron: "Come, let us have wine and women, mirth and laughter; sermon and soda water the day after." We also have a huge poster, painful to the eye (artistically, we mean), proclaiming: "VICTORY OR DRINK." Our red-nosed companion snorted and wanted to know why they couldn't say "VICTORY AND DRINK."

Be all this as it may and trying a serious word. Is not the secret to be found in a remark once made by Sir Arbuthnot Lane, physician to the King, when he said: "A mild binge provides a beneficial shock to the system." We feel sure, too, that Sir Arbuthnot would further modify his term "binge" by saying that there is a time and place for every drink and there are as many intemperate eaters as there are drinkers.

Free love is like a recurring decimal—similar in form but ever dwindling in value.

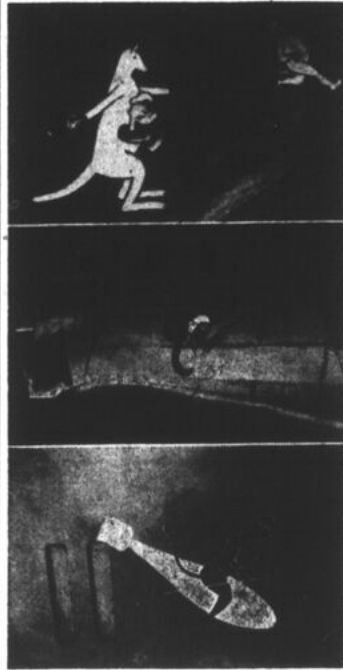
The fact that the Greeks are of Germanic origin must give our friend Adolf a kind of negative satisfaction.

# Fingal Fetishes

There is a rivalry among the hangar crews, good-natured, constructive, friendly rivalry to be sure, a kind of rivalry that cannot be seen by the casual observer but when one overhears the workmen in the different hangars at their work and during smoke periods and even after hours, one cannot but sense the spirit of it in the air and one who is among them, yet not of them, cannot help but feel this spirit of emulation; from the C.O. of each hangar down to the latest arrival of AC/2's.

For example, the matter of the ensigns on the planes. Drogue cudgled their brains for quite some time before they decided on the impudent goggled worm wrapped on the hook as their sign. Naturally they felt mighty proud to see their brain child emblazoned on the signs of their planes, so much so that the C.O. of the Flight has had all his planes newly painted so that the red ensign stands out very, very prominently.

Then No. 1 Gunnery Flight decided that they weren't going to be outdone, so they went into a huddle, and when they emerged the insignia depicted Pop-Eye riding in Mama Kangaroo's offspring receptacle, with a machine gun, chasing a little moustached red devil—HITLER, to wit. They, in turn, then went around with a hump on their backs, put there by patting themselves on that same ing mighty proud of themselves



portion of their anatomy and feel-when they also saw their brain child adorning the fusilage of the No. 1 Gunnery planes, and you don't need to guess or gaze into a crystal ball to find out what happened. They started to re-paint their ships so that the insignia stands out, as with the Drogues, prominently.

Then Bombing Flight decided that they should have an insignia of their very own, but they didn't need to wrack their brains and have lengthy debates. They just took and made the exact shape of a falling bomb and painted it on the sides of their ships. A more suitable design could not be found as a falling bomb to denote a bomber. For verification, ask any farmer within a few miles radius of the new land targets. Of course, if the farmers had their way they would design something else for them—I doubt very much if it would be a bomb. Most likely it

would be the figure of a man with black glasses and an accordion. But aside from this slight wandering from the insignias I won't deviate again.

At the time of writing this I don't know whether No. 2 Gunnery has decided on any fetish, but you can rest assured that if they haven't it won't be very long before their planes are sporting something just as vivid as the rest, so keep your eyes peeled; it should be a dandy.

Now if you ask any of the personnel in the hangars why they painted their insignias on their ships they will probably say, "Oh, just so that we will know them," but then as all planes are numbered that would make it unnecessary. It's just that every man in each hangar takes great pride in his own handiwork and refuses to be outdone by anyone in another hangar. The insignia is just an outward sign of their abilities. The others are the way they keep the planes serviceable and continually in the air.

So long may this rivalry live and reign, for as long as it does accidents will be minimized to a fraction and we shall continue to turn out Observers and Gunners as rapidly as in the past.

## "The Ten Little Air Gunners"

Here is just what happened from first to the last man, Of ten little air gunners in the air-training plan:

- Ten little air gunners asked out to dine,
- One took a seventh helping, then there were nine.
- Nine little air gunners filled with German hate,
- One became consumed with rage, then there were eight.
- Eight little air gunners flying up near Heaven,
- St. Peter thought he'd have one, then there were seven.
- Seven little air gunners handling cordite sticks,
- One thought he'd ignite his, then there were six.
- Six little air gunners in a power dive,
- One left off his G String, then there were five.
- Five little air gunners drafted off to war,
- One got married on the way, then there were four.
- Four little air gunners on an English spree,
- Hospitality swamped one, then there were three.
- Three little air gunners together in a crew,
- One was made Air Commodore, then there were two.
- Two little air gunners, each with his Browning Gun,
- A cartridge jammed a breech block, then there was one.
- Now one little air gunner—what was his fate to be?
- Enough to say he wrote this, which proved the end of me.

## Do You Know?

that if you want a Sunday dinner in a friendly home the Y. M. C. A. representative on the Station will be glad to arrange it for you.

that the Active Service Club in London stands ready at all times to proffer hospitality to service men. Just look it over, boys, when you are next in London and you won't regret the time spent.

that if you have any friends sick in hospital the Padre or the Y. M. C. A. representative will be glad to convey messages or render small services on their behalf.

that our next concert is being held the 18th of March.

that our next dance is being held the 28th of March. Tickets will be on sale from the 17th of March.

that the Correspondence Courses sponsored by the Canadian Legion through the universities offer excellent opportunities to you. See the Y.M.C.A. representative for further particulars.

that a room for quiet reading or writing, and personal interviews with your Y.M.C.A. Director and Station Padre has been set aside in the Air-men's Canteen. Watch the notice board for hours of interviews.

that Maintenance and Security Guard basketball teams feel able to take on all comers.

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## "We Patrol Dunkirk"

(Ed.—It is with no little pride that "The Fingal Observer" publishes the following story. It took some weeks of constant badgering to persuade the modest officer, whose picture appears below, that he would not in so doing, as a returned man, be exceeding the bounds of good taste. We submit the article with pleasure not only for its absorbing story interest, but also for its morale and literary value.)

The time is approximately 11.30 on a night in May. Around a large, cheery fireplace in the Officers' Mess of a fighter station are gathered a number of pilots laughing and chatting together. The talk is all service "shop"—the past day's offensive patrols, enemy air tactics, aircraft performances and such.

Suddenly the "blower" or public address system of the Station clicks on. Everyone quickly quiets down as the voice of the Controller from the Ops. room comes through loudly in the sudden silence. "Attention, please. Details for tomorrow."

The Controller gives out the Station tasks which have been passed down from Fighter Command. Squadrons from the Station will be in the air over Dunkirk beach for about 16 hours tomorrow. Again we will do our best to protect our troops from enemy air attacks while being evacuated from the Battle of France. We all look at one another and grin silently—16 hours should give us all a good go at the enemy, with lots of chances for anything to develop. Never a dull moment.

We listen in a rather desultory fashion as the Controller gives the other squadrons their patrol details—patrol line, strength, time off and so on. It all seems quite impersonal. Then our own squadron number comes through. Suddenly we are all attention. This is real to us. We are to get off in squadron strength, 12 aircraft, at 3.40 a.m. in company with another squadron to form a fighter wing. Our patrol line is Dunkirk-Furnes, sweep inland 20 miles, for an hour and a half on the low patrol, 5,000 to ground level. We are to find and destroy all enemy bombers, particularly the Stuka dive bombers. That pleases us. We have met them before and they are comparatively easy, provided a little intelligence is used. The Controller's "That is all" and the click off of the blower ends the silence. We talk for a few moments and by common consent drift off to bed. A 2.30 a.m. call comes mighty soon.

Sharp at 2.30 the batmen call us. As we grope our way rather blindly into our clothes, we mutter imprecations about the war in general and early rising in particular. Some satisfaction is derived from the thought that the enemy have to get up just as early, but this is rather a cold comfort.

We gather at breakfast for our first meeting of the day. Through the blackout covers over the open windows comes the muffled beat of

motors being run up on the aerodrome. We sense it is still black outside. We turn our attention to the business of breakfast.

Normally at this time in the morning we would all eat a huge meal, but very few of us can eat any solid food. The majority of us only manage to force down a little milk or tea. This inflexible purpose



Squadron Leader Gobcill

of the glottis to not function in the morning is invariably a phenomenon of absorbing interest to us and a source of much speculation. The M.O. calls it "nervous stomach" and says we'll get over it in three or four days. After three weeks of our stomachs feeling each morning as though we'd swallowed a bag of Portland cement in the stew the night before we are a trifle sceptical. As for the M.O.'s further offering that in any case it is better for us not to fly patrols on a full stomach, we content ourselves by hoping some day to achieve that Elysian condition, however dire the M.O.'s predictions!

Breakfast over we buckle on revolvers, collect a miscellany of hats, steel helmets, gas masks and scarves and board the bus for the squadron dispersal point at the aerodrome. The weather is chill and misty in the first light and conversation is not rife.

On arriving at the dispersal hut, we pile out of the bus with a word of thanks to the volunteer woman driver. She has a husband in one of our army units out on the beach at Dunkirk. We pass our aircraft lined up ready to go, thoroughly inspected by our faithful mechanics, many of whom have been up most of the night working on them. It is most comforting to think that nothing, however small, is ever passed over by those lads.

In the hut we crowd around the squadron leader as he pins a list on the notice board of personnel for the patrol, aircraft allotted and the composition of the four squadron sections, Red, Yellow, Blue and Green. Then we dress in helmets, leather jackets, scarves, yellow

"Mac West" life preservers, gloves and parachutes. We listen to a few well-chosen words of advice from the squadron leader and then sigh up last-minute smokes.

The telephone from Operation rings and the squadron Ops. office answers. We are to lead the wing and be off the ground in 15 minutes. The squadron leader looks a nice watch and calls to the flight sergeant. Once again we hear in now familiar shout of "Start up!" to the mechanics. In a moment the drum of 12 motors in perfect tune breaks out.

With a nodded "Good morning" to the mechanic, we climb into our machine. A quick check of the cockpit shows all in order. Motors are run up. Twin bars of bluish-white colored flame from the exhaust ports on either side of the nose show each of us a perfectly functioning motor. Through our ear phones we hear the squadron leader start his routine radio check, only to have it thoroughly jammed by enemy interference. Lost at once. For days now we have been unable to use our radio, but our visual signals do just a-vevell.

The squadron leader taxis out and we follow. For a few moments the aerodrome is covered with aircraft manoeuvring for position in apparently aimless confusion. Suddenly this confusion becomes a symmetrical pattern with each aircraft in its allotted place. We get off behind the squadron leader in good order and feel a touch of pride in our teamwork. The second squadron follows closely behind. Two circuits of the aerodrome and we are in wing formation at 2000. We then head straight for what has since become the famous "Hell's Corner."

Below us, clear to the coast stretches the early morning blanket of white mist hiding the ground from view. Here and there the tops of hills protrude, dark oases in a desert of white. Through a break in the mist we catch a glimpse of Canterbury and its famous cathedral. A surge of protective spirit courses through us. Come what may, nothing must be allowed to desecrate this land.

We cross the coast over Ramsgate at 6000. The mist has thinned out and the surface of the sea is visible. The sea is glassy calm. For hundreds of feet above the surface of the sea a thick pall of black smoke miles wide hangs, reaching completely across the Channel from the coast of France, coming from the great fires which have been raging for days at the ports of Boulogne, Calais and Dunkirk.

Under this heavy pall of smoke can just be seen one of the most magnificent sights to ever appear in these narrow waters. From Folkestone harbor clear across the Channel to Dunkirk beach stretches an unbroken line of all types of vessels, from small power boats to steamships, practically bow to stern and all crowded to the gunwales with troops. Along either side of this line race destroyers with long white wakes, intent upon their protective duties. The weather has indeed been kind, perhaps the chief factor in the success of the evacuation to date. For three days

and nights the sea in these normally turbulent waters has been glassy calm, one of the longest-known periods.

After crossing the coast, we fan out by squadrons into squadron search formation. The wing men in each section cross and recross behind their leaders, looking outwards and backwards to guard against surprise attacks. The weather is now ideal for such an attack. A hard, scintillating icy-blue sky without a cloud and an intensely bright sun driving directly into our eyes.

A few minutes after leaving the coast, the squadron leader turns left in a slow circle and we head up north in mid-Channel. Somewhere above us at about 30,000 on a day like today there is always an enemy reconnaissance machine watching to wireless advance news of our fighter patrol movements towards the coast of France. We never see this machine, but its presence is reported by our sound locator crews. The squadron leader takes us past the north end of our patrol line in an attempt to disguise our intentions from this aircraft. Also, this will bring us on to our line on a long slant diagonally to the sun. This materially reduces the chance of the enemy delivering a surprise attack.

As we approach our patrol line, about a mile off shore and parallel to the beach at Dunkirk we can see about six or seven large naval vessels. These vessels are completely engrossed in the task of pouring savage broadsides over the town of Dunkirk at the advancing enemy panzer columns on the roads. The smoke from the burning town makes the ships appear like a thin pencil line on dark paper. At regular intervals the entire line of ships glows briefly a violent red from end to end and then winks out. Another great salvo is on its way to smash at the enemy columns.

The enemy are determined that the evacuation shall not succeed, but we are more determined that it will. The thought passes through our minds that this is truly a magnificent and inspiring example of the co-operation of all arms, with the navy and air force straining every fibre to assist a sorely pressed army.

A red Verrey light, the recognition color of the day, arcs out and away from the squadron leader's machine as we cross the French coast. We keep an even closer lookout, if possible. At any time we may contact the enemy. However, we cruise up and down over the beach, dark with our troops, for quite three-quarters of an hour with no sign of any action. Apparently we have the sky to ourselves.

The squadron leader turns over the huge, billowing clouds of black smoke topped by intensely crimson lacings of flame erupting from Dunkirk and leads us on the sweep inland. A few miles in from the beach we descend to 5,000 and skirt a tremendous black storm cloud. Suddenly a perfectly symmetrical cluster of four black anti-aircraft bursts blossoms out to our right. From past experience we recognize this as a signal from

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**"We Patrol Dunkirk"**

[Continued from Page 4]

their ground forces to enemy fighters. Somewhere out of sight in the steel-blue sky we know there is a typical numerically overwhelming force of enemy fighters. We all figuratively shrug and think: well, let them come—we've taken them before and we can do it again.

We all scan the sky intently, right, left, above and below, for the significance of that cluster of anti-aircraft signal. Something must be somewhere. The fighters it signalled to must be covering a bomber force. It is up to us to discover and destroy them. We commence to circle.

We have not long to wait. Suddenly, off to our left, from under the black storm cloud comes a long line of enemy dive bombers in groups of threes. At a quick estimate, there must be 30 or 40 of them. We have a chance at a real raid handed to us on a silver platter. We recognize them at once as the much-vaunted Stukas. Here it is at last. They must see us almost as soon as we see them, for a red signal light comes from their leader. We wonder if he thinks that by firing our correct color of the day that we will pass him up. What a hope!

The enemy bomber formation commences to dive and turn away to escape. They have a mortal fear of our fighters. Our squadron leader opens up and drives full out at the head of the enemy to pre-

vent this manoeuvre. At the same time our second squadron closes off any chance of their escape from the rear. We have them!

The squadron leader, with his section, takes on the leading enemy section in a three-quarter head-on attack. We follow him in. We see two of the enemy go down. We turn slightly and attack succeeding sections down the long enemy line. More of them go down. Their return fire is negligible. They seem to be following a rigid pre-arranged program. Suddenly their formation breaks up and scatters in hopeless confusion. They never stand up to a determined attack at close quarters. This is one formation that will never make the beach.

Events move almost faster than the eye can follow. Our second squadron must have been jumped by a mixed force of five or six enemy single- and twin-engine fighter squadrons, judging from the number of enemy fighters that get down to us. Their arrival is preceded by scores of long, dead white streaks interlacing across the sky. It is their cannon fire, which they invariably open up at extreme ranges. We really are in a hot spot now, but it is all grand fun and no one has the time to worry.

Brief flashes register. The sky is literally full of enemy aircraft, with here and there the occasional one of ours. Numbers of enemy machines go down—a few of ours. Parachutes suddenly blossom out against the dark textured earth. Two enemy

machines collide and explode in a terrific burst of flame. The fight has now spread out over fully ten square miles.

It is all a mad scramble to get one of the enemy and not let one of them get you. Our rear view mirrors again prove worth their weight in gold. We manage to get on the tail of a Messerschmitt. He jinks violently but we close right up on him. He looks as big as a house in the gun sight. We press the gun button and our machine trembles slightly as the eight guns go into action. The cockpit of the enemy machine flies to bits, black smoke commences to drift back and down he goes. That's another one. A quick glance to the left and we pull up into empty space for a quick look around.

Then occurs again one of the most startling aspects of one of these air fights. A moment before, the sky was full of aircraft actively engaged. Suddenly there is not an enemy aircraft to be seen. We are left in undisputed possession of the sky over the beach. It all happens so quickly, as the sweeping measure of words from a blackboard, which might never have been there at all.

We spot our remaining machines and fly towards one another. A quick shuffling and we are again in our symmetrical formation. We grin at one another from inside our cockpit hoods and hold our thumbs up. We read each other's identification letters on the sides of the fuselage and breathe a sigh of relief. Our squadron are all still here. Our squadron leader is up in

front. He leads us back to the patrol line. The wing men commence the familiar crossing and recrossing. The entire interruption did not take more than ten minutes.

Our patrol time up, we head for home over the Channel. There is no relaxing. The enemy are quite capable of delivering a surprise attack on the way home, as we have discovered on previous occasions. We are flying down-sun and the squadron leader leads us in a series of turns to lessen the risk of surprise.

The crossing is uneventful. In a few minutes we see the white cliffs of Dover ahead and then we are circling our advanced aerodrome for a landing. As we land and switch off, a sense of something worthwhile accomplished fills us. Suddenly we feel ravenous. A telephone call to Ops. finds us released for two hours. We pile into a bus and slope off to the mess. May our next patrol be as successful and as much fun as this one!

**Befuddled?**

Following the last glorious defeat of our hockey team, 3-2 during overtime by the undefeated Old Mill players, our team was given a trip and a game in the country. We publish the following alliteration by the poet of the team . . . for what it is . . . or is not worth: "Broad bosoms belonging bucolic belles bemuse, bewilder, bedazzle bombers."

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## Haere Mai! Haere Mai! Haere Mai te Waka!

This is New Zealand calling from No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, and now that we have been here for more than a fortnight we think that we could, with propriety, venture to breeze lightly over certain aspects of camp life in general and our reactions to them in particular.

### What a Mess!

Now, there is the matter of food. Coming as we have done from one land of milk and honey to another, allegedly flowing with milk and honey, we had our own poor foolish notions of what the food was going to be like. We no longer have any foolish notions, for as I say, we have been here a fortnight. The first time we went to mess we noticed the entry of the orderly officer with delighted anticipation. It was not for us, as strangers, to say a word, but we awaited with confidence certain remarks from the Canadians for they, like us, had just tasted the curious beverage placed on the tables for us to drink.

But not a voice was raised to the slightly defiant query of the orderly sergeant: "Any complaints?" When, therefore, the orderly officer came near where we were sitting, we, with the humble diffidence appropriate in strangers, ventured to ask what this liquid in the large white jugs was, or rather what it was for?

The orderly officer replied, with some surprise—and then presumably went off to his own mess to drink his own breakfast coffee.

We have mentioned our anticipation that Canada was a land flowing with milk and honey. It takes five cents to make the milk

## From The Sections

flow, while so rare is the appearance of honey that we have resorted to the expedient of buying our own honey, jam and tomato ketchup.

### When We Hangar Around

After due thought, we have come to the conclusion that the late Rudyard Kipling must have visited Fingal, for surely it was of those days when we are scheduled for flying to which he referred when he wrote the celebrated poem "IF." In that poem is one peculiarly appropriate line. It reads: "If you can wait and not be tired by waiting."

There is another poet who must also have visited Fingal. This time he was writing about water, and he wailed "Water, water everywhere and not a drop to drink." As a matter of fact, when we arrived and smelt, we thought that we had come home, for there is an area in New Zealand which smells precisely like this spot—but in New Zealand they had competent well drillers.

### Heavenly Bodies

We felt that we ought to improve the C.O. for one slight misleading statement. The other night at the Station dance, in the presence of the most delectable femininity in St. Thomas, he was callous enough to speak with breezy nonchalance of Rivers, Manitoba (where we are to study astral navigation) and of heavenly bodies in the same breath. From what we could gather, we would do little but examine heavenly bodies at Rivers—a place of three men and a dog, with the dog sick.

As we gazed about us at the dance and saw what we saw, we wondered whether the C.O. was talking about the same thing as we, when he spoke so easily of heavenly bodies.

### Sleepy Hollow

Fingal is a place where it is curiously easy to fall asleep at any hour of the day. It is a malady which strikes with deadly insistence in the class rooms. We have wondered at the feelings of the sergeant lecturers as they gaze at so many heads which nod in entire

agreement with all they are saying—but do nothing but nod. As a matter of fact, the C.O. himself knows his Fingal. The very first day we were here he showed his appreciation of the lurking dangers of the place. He was giving us a "pep talk"—the second of about half a dozen, incidentally, all on the same day—when he thought he noticed the nodding habit. The only trouble was that he picked on the bright boy of the course, one of the very few who would not dream of falling into the arms of Morpheus.

### Social

Two of our fellows have paid the young women of London the highest compliment they could have. L/AC Small, J. S., recently married Miss Myrtle Fenney, while in the near future L/AC Hall, S. F. is to marry Miss Susanna Beckett, also of London.

L/AC Chaplin, R. H., has been returned to the bosom of his family from the Westminster Hospital, London. At first he was a somewhat unwilling patient, but later he came to know the nurses.

### Roll Out the Barrel

Doubtless the countryside will have heard of the illustrious order of the Fingal Pickle Barrel—on the roll of which is inscribed the names of all those Airmen who manage to land a bomb on the target. We are proud of one of our members, L/AC Cooper, S. G., who not only became a Pickle Barreler, but actually put three bombs on the bull in the one exercise, and ended up with the small error of 37 yards, computed from 10,000 feet. We are a trifle afraid that it is now up to us to roll out another sort of barrel in his honor.

### For Many Kindnesses

As already stated, we have been here for a little more than a fortnight, and we would like to take this opportunity to express appreciation for the many kindnesses accorded us by officers, by the N.C.O's, by fellow Canadian L/AC's, the Y.M.C.A., and in particular by our own lecturers, for whom nothing is too much trouble.

### Guard House News

By Rip Lee

Breaking away from our chairs, we present some of the famous celebrities who visit our Hospitable Domain and of the place in general. First let us tell you (as you should all know by now) we are always open for good prospects, both day and night (holidays in-

cluded) to give you the best of service. Yes, my dear friends, and "We" mean it, as we have spacious rooms with double beds for Drunken Dreamers, and padded rooms for Football Players. As an added feature, We, the Management, had the "Crystal Room" remodelled and we can now supply you with all the commodities offered by the most exquisite hotels the world over. (I hope this advertisement works.) So, my friends, this should impress on your minds the "Comforts" offered by "US" and hope that upon reading our ad you will pay us a visit.

You will NEVER regret the manner in which our staff, of high calibre, will handle your problems both Big and Small. So don't forget, folks, make it your Home while you are away from Home, for here you can rest (like it or not). On behalf of the SP'S, the Management, and myself, we wish to thank you for your past patronage and hope that we will see you all again in the very near future.

Yours truly,

RIP IT.

P.S.—"A well in every CELL."

### The Observers

How many bombs have been dropped by Course 11 Air Observers and what has happened to them is regarded as a military secret by the plotting office, but for every imprecation shouted in the air by a maddened farmer there is at least one name on the roll of honor in the crew room.

Fourteen direct hits have been credited to 11 members of the senior course in the last month, including one to Flying Officer Bendall who made a "copesetic" raid one day and dropped a bomb right on the satchel. Nine hits were on low level and five, including F/O Bendall's, were on high level exercises.

The hit parade was led by Lyle Schell, who mistook the target for a Virginia ham steak and made a smashing attack on it. He repeated in a later exercise. M. E. Taylor, Reg. Brown, with two high level hits in one exercise; Nickerson, Plant, Dave Davidner, Jack Lundy, John McCaul, Ralph Morris and Ed Baker accounted for the other hits.

The last class to be graduated piled up 22 hits, four of which were from high level. Their tar-

Continued on Page 12

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# St. Thomas "Times-Journal" Records Fingal History

The Staff of "The Observer" Has Been Doing Some Research Into the Back Files of The Times-Journal. We Begin Here a Condensed Chronology of Their Notices of The Fingal School from July 1, 1940. In Our Next Issue We Hope To Publish an Article Summarizing Our History Previous to That Date

## Early Fingal History

(Professor Fred Landon, of the University of Western Ontario, has contributed the following article on early Fingal history.)

The Royal Canadian Air Force training centre at Fingal is in the heart of one of the most historic sections of Western Ontario—the Talbot Settlement. The area takes its name from Colonel Thomas Talbot, who for a half a century lived on the lake shore at Port Talbot and exercised an influence during most of this time not unlike that of a feudal proprietor of earlier centuries in the old land.

The Talbots are an old Irish family, their seat being Malahide Castle near Dublin, of which the courthouse at London, Ontario, is almost a replica. Young Tom Talbot was destined for the army from his birth, and a commission was purchased for him while he was but a boy. However, he was destined to have but a brief military career and such martial activities as came his way in Canada do not reflect any particular glory upon him. He first came to Canada with Colonel John Graves Simcoe when the latter was made Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada after 1791. Talbot journeyed through the western section of the province with Simcoe in 1793 and probably then saw the rich lands upon which he was later to make his settlement. He was back in England in the later 1790's but returned to Canada after 1800, securing the grant of 5,000 acres which he was instructed to distribute to settlers, receiving his compensation in other lands. This proved highly profitable and by 1850 he was the largest landholder in the western portion of the province. His death occurred in London during the 1850's. His grave may be seen at Tyrconnell, a few miles to the west of Port Talbot.

Colonel Talbot was unfortunate during the War of 1812, the invading Americans destroying much of his property and giving his settle-

Continued on Page 8

## So-Called Strike At Fingal Short-Lived; Truckers Back Settlement Quickly Reached; Provincial Police Are Continuing Their Investigations

Issue July 1, 1940

"A so-called strike among independent truck owners engaged in hauling gravel to the runways of the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School late Wednesday morning was settled before evening. . . . The truckers are said to have quit hauling gravel because of the rate of pay. They are said to have asked 10 cents a ton additional for hauling gravel from pit at Iona. Negotiations resulted in a sort of compromise, the contractors agreeing to pay 5 cents a ton additional. . . . More than wages was behind the strike, it is hinted. Employment of foreign-born workers at the pit is alleged to be a source of annoyance to some of the truck drivers with the suggestion that gravel supplies were not being gotten out as efficiently as they might be to ensure truck owners and drivers giving steady service."

## MOVE IN EQUIPMENT

Issue July 1, 1940

"Heavy equipment was arriving from Camp Borden in preparation for starting of asphaltic surfacing on Fingal runways. . . . The huge machine was shipped on a railway flat car. The machine is used for generating air under heavy pressure to dry the asphaltic mixture as it is laid."

## Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School Contracts Are Awarded

Two Toronto Firms Get General Contracts for Buildings to Cost \$800,000

Issue July 4, 1940

Russell Construction Company, Limited, Toronto, and General Engineering Company (Canada) Limited, Toronto, have been awarded the general contracts for immediate erection of hangars and other buildings at R.C.A.F. Bombing and Gunnery School, No. 4, west of Fingal, where construction work on runways started last month. The Russell firm will build hangars,

drill hall, compass swinging base, camera obscura, 25-yard range, etc. General Engineering Company will build 26 other buildings. Work is to start at once with sub-contracts to be let by both firms without delay for supplies and trade work. The Department of National Defence will call for heating tenders later and will award this as a separate contract.

Ryan Contracting Company, Limited, of Windsor, has the \$227,085 contract for ground development work. This includes raved and drained runways. The appropriation for structures is \$800,000.

## Job-Hunters Flock to Fingal

### Seeking Work at Airport Site

Many Men of Military Age Want To be Carpenters and Mechanics; Little Army of Gravel Truckers.

Issue July 13, 1940

"Job-seekers continued to haunt the local employment office and the Fingal bombing and gunnery school site on Friday—job-seekers from all parts of the district. They were so numerous at times that they became definitely a nuisance and orders were issued that they were not to be permitted to go back to the scenes of operations. Many of the men who are seeking work at the Fingal project are of military age. The Times-Journal heard of one case where a Toronto man brought his son to the area, seeking a job at handling Diesel-powered equipment and suggesting that if the youth was employed at that he would not be liable for compulsory military training. So far as can be learned, the youth did not get the job. The chief call this week was by the Russell Construction Company for carpenters.

"The trouble with so many men applying for work is that they think they are skilled workers when they're not. The Times-Journal was told. Strangers appear representing themselves to be carpenters or motor mechanics but their knowledge of carpentry and motor mechanics is often found to be limited to say the least."

Issue July 9, 1940

Plumbing Contract for 26 Buildings at Fingal Given to W. E. Ramsav. Limited, of Toronto.

## Mystery Building

### In the Headlines

Contract for Camera Obscura Given to Russell Construction, Limited.

"The camera obscura is a small building totally dark inside, with a special lens set in an aperture in the roof. Beneath the lens on a table is a chart. The lens picks up image of an airplane flying overhead and will focus the image on chart. As the plane moves overhead its path can be plotted on the chart, the direction in which it is travelling, and if height of plane can be estimated with any accuracy; its speed can be clocked as well. It is understood to be used chiefly as a training instrument, its practical uses for war-time purposes being somewhat archaic."

## Fingal Accident Stops Work

### At Airport Temporarily

Power Off Two Hours When Main Hydro Line Damaged

Issue July 10, 1940

Fingal was in darkness for about two hours on Friday evening and work at the Fingal air-drome was delayed for a like period on account of a power interruption after an accident in the village just north of the main intersection on the Union Road, when a truck driven by Arthur W. Badder, Windsor, got out of control and broke off a main line hydro pole and a telephone pole on the east side of the street.

## IT HAPPENED IN 1941

Sam, a bootblack in Joliet, had never seen the uniform of an R.C.A.F. officer and his curiosity got the best of him.

Upon being told what it was, he enthusiastically said: "They shore put near got in war, didn't they?"

The officer's reply was that Canada already was in the war.

Sam stopped polishing in astonishment.

"Boss, what part of Canada are they fightin' in now?"

M.T. Driver to Newcomer: "How are you fixed for gas?"

Newcomer: "Well, I've got two masks!"

Part Stanley



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## Early Fingal History

Continued from Page 7

ment a serious setback. He himself was a colonel of militia but he seems to have been unpopular with his followers, perhaps because of his highly dictatorial manner in dealing with them in distributing land. Many curious and amusing stories have come down of his frequent harshness and rudeness to those who sought land. On the other hand, there are records of his kindness and paternal consideration for those in trouble. Altogether he was a rather contradictory character. The best account of his life is to be found in a volume entitled "The Talbot Regime," written by the late Judge Ermatinger of St. Thomas.

Prior to the so-called Rebellion of 1837 there was much unrest in the Talbot Settlement — indeed, this was one of the most disturbed sections of the province during 1837-38. Colonel Talbot recognized this unrest and called his supporters together at St. Thomas to hear what must be regarded as one of the most curious speeches ever made in Upper Canada. He began by a stentorian "Silence and attention," and he closed by invoking the blessing of God upon all who were loyal. The others were apparently consigned to perdition. But the burden of his speech was that his supporters should use force against those who had contrary political ideas, and he was

particularly bitter in his denunciation of the temperance societies which were then springing up in the settlements — "damned cold water drinking societies," he termed them. But the truth was that by the thirties Talbot, who had really an 18th century outlook, was trying to fight back the changes in government and in social life that the 19th century was bringing. In this respect his later years were pathetic. He remains, however, a large figure. He was a great road builder; he caused tens of thousands of acres of arable land to be opened up, and made homes for families. In this respect he well merits the title of Founder of the Talbot Settlement.

## "Save and Serve"

Continued from Page 1

economy on the grounds that he is serving with his life and abilities. That inclination may be quite natural and would be even justifiable if the element of saving were just a further demand upon his willing sacrifice. But no circumstance can excuse a man from saving his money. He might point to the uncertainty of his life and the unsettled state of the country. He might cry out against what seems to be another restriction on his freedom. "Surely," he might say, "a man is entitled at least to this last liberty of spending the hard-earned pay without any thought of economy."

These arguments are all too natural but they have only a semblance of truth. In the first place, the challenge is not to sign away your cash as you have signed away your life. What this page of THE OBSERVER puts up to you is an opportunity to accept a fine

piece of service all cooked and garnished for your consumption. We believe that because you serve, you are best entitled to a chance of saving what cash is over and above your needs. We are here to help you make use of the privilege.

Don't allow the uncertainty of your present position and station in life delude you into ways of indifference and care-free spending. Life is always uncertain. That is why we have to think of the morrow. What you saved may help to ease the burden of the unpredictable future.

## HOSPITALITY

"While I appreciate the efforts of the Y. M. Man to find me diners in friendly homes away from the camp, I'm getting a little leery. The evenings I enjoy the least are those where everyone is too friendly, enquiring into my home life where I come from, what do I think of Ontario, what is the color of my girl friend's eyes . . . ad infinitum. The last two I have been in have been like that. Don't think I am complaining, but I would like to be treated just like a visiting friend with all my relations and what-not taken for granted. I'll be all out for invites like that."

It is suggested that the ideal hospitality would be entertainment at dinner, such as the last mentioned above and then two girls invited in afterwards and a visit to the movies.

Has anyone else got a suggestion, because there are many people who are anxious to do what they can in the way of entertainment? How would you like to be entertained?

Sq/L Gobeil (pronounced Go-bay) denounces the rumor that we have Goebels on our Station.



## LECTURES

Our series of lectures arranged in co-operation with Dr. S. F. Maine, Director of Extension at the University of Western Ontario, London, have maintained their interest. We quote below some remarks made by Professor James Burns during his most interesting lecture on "Chemistry in Peace and War," and in our next issue we will deal more fully with Professor H. E. Jenkin's significant talk, "French Canada Through English Eyes."

Vignettes from Professor James Burns', of the University of Western Ontario, speech on "Chemistry in Peace and War," 24-2-41.

The problem of the night bomber has been solved. What is needed now is material in sufficient quantity to make the defence effective.

The card incendiaries, of which we heard a little last autumn, may be in the news again, with the first dry weather — when it is hoped they will burst into flame.

Water used on incendiaries with sodium content ignite instead of extinguishing the bomb.

New equipment would shortly permit the gunner to see around corners.

The effectiveness of gas has been grossly exaggerated. H. G. Wells, a good novelist but poor chemist, said one ton of mustard gas could kill 45,000,000 people. It was found in the last war that 45 tons was needed to cause one casualty. The speaker, who had been gassed in the last war by three different gasses, said he preferred gassing to pneumonia or even heavy flu.

## Geography of Balkans

### In Lectures to Airmen

London, Ont., Feb. 11.—(CP)—Officials of the University of Western Ontario said today the university's extension branch had started a series of cultural lectures for airmen at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ont. It is the first experiment of its kind in this area.

Topics on the program included: Geography of the Middle East and Its Strategic Value; Balkan Backgrounds; The Economic Sinews of War; and British Political Parties and Leaders of the Last War.

—From The Montreal Gazette, February 12, 1941.

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Special Attention to R.C.A.F.

## Squadron Leader F. S. Coghill

Squadron Leader Frank Street Coghill, Officer Commanding the Armament Training Squadron at this School, was born at Stratford, Ontario, some time ago. Just how long ago he refuses to state definitely.

After putting in his first 17 years in and about Stratford, in August 1914 he heard rumors about some unpleasantness in Europe. Deciding that the prospect of college paled beside that of proceeding overseas, he promptly enlisted on the 4th of August, 1914 in the 4th Battalion of the St. Catharine's Infantry. It has never been established that there was any collusion over the age question with the recruiting officer, but . . .

After 16 months in France during 1915-1916, the Squadron Leader returned to England on leave and "wangled" a transfer to the Royal Flying Corps.

On completing his training he was posted to France in 1917 to the famous No. 43 Fighter Squadron. Some eight months later he was posted to No. 40 Training Squadron in England, where he instructed such well-known figures as Elliot, White, Springs and others.

He returned to his old squadron in France in May 1918. One day, while on an offensive patrol over enemy territory, he found himself gliding through space with a seized motor. This necessitated a forced return to mother earth and

an unpremeditated vacation under enemy supervision. He still shudders to think of this period, as he vows his well-known figure wasted



away to the flowing lines of a razor blade, viewed edgewise on.

Following a number of trans-Atlantic voyages in charge of

troop repatriation to Canada after the war, he was demobilized to civilian life in October 1919. He managed to turn a deaf ear to the call of flying until the fall of 1923, when he joined the Canadian Air Force. Then followed a period of staff duties and flying duties at all the principal stations in the East. He was a member of the Hudson Straits flying expedition in 1927-1928. There he learned a little Eskimo which he is very fond of airing.

The Squadron Leader took this rather intense period in his own inimitable fashion and even managed to find time to get married as well. In June 1935 he retired, after 22 years service. Following this he flew commercially in Labrador, Quebec and Ontario.

In September 1939 the call once again went out to all parts of the Empire. Once again Squadron Leader Coghill promptly answered and rejoined the first day of September. After some staff service at Headquarters, he was posted to Jarvis and then to this School.

In addition to commanding the flying squadron, the Squadron Leader has also taken over the duties of Fire Chief and Mess President. His sound knowledge, based on years of experience, coupled with limitless patience in the instruction of junior personnel, plus his unfailing good humor (except upon occasions!), loom large in the life and work of this School. May his posting away be long and delayed.

## GENERAL FUND COMMITTEE

The following announcement has appeared in D. R. O. apropos the above committee:

### FUNCTIONS—

To supervise and make decisions on, and to authorize expenditures to be made, from non-public funds such as gifts, canteens, sports and other sources, except public funds, messes and institutes.

### PRESIDENT—

Wing Commander W. D. Van Vliet.

### SECRETARY—

Flying Officer J. C. Gray.

### MEMBERS—

Sqd/L R. K. McConnell  
Flt/Lt G. E. Campbell  
F/O R. E. Nichols  
F/O F. Ollen-Bittle  
Sergt. W. J. E. Mullen  
Sergt. T. McPherson  
Sergt. H. J. R. N. Farr  
Corp. F. B. Vogel  
L/AC G. H. Evans.

### HONORARY MEMBERS—

Mr. D. Deane, Y.M.C.A. Representative  
Flt/Lt D. Gowdy, Padre.

The committee will publish from time to time a record of its activities, balance sheets, etc. The attention of all Airmen is drawn to the fact that if at any time anyone wishes to know what has been or what is being done, he need only go to a committee member to find out.

—Continued on Page 12

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**STATION SPORTS**

Station sports are becoming an ever-increasing factor in our Station life. The Drill Hall is a scene of great industry on Tuesday and Thursday evenings, when our recently acquired basketball schedule gets under way. Maintenance Security Guard and Drogue are the leading representatives in this field. We put in a plea here to all other hangars to try and have a representation in this league.

The Canteen now has three ping-pong tables. Try to get a chance to squeeze in a game—almost an impossibility. The Drill Hall is also blessed with four ping-pong tables.

Badminton, volleyball, baseball, fencing and boxing all play an important part in keeping our fellows fit. Our hockey team have wound up their schedule and, although the trophy does not rest in Fingal's possession, our lads deserve all the hurrahs we can give them. They turned in a very thrilling and hard-fought series.

Sports are on the up trail at Fingal!

**STATION LIBRARY**

Those who frequent the Recreation Hall must have noticed with pleasure the additional reading facilities that have been provided during the last few weeks. No department of the recreational activities has assumed the degree of success as that expressed in the Station's Library. The generous response of the general public, as well as that of particular organizations, has now reached a monumental stage. The Library, with its thousands of books and periodicals, now represents one of the main points of contact between the outside communities and the Station. One has only to stand among the shelves to be convinced and enthused that the heart of the public is sound and good. You will show your appreciation best by dropping in and tasting the read-

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**Station News**

ing. Recent contributions have brought in a wide variety of authors and subjects. Besides these, there is now a fairly complete collection of the popular "Penquin" and "Pelican" series.

**THE CONCERT**

Action! Footlights! The show is ON! Before a packed house of 500 Airmen the London Life Troupe presented their variety show on the 18th of February at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal.

This sparkling show got off to a fine start when their band broke into a medley of rousing tunes, which set the stage for the entire show. This troupe from the London Life Insurance Company, forming the No. 2 Unit of the London Citizens Committee, had a great variety of numbers. Their quartette, their trio and their solo

numbers would be hard to equal anywhere. The dance routines and comedy skits were equally well performed and when the final curtain was rung down everyone went away completely satisfied and with a good taste in their mouths, hoping that this fine troupe will visit us again soon.

**MOVIES**

There has been a marked improvement in the movies since your correspondent's last write-up. Whether or not this is due to the aforesaid write-up is extremely doubtful but the amazing fact remains that we have not had one horse opera for well over a month.

I hope it lasts, but I've still got my fingers crossed. Adventure stories, romances, musicales and who-done-it mysteries have been well mixed for our entertainment. If attendance is any criterion, they are all hits. "Beau Geste" or "Dis-

patch From Reuters" was about the best of the lot. Also worthy of mention are "King Kong" and "The Spawn of the North." Some of the shows were of a rather ancient vintage but several of the more recent ones have been fairly modern. This is definitely a step in the right direction. The biggest step forward, though, is the exclusion of hackneyed melodramas from the Air Force circuit. The only real beef this issue is the recurrent inadequacy of the sound equipment installation. Our operator has done very well to date but occasionally dialogue has been unintelligible. I have been told that this situation is being remedied as quickly as possible. Meanwhile, here is for bigger and better films in the future.

(Ed.—Your information about an earnest effort to correct our sound and light effects is correct.)

**THE QUERY BOX**

In the forthcoming issue of THE FINGAL OBSERVER there is a new column starting, "The Query Box." Any questions you may have on old or new, foreign or domestic aircraft we will attempt to answer. And if you have a gripe or a complaint, idea or a suggestion—get them off your chest here.

Drop your questions or remarks at the Library or Y. M. C. A. office.

**OFF-STATION PARTIES and DANCES**

We, at Fingal, have been very fortunate in receiving invitations from clubs in St. Thomas and the country round about to enjoy their hospitality provided in the form of parties and dances. The foremost among these clubs is the Red Triangle, with headquarters in the Y. M. C. A. building. Every other Wednesday evening sees thirty-five to fifty Airmen embarking from the Station to attend one of these enjoyable parties.

The Churchill Club has been active along the same lines and on Sunday evening, March 2nd, a group of Fingal lads, the New Zealand boys making up a large part of the gathering, were entertained at the Y. M. C. A.

Many such invitations keep

—Continued on Page 11



Miss Jean Guymer

While this modest lassie would be the last one to claim any particular superiority over the other brilliant members of the London Life Insurance Company's concert party, we are including her picture because she is the daughter of popular Flying Officer Guymer. With such riches in the family, we are better able to understand Flying Officer Guymer's amiable disposition and constant good humor.



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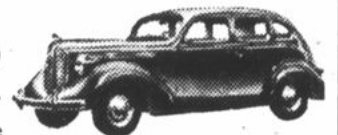
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**ORCHESTRA**

Say Bill, say Bert, do you know there is a chap in Barrack 10A who toots a tenor sax? Say, Street, how about that fellow in the kitchen who plays the trumpet? And on and on far into the middle of the night until before we know it we, at Fingal, are proud to say that we can boast a nine-piece orchestra capable of coping with anything that crops up in the musical life of our Station.

Each Tuesday and Thursday evening the weird noises that suddenly blend into puppet harmony come from our orchestra, which spends hours creating and perfecting numbers to be used at Airmen's dances. Thanks, fellows, for making our second Station dance the great success that it was. May your music continue on as it has in the past and we, the personnel of this Station, will give three cheers for you any day of the week.

**Off-Station Parties and Dances**  
(continued from Page 10)

pouring into the Y. M. C. A. office and we would like to take this opportunity to express our sincere appreciation to these hard-working clubs who are making it their business to see that the lads are kept happy and in a pleasant frame of mind. Morale is a big factor in making a fighter. Three cheers to you and may you meet with every success in this splendid work!

The baker wanted to know if the housewife would like some raisin cake.

She asked: "Are there many raisins in it?"

"Well, now, ma'am, I wouldn't say as they was crowded!"

The English travel. Foreigners were wont to say: "One Englishman is a crowd, two is a drunken brawl and three is an English colony!"

**Battle Planes of the World**

**German Messerschmitt ME-109**

The Germans have given out data on this aircraft, but the British, who have shot down a number in good condition, have thoroughly investigated them and release findings of a slightly different character.

According to the R.A.F. research engineers, the ME-109 is a fine fighter, which just missed becoming a great weapon.

It appears that the original machine was designed for the 750 H.P. Daimler-Benz engine, but the heavier D-B601-A engine of 1,150



ME 109

H.P. was installed. Higher speed was obtained at a great sacrifice in fighting manoeuvrability. A feature noted in all ME-109's captured so far is a heavy cable attached to the fuselage, which passes around the engine to prevent the engine from falling away from the light alloy supporting members. It is hardly a sign of confidence in the structural design of the aircraft.

On the other hand, the aircraft

is not a slipshod job. It is well built and carries all the instruments included in ours. It carries two rifle calibre machine guns under the motor hood, synchronized to fire through the airscrew, and two more in the wings well outside the airscrew arc. Sometimes the latter are replaced by Oerlikon 20 mm. shell guns loaded with explosive bullets. The shell gun set to fire through the airscrew has as yet not materialized. Some carry armour plate behind the pilot's head.

The fuselage is all metal Mono-coque design, flush riveted. Wings are Cantilever all metal stressed skin, flush riveted. The outer portion of the trailing edge acts as ailerons and the inner part as flaps. The undercarriage is hydraulically retractable into special wing wells.

Engine, D.B.-601; function, fighter; span, 32' 5"; length, 28' 3"; maximum speed, 360; cruising speed, 185 (most economical).

**Abbreviations Worth Knowing**

- S.A.O.—Senior Administrative Officer.
- A.O.2—Assistant Administrative Officer.
- O.R.—Orderly Room.
- C.R.—Central Registry.
- A.O.—Accountant Officer.
- A.A.O.—Assistant Accountant Officer.
- C.I.—Chief Instructor.
- O.C.S.G.—O/C Security Guard.
- O.C.A.T.S.—O/C Armament Training Squadron.
- Adj. A.T.S.—Adjutant Armament Training Squadron.

**A Bilingual Country**

(This little commentary was submitted by a French Visitor)

The French-Canadians have kept an immense treasure by preserving their own tongue: the rich language of France. It seems like a secret to me—secret continued through the generations, handed down from father to son like a religion; secret giving the same joys, the same difficulties also; an old secret, yet ever new.

I would that the English-speaking Canadians envied this ability to speak two languages. All of us should speak the two national tongues, English and French. Two incomparable tongues, giving to each group greater understanding and friendliness; greater will and greater ambition.

When a child, was there anything in the world more disappointing than to speak a language which others "did not understand"?

Je voudrais dire aux Canadiens-français le trésor immense qu'ils possèdent d'avoir conservé leur langue, cette "douce" langue du Pays de France. Elle me semble à moi comme un secret, secret porté par des générations, transmis de père en fils comme une religion secret qui donne les mêmes joies, les mêmes difficultés aussi, vieux secret et pourtant toujours renouvelé.

Je voudrais que les Canadiens-britanniques envient cette faculté de parler deux langues. Tous devraient apprendre ces deux langues nationales, l'anglais et le français. Deux langues incomparables, donnant à elles deux plus de compréhension et d'amitié, plus de pouvoir et plus d'ambition.

Quand vous étiez enfant, y avait-il au monde quelque chose de plus envivrant que de parler une langue que les autres gens "ne comprennent pas"?

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"It ran largely to tooth paste and smoking tobacco."

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## "Aceytooo Hardbottom Writes To His Love"

Dere Mable:

I take my pen in hand and ink in the other foot, to answer your last letter that I got yesterday.

Well, Mable, I have been pretty lonesum a couple of times for you and am glad you are lonesum too. I done what you told me and asked flying officer Reid for permission to get married and he sent me to the C.O. (that's the boss). I showed the C.O. the pitcher of yer Maw and Paw you sent me and he said he wasn't any Dorothy Dix, but advised me to send you twenty dollars assigned pay and not bother getting married at all. He advised me to send yer Maw and Paw's picture to Ottawa so they could use it for propergander purposes. I went in and asked the Padre if he would marry us, Mable, if I got permission and he said he guessed he'd have to, that he is on active service now and has to tackle any desperate situation that crops up.

Say, Mable, speaking of yer Maw, I seen a statute of a cow in a field beside the road coming up here (I mean me, not the road). She was supposed to give the most butter fat of any cow in the world. Funny thing the way things go; yer old man has drank more hootch than anyone in the world, and all they gave him was fourteen days.

Well, Mable, the other morning I went down to Bumming flite and asked the Flite Sergeant with the moustache that handled the information desk, if I could go up.

"Up where?" he says.

"In the air," says me.

"Everybody is up in the air," he says. "The C.O. has just raised hell in here again."

Anyway, he asks Bill Finnigen

if he'll give me a flip. (Don't call him Bill if you meet him Mable, say Flight Leftenant, of course being in the Air Force it's all right). Anyway he says, "Get a parachute and a pail."

"Why a pail?" I sez, and he says, "In case we have to bail out."

Anyway I get in Mable, and off we go. Boy I feel good, I'm really in the air force now. We circle around over the watch tower (that is just a place to park the crash tender, and an ambulance). There is a bluish smoke over the building and I ask Bill if he can see it.

"Sure," he says, "Squadron Leader Coghill on the warpath again." Well Mable, Bill gives the old Fairy a couple of rolls and so does my stomick, like the time you and I sampled yer old man's private stock at Xmas. We go down over Finger, I know it's Finger all right cause I see Lackies truck parked there.

Well, we circle back, make a couple more turns, banks, etc., and I kind of wish I had joined the infantry. I don't like the air force so well, there don't seem to be much future. He dives at the hangars and up again—anyway I guess I would have been lonesum without the pail. After we got on the ground Bill says, "I guess you haven't got a very strong stomach."

"I don't know," says I. "You see how far I threw that last shot."

Well Mable, we got a bunch of New Sealanders in here now. I was talking to some of them and one wanted yer sisters adress, so he could send her a Xmas card around the first of March.

Next time I go down to see you I'm takin' Adam Lazonga MacWilliams with me. He loaned me two bits to get a hair cut so I'll have to show him a good time for that. I hope he likes to put in a Sunday afternoon at the museum or the Zoo or maybe sit and watch the people coming off the train at Union Station like we do. He's a corporal Mable, but he doesn't let it go to his head. If yer grandmaw's rumatism is better we could make it four of us and have a good time.

Say Mable, I think I forgot to tell you about the water here. We can't drink it (course yer old man wouldn't find that out for a year). I tell you Mable it just smells like you had left all the drafts closed on a coal stove. I asked Mr. Hedges, the camp engineer, and he says, "Sulfur." I wasn't satisfied

so I asks Mr. Deane, and he says when they drilled for water they struck it at the forty foot level (Yer old man would understand this mining talk because he prospected in that old brewery cellar for a week after they moved).

Anyway, Mr. Deane says the contractor was paid by the foot, and figured the more feet, the more money so he just kept on a diggin. He finally struck a gusher but we can't use it. By figgerin the time be kept on diggin, I'm going to ask Mr. Deane to write Australia where he comes from and get them to check on their sewers. The fellows that take baths tell me as soon as they go into St. Thomas the people know they are from Number four Bumming.

I got one of the fellows in the photografic section to take my pitcher, but he says the results came back negative and I had to give him seventy-five cents, he said it was for fair wear and tear on the Camera. He suggests I ask Doctor Jackson for an X-ray.

Mable, I'm going to give up something for Lent, as I promised. Either stop washin the C.O.'s car or polishin the Sgts. buttons.

Tell yer old man to clear out the back yard Mabel, so flite Sergeant MacMillen can park his car over the week-end, because he sez he doesn't want to leaye it on the street like he did the time he went down before, because yer brother pinched the spare tire of it.

Mable, all the transport had a trade test. Every-body had to take turns going down to see an officer and a Corporal. I guess they mustn't have known much about Mty motors because when I got down they wanted to know a whole lot of stuff about trucks and engines. I told them I couldn't help them out much but maybe the other fellows might help them, or I could get a book on cars and loan it to the officer and after he found out what he wanted to know he could let the corporal have it.

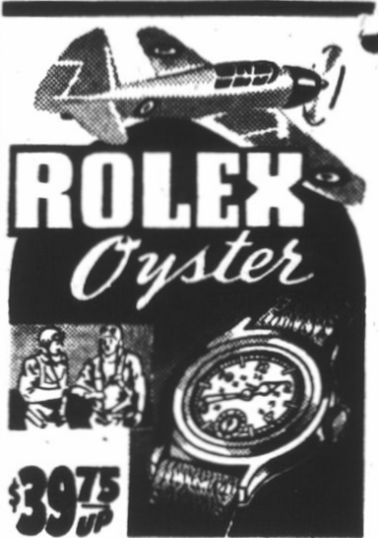
I don't know how they got in the Air Force Mable, they didn't seem to know a thing and it didn't look very good Mable, getting a bunch of ACytwos in to find out things.

Well Mable, if I can get our transport officer to sign a 48 hour pass, I'll come down for a week or so. I got a bomb for a souveneer, Mable to take with me. I don't think it's loaded. Well, good night fer now, yours till your old man takes a bath.

ACEYTOO HARDBOTTOM

Glossary:

(Ed.: Mty—M.T.—Motor transport section. Aceytooo—AC/2—Air-craftman, second class).



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General Fund Committee

(continued from Page 9)

This last remark applies also to the Sports and Entertainment Committee, made up as follows:

- PRESIDENT—**  
Flying Officer Nicholls.
- SECRETARY—**  
Sergeant Hopkins.
- MEMBERS—**  
Sergeant Mullen  
AC/1 Atkin.
- HONORARY MEMBERS—**  
Mr. D. Deane, Y.M.C.A. Representative.  
Flt/Lt D. Gowdy, Padre.
- When in doubt, ask your committee man.

The Observers

(continued from Page 6)

gets were in the lake, consequently they had better visibility. Land targets were introduced to Course 11 in its first exercise, but they didn't get chummy until a few days, several phone calls and a dozen alibis later.

Suggestions were made for easier location of the target, including painting a large red cross on it or the features of a Manning Depot corporal. Finally a ring of trees was put around the target, which began to look less like a farmer's cottage. It proved to be better than the old system, when you only knew you were right when no outraged farmer larruped across the tarmac to have words with the C.O.

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