

THE FINGAL OBSERVER

Vol. 1 - No. 3

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

April 15, 1941

Norwegian Graduates at Fingal



THREE members of the Royal Norwegian Navy air arm were graduated along with the class of New Zealanders at the Fingal Air School on Saturday. They were Student Observer A. Fjallstad, of Stavanger; Lt. Alf. Steffen-Olsen, whose home was on the Oslo Fjord, and Petty Officer Chris Krogh, who came from Morten.

First Class of New Zealand Aerial Observers Graduate

Lads From "Down Under" Present Smart Appearance. Three Norwegians In Graduating Class

No. 4 B. & G. shared in history when the first group of New Zealanders received their wings under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan from the hands of the Senior New Zealand Liaison Officer, Group Captain L. I. Isitt.

The boys looked very smart when they paraded in the Drill Hall before the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander W. D. Van Vliet, who, after a short address in which he praised them for their fine showing and wished them luck, handed the parade over to Group Captain Isitt.

In addition to those from "down under" were our first three Norwegians. At least one spectator had a lump in his throat when these men in blue were congratulated by Group Captain Isitt. No battle array has ever before assumed the international nature of the one which is steadily gathering strength under the guidance of the Union Jack. Fingal witnessed a small incident in this union of free men in the face of tyranny and we could well feel proud.

A surprisingly large crowd of friends and relatives (three of the group had chosen wives in Canada)

paid tribute to the popularity of the New Zealanders who had come from all parts of the Dominion.

Educational Standards

Not a few of the New Zealanders were university men. Their educational requirements for enrolment appear to be higher than in the Royal Canadian Air Force. Senior matriculation or university entrance is required. There were few farm boys in the class but some were the sons of farmers or born on farms.

Important Posts

Group Captain Isitt, in his short address before presenting the wings, stressed the importance of the training his countrymen had received and impressed on them the need for remembering what they had been taught. He told them that the aerial observer was an important member of the air forces in the last war and he is filling an even more important position in this war. It was an honor for them to get their observers' wings and he wished each and every one of them the best of luck. He expressed the thanks of his country for the kindly reception accorded the New Zealand trainees and spoke about the many

new friendships that were being made on this continent, both with Canadians and Americans in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Wing Commander W. D. Van

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Double Graduation Gunnery, Observers

"You are going out to deal with an enemy that has no sense of decency or honor," said Wing Commander W. D. Van Vliet to a large class of graduates from No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School at Fingal on Saturday. "Never let him get the jump on you. Give him the same dose of poison that he is trying to give you, only in larger measure."

It was a dramatic and stirring farewell from the commanding officer, who himself led Canada's first air squadron in England, and who was returned to Canada to head the Fingal School.

"Be confident but not over-confident," he warned. "Acquit yourselves well and we at home will follow your record against the enemy with pride and interest."

It was by far the largest group to receive their wings in any single ceremony at the School. The classes consisted of No. 11 Sergeant Air Observers and Bombers, and Class 6 Air Gunnery and Wireless Operators. The ceremony was unique to Fingal since passes were given to parents and friends to attend. They received escorts to the recreation hall and from there to the drill hall for the important ceremony.

Wing Commander Van Vliet mentioned that many of the visitors came from a considerable distance to be present. Among them were Dr. and Mrs. J. Middlemiss of Wainwright, Alberta. Dr. Middlemiss holds the office of mayor of Wainwright. His son, Sergt. Joseph G. Middlemiss, was third in his class of air observers.

The commanding officer had praise for the group of graduates. He said this feeling of pride was shared by the entire staff of the School. "It represents a fine spirit of co-operation between the individual members of the class and the staff of this School," he declared.

"At this time your training ceases, but your work begins. Please remember that because you have gone out from this School that you have not learned all there is to know. You will find that you will be learning every day that you are in the R.C.A.F."

MASCOT



We hope to see a great deal of this two hundred pounds of canine nobility. The property of Pilot Officer Knott of T.T.S., he has been offered to Fingal No. 4 B. & G. This picture was obtained about one hour before going to press and so we are unable to give any particulars, but some interesting postings to the strength of this School should shortly be read in D.R.O., if they have not already appeared. A very warm welcome is assured to our mascot.



THE FINGAL OBSERVER

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WING COMMANDER W. D. VAN VLIET

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Time Gets Its Wings At Fingal

Time has never needed much assistance. Its pace is fixed, fast and furious. It knows no barriers, observes no leave, and refuses all bribes. Yet the other night Time accepted a little help at Fingal. With clocklike precision and unanimous action all time-pieces were advanced an hour. Time was actually taken by the forelocks, if we may rename the facial indicators, and made to obey. So at least say the clocks, but where did the hour go?

Into that ponderous question we must not enter now. The Service Police always get their man. They will surely bring back the elusive sixty minutes dead or alive.

It is not the departed hour we mourn. It is the effect on those who are left and the altered circumstances created by its passing that concerns us. The question of the change in time, pro and con, has always been debatable. Volumes have been written already. Tongues have clashed in hot dispute but the issue stands unsettled.

Fingal cannot hope to accomplish the seeming impossible, but she is eligible to add her say. The change over to the new time is going to bring advantages to us here. Already it has brought the Station into step with other units in the Command, especially with that of T.T.S., St. Thomas, with which we are so closely identified. Inter-Station communication is now regularized and facilitated.

But while we have gone into step with the Air Force at large, we have gone out of step with the surrounding cities and towns, towards which we naturally gravitate for living space, shopping, diversions, etc. This has brought elements of advantage, but on the whole the

score is against us. With work ceasing at 5 p.m., there is now time for us to get into the city to shop before city closing time.

There is an hour in our favor between supper and evening city engagements, and an hour's extra daylight for outdoors activities. All this is to the good. But before the evening is half over many of us must feel the severity of being out of step with the city folk. Before the dance or entertainment has reached its height the visiting Airman must excuse himself around 9.30, city time, that he may be back on Station by the 10.30 limit. This is typical of his experience in attendance at any function carried out on city schedule.

For those who live off the Station in adjoining towns there is the necessity of accommodation to two schedules of time. We are creatures of one system largely and the matter of sudden transition each morning and evening from E.S.T. to D.S.T. demands a kind of dual personality. All of which reminds us that it is easier to change the hands of a clock than it is to change human nature. D.S.T. is really a device invented to make up for the inertia of human habits. All that the change of time proposes to achieve could be obtained through a more flexible type of humanity that would be willing to change the hours of sleeping and waking to suit the change in the solar days.

We are reminded these days, too, that we are now out of step with radio, railway and bus schedules. This has been one of the most vexacious consequences of altered time.

However, bad as this inconvenience is, it is not the consuming complaint that the Airman has

with railways. He would gladly accept all other snags if he could secure some consideration in the way of lowered fares, or no fares at all. Without this, the change to D.S.T. only accentuates the burden of transportation which is already a grievous one to members of the Forces.

Well, why all this reviewing, anyway? The change is here of necessity. The Station is governed by the demands of an emergency in war. All else is forfeit in the meantime. But in passing we are once again presented with a first-hand chance to see and feel the necessity for definite nationalization on the order of time.

Leave

Leave is respite from monotony; it is a breathing space; it is refreshment which should be reflected in greater ability and willingness to work. The thought of future leave makes it easier to work hard in the difficult present.

Experiment has shown that there is a definite limit to man's ability to work hard for long hours: reduction of long hours in some factories has actually resulted in an increase of output. But the ability to work hard and for long hours springs from spiritual as well as physical sources. The German people have proven this. Driven by an "ideal" of a greater Germany, by a firm belief that their "culture" and way of life is the right one, by the hope of revenge, by a new and more violent nationalism wrapped in the brainfog of a blood and soil ideology—one could list many more motives—they have laboured mightily, have pulled in their belt to such an extent that our economic and psychological students have been telling us for years that they must break down. While we disagree with their aims and achievements, we must admit that they have shown an amazing ability to work hard. While France squabbled over a forty-hour week, the German working week steadily crept up to as much as eighty-four hours, seven days in the week, and, of course, there were many who exceeded even this week.

What we are trying to say is this: For a few days now we have had rumors of four days' leave at Easter. Do you think the Germans thought of four days' leave at Easter? By now you will have had your leave but at the time of writing no one knows what leaves are possible. But we do know that during the next six months the course of human history is going to be influenced once more as it was during the years 34-36 A.D., the invention of gunpowder or the

Reformation—to cite examples at random.

Whether you and I will have the pleasure of four days' leave or a four hundred years concentration camp will almost certainly be known before this summer is out. Just pause one minute and try to grasp the magnitude of that statement!

And we worry about a leave during the next six months!

We said before that a man has his limits. If that occurs in military life, the victim reports sick.

But we aren't sick. We are fighting fit. We are fighting for all we possess and we are going to prove our powers of self-sacrifice for what we believe in are just as great as those of the Nazi. True, we will accept and welcome all the leave we can be legitimately given without affecting our maximum war effort, but even if we think that that isn't being done, let us grin and take it. The tremendous adventure in which it is our privilege to be playing a part is too great for griping about minor discomforts.

Now is no time for leaning back; let us fight with our whole heart so that in the days of peace each one of us will look back with pride to his share in the struggle that assured another chance for democracy.

Do You Know?

that Mrs. Wallis of the National Y.W.C.A. has been appointed as adviser in St. Thomas on housing, board, etc. Any Airmen needing information in this respect will receive a cordial reception by Mrs. Wallis at the Y.W.C.A. and advice suited to any particular need. She may be phoned at 2021.

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 a regular Thursday night Table Tennis Tournament is being held in the Canteen. Anyone interested in good competition and fun should turn out. A prize is given.

that some people are abusing privilege by using Auxiliary Services writing paper as scrap.

that a warm welcome is extended by the Knights of Columbus to the Airmen who visit Windsor. The Knights have opened their lounge with facilities for resting, reading, writing and light amusement. A directory service is maintained for contacting friends and visiting points of interest in the city.

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International Fingal

Our Station has become increasingly international. Each new group seems to have added another nationality at least. In this issue appear photographs of Norwegians, Englishmen, New Zealanders, Newfoundlanders, Americans, not to mention Canadians. We know we have a Scotsman, an Irishman, an Australian, a Belgian — and we don't know how many others are hiding their light under Fairey Battles. Our Aus-

tralian has the distinction of wearing the New Zealand uniform and to judge from the comments in our New Zealand letter published on another page, seems to be holding his own. It was intended to have photographs of as many nationalities as possible in this issue but space forbids—not to mention the money. We intend to present "examples" from time to time of that International Army which is going to beat Hitler.



AUSTRALIAN

William Griffith, Observer, born 15/2/1914 at Warwick, Queensland. Educated at Warwick Terrace College, Brisbane. Took Junior University Arts. Civilian occupation, clerk in father's business, then with W. R. Fletcher & Co., New Zealand.



FRENCH-CANADIAN

Jean Joseph Simard, General Duties, born 24/11/1921, at St. Remis, Lac au Sable. Educated at College Sainte Anne, Pocatiere, Conte Kamoresko. Civilian occupation, ran a tractor on father's farm.

MEANDERINGS FROM A MUSHABOOMITE

Many year ago I join Air Force. I go to Camp Borden. Everyone there tell me that I am in Garden Spot of Canada. I can see nothing grow there but tree and big like that. I have been in better spot, when I be down Mushaboom. You peoples who have never been down east know nothing about Mushaboom. There is lot of rock, big lake, little river and lot of water. My heart she just pitter patter for Mushaboom. So after while I guess they get tired of me in Camp Borden, and they send me to my old stamping ground, Dartmouth. There I meet lot of my old friend and make new. Soon I am going around to see my friends. They all so glad to see me that they take me to bootlegger. I am having one fine time. So for many year I stay there, and visit garden spot of Canada. But it not the garden spot

I use to know. No they spoil it all. They cut down tree and make it look like Camp Borden. And my old Moonshine maker friend he died and daughter Mary she get married and move way. So I stay in Dartmouth for while, then one day my old friend Stinger Green he come over from St. John and we start to organize things. Our organization lasted about two week, when our women folk find out, then away go organization. We had something there but me think that Lady Luck or some other lady squeal on us. So we lay low for while then start another kind which was just three week old and seem to be on road to success when we have organized everything and are about to have meeting. I am transfer to place in Ontario they call Fingal. I drive car from Dartmouth to Fingal. See lot of nice place. Come into city they call St. Thomas look nice to me and lot of pretty girl on street. So right there

I give myself a talking to, and says I to me: "Boy you stay here long, you going to make history." So much for that. I continue on my way to Fingal. When I come through gate I meet my old friend Pete McLellan, and the first thing he say to me is, "your right Jake." Right then I know I was among friends and mud. Lots of it. Then I go in office to have talk to S/M Martin. And show my respects. He tell me where to go to bunk down for night. Then my surprise I meet old friend F/Sgt Ordidge; he have room and bed all ready for me nice fellow. Then we go to Sgts. Mess and open it up in Dartmouth style. S/M Martin did not like that as he wanted to be there first. Not much of place to try and organize around S. Thomas, as Sgt. Coughlan has beat us to it. Next room to me sleep fellow called Sandy McPherson, he has part of bag pipes, which make terrible noise and pipes enough to fumigate the largest building in Fingal. On other side of Room across alley, a Sgt. Burkholder live there. He in charge of security. To me he dont look like much secure to me. He snore so much. Make me homesick sound like sawmill down Mushaboom. Getting late so must go cross hall and brush my teeth then go to bed.

First Class of

(Continued from Page 1)

Vliet told the New Zealand lads it had been a great pleasure to have them at Fingal School and an honor to the school to have the first class of graduates in aerial observation. New Zealand was to be complimented on sending such a fine calibre of young manhood. The graduates left the Fingal School Saturday evening, bound for the school at Rivers, Manitoba, where they will take advanced training in aerial navigation.

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to see ourself as others see us!"

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Squadron Leader A. J. Kennedy

Squadron Leader A. J. Kennedy, Officer Commanding the Ground Instruction School, is one of the many Canadian members of the Royal Air Force. At present he is on loan to us under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

The Squadron Leader was born in Toronto, attended Upper Canada College in that city and then went on to the Royal Military College in Kingston. While at the R.M.C. he had an enviable athletic as well as scholastic record. He held various college boxing championships for his four years there and also starred at football, hockey and basketball.

Following his graduation from the R.M.C., the Squadron Leader enrolled for a short advanced course of a few months at Queen's University (we gather for the chief purpose of further research into the intricacies of football). On graduating with a Master's degree from this course of legalized mayhem, enrolling in the course of civilian life seemed much too tame. In February 1933 he sailed for England with a permanent commission in the Royal Air Force.

After passing his Service Flying Training School Course with distinction, the Squadron Leader

went on to the School of Army Co-operation and then joined No. 4 (AC) Squadron, one of the original squadrons of the old Royal Flying Corps.

In the spring of 1934 the Squad-



ron Leader was posted to No. 20 (AC) Squadron based at Peshawar in India. With this squadron he saw over two years' continuous active service on the N.W. Frontier of India. This famous N.W. Frontier is the only Royal Air

Force scene of active war operations during peace-time. The fanatic tribesmen are always at war, either with one another or with anyone else whom they can persuade to step two or three fast rounds with them. These dusky-hued, appealing little fellows will slit a throat for a penny, or the local wampum equivalent therefor.

While flying over their backyard, a hiccough in the motor always engenders in the pilot a sudden violent seizure of the ague, invariably terrifying though temporary. The effects of this seizure are reported to wear off in a direct time ratio to the extent and duration of the hiccough.

After some two years of highly interesting games of Puss-in-the-Corner and I Spy along the frontier, with such interesting gents as the Fakir of Ipi, et al, official recognition of the Squadron Leader's services appeared in the awarding of the Indian General Service Medal which was very well deserved.

In July 1936 the Squadron Leader was posted back to England. Then followed a spell of hospitalization and two months' leave in Canada at the end of the year. Returning to England from leave he spent 1937 on an Armament Instructors Course. Unlike present courses at certain schools there would seem

to have been a modicum of leave available for during his course the Squadron Leader married in London town Miss Elissa Murray, a Scottish girl whom he first met while serving in India. They have one young son, Andrew, who is with them here in Canada.

On completion of his Armament Course the Squadron Leader returned to his old Service Flying Training School as Station Armament Officer. In April 1939 he was posted to Canada. After varying periods of service at Ottawa, Trenton, Halifax and Dartmouth, he staked a claim at Fingal as one of the few original homesteaders to turn the virgin sod at this Station in October 1940.

As Officer Commanding the Ground Instruction School, the Squadron Leader is responsible for all the pupil training on the Station. He would be the first to acknowledge the faithful co-operation of his capable staff of instructors (and the varying assistance of the O.C., A.T.S.). The fact that Squadron Leader Kennedy executes his responsibilities in an outstanding manner is too well demonstrated by invariably successful results to require further comment. It is sufficient to say that many of his pupils are already giving an excellent account of themselves on active service.

The Royal Dolls are Coming to Andersons

for their 45th Anniversary commencing Friday, April 25th, 1941

France and Marianne, the two beautiful dolls presented by the people of France to the Princesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose, will be shown at Anderson's for their 45th Anniversary Sale, from April 25th to May 10th. Perhaps the most interesting part of the exhibit is the extensive wardrobe, every item, including evening gowns, daytime dresses, negligees, wraps, etc., being made by the great French houses such as Paquin, Worth, Maggy Rouff, Lucien LeLong, Vionnet; jewels from Cartier, hats from Reboux, Agnes, Susy, Maria Guy, Lanvin, and others; gloves by Alexandrine and Perrin. The whole collection is valued at nearly \$10,000.

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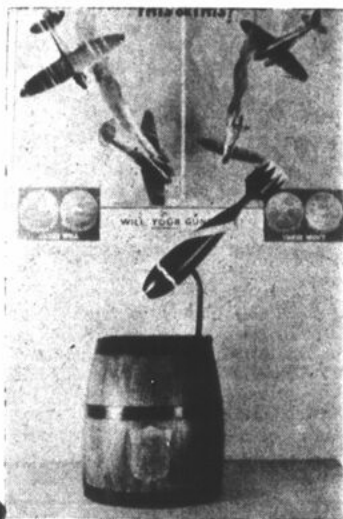
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These Famous Dolls will be
displayed on our Third Floor.

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Watch the papers for further
particulars.

"The Pickle Barrel"



Via our own personal grapevine we have received rumors that have filtered from "South of the Border" that there exists in that highly commendable community an instrument capable, with slight human assistance, of depositing an aerial projectile "copesetically" into the confines of a receptacle which they refer to as a Pickle Barrel. Looking up our records and the Encyclopedia Britannica, no authorized dimensions for the afore-mentioned receptacle were discovered. The word "barrel," however, seemed to strike a familiar chord in our memory, although the dimensions thereof as we had understood were in terms of liquid capacity. (Billy, The Whiz, Doc, Monty and not forgetting the Man with the Pipe, Please note).

While not wishing to under-rate the undoubted efficiency of such scientific ingenuity, we felt that similar results might possibly be derived from a combination of Billy and his boys, Fingal-trained bomb-aimers and the much-maligned, but according to reports from our correspondent in Hamburg, not so inefficient MK. IX.

Regarding the "pickle barrel" rumor, with a slight modicum of reserve, we decided, however, that the idea held certain possibilities. Not wishing to poach on the preserves of our American friends, we

came to the conclusion that our object was merely to hit the target and not to demolish pickle barrels.

On this Unit we are fortunate in having F/O Bendall, C., whose experience as a bomb-aimer is large and wide, to supervise the training of our would-be Berlin-blasters. This gentleman's motto, as far as bombing is concerned, is "Hit it, buddy, eight in a row."

To our surprise and satisfaction, we found that the targets were getting hit, hard and often, causing great consternation to the school of thought that had always asserted that the safest place from which to witness a bombing exercise was a seat on top of the target.

On that ghastly day, when one target was totally obliterated, and F/O McCombe, with tears in his eyes, was pleading with us to stop bombing and give him a chance to erect another one, we sent our boys up to bomb from memory. All our range crews returned safely.

The outcome of all this was that we decided that this display by the students of accurate application of knowledge absorbed by, or driven into them by the P. B. I's during long and dreary hours in the classroom should be rewarded by accord-

ing due recognition to their skill.

After reviewing and discarding many methods of assuring posterity for the names of our trajectorial wizards, the vision of our bête noire, the pickle barrel, arose before us. Mr. Bendall swears the idea came to him in a dream—indeed, we have no reason to doubt his word—so here, upon this page you may see the much-coveted trophy which is presented at the termination of each Observers' Course to the student who registers the most hits on the targets during the course.

The less said about the origin of the barrel itself the better. The Man with the Pipe is decidedly reticent upon that point but, from the peculiar odor emanating from its interior, any guess of yours would be just as good as ours.

However, we are greatly indebted to the Maintenance Section, who did an excellent job in transforming it into a really smart looking tub, and to L/AC Armstrong who engraved the inscription on the brass shield on the trophy, which bears these words:

PICKLE BARREL TROPHY

Donated by F/O BENDALL,
Officer i/c Observers,
No 4 Bombing & Gunnery School,
Fingal, Ontario,
To the Air Observer who by virtue of the superb co-operation be-

tween the pilot and himself has succeeded in registering the greatest number of Direct Hits whilst engaged in an authorized bombing exercise.

Small shields will be placed around the circumference of the barrel inscribed with the names of the Champion Pickle-barreler in each course, retrospective action being taken in regard to courses which have already graduated.

The recipient of the trophy in the first course of New Zealanders recently graduated was L/AC Cooper, and we solemnly hope that he and the rest of his compatriots will register many more "direct hits" on more interesting targets during the days to come.

Now a word direct to present and future Air Observers.

In writing this off we wish to pay tribute to the ones who do most of the hard work and get mighty little thanks or recognition for it, and to whom the credit for successful bombing results should be passed—the ground personnel who keep the bombsights and aircraft

(Continued on Page 6)



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FISHING AROUND FINGAL

The County of Elgin lies for 35 miles along the north shore of Lake Erie, with St. Thomas, the county town, and Port Stanley about the middle of the shore line.

While this county is not especially noted for fishing, there are many opportunities for sport here, if one takes the trouble to find the right places.

First in the spring are Suckers and Pike found in every stream that runs into Lake Erie. A little later these are followed by Mullet, Carp and Horn-dace. Later in the summer in all these streams are Catfish, weighing up to six pounds. All of these can be taken at any time.

For Trout, fishermen go to the streams at the east end of the county and over into Norfolk County. The Big Otter, Little Otter, Ball Creek, Venison and others are stocked each year by the Provincial Government for your entertainment. The season opens May 1.

The Bass season opens this year on June 28th. The series of ponds at Union and White's Pond are stocked with Bass.

At the "Cabin in the Pines" you can have Trout fishing "de luxe" by paying a small fee. Ask for Art Caverly, two miles south and one mile west of Aylmer.

For those who can get from 60 to 80 miles away, there is always good Bass fishing in the bay at Long Point (go to Port Rowan). The Reforestation Station there is well worth a visit.

One also gets good Bass and Pike fishing at Erieau, 50 miles west.

All summer one finds good Perch fishing at Goderich and all ports along Lake Erie, and Herring are often caught there on the hook.

Farther north, along Lake Huron one finds the Lake Trout and in many lakes and streams of Northern Ontario are Bass, Pickerel and the lord of all Ontario game fish—the Maskinonge.

In spring and fall, a visit to Jack Miner's, 100 miles west, is well worth the trip. He has a "gas station" for ducks, geese and swans on their trip north in spring and

south in the fall.

For further information, write Dean Turville, Game Warden, 124 Centre Street, St. Thomas, Ont.

"The Pickle Barrel"

(Continued from Page 5)

serviceable, the boys out on the ranges who plot your bombs, the armourers who load them for you and last but definitely not least, the pilots who fly you and who are just as interested in your average error as you are yourself. (That apart from the lad who carries his own personal bombsight up in the driver's seat and occasionally comes up with "O.K., Kiddo; let'er go.") To all these we say "Thank you."

Orchids to the following:

F/O Bendall—"Everything is cope-
setic."

Ft/Lt Finnegan—"How do I run
4 details with 3 aircraft?"

F/O Stevenson—"Whose smile has
brightened many a cockpit?"

F/O Montgomery—"What target
am I on, Bill?"

F/O Caldwell—"Whose familiar-
ization flights are always so
interesting."

F/O Nichols—"What time am I
on?"

F/O Gagnon—"What, early sched-
ule again!"

F/O Ribansky—"What, another
Dummy Run!"

F/O Kelly—"Low and slow; see
what I mean?"

F/O Packard—"Do you remember
Buffalo?"

Doc Penland—"Give 'er a blast!"

F/O Larson—"How'm I doing,
Ben?"

Sgt. Orthman—"Do you know
where we are?"

Sgt. Ayres—"That's not the way
we used to do it."

Sgt. Patrick—"Well, that fixed
that."

Sgt. Desbiens—"What, no more
schedules!"

Sgt. Barrow—"I wonder why?"

Sgt. Reilly—"Roll on the sixth of
May."

Sgt. Mullen—"Life ain't what it
uster be."

Sgt. Lampman—"You should have
more A.M.L."

F/O Whalen—"How can two
bombs go at once?"

F/O McCombe—"Are you sure it
was the target your were bomb-
ing?"

F/O Cousins—"O. K., Son we'll give
her another try."

Sgt. Spencer—"Well, we're here."

Sgt. Nelson—"Do we fly at 1230
hrs. or 1300 hrs.?"

(Signed) "COPESETIC."

If you want to find out a man's
real disposition, take him when he
is wet and hungry and if he is
amiable then, dry him and fill him
up and you have an angel.

"TALL TALES FROM TECH STORES"

LEAVE

One morning after a Pay Parade a young Airman who had just received his "Props" wandered into the office and started talking to Marr, the clerk. He proudly produced a picture of what he called a gorgeous blonde whom he claimed was his "girl," and in a loud voice started telling Marr how he had been dreaming about going to his home, where, he claimed, he was practically a hero. After a lengthy discourse, he finally ended up by saying, "I've got money, fame, and a beautiful girl friend; now if I could only get a seven-day leave my dreams would all turn into reality."

Ft/Lt MacCormack had not been unaware of the play the lad had been making to get his seven-day leave, and he walked up to him, placed his hand on his shoulder and said, "My boy, he who aspires to reach the highest heights must not dream of trivial things like leaves; they eventually come along. However, I too am haunted by dreams; would you like to hear of them?"

The L/AC dumbly nodded his head, whereupon the Ft/Lt went into a kind of a trance and said:

I seek not the joys of a seven-day
leave

Nor release from the sulphur
and clay;

I dream not of blondes, nor the
government bonds,

That I'll spend at my home far
away;

I seek not promotion, nor medals,
nor fame,

I crave not my name in the
news;

I just dream thro' the nights that
the Sections and Flights

Have learned to raise E.42's.

Do You Know?

(Continued from Page 2)

that five minutes spent with D.R.O.
will save five hours spent in
misery.

that our next dance is being held
the 26th of April. Tickets
will be on sale from the 17th
of April.

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 the Correspondence Courses
sponsored by the Canadian
Legion through the universi-
ties offer excellent opportuni-
ties to you. See the Y. M. C. A.
representative for further
particulars.

that a room for quiet reading or
writing, and personal inter-
views 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
rble to take on all comers.

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St. Thomas and Jumbo

(We felt that Jumbo, mentioned in Mr. Keith's article, of particular interest, and were lucky enough to find that our good printer, Morris Housley, was able to give us the following in addition to a cut from the unique photo taken at the time.

—Ed.)

"Is this where Jumbo was killed?" It is a question that has been asked many times by Airmen from Fingal and T. T. S. The story of Jumbo is known around the world. From New Zealanders, Australians,

1882, arriving in New York on April 9th.

Immediately he started his long trek around the United States and Canada. On September 15, 1885, the circus showed in St. Thomas. It was about 9.30 that evening, when the elephants were being loaded, that the accident occurred that was to broadcast the names "St. Thomas" and "Jumbo" the length and breadth of the world.

The thirty-one other elephants of the circus had been safely loaded,

ton, Mass. His skeleton is in the Smithsonian Institution, Washington.

Barnum brought suit against the Grand Trunk Railway for \$100,000 but the case was settled out of court. The railway paid \$5,000 in cash and agreed to move the circus over its lines the following year free of charge.

The accompanying photo, taken the day following the accident, is one of two taken of the incident, cameras not being plentiful in those days. Copies of it appeared in newspapers all over the world and much publicity and notoriety was brought to St. Thomas. Matthew Scott, trainer, is seen in the picture leaning against the body of his charge.

While circuses have since advertised elephants of greater size than Jumbo, actual figures show that none, at least in captivity, have ever attained his enormous height or weight. It is said that he could easily reach the sills of second story windows with his trunk. Jumbo's height at the shoulder was twelve feet; length in all fourteen feet, and circumference at middle eighteen feet. The hide weighed 1,660 pounds. When the hide was removed, the stomach was opened, and in it found numerous articles, including pieces of glass, tin, and a number of coins, mostly of English origin. Some of these are still retained as souvenirs by a few old-timers who were present at the time.

So goes the story of Jumbo . . . over fifty-five years old, but to this day the name "Jumbo" is attached to many commercial products where greatness of size is to be stressed.

"The inner side of every cloud
Is bright and shining;
I therefore turn my clouds about
and always wear them inside out
To show the silver lining."

"HOWLERS"

One of the correspondents managed to peek over the Trade Test Officer's shoulder during a trade test board and saw the following questions and answers:

T. T. Officer: Give me a definition of steam.

McCallum: Water gone crazy with the heat.

T. T. Officer: If your boilers are getting low in water, valves are all open on inlet system, and injector working properly, what would you look for?

Cpl. Vogel (MBC): Look over board and see if the lake had gone dry.

T. T. Officer: Give the working system or sequence of a Lewis gun.

L/AC Smith: The striker pin, hitting the base of the cartridge, explodes the charge, which forces the bullet up the barrel, followed by the spare parts.

T. T. Officer: What is meant by a three-point landing?

Sam: Two wheels and a propeller.

T. T. Officer: What is the proper procedure in case of an accident when driving an M. T. vehicle?

AC Peterson: Find out which way the C.O. is going, then go like h— in the other direction.



Englishmen and Americans comes the same question.

Here, as briefly as possible, we will give some of the details as recorded.

Jumbo, an African elephant, was purchased by the Royal Zoological Gardens in London, England, when but four years old, from a zoo in Germany, to which he had been taken after his capture in the jungle.

During seventeen years in London, he grew to tremendous proportions. So much so, in fact, that the illustrious showman, P. T. Barnum, sensed in him the value as an attraction for his Barnum & Bailey Circus. Barnum's agent was commissioned to offer the zoo \$10,000 for the huge beast. The offer was accepted. However, before Jumbo could be shipped to America a storm of protest was set up by the English people. The matter even reached the Chancery Court in an effort to squash the sale, but the deal was finally declared valid. The directors of the zoo subsequently offered Barnum \$50,000 to leave Jumbo with them. Nevertheless, Barnum realized the value of his prize and Jumbo set sail from England on March 25,

when Jumbo and a baby elephant, Tom Thumb, which was always exhibited by the side of Jumbo, no doubt to accentuate the mammoth size of the latter, were taken to the railway siding by their keeper, Matthew Scott. As they proceeded down the tracks to their special car, an incoming freight train appeared over the grade to the east. Sensing danger, Scott turned Jumbo about and raced him down the right-of-way ahead of the oncoming train, but time was too short. The train struck first the baby, Tom Thumb, throwing him into the ditch with a broken leg, then crashed into the seven-ton Jumbo. The engine and several cars were derailed, coming to rest on the inert hulk of the ill-fated Jumbo. Terribly cut and bruised, Jumbo is said to have lived for about fifteen minutes. After the wreckage had been cleared away and Jumbo's carcass rolled into the ditch, the circus trains left for London, Ontario, the next stand, minus their greatest attraction.

Jumbo was skinned by a local butcher and his hide stuffed. It was then exhibited by Barnum for a few years and later placed in the Tufts College Museum, near Bos-

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Speed and More Speed Is Rule as Airfield for Bombing, Gunnery School at Fingal Takes Shape

(July 16, 1940)

Less Than a Month Since Work Started and Already Much Has Been Done at Big Project Soon to Become Integral Part of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan; Work That Never Ceases; Start on Permanent Buildings

The Department of National Defence may have wasted a lot of very valuable time last fall in getting its war effort really under way, but certainly no time is being lost on No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery School near Fingal, ten miles west of St. Thomas. Twenty-four hours a day they're working on that big project and they're really making progress. Less than a month ago, a force of engineers under the direction of genial Richard Lyons started surveying and staking the runways. Today, grading on the north and south runway is virtually completed and a good start has been made on the east and west runway.

Queer-Looking Machines

One of the strangest-looking machines is being used in the construction of the runways. It is called a sheep's foot roller. It looks like a mechanical nightmare, but it does a mighty effective job in tamping down the soil so solidly that there will be no settlement when the gravel and asphalt go on top.

The drainage system is an interesting phase of the Fingal development. It is a rather intricate system, approximating that under city streets. There will be tile drains and storm sewers, with connected manholes. Wooden conduit pipes, 21 inches in diameter, are being used for the main outlet drains. Creosoted lengths of wood, grooved to fit together in a circle, and held together by heavy steel wires or hoops, are used. The wooden conduits are fabricated on the job. The reason for using wooden conduit pipes was explained to The Times-Journal. Clay or ceramic tiles and sewer pipes will not withstand the jar and pounding from the big bombers that will take off and land on the runways. They would soon be cracked and broken under this constant jarring.

Heavy perforated concrete drainage tiles are being employed along the sides of the runways, ranging in diameter from six to twelve inches.

Heavy Clay for Runways

(July 17, 1940)

Clay for the foundation of the huge runways being constructed for the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School is being moved from the vicinity of Port Stanley. Clay banks near the Port are providing ideal material for the runway foundation. Some of the clay is being taken out from the Harding Pond area. Clay is required to make a solid foundation for seven inches of crushed stone and two inches of asphalt. The runways are excavated down to sand and clay then moved in and packed down solidly. There is too much settlement to clay-loam or sand-loam to make a suitable foundation, engineers explained.

Carpenters in Demand

(July 19, 1940)

Reports of shortage of carpenters in the district, resulting from the heavy demand for saw and hammer specialists at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School, are current. Port Stanley is said to have been particularly hard hit with the services of carpenters for general repair work at a premium. With the Fingal construction area only a few miles from Port Stanley and contractors paying 75 cents an hour, on a nine-hour day, seven-day-a-week basis, carpenters and alleged carpenters have been flocking there for days, seeking jobs. Many men representing themselves to be carpenters have been coming from outside points, some of them being flue-cured tobacco growers in need of ready cash.

New R.C.A.F. School at Fingal Will be Like Busy Community

(July 19, 1940)

Streets Will Be Laid Out and Surfaced on City Plan and Will Be Lighted; Accommodations for 1,000 Airmen; 300 to 400 Men at Work Soon.

By this time next week, from 300 to 400 men will be employed on the grading and building projects. The two general contractors on buildings, Russell Construction Company, Limited, and General Engineering Company (Canada), Limited, also of Toronto, expect to have at least 300 men employed, depending on how quickly additional hydro power is provided.

Viewed from the old Talbot Road, which Colonel Thomas Talbot, founder of the Settlement, helped to survey nearly a century and a half ago, the bombing school will be "built on a slant". The

St. Thomas Times-Journal

buildings will not be parallel with Talbot Street; they will face the main or front roadway in the area, which will angle at 20 degrees or more, north to south, as compared with Talbot Street. To get a true perspective of the bombing school, when completed, a person will look to the south-west from a position approximating the point of the triangle that the huge runways will form.

The Department of National Defence now has an office at the development area, with Messrs. Nicolson and Goddard in charge. This staff is quartered in George Lethbridge's former residence.

Providing board and lodging for many of the men brought in by the contractors has made a keen demand on residents in the Fingal district. The hotel in Fingal is said to have 16 boarders, while numbers are being accommodated in farmhouses within a radius of two miles. Fingal is the busiest it has been since the pioneer days when it was a larger and busier place than St. Thomas, with a foundry that made the first threshing machines in Canada.

Bombing and Gunnery School Buildings of Standard Type

(July 20, 1940)

Fingal Air Training Project Will Correspond With Nine Others in Canada; Personnel of 70 Planes Expected.

Buildings under construction and projected for the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School are of standard design and materials to lower costs and speed completion, according to information received from the Department of National Defence for Air. The six hangars are each 224 feet by 160 feet. The building area is 45 acres and the aerodrome under construction must be capable of 3,000 foot landing strips in four directions. Each runway must be 2,500 feet long and 160 feet wide. Bombing and gunnery schools are the largest type of school under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Such schools have more planes, more buildings and more personnel than any other schools. Normal complement of aircraft at Fingal school will be 70, mostly the British single engine bomber-reconnaissance Fairey Battle with a crew of two, or the two-place North American Harvard, a low wing monoplane intermediate trainer.

Required at the bombing range,

now being surveyed, are a motor transport garage, a dock, a boat-house, observation tower, a quadrant shelter and a variety of raft and other targets.

Plans call for the provision of five bombing instruction units, three machine gun turret units, four indoor ranges for machine gun turrets, a 200-yard moving target range, a sports pavilion and sports field and storage accommodations for 20,000 gallons of gasoline.

The bombing school at Fingal, one of ten to stretch across Canada, will provide the final phase of instruction for all but air observers. The observers next go to one of the two air navigation schools for an advanced course of four weeks in air navigation.

Pilots will go to the Fingal school from the Service Flying Training School to complete their education with two weeks of machine gunning and bombing. Air observers, the actual bomb aimers of large aircraft, will go to the school from their air observers schools for six weeks of intensive bombing instruction and some machine gun practice. The air gunners, of course, will specialize in air gunnery in their four weeks at the Fingal school, which follows their 24 weeks at the wireless schools.

Armed Guards for New Aerodrome at Fingal

(July 23, 1940)

Curious Visitors Frequenting Area Will Be Restricted

Arrangements for the placing of a number of armed guards at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, west of Fingal, now under construction, were made on Wednesday. It is understood that the guards will be in the employment of the Department of National Defence and that preference is being given qualified ex-service men. The use of guards around the square mile of property and the erection of a wire fence around the entire area will place definite restrictions on visitors. Curious people have been visiting the area by the hundred, particularly on Sundays. With many of the buildings going up and work on the runways well advanced, free access to the area by every person who comes along is obviously out of the question. High Constable Frank Kelly visited the area on Wednesday with Major Frank Edwards, adjutant to Lieut.-Col. W. A. Andrews, O.C., the St. Thomas

Records Fingal History

Volunteer Civil Guards, and conferred with Department of National Defence officials supervising building construction, in reference to the selection of the armed guards. The guards will be paid at the rate of 40 cents an hour, The Times-Journal was informed.

ARRANGE FOR ROAD TREATMENT

(July 24, 1940)

An arrangement has been made between the Elgin County roads department and general contractors at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School for the treatment of the Talbot road, west from Fingal, over which heavy gravel trucks are operating 24 hours of the day, with calcium chloride. The application is proving quite effective as a dust layer, much to the relief of farmers residing along the road. The county roads committee volunteered to assume 50 per cent of the cost some weeks ago.

Premier Hepburn Regrets Start on School Delayed

(July 24, 1940)

Pertinent Comment Made When Fingal Project Is Inspected; Britain Needs Trained Airmen From Canada.

"My only regret is that this was not started two or three years ago so that we might have about 10,000 well-trained Airmen to send to the British Isles right now when they are urgently needed," Premier M. F. Hepburn remarked on Tuesday afternoon when he visited the R.C.A.F. Bombing and Gunnery School, under construction at Fingal, in company with F. S. Thomas, Agricultural Representative; Reeve W. C. Wheaton of Port Stanley; T. E. Neely of Dominion Natural Gas Company, Limited, and a representative of The Times-Journal.

It was the Premier's first visit to the Fingal project. He expressed himself as being greatly impressed with the progress that has been made in the last three weeks by the Ryan Contracting Company of Windsor in the construction of the runways and taxi areas for the training bombers that will operate at the School. He congratulated Robert Somes, superintendent for the Ryan Company, on what he and his forces had accomplished in less than a month, working night and day. He also met and chatted with Richard Lyons, resident engi-

neer for the Department of Transport, Ottawa, the man responsible for the efficiency of the survey work. A passenger in the Premier's big car during the tour of inspection was George Lethbridge, former owner of the farm on which the development work started. Mr. Somes told the Premier that the Ryan Company is about ten days ahead of schedule in construction of the runways, despite the delays experienced at the start through inclement weather. Another ten days will see the grading completed and application of the gravel on the runways well advanced, Mr. Somes reported. A large fleet of dump trucks is operating on a 24-hour day schedule from the Donaldson gravel pit, north of Iona Station.

Fingal Runways Are Delayed by Heavy Rains

(July 28, 1940)

Week or Two of Fair Weather Needed to Complete Work

The wet weather is causing some delay in construction work on the Bombing and Gunnery School at Fingal, especially to ground work. The paving of the second of the three big runways would have been completed if the weather had remained favorable. The second runway is about one-half paved, Chief Engineer Lyons for the Department of Transport, reported on Wednesday. The first runway is paved, ready for use and foundation work is completed on the third runway.

"A few days of fair weather and we will have the three runways paved," he said.

Work will start on the bombing ranges off Lake Erie's north shore very soon. The survey for the bombing stations has been completed by Mr. Lyons and his assistants.

Planes could now be landed at the Fingal Airport if the wind was in the right direction, The Times-Journal was informed.

Contractors Haul City Water as Rain Suspends Operations

(July 29, 1940)

Ironical Situation at Fingal Airport; Deep Well Has Been Drilled Mile and a Half From Site; Farm Wells Replenished

The contractors engaged in building the Bombing and Gunnery

School west of Fingal have been in a position similar to the Dutch sailors, at sea in an open boat, who complained about "Water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." Despite the persistent rains which has literally bogged down the ground construction work at the Bombing and Gunnery School, drinking water has been so scarce that the Ryan Contracting Company has been hauling water from St. Thomas in a 1,000-gallon tank mounted on a motor truck, while drilling continued for adequate water supplies near the airport. A well, which it is believed will provide adequate supplies of drinking water, has been struck on the Lawrence Sutherland farm, about a mile and a half west of the airport, near Burwell's Corners. The well was drilled through rock to a depth of about 265 feet. The water still has to be piped to the airport.

Drilling for water near the airport has been in progress for weeks, the radius explored extending to a point near the old Indian fort, known as the Southwold Earthworks, off the road to Iona.

The Ryan Contracting Company started hauling city water for their workers about three weeks ago, buying five or six 1,000-gallon tankfuls.

It seems rather ironical that with all the rain which has fallen in this district, difficulties should be experienced in locating water. Superintendent W. A. Allan of the waterworks department reported on Thursday that much of the rain must be finding its way into the ground, because the level at the city's big storage dam in North Yarmouth is still about three inches below the top of the dam. With so much water seeping down into the soil, farm water supplies which were depleted last year should soon be replenished. Small creeks throughout the district, which are usually dry beds by this time of year, are flush with water this summer.

Up until eight o'clock Thursday morning approximately five and a quarter inches of rain had fallen locally this month. About a quarter of an inch of rain fell during the night, the storm starting about 11.30 o'clock, with heavy thunder and sharp lightning.

Mr. Lyons reported that a 300-foot well was drilled, with water filling in to a depth of 280 feet but the seepage is slow with the supply from this source insufficient to meet the increasing needs. Another well is now being drilled. Mr. Lyons intimated that it is unlikely that water will be pumped from Lake Erie unless such a measure is found to be absolutely necessary.

Experienced engineers from the Department of National Defence, Ottawa, are in charge of all construction on the buildings. They are under the supervision and direction of M. D. Nicholson.

Mr. Nicholson expressed himself as being exceptionally well pleased with the progress of the work. All phases are well up to schedule.

Drilling His Men

A military note has been struck at the area with the daily drilling of the little force of men under Engineer Lyons. One of his engineering assistants is Lieut. Polk and he has started the daily drill periods. It is in the nature of a "Broomstick Army" at present, with sticks being used as rifles. The boys are taking readily to this military training, drilling every noon. Two or three weeks will see them whipped into fair military shape. Drills may be extended to the other departments. The resident engineer and his staff make their headquarters in the George Lethbridge home and drill in the big barnyard. George Lethbridge is usually an interested spectator.

With the forces of workmen growing almost daily, a Londoner with a business eye has established a concession tent in a farmer's field on the north side of the old Talbot road, between the entrances to the headquarters of the general contracting companies. The Londoner started up business there last Saturday and appeared to be doing a fairly brisk business in the serving of light lunches, cold drinks, ice cream and smokes.

Technical Training School and Fingal Airport Visited

(July 29, 1940)

Wilson H. Mills, M.P., Heads Inspection Party; Rain Forced the Suspension of Ground Work at Fingal

Bombing, Gunnery School Is Rapidly Taking Form

(July 29, 1940)

Contractors Losing No Time; Visitors Soon To Be Halted By Fence and Guards; Work on the Runways Is Well Advanced

The Bombing and Gunnery School under construction west of Fingal is really beginning to take shape, with the steel work for the first of the seven big hangars being fabricated; the framework of six of the seven barracks for the trainees raised; footings in for the other hangars and main buildings; and grading and foundation work on

(Continued on Page 12)

St. Thomas Past and Present

(Ed.—Mr. Thomas Keith, Managing Editor of The St. Thomas Times-Journal, has written that, having a few minutes to spare one night with an idea—and remembering—

"As many of the officers and men from the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School I have met seem to be interested in St. Thomas, you may consider the following worth a corner in your quite complete and most readable publication."

In thanking Mr. Keith for his contribution, we are also glad to acknowledge that The Times-Journal has been a constant friend to The Observer.)

St. Thomas was formerly the Village of Stirling, located on the Kettle Creek (Indian name, Auk-kaik-sa-bee River) valley, west of the present city.

Just as it started to climb the hill the place was named after Col. Thomas Talbot, founder of the Talbot Settlement, written up by Professor Landon of the University of Western Ontario in The Observer's March issue. It has always been a bit of a mystery why the "Saint" was prefixed to the "Thomas," because the old Colonel, according to all accounts, was no

saint and certainly at least quite a considerable number of our citizens, prominent and otherwise, of bygone days (to say nothing of the present) showed no inclination towards saintliness.

St. Thomas is known as the "Railway City" because the coming of the railroads saw it develop from villagehood through townhood into cityhood, and the railroad industry still predominates. During its boom days of the seventies and eighties it was called "the Pride of the West." Half a century ago, after Barnum & Bailey's big elephant, Jumbo, was killed by a railway train here (September 15, 1885) and railway accidents and fatalities were looked upon as an inevitable, though unfortunate, part of the business, it was nicknamed "the Calamity City." Later, through its leadership in civic beautification, it was known as "the Flower City."

St. Thomas was incorporated as a town in 1872, and as a city in 1881, just sixty years ago.

Why are practically all the business houses on the one street—Talbot (also named for the founder of the settlement)? When the

Canada Southern Railway, forerunner of the Michigan Central and the New York Central, came here, its station, shops and yards were located in what was then known as Millersburg, about a mile east of the Village of St. Thomas, by this time well out of the valley. Business houses kept going eastwards towards the railway station and there weren't enough left to spread north and south. Thus the more than a mile of stores all in a straight double row.

That big cement and steel railway bridge you pass under on your way to and from the city was originally a mass of wood, a single track structure, 1,402 feet long, 85 feet high, built in 1874. In 1883 it was rebuilt of steel, double tracked and shortened to 1,395 feet by filling in the ends, and in 1902 was again shortened, this time to 855 feet. In order to take care of the heavier type of motive power, the steel uprights were encased in reinforced concrete. That was in 1929. Over the bridge pass the fast passenger trains on the most direct route between Chicago and New York. The line from the Detroit River to the Niagara frontier, with St. Thomas the half-way point, is known as the railway speedway of America. It holds a

number of records for fast time.

And there's the other mass of reinforced concrete at the eastern end of the town. That's what we call our skeleton. In those days, when Ontario was getting over its prohibition binge and the United States still drank bootleg and imported stuff, promoters conceived the idea of a brewery in St. Thomas with an outlet for its product across the boundary line as well as in the home market. Just as the Elgin brewery-to-be reached the half-finished state it is in today the United States breweries got back into operation again and it was discovered Ontario already had enough breweries to supply the whole of Canada. So, the skeleton. The contractors did a fine and a lasting job as far as they went. The only way we'll ever get it down will be to turn the Fingal bombers loose on it.

Abbreviations Worth Knowing

- O.C.D.—O/C Drogue Flight.
- O.C.B.—O/C Bombing Flight.
- O.C.G.1—O/C Gunnery Flight 1.
- O.C.G.2—O/C Gunnery Flight 2.
- O.C.M.—O/C Maintenance Flight.
- S.E.—School Engineer Officer.
- S.M.—School Sergeant-Major.

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A Friendly Place to Shop in St. Thomas

KIWI NEWS

Submitted by Kiwi Fleming and assistants Jasper and McLeary.

Some weeks ago New Zealand's Prime Minister, the Rt. Hon. Peter Fraser, announced to his country that New Zealand's contribution to the Empire Air Training Scheme had reached its peak and that each month from now on thousands of young New Zealanders would go into training as pilots, observers and air gunners in a considerable contribution to the Empire's winning way. Shortly after Canadians had visible proof of this fact in the recent graduation at Fingal of the first class of observers to be trained in Canada when a group of

will at least commence to brew beer in the manner to which we are accustomed. On the reverse side of the ledger the lads from Aotea-roa have widened their experiences with a new knowledge and appreciation of their Canadian hosts, a few new expressions, a little bit of romance, and an extensive acquaintance of such widely varied accomplishments as ice skating and rye whisky. There, despite the highly moral note of the beginning of our explanation is the average En Zed's conception of the Empire Air Scheme—and very

avoided confusing similar structures with bomb targets, and one learned that it is not wise to talk out of turn in an examination paper.

However, enough of this instructive discourse. Canadians make the acquaintance of your "Noosies" and an expurgated account of their various activities. The following little tribute has just come to hand so it would indeed seem as if the Canucks have made themselves acquainted with a vengeance.

**TO OUR COMPANIONS
AT ARMS**

From The Sections

they have
Their little part.

Now you take guys like Ian,
Drones like Fred and Dick,
As far as bombs and sighting goes
they don't
Know a "bloody" trick.

They're mighty proud of their
island,
Somewhere on this universe,
But me, if I really had my choice,
I'd take a bloody hearse.

Now, boys, this rhyme is awful,
In fact it really stinks,
It's just a little bit of guff on what
a gunner thinks.

Now perhaps you boys will wonder

And some of you will curse,
What colossal cheek these gunners have—

New Zealand, like a hearse!
—Anonymous.

New Zealanders In "The Land of Milk and Honey"



The New Zealanders did write something about a land flowing with milk and honey similar to their own—the milk was made to

flow with nickels, while the honey they got themselves. We therefore thought it not inappropriate to show them at a Canadian meal

when The Times-Journal cameraman passed by the day before graduation.

Sergeant Observers received their wings from the R.N.Z.A.F. liaison officer, Group Captain L. M. Isitt.

Canadians have been learning a lot about New Zealand in recent months—there are courses of observers in training in Ontario, and observers, gunners, and pilots arriving each month for training in several Canadian camps. In many Canadian towns and homes somewhat bewildered natives of the country have endeavored to understand a new variety of English, puzzling over the meaning of "cobber," "dinkum," "kapai," "haeremai" and the universal "bloody." Actually there is a secret hope in the hearts of the New Zealanders that by the time we finish with the country Canadians will speak a considerably improved version of the King's English and

nice, too! Such incidentals as bombing and examinations have occurred, but with the magnificent capacity of the New Zealand mind to rise unperturbed over unpleasant incidents, have passed almost unnoticed.

We have, however, added to our knowledge considerably at Fingal. For instance, sulphur does not mix well with New Zealand brass, water had actually become something to drink, two new beverages have been discovered in the mess hall, and most of the lads have now learned that milk comes in bottles and costs money. Two bright observers have discovered a new method of finding wind speed and direction—they observe the location of farm outhouses and reason that the wind blows from house to outhouse; several have narrowly

Thank God that I'm Canadian and be one till they say He'd rather be a poor Canuck than a Newzie any day;

Now me, yes, I'm a Gunner, that's out there in the tail

To keep the Newzie Observers free from Hitler's deadly hail.

We stand there in the slipstream and blaze away like hell

While the Newzie's on his belly raining his bombs pell mell.

Now they'll say, "We're navigators and we have a course to steer," But they only get their bearings right

When a Canuck sings out, "Free Beer!"

They really deserve some credit because

To some extent they're smart, And in this little war of ours

The second course of the New Zealand Observers has its training at Number 4 Bombing and Gunnery School and being ambassadors of "The Little Country" they must be diplomatic. The essence of diplomacy is tact, so of necessity our opinions must be watered down—aaaaah, water!—what do we think of Fingal's water, but after all ours is not to reason why (de da de da de da) we people pay good dollars (bucks) to have sulphur baths, and super salesmen have on occasion sold oil shares to Kiwis. The powers that be supply us oil, sulphur and milk free (strike out that which does not apply).

The aim of the air observer is to hit the "Pickle Barrel" and so we extend our congratulations to Claud (Casanova) Harris, L/AC McLeary (Inebrius), 'Arry 'Oltor, Roy Lindsay, Dick Powell, Alex (Gent) Galbraith, and Johnny Earle. Many of us come within 400 yards of the target but the spectacle of an angry farmer with loaded shotgun, and the thought of comparatively innocent cattle bringing their offspring prematurely into the bleakness of the Canadian winter encourages others to do better.

Each week-end finds a mass exodus of the Kiwis to London, there to find consolation for the weekly misdemeanors in the arms of their beloveds. Amongst those who have given us some cause for suspicion are Allan (Jean) Baird and Freddy (Cartographer) Jennings—Don Sisley, too, has some secret information on the ways to woo women which we understand are at present under test. Fred (P. Pete) Hazel, under the personal instruction of Davey Doole, is proving himself an ardent stu-

(Continued on Page 12)

From The Sections

(Continued from Page 11)

dent in the gentler art (Dave, by the way, is an ex-school teacher, which accounts for his knowing all the answers). Of course, we dare not omit mentioning our redeemed Aussie member, who saw the error of his ways and adopted us to become almost as talented as New Zealanders themselves.

Amos (Quito) Hall, disciplinarian of his class, hopes to sell oil shares in Fingal Estate, but New Zealanders are not buyers (office, 119½ John Street). L/AC's Campbell and Galbraith have become deeply religious. Every Sunday the Kirk seems to draw them, even though the services seem to last long beyond the accustomed time. The "Wizard of Oz" (S. D. Porter) insists that Johnny Jasper is a "Fifth Columnist," his evidence being based on Jackie's non-payment of his five-cent rumbles and constant stream of mysterious documents which pour from his over-worked typewriter. Dan Clifford emerges from his contemplation of "Jeanie With the Light Brown Hair" to—to eat. Bill Fleming hitherto has enjoyed the straight and narrow path but now seems to find the "byway" much more interesting (due apologies to Miss B.). Roy Lindsay, the Course Senior, does some excellent clay bird shooting but cupid seems to have shot nearer the mark. Our Canadian friends watch on with amazement as Grey Wolves Len Fairbairn, Doug, Bradley (Oh, Wellsford, if you only knew) assist Labatt's Brewery Shareholders. . . . Tim Murphy, that lowland Scottish farmer from the barren lands of Hawkes Bay, has once more arrived amongst us. . . . Sergeant Barrow is "hors de combat" at present and it is the earnest wish of us all that he will soon grace Class 3 with his presence and recover complete health.

In finishing this commentary we would like it to be noted that, despite various drawbacks, we are flourishing again and toeing the line as one reproachful look from the eye of our C.O. is enough to quell the most foolhardy soul.

—Haeremai.

(P.S.—Representation has been made to our Trade Commissioner in Canada to arrange for the import from N. Z. of another bee and cow as the former pair seem to have decided for the city life.)—H.

Rosie—"Arent you getting Johnnie and Bill confused?"

Mary—"Yes, I get Johnnie confused one night and Bill the next."

Speed Fiend—"Gosh! Don't you feel glad you're alive?"

Passenger—"Glad isn't the word. I'm amazed."

As Seen Through A Bomb Sight



We offer as a contender for the Prop-Wash Loving Cup this month J. Appleton Crutehtwerp, the Security Guard, who was having a flip in one of our bombers. His lunch exhibited considerable restlessness but he did not mess up our aircraft; his cap is now ruined; to us he is 75%—a gallant airman.

Was it Flight Leo who roared "Eyes Left" a few weeks ago in the Drill Hall, and the Bomb Flight all did "Eyes Right" except the Orderly Officer, who retaliated with a twinkle in his eye? Or was it Yahooodie?

What does "Zut do wit to but" or "Wot blat sluttle Woof" mean? That's what the Flight Sergeant says in the Drill Hall just before he calls out the Squadron Commanders—or is it? We dunno. If it's "Good Morning" in Portuguese, we wish him the same; only he always says "Quiet down" before we can answer him.

There's something funny in the Too Big, or Too Small Boots and Pants Department. All us guys in Bombing aren't "Sam"; there's only one Sam and his name is Joe Morris, but that there new Corporal Phladensoff calls us all that—but it's him; he's Sam. Some guy, eh?

We ain't minding the guy in 18A who works nites, in his sleep, on undercarriage Oleo legs—but he don't need to sweat at the rest of us guys 'cause we won't work all night with him. His name is Pancho Joe, but we just call him "Zee."

The scribe overheard our famous manipulator of the motion picture machine, one named Victor (His Master's Voice) calling his famous dog "Dismark." Not seeing any dog, I said to my pal Joe (another Joe) "That guy's nertz." "No," he says, "he's Okay; it's the quiet guys you gotta keep an eye on."

As we all know, the famous ivory tickler, the Maestro of the Station Orchestra, one Corporal Carty, is in a sorta allegro and other blue stuff these days. Duty called and left poor Bill short several note scroungers for his musicians whang danging orges in the Recreation Hall. Bill said to lose musicians was like pulling teeth. Maybe that's where the falsetto notes

came from on Friday night. I dunno—maybe Corp. Carty says whosoever can twerp and do a double tweedle on some kind of musical tomahawk would be welcomed and taken into his little bunch of down-beaters and beaten-eight-to-the-bar. Come on, you musicians—give Bill a talent or two of yours. See Carty today.

Rocky always says, as he looks down from great heights through his bomb-sights that there's only ONE flight down there on the ground. That's the Bombing Flight. They are without a doubt the best gang in the world, even if they sometimes do look scruffy, and one we all know well has a maternity drape Great-Coat—after all, you can't make a totem-pole look good by hanging a canoe on the top, or can you? Anyways, even if the rest of our streets are nameless, the New Zealanders unconsciously named the runways 'cause every time they came down you could hear them say "We're jolly glad to be back down here on Terra-Firma."

But speaking of street names, the good old Bomb outfit thinks, the street by the hangars, if we can stop it from running, should be called "VLIETWAY AVE." and the street passing the ensign could be "RONDELL ST." Then the street past the Parachute Hangar could be "BLEAKER ST." (as you never seen anything bleaker in your life). The street passing the canteen (which we never do) and which houses our abodes, for which a fair name like "RESTHAVEN BLVD." would be very too-too—are you still with me?

These are only suggestions, but if the judges like them—we'll take cigarettes, please, and give some more names next time.

Well, seems like there's a Bomber comin' in so let's get crackin'—see you again sometime, we're hoping. Loan me a buck and don't stand near me on noon parade; you make us both look scruffy. Bye now.

As One Gunner Sees It



Remember to give a little credit to the ground crew, air gunners, when you reflect on that performance of your aircraft. The guns, the turret, your parachute—everything you use is dependent upon

their skill and conscientiousness in their work, methinks we should show our appreciation.

Trigger Joe says as how they shoulda given the street's names such as Drogue Lane, Vickers Road, Fairey Place, Sergeant Boulevard, Stoppage Avenue, and all like that there. Sorta immoralize 'em for prosterity or something, he said.

We just found out that they've decided to supply the WAG'S on air-operating with box lunches to eliminate that wasteful hour in the mess.

Someone suggests the class flying in the morning could save a lot of preparation time by going to bed the previous night in their flying outfits.

Famous first lines (by relatives and well-wishers): "Weren't you thrilled the first time you drove a plane?" "Aren't you afraid away up there alone?" "It looks like a spider" (referring to sparks on right arm), "My goodness, you're gaining weight!"

And then they could name the drive in from the main road, Hope Street—and let those using it put their own interpretation on it:

Maker's sign inside parachute: If this parachute fails to operate kindly return unused portion to us. We shall be glad to refund the purchase price. Perhaps it was one of theirs we saw advertised: Good To the Last Drop.

If more air-gunners had the foresight to develop their insight in aligning their ringsight they'd be better off by a damn sight!

Fingal History

(Continued from Page 9)

the runways and taxi runs virtually completed. A person can witness almost hourly advancement in the construction program, so rapidly are buildings going up. Driving into the area, a visitor hears the sound of hundreds of hammers wielded by busy carpenters. Huge dump trucks, carrying full loads of gravel or hurrying back to the pit for loads, rumble in and out of the area, in almost continuous lines.

Visiting the area to watch the construction work will soon be restricted to persons with passes. The work is attracting entirely too many curious people, particularly on Sundays. In consequence a stout wire fence is to be erected all around the area and armed guards are to be installed, on 24-hour patrol duty. People who have been driving in and out of the area, at their will, will find themselves stopped and challenged soon. The big rolls of wire fencing are on hand, ready to be strung.

Someone once said something about East is East and West is West and never the twain shall meet. We Ontarion lads, just returned from a totalled six months at No. 2 I. T. S. at Regina and No. 2 Wireless School, Calgary, will assure that the quotation doesn't refer to Canada!

Surprising just what a war will do! Had anyone told us a year ago that we'd be out there enjoying the hospitality of Western Canada we would have laid big odds against it.

Most of us, I know, carried a variety of distorted pictures of what we expected the West to be like. Unimportant cities, Hollywood style ranches, unbearable winters—these were a few—along with one paramount skepticism shared by most of us about the "girls out there" (but more of this later).

Our first intimation of what was in store for us came as we marched through the streets in Regina. From the depot to the Normal School and Regina College (the location of No. 2 I. T. S.) spectators lined the streets and cheered, motorists blew their horns—while the girls (but more of this later). Even their infamous grasshoppers broke rank to welcome us! We'd no sooner become settled than invitations came pouring in for Sunday dinners, drives, parties and dances. We were amazed at the spontaneous friendliness of the citizens. (In fact, more than one Airman's letters bear a Regina post-mark on the outside and a young feminine handwriting within.) We found Regina's business district smart, its merchants conversational, its residential sections clean. We were at the wrong end of summer to expect green lawns and well-foliaged trees.

Except for the fine park around the parliament buildings—incidentally, Regina's show place—most vegetation was parched. Though the odd rain didn't revive the grass and the leaves to any extent, it did produce that inevitable gumbo. That part of the West surely stuck with us! But as we were in Calgary three times longer than we were in Regina, here's a few impressions of that city.

We got to know Calgary and its

Go West Young Air-Man

people better. In turn, they learnt more of us, our home life in the East in general.

The city is larger than Regina and more cosmopolitan. Its fine modern stores reminded me of London, though London is larger and more bustling. Calgary still has its street cars to snag the traffic, however. As in Regina, the pretentious Normal School was converted for war use. Huts were built for our barracks. We arrived early enough to find several unfinished, the water and heating systems yet to be installed and

the drill just begun. At that they must have been ahead of schedule. Daily we anked through powdery real estate transposed in big snoutfuls by powerful pusher-type graders as we watched the evolution of the finally splendid parade grounds. During the interim many a good issue boot hid its identity under a cloak of dust! But these things were incidental, for at least we felt ourselves, to some extent, pioneers!

The most impressive feature of our stay in Calgary, actually was not in Calgary. This, of course,



If Freddie Asselin will go around like this more people than N. J. Henry may be carried away by their emotions. It's surprising Fernand Garceau's camera stood the shock.

refers to Banff, a "must-see" on every Airman's list. By the time suitable week-ends were at hand most of us had invitations for the drive eighty miles farther west. Busses and trains accommodated others. Every one of us was more than impressed by the amazing dimensions and sheer magnificence of the Rockies.

A group of us spent New Year's Eve at Banff Hotel; rates were reasonable (the Banff Springs Hotel was closed!) To say that the local New Year's dance was informal is an epic of understatement. Dancing slippers, bedroom slippers, ski boots, Air Force boots, sports shirts, dress shirts, issue shirts, evening gowns and ski pants. But it all made a happy party which lasted until 4 a.m.

I then made my short stay doubly interesting by working at eight the next morning, tucking my camera and tripod under one arm and climbing one of the less formidable mountains into the rays of the brilliant sun. We were struck by the hospitality and generosity of the Calgarians. Many a street car stop was left bare as motorists pulled up and called "pile in, boys." Even such casual contacts as these often led to subsequent invitations to dinner, parties, trips and so on. They often assured us of practically open house, especially if there were an eligible young lady concerned!

Oh! I was going to say something about the young ladies of the West, wasn't I? Well, on second thought, to those who have met 'em, anything I might say would be superfluous; those who ain't—go West, young (Air)man! (I make no mention of our Eastern fair sex, as we've known 'em all our lives.)

When one reflects upon the far-reaching effect this introduction of the East to the West will have upon Canada's future, the picture conjured up is very significant. The understanding, the knowledge, the tolerance born of this sociological hand-shake and imparted by those of us whose fortune it may be given to return to this great country, must undeniably influence the positions in the various walks of life we assume after this war.

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STATION SPORTS

Greetings, gents! In this, the third edition of The Fingal Observer, we shall delve into past, present and future sports events and gossip of this No. 4 B. & G. School.

Seems like we had a couple of long pong (excuse me, Table Tennis O, la-de-da) tournaments last month, both of which were won by Bobby Cunningham. Also there have been two scheduled basketball games between Maintenance, Drogue and Security Guard, and the latter team took command of both games.

It is a little late in the season to say anything about our hockey team, but I would like to say that they certainly finished with a bang. They played the best team in the league to a standstill in their last game and old Lady Luck turned on them in the last two minutes. She deserted the boys all season for that matter. For the very short time the boys played together and the little practice they had, I think they deserve a pat on the back, so here it is, fellows:

Well, fellows, back to the present, and doesn't this weather remind you of that good old American sport (Baseball). We are going to have three softball diamonds and we hope to be able to get enough fellows interested to have teams from each hangar. From those teams a Station team will be picked to play against T.T.S. and possibly Aylmer can be drawn in also. You civilian workers on this Station, come on out and get yourselves a softball team so the boys will have one soft touch on the schedule, anyway (ha, ha!) There will be a trophy for the highest team, so fight, you fellas, as it is a very good sport and a lot of fun. You baseball fiends will be happy to hear that,

Station News



No. 4 B. & G's Popular Dance Band

if possible, there will be a baseball diamond, providing there are enough interested in the game.

There is also going to be a football field for either soccer or rugby. More about that in the next issue.

There will also be tennis, volleyball, and for all the farmers on the Station there will be horseshoe pitches between the barracks.

Now back to P.P. or rather table tennis. There is going to be a tournament every Thursday eve, so come on out and practice so we can dethrone the present champ. If one fellow remains champ forever, it will become a bit monotonous, so let's take the honor away from him.

For you gents that confine your sports activities to walking, etc., why don't you get in touch with Fred Noakes of the plotting office as he knows his natural history and it will be very interesting to examine it during your hikes this coming summer.

One last note to the effect that you can draw softballs these nice afternoons from the recreation hall.

enough big names to make it good and a story interesting and exciting enough to distinguish it from the usual "made by formula" films turned out by the moguls of Moviedom on to a long-suffering public. The remainder were surprisingly good. "Bringing Up Baby" was especially diverting. "Sky Devils," exciting and appropriate, just the thing for Airmen. "Gangster's Boy," sentimental fish-water in spots, considerable fun acting and mugging in others, and the rest of the time stirring in its pathos and all adding up to a fair night's diversion. "Sailing Along," seen for the second time here, still provided all that could be desired in any show. Jessie Mathews is always good and Allister Simm, as the screwy artist, turned in a fine performance. More British films in the future will be welcome if they maintain the high calibre of this one.

As you probably know, considerable work has been done on the screen to try to improve the projection of the shows. It has attained considerable success and still better results are predicted for the future. Since we have gone on daylight saving time and the evenings will be getting longer as time goes on, I think it would be a good idea if we had shutters on the windows of the Recreation Hall. Light from the Drill Hall and to a lesser extent from the street lights is preventing us from receiving the full benefit of the improvement made in the new screen frame. This idea has been called to the attention of the powers that be, but thus far no action has been taken. I hope that they will give it their serious consideration and act as soon as possible.

[Ed. - Contract has been let for the curtain.]

T. T. Officer: What is ice?
McCallum: Water frozen stiff.

LIBRARY

Every week sees a marked increase in the number of men using the Station Library. The selection of reading material is becoming better and more diversified. We have now over 2,000 books dealing with a surprising variety of subjects. In non-fiction class we have Philosophy, Adventure, Travel, Biography and Science well represented. This type of reading is getting more and more attention from the Airmen. Fiction of every kind is there for the taking. Romance, Detective Stories, Westerns, Humorous Stories and heavy fiction are all on the shelves. Old classics and the best work of modern authors are side by side for your enjoyment. If you wish to improve your mind, have a good laugh or simply pass a dull hour pleasantly, you can find the type of book to satisfy your needs by looking over our shelves. The Library is for your enjoyment and recreation. Use it.

In the past it has not been the policy of the Library to charge the patrons for overdue books; one day here or there doesn't make a great deal of difference; but when it goes three or four days and sometimes weeks, it's time something was done. We don't like to be hard on the boys but some of our best books are long overdue. Since there is a considerable demand for these books, we ask your fullest co-operation.

STREET NAMING COMPETITION

Some of you will remember that ten dollars was set aside for a street naming competition. As the lads at the School have all the money they want, entries were few. The best suggestion made was that each street be named to perpetuate the various nationalities that pass through our gates, e.g., Britannia St., Anzac Ave., Washington Way, Oslo Ave., Canuck Rd., Empire Ave., etc., etc. A group is now grappling with the problem and suggestions for national names will be welcomed by Padre Gowdy.

MEN!!!

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MOVIES

Motion pictures are still our best entertainment. The films shown in the last month have been a vast improvement. The one and only Western - Texas Rangers - had

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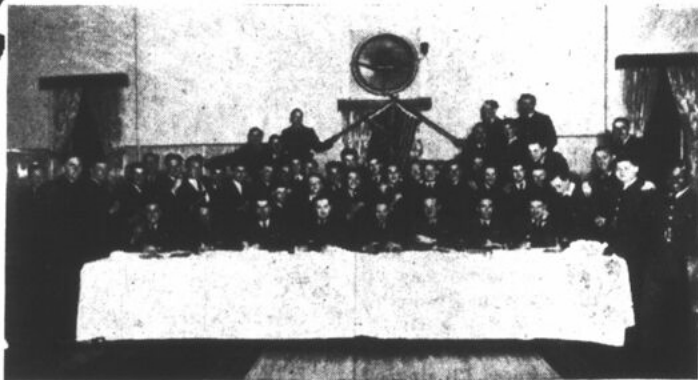
The Active Service Club, which has been established by the St. Thomas Citizens' Auxiliary War Services Committee, at 487 Talbot street, in rooms provided by the St. Thomas branch of the Canadian Legion, offers Airmen a pleasant place to rest and read, or to catch up with their correspondence while in St. Thomas. The main clubroom is attractively furnished with comfortable chesterfields and chairs; has a large reading table in the centre, a library of three or four hundred volumes and a large rack well-filled with current magazines and other publications. Local and outside newspapers are also provided.

There are card tables and decks of cards, checker boards and other recreational provisions for active

service men who use the room; writing desks well supplied with stationery by Canadian Legion War Services; ornamental lamps to tone up the clubroom and a collection of interesting pictures on the walls.

Enlisted men who use the Active Service Club are privileged to patronize the dry canteen operated by the Canadian Legion, who also provide a variety of evening and Sunday entertainment in the Canadian Legion Auditorium.

The St. Thomas Citizens' Auxiliary War Services Committee have endeavored to make the Active Service Club a home for enlisted men while in St. Thomas. It is their Home and Airmen at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School are invited to visit it and use it. Light, heat and janitorial services have been provided by the Canadian Legion War Services.



DROGUE FLIGHT BANQUET



With rumble funds into which officers and men of Drogue Flight have been paying for the past few months, plus a subscription, a very entertaining and pleasant evening was held Thursday 3/4/41 at the Grand Central Hotel, St. Thomas. Following a marked reduction of the number of turkeys extant a few words were heard from F/L Grimm, officer commanding the Flight, and F/O's Cunningham,

Colby, Long, Frith and Sgt/P Barnett. Guest of the evening was F/O Bendall of C.I.S., who mentioned the fact that the Flight was known to be excellent beyond the general run. Afterwards the boys joined in a regular old time sing-song with Corporal Bill Carty at the piano. Doing a fine job as master of ceremony was F/S Landreville, who kept things running in fine style. F/L Grimm thanked the mechanics, drogue operators and others, who worked to make the affair a success. Special thanks go to Corporal Cromarty, L/AC's Kelly and Smith, who acted on the committee and arranged all details. Heavy heads next morning hasn't made us change our minds that the sooner we have the next one the better.

War Savings Certificates Campaign

\$1650

Subscribed by 40 Per Cent. of establishment

Far be it from the editorial staff to suggest that their front page in the last issue was in any way responsible for the above very creditable showing in our as yet unfinished War Savings Certificates Campaign.

Forty per cent is very good but we want to do even better. There is still time to get on the honor list and we suggest you see your committee representative for further particulars.

*You too can SERVE—
by SAVING!*



The Canadian War Services Fund

A few days ago Wing Commander W. D. Van Vliet received a warm note of appreciation from the St. Thomas Committee of the Canadian War Services Fund thanking the men of the Station for their generous contribution of \$100 towards that worthy fund now campaigning throughout the Dominion.

The men of the Station may not have been conscious of having subscribed in this noble fashion, nevertheless it is a fact. Through their patronage of the Canteen, profits have accrued to make possible the forming of a General Fund in the hands of a chosen committee, through whom the donation was made.

It must be gratifying to the men

**BATTLE PLANES
of
The World**

**LOCKHEED P-38
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From both a design angle and its great potential military value to the United States and Great Britain the P-38 is holding the spotlight in aviation circles today. Proof that Great Britain is interested lies in her reported order of near 1,000. Data released by the British after test of the new aircraft is as follows:

Top speed—404 at 16,000 feet.

Range—600 miles at 350 m.p.h.

(One must remember that this is a single-seater fighter with two motors of more horsepower than the Merlin; they are the Allison rated at approximately 1,600 h.p.).

Service ceiling—30,000 feet.

Wing span—52 feet.

Length—37 feet 10 inches.

Weight — Empty, 11,171 lbs.; loaded, 13,500 lbs.

Armament—2 cannon, 4 machine runs.

A unique feature of this aircraft is that it climbs so fast the pilot has to be prepared physically before testing it.

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"Aceytooo Hardbottom Writes To His Love"

Dere Mable:

I am writing this letter in the adjecnts office. He went to supper & he doesn't know I'm in here but I guess he would want me to take his place while he is away eatin but I'm afraid I can't stay in here until he comes back. The C.O. isn't in his office either.

Well Mable I didn't get down to see you like I sed I wood, because the C.O. is away on leeve and asked me to look after the Station along with Cpl. Barr. I hope he don't go A. W. L. (that means "A While Longer", Mable) because the Cpl. is liable to put him on charge. That don't mean explosion Mable, unless the C. O. knows about it.

I was glad to see yer old man when he come up last week-end, Mable. I found him over in the Sergeants Mess tellin the boys what he done in the last war. He said he belonged to the engineers. I guess that was because it took a company of engineers to dig him out of a dug out to go over the top. They wouldn't have known the difference between him and rum jar he was hangin onto only the rum jar broke.

Anyway Mable he got hold of our paper the "Finger Observer" and hit the roof. He saw a letter that was written by a Newsealand-er that started of "Hairy Me Hairy Me" that said he didn't like the grub here. Well Mable yer old man said that in the last war the Anzacs shipped frozen rabbits over to England that they fed the Canadians on for months and he sez you got a plate of rabbit stew with a pair of eyes a lookin up at you kind of sorrowful like and he sed he guessed it was up to the Anzacs to cum over and help us

to eat this beef and they shouldn't kick if they get hooked with a pair of horns on the plate.

Well Mable I went after my L. A. C. (thats "lay around camp") and you get extra money for it. I went to Sgt. Herbert and axed him if he'd get it for me and he says "go to the devil" so I went over to the Surgent Major and I guess I'm getting it in July cause he said it would be a hell of a holiday when I got it.

I'm glad you like that Airman's hat I sent you for your birthday Mable. It'll look good with yer bathin suit I sent you for Xmas. I don't know what that number is on the inside because they were all hangin up in the Mess room and I was in a hurry.

They got a great game here in camp Mable. They have signs up all over camp. Some say "attenshun are you" and others say "End of Are You". The idea is if you can walk in "Attenshun are you" between signs with yer hands in yer pocket without the C. O. catchin you, you get a.c.l. and if he catches you you lose a days pay. The first day I stood at attenshun in front of a sign for an hour until Corporal Walsh marched me over to the M. T. and attached me to a mop.

Thank yer mother for that parcel she sent Mable. As soon as I opened it the garbage man stole it.

The transport officer meets me on the street the other day and throws a few incinerators about me havin long hair and suggests I get it cut, so I hops it over to the barber. Say Mable we sure got one smart barber here. You know he gets away at the back of the room with the clippers and makes a run at you so that by the time the speed of the clippers die down he's into the thick hair at the top of your head, and then he gives a run at you from the front and meets the swath on top of your head, then he side slips over each ear and there you are. He holds the speed record for Western Ontario.

You know Mable, the padre tells me the hairs on our head are numbered but I couldn't see it till one of our corporals took his cap of at a dance.

So, Flite Sgt. Thorps told yer sister he was gettin transferd to Jerico Beech? Tell her for me Mable he's still here and for her to phone flying officer Gray and reverse the charges like everybody

else does cause he says its excitin to say you'll pay the phone charges just to find out who yer goin to talk to.

The pay officer, thats the only guy here with money, stops me on the road the other day and says mebbe I should kick in with a few bucks to help out Mitch Hepburn pay for this war, so I suggests I don't get up for breakfast every day and they give him my breakfast allowance. He don't seem to see it my way.

The other day flyin officer Thomas comes in the Mess room when we are havin pork chops and sez to a guy "How do you find the pork chops" and this bird sez "I just roll the potatoe over and here she is".

So you saw in the paper about Sam gettin his hooks? I don't know why he shaved off his moustache—his head would be light enough anyway.

Well Mable we had a wings parade here and a bunch of the boys had one wing pinned on there bosoms. They only get one wing Mable but they seem to get along as good over seas as the fellows with two.

Tell yer old man, Mable that Howarth is still draggin on that pipe he gave him four Xmas ago. When the Air Comadore was up here, he sed, between Howarth's pipe and the water here a gas attack would be a rose garden.

Well Mable, I guess I'll ring off for this time because Flite Leftenant MacCormick is wantin me to take his place till he goes into town for the afternoon, so yours till yer maw gets her face lifted.

—ACEYTOO HARDBOTTOM.

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

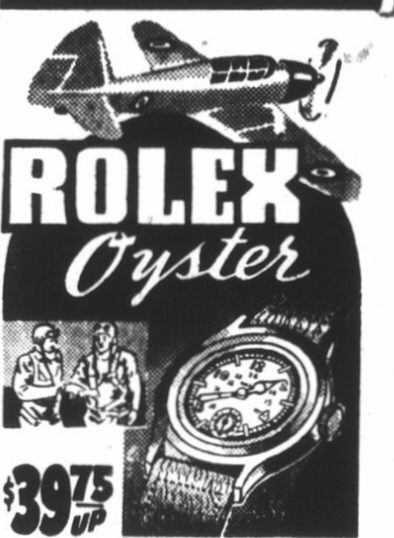
True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so
much,

Loved I not Honour more.

—RICHARD LOVELACE.

Jean Gabin, the famous French film star, has recently arrived in the United States. When asked about the French sentiment towards the British he said: "We are both pro- and anti-British. Those who are pro-British say each night in their prayers, 'Please, God, let the gallant British win quickly.' Those who are anti-British say each night in their prayers, 'Please, God, let the dirty British win right away.'"



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STOP PRESS NEWS
Epidemics and Station Dances

Fear of the spread of epidemics has prompted the cancellation of future Station Dances. The coming of fine weather, the opening of Port Stanley, plus a full program of sports will make this easy to bear however. Sgt. Poulos is right now worrying about all the horseshoe pitches he has to put in; the tennis courts and the softball diamonds: all power to him because the lads want to get out.

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