

THE FINGAL OBSERVER

Vol. 1 - No. 4

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

May 15, 1941

Brigadier MacDonald First Military Dignitary to Present Wings at Fingal

On Friday afternoon, April 11th, Wing Commander Desmond pinned the wings on another class of Air Gunners graduating from Fingal. This group was the most cosmopolitan lot ever to graduate. There were a number of Ameri-



Brigadier D. J. MacDonald

cans, a New Zealander, boys from Nova Scotia to Vancouver and a Belgian, whose picture appears elsewhere.

Wing Commander Desmond reminded the lads of the importance of this occasion. He said: "You are now fully qualified to take your place beside so many gallant comrades." He emphasized the fact that team work and team spirit were essential in any aircraft. He congratulated the instructors and officers whose job it is to train Air Gunners and remarked that they were fulfilling well their part of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Fingal thus continues to push forward its stream of well-trained graduates and we publish a photograph of some of the instructors more directly concerned with our trainees.

Two weeks later a class of New Zealand Observers received their wings. A new note was struck when our Commanding Officer, Wing Commander W. D. Van Vliet, introduced Brigadier D. J. MacDonald, O.C. Military District No. 1, who presented the wings. In performing this ceremony the Brigadier said, "We Canadians are proud of these lads from 'down under' who are helping swell the numbers being sent to England from every part of our great Commonwealth."

In paying tribute to the New Zealand and Australian forces in

the present and last war, he saw an example of that redoubtable spirit in the young men to whom he presented Observer Wings.

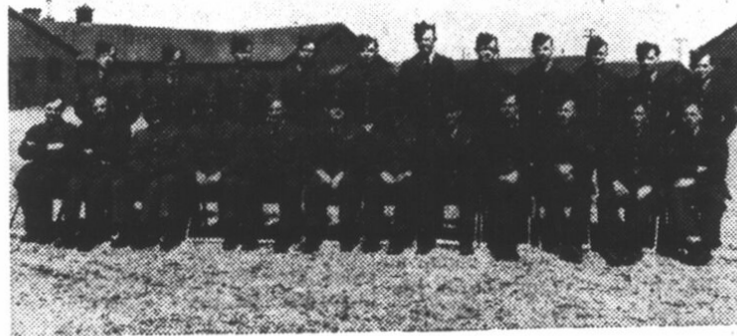
Many people from London and St. Thomas were present for the graduation, showing how popular these chaps from New Zealand have become during their short stay in this vicinity, plus a group of New Zealanders in training at

his class, was Australian born, but was employed in New Zealand at the outbreak of the war and joined with the New Zealand lads.

These two classes of Air Gunners and Observers are typical of the class and calibre of men graduating not only at Fingal but from Stations such as ours all over Canada helping to increase day by

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FINGAL INSTRUCTORS



Left to Right, standing: Sergeants W. McAdam, P. Patrick, A. Ramsay, S. C. Nelson, L. J. Desbiens, W. R. Lampman, W. R. McCarty, G. C. Weston, R. D. Hopkins, M. J. Reilly and J. Campbell.

Left to Right, sitting: Sgt. G. D. Ayres, Sgt. H. Gibbs, F/O A. P. Whalen, F/O R. J. McCombe, F/O P. Wilkinson, O.C. Gunners; Sqd/Ldr A. J. Kennedy, Chief Instructor; F/Lt W. F. Tourgis, O.C., G.I.S.; F/O C. Bendall, O.C. Observers; WO/2 S. C. Martin, Sgt. R. A. Barrow, Sgt. E. J. Rumford, F/Sgt Mullen.

Crumlin.

Among the men on parade, but not receiving wings on this occasion, were our three new Norwegian lads.

Unlike the first class of New Zealanders, none of these boys appeared to have committed themselves to matrimony in Canada. Two of the members of the first class married London, Ontario, girls.

The youngest of the New Zealanders to graduate that Saturday afternoon was Sergeant Observer Jack Goodlet from Dunedin, N.Z., who was 18 when he joined the R.N.Z.A.F. Class leader was Sergeant Observer D. J. Doole from Hastings, N.Z., with Sergeant Observer E. Johnson of Ruatapu, N.Z., second. Sergeant Observer Griffith, who graduated fourth in

England Versus New Zealand English Rugby

U. of W. O., London, 17/5/41.
1500 Hours, E.S.T.

Through the kind offices of the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander W. D. Van Vliet, the Fingal New Zealanders have invited Port Albert R.A.F. to an international encounter.

Professor Crocker of the University is kindly co-operating in the provision of a ground and referee.

While no admission will be charged, it is expected a collection will be made during the game on behalf of the International Red Cross.

Turn out and see the fun and fur fly.

"ANZAC DAY"

On April 25th, 1941, a Canadian newspaper published a photograph showing seven New Zealand Airmen standing before a War Memorial upon which they had deposited a wreath. The occasion was "Anzac Day." The wreath was to honor the memory of thousands of Australian and New Zealand soldiers who landed at Gallipoli on April 25th, 1915, and who fought in that and subsequent bloody campaigns.

On the day that the seven Airmen saw fit to pause on their way, a new generation of Anzacs was fighting a desperate delaying action in the Thermopylae Pass, holding back the enemy with bitter defensive thrusts and living up to the reputation of renowned fighters which their fathers won in World War I at Gallipoli.

On that day the two countries felt they had achieved nationhood. Though their men were few in comparison with their foes, they proved that they had not lost the courage and tenacity of their British forebears but had supplemented these by a vigor and light-hearted daring induced by their New World environment.

These qualities combined with resourcefulness in unexpected situations, caused the name of Anzac to be respected and feared by the Germans and Turks and from that time until the end of the war the mere knowledge of their presence on a battle front produced a distinctly unfavorable psychological reaction in the troops opposing them. This was recognized by German military leaders and it is on record that toward the end of the war they kept the rank and file of the German army in ignorance as to the identity of the troops opposing them.

In the present conflict Australia and New Zealand have again rallied to the cause of the British Empire and Democracy. New Zealand even anticipated the British Government by a few hours in declaring war on Germany, which led local humorists to remark, "I hope Great Britain comes in with us against the Germans."

The achievements of our fellow-countrymen in Libya and Greece prove the present-day Anzacs quite

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THE FINGAL OBSERVER

Published with the kind permission of
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Numberless Anonymous

WAR EFFORT

Far be it from us to suggest that honest citizens are consciously soaking the men in uniform who ask for accommodation. Many people at great personal inconvenience have opened their homes at reasonable fees to the men who are defending these same homes. The owners who have had experience at renting or boarding seem the best. The amateurs are the ones who offend. Some don't ask enough—yes, this is true—most ask too much, fearing they will lose. They open the door with the good intention of making a war effort and then observing the number trying to crowd in, human nature has its way and the highest bidder is the one who is admitted.

If a house is to rent, why should it be necessary to ask, "Are you an officer?" or, "Are you an N.C.O.?" Do these different types of men take up more room than the next? Has an officer the peculiar habit of doing more damage to a house than the humbler Flight? Or does the Flight wear the floor more than an AC/2? A fair rent is a fair rent and should be paid by all alike. The Airman doesn't want privileges beyond reason; he just wants a fair deal. He has the money to pay for a fair deal but not to be soaked.

Many Airmen are better off today than they have ever been before but many have made great sacrifices to serve their country. When they read advertisements about houses to rent but "no Air Force," they ask what they are fighting for. "No children" is another one; often the circumstances make it impossible for children to

be accommodated but equally often it is merely a matter of protecting one's creature comforts.

In England today millions of people have been evacuated to the country. Mr. and Mrs. A. haven't been given the privilege of taking Mrs. B. and children, because she pays more rent than Mrs. C. No, they are told how many they are to take and what they'll get for it. Often this isn't sufficient and all kinds of gross injustices have been committed. Grave errors such as placing children from poorer districts in beautiful homes they couldn't appreciate and which they have despoiled. But all kinds of heroic people have risen to the occasion. Little villages have shouldered unimaginable burdens in increased populations. Little grubby faces that have never been clean are washed, clothing is found, the ration allowance is eked out—one's own is even cut—to give these unfortunates, bombed from their homes, some solace.

They are pulling together because in England they know it is a totalitarian war and those few who still live in the atmosphere of nineteenth century capitalism and yell for their profit and pound of flesh are brought up rudely by juster laws.

Perhaps it needs bombs and dire necessity to force us to the truth that the more one gives the more one receives. That democracy for which we are fighting doesn't simply mean the right to live the way we want to but that it is up to each one of us to help each other to the richer life. If democracy is just the right to freely try to skin one's fellow, then we'd

better give up fighting. Let the Nazis advise on board and rent.

Be sure to place your requests through the Y.W.C.A. Rooms Registry.

We FIGHT TO REMAIN HUMAN

The issues at stake in the present world struggle have been much discussed and speculated upon with varied appraisals. But as the war proceeds from day to day some of these issues are changing fast from a mere point of academic expression to a dreadful reality. Among some of the things that the warfare itself is deciding are the sharp differences in the value of human life held by the opposing sides. Deeds in this respect speak louder and longer than words.

Pre-war international conferences may have resulted in what looked like a common viewpoint as to how future warfare was to be conducted. All nations looked alike around a table, or on signed documents, but it took actual experience to bring out the real divergencies in values and sentiments. In the heat of conflict there is always a true test of whether there is even a vestige of respect for the rules of the game.

What about this greatest of all rules—the rule of respecting human life? The answer was not long in doubt once war had come. During the first hours of this war, as many hung around the radios waiting the news of that fateful September 3rd, there was brought home to us the disregard of any rules in the sinking without warning of the S.S. Athenia, laden with human life. Not many months later the enemy made the issue more emphatic with the murderous sinking of the children's evacuee ship, "City of Benares." Since then she has sickened and maddened the decent part of the world by the indiscriminate bombing attacks on the homes of Warsaw, Rotterdam, London and Belgrade. With the fall of European states have followed conditions of slavery and horror. Internment camps add to the infamy of our enemy for its cruelty and inhumanity.

Even among combatants the enemy has flouted any sanctity of life. It is reported that while the wearied heroes of Dunkirk thrown from the sinking "Lancastria" were struggling for life in the oil-covered waters, the raiders swooped to machine-gun them in their helplessness. Unprotected fishermen and lighthouse keepers have been bombed and machine-gunned off the shores of Britain. Airmen bailing out from the con-

flict in the skies have been the object of attack in their descent.

Even for her own soldiers the enemy seems to lack any consideration. The recent accounts of the Greek campaign tally with those of the earlier war in France. Men, we are told, were poured forth in living masses as part of a heartless machine of aggression. But that is only the inevitable, for the nation which throws away its principles without a qualm can with the same flippant ease throw away its men.

In all these directions Britain has refused to follow. The same war which reveals the hidden inhumanity of the Germans reveals the opposite in her opponent. Britain has given the crews of enemy ships the warning of attack. She has honored the use of life boats. During engagements in the Mediterranean Admiral Cunningham compromised his ships' position in offering to the Italian command information for the rescue of Italian sailors. Even while British navy men picked up enemy sailors from the sea German aircraft strafed them with bullets.

British Airmen have made themselves distinctive not by the ferocity of their attacks on German cities but by restraint in releasing bombs until the target was confirmed.

In such comparison in the methods of warfare we are not seeking to trump up a crusade of hate nor a campaign of reprisal. We are merely letting the war speak to us something of its own message. All war is horrible but even the ways a war may be conducted speak volumes for the causes that lie behind it. We fight for the highest values of human life, therefore our warfare and the means and ends of our war effort must be in keeping with the same standard. We fight because we want to live in a world run by rules; we are all the more obliged to keep the rules as we fight.

Do You Know?

why your article wasn't accepted. "Who was the certain young corporal seen in the Three Stars Restaurant with the blonde-haired widow?" is definitely out. The paper tries to publish news and articles of general interest. The joke on the corporal may be extremely funny for just three people—by the time it's published it mightn't even be funny for those three. There isn't a man on the Station who couldn't write something that everyone would enjoy. This is one of the reasons
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Graduates from Widely Separated Parts at "International Fingal"



SERGT. AIR GUNNER G. T. CROISSIAU, among the most recent graduates of the Fingal Air School, who received his A.G.'s wing and chevrons on April 10/41, is a Belgian who saw plenty of action before he joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. When he left home he went to Spain and was an air gunner throughout the Civil War there. In that campaign he was badly wounded in one arm and leg. He also saw service in the Russo-Finnish War. He was among the top graduates in the class graduated from the Fingal School in April.

Brigadier MacDonald

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ay the steady stream of men who are quietly slipping into England to aid her in her great battle for

We talked in the last issue of THE OBSERVER of the international character of the School. Here we show New Zealander Tim Murphy,

freedom. Rich and poor, tall and short, gay and serious, these lads are resolved to give their all for our common cause.

Coming in contact with these men daily one does not realize that already some have made themselves well-known singers, athletes, musicians; some are college men with degrees; they come and go, their talents often unnoticed unless one catches stray remarks dropped here and there about camp. But we realize that all thought of personal glory has been laid aside and these lads are carrying on day by day, pulling together as a great team, gathering knowledge and understanding which will help them in the trying days which are undoubtedly ahead.

Air Gunners, Observers, we salute you and wish you Godspeed. May we see you again some day and renew old friendships and talk over old times, and until then we wish you the best.

And as classes come and go, as men train and equip themselves for their battle, we who are left behind, let us back them to the fullest extent and give, give, give until it hurts until we come out on top.

"The Electricians' Moan"

We number just a very few, Considering the work we do, And we're on the job both day and night To keep the Faireys trimmed for flight.

To some our work seems very small,

Irishman Gerry McHugh, American Tom Park and English-Canadian G. L. Chapman. These four, together with Belgian G. T.

And to hear them talk they do it all,

But when there's trouble—what a fuss!

They're on the 'phone and calling us.

For those who think our job is sweet,

Just put yourself in the pilot's seat And try and land with a battery dead,

Then you'll come down with a pain in your head.

Oh, yes, we have our headaches, too,

And some of these are caused by you.

You switch on this and switch on that,

And then we're told "The battery's flat."

Croissiau, added quite a patch of color to this month's graduates.

So please, you Hangar Pilots bold, Just heed these words and do be told,

And keep your hands where they belong;

Then you and we will get along.

The Bomber gets one in his sight; He's flying high and holding tight.

Bingo! No release, says he, So back to earth, and call for we.

That's waste of time, and money too,

And we have got a job to do,

So you do yours, and we'll do ours, And we'll all get thanks from Mr. Powers.

Now, to those who all the starting do,

Just let us have a word with you:

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Compliments of

Percy Spackman

YOUR  DEALER

Opposite Grand Central Hotel
ST. THOMAS

Squadron Leader F. M. Gobeil

BIRTHS—At Ottawa, on July 30th, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. Gobeil, a son, Fowler M.

And a lot of water has passed under the bridge since then.

Squadron Leader Gobeil was educated at Ashbury College, Ottawa, and the Royal Military College of Canada, Kingston, Ont., Class of 1925-29.

During the summer vacations from R.M.C.C. the Squadron Leader attended the Provisional Pilot Officers' Training Course at R.C. A.F. Station, Camp Borden. Graduating from the Military College in 1929, he was appointed to a permanent commission in the Royal Canadian Air Force.

After completing his training, in which was included a seaplane and flying boat conversion course, Fowler was employed as a flying instructor and later as Adjutant and Chief Instructor with No. 112 Squadron of the Auxiliary Active Air Force, Winnipeg. When the famous Siskin Flight was organized, the Squadron Leader was appointed to it. This Flight attended the National Air Races at Cleveland, Ohio, and made a Trans-

Canada tour from Sydney, N.S., to Vancouver, B.C.

March 1939, Squadron Leader Gobeil was selected to proceed to England on exchange to the Royal



Air Force. War was declared and No. 242 Squadron was chosen to represent Canada, and who better to command the Squadron than our Fowler.

No. 242 Squadron was ordered to

France and remained there during the Battle of France, until the collapse of the Republic, when they returned to Great Britain.

After approximately one year of war the Squadron Leader returned to Canada, being posted to Air Force Headquarters and then to No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario.

June 18th, 1937, a wedding was solemnized between Isobel Shirley Graves and Fowler M. Gobeil. They have two lovely young daughters.

"The Electrician's Moan"

(Continued from Page 3)

You sit up there and churn and churn;

Don't you ever smell the starter burn?

These things were only made to use,

Not to ruin and abuse,
So if you don't know right from wrong,

Just ask our help and we'll get along.

We don't profess to be a poet,
And in reading this you'll surely know it;

But if some bit of this fits you,
Just take it, boys, and do not chew.

PROMOTION

We have a unique character in our Section in the person of L/AC Slaughter. One day when we were out in the stores we saw something which had us believing that his mind had become unbalanced through overwork. He came out of his little office in a manner that would make the famous Coldstream Guards green with envy, and started inspecting the stock shelves, muttering to himself all the while. While he was going through all this we cautiously drew nearer, and to our amazement, when he had finished his inspection, he stepped forward two paces, snapped to attention and saluted and said to a barrel of Varsol that was standing there, "Eighteen ranks of Tape, Identification, Blue, on parade Sir, all the rest accounted for." We promptly rushed off to find out from Flight Mac Millan what the Station's establishment for Straight Jackets was and were just as promptly assured by him that everything was normal. He said that Slaughter was being tested for his Corporal's stripes in a few days, and as he couldn't very well use an officer to practice on, he was using the Varsol in that capacity. The Tape, he explained, represented a squad of men.

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LIMITED

*A Friendly Place to
Shop in St. Thomas*

"Anzac Day"

(Continued from Page 1)

capable of emulating the deeds of their fathers, to whom the name was first applied.

Possibly due to their comparative geographical isolation, Australians and New Zealanders have to a large extent escaped the movements which have divided the old world and have retained a unity of purpose, typical of the gallant band who stormed the heights of Suvla Bay a quarter of a century ago, after landing on a shelterless beach under a withering fire from the Turks.

In a great many cases their eagerness to clean up every Turk in sight proved to be their undoing, and many a small party went too far in their headlong pursuit and were cut off and surrounded by the wily Turk. Typical of their attitude is the story told of an Aussie who, limping back to the beach after having been wounded and passing a Maori-lander yelled, "Better hurry, mate, or you'll miss the fun."

Every year since the end of the Great War or World War I, as it

has unfortunately become necessary to call it, Anzac Day has been observed as a national holiday in Australia and New Zealand. Commemoration services are held in all the churches and military parades take place through the city streets, in which the be-medalled remnants of the 1st A.I.F. and N.Z.E.F. have the place of honor. Theatres and public houses are closed and wreaths are piled high at the bases of memorials, which vary from the magnificent "poems in stone" to be found in the cities to the simple bronze-plated granite blocks which even the smallest communities have raised to honor their dead.

With the passing of years, the growing antipathy for war gradually diminished the annual significance of Anzac Day among the younger people who ardently desired the end of martial display and a world at peace, but after Hitler's entry into democratic Czechoslovakia preparations for war became more popular. Today with the curtain raised on the greatest tragedy of all time the people of Australia and New Zealand are eagerly watching the part their sons and daughters are play-

ing in each successive act. The eagerness of the sons were translated into action by their response to the call for trainees for the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. Many men on finding they would not be able to commence training for some months, and impatient to get into action, re-enlisted in the army.

In spite of this impatience shared by so many, both the R.A.A.F. and R.N.Z.A.F. have a waiting list of thousands, which will ensure the steady flow of trainees month by month necessary for the success of the plan, now coming to fruition in the fellow Dominion of Canada.

The thoughts of the small band of New Zealand Sergeant Observers from Fingal who laid the wreath on the War Memorial in London, Ontario, must have been solemn ones with the imminent possibility of a rearguard action being fought in Greece against great odds, perhaps as prolific in casualties as the Gallipoli campaign.

We now know of the miraculous evacuation of the majority of the Expeditionary Force, and with thankfulness for that escape can but look forward to the day when

the Anzacs, fighting side by side with Canadians and British troops, will rout the fanatic Hitler hordes and inflict a crushing defeat on those who would have us return to the ignorance and despair of the Middle Ages.

REFRESH ...



"History Is made in the Night" and on the eve of the 18th of March the first new recruit entered the portals of No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, to inaugurate the opening drive on the Junior Manning Pool at this Station.

Under the capable eye of Flying Officer J. G. Gilmour, who is the Officer Commanding, and Corporal Bob Donovan, N.C.O. in charge of the Orderly Room, everything concerning the Squadron runs along as smooth as clock work.

Seventy-five per cent of the Station personnel aren't even aware that recruits are being quartered here; so this is by way of letting all and sundry know that raw recruits are enjoying the life of Fingalians.

For the majority of the Airmen here the days of recruiting are long past and Manning Pools and route marches are forgotten passages in Air Force life.

Within the confines of Hangar One is to be found the swellest group of Airmen. Dubbed the Recruits Squadron and consisting of men from all walks of life—men of the soil, business men, tailors and high school chaps, now enlisted in the service.

There are two trade groups in the Squadron: Service Police and Fabric Worker. It can be truthfully said that there isn't one man in the Service Police group under six feet. The Fabric Workers were

Fingal Recruits

the "small" men and naturally a "caste" situation arose. But, big and small alike, they worked together like a 21-jewel watch.

They are definitely the happy gang. Each for all and all for each stuff. Through the channels of the "Y" they have their own sports equipment. Table tennis tables, dart boards, outdoor games, horse-shoes and baseball equipment, and card game facilities.

In each sport there is quite heated competition, and every night on our two horse shoe pitches you will find eight men, experts and otherwise, contesting for the necessary 21 points. Len Marshall, before leaving, gave many of our fellows a better perspective of the game table tennis, and "Wild Bill" Motley is our dart board champion by acclamation.

The complete routine of Manning Pool practice is carried out here. The men are outfitted with uniforms and kits; medically treated for contagious diseases, dental inspections are made and recruits drill given them with all the earnestness that Corporal MacKenzie can muster. When the Corporal gets finished drilling, they really know how to strut their stuff.

From the moment the new recruit arrives on the Station until he is posted away, he becomes the student of Corporal MacKenzie, our disciplinarian. "Mac" has been drilling the men for about two weeks now and we are proud to say as No. 1 Manning Poolites that they are twice as good as any new recruits taking the same work at the Depot.

They ask nothing and give all. Fatigues within the hangar are carried out systematically under the capable supervision of Corporal MacKenzie, and more often than not we are called upon to "farm out" our stalwarts. I am sure that the Works Department and Guard Office will appreciate the work done by our fellows.

Incidentally, we are not "untouchables." Hangar One is not a quarantine establishment. Come down and see these fellows; they are only human and loneliness when away from home isn't a pleasant sensation. Just talk to these fellows and their appreciation will be boundless. They aren't going to escort you to the door and give you the well-known Bum's Rush. They aren't that kind. You will find that you will be cordially welcomed and given as good a time as our facilities will permit.

The whole unit works from Hangar One, in as much as the Orderly Room and Officer Commanding are established within the building. Without implication of a boast, we are proud to state that the Orderly Room system for contacting and recording recruits is "unbeatable."

We extend to Mr. Doug. Deane, Y.M.C.A., our heartfelt thanks for the equipment he so willingly secured for us. When we have secured enough men to comprise a ball team, and with our horseshoe pitching experts we are sure that he will be proud of the use to which we have put the equipment given to the Recruits Squadron.

Sporting Angle

Len Marshall, a Calgary boy, is the Alberta and Calgary Table Tennis Champion. Competition within the camp was provided by AC/2 Maple, C., of the Security Guard. Marshall and Maple have had many good games down in Hangar One. The Marshall family of Calgary are quite enthusiastic Table Tennis players. Of the eight "rated" players of the Province of Alberta, four positions are held by the Marshalls. Len's wife, incidentally, was the runner-up for the Alberta Women's Table Tennis

Championship. Marshall at one time played the World's Champion Table Tennis player and although not the victor was quite satisfied with his showing against the "top man" in the game.

Coincidence

Sam Douglas, who hails from the wide open spaces of Western Canada and enlisted as Service Police at Calgary, was overjoyed one day recently when his son John of T.T.S., St. Thomas, visited him at the Recruits Squadron Barracks. Sam had not seen his son for nearly nine months, and the occasion will be a memorable one in the Douglas family.

A Recruit's First Letter Home

Dear Mother:

So this is Fingal! Better known as No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School of the British Commonwealth Training Plan. I wonder what the B.C.T.P. is. But that's what it says on a big sign at the main gate to the Station.

Fingal is a little jerkwater junction town two miles down the road. The Station derives its name from this little spot. This town is one of the type that you can drive through and never see.

The long train ride sure took me down a peg or two, but it was quite a thrill to travel right across Canada at the Government's expense. Don't let Mr. Aberhardt find out or he'll call a special session or something.

I was met at a place called St. Thomas by two nice fellows in a wooden truck; they called it a Station wagon. A long drive over a bumpy road, just like the one to Lake Cachemoko. Bumpy as hell. The rest of that cake you gave me was shaken so badly that when I offered some to the driver and his companion they said: "Oh! a pancake."

It was quite late when the car stopped in front of a large brick building. "Here's your new home, fella," said the driver. Then a guy jabbed a rifle into my midriff and said: "Halt, who goes there?" "Bill Stoneman"; "Who are you," I replied. "Smart guy, eh?" he retorted. "I'm a new recruit," was my answer. I guess that stopped him because I walked into the place.

(Continued on Page 7)

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Fingal Recruits

(Continued from Page 6)

A lot of beds were set up and I could see a few fellows asleep in them while others sat around playing cards, darts, and ping pong. A chorus started up about a "new recruit" and I soon found myself taken in hand. They showed me a bed and told me it was mine. I noticed it was made and thought: "Well, this is swell." (I left it unmade in the morning and before a corporal got through with me I thought I was going to get shot at sundown.)

Did you ever see such country for sulphur! The aqua pura that Banff sells at \$100 a splash runs out of taps here. They haul the drinking water from a place called Port Stanley, just like we do in the summer when the well runs dry.

They keep referring to an "ole man" here but I've never seen him yet.

Acoplanes are constantly landing and taking off. They sound just like DAD starting up the old Reo. All noise.

The meals are very good, although not like your own excellent cooking; I enjoy them very much. When you figure the Germans are getting synthetic milk with their synthetic peaches then I can eat all the beef they want to throw at me.

"Left turn," "Right turn," "About turn," "Left wheel," there seems to be a million ways to move. My head is crammed with orders, my body aches and my feet, wow! When I walk I just float along. Every move I make is a laborious effort and my head spins like the fan on the saw-ginny.

The surrounding terrain is very flat, very unlike the foothills around our farm. There's a farm or two near here that I have gone to visit and I found the people very hospitable indeed.

They don't want to pay me very much in the Air Force. When they called out my name on "Pay Parade" last week they gave me \$5. I asked the officer why I didn't get more. He said: "How much do you get paid a day?" I didn't know and took the five dollars and scrambled. They don't have Social Security down here like Mr. Aber-

REGAL

Scraps From the Dog House or How to Live a Dog's Life at Fingal

Regal, a St. Bernard, was born at Treasure Valley Kennels (registered), Mansfield, Ontario, in October 1937. He was raised on a special diet, including liver, raw



eggs, cod liver oil and calcium pills plus raw and cooled meats. His diet now, after having been installed as mascot at Fingal, consists of two pounds of meat and two cups of milk, which he devours at 1.30 p.m. each day.

Almost a month ago Regal arrived at Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School and since then he has livened up the Station a great deal. The personnel of the Station always treat him with the respect due a mascot and pats of friendliness insist we should.

Can you wire me some money—it might come in handy in a pinch? Writing to Uncle Bob and Aunt Estelle.

Love,
YOUR SON.

Stop the press!!! The first draft of Fabric Workers recruited at Fingal left for T.T.S., St. Thomas, May 3. In order to fit into the intricate pattern of courses conducted at the Training School, 16 Fabric Workers were posted to that school to begin a course due to commence Monday, May 5.

Do You Know?

(Continued from Page 2)

why it shouldn't be hard to run a paper but always is because the individual thinks his news or knowledge is too common. Nothing would be more interesting than a well-written "Fabric Worker's Day," "Testing a Plane," "Gossip at Table," etc., etc., ad infinitum. And Dere Mable shows there is much fun in the commonplace. So hand it in, the serious and humorous article of general interest.

that Donald Raegan Ormand was born to Flying Officer and Mrs. Ormand 21st March, 1941. Congratulations, D.R.O.

that Firefighter Corp. Barr and

ness are commonplace. Regal is a large, noisy fellow and takes advantage of the times his keeper is absent to voice his opinion in no uncertain terms. His barking can be heard all over the Station.

The scrap between Regal (official) and Flight (unofficial) mascot is the talk of the camp and when these two meet fur is bound to fly. Regal is a gentle brute and doesn't like fighting but once he is aroused he certainly would make quick work of friend "Flight."

We congratulate our Station carpenters on the excellent job they did in building Regal's house. It is modelled along the same lines as the other Station buildings and is very substantial, befitting a dog of such a breed as Regal.

In the next issue of THE FINGAL OBSERVER, we are given to understand, will contain a letter written by Regal himself. Until that issue, we wish Regal all the best and may he be with us for a long time to come.

four aides attended the two-day firemen's conference and school held the 1st and 2nd of May at University of Western Ontario, London. All fire problems can now be solved by reference to our experts.

that Mrs. Wallis of the National Y.W.C.A. has been appointed as adviser in St. Thomas on housing, board, etc. Any Air-men 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 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 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 if you want a Sunday dinner in a friendly home the Y. M. C. A. representative on the Station will be glad to arrange it for you.

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

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

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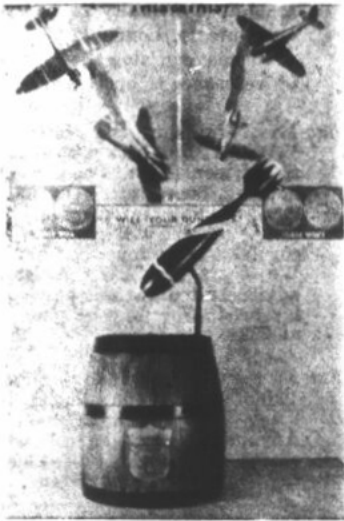
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The Pickle Barrel Club



The following Airmen, graduates of the No. 14 Air Observers Course, are by virtue of attaining at least one direct hit apiece have been duly made members of the Pickle Barrel Club of the No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal.

We extend with great pleasure on behalf of the Officer i/c Observers Courses, and instructors, congratulations to these successful

bomb-aimers.

It does seem that, due to the deadly aim of these fellows about "Ye Ole Pickle Barrel," that Hitler is about to lose his favorite Pickle and Sauerkraut factories in the near future. All joking aside, though, we do expect great things of these fellows and know they will increase the bombing worries of the Heinies many fold.

It had been intended to present each member on graduation day with the new badge, emblem of the Pickle Barrel Club, but they weren't received in time. Nevertheless, each member will receive these smart badges pronto: Sgts. Hibell, Lindsay, Powell, Earle, McLeary, Johnstone, Holtom, Harris and Galbraith.

Orchids to the following:

- Wg/Comdr. Van Vliet—
"He showed us how on a fast track. Bombing remember!"
- Sqn/Ldr. Kennedy—
"No one can work too hard in this war."
- Flt/Lt Campbell—
"Well, if the pressure was that low we wouldn't have an aerodrome but a typhoon."
- F/O Whalen—
"Do better without a bomb-sight."
- Flt/Lt Tourgis—
"Oh, Sgt/Major—ye gods, that

- phone."
- WO/2 Martin—
"You hang on; I'll be right back."
- F/O Bendall—
"If that doesn't work we'll try another angle."
- Sgt. Desbiens—
"Now look it, fellas."
- F/O Caldwell—
"Meet ya over number one."
- Doug. Deane—
"Can I have six Canadians, four New Zealanders and three Australians, please?"
- L/AC Lalonde—
"Where's them tickets?"
- F/O Wilkinson—
"Well, it isn't on the chart."
- L/AC Gray—
"Right now, I'm doing a stencil."
(Signed) "COPESETIC."

An undated newspaper cutting is something like a knife without a blade; there is no point to it.

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(From Dr. C. C. Lumley, Secy-Treas., St. Thomas and Elgin Motor Club)

When driving a car carrying an Ontario license, the driver should have an Ontario Driver's permit.

Car License:

4 cylinders	\$ 2.00
6 cylinders under 28 H.P.	7.00
6 cylinders over 28 H.P.	10.00
8 cylinders under 35 H.P.	10.00
8 cylinders over 35 H.P.	15.00

To get an Ontario Driver's Permit, it is necessary to pass a driving examination.

All the above are obtained at The St. Thomas and Elgin Motor Club, Grand Central Hotel, St. Thomas. Hours: 9 to 5, Eastern Standard Time.

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It is our sincere aim to make you feel "at home" during your visits to us while at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School. Your patronage is appreciated to the fullest extent and it is our desire to serve you well. We invite you to make this hotel "your home away from home" ... a place to dine and entertain amid surroundings that are pleasant and genial.

Headquarters for Service Clubs - Chamber of Commerce - Ontario Motor League

**Armament Section
To Do Landscaping**

Little did AC/1 Brumpton's sister realize that when she put three packages of flower seeds in her brother's duffle bag that they would propagate into a landscaping venture which promises to be one of the show spots of the Station. When the seeds were discovered a general improvement plan was decided upon and after several back-breaking nights of shovelling and raking, the ground has been levelled and prepared for seeding. Landscaping is to be carried out with the planting of flowers and shrubs and it is with pride that Bill Newell, Ted Gosnell, Pete Warren, Nom Mitchell, Harold McConnell, Joe Cunningham and Harry Brumpton can point to Barrack Block 13A as an asset to the Fingal Station. Upon completion, L/AC Smith is to be appointed Ground Superintendent.

Scraps From the Wags and Others

The Wag was in the flaming plane,
His hand was on the key;
The crazy buzzards down below
Had sent an I.N.T.

The Wag was in the flaming plane,
His hand was on the bug;
Sending out an I.M.I.
As he stopped another slug.

EASTWARD HO!

Upon embarking, while not heaving sighs of relief, the lads were definitely only too pleased to be on their way to their last training school before leaving for overseas. All in all, the gang could be termed as being in high spirits.

In fact, many were full of spirits.

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From The Sections

During the ride east in our glorified cattle cars, many eventful and exciting happenings took place.

All was quiet until we reached Regina Saturday morning. It was there that L/AC X went for a stroll through Regina and, upon returning to the station, found his train noticeable only by its absence. He managed to catch up at Winnipeg Saturday afternoon. It was then the turn for L/AC's Y and Z to prefer another train in lieu of the cattle car. At six o'clock Sunday morning in Fort William they hove into view, dashing madly up the train tracks. Needless to say, our official escort took them to task.

Also on the train with us was a detachment of Rookies of the Mounted Police. Very pretty uniforms. Beside them, we all felt like seasoned campaigners.

Also on the train were the two Germans who escaped from the concentration camp near White River and were finally captured at Medicine Hat. Both spoke good English and one could speak seven languages.

Incidentally, Zulu Jenks asked if he might see the compass by means of which the Germans were able to find their way so far. He was given a glimpse of it, and was then shooed away by the guard in charge of the prisoners.

All told, it was an eventful ride, but the lads were only too glad to finally hit Fingal and divest themselves of cinders and grime accumulated during the trip.

Fingal, we're glad to be here!

The Wags came east in a Colonist Coach

Piled in four feet deep;
With lots of smoke and the odd cockroach,
But not a bit of sleep.

Out they'd hop at every stop
To run beside the train;
It was better to run until you dropped
Than face that grime again.

When they reached their destination

They were a sorry crew;
They'd been shipped like a horse,
forgot all their Morse,
And each clutched an I.O.U.

To the tune of laments, wails and sighs of relief from the assembled populace of Calgary, 174 Wizards of Wireless departed from the Station on the eventful day of Friday, April 25th.

For 70 happy boys it was to be only an overnight jaunt to Mossbank, "The Oasis of the Prairies." For another 70 lads it was only a 24-hour trip to the "Gateway to the West," MacDonald, Man. (of which Winnipeg is a growing suburb). For 34 misplaced and slightly broncho-busted Easterners it was a trip back to civilization; back to motor cars, telephones, beer (what is beer?), and the beauties of Fingal femininity. Anybody seen her?

As One Gunner Sees It

Paraphrasing an old French proverb to fit the Air Force, consider that:

One of two things happens—
You go into action or you don't.
If you don't, nothing happens;
If you do, one of two things happens—
You engage the enemy or you don't.
If you don't, nothing happens;
If you do, one of two things happens—
You have a decisive battle, or you don't.

R.C.A.F. NOTICE

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If you don't, nothing happens;
If you do, one of two things happens—
You are shot down, or you are not.
If you are not, nothing happens;
If you are, one of two things happens—
You are mortally wounded, or you are not.
If you are not, nothing happens;
If you are—nothing happens.

From the Guardhouse

Who is the man at the inner gate?
Who, tell me, can he be?
Speak softly, friend, that flatfoot there

Is one of our S. P.

If you "forget" to sign the book,
He pats you on the back,
And says with utmost tenderness,
"Get in that Guardhouse, Mac."

He loves the boys with all his heart,

He treats them like a pa,
His friends cannot be counted,
'Cause he has none, "Ha-ha-ha."

The ram was tearing full speed ahead and didn't notice the cliff. Cursing as he broke his neck he said, "Dammit, I didn't see that 'U' turn."



R. C. A. F.

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SPORTS

Summer Sports Get Under Way at Fingal

With fine weather in the offing, summer sports are commencing in full swing. The facilities on the Station are rapidly nearing completion. Tennis, softball, horse-shoes are the main features at the present time.

Two tennis courts have been erected on the apron of No. 1 Hangar and by the time this paper comes off the press these courts will have seen much play. Softball is by far the most aggressive sport. With squadron teams rapidly lining up their first nine, and our schedule about to get under way, we have yet to hear from Drogue, Bombing, Gunnery and Maintenance No. 1.

Sgt. Fair, captain of Maint. 2 Bearcats, with his able manager, F/S Ordidge, are quite confident that their team can whip any team on the Station, particularly the Flights.

Some practice games have been played and Headquarters have taken all honors.

Our playing field will be in operation in one month's time and the schedule will be on at a furious pace.

Turn out, fellows, and make Sgt.

Fair eat those belligerent words of his.

It is hoped that each Squadron will field a ball team and that an eight-team schedule of games can be drawn up.

Honors are duly heaped upon Sgt. Ponlos and his squad for the effort they have put forth towards making our horseshoe pitches, which are situated between each barrack. Horseshoes may be obtained at Supply Depot and Corporals of each barrack block are asked to be responsible for their handling.

Relaxation is essential in any person's life, and facilities are open for us on this Station to enjoy our spare time to the fullest extent. Let's use these features to the best advantage and until we meet in the field of battle this is your sports commentator saying "Let's make this a real sports season."

Cheerio!

Acknowledgment

The Sports and Entertainment Committee recently had the pleasure of acknowledging five games of Magnetic Hockey from the

wives of our Fingal officers. This same group, under the leadership of Mrs. Van Vliet, has also been responsible for the distribution of eighty knitted articles at the Station and these have been greatly appreciated by the boys.

MOVIES

Hello, again this is your Flicker Correspondent going to press. Flash! ! (in the pan). The Lottery Bride, Princess O'Hara, both strictly long underwear. Great stuff for Sewing Circles, Little Junior and maybe Big Sister, but not strong enough for Airmen.

Brickbats:

Repeats: "Bringing Up Baby," "Dr. Syn," good entertainment the first time but dull for those who have seen them before. The Y.M. C.A. and the Canadian Legion doubled upon some of these, which is excusable, but let's hope it doesn't happen again. Investigation is afoot to try to straighten out the circuit difficulties.

Bouquets:

For the double feature, "Torrid Zone" and "Radio City Revels," Ann Sheridan oomph. That's the stuff to give 'em.

"The Sea-Hawk" 100 per cent. More of the same.

LIBRARY

The opportunities offered by the Station Library for many pleasant moments seem to be well accepted. One thousand books have been issued this month to our book worms and not all of them have been about Aunt Priscilla's cat. Biography, serious novels, science, etc., have all had their turn. I believe a new feature will be a collection of scientific books but these are hard to get. A study of our newspaper and magazine rack shows that if a fellow wants to keep up to date on world movements and affairs he can find the information there.

The Wall Paper of weekly K-H Newsletters provides interesting reading on events in England.

Yes, our Library seems adequate but I know that advice for improvements will be welcomed by the librarian; this last gentleman is getting a little fed up by those who are returning their books late, so "a word to the wise."

Advertising space in this paper can be had for a dollar a column inch. If four issues are taken the fourth number is less a third, while for six issues taken a seventh is given free.

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"After the War, Then What?"

"I don't know, Jack, but when this war is over I think I'll join some Commercial Airline. You see, I've been working as a fitter for almost two years now so I'll be able to try my Air Engineer's certificates on engines soon."

"Well, Jim, I'll try my certificates on rigging at the same time so maybe we can stick together after the war."

The Department of Transport, Air Services, in Ottawa received the following letters:

"Fingal, Ontario.

"Dear Sir:

"Will you kindly send me the following information. I have worked for the past two years at servicing and maintaining the following aero engines: Wasp Junior, Rolls-Royce Merlin 111, and Wright J-6. What Aero Engineer's licenses may I obtain?"

The second letter contained the following information:

"I have worked for the past two years at servicing and maintaining the following airframes: Fairey Battle 1, Northrop Delta and Fairchild 71. What Aero Engineer's licenses may I obtain?"

In due course they received letters from Ottawa advising them that Jack could write Ground Engineer's "C" License, which covers inspection of aero engines before flight on the Wasp Junior and Wright J-6 engines only, since the Rolls-Royce Merlin engine was

MEANDERINGS FROM A MUSHABOOMITE

Nice fine day today. So me get feeling that spring in air would

not registered in Canada as a commercial engine. Jim could write Ground Engineer's "A" License, which covers the rigging, maintenance and inspection of aircraft before flight on the Fairchild 71 airframe only, because the Delta and Battle were not registered in Canada as Commercial Aircraft.

One bright afternoon several months later the Superintendent of Maintenance of a large Canadian Commercial Air Line interviewed the two former members of the Royal Canadian Air Force. After formalities, such as experience, qualifications and such like, had been gone-over Jack and Jim were advised that an Air Engineer employed by that company must hold or be qualified to hold both licenses. In some instances licenses B or D would be acceptable. These licenses cover inspection of aircraft after complete overhaul or inspection of aero engines during manufacture, overhaul and test, which is entirely factory experience. The only position their qualifications covered would be that of an Aero Engineer's helper.

Jack and Jim then realized that much valuable time during their off duty periods could have been spent in studying each other's trade and enlarging the scope of their own. This possibly would have qualified each of them for Ground Engineer's Licenses required by commercial companies and the positions that now were impossible to obtain.

Air Engineer's Certificates conditions of issue and instructions will appear in a later edition of this paper.

DO YOU KNOW?

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

like to write somewhere. So come to 'clusion that i write to all my friend. So everyone can know I write to them I have it put in peper, so I no have to buy stamp. I like writing to my friend thay all know I be alive and thinking of them. Many year ago I had to leave lot of good friend since then some still know me, some forget. In meantime I meet lot of other. I write letter many week ago, and have it in paper. I could not tell everything I know in last letter, but I tell some secret if someone else find out I might have to be wise to what I do then. She no doubt will to me say, "What that organization you talk 'bout?" Then maybe I wish I no talk so much. I had very good talk with Sgt. Coghlan and he tell me things goin to change. What he mean he do not say, but just wink to me and say, "O.K., Jake, carry on." I hope he not passing buck to me.

My friend F/Sgt McLellan say to him your right father, so rights there I know that F/Sgt McLellan in the know and he never make mistake, so make me feel much better. If I be in Mushaboom and friend down there talk to me like that I know, they got something, here at Fingal they say thing and do something else. One of boy down in Maintenance Hangar say to me, he going to have house warming party and he invite me to come, but he want me to be careful who I bring as partner, maybe I have to go get a partner picture for him to see I know one partner I could bring but he say no. Maybe it be relation of his. He say no more, one thing he say is "you bring other partner or none." So I guess to be at party I be alone, maybe.

(Continued Next Issue)

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"Aceytooo Hardbottom Writes To His Love"

Dere Mable:

I see by yer letter you got the issue of THE OBSERVER I sent you and hope you can send me the two bits I had to pay Lalonde.

That wasn't a cow on the front page Mable, it was a kind of a dog, our mascot so they tells me, something to bring us luck. Boy if luck doesn't move any faster than this here dog I guess we'll have to get along without it. I'm glad you got those snaps I took of it. Of course, don't show them to anyone Mable cause we're not sposed to take pitchers of any military objects. That's some dog house eh? Boy if yer old man had one like that to crawl in when he gets home tight at nights he wouldn't change places with an Air Marshall. That lonesome lookin guy sleepin inside the dog house is Lacy Ireland (Lead around canine Ireland they calls him in orders). A couple of our officers had an inspecshun of the dog house the other night after the bar closed because they saw a pitcher one time of him carryin one around his neck but I guess the service police beat them to it.

Well Mable I wasn't feelin so

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hot last week and went over to the hospital. I tried to get some medicine without the doctor knowin it so I wouldn't have to pay for it so I goes up to sister Arding and asks him. I whispers in his ear and he says, "Salts, get a paper cup," so I gets a paper cup and he starts pourin' away and after awhile he says, "Say when." I figures "when" should have been when the cup was half full. Anyway he says, "Put water in her and throw her down." Well there wasn't much room for water but between drinkin and chewin I get rid of it. A couple of days later, when I could stay long enough away from barracks, I goes over to this guy and says, "Bo, how much of those there salts are you supposed to take?" "I don't know," says he, "Don't you?"

The M.I.O. (that's mecurrycombe officer) has a tough time of it Mable. In fact I don't think they give him enough recognition. Some birds sure develop funny panes when they find out they get up too late fer parade and the M.O. got to find them. He chases them all over a guy's anatom. He gives the guy a tap on the chest and then runs around and listens at his back with a set of ear fones. If he hasn't it cornered there he taps his back and runs around the front quick like and says, "stick out yer tongue." He figures sure the pane should come out that way and if it don't he says to the other M.O. "Listen in on this bird and see what ya get." The other guy trys his fones for a while and says, "Guess I got the wrong number cause I can hear Grigg over at the MTy section." Well sir Mable the two M.O's call in the third guy from the front office and he gives a look and marks the report P.U.O. (pains upset over) and gives him a little pamphlet to read and says, "A number nine might do it," and goes back into his office. It shows Mable that if that

was civie life they would have ripped that guy up and found out what it was but Capt. Jackson don't beleve in rippin a guy up just because he don't go on parade. If the guy comes back the next day he perscribes two cups of mess room coffee and that gets him on parade.

I heard a roomer today, Mable, I'm gettin transferred to Aylmer. Yesterday I hears I'm goin to Jarvis, two days ago I'm goin to St. Thomas. You know Mable I've got my uniforms wore out packin and unpackin them so I goes to my pal Sam and says, "Say Sam where do you think I'm agoin?" "Well Sam," says Sam, "I wouldn't like to say Sam but I'll have to tell you Sam if you don't get out of here until your day for clothin parade Sam."

Well Mable the Mty. seckshun has gone to peeces these last few days. "Demaries has taken onto himself a wife, and a thirty-five ford has taken onto itself Sargent Herbert. She's a honey Mable, I mean the Sargent's car. He says he got her for thirty-five dollars in a sale. I'm still a-talking about the Sargent, Mable.

The leaves are all out now Mable and the farmers are all workin on their farms along the road to St. Thomas. The last few days they have been spreadin fertilizer on the fields and it makes me feel kind a homesick drivin along. You know I pitcher myself walkin up yer street and sein yer brothers sock feet stickin over the veranda railing the way he usta relax after he got that weeks work.

I had to stop here for a while Mable and go an pack my kit. Grigg says he heard a rumer. I'm bein transferd to Dafoe and that the C.O. was goin too so I put all my kit in the back of the C.O's car to have it ready.

Well Mable I guess you've been pretty lonesume without me last

week. Off course goin to those six shows with yer old man cheered you up some. One of the guys from up here that saw you said yer old man got quite young lookin. I'm glad of that Mable. It's too bad that after yer uncle got in the army they looked up his police record because the weather is so nice outside now.

Mable, the C.O. tells me to get my kit (my geer he calls it) out of his car and says, I wont be going anywhere for a couple of weeks.

Yours till Crawford grows a mustash.

ACEYTOO HARDBOTTOM.

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