

# THE FINGAL OBSERVER

Vol. 1 - No. 5

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

June 15, 1941

## Training Goes Right on as Croil Pays Visit to Fingal

**Air Vice-Marshal and Staff Look over Bombing and Gunnery School; May Inspect Ranks This Afternoon**

Currently on an inspection tour of Southern Ontario training schools operated under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan by the Royal Canadian Air Force, Air Vice-Marshal G. M. Croil, A.F.C., inspector-general, visited the No. 4 School of Bombing and Gunnery at Fingal on May 28th. Unlike the inspection at the Technical Training School south of the city on Wednesday, there was no formal parade of trainees at Fingal and there was no interruption of training activity as Air Vice-Marshal Croil and members of his party walked about the institution.

An incident of the inspector-general's visit that might have marred the occasion occurred within a few minutes of his arrival at the School. Word was received at the School's administrative offices while he was in conference with Wing Commander W. D. Van Vliet, officer commanding, that one of the Fairey Battle aircraft had made a forced landing. Fortunately none of its occupants was injured and the pilot is understood to have brought the big machine to a good landing on its "belly" in a field near the No. 4 Quadrant observation station. One of the occupants was L/AC John Edward, a recent arrival at the School from Argentina.

It was expected that Air Vice-Marshal Croil would inspect the ranks early Wednesday afternoon at the regular muster parade. But it was ruled that there should be no formality in connection with the inspection and as the party moved through the various hangars and watched operations, Air Vice-Marshal Croil frequently stopped to talk with the men and discuss their work with them. Wing Commander Van Vliet, who had the misfortune to sprain his ankle a few days ago, accompanied the inspection party, making the best of it on a pair of crutches.

Included in the inspecting party were Wing Commander Van Vliet,

officer commanding the School; Air Commodore G. E. Brookes, O.B.E., A.D.C., air officer commanding No. 1 Training Command; Wing Commander C. B. Horsfield and Wing Commander Desmond, both of No.



AIR VICE-MARSHAL G. M. CROIL

1 Training Command headquarters, Toronto; and Flight Lieutenant G. P. Dymond, personal assistant to the Inspector-General; and Squadron Leader A. J. Kennedy, officer in charge of the Ground Instructional School.

## Fingal Continues Its Job For Victory

**Squadron Leader Gobeil Presents Wings to Another International Group**

"There are difficult days ahead but you are not alone, but are part of a scheme that is so gigantic it embraces the whole of the British Empire, with also increasing help from our good friends across the international boundary line just south of us. This is something that I would like each and every one of you to remember."

Thus spoke Squadron Leader Fowler Gobeil, the first commander of the all-Canadian squadron of the Royal Air Force, when he officiated at the presentation parade at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Saturday 24/5/41,

and pinned the well-earned wings on by far the largest group of air gunners, wireless air gunners and observers to graduate from the training institution since it was opened last December.

Squadron Leader Gobeil's words, spoken in behalf of Wing Commander W. D. Van Vliet, commanding officer at the School, were well chosen, for the newly made air sergeants represented virtually every part of the British Empire and the United States. The large class of observers was composed of New Zealanders and Australians, training as members of the Royal New Zealand Air Force. Among the exceptionally large class of sergeant gunners was a South African, Sergeant Gunner A. G. Jenks of Johannesburg; a British West Indian, Sergeant Gunner J. K. Hawes of Montserrat; an American, Sergeant Gunner W. Moots of Ohio, and Canadians from every part of the Dominion. In addition, three young Norwegians from Little Norway, Toronto, completed their training.

"This effort, of which you are a part, will build up in such a way that nothing can stop it," Squadron Leader Gobeil declared. "I repeat: I want you to remember that you are part of this great scheme and that you are not going out alone, as a single unit or group; but you are going to join men, who have been trained like you, from all parts of the Empire. Don't think for a moment that you are alone. You will find yourselves side by side and shoulder to shoulder with hundreds and thousands of others—with men like yourselves. In behalf of our commanding officer and the School generally, I want to compliment you on your progress here. Now you are going out to practise what you have learned and to keep on learning. There are difficult days ahead, but let's see you give something that will make those who remain behind to carry on proud of you and proud of the fact that they helped in your training."

(See also Page 3)

Know thyself,  
Be thyself,  
ACCEPT THYSELF.

Czech proverb: "Not by might but by the spirit shall ye conquer."

## First Campaign Speech in Victory Loan Drive



The following speech was delivered by Douglas Deane, our Y.M. representative, at the first parade and mass rally to launch the Victory Loan and Recruiting Drive in St. Thomas.

Never before in history did a great people go to war so reluctantly and so bitterly—yet so determinedly—as the British peoples in this war. Once before our men and women had paid in blood to protect democracy. Their sacrifice has not been forgotten because while they learned and taught us the stupidity and waste of war—they also learned its glory, that when war is the only way left to defend a heritage it has taken hundreds of years to build then war becomes a glorious decision.

Thus the British peoples retreated before wanton aggression in many parts of the world unwilling to take that dread step, which would send so many loved ones of all ages to their deaths—until the murder of democratic Czechoslovakia finally awakened us all to the deadly peril which is Nazism. We didn't want to fight this war. We were only anxious to find the peaceful, lawful way to happy living. This sentiment Hitler and his cohorts exploited cunningly and treacherously. We all remember his promises that THIS one was to be his last demand. However, he made the mistake of listening to his tout Ribbentrop who said that the British would never fight. Hitler in his turn made that fatal Germanic misjudgment of British character—he mistook our retreats for weakness and fear. But our retreats have made it impossible

(Continued on Page 2)



# THE FINGAL OBSERVER

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WING COMMANDER W. D. VAN VLIET

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## DEBTORS, ALL OF US

One of our most instinctive traits in these days of stress and difficulty is to cast a forward look to that future day when the war we now wage shall have ceased. When that day comes we shall find many things remaining with us which we carried through the years of struggle. We shall recall moments of crises and suspense, the frequent appeals upon our spirit of sacrifice, the days of sad announcement and the shout of final victory.

But among all the recollections will we not perhaps cherish more than anything some of the speeches of the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill? For a long time to come we will remember his words spoken in the early critical days of the Battle of Britain: "Never have so many owed so much to so few." This will be a classic text for centuries.

The note at the heart of this message is timely as it is cherishable. It is the note of obligation, the reminder of a heavy, insoluble debt. Brave deeds and costly sacrifice have a strange effect upon us and all the more so when they have been wrought on our behalf. Somehow they claim us and thereafter, having gazed upon the unselfishness and magnificence of their bravery, we feel that our lives and future are no longer our own. We are then individuals purchased at a great price. They have bought back our freedom, our happiness and our very life.

Those who have learned to read and love the inspired words of an early writer, Paul of Tarsus, will

discern at once how closely we tread upon the territory of his thought. It was his constant persuasion that the world was in debt to the deeds of the Man of Nazareth. Up and down the world he never lost a chance of telling men and women that they were not their own, and that none dare use his life as he selfishly and flipantly pleased.

What a forcible illustration of this truth our present situation gives us. Here we are living and enjoying life without hourly fears for the safety of home and possessions. Up to this moment, after nearly two years of war, we have known no restriction, no inconvenience, no serious dislocation of the tenor of our ways.

There should be no doubt as to whom we owe this extension of life as we love to have it. Between us and the forfeiture of this life has stood "Churchill's few," and indeed they are few when compared with the millions of democratic peoples for whom they dare and die.

Those who come back from Great Britain in these days tell us that she is literally giving everything she has in the defense of our cause. Not only is it true of the spirit in which she fights, but also of the way the people regard the use of their possessions. They have come to look upon them as belonging not to themselves, but to the cause of freedom.

Before this cause is secured, we in Canada will likely have to reach the same position. At the moment the government is merely asking the citizens to loan conveniently a

portion of their possessions. Yet, whether we have come to realize it or not, every last one of us is spending life and means which are not our own.

Surely, then, to spend foolishly and wantonly is a breach of faith with those who die for us. The lives of brave young men and the cause they die for have the right to demand what we have, yet all they are asking of us is that we loan some of it. We owe it to the brave to give them certain convoy across the Atlantic and to supply them with the most effective machines with which to fight. We ought to do everything so that their sacrifice shall not be in vain. This is our obligation. To be without a due sense of it is to lack tragically, not only in patriotism, but in the elementals of humanity.

## First Campaign Speech

(Continued from Page 1)

for anyone to ever accuse us of fighting an imperial war, an old-fashioned struggle for power. No! we entered this war to protect those things which make life for a Britisher, and free men anywhere, worth living—freedom of speech and assembly—freedom from hunger and fear. Too many of us don't appreciate what these things mean—until they are taken away.

In 1934 I paid my first visit to Germany. I cycled down the Rhine. The first night I spent with a friend who had become a Quaker since World War I. As a pacifist he was anathema to the Nazis who taught that war in itself was a desirable thing. This man, despite the fact that he had lost an eye and won the iron cross, had to give up his job of postmaster. His daughter kept her post precariously as a teacher—after all, this was 1934, but the Nazi party kept a member in the classroom the whole time she taught; and wages were reduced to a minimum. Later at Carlsruhe some Jewish friends told how their children were persecuted at the public school and had finally to be tutored in private and to leave the country. The father was non-Jewish; a year or two later he divorced his wife when she left to rejoin the children in South Africa. It was the husband's hope to escape and rejoin and remarry his wife. At Frankfurt a widow told me how her social democratic husband had met with an accident and been found dead on the doorstep with a knife in his back. These are simple tales of simple folk in the Germany of 1934, but it shows how the Nazi teachings and organization were already spreading terror, fear and misery among those groups of people whom we would describe as desirable citizens. Each time I

went back to Germany the tentacles were growing tighter. There were less carefree moments. The activities of all were rigidly supervised. One did not choose to conform to the party teachings or to subscribe to the party funds or to serve in military or labor camps—one had to! The radio blared the same official news or the everlasting military music. Children learnt history distorted to fit the Nazi ideas and were taught to spy on their parents and to betray them to the party. If the Nazis would do this to their own people to gain their ends we need no imagination to know what they would do to us.

They have had a lot of practice in their torture chambers and concentration camps where the work of the party goes on. These deeds of horror will grow worse and more desperate as the Nazis grow more doubtful of victory—there is one important member now resident in Scotland who has been overcome by his doubts—but they must go forward to keep their subject people under—they cannot even afford to mark time. They are spending thousands of men tonight in a grim assault upon Crete . . . they cannot stop. Hitler has said that the lives of a few million men now are as nothing compared to the future of hundreds of millions to come—but he has to waste thousands of lives because wherever we have met his own on equal terms we have licked them . . . we have had to retreat because of overpowering numbers and material. We have been told that if we can hold them this year then 1942 will be our year . . . but we are only going to hold as we fully grasp the magnitude of the task that lies before us. Hitler has cajoled, threatened, bludgeoned a great people into a disciplined machine filled with a blind fanatic faith—this faith will only be shaken by a major military defeat—when that defeat comes it will fall into utter chaos. But he has gone on because we lack men and material—our need is urgent, desperate. Tonight there are grasping, tired Empire soldiers dying on Crete because they haven't enough guns to fire or comrades to stand by them. Hitler knows he must win this summer or never. Every man, gun, tank, plane, ship sent NOW is priceless—and if when we repulse the gigantic assault on England which is surely coming we have the reserves to carry the fight immediately to his own land then the war will be won in months instead of years.

But the assault has to come and no plea is necessary tonight that each man and woman play his and her part.

(Continued on Page 3)

**SQUADRON LEADER GOBEIL PRESENTS WINGS AT FINGAL**

**First Campaign Speech**

(Continued from Page 2)



Now is no time to say, "Well, I'll go when I am really needed." Every man whose work cannot be called a necessary part of the nation's effort is needed. And needed NOW.

Every dollar that can be said to help the nation's effort is needed, and needed NOW.

We are engaged in the mightiest campaign in history. We are not only fighting for our own lives and homes—we are fighting for the lives and homes of the entire world. At this turning point in the saga of man it is our proud privilege to be in the vanguard of a free peoples' army.

All of us here tonight are members of this army! Each and every one of us!

Let us go on and fight; let us remember with pride the words of our great statesman, Mr. Winston Churchill, who in the hour of our deepest gloom said:

"Let us therefore brace ourselves to our duties, and so bear ourselves that, if the British Empire and its Commonwealth last for a thousand years, men will still say, 'This was their finest hour!'"

Sergeant Wireless Air Gunner E. Loomer of Truro, N.S., receives wings at recent graduation. [See page 1]

**"YOUR BACK ORDER"**

*(This is what we got when we grumbled about the delay over our Recreation Hall curtains.)*

Keep your temper, gentle sir,  
Writes the manufacturer;  
Though your goods are over due,  
For a month—or maybe two,

We can't help it, please don't swear,  
Labor's scarce and looms are rare;  
Can't get yarn, can't get dyes;  
These are facts—we tell no lies.

Harry's drafted, so is Bill,  
All our work is now uphill.  
So your order, we're afraid,  
May be still a bit delayed;

Still, you'll get it, don't be vexed,  
Maybe this month, maybe next;  
Keep on hoping, don't say die—  
We'll fill your order bye and bye.

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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**

## 'Flight' Refuses to Take Off



The unofficial mascot of No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School at Fingal is Flight, a farm collie, shown in the picture with Sergeant D. H. Barr of Ottawa, fire chief of the school. The dog once roamed the fields that comprise the school grounds and stubbornly refuses to leave the premises, although barns and trees familiar to him in puppyhood have been removed. A huge St. Bernard named Regal is the official mascot of the school, but the airmen have adopted Flight. There is rivalry between the pair.



MASCOT REGAL and his well-liked orderly, L/AC IRELAND.

### A Letter From "Flight" "Just a Plain Dog"

L/AC Fox, who has been a foster father to "Flight", tells us that "Flight" handed this letter to him the other night while in a confidential mood. Fox finally persuaded our un-

official mascot to let him hand it on to THE OBSERVER staff.

Now, fellows, I haven't any of this stuff in me, what folks call PEDIGREE; and, I wasn't born in what you call a KENNEL, nor was I raised on a special diet of LIVER, raw eggs, etc., like that big horse which some folks call a dog and lives on this Station as Mascot. And what I mean—LIVE . . . in a house with running water, radio, mattress, so I'm told by some of the lads from the cookhouse.

Now this big BOHUNK gets into my fur with his high falooting manner, and, when I get a whiff of him . . . cripes I see red. The fur on the back of my neck just straightens right out, and believe me if I ever get that lad in the right place he will be a sorry looking Mascot. I will mow him down. Now, fellows, you know I have been on this Station since it opened. I like all boys in uniform; I will follow you thru—ell and high water, snow, rain or sunshine, it doesn't matter a damn to me. Who sees that the Security Guard is

posted? Me. Who assists the lads in the guardhouse? Me. Who accompanies the Service Police on their rounds? Me. I do this just for a friendly pat on the head. I am not paraded over to the Officers' Mess for my meals, altho Lac. Fox does get me the odd juicy bone. Where he gets them he doesn't say, but he is an old-timer and knows the ropes. And, fellows, I didn't have a kennel to sleep in last fall when it was cold and the mud was a foot deep, but I stuck it out with the rest of you 'cause, fellows, my canine heart is in this war, and when it is over I will be able to tell my offspring 'round Sheddin and Fingal (which, I assure you, I have a good many) that I did my bit with the lads in Air Force blue.

Now, boys, if you can fix it up with the C.O. (whom I count as one of my best friends) I would like to have a go with this big son of a sea cook. I have never had the pleasure of chewing on a St. Bernard leg. I will look forward to this with the greatest of pleasure. So, lads, fix it up for me.

And another thing, fellows, Regal wanted his day off on a Sunday. My good friend, Flt. McLellan, asked me if I would stand too for him. Well, as much as I haven't any use for the Ape, I wouldn't see him stuck, so I signed the stand-too form. BUT BOY, did I get a big bone from the Officers' Mess! . . . WOW, I couldn't eat it all at one sitting, so I had to bury some of it, and you can just bet your last sou that big Palooka will never find it. No siree.

Well, fellows, F/O Olan-Bittle wants his guard changed again. You know the ole line: "Duty calls." Wait up there . . . Sgt. Burkholder.

"FLIGHT."

(Ed.—We can tell you, "Flight", that while we are proud of our official mascot the warmest place in our hearts is still yours.)

### True Appeasement

On this page appear the pictures of two dogs we know well and like. Regal has his place and Flight certainly has his. Both dogs are very friendly. Most men on this Station would like to see them running and playing around together, which would certainly be much nicer than the occasional half-hearted fight misguided animal haters encourage. We think dog lovers should start a campaign to protect these two good dogs. Any sadist found hissing in their presence should be promptly dumped.

### MEN!!!

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Letters to the Editor

6602 Colgate Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., May 29, 1941.

Dear Friends:

You must pardon my seeming neglect, but up until now each day has been so full that I've not had an opportunity to tell you how I've missed you all, and what kind of a journey I had.

The first night of my trip found me in Niagara Falls, where I had the bridal suite, and no bride.

The next evening I pulled into Washington, D.C., where it was almost impossible to find accommodations, so in desperation I called a former feminine friend, who has only been married six months. I expected to meet her husband, but unfortunately he was in Texas. However, that took care of the housing situation in Washington.

I was really rather sorry when my business contact was completed, and I headed west through the Alleghany Mountains to Ohio and Indiana, to St. Louis in Missouri, where I spent the night at my brother's. I made a phone call to a friend in Texas, who has been married two years, and I expected to meet her husband, but he was away in Washington. That solved the housing situation in Texas.

I was really rather sorry when my affair in Texas was completed—but, wait, I said that before, didn't I? Toward the end of my stay, my friend invited me to go horse-back riding out to the airport site picked by Lindbergh. The Mexican vaquero brought out a calm little mare, which I mounted, and on which I stayed mounted—for forty seconds.



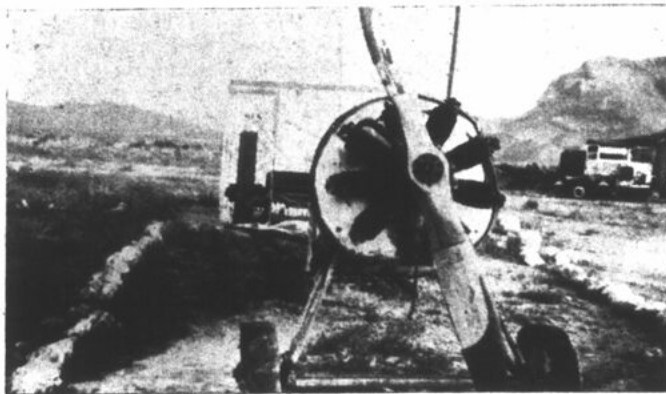
Feeling that I did not wish to take the spirit out of the mustang, I continued the journey by car and

arrived at the site of the air field. I enclose the picture of it.



I was told that Mr. Lindbergh thought this an excellent site, maintaining that it would take longer than the duration of the war to get the spot levelled off, and any Germans trying to land would be killed. That fits in with the intelligence of his other observations.

However, there are some buildings up already as the next picture shows.



On the right hand side you see the control tower, with ambulance

and fire truck (combination). In No. 1 runway stands the Thomas

Morse-LaRohne PBX 38, air cooled, and in the rear stands the dump—munitions dump and powder room. Here, too, are the gunnery butts. Inside was tacked up the slogan of the gunnery squad, "We aim to keep this place clean—your aim will help."

When I pulled into Albuquerque, New Mexico, an Indian squaw with

in Albuquerque.

Home, at last. And here's a picture taken in our back yard, with the incinerator in the background.



I will be more than delighted to hear from any and all of you, and be sure to send me the last issue of THE FINGAL OBSERVER. I can't mention everyone's name, because of the lengthiness, but I send my best to you all, and my compliments and regards to Wing Commander Van Vliet.

Sincerely, GORDON BROWN-OSBORNE ("BROWNIE.")

10th May, 1941. Digby, Lincolnshire.

Y.M.C.A. Representative, No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Royal Canadian Air Force, Fingal, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

Am just about three weeks late in reading your April 15th issue of THE FINGAL OBSERVER. It is really good to read so much news about the old home town, St. Thomas, I mean.

There are many friends of the paper whom I count amongst my almost limitless list of friends, i.e., L. A. C. H. G. Quick, Mr. Don Marks, Mr. George Marr. I had been informed before that these people were either on the staff or were contributors but I never had the pleasant opportunity of reading the paper itself until now. I believe they were sent to this Squadron through the Y.M.C.A.

I notice in your "Do You Know" column an invitation is extended to all airmen who wish to spend a Sunday evening in a friendly home, along with the Sunday dinner. I would like to know whether or not the men are taking advantage of this fine offer. If not, you can quote me and tell them that they are

(Continued on Page 6)

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papoose strapped to her back became very excited at seeing the R.C.A.F. wings on the car. I couldn't understand the gibberish until I copped a gander at the papoose, whose picture I snapped.



She said in the midst of her Navajo talk, "Senor Long, Senor Long."

Now, I'm not inferring, nor am I intimating, nor would I insinuate, but do me a favor and ask my friend, F/O Long, if he's ever been

## Letters To The Editor

(Continued from Page 5)

bigger fools than I thought. They will regret any such refusal once they are posted over here. I would give my next month's pay (which is about nil) to be able to take advantage of an offer like that. Lads back there should never become "browned off" with all those excellent facilities at their command. They say a soldier is never happy unless he is complaining about something, but let me tell you, we complain plenty over here but we certainly couldn't be called a happy bunch.

The little poem written by "Anonymous" about the New Zealanders conveys somewhat our feeling to this place. Some of us are so fed up with the place that we are seriously contemplating on pulling up the anchor and paddling this island back to Canada. At other times we are fully convinced that we could swim a relay home, via Iceland and Greenland. But when Jerry comes over and the action gets a little too hot again the excitement drives all thoughts from our minds. There is nothing like a good raid about twice a week to keep a person on their toes. If Jerry would stay home at nights and let us sleep, we wouldn't mind it, but he rarely comes by day now. He found out last fall that we were a bit more than he bargained for.

Can you submit to Padre Gowdy my suggestion for the naming of one street in your competition "London Way." Anyone who has seen the way London has stood up to the continued attacks of the Luftwaffe will agree with me when I say there should be some such thing in commemoration of such valiant resistance.

As usual when I write to Canada, my thoughts always follow the same line—T-bone steaks, pork chops, Coca-Cola, automobiles, ice cream, and mainly our families and friends, all the things that we have become accustomed to and suddenly have lost. I am seriously afraid that the hospitals will need a good supply of stomach pumps when we come home, if ever.

Well, I must not bore you any longer than necessary with my tale of woe. It would be a poor showing of appreciation for your thoughtfulness in sending the papers to our Squadron.

Yours sincerely,

—ROBT. C. MALONEY.

To the Editor:

Since Fingal seems to grow more cosmopolitan every week it occurred to me that some of these people from the far corners of the earth might possibly be interested in the universal hobby of stamp

collecting. I am a keen philatelist myself and would like to suggest the forming of a club so we may meet and exchange stamps to our mutual advantage. Anyone interested is asked to leave his name with the Y.M.C.A. representative or AC Jackson, R. J., Barrack Block 11A, Lower 10.

Yours, etc.

To the Editor:

Sir:

As a constant admirer of our illustrious monthly I was severely pained to see the otherwise excellent publication lower its standards by permitting the intrusion of "Meanderings from a Mushaboomite." It is, I suppose, funny. It seems a feeble attempt to emulate Gertrude Stein and our own Aceyto Hardbottom but falls woefully short of the mark. I hope the writer will pardon my ignorance but what is a Mushaboom? Where is Mushaboom? No one I know knows where it is and I know about 75% of the fellows. If 75% don't know where it is I'm sure you are wasting your valuable space on these meanderings.

I meander say it will be a boom if he mush stop. This is what it does to one's English.

Yours, etc.

*(Ed.—We couldn't get in touch with the man from Mushaboom as he was on fourteen days leave—probably at Mushaboom. Should he ever return we feel confident he will be able to defend his contribution—perhaps it is an advance press stunt. After all, the tourist season is coming up and who knows where Mushaboom is? We also apologized to the "Man" for cutting his article in our last number—following we print the remainder, remaining true to an editorial promise though risking sudden death from R. J. Also, dammit, the type was set up and we didn't want to waste the money.)*

### MEANDERINGS FROM A MUSHABOOMITE

—continued from last issue

In last letter I say maybe I make history in St. Thomas. Well no success yet as Sgt. Coughlan have all history and keep to his self. He got advantage on me, he pioneer up here. I just immigrant to this part of country. I come from Mushaboom country and people up here tell me before I can do anything I have to be civilized. They mean I have to have paper. In Mushaboom they give me no paper. So it make it bad for me up here. As no one up here know where that place be. Someday I take someone down

there and show him homestead, it made up of three room, kitchen, bedroom and room for cow in winter time. In summer time we use that room for tourist. But no one ever stay, they all come from city and they too fussy. They want bathroom. Imagine people wanting a bath, when there's a war on. With tear in my eye, I sit and write what have taken place in last 48 hour. Will make history. I tole you sometime ago that I meet Sgt. Coughlan with he girl friend. Well now come the pay of: they send Sgt. Coughlan away, and before he go he call me up to say goodby. That be funny part of it—he always be suspicious of me. As he always say "look out for Mushaboom." He cooking up something. Well that where he wrong again, if he wait for me to cook, he starve. Now here what he say over foan to me. "Hellow Jake. Father speaking, just call up to say goodbye!" I thank him very much. Then he relate whole story to me. I know then he asking favor of me, before he go. He say "Well Jake, haven't got time to see you but do something for me." I thinking that maybe he want me to pick up his laundry. Say why of course and I promise I would. Then he blow the fuse. He say, "will you look after my girl friend for me." I say which one and he say you know. Well I begin to think and I say "Well twenty-one quite a few for me to look after, then he tell me which one he mean. I say yes, kind of happy like to make him feel good. But if he knew what happened to me. My girl friend find out. So got to fix that up. If any of you fellows lonesome, please see me so I can break promise to father. Sandy McPherson have talk to me and he kind of like vicious blonde so maybe there be one I get rid of. I don't know whether father, just got it right where I come from. Sometime I think he mixed up with Turkey. Or maybe he think Mushaboom part of Turkey that he want to hand harem over to me. I going to have talk to Sgt. Ellis maybe he take couple from me. I have talk about it to Flt/Sgt Gosby

and he tell me I got something there. I think tomorrow I have talk with Sgt. Herbert. Maybe he take two. One for heself and one for Coperol Mann. Maybe I see F/Lt McCormick he can put through a few E42 and distribute them to different section. Boy something got to be done. Soon they be on inventory. Sometime ago I say I make history. Well that Sgt. Coughlan he just second Christopher Columbus for discovery. Well so much for that other important thing to look after, one of my boy I should not call them boy cause they just like the guard. Well he come up to me and say my wife she is going to.—I say well congratulations boy and he look at me funny like.—He say Flight you got me wrong. I look at him and say what wrong with that. He say "Oh nothing," but my wife is having party and would like to have me there. Right then I know I pretty near slip.

### "NIGHT BEFORE PAY DAY"

'Tis the night before pay day and all through my jeans  
I've hunted in vain for the ways and the means;  
Not a quarter is stirring, not even a jit,  
The kale is off duty, the green-backs have quit.  
Forward, turn forward, O Time, in thy flight,  
And make it tomorrow, just for tonight.

•Recruit: "Please, sir, how do I to this?"

Old Sgt.-Major: "That's alright, my boy; use your own discrepancy!"

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**"After the War, Then What?"**

*NOTE: So many queries have arisen regarding Jack's and Jim's attempt to obtain Air Engineer's Certificates, mentioned in a previous issue of this paper, that the author has kindly agreed to continue his article.*

Ottawa.

No. 4 B. & G. School, Fingal, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

The point raised in your article is one which is constantly arising. You will understand, I am sure, that an Air Engineer's license is not given for the same purpose as a diploma issued by a university, but is purely a statement that the holder is licensed by the Department to sign as airworthy certain types of aircraft and engines in order that that man may comply with Air Regulations, 1938. It is important, therefore, that this Department concern itself only with the actual types of aircraft in use in civil aviation in Canada.

You are quite right in your statement that "Jack and Jim 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." We haven't the slightest doubt that at the end of this war there will be a large number of highly qualified applicants for Air Engineer's licenses; and the civil types for which those licenses may be issued will be far simpler than the modern service types of bomber and fighter. At

**BATTLE PLANES Of The World**

The Blackburn Botha, obviously named in honor of the famous South African General, is a two-engined long-range bomber of none too pleasing design. The Blackburn firm, however, does not go in for pictorial effect, as will be noted by a glance at their very efficient Roc and Skua dive-bombers.

From official British sources we learn that the Botha was designed for Coastal Command work to supplement the Lockheed Hudsons which have so long borne the brunt of off-shore work. It is powered with two 900 h.p. sleeve-valve

the same time it is unlikely that the advanced service types of aircraft will ever have a civil counterpart.

It is not expected that any obstacle will be raised to the granting of Engineers' licenses to qualified men at the termination of the war. This does not mean that there will be no examinations, but simply that the men with the necessary experience on the maintenance of aircraft and engines will be permitted to attempt the examinations in Air Regulations and on the civil types; this should be an easy matter for men of that experience.

Yours truly,  
Acting Superintendent,  
Air Regulations.

*A copy of Conditions of Issue and Instructions to Applicants for Air Engineer's Certificates has been lodged at the Y.M.C.A. office. This manual contains a mass of invaluable information for all those men who are preparing themselves now for a happy re-entry into civilian life. If there is sufficient demand it may be possible to have this manual mimeographed and copies distributed.*

**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.

Bristol Perseus engines. It has a span of 59 feet, a length of 50 feet, and a height of 18 feet. The rear turret retracts, leaving only a slight bulge. The wheels retract into the motor nacelles but do not seem to fold all the way up.

The wing is built up of three sections. The main panel carries the engine nacelles; the outer sections taper markedly towards the tips. The ailerons are balanced and the flaps are hydraulically operated. The rudder and elevators are built on metal frames and are fabric covered.

No performance data has as yet been released on this aircraft.

A fighter of which we have heard a great deal is the Curtiss Hawk 81-A or as we call it, the Tomahawk. They are beginning to arrive in England, much to Hitler's surprise, at the rate of about 25 per week or less, depending on the number of convoys going over.

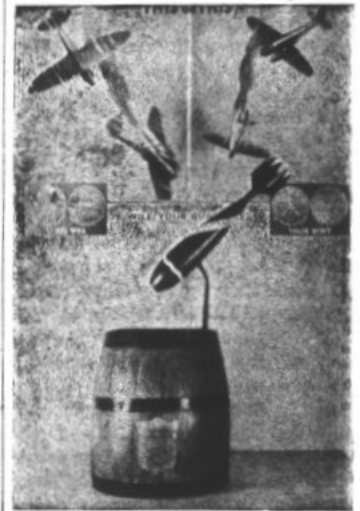
The Tomahawk is powered with a liquid cooled Allison, rated at 1090 h.p. at 15,000 feet. Its speed has not been made public by either the Air Ministry or the Curtiss Company, but from all reports the machine is an excellent performer. A short time ago it was tested in action against a captured Messerschmitt, both using camera guns, and, although the German machine was faster, the Tomahawk was a good deal more manoeuvrable.

The Tomahawk mounts six Browning .30 caliber m.g. normally firing 1,200 rounds per minute, the guns firing through the airscrew, being synchronized, fire only 500 rounds per minute.

The fuselage is built up of the usual bulkheads and stringers with metal sheet covering riveted in place. The wing is all metal except for the ailerons which are fabric covered as are the other control surfaces, and the flaps are metal faced.

- Other specifications are:
- Span—37 ft. 4 ins.
  - Length—31 ft. 8 ins.
  - Height—10 ft. 7 ins.
  - Weight—
  - Empty—5,475 pounds.
  - Loaded—6,978 pounds.
  - Wing area—236 sq. ft.
  - Range—873 miles.

**The Pickle Barrel Club**



New Pickle Barrel members who went to Toronto for their graduation ceremony, 7/6/41:

Sergeant Observers

- |              |                |
|--------------|----------------|
| Budd, P. C.  | Hudson, E. J.  |
| Crawford, O. | Jackson, W. J. |
| Flanders, P. | McCormick, J.  |
| Gosselin, J. | Dobbin, K. C.  |
| Evans, J.    | Smith, A. I.   |
| Devold       | Thomas, T. J.  |
| Jones, R. C. | Vicary, G. T.  |
| Hicks, J. M. |                |

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## Security Guard News

A gala evening was spent in the Airmen's Canteen on the night of Tuesday, May 27, 1941—the occasion, the farewell party of 5th Security Guard (Air Crew) on posting to I.T.S., Eglinton Hunt Club, Toronto.

Shortly after 7 p.m. the boys, all fresh from a turn at duty and a shower, gathered around some six tables, end on end, and chinned about what it was like on "Sentry Go" at Post "6"; how much sleep they could get; or how they could catch up with their correspondence—all the time the party was getting warmer and warmer. Someone persuaded "Trumpeter Jim Dean" to take over the piano and from then on things really got hot. All the good old-fashioned songs, including the good old "Air Force Song," were lustily sung. Some places there were traces of some harmony; but we wouldn't be sure if it were that or old "Flight," "L/AC Fox's" protégé trying to horn in.

As time went on, a few visitors dropped in—among them were Wing Commander Van Vliet, Wing Commander Desmond of No. 1 Air Training Command, Major Pearcey of the United States Air Corps (Armament Division), F/I Frith, F/L Male and, last but not least, F/O Ollen-Bittle, officer in charge of Security Guard.

For a few moments the boys quieted down to hear a few words of advice from the officers. Some timely pointers were given to the boys pertaining to their training here and after they go on from here. W/C Van Vliet told the boys that it was no picnic from here on and advised them to stick to their guns and do a good job—which he felt sure they would—and make No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School proud of them. W/C Desmond, F/L Frith and F/L Male wished

## From The Sections

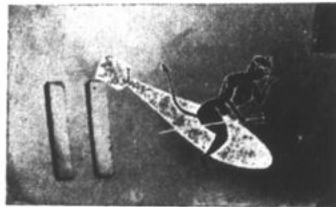
the boys good luck and happy landings. F/O Ollen-Bittle said he was glad he had had part in their training; sometimes things were a little tough but, on the whole, the boys did a good job, and wished them luck. Major Pearcey was asked to say a word or two—and what a boisterous reception he received from the American boys: AC Deakyns, Boston, Mass.; Steiglitz, St. Louis, Mo.; "Tex" Willson of Texas; Snider of Chicago; Wynne of Georgia; Sullivan of Missouri, and Martin of Texas.

Small impromptu replies were made by different ones of the crew—a point was raised by one of the American lads of a little country on the north-east coast of Canada which was ably represented by two of her native sons: AC Stiek and AC Wareham of Newfoundland; and then a great cheer went up.

After cheers for the Station, the C/O, Officers and N.C.O.'s of the Security Guard, the party broke up with the singing of "Auld Lang Syne."

So, from us to them—"THUMBS UP."

### As Seen Thro' a Bomb Sight



Rocky was looking down from great heights through his bomb sights again, and way down there in the upper dining-room of the Grand Central Hotel in St. Thomas he spotted the whole gang from the bombing hangar. Well, there were officers and men grouped about tables, long tables, and square tables. A toast was drunk to His Majesty and the banquet was in full swing. The gang ate a very good turkey supper followed by a few impromptu speeches, which were short but gave the

officers there an opportunity to express their thanks for the co-operation they were receiving from the men whose duty it is to keep planes serviceable. And in turn the men voiced their approval of a darn fine bunch of R.C.A.F. officers.

There was really no especial reason for the festivities—May 28 is the Quints' birthday. But it wasn't that; Rocky was 29 again this year on that day, but it wasn't that either. It was just spontaneous good fellowship, and all the officers and men chipped in with the necessary two spondulicks to put the party over.

Corporal Carty, always willing to lend a couple of hands, was there to play the piano and grouped about him at the Steinway was as fine a collection of singers as you could hope to encounter in anybody's alley after twelve.

Three rousing cheers were whooped for the visiting Major from the American Army Flying Corps, who stopped in for a short while with us—(we'll never forget the show he put on for us the day he left, he really flies them).

Chests bulged noticeably as the Major spoke very highly of our No. 4 B. & G. School at Fingal, and he should know, he's been around some.

Well, it was a fine banquet and all who were there had a good time, so thanks for the support of all present and let's hope to get together again some time.

### MARINE SECTION

The Marine and Range Flight had a farewell party for F/O McCombe at the Whynot Hotel, Port Stanley, May 15th. Among those present were W/C Van Vliet, Sq/L Kennedy and F/O Whalen. All trades of the Station were represented by a guest from every section. Refreshments consisted of Canada Bud and more Canada Bud, plus cheese, crackers, pickles, etc. L/AC Campbell and his saxophone provided the music; this, however, was supplemented by W/C Van Vliet's baritone as he led the lads in a real sing-song. The C. O. proved an excellent master of

ceremonies as he had everyone present doing an act of some sort. S/L Kennedy took on from there with a story. F/O Whalen tried to top it with his—(so sorry we can't print them). From there on it was a contest. L/AC Lalonde flew the Atlantic in a glider and in the excitement Smitty (Cpl. Smith to you) drank a coke in error. F/S McPherson and his crew came up from Port Dover in the Patrol Boat M301; they were a welcome addition even if we didn't like Cpl. Allen's cigars.

The guest of honor, F/O McCombe, was delayed in coming owing to a minor accident in Gananoque, Ont., but arrived in time to make the party a success and was given a tremendous ovation by the whole gang. In his turn Mr. McCombe capped all honors for the best joke of the evening. The party ended up with a rather unsteady parade to the various trucks, cars, scooters and bicycles, all with the correct Wind Speed and Direction for Fingal. Everyone arrived safely but, however, the late Pass Book resembled a Chinese edition of "On the Road to Zanzibar." The S.P.'s called the S.A.I.'s who in turn called F/O Bendall to interpret the signatures.

### Gunnery Flight



#### DO YOU KNOW?

1. That the white spots on the parking strip are reserved for Gunnery Flight. Yes, we said Gunnery.
2. That the boys walking across the tarmac with pails and mops are not G.D.'s but are aircrew mopping up their exercises.
3. That F/O Poupore assumes command of the one and only Gunnery Flight.
4. That the test flips are getting fewer and fewer—that one of the boys almost got one last month.
5. That the only test flips we

(Continued on Page 9)

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**From The Sections:**

(Continued from Page 8)

get are on the wing tips.

6. That the drome party is supposed to walk with the aircraft NOT fly with them.

7. That the blur you see on the wing tips is not an optical illusion, it's the drome party.

8. That the battery cart is to be pulled, not blown, from under the aircraft when the engine is started.

And, last of all, a word to the pilots: Fairey "Battle" aircraft, too, run on Merlin engines, not on the battery cart.

**SERGEANTS' MESS**

The Sergeants' Mess—and right now it is a mess, what with painters dashing from one wall to the other and then back again, and then on the ceiling.

One day we eat at one end, another day at the other. The boys want to be careful not to eat a bowl of white lead paint for Red's special a la celery soup.

It will be a vast improvement, though, when the job is done; and by that time new furnishings should take up space in the lounge. The furnishings are due to the efforts of the Mess Committee and Sgt/Major Martin, who is handling the job.

The "about to be married" men of the Mess will be changing their minds as the comforts that we hope to have in the Mess will lure them to the seclusion of the lounge.

A note to Jake Sharp and any other members who walk into our Mess for the first time: "It may be an Irishman's world, but St. Patrick's Day is over, Jake"—the Scotchmen are beginning to kick.

Two bells and a tinkle to the member of our Mess who is so capably handling the baseball programme—initials, Tommy Farr.

In passing the Mess these nights one will notice four heads together. It's not the boys talking over their knitting, but the Fingal Bridge Foursome.

I think they play the "Cumbuson System" (with respect to Mr. Culbertson). But I haven't been able to find out if it's Action or Contact.

**A Little Late News**

Glad to see F/Sgt McMillan is now a Warrant Officer, and not glad to see him transferred. The

Sergeant/Major was one of the original members of the Sergeants' Mess, and I am sorry to see him transferred to Aylmer. However, good luck to you, Major, on your new Station.

Jake Sharp has gone to Mushaboom for 14 days to do a little organizing. However, I think the organization has slumped here at St. Thomas and points east.

The Sergeants' Ball Scream—at least we won our two games—the first and last—against the Officers, so that makes it about 100 per cent.

In passing, let me mention that the senior N.C.O.'s on this Station are a great bunch of fellows—get to know them and you won't regret it. Take it from one who knows.

**Kiwi News**



A Curious Bird Is the Kiwi, Which Cannot Fly and Often Rests in This "Three Point" Standing Position

By habit a nocturnal creature, it sleeps rolled up in a ball or rests supporting itself by feet and beak during the day. It is about the size of a chicken. Its wings have become mere stumps, but the legs are stout and strong. The kiwi searches for earthworms with its long, flexible bill, which has nostrils at the tip. Strangely, it lays eggs so large that each weighs about one-quarter as much as the hen. The brown and gray feathers are incomplete and feel coarse when stroked.

Creditors, please note, we leave about the twenty-first.

If you happen to see us wandering across the local green pastures, during leisure hours, chasing cows, or studying crops, don't think we're "nuts", for in this outlandish countryside we feel at home, down on the farm again.

That is no lie. Since leaving our homeland, having endured winter in the "metropolis of sin", Montreal, this is the first resemblance

to "N.Z." we've struck. Of course, patriotically I must add, to keep in favor with my fellow countrymen, "Our God's own Country, too, is much richer and scenery superior."

Personally, being a city lad, I don't see any difference in the Good Earth; it's all the same the world over, each man jealously defending his own minute patch with its proud individual distinctions.

It is these differences which we have seen and enjoyed in Canada.

Finally, once and for all, the weather is just the same in both countries; it rains like hell, only we don't have so much snow.

We now know why jitterbugging is so popular in Canada in winter—it's the only way to keep warm, outside of Montreal, which has another means!

We can't pass without thanking Canadians for the warm, friendly hospitality extended to us. You've no idea how good it is to have homes, away from home.

Canada will live in our memories. If asked in later years, "Daddy, what did you do to beat Hitler?" we'll be able to answer, "Spending all our Air Force pay helping Canada's War Victory Loan."

**DROGUE FLIGHT**



Great moans of woe are heard these days from the drogue retrievers now that the long grass in the flying field is being cut. No doubt we will get our drogues in more quickly and maybe the boys

will start sleeping nights.

With all the improvements which have taken place around here lately we are getting spoiled. Some of the fellows were overheard to say that deck chairs and iced drinks be supplied along with the nice new grass with which we have been provided.

But we do think it is a dirty trick to give us such nice, soft, comfortable grass and then tell us to "Keep Off."

I remember on our farm at home when the crop was taken off one of the large fields and the excitement as the remaining stand in the centre dwindled under the harvester; how the dogs got more and more excited and one's finger got fidgety on the trigger. How one wasn't quite sure of what would come out—fox, hare, rabbit, quail . . . anything could come out!

We invite you to one of the greatest shows in history. The aerodrome crop is being cut and what will come out of that last stand is hard to imagine. It is said that all the missing drogue men who went big drogue hunting into these wilds have formed a society along the lines of Robin Hood's merry men and there in the deeper recesses of this wilderness they cavort and quaff to their hearts' delight.

Yes, all those drogues so mysteriously whisked away have been levied by the Free Drogue Men to build them alabaster halls; drogue wire has been used to fence in Farmer Brown's cows spirited away one dark night; and those myriads of fowls, pigs, sheep, geese, ducks so bitterly bewailed by the neighboring peasantry! Yes, the Free Drogue Men have been

(Continued on Page 14)

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## Fingal Manning Depot

### Draftees:

Ten fabric workers have joined their trade brothers at T. T. S., St. Thomas. The Dead End Kids finally got away. McCartney, Shaw, Assaf, our "little tough guys," will now be able to cut up a few capers within the walls of St. Thomas—oh, yeah.

Last week-end the biggest draft yet to leave the Recruits Squadron pulled out. Sixty Clerk Accountants left for T. T. S. and the baseball team we so proudly boasted of went with them.

### Celebration:

Thursday night, June 5th, the Canteen was jammed to the roof. Through the still night came the strains of "Far, Far Away," "Anchors Aweigh," "Loch Lomond," "Annie Laurie" and other suitable tunes. If you couldn't get in, it was due to the Recruits Squadron party, celebrating the departure Saturday of 60 Clerk Accountants. Gradually drifting in by two's and three's about 100 recruits sat down to sing the old songs. Around the tables arranged in a "U" shape they gathered for a jolly good time. Led by the piano efforts of Don McLean and yodelled on by "Stonewall" Jackson many songs were given the once over.

Barber shop quartettes were a dime a dozen and one chorus of "Far, Far Away" would have put the Don Cossack Choir out of a job.

The little ditty about "big oaks from little acorns grow" can readily be applied to the Recruits Squadron. In the short time that it has been in existence at this school it has grown much as the little acorn did. From a small squad of 12 Airmen to a squadron comprising two flights of 75 recruits each.

Under the guidance of Cpl. McKenzie (now Acting Sgt.) the two flights have developed into a well-co-ordinated drill squadron. If you happened to be on the Pay Parade May 30th and saw the recruits swing into the Drill Hall in perfect time, arms swinging, ranks in line . . . and that halt, it was superb.

On the Drill Square in front of No. 1 Hangar these chaps have had the very best of drill instructions and when they get a chance to "show off" they really go to town.

For approximately three hours daily, words of command are barked out at the new recruits—naturally, for the first time they were sluggish, confused and bewildered—but after two weeks of pounding the pavement they have perfected the routine pressed upon recruits.

The majority of them are Clerk Accountants awaiting draft to T. T. S., while the remainder are divided between A.F.M.'s, A.E.M.'s and one lonely Fabric Worker.

As usual the recruits are Joe . . . everybody knows who Joe is. No. 1 Hangar is where all the Joes live . . . and everybody at Fingal knows where Joe lives. Guarding aircraft, washing planes, cleaning hangars, loading trucks, being first class waiters, not to mention Hangar 1 fatigues.

### Personalities Plus

In the realm of sports the recruits are equal to the rest of the station. Jerry Snyder, Montreal boy, bagged the Table Tennis honors at one of the Thursday night tournaments. Jerry is our number one softball hurler and played for the Station Team against Boxall, taming the heralded Boxall team to two runs when Sgt. Farr carried on the good work. Jack Heenan catches for the Squadron team and Stonewall Jackson and Frank Bates are our other "ace" pitchers.

Aubie Jacobs, who led a number of sing-songs in the Canteen and supported the Padre at Church Service with the organ music, is now wowing T. T. S. with his antics. Aubie was the life of No. 1

Hangar and one afternoon he drew cartoons of the recruits.

### Boquets:

To F/L Gowdy for his daily visits to the Hangar, bulletins on the condition of F/O Gilmour, and copies of the New Testament for airmen on draft.

To the Commanding Officer for his visits to the Recruit Squadron and encouraging chats with the new recruits.

### Draftees:

Thirteen Service Police were posted to Trenton to commence their course. Those who are permanent here will remember the 13 strong, just men, and reminisce at Wild Bill Motley's horseshoe game, and wonder how Heggen and Johnstone could throw so many muckers consistently. When they left, they dedicated this little ditty to all future recruits:

"There is a song the 'Breeze and I'  
A catchy little tune,  
A sequel or a follow-up,  
Would be the 'Draft and You'."

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**International Fingal**

Here's to our success on this Station, Course No. 19 Observers, consisting of 1 American, 1 Australian, 2 Argentinos, 5 Canadians, 25 Englishmen and 1 Scotsman, members of the R.A.F. (V.R.).

Someone will have to invent a gadget for keeping false teeth in; it's a bit awkward if they fall into the lake.

One thing they all agree about is that the sooner they get home to England the better; they say the blackout is preferable to sulphur water and a 50-yard meal line.

If anyone has noticed a bunch of men behaving queerly on the sports oval, there's no need to panic, it's only Course 19 playing cricket.

Congratulations to all members of the Course who have scored Pickle Barrels already, especially Johnnie Oram who has two in two nights. Keep it up, Johnnie, we're looking for a record from you; buck up, you others, don't leave it all to a few, we want to be well represented on the Honor Roll.

Finally, we take this opportunity of apologizing to our Sergeant Instructors for mistaking lectures and lecture rooms for beds and barracks, it isn't all their fault, but they must admit they do help to send us to sleep—it's a dry subject, isn't it?

**An Australian Comes To Fingal**



The ship docks at Victoria, B.C.; a bunch of young fellows eager for their first glimpse of Canada flock down the gangway. It is so foggy that it is impossible to see 100 yards ahead, but that does not deter them, a remark is passed to the effect that Victoria and Melbourne (Vic) must be related in some way,

but that is lightly passed over as the party boards a taxi to drive to the city proper.

As soon as the taxi enters the thick traffic—the fog had lifted somewhat and visibility was a little better—there was confusion in that taxi, "Hey, driver, for Pete's sake get on the right side of the road;" a street car approaches on the right hand side of the street, seven bodies tensed for the expected collision but none came, then the same seven heads looked up, not exactly scared, just a little ashamed, but they must be forgiven for it was their first experience of driving on the right of the road.

A short but pleasant stay at Victoria, a quick trip over to Vancouver, where the population turned out in rather inclement weather to welcome the first bunch of airmen from "Down Under".

Another short but pleasant stay, then a train journey through what must be some of the most wonderful mountain country in the world—the Canadian Rockies. This beautiful country did not last long, however, and we soon ran into country similar to that in Australia, e.g., the Canadian Prairies.

Ottawa was enjoyed by all, but perhaps Hull saw a trifle more of the Aussies than was advisable. They were attracted by the night life offered by the Quebec Province.

Still many friendships between Canadians and Australians began in Ottawa, friendships which I know will last forever.

Here also we had our first taste of the winter which we were all dreading, having heard of its terrors ever since we first reached the country. It was here that most of us saw our first snowfall; it was not as bad as it had been made out but it soon became quite cold and then in our inadequate clothing we shivered, we thought we would never be warm again—how the rest of the lads fared for the remainder of the winter I do not know for shortly after this I left them and went to Toronto where I shivered out the rest of the winter.

While the lads were in Ottawa many of them visited various parts of the country. Montreal was the most favored place, but quite a

number went to Niagara Falls and all shared the opinion that the Falls were not as wonderful as they had been led to believe, very impressive, but totally different to what they had expected to see.

The lake country also impressed these men to whom large areas of water so far inland was just a dream which they hoped would one day be realized in their own country.

Now that winter has passed and spring is with us, I take it upon myself to say that Australians like Canada far more in the springtime than the winter. They enjoyed seeing such strange things as ice hockey, skating and other winter sports which are not very well known to Australians.

In closing I must say that no matter how much we suffered during the winter I do not think there is one amongst many who would have missed the opportunity of completing their training in Canada, before taking their place alongside other members of the British Empire in this struggle for world freedom.

Surely the pilot who has adopted a pair of homing pigeons as his mascots doesn't realize the refined form of cruelty he is visiting upon their progeny. Now, we ask you, "Where will the young fly when released for home?"

**Do You Know?**

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 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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## Lecture

Captain Jones, recently returned from overseas service with the Y.M.C.A., held his Fingal audience spellbound for an hour while he told story after story of the gallant fight being put up by the whole population of England. Not the least enjoyed were those with an edge of humor. For example, a barber shop had the whole front cut clean off but a large notice in front read, "We've had a close shave. What about you?" An old couple had a tea stand in a by-lane. They were always there, early or late. After a particularly heavy pounding Captain Jones went along to see how they were. The buildings on each side were flat but there they were on the pavement serving their tea under a large sign that read, "More open than ever." He recounted how a crater left in Shaftesbury Avenue had a bridge built over it and repairs to mains of all descriptions went on below while the traffic of London passed overhead. A borough mayor recently opened "The Largest Blitz Bridge in the World!"

A defeatist was working on a Scotsman, recounting the list of countries fallen under Hitler's heel and after each one would ask Jock if that didn't make him feel bad. Jock would nod his head sadly after each one and say, "Aye, 'tis very bad, that." "And don't you think the fall of France and Greece a terrible disaster?" "Aye," said Jock, "that was bad." "And don't you think we are going to be beaten?" "No, no, mon," growled the Scot with an angry shake of his head, "unless the English go and quit on us."

An Irishwoman recently gave a blessing to one of her benefactors: "May your soul be in heaven two weeks before the devil knows you're there."

## Library

With our Station changing its outward appearance day by day, and changes in the form of new buildings, sport fields, tennis courts and so forth being made to better suit the individual's leisure time, we thought it only fitting to change our library to suit the taste of our now numerous members.

The so-called trash, out-dated books, duplicated copies, and

juvenile literature have now been eliminated and in the library proper now appear the best five hundred books in our collection. The remainder which appear on the shelves along the walls of the Recreation Hall are also good reading but are considered not as good reading as the select group in the library proper. We took our spare copies over to Aylmer, where we ran into W.O. McClelland and L./AC Lackie. Both had a grin up and wished to be remembered to all over at Fingal.

Some new books have been placed on the shelves in the last few weeks and our range is ever widening.

Well, the library is your, fellows, and make the best of it. Drop in and browse around and be assured we are only too glad to assist you in any way.

## Movies

"Having a Wonderful Time."

"Buccaneer." xxx

"It's a Date" (Deanna Durbin).

"Shall We Dance?"

"They Made Her a Spy." xx½.

"Little Tough Guys."

This issue finds your correspondent in an unusually beneficent frame of mind. Try as I would, I couldn't find a thing to beef about in the shows we've had during the last month. I have accepted as inevitable the slightly aged type of picture shown. There isn't a thing we can do about it (Kismet).

Some of the best shows made in the last five years have found their way here lately. "Having a Wonderful Time," "Shall We Dance?" are "tops" in entertainment. For those who like Deanna Durbin, "It's a Date" gave one a chance to see her at her best. "The Buccaneer," "They Made Her a Spy" and "Little Tough Guys" each ranks high in its particular field. Congratulations are due to those whose efforts have eliminated those third rate "pseudo epics" that were palmed off on us near the beginning.

The curtains on the Recreation Hall windows have made a definite improvement in the projection. The sound has been much better than

usual. To finish off, all I can do is express a fervent hope that the good work will continue indefinitely.

## A Trumpet and Drum Band?

As the lonely drummer has tapped out the marching time during some of our parades many have been the weary sighs regretting the absence of a band. Cheer up, friend; there is a serious movement, we are told, for the securing of a real trumpet and drum band with absolutely all the fixings. The care with which the General Fund Committee has husbanded our ducats makes the expenditure of \$500 on a marching band possible. (Too bad the winter has ended or our loyal Station Orchestra might have got a lift; however, that will surely come next autumn.) The Committee has made additional messing a first charge and lately has concentrated on sports facilities. These are now under control and we can move on to our band. All the men are here. Quite apart from the abominable laddie who disturbs the early morning air, did you know we had the artist who bugled officially during the visit of the King and Queen, an instructor now in the mess, and... yes, that band will be good!

## Nimrods, Attention!

The 4 B. & G. Gun Club has come into existence with a BANG! Here's sport for beginner and expert alike, a chance to get your eye in on that most elusive of North American games, the "Blue Rock". The first club meeting was held May 21st to elect officials and settle a few minor difficulties. Dr. Watson was elected President and F/O Foster elected Treasurer.

The following Tuesday the first shoot was held and turned out a real success. Since then every Tuesday and Thursday has seen a busy evening at the traphouse. When the results of the shooting were looked over Sqd/Ldr McConnell seemed to be the club expert with F/O Ribansky L./AC Eaton and L./AC Land running him close seconds. However, this is just the beginning. No handicaps have been awarded or teams picked as yet. So, now's the time to get in, fellows and, believe me, it's FUN.

## Cricket

Each one has his own peculiar form of relaxation. Don't worry when you see that group standing out there in the field apparently doing nothing; they are having the

time of their lives. Our cricketers have been given a start through the generosity of T.T.S., St. Thomas, who handed on an invaluable collection of last year's material. One game was played against T.T.S., Fingal all out 77, T.T.S. 6 for 84. With practice our men will stiffen the opposition; no practice is needed to keep up their end at tea.

## A Station Softball Team

Softball has carried forward at a tremendous pace. Squadron teams are fully organized and the schedule is well under way.

The next object that confronts the sporting blood on the Station is the forming of a Station softball club comprising, to the best of our ability, all the stellar ball players on the entire Station. The object being, of course, to challenge all comers. For instance, the R.C.A.F. at Brantford, Jarvis, Crumlin, etc. Home and home games, we hope, may be arranged and it has already been established that we can give a very good account of ourselves, as a team representing this Station has had a few challenge matches and in every instance has come out on top.

However, to date, the games we have had off the Station have been too one-sided and have only served to whet our appetite. We sincerely believe we must look further afield for much stronger competition.

So with this in view let's have a full turn-out of all players interested in playing for this all-star super softball team. Fifteen players will be carried on the team so come out and try out.

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## SPORTS

With two softball diamonds in operation on the sports field our Squadron schedule is well under way. Four scheduled games have already been played with Maintenance and G.I.S. trimming A.T.S. and H.Q. respectively. In the second round Maintenance and H.Q. defeated G.I.S. and A.T.S. respectively.

Practice games for the squadrons may be had with Fingal or Boxall through the able co-operation of Mr. Deane. It has been noted that all teams have very good players but much more practice is needed by each team before mid-season form is reached. It is expected that by that time the competition will be very keen.

Maintenance still claims that there is no doubt as to the outcome. H.Q. believe they are top dogs. We have yet to hear from A.T.S. and G.I.S. We can imagine those two sitting back and grinning to themselves. Action does speak louder than words. Before leaving softball, let us remind all softball players again that positions on the Station team are still open and we should like to see a few heavy hitting outfielders reporting on F/S ORDIDGE'S squad for practice.

Cricket is as yet in its infancy but growing fast. Our friends on the Station from overseas are the spirit behind this sport and seem to be jolly good players. Practices are being held regularly on the sports field and we should like to see more Canadian lads participating. Everyone is welcome. Enquire from our good friend Mr. Deane as to practices or watch D.R.O.

From the comments heard around the Station we gather that there are quite a number of soccer enthusiasts. The time has come when these athletes can prove their ability in this sport. Teams should be formed in the squadrons and matches will be arranged. These teams should be arranged as soon as possible so that the future weeks of good weather are used to the best advantage. We do look forward to our friends from over the pond to produce a fine team as they have been heard talking about their abilities in this direction. Re all sports, if in doubt as to practice, equipment, etc., consult the Y.M.C.A. office.

Horseshoes have fallen off a wee mite because of re-grassing. There are two pitches on the sports field near the softball backstops. These are available at any time and we suggest that the crack players put in a little spare time practicing because they will need all their skill when the league opens.



### ENGLISH BOYS WIN FROM ANZACS, 6 TO 3

More than 500 fans assembled at the J. W. Little Stadium, London, Ont., on Saturday afternoon, May 17th, to witness the first rugby game in London in many years, as lads from the R.C.A.F. Training School at Port Albert, representing England, defeated the New Zealand boys from the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School 6 to 3.

For the majority of the fans it was their first introduction to rugby. The game lived up to all advance notices and the crowd was on its feet with a roar many times during the tussle.

The New Zealanders drew the first cheer from the crowd with their Maori Haka, the native Maori war chant made famous by the New Zealand All Blacks, renowned rugby squad from down under.

The game opened with few pre-

The tennis courts are available on the apron of number 1 hangar and to date there has been quite a number of smashing games. Let's see a few more of these so-called tennis stars turning out. There is always someone ready for a game of doubles.

Ping-pong has surpassed many of the other fields of sport in so far as attendance is concerned. Several very good players have been discovered. So come on, everyone, dust off the cobwebs and join the sporting element.

Briefly, we are trying to convey to you that facilities in almost every sport have been provided for your entertainment and plenty of opposition in each one can be found. For your own amusement and good health, you should turn out. Any

liminaries and from the opening kick-off play swept from one end of the field to the other as the attacks gathered momentum. The crowd took time off only to make comparisons between the Canadian game and the English variety.

The Port Albert squad took control of the situation in the opening moments of play, kept the ball well into the Anzacs' territory, and made the first score about the 10-minute mark, when Flt Lt Britton hoisted the leather through the uprights from placement. The free kick was awarded for a penalty. As in Canadian football, the field goal was worth three points.

The Port Albert club found the going a little harder as the first half wore on and the New Zealanders put on the pressure. Just before the half, Powell went over for a try to put the Englishmen six points ahead. The try is the same as the Canadian touchdown,

suggestions to improve and enlarge our scope in sports is always welcome, so come on in and get your feet wet.

Remember that flying stops at 6 o'clock now and this provides an extra hour for sports.

The sedate lady seated in the bus looked a little shocked as she whispered to her companion,

but is good for only three points. The convert is worth two points, but is taken opposite the point where the ball was sent over the line. In the second session the New Zealanders countered with a penalty goal late in the game, Jones taking the kick. An able commentary over the public address system kept the fans informed on the fine points of the match. Line-ups:

New Zealand—Fullback, O'Neil; three-quarters, Ryan, Marshall, Thane; five-eighths, Brown, Macdonald; halfback, James; front row, Grant, Smiley, Grainger; middle row, Parker, Neville, Robertson, Miller; back row, Jordan.

England — Fullback, Rowan; three-quarters, Bobsworth, Grindon, Privie; five-eighths, Baker, Grant; halfback, Britton; front row, Owen, Powell, Verjee; middle row, Wintle, Burt, Thompson, Dale; back row, Sims.

Referee—Robinson.

"When you leave, dear, be sure to back out." "What on earth for?" ejaculated her friend. "Well, I heard those two men who just got in say they would pinch our seats when we left."

No recriminations, no excuses, no regrets; he never looked back except to learn a lesson.

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## Sequel To Muddy Boots On Parade

### 1. History

In military matters mud and boots are very closely related. It has been discovered after long and careful research that muddy boots are an Airman's greatest menace and have come to be regarded as the scourge of any well-organized military body. There are many examples in history which support this theory. The Roman invasion of Britain could not have been such an overwhelming success if Boadicea's chariot had not become bogged in a pen, forcing that great woman to dismount and so dirty her goatskin slippers. This so demoralized the Clan leaders or Flight Sergeants, as they are known today, that the battle was a walk-over for old Julius and his braves. Our greatest naval hero would probably have survived that memorable day at Trafalgar had it not been for the fact that his batman overlooked cleaning his lordship's shoes, thus enabling an enemy sniper to pick him out as the only man with dull footwear. There are many more examples that should be quoted here; but the Empire Air Training Scheme must go on.

### 2. Reasons for Avoiding Muddy Boots

(a) The extra weight involved in muddy boots hampers Airmen in the performance of their duties and prevents them from getting around with the minimum of effort.

(b) Streamlining is one of the most serious problems in designing modern aircraft and should an Airman happen to push his feet through the floor of an aircraft in the air the mud on his boots will seriously hamper the aerodynamic qualities of the aircraft.

(c) Officers and N.C.O.'s like to see their men with shiny boots, because it aids the lighting system, thus allowing funds which would otherwise have been spent on lighting to be used to purchase extra comforts in the Sergeants' Mess.

(d) The final reason is the most important and should be carefully noted by all would-be Observers. It is definitely laid down in K.R. and A.C.I. that Airmen's boots

should be spotlessly clean at all times.

So take the advice of one who has learned his lesson the hard way and shine those dog covers every morning.

## THE STUKA IN ACTION

There has been as much talk about the German "Stuka" dive bomber as there has been about any other aircraft in the world, a lot of which has been incorrect. To begin with, the name, "Stuka," does not mean the maker of the aircraft, but is a shortening of Sturzkampfflugzeug which means: diver, bomber, fighter. It is mostly connected with the Junkers Ju. 87. I think the finest description of the Stuka in action is by Lt. Thomas McBride, an American, who went through a dive bombing.

"In the little town of Beauvais, in northern France, the Stukas had a field day. They bombed this little town every day for two weeks. This was the method used: Just after sunrise a lone bomber would come howling out of nowhere and drop his load of concentrated death. He would then climb to about ten thousand feet and circle the town. Immediately following him would come several flights of six or seven ships, spaced about fifteen minutes apart and a thousand feet or so above the first ship. With all this pounding, however, the town was not materially damaged. Notice I said 'materially'. It was a different story as far as the moral effect on the people went.

"Imagine, if you can, standing on the ground and watching one of these coming directly at you. In the first, the Ju. 87, is one of the ugliest aircraft ever put in the air.

### From The Sections:

(Continued from Page 9)

living high. And this raises another fascinating subject. Why are there so few fair ladies in Fingal? Ah, they have been lured to the haunts of the Free Drogue Men . . . the gallant and brave, who keep wassail each moonlight night, intoxicatedly gazing the while into the warm depths of their charmers' limpid orbs. Gentlemen, let me repeat: it is going to be a great show. Come and keep wake at the

It looks like nothing so much as a railroad bridge gone mad and tearing through the sky. There seems to be absolutely no coherent attempt to streamline the ship. The first thing you notice as it comes tearing down out of the sky is the inverted gull wing. Usually a cranked wing has smooth contours; on the Junkers, though, through some genius of the designer, it looks like a barn door broken in the middle.

"As the machine dives out of the sky at you, the rear portion of the wing moves downward and acts as flaps. To slow it up more, right under the leading edge are the diving brakes. From dead ahead these brakes look like a picket fence.

"You can't imagine the horrible combination of noises made by all these things stuck out into the wind-stream. It sounds like a bunch of riveters having a jam session. As if that wasn't enough, the Nazis, who seem to be working on the theory, that if they don't kill you with the bombs they will kill you with the general din, hang a siren on the ship to help the thing along.

"When this bundle of concentrated horror starts its dive it is just a speck in the sky. As it approaches at more than express train speed, the conglomeration of screams, moans, and whistles rising to a crescendo seems to precede it. As it pulls out of its dive, usually with all machine guns yammering, at about one thousand feet the bomb is dropped. And as the ship levels out, the bomb with Mr. Hitler's little screamer whistle adds its own contribution to the general racket. Then the whole thing is crowned by the shattering explosion and the screaming of fragments. Before you have a chance to pull yourself together the next Stuka in line repeats the whole performance.

"I've been in the middle of

## A Study On the Snore

Volumes have been written from time immemorial about the phases of sleep, doctors and physiologists from time to time come forth with new discoveries about this phenomena of the senses to which king and beggar are subject. Although we read about those wafted away in the arms of Morpheus or to put it more vulgarly—"to chew off a hunk of savage," no one has yet put into words anything that relates to that universal product, the great Canadian snore.

There are snores and snores of snores; they range in key from "E" on the bass octave to "D" or "E" in the treble clef. They range in volume from the tiniest murmur to a stentorian grunt worthy of something better than the mere snort appellation.

The following are some of the types of snores in a Paradise for those who make the study of the snore their life work. I'm referring to Barrack Block 8B, where any time after "lights Out" a veritable symphony of sound arises from the Uppers and the Lovers, with one's eyes closed they could imagine themselves in the Riverdale Zoo.

First and foremost, the chief offender is our hot air heaters; these monstrosities emit a very human sound like a wheeze, a

(Continued on Page 15)

several of these little tea parties, and believe me it is something that you never get used to. No matter how often you hear it, every one of those bombs seems to be aimed directly at your head."

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### Cheese or Cheese It!

After reading from time to time in THE OBSERVER about the quality of the water that is dished up at Fingal and though quite used to it now after five months of daily get-together, we turn now to the subject of cheese. While these two subjects are definitely unrelated, the following story will illustrate a certain affinity between the two.

It happened in France during the last war (so my father says) in one of the more remote sections of France where the peasants are famous for the quality of the cheese, in the making of which they excel. The cheese is very old and resembles Roquefort in color and texture but is different in flavor. The process was kept secret for years until it was chanced upon by my aforesaid parent, who describes it in a rich, mellow tone that one uses when speaking about the rarer gastronomical delights.

The cheese is made from the cream of a pure black heifer and then placed in a sac made from the untamed hide of a goat. This sac is then sewn up and placed on the roof in the sun for sixty days, during which time the green hide shrivels and compresses the cream into a small white mass. After sixty days the goat skin is cut away and the cheese in the making is wrapped in an old flannel petticoat and buried behind the barn for at least fifty years; in this way the cheese reaches the height of its savour and is then dug up and placed on display. A friend of mine who was present at the excavation of Crete's 6,000-year-old sewers says he is reminded, when in the presence of this cheese, of that occasion; but then he has never had a shave at Fingal.

We hope this clears up a few questions on the subject of the gourmet's delight, that well-known cheese, Mizzlefaue, pronounced MIZZLE PHOOEY.

No. 10 aircraft had stood outside for about an hour. When it was started up Bill reports that straw and sparrows come away from the exhaust.

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### LOST "A BULLET"

My drogue floated down,  
They found one hole,  
One single rip  
In that long white roll.

The marker frowned  
And shook his head:  
That gol-durned hole  
Wasn't made by lead!

I ranted and raved  
But to no avail;  
They searched the sleeve  
And they checked the tail.

It would have scored one  
On that fateful ride,  
Had the bullet passed through  
To the opposite side.

### A Study On The Snore

(Continued from Page 14)

groan and the number three snore, but this we will discard as a mechanical product and come down to the human element.

The number one snore—is the slight "apoo"; this is a very gentle sound made by compressing the lips and opening them with the articulation of the letter "P" as in "putty" and the combination of escaping air and the letter articulated gives forth that light murmur which proclaims to those who study snoreology that this person has a clear conscience absolutely extinct in Fingal.

The number two snore which also is not very common in Fingal, especially in Barrack Blocks 8A, 8B and 9A, is emitted by those whose day has been long and hard and they can now seek repose with the knowledge of work well done. It has a range of keys depending on the habits of the individual. This sound is formed with the mouth slightly open, head back and the sound "ah" repeated in a drawn-out manner; here in this group we find greatest harmony—we find full-throated bass, a reedy tenor, a baritone, alto, contralto, mezzo, soprano, all blended together with an exquisite touch to present a harmonic interlude that will compare with the best efforts of the well-known quartette of Armstrong, Memsworth, Calhoun and Ridgway.

The number three snore is a gargantuan sound common to alcoholic slumber; this is quite common around the 15th and 31st of the month, but diminishes in quality and output during the days intervening. This is made by forming the words awk, woof, zut in that order and holding each one for a count of two beats of time for the first two, and to make the snore perfect zut is held for three beats. This is followed by com-

pressing the lips and emitting a piercing whistle like a soul in torment; this is well known in 8A. Isn't it, Willie?

The snore is so varied and intricate that much space and study would be necessary to describe it in all its convo- and invo-lutions. However, this will suffice to show what sounds can be made when one is under the powerful influence of Beauty sleep.

### TALL TALES From Tech Stores

#### OVERWORK

One day one of the clerks in the Orderly Room phoned Mr. MacCormack and requested him to send his civilian clerk down there to see Sgt. Coghlan about some matter. A puzzled expression came across Mr. MacCormack's face as he listened to the request, and finally he said, "What did you say that name was?" The clerk on the other end repeated the name and Mr. MacCormack said, "You must have the wrong number; I never heard of him," and he hung up. He then turned to Flt/Sgt MacMillan and said, "Do you know of anyone around here by the name of George Marr?" The Flight strangled a grin and said, "Yes sir, he's your clerk." Can you tell us of another officer on this or any other Station who is so absorbed in his work that he can dictate letters and other matter to another person for more than three months without even having time to learn his first name?

#### SAM

Our L/AC Strometski has earned for himself the right to stand alongside the greatest geniuses of the past century, for he has solved the problem of those poor souls who cannot remember names. To all these poor unfortunate persons he sends the following message: "Are you bothered by name worries? Do you wake up in the morning with that tired, worn-out feeling through the fact that you tossed and turned on your little pallet all night trying to remember someone's name? Would you like to know the first name of every person in the world (R.C.A.F. offi-

### Abbreviations Worth Remembering

- W.B.—Works and Buildings.
- S.E.O.—Senior Equipment Officer.
- E.O.2—Officer i/c Clothing Stores and Publications.
- B.O.—Barrack Officer.
- D.O.—Dental Officer.
- O.C.M.T.—Officer i/c Motor Transport.
- P.M.C.—President Officers' Mess.
- P.S.M.C.—President Sergeants' Mess.
- P.A.M.C.—President Airmen's Mess.
- P.C.C.—President Canteen Committee.
- P.S.C.—President Sports Committee.

cers not included)? If so, buy one package of cigarettes, throw the carton away and send the cigarettes to the I. R. Section, and soon you will be singing 'Happy Days Are Here Again.' So long, Sam." You have our word for it that Strometski calls everybody on the Station by name, and his system certainly has its merits. However, we feel he carries it a little too far when he says to the telephone operator in St. Thomas, "Give me 92J, Sam."

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St. Thomas

## "Aceytoos Hardbottom Writes To His Love"

Dear Mabel:

I got your letter OK and felt better after I heard it was yer old man was at the show with you instead of some other guy cause the fellers around here always try to get a bird in wrong with his girl. Its either an old Spanish custom or else they are jellows.

I suppose you notis my spellin and grammer is getting better. Well Mabel I enrols muself for a coarse in high skule edication. It was tough the first couple of days but Im getting pretty good at it now and figures by another month maybe I'll rite to the minister of Mareen and Fisheries to see if I cant get a commission or a couple of stripes. A lot of the boys are takin these coarses and I figures in time all the army and navy will insult the Air force about anything they are not sure of, and I'll sure like to see the day when yer sisters boy friend from the army has to ask me what copesetic means or somethin. Some of the guys in the Mty Section are takin auto mackanics and one guy got his lessons mixed and took the transmission out to clean the spark plugs. The next lesson wont affect us any trouble cause the sergent threw them all out before somebody pours gasoline into the exhaust pipe. The guy cried about it for awhile but the Sgt. said he'd get Salter to teach him.

Well, Mabel I went for a sail on the Empress of Fingal our new boat the government gave us to take guys for rides on, the water instead of them botherin the Mty. section all the time. The Mareen section runs it; dont think that is somethin for your eyes Mabel. Some of the guys might be but it

just dont mean it that way. It has somethin to do with water so there's no use askin yer old man. Anyways I gets a invitation from sub Leftenant McPherson (you know Mac Mable, he left his bag pipes under one of the beds at yer place for a week and accused Squadron leader McCormack of takin them back into stock) anyways Mable Mac and I gets to Port Stanley and Mac stands back and looks kinda longing like at the boat and says "Aint she a honey?" "The one just goin over the bridge?" says me and Mac looks at me kinder pathatic and says "No, he boat you land blubbers." Well Sir, Mable, I guess nobody can call me names like that so I tries to trip him when hes gitting on the boat but he was pretty sober and jumps aboard. "Leggo the anchor," says Mac. "No-bododys got yer anker," says Vogel, and they argue about that for awhile until Petty osifer Sweet comes along and suggests maybe we should start the engines first, case we drift over against the beer parlor.

Mac stands up on the bridge and yells, "Gimme a line, we're all going overseas." Comes back Vogel, "Hows that?"

P.O. Sweet gets the engines goin after everybody tells him they are flooded, choked, gas shut off, or he forgot to use the switch key. I heard some guy talkin of boxin the compass so I guess thats another trip to Trenton to the repair depot. Anyways we start pullin away from shore, Mac yellin, "Avast ye swabs, man the fuel pump. Trim little craft crossin bridge on starboard," and away we goes to see.

It was rather nice riding the waves inside the break water but when we hit the swells outside I kinda hoped Mac had forgot his pipe and would turn back. "Ever been to sea before?" says Mac. "Sure," says I, "I crossed the Don river over the viaduct."

"I hear the Canadian Navy was in action this morning," says Mac. "Sank three canoes in the St. Lawrence." Well I was feelin that maybe the Mty. section was the best after all when Mac swings her around and back to the wharf. I'm going to ask the C.O. if Mac and I can borrow this sea goin cab over engine for a week end and go on a cruise. Im goin to call up the agent for Labatts and see if he'll go along.

Well Mable things have been kinda quiet lately cause the C.O.

has been in hospital. The camp mascot tramped on his foot.

I hear I'm gettin my LAC if I stick around here long enough. Well I guess Mable I'll ring off for this month so yours till Hess uses the return half of his ticket to England.

ACEYTOO HARDBOTTOM.

### For What It Is Worth

Dear Acey:

You know thats kinda cute, that name, means "ace" I guess, like all the big fliers are called. It was nice of your O C to find such a swell nickname for you. I guess from what you said in your last letter that he is sorta mad at you, eh? Well, that's just as well. I think you oughta quit chumming with him and get to know that tall dark officer you got at the station there. I got his pitcher oughta a Windsor paper what came rapt around the fish and chips Ma got for supper one night, and all my girl friends want you to bring him home with you the next time you get leave. I couldnt read his name, but he was shaking hands with some guy from Stratford, a Netherlander the paper said he was, whatever that is. Don't pay any attention to these wise alecs who think that my old man dont ever wear a broad brimmed green hat or take me out. My Maw says you should oughter be glad to have a girl that dont ever even talk to any other fella hardly and that goodness only knows what you do in your spare time what with all those women in Port Stanley, Saint Thomas and London she says. Maw laffed at the Mascot's pitcher, says it reminded her of your Unkle Eli what used to visit at your place for the 24th of May and than decide to stay a couple of days extry and see the Exhibition while he was at it, that was until your old man put banana skins under his favourite rocker on the veranda and that was as Shakesbeer or somebody said. Paw fell down the stairs last night with a quart of gin and never spilt a drop. I don't know how he managed to keep his mouth shut all the way to the bottom though. I'm going to send a pakage of seeds to

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BLUEBIRD  
DIAMONDS

the boys who are looking after the garden in Barrack Block 13A. I always get sentymental over gardens, you remember the swell poetry a bout flours Smelly or somebody rote—

Mary, Mary, quite contrary, how does your garden grow?

Silver bells and cockle shells and one gol-durned petunia!

Hoping your the same,

MABLE.

P.S.—Done ferget the fella in the pitcher, ast him to get leave the same time as you do. Maybe the C O will fix it for youse.

### Do You Know?

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

that Chicago soldiers aren't permitted to escort girls home after a dance.

Everybody Knows

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