

# THE FINGAL OBSERVER

No. 8, Monthly

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

September 15, 1941

## Maori War Dance Given for New Zealand's Premier at Fingal



## Hon. Peter Fraser "Wings" New Zealand Graduates

Landing at Fingal, Ontario, in a Lockheed Bomber on August 30th, Prime Minister Peter Fraser visited this Station for the purpose of pinning wings on a graduating class of his own countrymen—New Zealanders.

Accompanied by F. Langstone, Minister of Lands in New Zealand; Group Captain P. H. Mackworth, No. 1 T.C.; and Group Captain Isitt, New Zealand Air Liaison Officer, the Prime Minister flew from No. 6 S.F.T.S., Dunnville, Ontario.

The party was greeted on its arrival by Wing Commander Van Vliet, Commanding Officer, and Wing Commander W. C. Kennedy, O.C. Ground Instruction School, where the graduating airmen received the bulk of their training on this Station.

During the presentation in the Drill Hall the Prime Minister spoke to the airmen and visitors.

"New Zealand is again earning herself a high reputation in this war," he said. "I know you will

follow intelligently in the footsteps of those who have preceded you. There are New Zealanders training with the forces of the Empire everywhere I have been, from Singapore to Fingal," he told the graduates, "and I am proud to think New Zealanders have been playing their part ever since those first flights over Germany, when leaflets were dropped to try to pierce the Nazi armour. Your duty may take you back home," he said, "for you may be required there to defend our own country."

Premier Hepburn, also a visitor to the wings presentation, spoke very highly of the part the forces of New Zealand were playing in the war.

Later on in the afternoon the Prime Minister gathered with a number of the New Zealanders and chatted about their homeland. Questions shuffled back and forth between the hosts and their guest, and the Prime Minister was constantly pressed for items of interest

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## SPORTS PICNIC

The No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario, Field Day was held under perfect weather conditions. The four participating squadrons: G.I.S., A.T.S., Headquarters and Maintenance lined up under a blue sky on the Sports Field and under the direction of Wing Commander Van Vliet staged a mammoth parade around the race track. Led by the Station Band, the parade circled the track to start off the first Field Day held at this School.

Individual glory was in the discard—the whole theme of this day was Squadron rivalry. The Commanding Officer's Cup, symbolic award for inter-squadron competition, was the achievement of each of the four competing Squadrons.

The whole purpose of the Field Day was that every man on the Station was to take some active part in any one of the events and attempt to accumulate points for his Squadron.

The contest which was the most bitterly fought of the day was the softball final between Maintenance and Headquarters. The game from the first inning was "touch-and-go" and through nine heated innings the score bobbed back and forth

New Zealand graduates gathered around Hon. Peter Fraser, New Zealand Prime Minister, and Hon. Frank Langston and put on the Maori war dance. The dance was led by WAG. Alexander Brown and T. G. Tomoana. Brown, seen on the Premier's right, was the first man to enlist in the Royal New Zealand Air Force from the Cook Islands and to come to Canada to train under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. He is half Maori and half Scot, and is proud of it. Tomoana, from Hastings, on the Premier's left, is the only pure Maori in the class.

from one team to another. In the ninth frame Maintenance came through on a Frank Merriwell finish to take the match. Squadron Leader McConnell, who is Headquarters silent partner backer, turned out to be the Number One Heckler of the day, and really earned his dues. The gallery of spectators, evenly divided between both teams, were so keenly interested in a number of the plays that not a sound was heard—until the last inning, when rivalry ceased and everybody rooted for the best team to win.

Although the baseball match caused quite a bit of commotion, the act that really stole the show was the "greased pig." Completely

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## The Fingal Observer

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WING COMMANDER W. D. VAN VLIET

"Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting." Gal. vi. 7, 8.

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## EDITORIAL

This penetrating analysis of the German mind gives us a key to victory.

### THE GERMANS EXPECT DEFEAT

By Sebastian Haffner

(Condensed from Searchlight Book No. 2.  
"Offensive Against Germany")

The fighting spirit of the German people has three fundamental weaknesses. The first is one which the Nazis share with their German opponents, and which is a purely national characteristic. This is a profound pessimism and defeatism which, temporarily submerged in a blare of bombast and self-stimulation, culminates in a tragic cult of death and decay; and coupled with this is a highly susceptible imagination which inclines the Germans to fantasy and myth rather than to fact and reason. The second and third fundamental weaknesses are rooted in the internal politics of Germany. They derive from the fact that Germany, under Nazi domination, is first an unhappy, and secondly a disunited land.

1. The German press has recently been in the habit of adorning the German Army and the German people with the epithet "unconquerable." This is no less than a mass hypnotic frontal attack on the deep knowledge of all Germans—that they are the most easily conquered nation in the world, and on the inexorable premonition that they will come to a bad end.

This premonition is not only fed by the inescapable memories of 1914-19, but from deeper sources as well. The whole Nazi adventure is no more than a new version of a drama that has unrolled itself

dozens of times in German history and has always, without exception, ended in catastrophic defeat and tragedy. From the time of the Cimbric and Teutonic invasions until 1914 there has been enacted over and over again, fatalistically, the same simple and impressive myth: the rise of a leader; the rallying forth of the nation; the destruction of its hearths, traditions and shrines; irruption into foreign living space; immense and awe-inspiring victories and triumphs; the transient imposition of a hated dominion over foreign peoples; the turn of the tide; sudden collapse and terrible disaster, often accompanied by the annihilation and extermination of entire tribes.

Such was the course followed by the crusades of the Cimbric and Teutonic invasions, the Germanic wars at the time of the Great Migration, and the wars of conquest of the Ottos and the Hohenstaufen in the Middle Ages, to name only the most important. Then the myth lay dead for six hundred years, to be resurrected in the nineteenth century as a romantic yearning for Emperor and Empire. With "blood and iron" which served as a motto, the Reich came alive again; 1914 to 1918 saw the first complete new version of the horrifying spectacle in modern dress. Then another fifteen years of wavering and indecision. And in 1933 began another performance of the bloody drama.

Victories and triumphs do not in the least mitigate the profound foreboding of an unhappy end. On the contrary, they strengthen it. For these victories and triumphs are but part of the historical myth. After *Siegfried* comes the *Twilight*

of the Gods—is there a German who is not aware of this? The Nazis know it, too. Their official poetry extracts a kind of heroic pathos from the knowledge:

*Over a nation of corpses  
Flare the flames of eternal glory.  
Let us die like the Goths.*

That is from one of the *Poems of the German Revolution*, by Otto Bangert, a Storm Trooper poet-aster. And one of the greatest prophets of Nazism, Stefan George, exclaims:

*Flaxen-haired band! Know this!  
Your own God before victory is  
wont,  
Assassin-like, to stab you dead.*

They know it and they await it, all of them. The brave try to face the inevitable with steely heroism. The cowards try to drown their knowledge in savage and nauseating boasts; but it cannot be exorcized, and it perpetually torments them.

The reaction of the Germans will depend on their perceiving that "the hour has struck." They are as brave as any other nation so long as they feel the wind of battle and victory behind them; but they yield helplessly to panic and dread when they notice that the tide has turned. For proof we have only to recall the incredibly sudden collapse of the morale of the Kaiser's "unconquerable" armies in August 1918. This was not cowardice; it was something more fundamental.

And how do they know when "the hour has struck"? They know it solely by the use of their imagination and senses, never by a hard-headed weighing and reckoning of their chances. A change in the atmosphere; the feeling that the breeze has suddenly taken to blowing from another direction; a sudden and startling setback or counter-blow; the feeling, above all, that the initiative has been irretrievably lost to the enemy—such things will make them forget, in their utter dismay, what power they have to defend themselves, just as before a consciousness of invincible strength enabled them to defy overwhelming odds. Had they found themselves in England's position after the French collapse last summer, the Germans would have capitulated. Proof: the certainty with which they expected it of England. What the Germans at the moment can least endure is *shock*.

2. One must never forget the fundamental fact that the Nazis constitute only a minority of the German people: about 20 per cent of all grown-up and young Germans, scarcely more than 15 per cent of the adult population. The

vast 80 per cent majority can be divided into approximately equal sections: those who are passive confederates of the Nazis from sheer habit of obedience and unintelligent patriotism, and those who are their helpless foes in blind despair and bitterness. One thing these millions have in common—their misery.

During last year, without exception, all neutral observers in Germany again and again remarked upon the fact that the Germans accept their wonderful victories in a mood of dumb and dull despondency. "Victorious Germany, Land of Gloom" is the phrase with which the correspondent of an important American newspaper described the atmosphere. To those who are not acquainted with the conditions in Germany, it may seem incredible and highly colored, but there is a reason for it.

Those 80 per cent of the German people who are not Nazis have long felt little enthusiasm for the Nazi victories. They are not any happier because of them. These victories neither make up for their sacrifices nor give them the things which, like all other normal men, they desire: freedom, peace, security, private living space, private happiness, a good conscience, homely pleasures and the right to choose their own jobs. On the contrary, they see these things fading faster into the distance with every triumph and every "world-shaping" deed. They feel that what is happening in their name, and even with their co-operation, does not really concern them, and that not only will they have to pay a terrible ever-mounting price in the end, but that they will have to pay it for an entertainment they have neither ordered nor enjoyed. Could they but see a practicable way out of the terrible path they are treading back to the good things they have lost how eagerly would the mass of them flock towards it!

But this is a potential and not an actual weakness. It can only materialize when the alternative to the drama staged by the Nazis can assume a clear, positive and credible form. Only then can we expect strikes, mass sabotage and mass defection and not earlier, despite all the discontent and misery. For the moment the Germans can see no alternative to enduring tyranny at home except to endure foreign domination, and no alternative to existing as a hated robber-state but to exist as a despised nation of pariahs. So long as this is the case their unwilling but passive loyalty to the Nazis will endure. In order to change this we must offer the Germans an alternative: a rational

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# Fingal Graduate Leaped from Blazing Plane at 10,000 Feet Over Bremen, Germany

**First Letter From St. Thomas Airman to Parents Tells About His Narrow Escape From Death; Pilot Killed; Two Crew Members Are Wounded**

(From The St. Thomas Times-Journal)

Sergeant Air Gunner Marshall A. Johnson, son of ex-Mayor and Mrs. Angus W. Johnson, Inkerman street, city, considers himself lucky to be alive and a prisoner of war in Germany. In a few short, graphic sentences he tells about his escape from death in his first letter to his parents, received Wednesday. The big bomber in which he was making what is believed to have been his first or second operational flight was on a bombing assignment over Bremen, Germany, and evidently was struck by anti-aircraft shells and set on fire. With the bomber a blazing mass, four of the five members of the crew baled out at 10,000 feet. The fifth member of the crew, Flying Officer J. C. Jenkins of Wales, described as second pilot on the bomber, was killed before the plane caught fire. The navigator and front gunner were wounded, but were able to leap from the burning plane and land safely in their parachutes.

Sergeant Gunner Johnson stated in his letter the navigator and front gunner were in a hospital. He and the wireless operator were prisoners together at Dulag Luft, which he described as being only a temporary internment camp. He told of finding two young pilots he met while training at Regina,

Sask., in the prison camp.

Sergeant Gunner Johnson requested his parents to send him woolen underwear, socks, sweaters and shirts, also cigarettes, chocolate bars and biscuits. He explained that he was permitted to send two letters and four message cards a month. Two cards from him were received about a week ago, but no details about his escape from death were given.

It was only last week that Mr. and Mrs. Johnson received a letter from the father of Flying Officer Jenkins, in Wales, asking for any information they had about his son, as he had learned from one source that the young airman was safe and a prisoner and from another source that he had lost his life.

Sergeant Air Gunner Johnson is a graduate of the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School, going overseas late last winter. He was first reported missing following an operational flight on July 14, then came word that he was a prisoner in Germany.

He stated in his letter that he was making what inquiries he could in the hope of locating Flt/Lt Robert Willis, son of Mr. and Mrs. Grover I. Willis, who had to bale out from a bomber over Germany about a year ago and is a prisoner of war.

## Roll of Honour

To all of us who, either directly or indirectly, have been connected with the training of Air Observers and Air Gunners at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School there will come a touch of sincere regret upon the realization that, though the numbers of trainees that have graduated from this Station have been large, the fellows whom we have admired and respected, first as good pupils and trainees and, secondly, as the real "Men of the Empire," are those who have given their lives in the defense of the Empire. To they who have unselfishly devoted themselves and their lives and who have now passed into the great world "Beyond" we, of No. 4 B. & G., salute you:

No. R.A.F. 1058228

**Sergeant S. STREET**

No. CAN. R58453

**Sergeant George Thomas John WOODHAMS**

*Killed in flying accident, Liverpool, Nova Scotia, 25th August, 1941.*

\* \* \*

No. CAN. R62091

**Sergeant John William BOYCE**

*Died of burns suffered in air operations overseas, 30th August, 1941.*

Course 22 Air Observers graduated from No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery School on August 16th, 1941. It was posted to No. 2 A. N. S., Penfield Ridge, N.B.

This new country over which they then operated was very bad for any type of forced landing. It is just woods and lakes, with absolutely no place to sit down if in difficulty; and being rugged along the coast and dotted with innumerable small lakes, pinpointing for the first two or three flights would be quite difficult. On their first night exercise (24/8/41) the aircraft manned by Martin, Mackay and Robertson was lost and out of fuel, so the entire crew were forced to abandon the aircraft. All landed

safely, with the exception of Mackay, who sustained a compound fracture of his arm while leaving the plane. The area was placed under search when this aircraft did not report to base. Sgt. S. Street, Sgt. Woodhams (graduates from here) and Flt/Lt Smallman left the ground to look for the missing aircraft and crew who, unknown to them, had abandoned aircraft.

How or why they crashed is not and probably will never be known. They spotted the parachutes and upon circling low apparently flew into the ground. The plane burst into flames, and it was quite obvious that it was over quickly.

### Last Respects Paid To Missing Airman

The discovery of the body of AC/2 E. W. Bourne in Lake Erie on Sunday, August 31st, brought more definite proof of the fate of the Battle plane which has been missing from Fingal for the past nine months.

AC/2 Bourne was one of the drogue operators in the plane on the day of its disappearance, December 8th, 1940. His identity was confirmed by articles found in his clothing and a check with his dental chart in the medical records. On Thursday last a funeral service on his behalf was held in Towers Funeral Home, St. Thomas, conducted by the Station chaplain, Flt/Lt D. Gowdy, with W/C W. D. Van Vliet and Flt/Lt J. S. Gray in attendance. The funeral procession, consisting of a sergeant and 40 men under command of F/O F. Ollen-Bittle, then proceeded to the

L. & P.S. station, where the official Air Force honors were carried out before the train pulled out taking the casket to Oshawa for burial. It was a solemn and impressive moment when, the volleys having been fired, the trumpeters sounded "Reveille."

The sense of departure of our comrade was keenly felt as the train moved away while the bugles sounded the fading strains of the "Last Post."

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## Letters To The Editor

To the Editor:

I would like to make a few comments concerning the telephone staff on the Station switchboard, of which I am one of the operators.

We are working at a trade where there is little or no chance of promotion, consequently our trade pay is not of the highest. In civilian life I was for seven years a telegraph operator with the C. N. R. and joined the Air Force with the hope of working at my own trade.

Our job is to put through thousands of calls that are sent along the wires each day; most of these calls are to and from our own locals, of which there are thirty-six. No doubt there are times when some locals think us slow in answering a call, but perhaps there are several calling in at the same time, and it is only possible to talk to one party at a time. Numerous times we are greeted with the phrase "Operator, what the H— is the matter there?" Our usual reply is: "I am sorry, sir; what number did you want?" We no doubt feel like saying something else, but we are taught to be polite at all times.

Our work is greatly increased by the carelessness of others in not pronouncing or giving the numbers clearly, or not giving the proper information.

We are on various shifts, and on duty at all hours of the day and night, and I can readily speak on behalf of the other boys and myself on the telephone staff that we have in the past and will in the future do the job to the best of our ability, unheralded and unsung.

Yours Respectfully, etc.

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## Hon. Peter Fraser 'Wings' New Zealand Graduates

(Continued from Page 1)

about some city or some section. The Prime Minister asked the boys



Hon. Peter Fraser

many questions about their enlistment occupations, impressions of Canada and facts about their training.

### CONSIDER:

An Airman has: 14 days' leave per year; twelve 48-hour passes per year (24 days per year); 1 day per week less 1 per month (40 days per year); 2 days at Christmas and 3 at Easter (5 days per year); sleeps 8 hours a day (122 days per year); 3 hours per day for meals (45 days per year); 5½ hours per day from 1715 until 2245 (82 days per year); average Airman reports sick 5 days per year (5 days per year); waits 2 hours per day for Officers to sign passes (28 days per year)—a total of 365 days per year and gets paid for it!

The staff of THE OBSERVER will be happy to exchange copies with other Stations. We have stoically forwarded copies to many Stations without response from all but three or four. THE AIRCRAFTMAN of the T. T. S. is read with enthusiasm by many of the lads here and we wish we had more like it.

## The Bombing Teacher

(This contribution appeared in French in our last number.)

\* \* \*

I would like to discuss in the following article the "Bombing Teacher," of which many of you have heard but have never seen in action. I will try to give you some idea of its functioning and some idea of its use to the R.C.A.F. for the training of air observers.

Here, at Fingal, we have three (there is place for a fourth). They are situated in the building opposite the Recreation Hall on the other side of the Parade Ground. Upon entering the building divided into four parts—each part having its own Bombing Teacher—the first thing that meets your eye is a large white disc measuring about six feet in diameter. On this disc is projected a moving photographic representation of the earth as it would appear from an aircraft in flight, taken from an altitude of 10,000 feet. Curiosity will lead you to the second floor to find out how this mechanism works (the French author here excused himself for the use of English terms, not knowing the equivalents in French).

The machine consists of a projector installed on the third floor casting the photographic image on the white disc. On the second floor a platform provides accommodation for the pilot and bomber similar to that in the nose of a bomber, with a bombsight, navigation instruments, direction control, etc. This is where the observer works, perfecting his use of the bombsight, and his dangerous job of bomber. This is where he finds wind speed and direction.

We go to the third floor and try further to understand the remarkable work done by the machine. At first appears a large disc on which rests the (balance of the) projector. To one side of this disc is a motor which rotates it in the desired direction; on the other side is a motor which moves a transparent sheet giving the impression of flight, because it is through this sheet that the strong light of the "Point-o-Light" reflecting the picture below passes. This picture, therefore, gives an impression of the earth exactly as if we were in a plane.

The speed at which the picture moves depends on the speed and altitude of the plane. These last are decided by the instructor and interpreted by the machine. The speed normally used varies between 150 and 200 m.p.h. Three altitudes are used: 4,000, 10,000 and 15,000 feet. At a low altitude the picture moves very quickly and this is seldom used as it doesn't allow the observer time to prepare his instruments. For direction a mechanical compass is used, where the needle only turns, when the pilot changes direction. This is worked from the rudder bar which starts a motor controlling the compass needle.

The observer decides on his target and tries to place it in his line of sight. When the target comes into line the observer presses an electrical button which starts a timing gear giving "time" for stopping the projector.

After bombing, three circles are noted on the disc below; the centre one represents the bomb and this gives the observer a chance to correct any error.

I will end here hoping that I may have satisfied a little of your curiosity. If ever you have the chance of becoming an observer it will please me greatly to give you more ample details.

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### Sports Picnic

(Continued from Page 1)

covered with a thick coat of grease, the 250-lb. "oinker" was released on the sports field and gave the airmen the "run-around" until Sgt. Hayter and Kiwi Sutherland nailed it. Prior to its capture some of the attempts to trap the pig were absolutely ridiculous, one airman taking a dive at the pig from about ten yards and skidding along on his nose.

The eight-man relay team event was a thriller and turned out to be one of the highlights of the afternoon. Corporal Jerry Bell's photo finish spurt was a great sporting gesture, but Ritchie from G. I. S. had a winning pace from the crack of the gun.

The R. A. F. entry in the soccer events barely managed to eke out a win after going into the match as favorites for the title. A. T. S., who were the losers by a slim score, gave the R. A. F. players a hard row to hoe and if time had been available it might have been a different story.

Sergeant Peterson of Maintenance, former amateur middleweight boxing champion of Denmark, and Tamatyrangate Tomoana of New Zealand combined to walk off with the wheelbarrow race.

The dress of the competing airmen was something of note. Sports dress for the Field Day was composed of official sporting toggery: shorts, bathing suits, fatigue clothing, and some airmen sported comic apparel. One gay crowd wore false moustaches.

After the competitive events had been run off the officers and airmen moved from the Sports Field to the Airmen's Mess, where they enjoyed a supper of sandwiches, cakes, ice cream and cantaloupes. Gathered in the mess, they discussed the feature contests of the day and in one group, which later was discovered to be Headquarters, the jibe "We wuz robbed" was the current topic of conversation.

In the evening a corn roast and sing-song was held on the field at the rear of the Hostess House. Truck loads of corn were consumed, along with 24 cases of soft drinks and eight barrels of ale.

A huge bonfire lit up the festivities and about it were gathered airmen and officers singing in quartets, duets and solos. One group of recruits and four officers were attempting to imitate an orchestra and it really sounded like a "name" band.

About 12 o'clock the camp once more resumed its normal status. Airmen who had participated in the

games during the afternoon crawled into bunks and found little difficulty in sleeping. Here and there about the barracks a last-minute quartet was polishing off "Sweet Adeline."

And as the bonfire slowly dimmed Fingal bid adieu to their first Field Day—and a perfect sports program was wound up.

Many officers officiated in the day's program. Wing Commander Kennedy was very active in getting things under way. Flying Officer Rondelez was "Joed" for umpire in the "Battle of the Century." Sergt.-Major Thorpe kept the volleyball tournament going and Flying Officer Morella blew the whistle for the basketball games. Flying Officer Tiffin watched the horseshoes fly and Flying Officer Dewey the tennis balls. Flight Lieutenant Smith superintended the greasing of our porker as well as a number of games. Flight Lieutenant Gray and Morrie Reith did the important job of recording prize winners and organizing the distribution of prizes by Wing Commander Kennedy.

Congratulations to Doug. Deane, our Y.M.C.A. representative, for the general organization of the day, and to Mr. Cayton, our genial guardian of sports equipment.

Minds are like parachutes. They function only when open.



## R. C. A. F.

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## WITH THE ESKIMOS

(Most of the men on this Station have had experiences of which we would like to hear. The following article has been contributed by one of us who obviously has had a unique experience with our Eskimos. We hope that this beginning will inspire more such personal experience accounts.—Ed.)

(The scene of the following story is placed at Fort George, Hudson's James Bay. The writer was Boys' Supervisor at the Missionary Society Church of England's School, where he worked from 1937 to 1940.)

It was midnight on the 12th of August, 1938, as we slowly drew near to Fort George. The northern lights flashing across the sky lighted up the little group of white buildings. It was a very warm sight after having been on board ship for several days and being very cold most of the time. After receiving a great welcome from the staff and a few natives, who all wait up for hours when they know the ship is coming, I turned in for a much-needed rest.

The next few days I spent in making myself acquainted with the school and natives. My job was to supervise the boys of the school, which numbered about 30. They were all Indians except for a few Eskimos.

By this time, being the middle of September, we started in with our general winter routine. The day began by getting up at 7.30, and I can assure you it was not easy, as often the whole room would be covered with a thin coating of frost. With the help of the boys, the beds were made and the dormitories were cleaned, the wood brought in and the mission dogs fed, after which we had breakfast. Their meals consisted of their own native foods, as they do not like the white man's food. Most of it consisted of smoked fish, salted goose, owl meat, rabbit and occasionally seal and bear meat, which really doesn't taste too bad.

At nine o'clock the mission bell rang, which started their school work. After prayers we taught them to read and write not only the English language but their own, in which they are very backward.

After the noon meal the younger boys were taken over by the Matron and I taught the older ones manual training. They are very good at making useful things, and it is they who do the general repairs around the school. Sometimes we would take our meal and go out on snowshoes to the bush and cut lumber, bringing it back late in the evening by dog team. Once a week we met for our Boy

Scout meeting; at that time I had the honor of having the most northerly troops in Canada.

At Christmas time all the Indian families for miles around came down for the Christmas feast given in co-operation with us at the Hudson Bay Post. This has been an old custom with the Company. We supplied most of the gifts, which were sent up through the Anglican Women's Auxiliary.

We on the staff looked forward to February very much as it meant the coming of the mail, by dog team, as it was the only other time it came besides the summer.

After a long, cold winter, in which the nights were very long, we also looked forward more than ever to the summer and that meant the coming of the boat.

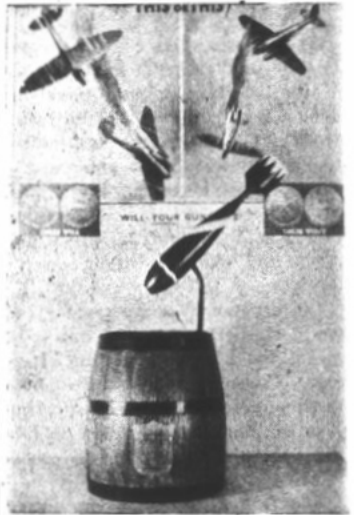
I was asked by Bishop Fleming (the Bishop of the Arctic) to experiment and see if any fresh vegetables could be grown during this short summer. I did this with the help of the older boys as soon as the frost broke up. By the end of my third season, after digging and planting by hand, we had grown enough peas, cabbage, lettuce and carrots to feed the school and also enough potatoes to last us all the following winter. This meant a great saving as a 90-lb. bag of potatoes cost us nearly \$4.00 by the time it arrived. We also built a greenhouse and grew tomatoes: it was a great experiment as it had never been done as far north as that before. It was a hard job keeping it heated, but by the end of October we had some beautiful tomatoes, the first ones we had tasted for two years.

For about five weeks during the summer the boys would go back to their families and I was able to visit their camps and do a bit of hunting. During my visits I was greatly interested in some of their old customs. In the middle of the tepie, over a stone fireplace, they roasted geese, the dripping fat keeping the fire going for a long time. The women would be sitting about, always working on moose-

hide shoes for the men to go hunting in, or some bead work. The men only do the hunting and the women do all the work about the camp, with the help of the girls. The older boys would be out with their shotguns, which they received from the parents after their four years of school. It was while visiting one of these camps, during my last few weeks in the north, that I was presented with a beautiful stone pipe by the chief, which I prize very much.

I could give many of my experiences in the north, but to close I would just like to say that our sole idea is to help the Indians live a better and more Christian life. We hope we are accomplishing this by daily services in the chapel and Sunday school and church work. Our Church of England in Canada is doing a great work in many parts of the north, helping to preach God's Word.

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Benjaminson—2 hits  
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Field  
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Garter  
Grossman  
La Riviere—3 hits  
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McIntosh  
McLean  
O'Brien  
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Wood...

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## Ottawa, Canada

Wednesday, September 10th, marked the beginning of the third year of Canada's participation in the war. In acknowledgment of that fact the Government issued a Proclamation setting aside the period September 10th-17th as a week of reconsecration of the Canadian people to our cause and in national honour "for those who on land, sea and in the air are defenders of our country."



### THE FOLLOWING IS THE WORDING OF THE PROCLAMATION:

"WHEREAS on the tenth day of September, one thousand nine hundred and thirty-nine, the Dominion of Canada declared a State of War with the German Reich; AND WHEREAS at the beginning of the third year of this war the leaders of democracy have reaffirmed their determination to continue the struggle until the evil of Nazi tyranny has been destroyed; NOW KNOW YE that We, by and with the advice of our Privy Council for Canada, have thought fit to ordain and declare and do by this Our Proclamation ordain and declare that the week commencing Wednesday, the tenth of September, and ending on Wednesday, the seventeenth of September, inclusively, in the present year, be observed throughout our Dominion of Canada in national honour for those who on land, sea and in the air are the defenders of our country, and in proud memory for those valiant hearts who have gone out from among us in the most precious of all sacrifices for our common freedom; AND KNOW YE FURTHER that We do also hereby ordain and declare this week as one of reconsecration of our lives and principles which under Divine Providence have been our stay and help in the past, to the end that torment may be lifted from men's hearts and peace and safety come for all nations and peoples; OF ALL WHICH Our Loving Subjects and all others whom these presents may concern are hereby required to take notice and to govern themselves accordingly."

### RECONSECRATION WEEK PRAYER

O Lord of Hosts, in this time of our reconsecration to Thy service and in defence of the light brought into this world by Thy beloved Son, we turn to Thee in prayer. We pray for our fighting men on land, on the seas and in the air that they may be imbued with courage to persevere and strength to vanquish the dark forces which now seek to rule this earth. We pray for endurance for all those who, in any way, are engaged in this great conflict, and, for our peoples, understanding of the truth. We pray for mercy for the stricken, consolation for the bereaved and eternal rest for those who, having blazed the path, have been gathered to Thine arms. These things we ask, O Lord, so that in the fullness of time the dread conflict may cease, the right may triumph, and our children be brought up to serve Thee and to do those things which are of good renown, to know and to spread the Christian Light. Amen.



### RECONSECRATION WEEK GRACE

For the courage of our fighting men and the devotion of those who stand behind them: for our continued freedom and for these blessings of our unscarred earth, we give thanks in this week of reconsecration to the Lord of Hosts, who is the only Defender of the Right. Amen.



## HEARD AROUND HEADQUARTERS

First of all, we'll start these Keyhole Kapers by congratulating our Headquarters Heroes who are about to put their heads in the noose of matrimony:

Johnny Chapman, the Big Noise around H.Q. Orderly Room, who is marrying one of the belles of St. Thomas on September 20th.

Johnny Everitt, the Wild Welshman of the Supply Depot, who is marrying one of the fair maids of Toronto, an R.N. no less, on September 20th.

Harry Cyster, the Kid from Medicine Hat, who adorns the Accounts Section with his presence, is marrying one of the London beauties—you know what the boys say of London, the home of beautiful women—on September 16th.

Our friend, Sgt. Herbert, of the MTy Section, as our contemporary Acey Two Hardbottom calls it, was recently married to a lady from his home town of High Tor, Sask. If anyone has ever heard of the aforesaid place, please contact the editor. Neither have we.

The boys have asked that we keep these marriages secret as they are afraid the suicide list will take

## From The Sections

an awful jump when the news gets around Canada. We said Canada because the Airmen take a back seat to no one, not even the well-known Navy, in affaires de l'amour. But all kidding aside, gentlemen, we wish all the newly-weds the very best of luck, and a long and prosperous life together.

On the Big Sports Day Headquarters obtained second place with a total of 16½ points against a total of 23 points obtained by the winners of first place G.I.S. It was no dishonor to lose to G.I.S., who had a marvellous bunch of athletes, mostly New Zealanders, for their track and field events, which enabled them to cinch first place. We must congratulate our friends from Down Under upon their athletic ability. However, we won a first in tennis, with the team of Upham and Cunningham, a pair of hams as it were, corn, corn, and second place in the baseball. The whole Squadron was out at the end taking a pass, at the greasy pig, but unfortunately we missed.

Our friend, Ernie Roberts of the Dental Section was recently posted down to Manning Depot in Toronto. His genial presence will be greatly missed by all visitors to Capt. Irwin.

### Fire Department

Fire More Important Than Bombs

It cannot be too strongly emphasized that the fire started by an incendiary bomb is far more important than the bomb itself. For use against many different kinds

of targets bombs have been designed containing a number of incendiary units of magnesium and phosphorus, sodium and sodium-potassium. Types of bombs were used in the last war in which the entire incendiary charge consisted of thermite but they were not considered efficient. Thermite burns more rapidly and generates only about one-eighth the amount of heat that would be generated by the burning of an equal weight of magnesium. Gasoline or oil, on burning, liberate nearly twice as much heat as magnesium; they are not suitable for small aerial bombs as weight is necessary to enable it to penetrate roofs. The gasoline or oil fire can be smothered with sand or similar material. Gasoline, however, is used by sabotage agents and arsonists, usually ignited with a chemical timer or possibly a clockwork and electric mechanism. Investigation of bombing and attempts pending the arrival of the bomb or fire experts. If the bomb has not detonated, care should be taken not to disturb evidence. The package should be photographed and X-rayed, using a fluoroscope. This will show up any objects such as trigger mechanisms, wires or blasting caps. These bombs can usually be moved with a rope from a distance to a harmless spot. In all cases a guard must be posted at a safe distance. To this end the spread among all ranks of knowledge on the subject and a conscious realization of the serious consequences which may arise often from comparatively trivial causes.

Shanghai fire-fighters are still chuckling over the old story of a Chinese Fire Brigade officer who wrote the report in English on a fire which had damaged a school building. After filling in figures when the fire had been put under control and when it had been completely extinguished, he took care to mention the conspicuous bravery of a Chinese fireman who had climbed up the ladder three times and each time had come down

pregnant. Brigade chiefs summoned the officer into their presence. He referred them to the dictionary definition "with child."

### Kitchen Chatter By The Skillets

We note in our increasingly popular Station paper a small column by the Staff Reporter regarding the workings of the Airmen's Mess. The Skillets and the whole kitchen staff appreciate very much the words of praise he has been so generous in giving us in his column. It is very nice to find someone who is able to give enlightenment to the boys as to the amount of food prepared and consumed at meal times. Preparing a dinner for 700-800 or a thousand men presents no easy task, especially when each man has to be given a portion of equal amount, and to take into consideration that quite a large number of men come back a second time. It will be noticed the Staff Reporter has said in his column that the kitchen staff prepares food 24 hours a day. So if we are to be mentioned in this regard why not let us see more attention paid to the discipline of each individual, and a few more compliments instead of so much quibbling when not confronting those who are trying their very best at all times to satisfy the longings and hunger of an airman entering the Mess Hall wondering what he is going to be fed the minute he enters. By the way, we cannot help hearing little bits of news now and again, and with a little eavesdropping we have learned that one of our kitchen staff has a keen interest in music. This individual, in fact, has an orchestra of his own that plays good old-time music. So why not bring it out into the light and give it a chance at one of our Station dances in the future. It would be a welcome addition to the welfare of the Station. It certainly would be a gesture of goodwill between this man (who is a civilian) and the Service personnel, also to other civilians who try the best they know how to keep this Station functioning efficiently.

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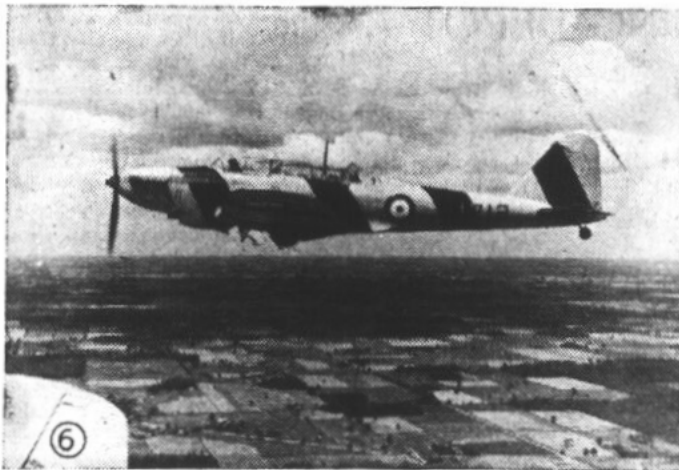
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**SEEN THROUGH A BOMB SIGHT**

We feel rather sorry that Flying Officer (Dart Owner) Smith is away in hospital having not been too well, and hope that he will be with us again soon. I was speaking to a Pilot Officer in our Flight and he informs me that the pilots here have made up a pool which is to continue weekly. Each pilot pays 50 cents and the low score for the week on High Level application gets the pay. At this writing several of the boys have not had a crack at application, due to the weather and a change of class. F/O Gouldin leads with 82 yards and is followed by F/O Anderson with 103. If you hear a noise sounding like a brawl or a stampede its Bombing Pilots fighting for Link time preparatory to the night operations which are to start soon.

Will those chaps interested in getting "back to nature" get in touch with Ian Rothman, who is trying to form a winter "Rambling and Country Sports Club"?

Soaring around away up yonder, I see things galore, but while trying to get it down on paper the old mind don't function good and the news dribbles away and gets all mixed up, and so by the time I get it in print and handed over to Mr. Deane it just ain't news, so, as Rocky says, I'll tell you a little story about an Airman. I won't give his name because it may fit anyone wearing the Air Force blue. There's something real inside of each and every one of them, even though they may keep it hidden

unknowingly.

Well, this bird I'm thinking about was, as they usually are in stories, a bit slow and also lazy and everyone called him Joe. He knew more about grease and oil pans, and oily rags, toilet bowls and dirty floors than anything else, even though he was an A.F.M. "B" grouper; just because his N.C.O. always connected JOE with this kind of stuff. Well, he moaned and groaned and got C.B. for dirty boots, lost his passes for being late on parade—probably thought he could be making big dough as a civilian. Then he went overseas. He worked hard and long somewhere in England, a daily here, a flat leg there, a tire to change, aircraft to push in, push out, and start, and a hundred things to keep the pilots knocking the tar out of the Nazis. He was the same JOE just like you and all the rest of the R.C.A.F. boys. Then one day the Nazi pilots came over, bombing right and left. Well, the signal was given to head to shelter—away they went—but not JOE; no sir, he grabs the tractor and in the hangar he goes, hooks on an aircraft and out he comes. Well, he made 14 such trips, bringing out aircraft and leaving them helter skelter all over the place, when suddenly a direct hit was scored on the hangar, but Hitler got nothing because JOE was smarter than him; he had the planes all out and spread around. Joe has a medal now and he deserves it. You, too, are Joe—like it? Sure you do.

**R.A.F. in Fingal Spa**

We'd heard about "Sulphur water," "fast time" and other terrifying matters but it was with great joy we learned that we were destined for Fingal. With the exception of the "North Sydney Gang" it would be a novel experience for us to be on an R.C.A.F. Station. Besides, we didn't want to leave our friends in Western Ontario any sooner than necessary.

Having travelled from Port Albert over most of the railways of Western Ontario en route, we arrived in a rain shower. However, our dampened spirits were speedily revived with a good supper. And the prospect of camp games and a "corn roast" in the offing.

The promised festivities proved highly enjoyable what with Bob Watkins and his merry band carrying off the football and several other lads showing hitherto undisclosed prowess at novelty races. Heavy punishment was administered to the corn, and beer, some songs, profane and otherwise, were rendered by the R.A.F. choir (Leader George Fox) by the light of the bonfire.

The only disappointment was to learn that this was not a general feature of Sports Days. For the rest, we have settled into the routine and, helped by a tactful prod or two from our Course Senior, perform miracles by getting up at the crack of dawn. The Seven Sleepers now regularly appear at breakfast and the clouds of mystery covering Bombing and Gunnery are gradually being lifted from our eyes.

Dictators begin their pronouncements with the words: "I, the people."

**THIS AND THAT**

Doug. Deane was unable to get to the game when Aylmer at last managed to beat us. Travis Chapman, his opposite Y.M.C.A. number there, had to write: "Virtue is its own reward. Boy, what a honey of a ball game—Fingal 0 - Aylmer 8. Fingal 1 hit, 17 strikeouts! I dare you to put that in The Fingal Observer."

Smokey wishes to thank all her friends for the kind interest shown in her delicate condition. Veterinary reports indicate satisfactory progress and at our next going to press we shall undoubtedly have the happy task of announcing some thoroughbred arrivals. Good luck, Smokey!

Friends of Don Marks will be pleased to know that the operation on his leg has been successfully performed at the Toronto General. He is now at home.

Basketballers see Flt/Sgt McMann; boxers see Sgt. Peterson; fencers see F/O Larsen, and hockey players, volleyball men, weight lifters, badminton enthusiasts look to your equipment for winter.

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## EDITORIAL

(Continued from Page 2)

political vision.

3. Almost every German has an inner premonition of tragedy to come and is, therefore, to be deflected from his course by sustained shock. *Eighty per cent* of them are unhappy, and are consequently disposed to yield if they are shown some practicable alternative. *Thirty to forty per cent* are filled with positive hatred for the Nazis and their war, but are doomed to inertia by the lack of a revolutionary slogan and a revolutionary technique. Unexampled terror and repression are needed in Germany to prevent the outbreak of a sanguinary civil war.

The preliminary skirmishes of such a struggle were already taking place in 1932 and at the beginning of 1933. During this period more than a thousand people were killed in small and large affrays in the streets and at political meetings. Hundreds of thousands of young Germans were organized into Communist, Republican, Monarchist and Nazi civil war militia. The *coup d'état* of January 30, 1933, and the mass terror which followed it broke the power of the anti-Nazi battalions. They did not eradicate their inveterate enmity.

In the last German parliamentary elections of March 5, 1933, the Nazis polled 44 per cent of the votes and their opponents 56 per cent. Even if we are to believe that a considerable proportion have been dazzled by Nazi triumphs, and if we make no allowance for the one-time supporters of the Nazis who have been disappointed and antagonized, the most cautious estimate still leaves fully 35 per cent who are the bitter irreconcilable enemies of the regime.

What prevents the civil war which is latent in Germany from breaking out? The reasons are:

(a) A machinery of repression and intimidation that has no parallel in the history of Europe.

(b) The historical and traditional ineptitude of the German in revolution.

(c) Above all, the complete lack of any external inspiration and of a revolutionary technique.

This inspiration can today be provided by England, and the revolutionary mechanism can be set up by exiled Germans in England, if the English people so desire. For the revolutionary sentiments of the German opposition parties have already produced one positive achievement: the German emigration. Thousands of political leaders and rank and file have smuggled themselves abroad in the years 1933-39, in spite of all the obstacles

## FINGAL MANNING DEPOT

## HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE RECRUITS SQUADRON

Here I am wracking my brains in an effort to portray the life and thoughts of a recruit. Believe me, it's a tough existence we lead around here. Our sergeant suggested that I write exactly what we think of life in the Air Force. Now tell me, how could I expect to get away with it? What between mowing lawns, cutting hay, mess hall fatigues, smashing rock, hauling garbage, and multitudinous other duties, what could I say that would be sincere and yet appropriate? If I say that we enjoy it, no one would believe me anyway. The consoling feature about it all is the knowledge of the fact that everyone has had to go through it and that before very long we shall be leaving for our respective courses. Of course, we are aware that it is a period of readjustment we are going through and that a certain amount of discipline must be instilled into us. Yet it is difficult to appreciate how some of the aforementioned contribute to our becoming efficient Airmen.

Nor must I forget the hours on parade—up and down and around and around, with a broiling sun taking no pity on us. Yet we realize that it is essential, so nobody minds. Oh yes, and we've been letting these L/AC's practice up on us (between you and me, we had no choice in the matter). And, too, when we leave here we should have muscles like you see advertised in magazines. Believe me, out with Sgt. McKenzie for P.T. at six-thirty is no joke. If you've never had him, take my word for it he's a hard man.

Regards the various other comments that have been placed in their path. Despite most adverse circumstances, they have carried out some preliminary work of organization and spiritual preparation for the setting up of an anti-Nazi centre. There is no need to dilate upon what the French and English Governments have done to these people. It can still be undone, at least in England. The devolutionary power station can still be erected which will ignite the suppressed yet smouldering spark of revolution in Germany. Still, but one day it will be too late.

For A Good Meal . . .

*Ye Purple Iris*  
TEA ROOM

468 Talbot St. Open aily 10 to 8

plaints, such as ill-fitting clothes and several other things with which you are all familiar, I can do no better than paraphrase from a remark of our C.O. with particular reference to clothing, although I think it applicable in every instance: "You know, boys," he said, "I'm aware that these clothes you're getting aren't perhaps what you would like to have in the way of a fit, but so long as they cover you, what the . . . ?" He concluded with a remark that is of paramount importance if one is going to be happy in the Service. "You must remember that we are a country at war." Being somewhat isolated from the outside world, as we have no radio, we recruits in particular are somewhat inclined to overlook the fact which prompted us to enlist.

When it comes right down to the serious side of everything, I think it is an unquestionable fact that there is very little that we can complain of. Anything that is mentioned is usually of a general nature rather than personal, such as the inadequate bus service. Yet the inconsistency of that conveyance has its compensations. For example, when a certain AC/2 failed to arrive in on time with a ten-thirty pass, his excuse was that when he went to catch it at the necessary hour to return in time, it just wasn't there. Fortunately the person who dealt with him was charitably inclined—and a day's pay is something to thank an erratic bus for.

I believe that it is an indisputable fact that the Air Force is not an institution in which one can obtain financial security. In fact, everyone seems to be in a state of constant bankruptcy. But what is a small matter of insolvency when one has friends and a three-cent

stamp sometimes pays a dividend?

On behalf of the recruits, I would like to take this opportunity to express our heartfelt thanks to the person responsible for the removal of the sheep fertilizer from our boudoir. I am certain that that person, with the use of a bit of imagination, if he hasn't personally whiffed that exotic aroma, cannot doubt the sincerity of our gratitude.

In the interval between writing that last paragraph and the starting of this one, I had hoped for some inspiration, but it doesn't seem to be forthcoming. Strange, too, after having a refreshing lunch. By the way, have you ever noticed how much beefing is done in the mess hall over the meals? It's hard to understand, isn't it? The other day I heard the cook saying that he would rather hear the boys complaining than saying nothing. He contended that it was a sure sign that everyone was really contented. Personally, I have my doubts about the sincerity of his remark. If you doubt me I would suggest that you try complaining once and see whether or not he appreciates your criticism.

I think that everyone is more than satisfied with the leave we get in this Station. Naturally, we would take more if it were possible to obtain. It is strange what an interminable period two days can be here, and yet how quickly it flies when one is on a forty-eight hour pass. Waiting for letters, pay day, forty-eight and twenty-four hour passes constitutes the height of anticipation and expectancy among the boys. In my humble opinion, the most important query in the Air Force is: Do you know the score? And the most objectionable sound is: On Parade.

## RECRUITS SQUADRON

Five weeks ago a draft of Airmen left No. 1 "M" Depot, Toronto, for the No. 4 Bombing and

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Percy Spackman

YOUR  DEALER

Opposite Grand Central Hotel  
ST. THOMAS

Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario. The dispatch was worded "for special duty" and our hearts were warmed at the thought of our being selected for this work.

Travelling to the School in buses we had a wonderful trip and during the time many fast friendships were made with companions who made the journey.

Arriving at St. Thomas our driver, on being quizzed, said Fingal was just a short ride from the city. After riding over a washboard road we rolled up to a wire-enclosed piece of property dotted with red shingled buildings and huge hangars.

After being registered we were allotted to a barrack section which eventually turned out to be "A" Hangar. A spacious, well-aired building fixed up as living quarters for recruits. Bunks, writing tables, ping pong tables and a well-used player piano.

Our routine to date has consisted of drill instruction, wireless telegraphy classes, sports and fatigues.

Under the capable eye of Sgt. MacKenzie we have learned the basic principles of foot drill. Hour after hour we have pounded the concrete strip in front of the hangar drilling day after day. Soon we forgot the aching feet, sore arms and pained backs . . . these things are behind us now and it is no idle boast that we can drill with the best of the Station squads.

In our midst are Airmen who have had some experience with wireless telegraphy and a syllabus has been drawn up which enables each and every man to avail himself of wireless training.

Our sports arrangements are headlined by the Recruits Softball Team, players who know the game from the ground up. We have discarded the practice of "farming out" players to other teams on the Station and now are able to field teams of our own.

Fatigues—"These Are the Things We Love"—are a daily occurrence. Clean-up of our own living quarters is the major chore of the day. Following that are the grass cutting jobs, Works and Buildings details and other assignments.

We are sorry to learn that F/O Gilmour has resigned his Station as O.C. Recruits Squadron and welcome P/O Merrill as our new Officer Commanding.

Among our fellow-Airmen are several who have come from far-off points in order to enlist in the R.C.A.F. Francis Phillips, who travelled from the island of Jamaica working on an ocean-going freighter, is our long-distance man. Refused permission to purchase his passage to Montreal with funds from Jamaica, he hired on a

freighter as deckhand in order to get to the recruiting centre there. After lengthy correspondence attempting to break government red tape, he decided that it was about time he did something about it—and he's in the Air Force now.

Son of a well-known newspaper journalist, Max Corpening of Washington, D.C., enlisted at Montreal, Quebec.

Clarence Mims, Bill Turnbull, Jack Miner and A. Reid are our Texas contingent.

Out of a total strength of 149 men there are 33 American boys in the Squadron.

To our N.C.O's, Flt/Sgt McClellan, Sgt. Hadden and Cpl. Fox, we extend our appreciation and gratitude.

### RECRUITS' DAILY ROUTINE

REVEILLE: 6.15 and a half-hour Physical Training.

BREAKFAST: Constitutes usual last-minute scramble before 7.30 a.m.

FATIGUES: The flight assigned to the Hangar Fatigue commences to scatter sawdust, wield brooms and brushes, scrub tables and sweep floors. Flights not on detail conduct orderly parades to the barrack huts for shaving and bathing.

ON PARADE: At 9.15 the whole Squadron falls in for the morning parade. From this the ranks are depleted by Dental Parades, Inoculation Parades, Special Parades and Duty Flights.

WIRELESS CLASSES: Two classes a morning are held and the pupils do their practice work in the Wireless Room located in the Hangar. Those men not actually in class carry on by studying at the writing tables or writing \*Quick Tests.

\*A Quick Test is a treatise written on a matter of general knowledge in a required period of time.

DRILL SQUADS: Can be seen marching up and down the Drill Grounds under the capable hand of Cpl. Fox.

DINNER PERIOD: Always a well-attended occasion.

AFTERNOON PARADE: Procedure identical to the morning assembly.

WIRELESS INSTRUCTION: Alternate classes use the Wireless Room during the afternoon Code sessions.

DRILL: Drill, drill, drill.

SUPPER: Soup's on.

After the time "work ceases" the men disappear to sundry places. The movies are the major entertainment after hours, ball games draw a large number and St. Thomas and surrounding area are favored with a few. Since the latest hour for a recruit to be off the Station is 1030 hours, little time is afforded to go to town.

## THIS AND THAT

The Recruit Squadron last month lost their "Guardian Angel" in the being of Sgt. MacKenzie. "Mac" was recently posted to the Composite Training School at Trenton, Ontario. Sgt. MacKenzie was the N.C.O. in charge of the Recruits Squadron on this Station. Many recruits who have passed through this School and were trained in foot drill by "Mac" will remember his famous last words to trainees drafted to other R.C.A.F. schools: "Remember what you learned here . . . that's all I have to ask of you."

This publication can never too warmly express its appreciation of the help received from The St. Thomas Times-Journal. Never yet when we have found ourselves in a jamb has the willing staff of this admirable journal failed us.

A son to Cpl. Fradgley, Ronald (Clifford) Arthur Fradgley. Congratulations, R.C.A.F.!

Remember, fellows, everyone may visit and everyone is certainly welcome at the Hostess House. Drop over for a chat with Mrs. Savage.

The other day one of our men was waiting for the bus. He put a brown paper bag at his feet containing sandwiches. Some "careless" airman happened to drop a match on said parcel which promptly began to burn. Imagine the immense wrath of the owner watching his lunch burn. Still, as the airman wag remarked, "Toasted sandwiches for lunch today?"

It is proposed to hold Station dances every three weeks from now on, so with our downtown dances as well no feet should get cold this winter.

Sgt. Air Gunner Dick Fletcher, Jr., has been visiting in Galt the past few days. Friends were surprised to see him as they thought he was overseas. They were partly right as Sgt. Fletcher has had two round trips to Britain by plane. On his first trip he was there only six hours. On the second he was there a couple of days before returning to Canada.

"Salvador Cira weds Miss Isabella Aceto." So ran a recent heading in the newspaper. Now then, Hardbottom, what does Mable think of this?

Good Morale is when an airman thinks his Air Force is the best in the world, his Squadron the best in the Air Force, his Flight the best in the Squadron, his Section the best in the Flight, and that he himself is the best damn airman in the whole outfit.

REFRESH . . .



## Service to Those Who Serve

A Complete Laundry and Dry Cleaning Service to R.C.A.F. Personal.

You'll Like the Aylmer Laundry for It's Quick, Courteous and Complete Service—Odorless Dry Cleaning by Expert Workmen with the Newest Methods.

## Aylmer Steam Laundry

Cleaners - Dyers - Rug Cleaners

SERVICE MON. - WED. - FRI. AT SUPPLY DEPOT

## The Hostess House

We are happy to record in this issue the growing patronage which the Hostess House is receiving from the airmen and their friends. High praise is being paid by the visitors to the courteous and warm hospitality of the official hostess, Mrs. Savage. She has told us, however, that we haven't seen anything yet of what the Hostess House may mean to our Station.

In the very near future Mrs. Savage hopes to make contact with all the wives of the airmen residing near the Station with the intention of forming a sewing group, and in a general way to create a fellowship for those who are strangers to the district.

For the benefit of those who are new to the Station, there is also a Rooms Registry and a bureau of general information on living accommodation in the vicinity. The Padre has also been invited to use the Hostess House for marriages, baptisms, etc., with the promise of an appropriate atmosphere.

So let us use the Hostess House; it's ours, men!

## STATION DANCE

From the opening bars of a sweet melodic air till the closing chords played by the Station Orchestra, the Airmen's Dance, held with the kind permission and patronage of Wing Commander Van Vliet on August 23rd at the No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario, was a complete "hit."

Arriving in buses, the fair damsels from St. Thomas so astonished the Airmen, particularly the new recruits from No. 1 Hangar, that the first half hour passed in awkward shyness. But soon the Airmen rose to the occasion. Large groups broke up into small ones; and small groups broke up into couples.

As on previous occasions, the lads were a wee bit shy about the matter of dancing with the "debs" from St. Thomas, but at the last dance the orchestra had barely finished tuning up when the "stag-line" was "washed out."

The hall was not decorated with the exquisite drapery of ribbons and banners due to the fact that the decorations very mysteriously vanished. The R.C.A.F. ensign floated from the balcony at the west end of the hall.

"The dance was swell and I enjoyed it immensely," said one visitor. Another expressed the opinion that it was the best dance that she had attended on the Station.

The Airmen from the United States, sporting "U.S.A." sleeve

insignias, were present to the tune of about thirty. It was interesting to "eavesdrop" on a conversation between a Louisiana recruit and a St. Thomas "deb." Very interesting.

The Station Orchestra again stole the limelight. We are certainly fortunate in having a group of musicians on the Station with the talent that they possess. Their fine style, co-operation and musical ability makes them "the best band in the land." Even the boys who sit in their bunks in the Barrack Houses close to the Recreation Hall are proud to say "That's our band."

Officers and N.C.O.'s also attended the "hop" and enjoyed a pleasant evening.

At 11 o'clock the gay crowd adjourned to the Airmen's Mess and ate a tasty lunch prepared by the cookhouse cohorts. Mess sandwiches, cakes, tarts, biscuits and pickles were generously augmented through the courtesy of our lady guests from St. Thomas. That we had everything from "soup to nuts" is only a mild expression of the array of edibles at the snack.

The couples returned to the Recreation Hall and resumed dancing until twelve-thirty, when the buses returned from St. Thomas to pick up their load of fair passengers.

Dozens of warm friendships had been formed before the girls crowded into the departing buses shouting farewells and promises to return soon.

## GROUNDS

The grounds of the No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School are in the cleanest and most commendable condition since the Station opened last fall.

The recruits have been kept very busy during the last two months at fatigue work around the extensive area of the Station and we are sure that they, as well as the visitors who come to the School, appreciate the splendid work they have been doing during the summer.

Lengthy swathes of long grass and unsightly weeds have been cut and the result is well-trimmed areas of grass and the weeds are very conspicuous by their absence.

The Armament Section have done a fine job in making the area between their Barrack House the most talked about strip of ground on the Station. It is these men who show what pride the men of the unit are upholding in that best results are obtained under the best living conditions.

Congratulations are in order to

## Station News

### Athletic Maori at Fingal School



The first of his race to take training at the No. 4 School of Bombing and Gunnery, Fingal, TAMATURANGATE RA-KAI-A-HAWEA TOMOANA, of Hastings, New Zealand, an athletic Maori, was one of the keenest competitors in the first annual Field Day program held at the School. He is a member of a class of young New Zealanders who came to Canada about six months ago to train under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan and prior to coming to Fingal a few days ago completed courses at the R.C.A.F. Wireless School at Winnipeg. He is now 24. He engaged in farming near Hastings before joining the Royal New Zealand Air Force.

A sailor went dashing down the pier to a cruiser just as it was pulling out. The boat had moved off three or four yards and he jumped and fell, hitting the back of his head on the deck. For several minutes he lay stunned.

When he came to the boat was several hundred yards from shore. He looked back, blinked a time or two and shouted:

"Boy! oh boy, can I jump."

the personnel of the Recruit Squadron for their efforts to keep the Station neat and tidy.

## Drivers of Cars

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

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

Car License:

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

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

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

Every time Rastus went past the shop the parrot would shriek, "I know something about you." The bird fascinated him and finally he tried to buy her from the owner. The owner refused but said he would give him some of her eggs and he could rear a young one. Hatching day came and Rastus found himself the owner of a queer collection of owl, chicken, robin, etc. Next day, passing the shop, the parrot let out his exasperating shriek, "I know something about you!" Rastus wheeled to say, "And, boy, do I know something about you!"

We shall find that no fiend in hell can match the fury of a disappointed woman.

## Airmen!

Have your lunch in our modern dining room. We are pleased to announce the famousingers are in attendance, see—

**JOHNSTONE SISTERS**  
The Yodeling Cowgirls

\*\*\*

For your comfort our rooms are fully modern with running water in every room.

Rates are Reasonable

THE  
**QUEEN'S HOTEL**

Sid. Smith, Manager  
Opp. Michigan Central Rly.  
PHONE 4

Talbot Street St. Thomas

## DIAMOND HALL . . .

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AVIATORS  
GOGGLES

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SUN  
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377 Talbot Street

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St. Thomas, Ontario

**"Battling Dane"**

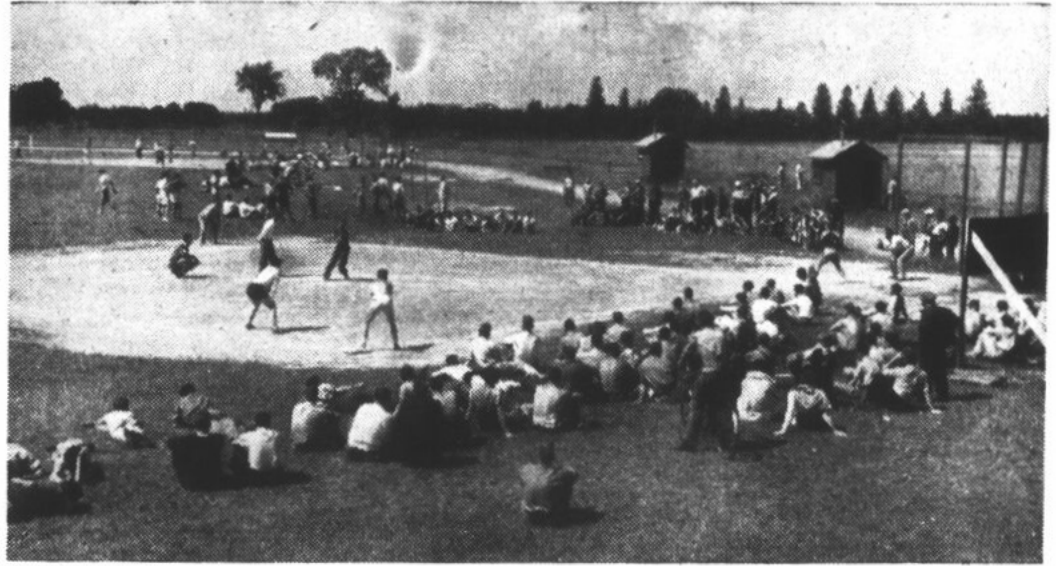


**SERGEANT F. PETERSON**, of the aircraft maintenance section at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School, who is taking charge of boxing instruction at the station and expects to start classes for fall and winter in about a week. Sergeant Peterson appears to be well qualified for this instructional work. A native of Denmark, he was amateur middleweight champion of that country for three years and has boxed extensively in Canada and the United States. While resident of Windsor, he tried professional boxing for a period, but admits the venture wasn't particularly successful, although he took part in a number of bouts in Detroit. The boxing instructions will be given in the small gymnasium building with wooden floor, adjoining the drill hall. Wrestling instruction is also to be given at the Fingal School, but "Pete," as he is popularly called, will not be that instructor. He is sticking to boxing.

**BOOKS WANTED**

We have an excellent Station Library but no library refuses books. If you have any that aren't being read why not let us have them?

**SPORTS PICNIC SOFTBALL**



**MAINTENANCE NOSES OUT HEADQUARTERS**

**REMEMBER** - Never discuss military, naval or air matters in public or with any stranger, no matter to what nationality he or she may belong.

The enemy wants information about you, your unit, your destination. He will do his utmost to discover it.

Keep him in the dark. Gossip on military subjects is highly dangerous to the country, whereas secrecy leads to success.

**BE ON YOUR GUARD** and report any suspicious individual to your Squadron Commander, or Civil Authorities.

**SABINA**

Sabina has a thousand charms,  
To captivate my heart;  
Her lovely eyes are cupid's arms,  
And every look a dart;  
But when the beautiful idiot  
speaks,  
She cures me of my pain;  
Her tongue the servile fetters  
breaks  
And frees her slave again.

*Specially Reduced Prices*  
... to the R. C. A. F.  
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**MEET and EAT - DINE and DANCE**  
**Best of Food - Best of Friends**  
at

**The HOLLYWOOD GRILL**

Talbot Street

St. Thomas

## "Aceytooo Hardbottom Writes To His Love"

-Dere Mable:

Well Mable I don't think so much of this (Censored) Air Forse. You know that when I started I thought everything was going to be a bed of roses but it turned out to be poisin ivy. Why you ask? Well in the first place, the sargent gets the idea that he will commit matrimony so he just up and disapeers for a week and rites back that he will be seein me. He says Hezzie you kinda look after things till I get back. Keep Crawford from smokin around the gas tenders; dont give Peterson any more revallys; dont let Walsh call the C.O. from Port Stanley and try and get someone to clean up the washroom. Well sir, Mable, I do my best but that aint good enough. Walsh has to go and get his tonsills out. Barr desides he cant have a fire without the M.T. so he has us all put on duty watch for a strate year insted of a week like the rest of the fellows. Course I will admit that if a fire does break out it will be the M.T. that will take charge and put it out as it always is.

I was just over to the Canteen for a few minutes.

Well I suppose yer old man told you about bein up here for a day? He said he didnt like our drinkin water much but he thought the red stuff the Doc. has alongside the drinkin can made a pretty good shot if you mixed it with Coca Cola. Anyway he left here pretty high and insisted on kissin the sargent major before he went. The adjacent said if he had staid another half hour we would have had to take him out on a crash trayler.

I goes over to the Dentist the other day to get three teeth out

and the dentist looks me over and says "Which one?" "The three," says I. "I tell ya what I'll do," says he. "I'll toss you whether I'll pull six or nuthin." So I loses as usual and now it makes it pretty hard to pull myself over this beef they throw at us over at Faulkner's beenerly. They got a window over there (I mean in the dental emporium) that one of the fellows frosted with a mixture of salts and beer nice to look at but tastes like yer old womans tea.

I was just over to the canteen again for a few minutes. Well you know Mable I suppose this Air Forse could be a lot worse, in fact we might be in the Army. They tells me if I can get a stand to I can go out some night this winter if we are not to busy or if extinguishes permit. The C.O. tells me if I get any scruffier lookin he's goin to remuster me to the kitchen or make me a corporal so I'm going to get a hair cut and take a bath and polish the three buttons I got left on my tunic. (Sgt. Herbert borrowed the rest to go on leeve). In fact I think either him or Walsh has my sox yer mother gave me for Xmas two yeers ago. They walked away about the time the Sgt. went. I see by yer letter the girls are givin you a shower. You must be taking after yer old woman cause she said they gave her a shower when she was married and yer old man says it goes to prove that histry never repeats itself.

The canteen corporal just came in to see if I knew anything about four bottles of beer that followed

me out of the canteen, so I gave him three I found here under the desk. (I'm riting this over in Doug Deane's and the Padre's office). But they were empty so they couldn't have been the ones he was lookin for. The Canteen is closed now but I have to go over to the Segts. mess to see the orderly Sgt.

Well I couldn't find him but I feel better after the fresh air and am beginning to like this Air Forse better again. In fact I might be in the dental Core, although they tell me that takes pull.

The Government took one of my blankets away on me so I guess it's goin to be a mild winter or else they were givin an extra one to the sergants. I axed Sam why for and he says, "Ours not to ax why, Sam, maybe its for the fresh air fund, Sam." Well Mable maybe I should go over to see the orderly sergeant again in case they are lookin for me.

Well Mable the orderly guy isn't in the sergeants mess here, so I guess I'll finish ritin this here until he comes. You know Mable I didn't like this Air Forse so good at the start but I think if—Hic—I stick it out there will be a good future in it; I might be an ossifer, you never know. Somebody said the C.O. was coming in so I hid under a table; I dont want him to see this letter. I find it pretty hard to get out from under here somehow or other so I'll stay here till the Orderly sergeant comes back.

Yours till I sober up,

ACEYTOO HARDBOTTOM.

(Finished by the orderly sergeant.)

### ROLEX WATCHES



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Pins, Bracelets, Lighters, Etc.

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BLUEBIRD DIAMONDS

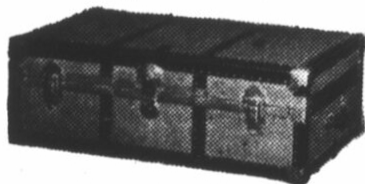
Jottings From Sentry Boxes:

Oh! to the sentry who is always on time,  
Oh! that this relief could always be mine,  
Oh! to the sentry who's late by the hour,  
Here's hopin' his beer will be weak and sour.

It is dusk — the planes are silent now,

The sun has disappeared,  
The lonely guard sits in his box  
And gazes out with heart re-  
vered.

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