

THE FINGAL OBSERVER

No. 9, Monthly

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

October 15, 1941

Wing Commander Kennedy takes over Fingal Command



Wing Commander Kennedy

It needs no wiseman to say that Fingal will miss Wing Commander Van Vliet—or "Van" as we may now perhaps dare to call him—although his departure was not a shock, following as it did, a postponement. It also needed no wiseman to observe that the posting of our Wing Commander Kennedy to the position of Commanding Officer was received with unanimous satisfaction by the whole personnel. We say "our" Wing Commander Kennedy because he came here in October, 1940, to open the Station. Since that time he has grown in popularity and earned the respect of all. Fingal counts itself singularly fortunate in having a new C. O. it knows and there is no doubt whatever that he will have the loyal support of each one of us in continuing Fingal's good record. The following account of the Commanding Officer's distinguished career appeared in the April issue of THE OBSERVER:

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

The Wing Commander was born in Toronto, attended Upper Canada

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

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

After passing his Service Flying Training School Course with distinction, the Wing Commander went on to the School of Army Cooperation and then joined No. 4 (AC) Squadron, one of the original squadrons of the old Royal Flying Corps.

In the spring of 1934 the Wing Commander was posted to No. 20 (AC) Squadron based at Peshawar in India. With this Squadron he saw over two years' continuous active service on the N. W. Frontier of India. This famous N. W. Frontier is the only Royal Air Force scene of active war operations during peace-time. The fanatic tribesmen are always at war, either with one another or with anyone else whom they can persuade to step two or three fast rounds with them. These dusky-hued, appealing little fellows will slit a throat for a penny, or the local wampum equivalent therefor.

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

After some two years of highly interesting games of Puss-in-the-

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WING COMMANDER VAN VLIET LEAVES

Wing Commander W. D. Van Vliet, officer commanding the No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery School at Fingal since it has been in operation and who has been transferred to Ottawa as director of air operations at R. C. A. F. Headquarters, took his last parade at the School late Friday afternoon and turned over the command to his successor, Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy. The parade was held in the big drill hall, where the entire complement of men on the staff and in training at the school were drawn up in the hollow square formation used at wing parades and the brief and impressive ceremony followed.

The retiring commander of the School was visibly affected as he addressed the men who have been under his command during the past ten months and the members of the class now under instruction. Many of these have come from Australia and are taking their final training under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan at Fingal. It was plain that Wing Commander Van Vliet regretted having to leave, but he said he felt a great pride in knowing that he was leaving a Station which, in its comparatively short existence, has established a remarkably fine record and is turning out the fine type of trained men the Royal Air Force needs to fight against the German foe.

He expressed his appreciation of the backing that had been given him by all of the officers under his command, many of whom are Americans. He said he felt no finer group of officers would be found at any other School in Canada and he felt assured that they would extend the same degree of support and cooperation to Wing Commander Kennedy. Of Wing Commander Kennedy, he said that the men would find in him the qualities of leadership and understanding that are needed to fulfill such a command as that of the Fingal School.

Wing Commander Van Vliet then shook hands with Wing Commander Kennedy and he in turn addressed the parade, expressing on behalf of the School its regret in losing him, but congratulating him on his new appointment which is, by the way, of an important promotion and

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FINGAL LOSES DOUG DEANE

On Tuesday last our Station bade farewell to one of the most popular and useful members of the staff in the departure of Mr. D. M. Deane to fill a responsible post in Ottawa.

Doug. came here with the mūd away back in September, 1939, while he was attached to T. T. S. Two months later he moved into



DOUGLAS R. DEANE

No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery to become its pioneer in the organization of social and recreational activities as director of the Y. M. C. A.

Few men could have come to us with a ripeness and breadth of experience as Doug. Deane. He seems to have piled enough into his young life to merit the years of a centenarian.

Doug. chose the capital of South Australia as his starting place. From this metropolis of Adelaide, with its 350,000 population, he early caught the love for things of the out-of-doors, the thrills of sport, and the sense of needs of his fellow-men. In circles of sport and progressive social movements in his native land, he has made a wide range of acquaintanceship.

Doug's first equipment for life work was a commercial training, and later an insurance position for several years. His keen interest and success in Y. M. C. A. work brought him a scholarship to attend the International Y. M. C. A. College

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The Fingal Observer

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WING COMMANDER A. J. KENNEDY

"They that war against Thee shall be as nothing, and as a thing of nought. For I the Lord thy God will hold thy right hand, saying unto thee, Fear not, I will help thee." Isaiah xli, 12, 13.

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IF IT'S NEWS WE'LL PRINT IT

There are not too many countries left in this old changing world where editors of papers may challenge their constituency as we have done in the heading above. In plenty of places today there is neither the right to challenge, for you can't challenge where the right of public expression is gone, nor is there a place for news, since news might be telling the truth and the truth is not wanted. Thank goodness we can still do both within the limits of war-time restriction and the proprieties of the Force.

It would appear sometimes that our Station has not awakened to this continued privilege so rare and widely scattered in the world. The slowness of officers and men to seek expression in a Station paper rather reflects the tendency which we have long ago declared to be the abuse of democracy. The abuse of democracy may yet be proven to be the refusal to use democracy. By the same logic he may say that death to freedom of expression may yet be proven to come from the refusal to use the means of expression. In this respect we may remember that liberty is not license. Even in peace-time, liberty of the press does not include license to print anything and everything that purports to be news. The point recalls a young, ambitious reporter who applied to John Morley, one time editor of The Pall Mall, for a position on the paper. Morley asked if he had any special qualification, to which the applicant replied that he was good at invective. Morley, however, inquired if he directed his

invective to anything in particular. "No," said the reporter, "just invective." Needless to say, The Pall Mall didn't enlist his services. A Station paper is not just a vehicle of expression, but expression that is constructive, of news value and of wholesome humor. There is a wide scope within these limits. There is no set form of style or diction or vocabulary. Just give us news within the reason annexed and we will do the rest.

FINGAL

"FAIR STRANGER"

(Extract from "Encyclopædia Britannica," Chicago, 1899)

The name of the chief hero in the English prose epics called the "Poems of Ossian," written in the last century by James Macpherson, and based to a certain extent upon poems and prose tales to be found in manuscripts written in Irish—the literary language common to both Ireland and Gaelic Scotland, or still preserved in Memory by the Celtic-speaking people of both countries. The "Finn au Baiscui," or "Find MacCumhaill," of those poems and tales was, according to all Irish and Scottish traditions, the "Rig," or king—for that word was one of wider application than in modern times—of the Leinster "Fians" or Fenians (see FENIANS) in the time of the monarch "Cormac," son of "Art"; and he resided at a "Dun," or fort, at "Almhain," now the hill of Allen, in the County of Kildare, whence has come the name of Bog of Allen given to the great central bogs of Ireland. "Grainne," daughter of "Cormac Mac Airt," was betrothed to "Find"; but she having eloped with a celebrated warrior of the "Fians

— Diarmait au Duibne" — her father offered him another daughter, "Ailbhe," distinguished for her wisdom. The elopement of "Diarmait" and "Grainne" and their pursuit by "Find" is the subject of one of the most important of the Irish Fenian tales. "Find's" courtship of "Ailbhe" is also the subject of a curious tale. "Find" is said to have been killed in the year 283 A.D., at a place called "Ath Brea," on the River Boyne, by a fisherman who thought to distinguish himself thereby. "Find's" sons — "Fergus Finnbheoil," or the Eloquent, and "Oisín" (the Little Deer) — were poets, and some poems attributed to them still exist. "Oscar," the celebrated son of "Oisín," was killed at the Battle of Gabhra, which broke the Fenian organization and power; but "Oisín" and a few others survived that battle and, according to popular tradition, lived down to the time of St. Patrick. The Fenian period, though not strictly within the historic period, is so close upon its threshold, that "Find" may have been a real personage. Much that is told of himself and of his father, "Cumall," son of "Trenmor," might have happened. None of the poems attributed to "Find" himself, or his sons "Oisín" and "Fergus," though some are in a manuscript of the 12th century, belong, at least in their present form, to the supposed time of the poets. But even if we admit that "Find" and the other Fenians were real personages, they have become, like "Art" and his son "Cormac," the centres of a luxuriant growth of legend, "Find" himself having grown into a powerful giant.

In taking "Find" as the hero of his new epic, Macpherson changed his name, apparently for euphony sake, to Fingal, and made him king of a fictitious petty kingdom of Morven, corresponding apparently with the deanery of that name in the mediæval diocese of Argyle. The name Fingal is not, however, of his own coinage. A large number of Irish personal names end in the same letters, e.g., "an" (Abban, Aedan, etc.), "nall" (Domhnall, Seachnall, etc.), "Gen," "gan" (Cellgen, Coirgen, etc.), "gus" (Fergus, Oingus, Snedgus, etc.), "gal" or "ghal" (Fergal, Aedhghal, etc.). The same stem, by the addition of different suffixes, gives a series of names, e.g., "Ferbaeth, Fergal, Fergus, etc." The stems are often the names of colors, e.g., "Donngal, Dubghal, Gormgal, Fingal," brown, black, blue, fair. According to the "Annals of the Four Masters," there was an abbot of Lismore in Ireland named Fingal, who died in 741 A.D. The suffix "gal" has been assumed to mean

stranger or foreigner, so that Fingal would be the fair stranger. This is, however, a mere guess. The meaning of the stems are equally uncertain; fair, brown, black are designations which might be applied with propriety to the person, but what shall we say of blue, unless the person first called "Gormgal" painted himself blue with woad after the manner of the ancient Britons. There is even a better justification than mere euphony for the change of "Finn" or "Find" into Fingal. Barbour, in his "Bruce," written in 1375, has the following interesting passage (The Brus, xix, p. 49, Spalding Club edition) proving the ancient use of the form Fingal:

"He said, 'Methink, Marthokis sone,
Richt as Golmakhorn was wone
To haf fra Fingal his menyhe,
Richt sa all his fra us has he'."

In transferring his hero Fingal to Morven, Macpherson was also justified, for that district has an old Fenian topography of its own. Kirke in his "Psalter," published in 1684, actually calls the districts from Morvaren to Glenelg and the Isles the land of the "Fian" or Fenians. These and the neighboring districts are also intimately associated with the legends of the heroic period of "Cuchulaind."

LETTERS TO EDITOR

405th Squadron,
R. C. A. F. Overseas,
August 10th, 1941.

Dear Sir:

As you can see, I'm now with my squadron, which is, incidentally, an all-Canadian Bomber Squadron in England), and, boy, are we having a time! If you've been reading the papers, well you can see what we've had a hand in. I'm now a tail gunner in a very large bomber of "—" type construction; I think you know the one I mean.

As you said a few hints on what to teach the W.A.G.S. might be in order. Get their Morse speed up to 18 words per minute or more and have manipulation of their sets down cold. Regarding guns, well that will depend on what type of aircraft, the area, but as you know, the "—" is being used more than any other type, so have them know these thoroughly.

They might not think so at that stage of the game, but if one knows every part and every nut and bolt, every action of his guns, then he is away ahead of the game. Stoppages are also very important. Another thing to drill into them is turret manipulation. The more they get of this the better and the more certain you are of getting your

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Buy War Savings Certificates

HOW

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

\$100.00, the purchase price of which is \$4.00, \$8.00, \$20.00, \$40.00 and \$80.00, respectively. The purchaser may register the certificates in the name of anyone whom he may wish. Care should be taken to give the most permanent address possible.

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

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1-1½ Yrs.	\$4.04	4½-5 Yrs. \$4.38
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2-2½ "	\$4.11	5½-6 " \$4.53
2½-3 "	\$4.15	6-6½ " \$4.61
3-3½ "	\$4.20	6½-7 " \$4.70
3½-4 "	\$4.25	7-7½ " \$4.84
4-4½ "	\$4.31	

Maturity Value at 7½ Years \$5.00

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By saving you serve both your country and yourself.

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

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

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

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

and the unsettled state of the country. He might cry out against what seems to be another restriction on his freedom. "Surely," he might say, "a man is entitled at least to this last liberty of spending the hard-earned pay without any thought of economy."

These arguments are all too natural but they have only a semblance of truth. In the first place, the challenge is not to sign away your cash as you have signed away your life. What this page of THE OBSERVER puts up to you is an opportunity to accept a fine piece of service all cooked and garnished for your consumption. We believe that because you serve, you are best entitled to a chance of saving what cash is over and above your needs. We are here to help you make use of the privilege.

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

SAVE and SERVE

You will observe that the caption is not in the form of an alternative, "Save or Serve." We may do both. The enlisted Airman might be inclined to excuse himself from the necessity of economy on the grounds that he is serving with his life and abilities. That inclination may be quite natural and would be even justifiable if the element of saving were just a further demand upon his willing sacrifice. But no circumstance can excuse a man from saving his money. He might point to the uncertainty of his life

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WINGS

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Fingal Loses Doug Deane

(Continued from Page 1)

in Geneva, Switzerland. After a year he accepted a post as teacher in the International School, where he remained for four years. During that period he took time out for a year's study in London, England. In 1939 he came to the U. S. A. to get the hall-mark of American social education at Springfield College, Mass. On the outbreak of hostilities, and after an effort to join the Australian Y.M.C.A. in Egypt he came on to Canada, where he was quickly enlisted in War Services of Y.M.C.A. His experiences in Europe merit volumes, where space here only admits lines. Doug. had the high honor of representing Australia at the World Youth Congress in Geneva. During attendance in Germany at the Olympic Games in Berlin he was secretary to an International Y. M. C. A. Physical Directors' Conference. Further, he represented Australia at an International Christian Conference at Dassel, Germany. While in London he witnessed the King George V Jubilee and was privileged to read a paper on behalf of the South Australian Tubercular Soldiers' Aid Society at an Empire Conference held during

the Coronation Ceremonies of George VI.

Doug's holidays seemed to coincide with the peaks of European events and he was a visitor to the Paris Exposition, the Zurich Exposition, the pageantry of the Holy Week in Rome, and indeed anything from a bull fight in Spain to Hogmannay in Bonny Dundee.

Just in passing, we found his sports interests covered playing for the Geneva Cricket Club, and wrestling in the finals of the British Lightweight Amateur Championship, where—and this with a grin—he said he got trimmed.

While he was in the U. S. A. let it be said to the credit of our American friends that they showed no tardiness in recognizing talent in their midst. For in the short period among them he "only" gave some 70 addresses to representative gatherings on the inevitability of American participation in this war, whether they liked it or not, because, as he says, they were too big to stay out.

To crown his international education and give him forever the closest bond with the land that seeks brotherhood with all, Doug. chose his bride from Switzerland. His charming and talented wife has been invaluable to Doug. in making

hosts of friends during his residence in Canada.

Doug. goes from here to the important post of General Secretary of the Red Triangle Club, Ottawa, which serves the soldiers, sailors and airmen in the capital. In his new sphere of service we have no doubt of his success and every last one of us wishes him the best of everything.

Wing Commander Kennedy

(Continued from Page 1)

Corner and I Spy along the frontier, with such interesting gents as the Fakir of Ipi, et al, official recognition of the Wing Commander's services appeared in the awarding of the Indian General Service Medal which was very well deserved.

In July, 1936, the Wing Commander was posted back to England. Then followed a spell of hospitalization and two months' leave in Canada at the end of the year. Returning to England from leave he spent 1937 on an Armament Instructors Course. Unlike present courses at certain schools, there would seem to have been a modicum of leave available for during his course the Wing Commander married in London town Miss Elissa

Murray, a Scottish girl whom he first met while serving in India. They have one young son, Andrew, who is with them here in Canada.

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

Wing Commander Van Vliet

(Continued from Page 1)

recognition of his abilities as one of the Royal Canadian Air Force's outstanding airmen.

Following this parade there was a brief get-together of the officers of the School in their mess, where they gathered about Wing Commander Van Vliet and cheered him along his way.

On Wednesday evening Wing Commander Van Vliet presided at his last mess dinner at the School and on Thursday evening he was the guest of honor at a farewell dinner given him at the home of Squadron Leader and Mrs. F. M. Gobeil in St. Thomas.

Welcome AIRMEN!

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

LETTERS TO EDITOR

(Continued from Page 2)

target. The "—" sight is also very important.

So on the whole, what you taught us over there is sure reaping success. Of course you get more training over here, but that is just an evening paper to polish off what you taught us. So a word of advice to the guys in the class: "Work hard over there and you'll be mighty glad you did when you get over here for your crack at Jerry."

SGT. R. P. MANN (R61354)
Course No. 4, Air Gunners,
graduated Jan. 18, 1941.

September 5th, 1941.

The Editor,
Fingal Observer.
Dear Sir:

We thought you would be interested in the story we ran in the last edition acknowledging receipt of your journal The Fingal Observer.

Since we served under Wing Commander Van Vliet as the first Canadian Squadron overseas, we feel that we have something in common with you at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School.

Congratulations on your sheet. It is a neat, well-balanced paper.

Enclosed you will find a copy of our "Wings Abroad," with the compliments of 400 Canadian Squadron. Good luck to you and your "Fingal Observer" from the Editor and staff of "Wings Abroad."

E. P. DUVAL,
Managing Editor,
"Wings Abroad."

67 Balaclava Street,
St. Thomas, Oct. 10, 1941.

Mr. D. Deane,
Director Y. M. C. A.,
Fingal, Ontario.

Dear Mr. Deane:

The Evening Music Club of St. Thomas are bringing to the city four outstanding concerts this winter:

- Oct. 14—Ida Krehm (Pianist)
- Nov. 20—Hertha Glotz (Contralto)
- Jan. 13—Alma College Faculty (Soprano, Piano, Violin)
- Mar. 3—Guerrero String Quartet.

These concerts are all held at Alma College and the regular price of admission is \$2.00 for the season (no single tickets sold). However, for Airmen, season ticket will be \$1.00.

If they like good music they will find it in these concerts.

Sincerely,
MRS. LESLIE HOLMES.

**NIGHT FLYING
STARTING AT
No. 4 SCHOOL**

**Pilots Are Preparing to Undertake
Night Bombing Practices**

A dozen pilots of the bombing flight at the No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School will make their first night flights from the School on Monday night, nearing the end of their training to take part in future night bombing excursions which are expected to commence near the end of this month. The members of the flight are taking a good deal of pride in having been designated for this work, the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School being the first in Canada under the Commonwealth Air Training Plan to undertake night bombing practice.

During the past month the pilots have been taking practice work in the Link trainers at the School, each having been required to do at least ten hours of "flying" in this machine. In addition to this training, they have been doing a considerable amount of blind flying on instruments in daytime under the hood of a Yale trainer, getting the feel of making take-offs and landings without being able to see where they are going. The flights to be taken Monday night will be

made in the Yale, but will be made with the aid of a flare path along the runways. This type of illumination is more suitable for night flying than flood lighting, because there is no blinding glare to bother the fliers.

About four or five hours of night flying in the Yale will be accumulated by each pilot before they will go on to making flights in the Fairey Battles. In all, the pilots will have had about ten hours of night flying before they proceed to take observer trainees up with them to carry out the bombing exercises.

Illuminated land targets near Dutton and Melbourne will be used for these practices, but these targets are not the same as were used last winter in the place of the floating targets west of Port Stanley. Scoring of results the observers obtain in dropping bombs on the land targets at night will be done the same as the scoring is now done on the water target work—by triangulation.

The pilots have had a master hand as their instructor in the person of Squadron Leader Fowler Gobeil, officer commanding flight operations at the Fingal School since his return from overseas service last winter. Squadron (Continued on Page 12)



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Roll of Honour



- No. CAN. R56088
Sergeant Francis Joseph HART
Missing after flying battle, June 27th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R61931
Sergeant William Patrick GRANT
Missing after operational flight, June 30th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R64740
Sergeant John Chesley STEEVES
Killed in flying accident near Dice, Scotland, July 7th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R2048A
Sergeant James Forest MacMILLAN
Killed in flying accident, Southam Rugby, Warwickshire, July 24th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R56203
Sergeant Edward Richard KENNEDY
Killed in flying accident, Southam Rugby, Warwickshire, July 24th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R67520
Sergeant William Heskeath HINDLE
Killed in flying accident, Llanbedroge, North Wales, July 28th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R6216
Sergeant Gilbert Derrick DODDS
Killed in flying accident, Lincoln, England, August 1st, 1941.
- No. CAN. R59110
Sergeant Earl John STEVENSON
Missing after air operations, August 3rd, 1941.
- No. CAN. R65593
Sergeant William MAXWELL
Missing after air operations, August 12th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R64143
Sergeant Lorne Edwin BROWN
Killed during air operations, Middleton St. George, Darlington Co., Durham, August 13th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R75095
Sergeant Howard Robert Franklin JOHNSON
Missing after air operations, August 19th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R70095
Sergeant Patrick John Nelson COADY
Killed in flying accident, August 23rd, 1941.
- No. CAN. R68209
Sergeant Donald MacLachlan DUFFY
Missing after air operations, August 19th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R54987
Sergeant Roland Joseph Fidele PERRAS
Missing after air operations, August 25th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R64339
Sergeant Donald Enright SOLES
Killed during air operations, September 3rd, 1941.
- No. CAN. R60667
Sergeant Augustine Charles Joseph TURGEON
Killed during air operations, September 3rd, 1941.
- No. CAN. R60125
Sergeant Harold Rex TESKEY
Killed in flying accident, North Front Airdrome, Gibraltar, August 29th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R53944
Sergeant Joseph Arthur Doris RHEUME
Killed in flying accident, August 28th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R68173
Sergeant Leonard Albert STOCK
Missing after air operations, September 6th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R69039
Sergeant John Martin DIXON
Missing after air operations, September 7th, 1941.
- No. CAN. J4529
Flying Officer Harold Thomas BEARE
Missing after air operations, September 11th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R64714
Sergeant Talfryn Barton HOPKINS
Missing after air operations, September 12th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R72165
Sergeant Thomas Hill PARK
Missing after air operations, August 19th, 1941.
- No. CAN. R69540
Sergeant Kenneth Albert IRWIN
Missing after air operations, September 12th, 1941.
- No. CAN. J5095
Pilot Officer Frød Harvey BROWN
Killed in flying accident, Hall Farm, Birmingham, near Cromer, Norfolk, September 22nd, 1941.
- No. CAN. R54110
Sergeant Elmer John MUTTON
Missing after air operations, September 22nd, 1941.
- No. CAN. R54117
Sergeant Elwood Wallace McFALL
Missing after air operations; left for United Kingdom September 20th, 1941.

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Impressive Funeral Service for Young American Officer Who Piloted Ill-Fated Plane.

Planes From Other R.C.A.F. Training Schools Circle High Over City as the Remains of Flying Officer L. A. Hood Are Escorted to M.C.R. Depot

(From St. Thomas Times-Journal, September 17, 1941)

The spirit of comradeship and brotherhood which prevails in the Royal Canadian Air Force was exemplified on Wednesday morning, when the funeral service and parade for Flying Officer L. A. Hood, pilot of the ill-fated Fairey Battle bombing plane lost off Port Stanley on the morning of Sunday, December 8, 1940, took place from the funeral home of C. A. Towers & Son, Elgin Street, to the New York Central Railroad depot, where the remains were placed on Train No. 35 for removal to Adrian, Mich.

Americans and Canadians in No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, joined in paying their last respects to Flying Officer Hood, while bombers and other types of planes from Fingal and other training schools in the district, flying high in the heavens, circled the city

as the funeral cortege passed along Talbot Street and the service on the depot platform took place. The presence of planes from other training stations was a comradely gesture on the part of the officers of those schools and had not been arranged. It deeply impressed Wing Commander W. D. Van Vliet, Commanding Officer of the Fingal School. He also expressed his gratitude to J. E. Schwender, divisional superintendent, and T. L. Coughlin, divisional trainmaster, for arranging to have No. 35 train delayed six or seven minutes at the local depot, while the short military service took place.

The service at the depot was conducted by Flight Lieutenant D. Gowdy, Station chaplain. Following the short service by the chaplain, the "Last Post" was sounded and the coffin carried to the baggage car on the shoulders of six members of the escort party. More than sixty airmen and officers took part in the funeral parade and the service.

The remains were escorted to Adrian, Mich., for burial by Flying Officer P. Mickelson, one of the Americans on the staff of the Fingal School.

Heard in the Airmen's Mess: Forty million flies can't be wrong; the food must be good.

St. Thomas Badminton Club Invites Officers and Men to Make Use of Club

The St. Thomas Badminton Club, which uses the St. Thomas Collegiate Institute Memorial Gymnasium and Clubrooms as its official quarters, extends an invitation to the officers and men of No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School to take part in the club's activities for the 1941-42 season which is now in full swing.

The club's officials, at their annual meeting held recently, arranged an attractive, low membership fee for men of the R.C.A.F. and their wives to take an active part in the club's playing and social activities for the season. The fee, which has been set at five dollars (\$5.00), affords R.C.A.F. members the full privileges of the club, which permits playing time from 7.45 to 11 o'clock (E.S.T.) on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings of each week from now until March 31, 1942. Showers, club lounge and badminton instruction are also included as well as numerous social functions that are sponsored for the pleasures of the club's members. Special permission has also been granted to R.C.A.F. members and their wives to pay their fee on the monthly basis of only one dollar (\$1.00) in advance. At the end of the five months the full membership for the year will have been paid. This arrangement was decided on in order that any member who completes his training or is moved from the Fingal School before his full fee is paid will not be required to make full payment for membership, and therefore will not be out any money due to his move.

The St. Thomas Badminton Club is an attractive set-up and sponsors four excellent courts. Those interested in this popular sport are invited to inspect the club on any of the playing nights. Those who desire to take a membership may do so by obtaining a card from any of the club's officials, who will be present in the clubrooms on the nights that the club is open for play.

Buy War Savings!

SCHOOL DAYS

Lying embedded in the very foundation of Hangar No. 1 is a story both heart-rending and heart-warming, inscribed on each molecule of granite to become another chapter in the history of Fingal.

Touching briefly on sentiment, the occupants of the hangar popularly known as recruits have literally been heroes, although the C. O. would not readily admit it. If a stranger were to casually meander into this structure his eyes would primarily be focussed on a great mass of bunks. Treading a little farther into this strange yet awesome building, he would usually stumble into Airmen busying themselves either with a shoe brush, a button stick or seemingly convalescing from a tired frame of mind and body, using as a cure-all a Love Story Magazine. Sometimes this intruder would strike upon a gang in a huddle, what they were occupying themselves with would even make Satan shudder.

In the best of spirits, even though they may occasionally feign happiness, the inhabitants of Hangar No. 1 are an extremely jolly and frivolous lot. Broken-hearted Airmen are cheered by their pals, disillusioned Airmen are encouraged by their chums, and so-called smart alecks are treated to a few of the boys' casual pranks. One Airman awoke one morning discovering a bat, with its wings outspread, overhanging his bed just above his nose. Another recruit arose after sleeping six hours outside the hangar, his bunk having been carried out by some of his ingenious pals.

Airmen possess a rather strange yet fascinating sense of humor, that is, in between worrying about their coming leaves. Sometimes their humor reaches a volcanic climax. Parties usually induce frivolity to the extent that for a period of two weeks nary a recruit has been issued with a pass to keep their feminine attraction company until 2 a.m. One rookie found himself in the embarrassing position of leaving his raincoat and two packages of cigarettes, fleeing out of his girl friend's house to catch the last bus returning to Fingal. In his haste he had forgotten that in

(Continued on Page 12)

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FIRE DEPARTMENT

The methods employed in extinguishing fires in this country vary somewhat with those abroad. Herr Rechel, the head of the fire department of Berlin, Germany, has recently been quoted as saying that the American fire departments are "extinguishing organizations pure and simple." This is so largely because there are seldom any laws or ordinances which permit them to take up the other functions of fire prevention, the discovery and elimination of fire hazards, or the installation of devices to prevent the spread of fire.

Even without the aid of adequate regulations, the existence and continuance of conditions tending to produce a high conflagration hazard, have made necessary the development of the purely extinguishing function.

Nearly all fire departments use chemical streams. Some of them from straight chemical engines, while others use combinations of chemical and hose trucks.

The fire alarm system has been properly called the right arm of the fire department. In 1851 the question of utilizing the inventions of Morse telegraphy for the sounding of fire alarms was taken up and apparatus invented by which tower bells could be sounded from fire stations. The modern fire alarm system has been developed from here and everyone will look up quickly when, after two months without repairs our siren finally blows. The firefighters are looking forward to moving into their new quarters across from 11A Barracks. Regal has been looking the ground over but we think he had better fix up his own house for the winter.

GUNNERY FLIGHT

Have you heard of the "Windsor Flash" or "Flask," our red-headed hero of line 1 and 2 who fights all night with his Spitfire and wears colored glasses in the day-time to save his eyes? Yes a hero, but do they love him? NO. What has he done that's wrong? Why can't he have his leave? Why can't he go to bed when he's tired? Why? Because nobody loves him, that's why. But keep fighting, dearie; we're with you all the way.

Have you heard about the pilot

From The Sections

ARMAMENT SECTION BEAUTIFICATION



The "Garden of Eden" at Fingal Station is situated on the plot of ground to the left of the Armament Section Barrack hut.

Throughout the summer the boys of this particular hut have cared for and attended to a strip of expert gardening. Early in the season the boys planted grass seed, planned a stone walk, erected a white paling fence and designed a flower bed.

Using their spare time to do this noble job, the boys worked many

hours cultivating the soil, cutting the grass and trimming the beautiful flower bed that rests in the centre of the green grass area. It was, in its glory, the brightest spot on the camp.

We sincerely hope that in the seasons to come the men of other barracks will take up the challenge presented by this group of industrious gardeners, and that next year many of these beauty spots will be evident on the station.

Have you heard that finally three men in Gunnery Flight got a break and left us holding the bag? A.W. O.L. Bourque, Squeak Voice Wolfe and Broom Handle Couturier will now have to learn to run away from something else beside a mop. We wish them the best of luck, and hope to see them soon over there.

in Gunnery Flight who cannot fly without his new Rayban glasses and who always fights for the first flight in the morning because the air is so smooth?

There is also "Horizontal Snuffy," a hero in his own right, who is taking a power dive into matrimony. Our advice to "Snuffy" is: Make your "pullout" Nice and Smooth because we fear that a nine "G" would be too much for you.

Most of us know what it feels like to go out "Cooking with Gas" or as they say in the vernacular, "Bending the Elbow," but a new angle was introduced by one of our very young Sgt. Pilots, also known as "Hot Shot," the other day when someone questioned him about his behaviour the night before he replied that he got "Love Drunk."

DROGUE FLIGHT

Things We Would Like to Know

Do the wrist watches that the drogue operators drop out of the bomb aimer's hole lose or gain in time when they hit the ground? One was dropped from 1,000 feet over land and the other from 1,500 feet over the water.

Why a broom and a mop are not issued to each person with the rest of their kit?

Whether a screw-driver is more important to a fitter than a pair of cable-cutters is to a drogue operator? L/AC Beckley has some interesting viewpoints on this subject.

Whether the pilot keeps the operator awake or the operator the pilot?

Do officers get ice cream for breakfast?

When our pilots come down to the hangar at 6 a.m., whether they got in late or got up early?

Who gets the bugler up?

Has a gunnery ship ever got on the line before a drogue ship?

When do we get our leave?

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No. 4 P. H. U.

The name Recruits Squadron has now been written down as history—the same organization now is better known as the No. 4 Personnel Holding Unit.

Since April 14, 1941, when the Recruits Squadron first came into existence hundreds of raw recruits have passed through the doors of No. 1 Hangar.

Men who short days before were civilians entered the Station and were drafted away as first class foot drill Airmen.

In the early days Sgt. MacKenzie was in charge of the drill instruction. After "Mac" was posted to Trenton, Cpl. Fox took over the drill responsibility.

Flying Officer Gilmour was Officer Commanding when No. 1 Hangar first housed recruits but new Orders bring Flying Officer F. Ollen-Bittle to the top spot in the outfit.

CANTEEN NO. 2

Fellow Airmen of Fingal: Although there is a Recruits Squadron canteen, don't feel that it is strictly exclusive to the personnel of No. 1 Hangar. The chaps of No. 4 P. H. U. are only too glad to sit around the canteen enjoying refreshments and chatting to old-timers from other sections of the Station.

Recently acquired through the powers that be and Mr. Deane, the recruits have taken the old hospital and turned it into a canteen second to none on the Station. Although the scale is a little smaller, it is practically the same design as the Airmen's Canteen.

Sales are quite good and the canteen men feel that on a percentage basis the Recruits Canteen is holding its own as far as financial matters are concerned.

"Caught in the Draft," starring Bob Hope, was a hit picture, but "The Draft," featuring fifty aircrew of the No. 1 Hangar, was a hit feature.

That long last move, that eternal jump from Manning Pool to Initial Training School has come. Gone are the days of grass cutting, aircraft washing, floor sweeping and weed cutting. We now take on the role of scholars whose sole ideals are delving into books on mathematics, navigation, air force routine and wireless study.

When we first arrived at this Station we felt like the general "awkward" recruit, but leave this place with the feeling of old-timers.

When the time comes for last farewells it will be with a feeling of remorse for during the short time that we have been connected with Fingal, despite the grass cutting, etc., we have found a place in our hearts for No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, Ont.

BANQUET

The gala event of No. 1 Hangar took place on Thursday evening, October 2, 1941, in the main dining room of the Grand Central Hotel, St. Thomas.

Gathered together for a farewell party to fifty aircrew departing to No. 1 I. T. S., Toronto, Ont.

One hundred and fifty-two strong, the Airmen were escorted from the Station to St. Thomas in four buses. Unloading their merry crew at the Grand Central the Airmen marched into the hotel and after a short delay filed into the dining hall.

And then the feast began . . . chicken dinner with all the trimmings and what a meal it turned out to be!

The master of ceremonies, C. H. Bell, carried the whole "zip" of the show. Starring in the entertainment field were Francis Phillips, Tom Ivey and Eric Whitehead.

Toasts were proposed to the R.C.A.F., U.S.A., and to Airmen not present.

Flt/Lt J. C. Gray addressed the banqueters, speaking for Wing Commander W. D. Van Vliet, commanding Officer. Other officers present were F/O Ollen-Bittle, Officer Commanding, No. 4 Personnel Holding Unit; F/O Carroll, Adjutant, G.I.S.; P/O Merrill, Adjutant, No. 4 P. H. U., and F/O J. G. Gilmour, former Officer Commanding, Recruits Squadron.

Each of the officers addressed the gathering and in Flt/Lt Gray's remarks he quoted Mr. Churchill's expression: "Never has so much been owed by so many to so few."

Max Corpening offered the toast from the American Airmen to the Royal Canadian Air Force and AC/2 Hollingsworth proposed the toast from the aircrew to the distinguished visitors.

BOMBING FLIGHT

It seems that we're still waiting for Starry and topping skies to get started on night flying at Bombing, and at the time of writing the pilots here are still itching to get going, so to speak. I must say that the lucky blighters who'll be going along on these trips are going to have a really exciting and jolly old time. F/O Erwin and myself admit that night flying holds great fields of interest plus ability, and will require the utmost of hard work on the part of pilots. The members of Bombing Flight are 100 per cent behind Flt/Lt Finnegan, Flight Commander here, in putting all they've got to make these very important operations more than a great success. Up to the time of writing, the Yale and Link training has mostly been used to give pilots lots of Instrument flying time, so that they'll be able to master Instrument Flying, which is important to all fliers on night flights. F/O Calvin Hall was telling me only the other day of his Instrument flight in the Yale with S/L Gobeil as instructor. With a hood covering everything outside and only instruments and instructions from the instructor in the plane, he flew from Fingal to Crumlin as a check flight without a hitch, and with the great bunch of topping

pilots we have here everything will turn out well. Over here at our Flight two chaps have left us for Overseas Service, Halberg and Tureene (Timekeepers), both very decent old beans. Sgt/Pilot Orthman has been on the wagon since his recent trip to California. Could it be because he is getting married to one of those "Golden West" lassies? The writer himself was kinda interested in a few lassies from Philadelphia, etc., that were mentioning marriage in letters to him as a happy institution, and I really don't know whether to toss a coin, or just do without such happy institutions and what not. Sgt. Garvie is frightfully busy now that the Flight is away on leave, and I must report that those bally recruits haven't been worrying us so much about going up for "flips" since a great many of them (friends of mine) are leaving for I. T. S. and so they probably feel as if they'll soon hold a joystick or something. F/O Smith has returned, and the first thing I noticed on looking at his Dart plane, which can even be called the little mascot plane, was the fact that we've actually adopted a kitten which makes a frightful mess all over the floors.

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MOVIES

The movie situation has shown such an improvement in the past two months that it leaves your critical correspondent somewhat at a loss. The "Y" and "Can. Legion" have somehow succeeded in raising the standard of pictures shown about 100 per cent. They are slightly old still but belong to a better class of olders.

Alleghany Uprising, The Sky Giant, Top Hat, and The Great Man Votes were top flight, being circuit "A" shows when first distributed. Even the second showing is Sightly agreeable to a great majority of the men.

Swing, Sister, Swing was swung for the third and we hope the final time on October 4. We sincerely trust this will be its farewell performance here and that Sister has become tired of swinging and retired to a well-deserved rest in some movie marquee far removed from Fingal.

Another and heretofore neglected section of our movie entertainment is deserving of mention, namely Short Subjects. Even during The Horse Opera Era in the early days of the Station, these cartoons, travelogues and short comedies saved many an evening. They still continue to be of high entertainment value. Edgar Kennedy, Leon Errol and the many other entertainers are always welcome fare. The cartoons are also a very welcome change from the more serious side of our every-day life. We hope that the good work of the people responsible for supplying our movies will continue indefinitely.

MEYERS STUDIOS

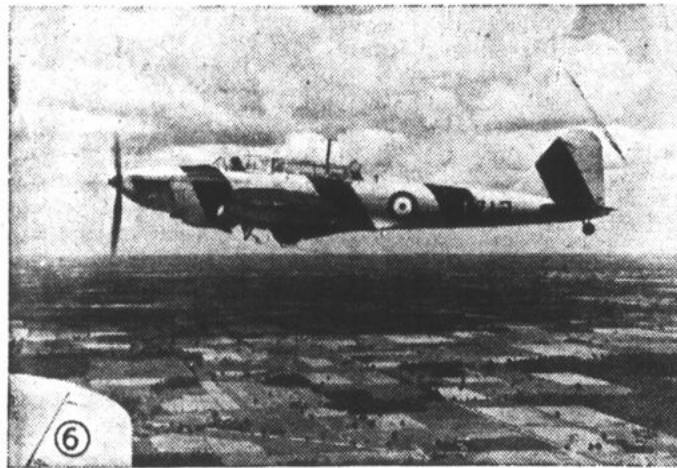
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Station News



"Seen Through a Bomb Sight"

Well sir, pay day has come and gone and the old hangover prevails. We'll take to soarin' around up yonder and have a li'l old gander through the bomb sight. Just like Rocky allus says: you can't see much; but better for the mind's eye to register a little bit than to see a lot and register nuthin'. So if 54 men—AC/1's to Squadron Leaders—is a little bit that registered, all's well 'cause that's what was seen down through the bomb sight on September 30/41, making merry in the upper dining hall of the Grand Central Hotel. Yes sir, Maintenance was out in all its glory. And as they do their work, that's the way they banquet, work hard and play hard—and just to see that gang wrapping themselves around a turkey supper, interspersed with nectar a la hops and stuff, was a real treat—and the way they sang after the food was stowed away was really something a broken record couldn't duplicate.

A few short but snappy speeches were the order of the evening. Flt/Sgt Ordedge was the master of ceremonies; Sqd/Ldr MacLaughlin started the oral blitzkrieg, followed by Squadron Leader Gobeil, who

really believes in safe and sane aviation. F/O Gallagher thanked the gang for their co-operation and careful workmanship, keeping Maintenance in high esteem among stations. Flt/Lt Finnegan made a very nice little speech with a wow of a story in it, all sound effects furnished by the great Finnegan himself—it was a honey!

Flt/Sgt Simpson was at a loss for a very flowery speech as his profanity was curbed a bit. He could make a balky mule walk up a sheer wall when he gets going. He speaks two languages fluently, Profane and English.

Sgt. Peterson got a lot off his chest, and what a chest he has! Then, too, Sgt. Smith has his say so, very short, but quite well executed. Cpl. Carty tickled the keys at the piano for the gang, who were quite happy, and the evening ended in a fine manner and so to bed. But there'll be another one again some time and if I see it I'll let you know the score.

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MEET and EAT - DINE and DANCE
Best of Food - Best of Friends
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The HOLLYWOOD GRILL

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St. Thomas

Station Dance

Mention October 1st to any Fingal Airman and invariably he will retort, "Why that was the date of the Fingal Dance." Right! It was a rather memorable occasion to every Airman present and it proved so popular that every fortnight the Recreation Hall will be open to all personnel interested in dancing.

With the kind permission of our former commanding officer, Wing Commander Van Vliet, and with the co-operation of the Tonti Chapter of the I.O.D.E., a special detail of girls were sent out to Fingal and immediately captured the hearts of some of our bashful Airmen. Rod Smith's Station Orchestra supplied the necessary music and kept our dancers on their toes for the evening, producing dancing Airmen of some note. We can now boast the presence of a number of "jitter-bugs," which, considering the size and weight of the issue boot, is of remarkable note.

Arriving at Fingal by busses, the girls piled out carrying boxes—the contents were later disclosed when the numerous couples tramped over to the Mess Hall to enjoy a tasty lunch of sandwiches, cake and coffee. Sgt. Faulkner and his staff had set tables and placed the lunch on them.

Resuming the dance, the gay crowd continued in high spirit until 12 o'clock, when the busses returned to the camp to take the visitors back to St. Thomas.

Smokey has not disappointed us or herself as seven beautiful little puppies testify. We have it on good authority that she may shortly take up residence with us, where she and her progeny will certainly outstrip our Station mascot in popularity. We hope to publish a picture in the next number.

REFRESH . . .



Drink

Coca-Cola

Delicious and
Refreshing

ROOKIE REVUE WAS A RIOT

On Tuesday evening, September 16th, Eric Whitehead and his troupe, composed of recruits solely from Hangar No. 1, invaded the Fingal Recreation Hall and unloaded a carload of tricks, jokes and skits that made the hall, filled to capacity, re-echo with laughter. Outstanding was the fact that it was the first time in many months that a show was produced, cast and out-cast, directed and misdirected by Airmen stationed at this School.

The choral group opened the show and gave a splendid rendition of Recruit MacDonald's own composition, "Go Down Moses." The program continued with Keith Scott's play, "Double Identity," a host of novelty numbers and was topped by Francis Phillips' vocal solo, "The Road to Mandalay."

The Rookie Chorines, six buxom gents, literally wowed the audience with their risqué numbers and left them rolling in the aisles. The novelty trio, H. Donovan, W. Duke and M. Ridgway, entertained the crowd with some delightful music. Gypsy Rose Lee, Jack Callahan, did justice with his "strip" act and had the boys baffled for some time, while Recruit C. Bell amused the crowd with a number of comedy skits. The show was undoubtedly a five-star performance and laughter reigned supreme throughout.

Special tribute should be paid to the stage crew, who spent much of their spare time to make the show a hit. Those reliable men behind the scenes who kept the show rolling along are D. Nutter, D. Ritchie, W. Francis, G. Nixon, J. Smith and C. Logan, who were responsible for the settings, the props and the curtains. The show owes much of its success to them.

Deserving of special mention is Rod Smith, who played the piano accompaniment throughout the evening, and Dan Eaton, electrician.

Doug. Deane, in congratulating the boys for self-producing the show, extended the warm thanks of all to the London Little Theatre for providing props and to Messrs. Smith and Little for helping with make-up.

ROOKIE REVUE

On Tuesday, October 7th, the second edition of the Rookie Revue was staged before a packed and enthusiastic audience in the Recreation Hall.

The new show followed the general pattern of the earlier one and managed to uphold the high standard of entertainment which it set.

The Revue was capably produced by Eric Whitehead, who also performed the function of master of ceremonies and contributed a few songs which were well received by the audience.

The show was opened by the Choral Group under the direction of Clyde MacDonald and augmented since its last appearance by several new recruits.

A novel feature of the Revue was a series of skits presented by the Australians. They were quite clever and made a big hit with the crowd.

The hit of the show was without a doubt the act staged and produced by Tom Ivey and his colored friends. It showed a lot of originality and was featured, of course, by the fine tap dancing of the said Mr. Ivey.

On the lighter side the comedy team of Wolch and Woodman again provoked much laughter, while the entr'actes provided by Nutter and Holt were likewise highly amusing. Francis Phillips, as in his previous appearance in the Revue, virtually "stopped the show" with his fine baritone vocals and a splendid reception was likewise given Herb Donovan, who played a number of harmonica selections.

The Revue was rounded out by the "female" chorus and taken all in all provided an hour and a half of good entertainment.

A great deal of success of the show was made possible by the hard and untiring efforts of the prop crew in providing suitable settings, costumes and lighting effects for the cast. The prop men included Dick Nutter, Wilf Francis, Doug. Ritchie, Parson Logan, Mac Lyssett, George Nixon, Jimmy Smith and David Ashleigh.

Appreciation is also due to Messrs. Larry Smith, John Sullivan and E. Kinsmen of the London Little Theatre for their assistance in providing make-up for the cast, while Rod Smith, at the piano, proved invaluable, not to mention Doug. Deane, our popular "Y" man.

On Sunday, October 19th, at 8.30 p.m. in the Granada Theatre at St. Thomas, the Rookie Revue will stage its show for the benefit of the St. Thomas Citizens' War Auxiliary Committee to raise funds to provide furnishings for their Active Service Club.

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AGNEW-SURPASS

Shoe Store St. Thomas

SCHOOL DAYS

(Continued from Page 7)

the pocket of his coat was a letter from his home town fiancée.

There is a constant tendency for our heroes to indulge rather in the quiet pastime of sleeping which keeps them from mischief. Here one would surely notice our six-foot-five rookie trying to fit his lanky frame into the standard Air Force bunk. Amusing, but truth is stranger than fiction. Hangar No. 1 is certainly "Believe It Or Not Ripley's" paradise.

The shout of "Mail" from the hangar's Orderly Room is heard, and a mad dash ensues and the mail carrier is immediately mobbed, an expectant hush falls over the crowd and each Airman knows that there must be three letters for him. Woe be to him who receives a cake from one of his thoughtful relatives and opens it in full view of some of his chums. There is yet an Airman to boast of the fact that he has kept a cake longer than a day, and if there is one who can claim he has, then the pastry concerned would have been one of his sweetheart's first cookery lessons. Letter writ-

Airmen!

Have your lunch in our modern dining room. We are pleased to announce the famous singers 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

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PHONE 4

Talbot Street St. Thomas



ing, on the other hand, seems to bring forth our literary geniuses. Few Airmen would condescend to write five pages, but would rather confine themselves to a play-by-play description of their slumber the night before and the delicious roasted chicken and strawberry shortcake they had for their dinner (?). "Twelve pages or bust" is their aim and the final results are one dozen pages of hair-raising experiences of how "I told the C. O. off" and how "I miss you, honey."

Hangar No. 1, the recruits' pride and joy, the palace that every rookie deserts when he has the opportunity. Where many an unsung hero has been born, where many a genius will remain inobscure, where race, creed or color is no criterion; when the turn to clean the washrooms comes round. Hangar No. 1 where friends, foes and acquaintances share their daily trials and tribulations. Where man's true inclinations and temperament come to the fore, and regardless of social or intellectual attainment must act towards and regard his fellow-men as equals. A toast to the Recruits the first step to becoming a hardy Airman!

NIGHT FLYING STARTING AT No. 4 SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 5)

Leader Gobeil had any amount of this type of flying when he was in command of the all-Canadian R. A. F. fighter squadron which later, came under command of Wing Commander Douglas Bader, now a prisoner in Germany. Flying Officer R. A. Stevenson, who recently returned to the Fingal School from the No. 1 Air Navigation School at Rivers, Man., is assisting, with instructional work, having amassed a considerable amount of night flying time during the months he was stationed at the Rivers School.

(Night flying began with great success the night of 8th-9th of October and an article giving our early experiences will be published in our next number.)

This and That

The Plotting Department has been so overwhelmed by the number of Pickle Barrels recently that they were unable to complete the list before we went to press.

We are delighted to receive the information that the Officers' wives are meeting each Wednesday afternoon with Mrs. Kennedy at the Hostess House to help Mrs. Savage in the great work she is doing for the Station. The ladies have handed to her the results of the summer's work in the form of Air Force blue scarves, gloves, helmets, socks, etc. If an Airman is short of any article it is hoped that he can be helped. If an Airman lacking some article and would like to share the cost he can supply the wool, hand it into the Hostess House, where the ladies will do their best to turn it into a serviceable article. Budding corporals are asked to bring along their new stripes, etc.; buttons will be sewn on and tears stitched. There is no doubt that this service will be of great help to the men and the generosity of the ladies appreciated by them. See Mrs. Savage, fellows!

THE THOUGHT OF A VOLUNTEER

Why didn't I wait to be drafted
And led to the train with a band?
Why didn't I wait for a banquet,
Oh, why did I hold up my hand?
For nobody gave me a banquet
And nobody said a kind word;
The grind of the wheels and the engine
Were the only sounds that I heard.

Off to the train I was hustled
To be trained for nearly a year;
In the shuffle I soon was forgotten,
I was only a mere volunteer.
They gave all the others our billets
While we roasted alive in a tent.
We cleaned up a dozen parade grounds
For the fellows who only were sent.

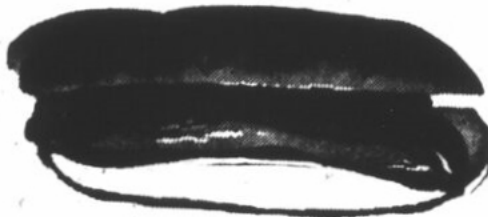
Then came the national army,
Then it was all made clear:
The glory goes to the drafted,
The work to the volunteer.
I waded in mud in Camp Borden,
I froze in Canadian cold,
I tramped my lone beat in the moonlight—
In this army I am fast growing old.

I dreamed of the time that was coming
When over the top I would go,
While the others back home were laughing
At the fool that was glad to go.
I dreamed of the far-off danger,
Of the bloody fields of hate.
I went over the top but a bullet I stopped,
And I knocked at the pearly gate.

I heard old St. Peter declaring:
We've no room for you way up here;
We reserved this place for the drafted,
Hell was made for a volunteer.
Maybe some day in the future
When my little son on my knee
Asks what I did in the conflict,
His eager eyes gazing at me,
I'll have to look back as I am blushing
To the eyes that trustingly peer
And tell him that I missed being drafted,
I was only a mere volunteer.

The interesting looking old man was enjoying the sun while sitting on a bench along one of our sea fronts when a bathing belle passing by chucked him cheerily under the chin and asked, "How old are you, Grandpa?" "Eight and ninety, gosh dang it!"

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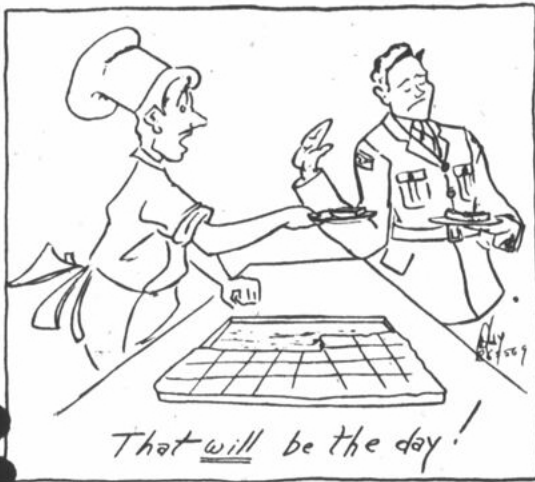
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Dere Mable:

Well we've hit the rainy season here at Fingal again. You know when I come up here this time last year, I promised we'd be in Florida for this Xmas but I guess we'll be in mud instead. One guy starts the roomer that anyone here over 6 months is going to another station but I guess that is as big a line as yer brother sayin: he's joinin the army.

Do you know, Mable, humane nature is funny. Some of these birds that used to haunt the recruit in Offices for days trying to get in the Air Force and praying they'd get in, now do their worst to try to get out. It's like lining up at Faulkner's beanery for an hour and lining up again to throw it in the garbage can. Then again the old C.O. says he's got the best darned station in the dominion and yet the other day he hands her over to Wing Commander Kennedy and says "You take her, Judd, I'm aleavin." Now look at this war, Mable; at the start the Germans kept shoutin "Gott & Hitler" when they were bombin London and now that the Air Force is hammering Berlin they shout "Gott & Himmel," but the Padre says that's the way it has been since Adam drew his first issue of apples and I bet Mable it was some ansester of Major Woods signed the indent; course they mentioned a guy "Thomas" away back too but they say he doubted everything.

Well Mable we are going to start night flyin. Yer old man should know something about that cause he has to come home on the beam every Saturday night when they close up the hotels. Pete McLellan says for him to send back his pair of rubbers that yer old man took from the Sgts. Mess the night he was up. Pete says that although the weather was dry for a week yer old man insisted it was the wetttest spot in Ontario. Hope yer old woman's hay fever is better. Too bad a broom affects her that way at house cleaning time. You know Mable Flight Sergt. Herbert (yeh, hees a flight Sgt. now but he says the only flying he'll get a chance to do will be flying around getting revally passes signed for Peterson and McNeaney); anyway Mable after red tries to give everybody trucks that wants them, he says Churchill was referrin to the Mty section when he said "Never was so little done by so many"—or is that right?—and its the truth Mable that one day we found we had a fellow drivin the paymaster to St. Thomas at the same time he was bringing the men in from number three quadrant (Thats a place the fellows go so they can cook their own meals). Bye the way Mable tell yer brother not to join the air force because they are startin to take finger prints of

everybody and the police might get axess to them some time.

Well the weather is commensing to get cold here again and the natives around the country tells us its going to be a cold winter, some say its goin to be mild, another says we aint goin to get any. Seems as if nobody knows except McPherson. He guessed the weather right three times last winter. Its kinda quiet since Van left, Mable. Don't seem the same not to hear him yellin at the truck drivers for cutting corners or a tearin across the sports field.

Well I was lookin at the war news this morning and I reckon I could do a better job than Churchill even if I don't smoke seegars. I think I'd let the army do something for a few months and give the Air Force a spell. They calls us pegeons beet when a lot of these guys go on furlow they forget to come back so I guess we're not homers. I reckon by the time you get this letter Thanksgiving will be over. I suppose we got a lot to be thankful for if we sat down for a few days and figured it out. We can still get out if we're not on duty watch, or there aint any kit inspection or finger printing or night flying or such.

There's talk of raising the married allowance, Mable, so the C.O. says maybe we shouldn't get married untill that comes into affect. He says if the allowance is raised he'll be down for our wedding hiself so if he does come down tell yer old man not to put the

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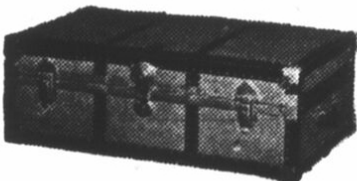
touch on him for a case or throw the empties at yer man when he gets tight (I mean yer old man). Well Mable I got to stop as I got to go down and see Leo Landreville. He says we got to go hunt a droge. I borrowed a rifle off Gomm Orthan. If we get any I'll have one stuffed and send it down to you.

Yours till Barr gets the Siren workin,

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