

THE FINGAL OBSERVER

No. 10, Monthly

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

November 15, 1941

New Commanding Officer Presents Wings



A group of Graduates of the October 24th Class. Majority of these are New Zealanders.

"BOMBER COMMAND MOTTO STRESSED"

Wing Commander Kennedy Quotes from New Publication, "Bomber Command," When Large Class of Wireless Air Gunners Graduate

The perseverance, daring, courage and intestinal fortitude of the young men who are training in the British Commonwealth Air Plan and are going overseas as wireless air gunners and observers, to swell the numbers who have already done such exemplary service, were commended by Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy, Commanding Officer of the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School, on Friday afternoon, November 7th, when another large class of wireless air gunners was graduated as sergeant-gunners. He quoted extracts from the new publication, "Bomber Command," written by the author of "The Battle of Britain" for his references to what the gunners and observers who have trained in Canada are doing and he urged the graduates to keep the paraphrased motto of the bomber command in mind. It is "United we fly, divided we fall."

"That is the secret of the success of the bomber commands," he declared. "You graduates who are leaving here today must learn and practise that secret."

Wing Commander Kennedy said that the book "Bomber Command"

contained the names of valiant young men who trained at the Fingal School with those of airmen who graduated from other schools in the Commonwealth Plan.

"They are men like you who are graduating today," he said. "Summed up, those men in the air crews represent perseverance, daring, courage, the endurance of hardships and just plain guts." The Commanding Officer expressed a wish that every graduate have the opportunity of reading "Bomber Command."

He spoke of the difficulties ex-
(Continued on Page 3)

Congratulations!

We wish to extend our congratulations to Group Captain Van Vliet, formerly Commanding Officer of our Station, who was promoted from Wing Commander to Group Captain recently. Since his departure he has been director of air organization at Ottawa. He was succeeded at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, by our present Commanding Officer, Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy.



Sergeant Air Gunner Gerald A. Russell being winged by Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy, C.O., during graduation exercises on Friday, November 7.

Anzacs and Canadians Graduate

(From St. Thomas Times-Journal)

For the first time as Commanding Officer of No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy presented wings to

two classes of Observers and Air Gunners on the afternoon of October 24. The majority of the recipients of the coveted wings were Australians and New Zealanders, with some Canadians among the graduates. The graduates were congratulated on their showing by the Commanding Officer and also by Douglas Deane, who was until

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The Fingal Observer

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WING COMMANDER A. J. KENNEDY

"If God be for us, who can be against us."
—Romans 8:31.

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AC/2 I. ROTHMAN	AC/1 R. SMITH

PAYING OUR RESPECTS

We are going to press in this issue close to the day formerly recognized as Armistice Day, but now in later years more properly named the Day of Remembrance. In the years immediately following the cessation of hostilities, it was only natural that the nations concerned should celebrate the day which brought a silence to the sounds of death and horror. Those who lived through four years of suspense and suffering, and who shared in the relief and elation of November 11th, 1918, will long recall that day of new-found hope and joy.

But as the years took us farther from those immediate experiences, we began to ask ourselves if the victory with all the feelings that it brought could really be permanent. Shadows of war gathered again on the horizon of nations once sworn to peaceful living. Ambitious and greedy leaders made the most of grievances, real and imaginary. It was quite evident that armistice, after all, did not mean peace. It was only a pause, a halting in hostilities, even though it had been well worth celebrating.

Today we cannot very well celebrate an armistice, but we are surely obliged to pause in remembrance and pay respects to the generation of youth who rose nobly to serve the country's cause for a chance to live. They were not deceived for they really were fighting against the menace to personal freedom. We see this unmasked today over two-thirds of Europe.

Thus we pause to honor that earlier response of brave boys. We

recognize that their sacrifice was necessary. They fought to an armistice and it is a thousand pities that more was not made of that victory, though it was not final.

This time we fight, not to an armistice, but to an end, one way or the other. Our war aim is to destroy Nazism, and it is patent that no terms can be made with it. There can be no armistice with the fire of lust and tyranny. It must go out.

NO. 4 B. & G. PAYS LAST RESPECTS TO AC/2 McNALLY

It is now nearly a year since one of the Droque, Fairey Battles with pilot and two operators disappeared during exercises over Lake Erie. For months only slight evidences of the lost plane came to the surface. During the last three months at scattered periods, the finding of the bodies of F/O L. Hood and AC/2 Bourne brought confirmation of the fate of the aircraft in the lake.

This week the remaining member of the crew, AC/2 John McNally, was accounted for in the finding of his remains near Port Bruce. On Thursday morning last, full Air Force honors were paid to him at the funeral held at Sifton's Funeral Home in St. Thomas. The service was conducted by the Station Chaplain, Flt/Lt D. Gowdy, with the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy; the adjutant, Flt/Lt J. C. Gray, and F/O F. Ollen-Bittle, F/O A. J. Dewey, F/O N. H. Price in attendance, together with an escort party of thirty men.

The funeral cortege marched in solemn procession to the L. & P. S. Station, where the firing party, in charge of Sgt. S. E. Burkholder, gave the customary salute from the guns, and the "Last Post" and "Reveille" sounded with accompanying muffled drums. In keeping with Air Force practice, L/AC R. S. Bruce, also a Droque operator and pal of the late AC/2 McNally, was appointed to escort the remains to their resting place at Minaki, near Kenora, Ont.

PICKLE BARREL CLUB

October 1st and On

Coote, C. J.
Black, J.
Temme, A.
McKenna, T. F. (2)
Hoskins, J. R.
Turnley, C. K. (2)
Maund, R. A.
Black, J.
Dryden, H. K.
Crowther, L. D.
Witham, I. B.
Benn, J. W.
Esler, W. J.

The sympathy of the Station is extended to AC/1 R. Kerr on the recent death of his wife in Toronto.

Leigo, D.
Morey, S. A.
Weston, C.
Philpot, J. T. (2)
Boland, J. (2)
Wylie, M. J.
Longmuir, H. R.
Caddy, M.
Hicks, D. R.
Everett, R. T.
Black, M. N.
Walker, J. W. P.
Blades, J.
Donovan, W. H. (3)
Lyon, P. V.
Ebert, G. H.
Harborne, D. A.
Woods, R. E.
Singiton, J. R.
Murray, G. D.

Just as our paper comes off the press, we have heard with deep regret of the loss of P/O J. W. Wood in a flying accident at St. John, N.B.

P/O Wood had left here only at the beginning of the month and was one of the most esteemed men among the officers. Our sympathy goes out to his mother.



Roll of Honour



No. J7649

Pilot Officer August NOWOSAD

Killed in flying accident at Big Tupper Lake, Altamont, N.Y., October 25th, 1941.

No. R69561

Sergeant Cyril Garfield TAYLOR

Missing after air operations, October 12th, 1941.

No. R69586

Sergeant John Emerson WEIR

Missing after air operations, October 14th, 1941.

No. R65625

Sergeant James Blake STEPHENSON

Missing after air operations, October 15th, 1941.

No. R65224

Sergeant Francis Leo CAPSTICK

Missing after air operations, October 20th, 1941.

No. R51644

Sergeant Lloyd Eldon DODGE

Missing after air operations, October 22nd, 1941.

No. R64386

Sergeant Stanley Gordon WESTBROOKE

Missing after air operations, October 22nd, 1941.

No. R68206

Sergeant Alfred Joseph CHILDS

Missing after air operations, October 10th, 1941.

No. R62018

Sergeant Charles Arthur WHIDDEN

Missing after air operations, October 11th, 1941.

No. R68121

Sergeant Harold Stanley BYERS

Missing after air operations, October, 1941.

Help Pay for a Bomber!

Buy War Savings Certificates

It might seem like asking too much when we appeal to the men who work with aircraft to help to pay for them. We can hear someone suggesting that it is enough for young men to offer themselves without having to pay for the instruments of war.

But you misunderstand our appeal. The appeal is not so much to ask you to pay as it is an opportunity to save. The Government needs money to pay for the war. It asks you to invest your cash in a scheme of saving by purchasing War Saving Certificates. You get a share in a Bomber, but you have lost nothing in the transaction. Seems too good to be true, but here

is the scheme. Read it and buy.

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:

After 6 Months		\$4.00
1-1½ Yrs.	\$4.04	4½-5 Yrs. \$4.38
1½-2 "	\$4.07	5-5½ " \$4.45
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

Certificates of larger denominations are also redeemable in proportionate amounts.

Bomber Command Motto Stressed

(Continued from Page 1)

perienced in graduating the class on time, because of the inclemencies of the weather. It was to the credit of the officers and men in charge of the training, who put in extra effort whenever the weather was favorable, that the class was graduated on schedule.

"If there is satisfaction to be gained from this fine class, it is the satisfaction of seeing you graduated on time," said the Commanding Officer.

To the many relatives and friends of the graduates who at-

tended the wings presentation he said: "We are proud of these lads who are graduating here today just as you must be proud of them. We know they will do their bit like the boys who have trained before them. Yes, we have every confidence that they will do their part and I know that you have too."

The School award of pen and pencil set for the class member attaining the highest marks at the School went to Sergeant Air Gunner William Oliver Snow, R.R. No. 1, Milton, Ontario. The winner was warmly congratulated by the Commanding Officer on his particularly good record.

Sandwiches and coffee were

served to the graduates and their relatives and friends in the recreation hall after the graduation ceremony, which was held in the drill hall because of the bad weather.

(From St. Thomas Times-Journal)

Texans From Fingal Guard Plane Wreck

(From St. Thomas Times-Journal)

On Thursday evening, October 30, at approximately 10.15, a huge American Airlines passenger and mail plane crashed to earth about 15 miles west of St. Thomas, bringing death to all its occupants.

Several young Texans, on Security Guard duty at the Fingal School, got a real taste of Canadian weather on Friday, when they were detailed for guard duty around the wreckage.

Flying Officer Fred Ollen-Bittle, had no difficulty in getting volunteers to serve so great was the response. A security guard provided by the Fingal Station continued until the plane wreckage was released by the Canadian and United States Government investigators. Four guards were posted at the scene of the tragedy during the night and similar details were on duty on Saturday. The guards were quartered at a residence within a quarter of a mile of the wrecked plane. A big covered motor van was also moved to the scene to provide the guards with shelter from the inclement weather.

Appreciation has been expressed to the officers and men at the Fingal School for their co-operation in guarding the wreckage. Officers were at the scene within 20 min-

utes after the plane crashed and almost immediately an armed guard was posted by Flying Officer Ollen-Bittle. The guard was continued until the arrival of police, who took over until Friday morning, when guards were again posted from the Fingal School. The placing of the R.C.A.F. guards was simply an act of international courtesy on the part of the School. Thirty guards were on duty Friday morning, but the number was reduced in the afternoon.



R. C. A. F.

Steele's St. Thomas office is one of 5, operated by Canada's largest firm of Optometrists. Our local optometrist has been in charge for 19 years. Come in with confidence — for free adjustments and service. Thorough eye examinations, and glasses if necessary, at reasonable cost.

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ST. THOMAS



D-1341

Smoke
Buckingham
-and Smile

Anzacs and Canadians Graduate

(Continued from Page 1)

recently Y.M.C.A. director at the Fingal School.

Wing Commander Kennedy paid tribute to the quality of men coming from Australia and New Zealand when he declared that "the folk back home have nothing to worry about if the future courses come up to the standard set by the graduating classes." He described the occasion as being notable inasmuch as it was the first class of Australians to complete training. "The New Zealanders, on the other hand, are old friends of ours," he said. "We have had six or eight classes before this; I hope to see more from both New Zealand and Australia."

Doug Deane told the young men from Down Under that he was deeply honored to speak to them, as a lone Australian, coming from Ottawa to wish them the best of luck.

"I know I cannot replace the mothers, fathers, sisters and brothers and other loved ones in Australia but I think I can join

them in expressing my pride in you men today," he said.

Mr. Deane said that while he was in Europe he was frequently asked why Australians and New Zealanders came from almost the furthestmost corners of the earth to fight in Europe.

"I think I can say that Australians and New Zealanders are doing this because they realize that democracy the world over is one and that if it falls in Europe it falls all over the world," he said. "That is why Australians and New Zealanders are in this conflict; that is why you young men are here today because you believe in the principles of democracy and are ready to fight for their preservation."

Anzacs, he said, remembered with pride when their fathers went to Europe in the last Great War. They were following in the wonderful traditions their fathers had made and they had just cause for pride in that heritage of tradition.

Mr. Deane wished the Anzacs God-speed and God's blessing and told the Canadians in the classes they should feel honored in having trained with such fellow Britishers.

He expressed the hope that they will cause many worries and headaches to the enemy.

LECTURE

On Tuesday evening the Fingal R.C.A.F. personnel was given the privilege of hearing Mr. Arthur Ford, Editor of The London Free Press. Mr. Ford, with his wide experience especially of American affairs, delivered a fine review on the current events of the past few weeks.

In his lecture Mr. Ford pointed out the numerous yet vital fronts found in the world today—the American front, the Russian, the Far Eastern and the Atlantic. Though all were of major importance, the American front was singled out for the greatest stress.

As in the case of the other fronts, the American front has changed and will continue to do so, and in a way favorable to Britain.

At the beginning of the war America's policy seemed to be one of aloofness, based on the theory of splendid isolation. Much of this so-called isolationist feeling, however, was political in the sense that the political opponents of Roosevelt not only bitterly opposed him but also his policy. Naturally Roosevelt's attempts to awaken the

American people to the dangers of isolation, found his political opponents joining hands with those sincere Mid-West isolationists in order to discomfort and defeat the president's aims.

However, as events moved quickly in Europe and splendid isolationism was shown to be impossible, public opinion in the United States shifted from aloofness to sympathy for Britain, and even to a point of desiring to aid her in every way short of war, that is, a state of non-belligerency.

Questioned as to whether the United States' and Britain's attitudes to Finland were correct, Mr. Ford replied in the affirmative. Nazism is the danger and whoever aids those forces must be regarded as our enemies.

At the conclusion of the review F/Lt Gowdy thanked Mr. Ford for his courtesy and kindness in coming to Fingal to speak on such a timely topic.

Accompanying Mr. Ford was Col. E. E. Reilly, professor of Economics at the University of Western Ontario. It is to be hoped that not only Mr. Ford but Col. Reilly also will give us the pleasure of hearing them discuss current events in the near future.

Patronize our Advertisers



Sergeant Wireless Air Gunner Arthur McCarthy topped his class at Fingal and was the first of over seventy airmen who received their wings on Friday, October 24th, from Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy, Officer Commanding.

FINGAL R.C.A.F. OFFICERS

... May We Be of Service to You

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COFFEE SHOP and SODA BAR
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**NEWLY INSTALLED
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Fingal Welcomes Its New "Y" Director



During the last five weeks Fingal has been a host to G. K. Greason, who in the coming months will direct the activities of the Y.M.C.A. at No. 4 B. & G. School. Actually, the hosting and introductions were but a matter of minutes, and "Mr. Greason" gave place to "George," by which name his is now widely known on the Station and to which he eagerly answers, and wisely so, for "George" is better than "——," you know.

St. Marys, Ont., claims George as one of her worthy natives. In its Public and Collegiate Departments George prepared himself to enter Toronto University, from which he graduated with B.A. in 1937.

The following year, with a burning pedagogic ambition, he learned the rules of teaching at O.C.E. (the Ontario College of Education). During 1939-41 the fathers of Shelburne, Ont., gave him the opportunity of practicing upon the youth in the local High School. But George didn't wait to see the conclusion of his experiments and in July 1941 sought seclusion from

his past within the wide arms of the Y.M.C.A. The "Y" has always been a good friend to the "Georges" and "Joes," and none are ever turned away. The "Y" War Services posted our George to T.T.S., R.C.A.F., to assist Bob Gibson, "Y" Director. In the amazing short space of three months George arose from the obscurity of assisting at T.T.S. to become Chief of Staff of "Y" work at Fingal. Here his hidden light is at last revealed, and release found for all his native and acquired genius.

We have discovered much about George in the comparatively few days here. He has tried the whole round of sport with honors in Soccer, Hockey, Basketball and Rugby. It is nothing at all to see him running for 100 yards in true touchdown style, leaving casualties in his wake.

George, too, is an angler of no small repute. He still bears marks on his body, proof of the struggle in landing a 10-pound bass in Ontario waters. But you have to hear George telling it. You are suddenly conscious of confronting a man who dared the Loch Ness monster in its den, a man retrieved from the jaws of death.

But, fellows, we haven't told you the half of it. Believe it or not, George is a celibate and a sworn unbeliever in the necessity of the fair sex. How his tender conscience permits him to entrust the innocent airmen of Fingal to the invited partners at Station dances, makes George either a man of mystery or a staunch believer in the resistance of Fingal airmen.

Well, gentlemen, George is here and we welcome him warmly. There's much to be done—he's the willing type, so we'll "let George do it."

CHANGE IN DENTAL OFFICERS

It is only fitting that some reference be made to the non-R.C.A.F. Officers attached to the Station. We have in mind the services rendered here by members of the Royal Canadian Dental Corps.

Since the inception of No. 4

Bombing and Gunnery School the dental needs of the men have been expertly handled by Captain A. Irwin and his assistants.

"Cap," as his officer friends called him, came into the service from Wingham, Ont., where he practiced since his graduation from University of Toronto Faculty of Dentistry.

The Doctor brought to his tasks a congenial personality and a store of ready wit. He fitted in well with Station life. He was fond of a flip, could sing songs and psalms like a Caruso, and enjoyed a good cigar.

Fingal men will not forget for a long time when "Cap" was the occasion for converting No. 1 Hangar into a camp of untouchables. "Cap" had contracted diphtheria. The "Joes" in No. 1 Hangar had been his most recent visitors to the Dental Clinic. For two long weeks they moaned and groaned under the ban of quarantine and threatened to give the dentist wide berth ever more.

The proof of his work, however, has never been without grand evidence. The reputation of Fingal men for chewing the rag and getting through the thrice daily grind in the Beanery are mastigatory achievements sufficient to crown "Cap" as the King of Dentists.

Our best wishes follow Captain Irwin to his new post at No. 5 Service Flying Training School, Brantford, Ont.

With Captain Irwin's removal our Station has given a warm welcome to his successor in the person of Captain J. I. Porter, R.C.D.C. The Dental Officers are old friends and were members of the same fraternity during studies in Toronto.

From the long and varied list of Captain Porter's changes and appointments, he has scrutinized a few million mouths, and certainly comes to us with a trained eye and a strong arm.

Wire Flowers Home FOR CHRISTMAS

We Invite the Boys of the R. C. A. F. to visit our uptown shop. Where a Complete Floral Service is at their Service.

RYLAND'S FLOWER SHOP

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We Specialize in Dainty Corsages

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THE STORE of a MILLION GIFTS

Gifts for Everyone Here

YOU'LL ENJOY SHOPPING AT ELGIN'S GREATEST DEPARTMENT STORE

J. H. GOULD

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Cleaners

★ Over-Nite Service ★

THE R. A. F. OBSERVES CANADA

A guest does not willingly comment upon his hosts, but I have been asked especially to make a serious reply to the question: "What do you, the R.A.F. Flight of Observers, think of Canada?" and to "hit from the shoulder if necessary." I tackle so ticklish a commission with diffidence, offering the following impressions sincerely and in good faith. They are in no way criticisms, but rather notes of differences in outlook.

Our first impression of Canada was lights—dazzling lights. After nearly two years of blackout, it was exciting to stand on deck and gaze at the harbor lights shimmering on the water as we awaited disembarkation. That night, though, was interminable. We dragged it away in the Station, dozing against kitbags until stiffness and cramp made it unbearable, walking about aimlessly, but always alert to dodge R.C.A.F. officers who wanted to "shoot" us for the ten dollars we had drawn in a "crap game"—a mystifying expression, as in England the slang term "crap" is not used.

At last we pulled out of the station, thrilling as we fell asleep to the regular blare of the train's hooter, another novelty.

That first breakfast when we awoke! Did ever a meal taste so good! And the quantity of food: a slab of butter on the table that would last your people at home a fortnight, and a month's ration of sugar at your side. Everything we had come to accept as rationed and unobtainable, available in unlimited supply.

Your cooking, though, we accept with reserve. You have a much sweeter tooth than we, but your

combination—fried bacon with pancakes and maple syrup, a hot roast with a cold salad in which is mixed up sections of grapefruit and oranges! Of course, everything goes down the same way.

As for drinking, well you don't, do you? We miss our comfortable "pubs" with decent surroundings and an enjoyable atmosphere. We drink for the sake of the drink, for the feeling of comfort and good fellowship it imparts.

Your beer parlors are so coarse and uncomfortable. One looks around half expecting to see a notice "Dead Drunk and Straw, \$1.00." For we have gained the impression that the Canadian drinks for the purpose of getting drunk. Otherwise, he just does not know when to stop. Possibly the fault is in your licensing laws, which seem to have been framed with the intent of making drinking sordid, almost a crime.

We are fond of dancing. At home we have none of these five cents a dance halls. There is a cover charge for the whole evening. Both girls and fellows go with the intention of dancing. Never would a girl refuse an invitation to dance without reason; but over here it is almost as unusual for a girl to dance with a partner she does not know. Perhaps your mode of dancing is some reason for this. For, in England, the couple would just be dancing, and the gumming of forehead to forehead and cheek to cheek would be left for improved acquaintanceship, and even then carried out in privacy.

However, we find the girls with whom we are lucky enough to effect approved family introductions very friendly and charming indeed.

Your hospitality has been most lavish and overwhelming. We have been showered with invitations to

people's homes, to parties, trips, etc., and we have had a truly marvellous time. We do say "Thank you" most sincerely to all the friends we have made here for so grand a welcome and reception.

Our first fortnight we spent at Manning Pool, Toronto, and there we realized how reserved the English must appear to you. For you do not hide your light under any bushel. Your sweaters are emblazoned with your names, your schools, your clubs. Everything possible is publicized and made newspaper copy; and don't you like brass bands? To play you on parade twice daily, to tour the city and return with a following of prospective recruits. Undeniably good recruiting propaganda over here, but in England the only following it would draw would be very small boys.

You like also to stress individualism, where we always sink ours; we pride ourselves to work as a team; and when we play we play as a team and play for the sake of the game, liking to win but not minding to lose if it is a well-fought game. We have the impression that you play only to win.

The B.B.C. receives much criticism but we wouldn't exchange it for your sponsored radio programs. A news bulletin announced this: "Nazis hammer at Moscow, R.A.F. batters Bremen, always cool under fire—Blank's tobacco," may be good advertising, but to our mind it is ludicrous with no sense of proportion.

It has been a difficult article to write. I have searched for items on which to pounce, to let you Canadians have it "straight from the shoulder," but can find no more.

To most of us Canada had been a large patch of red on a map, a geographical subject to be forgotten as soon as school examinations were over. You yourselves, where Mounties and lumberjacks or suntanned men on a poster waving to an endless field of wheat, we consider ourselves very fortunate that we should have come here to train. Canada now means to us a country and a people whom in the short space of three months we have grown to cherish affectionately.

We wish it were possible to evacuate all our children and womenfolk from Britain and commit them to your care for the duration, for we know you would look after them as you have looked after us—with unfailing kindness and generosity.

Women are wiser than men because they know less, and understand more.

THE AVERAGE WOMAN

Marries at the age of 24.
Darns 4,837 pairs of socks.
Is five feet, four inches tall.
Buys 369 hats and 582 dresses.
Has a baby weighing 7½ pounds.
Spends four years washing dishes.

Listens to 18 radio serials each week.

Lives five years longer than her husband.

Spends 8,784 hours (five years) gossiping.

Occasionally wishes she'd married someone else.

Quarrels at least twice a month with her husband.

Spends \$312 in beauty parlors and \$387 on cosmetics.

Never learns to drive a nail without hitting her thumb.

Attends 5,027 movie matinees, many of them double features.

Never learns to play a golf game that satisfies her husband.

Spends three years and eight months talking on the telephone.

Is positive that her child is better than the brat next door.

Weights 128 pounds—until she becomes careless about her figure.

Threatens at least eight times to go home to her mother—but never does.

Devotes the best seven years of her life to attempting to make her husband over—but without success.

And makes a fairly good wife in spite of it all.

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A Gift Only YOU Can Give . . .

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Your Christmas Cards
a Speciality
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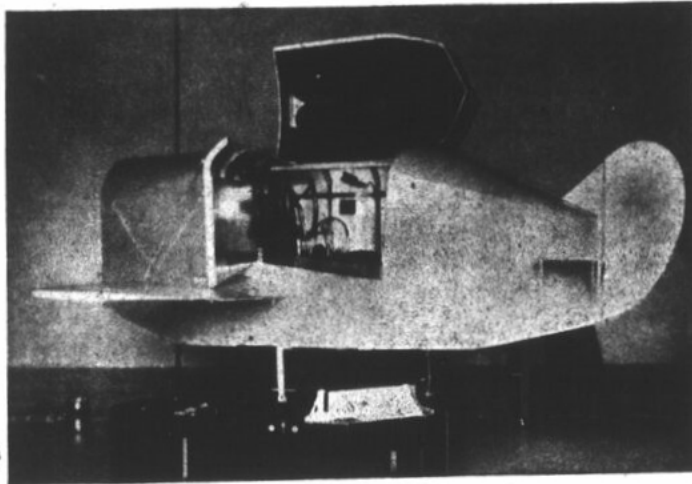
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THE LINK TRAINER



Almost from the beginning of the history of aviation, efforts have been made to teach or learn the principles and motions of flying, with the aid of mechanical devices on the ground.

These efforts at primary training were never very successful and many such contrivances resulted only in disappointment. Since ordinary contact flying is done almost entirely by "deep muscle sense" and reactions to acceleration forces—conditions which could not be duplicated in a ground training device—such mechanisms were foredoomed to failure.

When the need for great skill in "instrument" flying became increasingly apparent and general interest was aroused in 1931 and 1932, it became obvious that the new science involved an entirely new technique, and new methods of training were sought.

From twenty-five to sometimes as much as fifty hours of practice under the hood in the air was necessary for a pilot to become efficient at instrument flying. The

expense of such training, and the time required again aroused interest in mechanical units for training on the ground under simulated conditions. The outcome of experimentation was the manufacture of the Link Radio Instrument and Navigational Trainer, so called after its inventor, Edward Link, whose Canadian factory is now situated at Gananoque, Ont., while the main American factory is at Binghampton, N.Y.

The Trainer consists of a dummy fuselage with wings and empennage, mounted on a universal joint in such a manner as to permit movement in bank and pitch in excess of maneuvers normally done on instruments. The trainer operates on vacuum supplied by a three-quarter horsepower electric turbine.

By partially evacuating the air from the tank, "altitude" is created. The instrument panel is ordinarily equipped with a magnetic compass, turn and bank indicator, directional gyro, artificial horizon, vertical speed indicator, altimeter, air speed indicator, tachometer, radio compass indicator, marker beacon and clock. All of the instruments function as they do in actual flight and are controlled in the same way. The unsteadiness of an aircraft and the consequent effect on the instruments is reproduced in the Trainer by means of a "Rough Air" device which simulates "Bumps" and stormy conditions.

Since many pilots are inclined to depend to some extent on physical sensations, and to an even greater extent on the stability of the aircraft, all normal "feel" and stability has purposely been left out of the Link Trainer. While practicing on this device, the pilot is one hundred per cent dependent upon the instruments and his con-

trol of them.

A further advantage of this Trainer is the Flight Log, an ingenious method of graphically tracing on a chart or map the course the pilot would have flown, had he been actually aloft in an aircraft. This accurate record of the "flight" serves two purposes. It eliminates possible doubt in the mind of the student as to whether he actually made the errors the instructor said he did, and makes possible a thorough analysis of the mistakes and their causes.

By means of apparatus located in the instructor's desk, all problems involving radio may be simulated. Radio range signals can be duplicated with any complications the instructor wishes to use, such as false cones of silence, bent beams, multiple courses, etc. By means of the microphone circuit, weather reports and two-way communication with control towers or other ground stations may be simulated.

It is true that the "feel" of the Link is not the same as that of an aircraft, but in instrument flying one is not dependent on "feel." Therefore this becomes an advantage in Link instruction rather than a disadvantage. It has been found that a pilot who has had a

complete course in instrument flying on the Link Trainer becomes a competent instrument flyer very quickly.

Since Link instruction can go on regardless of weather, all phases of the instruction can be carried on continuously.

All types of problems may be worked in the Link Trainer, from straight and level flight maintaining definite headings at given airspeeds to the more complicated Lorenz landing. So the idea, which was conceived by Mr. Link as a result of experimentation with a midway amusement, has come to play an important part in the training of pilots in both the R.A.F. and R.C.A.F.

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Airmen!

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PRIVATE
DINING ROOM

Ask the Entries
who have banqueted here.

QUEEN'S HOTEL

Sid. Smith, Manager

Fingal Airmen Present Sparkling Revue to Open War Weapons Week Campaign

Talented Young Men From Four Countries Delight Capacity Audience at the Granada Theatre; Many Persons Turned Away From "Rookies" Revue

More than sixty talented young airmen from the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School opened the War Weapons Campaign in St. Thomas and Elgin County on Sunday evening, with a presentation of their "Rookies Revue," and some 1,500 St. Thomas and Elgin people jammed the Granada Theatre. The Rookies put on a performance to be remembered—a variety show that has just about everything from choral skits to burlesque skits. The Australians presented two comedy skits which went over big. Those taking part in the first skit, a burlesque on mental telepathy, were John Karnighan of Sydney as the professor; Max Wyllie, Brisbane, as the announcer and front man; Bob McCartney, Sydney, as the gentleman under the table. In the second skit, Bill MacPhie, Sydney, took part.

Outstanding Numbers

The dancing of Tom Ivey, former professional dancer of Toronto; the piano duets by Rob Smith, orchestra director at the Fingal School, and Clyde MacDonald; the precision drill by 20 well-trained airmen; and the chorine's number, with the "young ladies" leaving the stage to make the intimate acquaintances with persons in the audience undoubtedly were the outstanding numbers. Topping the whole program was "The Conga," a jungle jive jamboree in which Tom Ivey was solo dancer. This is a professional turn in every sense of the word. Among the entertainers who appeared in solo to win plaudits was Herbert Donovan, clever harmonica player from Glace Bay, Nova Scotia.

Heading the big cast was Eric Whitehead, producer, director and master of ceremonies. He delighted the audience with his "mike" prattle and also with his three song numbers. Born in England, Eric was raised in Canada and the United States, learned the show business in the Old Land, and now

calls Sydney, Australia, his home. He has a brother with the Australian forces at Tobruk. And he is in the Fingal manning pool, awaiting posting for air crew training.

The other members of the big cast were as follows: Keith Scott, skit director, a native of Manchuria; Clyde MacDonald, director of the choral group; Dick Nutter, Toronto, in charge of stage direction, former member of the Toronto Masquers; Doug Ritchie, Andover, N.B., co-director of props; Wilf Francis, Weston, Ont., assistant stage director and former golf pro; Mac Lipsett, Woodstock, N.B., prop man; Carson (Joe) Logan, Nappan, Nova Scotia, prop man and graduate of Dalhousie University; George Nixon and J. H. Smith, Toronto, curtain raisers extraordinary and sergeants in choral routine; Red Ashleigh, Oakwood, Ont., prop man; members of choral group, J. L. Gaudet, Moncton, N.B.; T. W. Sweeney, Yarmouth, N.C.; G. J. O'Neill, Lindsay, Ont.; P. W. Steels, Guelph, Ont.; T. I. G. Bell, Toronto; Don Maddocks, Toronto; Joe Wiseman, Ottawa; C. Godfrey, Carleton Place, Ont.; J. W. Wright, Windsor, Ont.; Bill Gordon, Halifax, N.S.; W. F. Macleod, Sydney Mines, N.S.; Gordon Murray, Charlottetown, P.E.I.; Emerson Allen, Toronto; D. Rathe, Middleton, N.S.; R. Joliffe, Windsor, Ont.; J. E. Leckner, Montreal; Frank Soloman, former newspaper reporter, New York City; Colin McCulloch, Weston, Ont.; J. McClintock, Ormstown, Que.; J. A. Garipey, Montreal; F. V. Smith, Lethbridge, Alberta.

Personnel of Skits

With J. V. Nutter in one of the opening skits appeared P. G. Holt, grandson of the late Sir Herbert Holt, Montreal. The members of the chorines' number were K. C. Rupert, Ottawa; John Priestman, Westmount, Quebec; G. M. Mac-

lean, Ottawa; J. F. Callahan, Syracuse, N.Y.; Colin Falconer, Halifax, N.S., in civilian life a professor of art at Mount Allison University; Bill Turnbull, San Antonio, Texas; W. Coulter, Ottawa.

In the observation tower skit, J. E. Coombs, St. Catharines, Ont.; Murray Woodman, Kentville, N.S., and Ted Wolch, Winnipeg, stirred the audience's risibles; C. H. Bell, Frederickton, N.B., was the comedian who stooged for the master of ceremonies. He is a school teacher and meteorologist in civilian life. In the jungle number, the big hit of the show, R. J. Keleher, St. John, N.B., portrayed the cannibal chief, and his benchmen and servitors were A. H. Davidson, Toronto; Gordon Ough, Newmarket, Ont.; Mons Duke, Huntingdon, Quebec; Fred Colwell, Boston, Mass.; J. C. R. Russell, Toronto; G. S. Guiton, Montreal; and Tom Ivey, the dancing star.

Appreciation was expressed by Peter Laing, in his War Savings appeal, to the London Little Theatre Group for supplying costumes, make-up men, etc.; to the management and staff of the Granada Theatre for their splendid co-operation; and also to the Commanding Officer and other officers at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School for permitting the airmen to present their revue.

Mr. Laing talked straight from the shoulder about War Savings and individual responsibility.

Following the revue the airmen

were entertained to doughnuts, coffee and other refreshments by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Legion—a splendid gesture on their part.

The theatre was filled to overflowing before 8.30 o'clock and at least 500 persons had to be turned away.

(Courtesy of The St. Thomas Times-Journal)

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and
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TRAINING RECORD IS SET AT FINGAL

Airmen Complete Record Number of Exercises in One Day

ST. THOMAS, Nov. 6.—Officials of the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School revealed today that Tuesday, November 4, set a record for training activity during daylight hours. The speed-up was necessary to make up for bad flying weather that hampered activities during the few days previous. It was the largest number of completed exercises for the School since it opened nearly a year ago.

The place was booming with activity from the break of day till it was no longer possible to aim at targets. Bombing was in progress on all the targets, and drogue flights were in progress without let-up.

(From St. Thomas Times-Journal)

SEEN THROUGH A BOMB SIGHT

Well Sir, I dunno what's goin on around this here Fingal place, but it's getting mighty dangerous flyin' around up there, for fear of running into those big birds—it seems every time I looked thro' the ole bomb site this last few weeks I'd see those great big birds flying around up there, with baskets in their long beaks. Not the well-known albatrosses seen flyin' backwards on the airmen's shoulders—no not them—but I guess these big birds would be alright on the Maintenance shoulders.

Well as I was watching out for one of these storks so we wouldn't run into the old bozo—he zooms around with his head under his arm, and scoots rite down the chimney at my house. Well yours truly Cpl. Stone (Rocky to you) thumbs his way home pronto—only to find Mrs. Stone and the stork had already run a tie race to the Grace Hospital. Now I have not only two little Rocky boys but a new little gal too (Susan Marilynne); mama and baby both fine. Well after sweeping up feathers and taking off again—who do I see in the bomb site but Cpl. Sammy Cockayne, and he's tryin' to beat one of these storks away from his

Station News

THE STORK HAS COME TO FINGAL!



"Smokey" sporting her seven puppies. Her master, Wing Commander Kennedy, is proud of the new additions to the Station.

place with a broom; well the bird pins back his ears and slaps Sam down, and crawls in the attic window—too bad but he leaves a bundle there too; a little daughter for Sammy and wife; her name is Irene Joyce; both progressing nicely.

Well that's what I think, but no it can't be, or am I gettin' cock-eyed lookin' through this darned thing, but birds again, big ones. It's a nite mare I say, so I pinch myself (where I sit) when I ain't busy; but I'm awake, and there's that big bird got AC/1 K. Moir by the pants and he drops Moir and the basket both down at Moir's house and from what I hear the Moirs have a little girl too (Margaret Diane); all's well there also.

Cpl. Matson also was left a bundle—a wee lassie; both fine.

Well I spose this column of mine looks like old home week in the nursery, or the bird who makes pappu pay or something, but it's news ain't it? and that's what were after.

Next issue of this here paper I'm gonna devote this column to the so called grievances of ham fisted fitters, lunatic riggers, wood butchers, screwy welders and hood-

lum Gen. Duties, men who make up the Maintenance personal. Men who before enlistment never worked for less than \$20.00 per day, never missed a meal, owned big special cars, worked only five hours a day, and were always lucky in love. Boy, whatta gang! Lord bless their pesky hides (airmen, that's 'em). So if you guys have a grievance, or pet hate or on the other hand—(are you happy in the service) let me know. Cpl. Stone, Maintenance No. 1, I won't promise to print everything but will do my best to let you have a say in the proper pro or con.

We can stand a knock or two, as well as a boost—yes sir.

No. 4 P. H. U.

Some of the best athletes on the Station are found here. In Hockey we need mention only the names of Bud Hellyer, the ex-Pittsburgh Hornet star and Maple Leaf rookie, and D. Chapman, the Whirlwind from the North, to prove our point. Alex. Davidson, formerly stationed here, has been transferred to Toronto, where he will play for Toronto Marlboros. In basketball the American and Canadian stars have played a number of games, with the former demonstrating a distinct superiority. More experience is the answer. As for Football, many of those from across the border claim that with some equipment and practice they could give any team in these parts of Ontario a stiff battle. It is not just talk for some of them have won wide recognition for their football deeds.

IT IS THE TRUTH

If I should die, think only this of me,

That there's some corner of a foreign field

That is forever England.

* * *

Diplomacy is to do and say

The nastiest thing in the nicest way.

* * *

The thing which numbs the heart is this,

That men cannot devise Some scheme of life to banish 'fear That lurks in most men's eyes.

* * *

Please all, and you will please none.

How often the darkest of ill Breaks brightest into dawn.

MEET and EAT - DINE and DANCE

Best of Food - Best of Friends

at

The HOLLYWOOD GRILL

Talbot Street

St. Thomas

GIVE ...

Vair's Home-made Candies for Christmas

OPPOSITE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL

PRESENTING . . .

On Monday, November 3rd, 1941, by appointment of Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy, Commanding Officer, five members of the Station personnel, namely, F/O R. C. Smith, President; Sgt. D. A. Garvie, Vice-President; AC R. G. Smith, Secretary-Treasurer; Cpl. E. R. Orr, and L/AC D. H. Eaton, met and organized an entertainment committee. Their job is to keep the boys happy by keeping the Recreation Hall busy. They have many things in mind, all the way from Bridge nights to Bingos and from elaborate Stage Shows to Sing-Songs. They ask your co-operation and assistance in everything from production to participation. If you have any ideas or suggestions that they have not yet discovered, and I assure you they have countless ones under consideration, drop in on any one of them any time, informally, and they will be glad to chin with you on the possibilities of your particular idea.

At present the third edition of Rookie Revue, with an entire new cast, is in the process of formation and a new show by the permanent Station staff is at present being cast by Smitty. Incidentally, he is looking for talent, so if you have any, don't be shy. Your efforts will be appreciated. This show is due on the boards in the latter part of December.

The following dates are definitely set to give you some idea of what is in store for you:

- Monday, Nov. 17th—Movie, "The Lion Has Wings."
 Wednesday, Nov. 19th—Movie, "The Sea Wolf," with John Garfield.
 Thursday, Nov. 20th—Stage Show, London Life Troupe.
 Saturday, Nov. 22nd — Movie, "Secret Seven."
 Monday, Nov. 24th — Movie, "The Toast of New York."
 Wednesday, Nov. 26th — Movie, "High Sierra," with Humphrey Bogart.
 Thursday, Nov. 27th — Station Dance.
 Saturday, Nov. 29th—Movie, "The Ghost Breakers," with Bob Hope.
 Monday, Dec. 1st—Movie, "Mr. Doodle Kicks Off," with Joe Penner.
 Wednesday, Dec. 3rd — Movie, "Tugboat Annie Sails Again."
 Thursday, Dec. 4th—Stage Show, Unit No. 3, London Players.
 Saturday, Dec. 6th—Movie, "Cheer-okee Strip," with Richard Dix and Andy Clyde.
 Monday, Dec. 8th—Movie, "Five Came Back," with Chester Morris.
 Wednesday, Dec. 10th — Movie,

- Entertainment -

"City for Conquest," with James Cagney and Ann Sheridan.

Thursday, Dec. 11th — Station Dance.

Saturday, Dec. 13th — Movie, "Christmas in July," with Dick Powell.

Monday, Dec. 15th—Movie, "Millionaire Merry Go Round."

Other coming attractions include: "Million Dollar Baby," "South of Suez," "The Gladiator," "It's in the Air," with George Formby, "The Great McGinty," Unit No. 2 Stage Show from London, and two full weeks of solid entertainment during the Christmas season.

Don't forget the regular Tuesday night Ping Pong Tournaments. Good prizes.

That's all for now. You'll be hearing from me next month about this time.

THE SHOW GOES ON

On Thursday, November 6, 1941, the London Little Theatre Troupe presented their second edition of "Take It Or Leave It," a musical revue with sense and nonsense.

They arrived, we saw, and they conquered.

We are told that we were honored with their opening performance of the season, and, as opinion goes, it was a grand one.

The show got off to a nice start with the entire company on the stage ensemble singing their theme, "Take It Or Leave It." One interesting feature of the opening was a genuine crap game in progress on left centre stage.

Following was a cleverly staged dance routine with the six girls in line whose names incidently will be of interest to many of the Station personnel. They are as follows: The Misses Theresa Chandler, Monica McGarrell, Margaret Hicks, Gerry Farquharson, Gloria Hamlin, Peggy Smoothy, Pearl McCullough and Nora Rooney.

In quick succession number after number literally took the boys to camp, among them an accordion solo by Nora Rooney, a waltz creation by Monica McGarrell, and two very smart solo dances, Cucuracha and Czardas, by Margaret Hicks.

Jean Campbell, with her mellow voice, delighted the audience with various groups of vocal numbers.

The antics of Ken Greene, Ned Price, Doris Cantrovic and Fred Philps were highly appreciated.

Much credit goes to Bob Bough-

ton, Fred Curts, Ewart Lamb and Pete Henderson for their adaptation of "Little Nell," and their very original fan dance.

Oz Merritt, pianist extraordinary, that's just it—take it from us who know!

Show stealers were the Mistress of Ceremonies, Mavis Mitchell, and the prize winning jitterbuggers.

Last but by no means least, Frank Crowley, his grand band, not forgetting Archie Cunningham and Doug Baker, rounded out the show with a brilliance that was unforgettable.

Honorable mention goes to Florence Murray, accompanist, the members of L. L. T., and Dr. Skinner for their labors behind scenes.

Production, direction, scenery and wardrobe were by Ken Baskette, and lighting by Dr. Skinner. It was tops!

Staging was capably handled by L. L. T., assisted by No. 4 B. & G. School entertainment staff, including Dan Eaton, Roy Orr, Joe Drouin, and yours truly,

SMITTY.

FINGAL DANCES!

Once more it is Wednesday evening, but a special Wednesday evening—dance night, when all good Fingal airmen don their best set of blues (except the Recruits, who, we believe, only have one set), shine their brass, and generally get ready to make merry in the Recreation Hall to the toe tickling tunes (or are they?) of Rod Smith and His Boys.

Tonight Fingal airmen are hosts to a bevy of beautiful women—the cream of the St. Thomas crop, and believe me those lassies are masters of the tepischorean (I hope the spelling is right) art. They arrive by bus and car at approximately 2100 hours under the able escort of our Service Police and incidentally we sometimes wonder if those S.P. boys are really as hard as they would have us believe. Surely the comely smiles of those young ladies must make at least one S.P.'s heart throb with a pulsating rhythm against his chest.

However, we are wandering from our main topic but have left a thought or two for consideration.

There have been dances and dances, but from what we hear the most successful was that of Wednesday, October 15th. Whether pay night had anything to do with it or not, we do not know. Approximately 130 couples were in attend-

ance, filling the hall to near capacity. One of the highlights of the evening was the introduction by Rod "Fat Stuff" Smith of Mr. George Greason, the new "Y" representative on the Station, who wishes to be known to the boys as just "George." He tells us that he is full of vim, vigor and vitality and just rarin' to go, so fellows your co-operation is invited.

There were two rather amusing incidents during the evening that we think are worth mentioning—the first when Dan Eaton developed a short circuit in his sound system just at a time when the organ was mercilessly grinding out "If you were the only girl in the world," and the second when someone accidentally, we hope, put a large amount of salt in one of the coffee pots.

As the saying goes, "All's well that ends well," at 2410 hours to the strains of "I Love You Truly" with all the lights dimmed, the airmen bade their guests good-night (we hope), and another Fingal dance was just a memory.

Worthy mention goes to "Bert" Sewell for his very good renditions on a borrowed saxophone, and to "Mickey" Calhoun and "Army" Armstrong for their vocal duos.

The Three Live Ghosts

As a prelude to their coming season before the lights, the London Little Theatre presented their comedy attraction, "The Three Live Ghosts," before a packed Recreation Hall on the evening of October 13th.

Splendidly enacted in every respect and with the players displaying that fine theatrical skill which is a mark of a good company, the audience enjoyed it to the full.

The Fingal Station is grateful to Mr. Walter Dixon and those others who not only made it possible for the show here, but who, in addition, unselfishly gave up their Thanksgiving holiday to entertain the personnel. Fingal did appreciate them.

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at Gettas"

519 Talbot St. St. Thomas

The Commanding Officer has expressed the wish that more attention be paid to sports and athletics on the Station, and it is with this in view that the Sports Committee of No. 4 B. & G. School is undertaking to set up a winter program with the purpose of including as many men as possible.

It is intended to concentrate on three main sports—Softball (Indoor), Volleyball and Basketball. A schedule is being arranged to embrace these three, and competition is to be conducted on an inter-barrack rather than inter-squadron basis as in the past. This will enable more teams to take part, which in turn will mean that a greater number of personnel will be actively engaged.

These schedules will be run in "Big League" style, and we fully expect that by the time the season is half over the Barrack Corporals will be padlocking their doors at night for fear of waking up some morning to find their star players with cut throats. That's the kind of competition we're hoping for, anyway.

The Sports Committee, consisting of F/O Graham, President; WO/2 Mullen, Secretary; F/Sgt McMahan, Sgt. Farr and Cpl. Vaisey, members; with Flt. Lieut. Gowdy and Mr. Greason acting in an advisory capacity as Honorary Members, are putting forth every effort to ensure the success of this venture—BUT THIS IN ITSELF IS NOT ENOUGH.

In order to put this over, the Sports Committee is going to need, and is asking for, the co-operation of every man on the station. So fellows, don't forget—when you're teams are scheduled to play—Be There! You can always put off that date till to-morrow night. Don't let your absence be the means of causing your team to default.

In closing, nothing seems to be more appropriate than doing so with the words of a famous author, which we might do well to adopt as our slogan—"Play Up! Play Up, and Play the Game."

Boxing - Badminton

Elsewhere in this edition of The Observer, you sport lovers have probably read of the forthcoming winter schedule, and possibly wondered if you were to be left out in the cold. Not So!

Boxing, badminton and other enthusiasts are going to be well taken care of, and plans are in hand to include as many different types of athletics as is found necessary. Sgt. Petersen is especially interested in the noble art of self-defense, and in helping those who

are willing to learn. If interested call in at the library.

If you readers should have any ideas regarding further sports, don't keep them a secret—bring them up to the "Y" office, where George Greason will be more than glad to talk it over with you.

Speaking of Sports

Our Commanding Officer will no doubt receive a bit of a surprise at learning that one of his staff remembers him from "way back when." "Way back when" being the years of 1929-1932 when "Jud Kennedy" helped provide a bulwark for R.M.C. (Kingston) football teams.

The writer remembers one particular game when a team mate of W/C Kennedy's—Paul Davoud, now a Wing Commander in the R.C.A.F.—ran 115 yards to a touchdown. We don't know if W/C Kennedy participated in that particular game, but we have no doubt it remains fresh in his memory.

SOCCER

Since our last edition, the Station soccer team has played three games, two with the senior team of the University of Western Ontario, and one with the Army team from Wolseley Barracks, London. Their record as a result of these contests stands 1 victory, 1 tie and 1 defeat.

In the first game with U.W.O., played at London, our heroes decisively defeated the students by a score of 3-0. The first half was characterized by cautious, close checking, hard soccer, with the majority of chances coming to the Station team. However, lack of aggressiveness in the goal mouth prevented any scoring at the Western end.

The second half was wide open, with both teams emphasizing the offense. Midway through the period Fingal opened the scoring when Krasnowski counted on a close-in shot. The same player scored again a few minutes later when he drove in a beautiful spot kick from a scramble in front of the net. Following a corner kick, Haden obtained the third and last goal of the game. Fingal's efforts throughout the contest were considerably encouraged by their rooting section (F/Lt Jackson) who accompanied the team to London.

The second game with Western was played at Fingal on October 22. Unlike the first game, both teams played a wide open type of

soccer. Fingal had more chances to score throughout the game but the excellent work of the opposing goalkeeper, Sampson, who certainly lived up to his name, kept the Western goal clear.

This was particularly true in the first half, when he was tested from short range a number of times.

Western continued to show improvement, however, and in the second half missed two splendid opportunities to net. They had as much or more of the play as Fingal. In fact, the local side was rather fortunate in not being scored upon. Jackson in goal, playing a consistent game throughout, shone when Western broke through the defence. The game ended in a scoreless draw.

Both games with Western were clean and well played. Any time Western wishes to return, along with their coach, Professor Jenkin, they will find a real welcome here.

The Fingal Team: Goal, Jackson; backs, Mitchell, Baker; halves, Phillips, Gowdy, Evans; forwards, Whitworth, Newton, Krasnowski, Cruickshank, Hayes; alternates, Haden, Crawford.

On November 5th our team entertained the team Wolsley Barracks, London. Although the eleven which faced the visitors was chosen rather hurriedly, it nevertheless gave an excellent game.

The first half was scoreless as a close checking type of soccer prevailed. Fingal had the better chances despite the opposition of a stout defence and a strong wind. Krasnowski, Cunningham, Toon and Whitworth missed on close-in shots. Our centre half, Padre Gowdy, and Baker on the defence were bulwarks in repelling the opponents' attack.

The second half, though evenly fought, found the visitors netting twice on fairly close-in drives. Although hard pressed at three different stages by our team, the Army managed to keep their goal clear.

The Station team, smarting under its first defeat of the season, should take the Army to camp if a return game is played.

Maintenance became the unofficial champions of the Station when they defeated Headquarters by the score of 2-1. The teams were evenly matched, so closely so that a draw would have been more indicative of the play. Maintenance scored the deciding goal three minutes before the end on a bouncing shot from outside the defence.

TABLE TENNIS

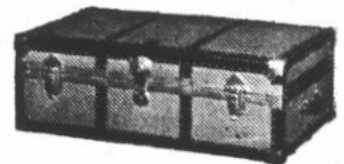
Table Tennis or more democratically speaking "Ping Pong" has made its appearance as one of the budding and feature attractions of the fall season. The Tournaments, since their inauguration in the Drill Hall on Tuesday, October 21, are becoming more and more popular. Nevertheless, there are some who don't enter on the grounds that they are not good enough. The Tournament, however, is so designed and planned that the less experienced players, who are weeded out in the opening round, can pass into a consolation series where all players are of the same calibre and where competition is not one-sided. There is a place and enjoyment for everyone in the weekly Tournament.

Tournament winners on October 21 were AC/2 Falconer, Recruits who won first prize, Whitworth, A.T.S., who took the consolation award; October 28, L/AC Jellyman, R.A.F., defeated Cpl. Milne of the Medical Section in the main event, while L/AC Hunt, R.C.A.F., won from L/AC Southcott, R.A.F., in the consolation; on November 3 Sgt. Cunningham and L/AC Townshend took the first and second awards respectively.

This latter date saw the first of the inter-station Tournaments, when the five leading players of T.T.S. and Fingal met in combat. Singles matches were run off among all the players, and in addition two doubles matches were held. On the basis of a point for each game won, Fingal table netters outpointed T.T.S. 42-13. In all fairness to the visitors, it must be admitted that they have not the same opportunities and facilities for practice as are present here. The Fingal team was composed of Cpl. Milne, L/AC Jellyman, Smith, Perry and Coshever.

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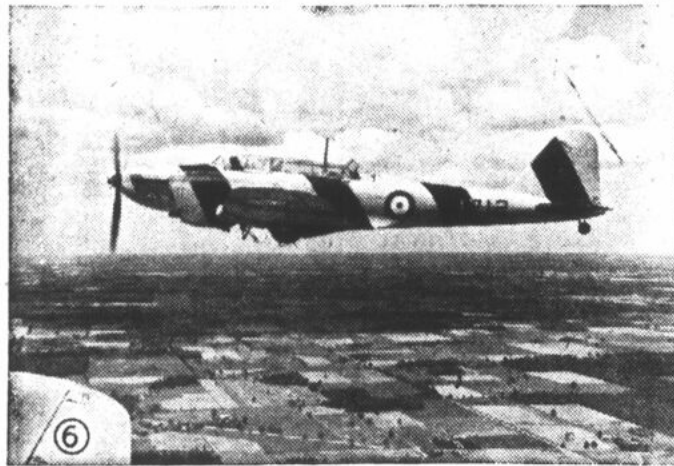
Ho hum! here we go on this month's issue of Comic Cuts. Gosh, how the time flies. When we were just on the reading end of this mag, there seemed to be a long, long time between issues, but now that we have to give out, as our friend Morry Reath says, we have to make up these hot-air blasts faster than our insurance payments. And talking of friend Reath, folks, let us hereby announce that the genial Morry has been granted a commission in the R.C.A.F. and will entrain on November 15 to the School of Administration at Trenton. Lots of luck, Morry, keed, and while we're handing out the bouquets, here's another one to Ross Heidman on getting his two hooks. The above referenced gentlemen have not announced their celebration date, but keep on hoping, gang. Oh yes, and last but not least, Danny Rioux, our switchboard ace, has just secured his Private Pilot's License. Congratulations, Danny boy. DAPS please note: You should see the Headquarters Hot Shots giving battle to the Maintenance Mugs on the Rugby field on Sports afternoons, with Ten-Ton Tennenbein, Ace Cunningham, Jolting Johnny Kirchner, Block Kick Chapman and Galloping George Greason, our "Y" ace, showing their stuff. 'Tis verily a wondrous sight, yea man. Wonder what Chappie's wife said to him that night after he completed a fifty-yard end run on the seat of his uniform pants.

Cpl. Mitchell of the Discipis Office has gone to Trenton to take a Disciplinarian's course. Lots of luck, Mitch. Jimmy Toon of the Guard House Gang just blew in to report that he got hitched while on his leave. Felicitations, Jimmy boy. He says he's glad to get back to Fingal as the fog horns in Vancouver kept him awake all night.

Well, gang, I'd better start finding a hideout, and if Jimmy wants to know who wrote this tripe, don't anyone tell him, puleeze.

The Accounts Section boys en-

From The Sections



BOMBING

Well, November has arrived and we won't be far off to Christmas even though at Bombing Flight they haven't mentioned much about the holidays, but I know that they're all waiting for the turkey dinner. While over at the Personal Holding Unit.

A batch of good fellows for P.O's left for I. T. S., and to tell the truth they will certainly be missed by all. Eric Whitehead, who was amongst those fellows, has lived in England, Australia, the States and Canada. He was a jack of all trades for he even published a book which he wrote in the Old Country on "Baseball," which was sold for 2/6 per copy. Eric himself actually played baseball over there for a team of pros in London. One of the new Air Crew personnel has come along with a number of chaps and is now working on a production similar to that of the "Rookies Revue." He also has plans for a comic play to be put on later.

Over at Bombing Flight our kitten mascot is in the news again now that we have christened him "Fine Pitch." Sgt/Pilot Orthman

joyed themselves immensely at Cpl. Cyster's official house warming. Rummy Royal is a great game—for some people. John Chapman, in H. Q. Orderly Room, went off the deep end and got married the other day. We hear that both he and the bride were an hour late for the knot tying event. Things wouldn't have been so bad except that the prospective best man showed up on time and left without assisting at the ceremony.

We notice that Flt/Lt Currier is sporting a new smoking pipe, and it is very becoming, too.

has taken him up for a flip once or twice. This Sgt/Pilot's moustache is coming along fine, and I know his girl in California will like his bit of Clark Gable that he has on his upper lip. Incidentally, Sgt/Pilot Orthman is leaving for Ottawa, and we all wish him the best. His favorite expression, "Come on, put a kick into it," will be missed.

F/O Montgomery, also attached to Bombing, wears a red jockey cap over his helmet; F/O Harrison wears a green one, which certainly makes pilots of the Bombing Flight ahead in giving smart style to flying.

F/O Morella has broken the record for High Level Application.

In the Pilots' Room at the Flight a Ping Pong Table has been installed to wile away the time. Noticed that the competition is keen, with our Flt/Lt playing a keen game.

A farewell party was held at Hotel London for Sgt/Pilots Orthman, Riddle, Conover and Grayson on the night of Friday, November 7. A real bang-up time was had by all.

These cancellations of postings aren't just what they're cracked up to be. Now we still have to put up with Blimpy Smitty and "Going to Bed With Your Boots On" Tennenbein.

Cpl. Walter "Inventory" Lalonde has assumed half of Cpl. Sam's duties in 10A. Complaints and suggestions will be gracefully accepted and are cordially invited by the Corporals.

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GUNNERY

THE NIGHT SHIFT

At one fifteen I come to work
 Though there's little work to do,
 'Til five o'clock I browse around
 And keep well out of view.
 From five to six when things ease
 up

I eat a meager meal,
 Then I return to Gunnery Flight
 And do D.I.'s with zeal.
 Although there's lots of work to do
 I never do enough;
 The Powers above keep adding
 more

And make things awful tough.
 At eleven p.m. I go to eat,
 Then bunkward I slowly crawl,
 And I say to myself as I hit the
 hay:

Your war effort's very small.
TO A HANGAR GUARD
 A hangar guard's life is very soft,
 He eats and sleeps all day;
 When the time to guard the hangar
 comes

Once more he hits the hay.
 Sometimes he brings along a book
 Or even mops the floor,
 But to stay awake 'til six a.m.
 Is too much of a bore.
 He even gets a chance to eat
 When they leave a requisition,
 And when his term of duty's up
 I'll try for his position.

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Sparks From the Electrical Section

The Fingal Branch of the Grand Order of Phoney Electricians, as we are so often called, has been quite reserved as far as news goes, since we lost our Section Comm., Sgt. (Jeff) Ellis, early last summer.

Jeff has seen quite a bit of this Air Force since he left us. Going first to Mountainview for a short stay and then to the newly opened R.C.A.F. Station at Hagersville.

Among the present interesting characters of this Section is Dan Eaton (excuse me! L/AC Eaton). He sits here by the hour telling us of all his ordeals down in South America, although some of us believe he never was outside of the great "Metropolis" of Gravenhurst until he joined the R.C.A.F.

We sure have one grand headache these days. The boys on the Station seem to think that the Electricians have life pretty soft.

We cordially invite any airman on the Station to come around some day and just watch the routine of our section and I am sure they

Briefs on Drogue Flight

Drogue flight is a hive of activity these days as they have started early again on a spring clean-up, and we mean clean-up. We advise all visitors to visit our "blue salon" and stay awhile.

We now have Sgt. Farr transferred from Maintenance No. 2 to Drogue. My, my, pull up your socks, Sargy!

Sgt. Poulos missed his calling when he signed up. With a little practice he could almost have been an interior decorator—witness the "blue room."

would leave with a very different idea than they came in with.

So, boys, if you find a battery cart that's not quite up to the mark, don't cuss at us, just bring it in and we'll gladly and promptly replace it.

We have an unusual sort of chap down here in our section who, if he's not sleeping, he has a reveille pass which nine times out of ten he can manoeuvre into a fourteen-day leave. We certainly wish he would let us in on his secret.

L/AC Planche is one of those guys who thinks that the wiring in the aircraft is colored to make it look pretty. But we forgive him because he is only a small town ooy from Montreal. (Cheer up, Gord).

There are other things besides work to keep us boys occupied. Dan Cupid has paid a visit to our section this month.

All of the boys join in and wish the Sgt. (Ernie Britton) many happy years of married life.

I wonder if the boys who fly in the aircraft have found out that on inter-comm sets and other electrical equipment in the aircraft there is a little battery in them and if switches are left on they don't last long. So please turn them off and you'll be doing us a great favor.

Well, boys, the reception is very poor so I'll sign off for now. See you in the next issue.

"THE FINGAL SPARKS"

Fire Facts From the Fire Department

"Range" is a household word today. To the firefighters it means success or failure. Water, good pressure, and range are essential elements in firefighting.

A larger stream will carry farther with the same nozzle pressure than a smaller one. With the larger stream, less surface is exposed to the friction of air in proportion to volume of water.

The weight has nothing to do with the range. A small bullet would travel just as far as a larger one, with the same initial velocity, were it not for the higher friction loss, in proportion to its volume (unit mass being the same) of the smaller bullet. And with the same velocity the bullets would reach the earth, due to the force of gravity, at exactly the same distance from the source. In other words, their range would be the same.

The fire losses in the United States for 1940, according to the National Board of Fire Underwriters, amounted to \$306,469,520. A large amount of this was due to winter heating. But it is claimed a great deal of the loss could have been saved by keeping down fire hazards.

Hark! the alarm in the dead of night,
The smoke boils black and lurid light
Paints the clouds in the midnight sky,
And sirens wail as the rigs roll by.

Out of his bed and into his car,
Big white coat and short cigar,
Little Black Bag of surgeon's tools;
Gone by the board are traffic rules.

He wheels along, though courting disaster,
And his only thought is "Faster,

Faster";
With steady eye and jutting chin,
He'll never be the last one in.

A joke on his lips, but with purpose deep,
Alert and alive his watch he'll keep,
And soothe the hurts of those who fight
The demon fire in the murky night.

He'll take a drink and crack a joke,
And him you'll find 'mid flame and smoke,
And when a building's in the red,
If doc's not there you'll know he's dead.

Dear Rocky:

Perhaps you may be able to answer my query, and help me out. I am a seargent and seem to be very unpopular with the men. Now the reason is that my feet hurt, but the men dont know this, and they think I'm a miserable wreck. What should I do?

SEARGENT PINSACHE.

ANSWER: I would advise you to stop wearing your sox inside your shoes; it will give you more room for your feet, and if your feet get cold you can wear the sox on the outside, then you can sneak up behind the loafers and scare them no end; by yelling at them unexpectedly, this will make you awfull popular maybe.

Dear Rocky:

Just a short query: Do they dope the coffee and tea at the mess?
AC/2 DROOPY.

ANSWER: The question you ask is a grave one and will have to be answered as such. Naturally the tea seems a little thin, but its just because you drink it too fast. Try adding a small quantity of either mashed potatoes or a dash of gravy then you can eat it with a spoon; the lumpy effect will add to the pleasure of the eating.

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"Aceytooo Hardbottom Writes To His Love"

Dere Mable:

Well Mable they posted me from Finger to Toronto but I suppose you knows all about that by now seein as how Burkholder and yer old man attended the old boys reunion of Labatts a week ago.

You see Mable, Wing Commander Kennedy and Jack Gray gets together and decides they need a foreign correspondent in Toronto for the "Finger Observer" and decided to send me down. As Judd puts it, he says "Look here Hezzie, de guys are askin me how the war is goin and I'm darned if I know so if we send you out to civilization you can keep us in touch with it and anyways the war might be over up here and we'd be workin without pay for a month before a dog team could get in to let us know" so I packs up with everybody's signater includin flight Lieutenant Curriers and here I am.

The beauty of this place Mable is there aint any mud and one doesnt have to argue with Sargent Barr every day as whether H.20 is as good to put out a gas fire as K.606. Their a fellow dont have to worry about days off for M.T. drivers that are gettin married or additions to the families and I dont care if McPherson has a run to Port Stanley every five minutes

now.

This place is situated in the centre of the sports district of Toronto's Church, Gould and Jarvis streets. When you look out the front window now you see pretty girls goin to work instead of the G.D's polishin the fire truck but let me tell you Mable we thinks wed like to get away from Fingal and then when we gets our wish we realize what a great old place it really was. I'd even look at Walsh's face across the breakfast table every morning for a week to have the privelege of puttin my feet under a table in the Grand Central for a couple of hours.

Well Mable this war situation seems kinda screwy to me; I see they are gettin short of Bobby pins at least a hair dresser was tellin me that the other night (to one of our drivers). Now what they are goin to use those things for overseas has got me. I'm goin to write Herbert and find out, or maybe Grigg, he knows everything before it happens. Then again face cream and face lotions—course I can understand face lotions on account of the alcohol. They need that to keep up the stamina of the servise police especially Bell, but I think they could distill last year's alcohol like Blondie Coulson and I used to do at Borden (don't get excited dere Mable, Coulson is a Cpl. in the M.T. at Trenton not in this women's Mob). If it was old iron or something like Joyes car, now I could understand. The quarter-master stores are calling in all the effeminate underwear the air crews

are wearing to issue it to the womens oxillury instead of giving them air allowance. Yer brothers will be all right, cause they never wore any. I hear yer old man now has a notion of goin on the "Tack" till Xmas so as to let it go with a bang, course he had a notion of startin to work once and it never worked out.

They tells me they are givin Leo Laundreville a commishun to take a flight of Link Trainers overseas as combat squadron. I flew one the other night while I was orderly sargent along with the orderly officer. They are pretty easy except a little tricky on the "take off" and two of us had a job gettin into the single cockpit, but he was carryin the bottle so I couldn't let him take off without me. He said there was ice formation on the wings and made me get out and turn the steam on the radiators. I'm not sure what I'm goin to send you for Xmas yet because they haven't got the clothing stores here open yet. Tell yer Maw I didnt get the cookies she sent me because the post office argued that you could not send weapons through the mails.

The first night I comes to town I gets a room in a hotel and in the morning they tries to get me to pay twice so I calls the servise police; they pinched me cause I was in a hotel that was out a bounds so after that I'm decided to stay in the Y.W.C.A. They say they havent put that outa bounds yet.

Well Mable I guess I'll ring off again and hope the editor mails this to you. The first week here I was a nervous wreck dodgin down side streets every time I saw a 1941 Chev. coming thinking it was Van and the staff car. After dodgin



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