

THE FINGAL OBSERVER

No. 12, Monthly

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

January 15, 1942

WELCOME 1942!



"Some chicken . . . some neck!"
—Winston Churchill.

"Come the world against her,
England yet shall stand!"



"We are all in it—all the way."
—President F. D. Roosevelt.



"Only way to meet total war is by total effort."
—Premier Mackenzie King.

ON TO VICTORY!



The Fingal Observer

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WING COMMANDER A. J. KENNEDY

"With goodwill doing service, as to the Lord, and
not to men."—Ephesians 6:7.

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DON MARKS

The Parable of the Christmas Tree

One of the most pitiful sights during the last ten days has been the Christmas trees discarded and thrown out on the street for the garbage collectors. A few days before they were all dressed up, lighted, tinsel and laden with gifts. The tree was the centre of attraction, the admiration of every eye. In each home it was the symbol of the best purpose and feelings in life. It stood for warmth and bigness of heart, family reunions, and fellowship, human and divine.

But what a change in the space of a few days. Instead of being returned to its rightful place in living form and stateliness in the forest, it lies disrobed of momentary exaltation and thrown into discard. In serving others with a few days' thrill it gave its life in the tender years.

Some purposes cost dearly. Young lives are among the costliest. If in its gay dress and place of prominence it was the symbol of the best things, in its discard it becomes the symbol of quickly passing thrills, the fickleness of human emotions and greetings. Must we throw out the Christmas goodwill and fine feelings along with the tree? Must we put away our generosity along with the lights and tinsel, to reappear a year hence for another brief spell? Surely Christmas is more than a proof of what the human heart can do when

it is in the mood. It is a hope that what is possible one day can be perpetuated the year long.

Our Resolution

As we face the new year, the third since the world became involved in war, our task is becoming crystallized, our hopes are immeasurably higher, our faith strong and certain, and our resolution firm and fixed.

From time immemorial some men have made resolutions, broken them, and forgotten them; others broke them but in turn were determined to overcome them; they rededicated themselves to their ideals, and with courage and perseverance struggled on to their goal. We must and will belong to this second class of mankind.

All of us must resolve to strive forward, to do our part, however insignificant it may appear, as best we can. As the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill stated in the Dominion Parliament, there is a place for everyone in this struggle, from the man in service down to the humblest worker, be he man or woman. We are all vital cogs and links in the great machine of Democracy. To keep it going we must do our respective jobs.

**Buy
War Savings**

Roll of Honour

No. R75095 Sergeant JOHNSTON, H. R. F. <i>Previously reported missing, now presumed dead, 19/8/41.</i>	No. 7 A. G.
No. R68173 Sergeant STOCK, L. A. <i>Previously reported missing, now presumed dead, 7/9/41.</i>	No. 11 Obs.
No. R52648 Sergeant NELSON, E. E. <i>Missing, 20/12/41.</i>	No. 3 A. G.
No. R64393 Sergeant GODARD, D. M. <i>Missing, 27/12/41.</i>	No. 6 A. G.
No. J4528 Pilot Officer McCARTHY, J. P. W. <i>Previously reported missing, now prisoner of war.</i>	No. 8 Obs.
No. J5079 Pilot Officer SANGSTER, E. M. <i>Previously reported missing, now prisoner of war.</i>	No. 11 Obs.
No. R69731 Sergeant BRAZIER, P. V. <i>Previously reported missing, now prisoner of war.</i>	No. 7 A. G.
No. R65069 Sergeant CLARKE, A. W. <i>Previously reported missing, now prisoner of war.</i>	No. 3 A. G.
No. R58184 Sergeant WILSON, H. R. <i>Previously reported missing, now interned.</i>	No. 8 Obs.
No. J8132 Pilot Officer CRUMP, O. C. B. <i>Killed during air operations, Millom, Cumberland, England, 17/12/41.</i>	No. 24 Obs.
No. R60253 Sergeant GIBSON, J. L. <i>Killed during air operations, Coningsby, Lincoln, England, 18/12/41.</i>	No. 8 Obs.
No. R64413 Sergeant HEWITT, I. <i>Missing, 18/12/41.</i>	No. 5 A. G.
No. R56327 Sergeant CUTHBERT, A. D. W. <i>Died of injuries sustained in a flying accident, E.M.S. Hospital, Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick- shire, England, 7/12/41.</i>	No. 7 A. G.
No. R52049 Sergeant LOWTHER, E. A. <i>Missing, 20/11/41.</i>	No. 5 A. G.
No. R64553 Sergeant ARSENAULT, T. J. <i>Missing, 5/12/41.</i>	No. 4 A. G.
No. R69780 Sergeant LAWRENCE, A. H. <i>Missing, 8/12/41.</i>	No. 11 Obs.
No. J3501 Pilot Officer TAYLOR, J. M. <i>Missing, 25/11/41.</i>	No. 9 A. G.
No. R60897 Sergeant MARSHALL, H. E. <i>Missing, 27/11/41.</i>	No. 8 Obs.
No. R69765 Sergeant LIZOTTE, R. L. J. <i>Missing, 30/11/41.</i>	No. 4 A. G.
No. R61354 Sergeant MANN, D. P. <i>Missing, 30/11/41.</i>	No. 4 A. G.
No. R54380 Sergeant KELLY, C. J. <i>Previously reported missing, now prisoner of war.</i>	No. 11 Obs.
No. R65531 Sergeant JOHNSTON, H. B. <i>Killed during air operations, 25/11/41.</i>	No. 4 A. G.
No. R68209 Sergeant DUFFY, D. M. <i>Previously reported missing, now presumed dead, 19/8/41.</i>	No. 6 A. G.
No. R72165 Sergeant PARK, T. H. <i>Previously reported missing, now presumed dead, 19/8/41.</i>	No. 7 A. G.
No. J4560 Pilot Officer WILLIAMS, A. <i>Missing, 26/11/41.</i>	No. 5 A. G.

Night Flying Training

By Sq/Ldr F. M. Gobeil, O.C. of A.T.S.

The Editor of our excellent FINGAL OBSERVER requested an informal article on the subject of night flying training. After evading his eagle eye for some months, we were finally cornered and told to produce—or else. The following is fresh off the production line.

To begin with, it should be pointed out that to a well-trained pilot night flying is no more difficult than day flying. To be sure, there is the added factor of darkness but with sound basic training and the proper psychological approach night flying is shorn of its seeming deep and dark mysteries.

For a commercial concern, night flying is essential to compete with rival concerns in the 24-hour carriage of passengers and mail; in time of peace, it is most useful to



SQ/LDR F. M. GOBEIL

the service pilot caught out after darkness falls; in time of war, it is vital that as many service pilots as possible be trained in night flying, for carrying out offensive and defensive duties and also the many present forms of night training. A combatant air force which cannot operate and train by night is through before the first throttle is opened.

All service night flying training is carried out according to the standard laid down. There are many minor variations therefrom to suit local conditions at various stations. In view of this, the system in force at Fingal will be used as an example.

Before a pilot is allowed to night fly at this Station, he first attends lecture during which station night flying orders and procedure

are read over, explained and discussed. He must have completed a minimum of 10 hours' instrument flying in the Link Trainer, covering the basic instrument flying course. He must complete 2 hours' actual instrument flying in the air. During this 2 hours, accompanied by a safety pilot, he must demonstrate his ability to take off by instruments alone without outside vision and without assistance from the safety pilot. He then must climb to a safe height, circle the aerodrome and turn over control to the safety pilot after commencing the glide in to a landing. Finally, he is required to watch an actual night's flying from the ground to familiarize himself thoroughly with the procedure.

Having completed the above preliminary training satisfactorily, our pilot is now ready to commence actual night flying. There are two methods used at this Station.

A pilot who is thoroughly experienced by day on the Battle aircraft is sent off solo on a clear night just before dusk, with all night flying lights lit on the aerodrome. He practices take-offs and landings through the half-light of the dusk period and imperceptibly progresses with the coming of darkness into actual night flying. In the case of a pilot not so experienced, he is first taken up in a dual control trainer. After approximately 40 minutes, he is sent off alone to practice. Finally, after about 2 hours' practice he is sent off solo in the Battle. In all cases, 5 hours' solo night practice must be completed before pilots may carry crew or trainees on night exercises.

It may be of interest to take a night training flight together. We taxi out slowly to the take-off position, guided by red and green lanterns placed at intervals along the left and right sides of the runway. On our one side are the brightly lighted hangars, on the other the long line of flares flicker across the aerodrome, marking the runway to be used. The glow of the engine exhaust flares up and diminishes under the flame covers on either side of the nose as we open and close the throttle. Overhead a bright canopy of stars can be seen. It is a lovely night, clear as a bell, with excellent visibility and a half moon to rise later.

We taxi out to the taxiing post, a triangle of red, white and green lights, where we stop for a



"NIGHT RAIDER"

moment for a last cockpit check. Everything is in order, so we signal with our lights to the aerodrome control officer for permission to take off—one long flash, one short, one long—our aircraft letter for the night. Immediately out of the darkness comes an answering light in green, giving us permission to go—one long flash, one short, one long.

As we move on around the taxiing post we turn and head down directly between the long line of smoke-tipped flares flickering on either side of the runway. Beyond the last flare it is very dark. We open the throttle and after a first violent yellow flash the exhausts settle down to a cold blue flame. The tail comes up and we keep direction by looking out straight ahead over the long, flat nose. It is very much like driving a car down a well-lighted street. We pass the red lanterns showing the half-way mark down the runway and then we are airborne. We immediately raise the undercarriage, throttle back and go on to instruments. On either side, however, so many lights from the ground shine bright and clear into the cockpit that a climb on instruments is not necessary, so we come off instruments and fly by outside vision.

Climbing away from the Station with its many lights, we feel quite consciously superior to the less fortunate folks we have left below us. The lights of Fingal show up at once, then St. Thomas, T.T.S.—a startlingly bright square—and London well ahead. To the east and west the flashing beacons at Aylmer and Strathburn catch our eye. There are so many lights on the ground that it is almost like daytime flying. We turn towards the lake on the circuit and pick up the glow in the sky of Cleveland, Ashtabula and Erie, along the American shore. The lights of St.

Thomas, intercepted by the myriad branches of its many trees, twinkle on and off like a million fire flies. Visibility 10. What a night to fly!

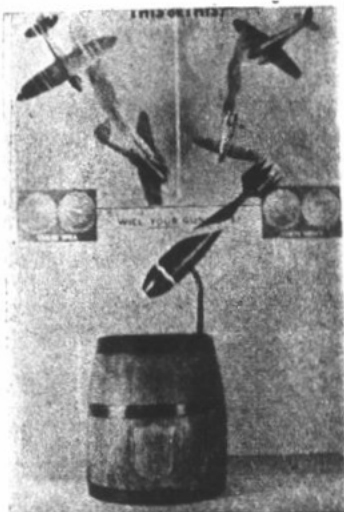
Continuing on around the aerodrome, we locate the lights of the other three aircraft in the air and throttle back slightly to position ourselves evenly on the circuit. The air is very smooth and by looking
(Continued on Page 6)

New Director of "Y"

In the absence through sickness of Mr. G. K. Greason, Mr. Jay A. Shaver has been appointed pro tem "Y" director at Fingal. Mr. Shaver comes to us from "Y" work at R.C.A.F. Manning Depot, Toronto. For a pinch hitter he is doing an excellent job and making friends quickly. We wish him well and commend the boys to his willing services.

ANNIVERSARY CORRECTIONS

In the Anniversary Issue we innocently left the impression that the list of "Ye Forgotten Men" who came on October 28, 1940, were the first party on the Station. Actually they were preceded by an advance squad. The first R.C.A.F. personnel on this Station were F/Sgt Burkholder and Cpl. Harnick (Security Guard, N.C.O's), both still on the Station. They came on October 21st and two days later were joined by the Officer of the Guard, F/O F. Ollenbittle, and a squad of men. To these men go the honor of arriving first, although all who came in October and early November may be regarded as the pioneers of No. 4 B. & G. School. We are happy to straighten out the date of the Station history and now go on record.



"DIRECT HITS"

It goes without saying that the pilots on Bombing and Gunnery School are absolutely tops, both in personnel and upstairs duties, and to back this up we give you a condensed record of their noteworthy achievements for the past year.

Up to the present we have given a monthly list of Observers who qualified for membership in the "Pickle Barrel Club" by hitting the target. In this issue we list the pilots of the aircraft engaged in the direct hits during the past year. Their skill and co-operation with the Observers are always large factors in target success.

Below are listed the names of the pilots with the number of direct hits they have scored:

	No. of Hits
F/O Morris, 28-12-40	29
F/O Erwin, 29-1-41	24
F/O Lee, 24-11-40 to 16-3-41	24
F/O Graber, 27-5-41	18
F/O Long, 6-12-40	17
F/O Rondelez, 16-4-41	17
F/O Ribansky, 17-1-41	16
F/O Stevenson, 13-11-41	15
F/O Morella, 24-1-41 to 2-1-42	15
F/O Harrison, 25-4-41	13
F/O Hall, 20-4-41 to 2-1-42	13
F/O Cousins, 15-1-41 to 31-5-41	12

F/O Anderson, 6-12-40 to 13-10-41	12
F/O Fox, 15-1-41	11
F/O Caldwell, 11-12-40 to 23-5-41	11
F/O Gauldin, 15-7-41	9
F/O Smith, 19-3-41 to 2-1-42	9
F/O Montgomery, 26-11-40 to 14-11-41	9
F/O Finnegan, 19-11-40 to 2-1-42	9
F/O Nichols, 26-11-40 to 26-5-41	8
F/O Packard, 24-1-41 to 25-6-41	8
F/O Orthman, 7-3-41 to 10-11-41	6
F/O Larsen, 26-11-40 to 10-10-41	6
F/O Scully, 14-12-40 to 19-3-41	4
F/O Finch, 18-11-40 to 19-3-41	4
F/O Gagnon, 31-1-41 to 26-5-41	4
F/O Steeves, 28-12-40 to 30-30-41	3
F/O Kelly, 19-2-41 to 29-6-41	3
F/O Proffatt, 6-11-41	3
F/O McFadden, 17-12-40 to 18-4-41	2
F/O Iverson, 24-11-40 to 11-8-41	2
F/O Wood, 1-6-41 to 30-10-41	2
F/O Spencer	1

Special mention should be made of our six leading pilots with 17 hits and better to their credit. Bombing like this should put a few more nails in "Der Fuehrer's Coffin." However, it should be pointed out that many of the men listed here are not with us at the present time and the dates beside each man's name will tend to give you a truer picture of the time in which these records were made. Where there are two dates, the latter date is that of transfer away from Fingal.

F/O Morris, who heads the list with 29 direct hits for the year, also has the honor of being the only pilot who has been able to score 5 out of 8 hits in one exercise. F/O Morris also holds the record number of hits for high level application.

At this time the Senior Armament Instructors wish to express their sincere appreciation for the close co-operation that the pilots of Bombing Flight have rendered to the lads on the Observers' Courses and to themselves. Without this co-operation our classes could not complete their courses on schedule; and in this new year of 1942 we resolve to keep them flying.

Letter from Stanley G. Mariott in The New York Sun

Thomas Gray, author of "The Elegy," foretold the valor of the R.A.F. in his poem "Luna Habitabilis," composed in 1737. In these lines Gray reveals himself as a prophet as much as a poet.

"The time wilt come when thou shalt lift thine eyes
To watch a long-drawn battle
in the skies;
While aged peasants, too
amazed for words,
Stare at the flying feet of
wondrous birds;
England, so long the mistress
of the sea,
Where winds and waves con-
fess her sovereignty,
Her ancient triumphs yet shall
bow on high,
And reign the sovereign of the
conquered sky."

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.
- 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.
- Woods, R. E.
- Sington, J. R.
- Ebért, G. H.
- Harborne, D. A.
- Murray, G. D.

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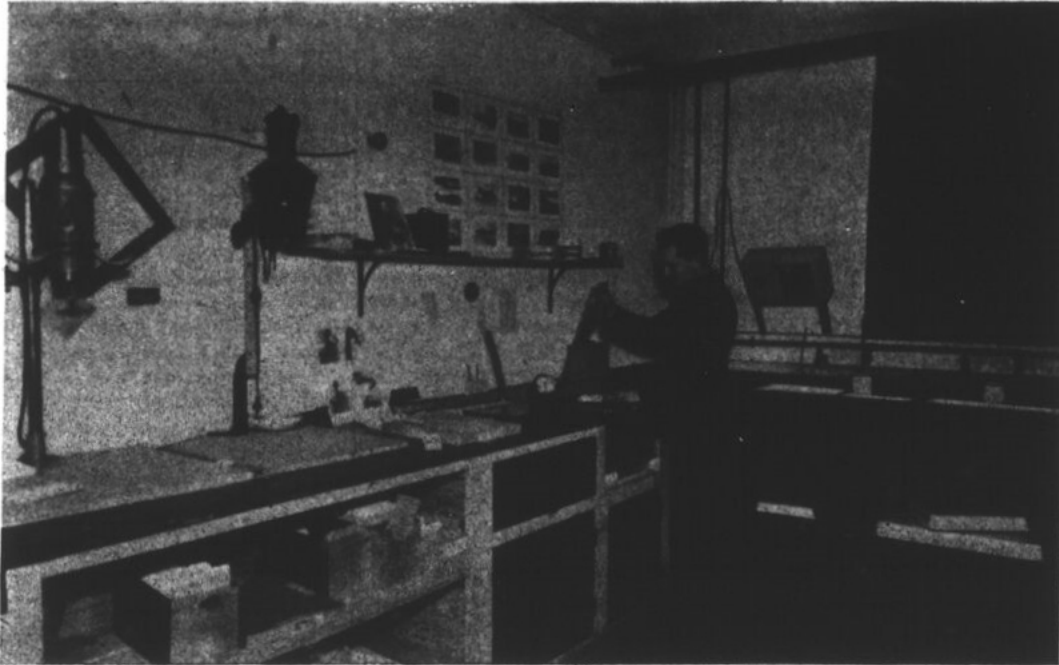


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CORNER OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION



OUR PHOTOGRAPHIC SECTION

The bones of David Octavius Hill are white by now. A little while ago a one-man exhibition of his portraits was held at the Manhattan Museum of Modern Art. But what, you are demanding, and wherein, lies the connection between David Octavius Hill and our Photographic Section? It is just this: Hill began taking photographs of people, of dour Scotchmen and demure-looking children, of strong-lined faces and prim costumes about a hundred years ago. In the 1840's, to be more correct—not that we are at this publishing taken up with his amazing sepia portraits. No, Daguerre had only just astonished an awakening world with his first photographs on chemically treated plates. Hill, hot on the trail, but mainly interested in catching the momentary expressions of his Scotch sitters for his now famous oil portraits, went into this new mystery with typical Scotch vigor. With his homemade, boxlike contraption, taking anywhere from two to six minutes per exposure, he produced his famous "sun pictures," as they

were called in those days. His technical problems were gigantic. But since his time, Science has come to the aid of the photographer and though the more complicated in some respects, the early horrors of photography have long since disappeared, leaving this Silver Nitrate Art a simpler calling with chance reduced to nil. The expert has most factors under control and may rule his world like an Oriental Sultan. Fox Talbot, an English scientist, finally brought out the first transparent negative. Hill and a young chemist named Adamson worked on the idea, which was sufficiently successful to bring about the opening of what must have been the first photographic studio in the world. That took place in the heart of romantic Edinburgh. And from then on photography never looked back. In fact, it has reached such a stage where now, like Pat's pet porker, it has grown almost beyond recognition. Today it is a sure science, reproducing in still what it sees moving at almost unimaginable speed; and reproducing in authen-

tic detail.

Photography in our Section, as the layman may see it, is far from being so romantic. Perhaps when you favor us with a call, you may see Rogers or Crampsey, or even Folkins sitting at a table, winding long and monotonous-looking reels of camera-gun film, sticking 'em together, reel upon reel, and winding and winding—and winding. Perhaps you've stood there for a few minutes and finally gone back to your own more interesting job. But then, every branch of the service has its dreary chores. We have ours, too. We do a great deal of copy work. That is, making photographic copies of instructional signs and illustrations. This not only saves time and a lot of what would be tedious handicraft, but produces neat replicas of the original. In fact, it is well known that a reduced copy of the sample looks neater than the original itself. Besides, an unlimited number may be made from the one negative. So the party demanding the copies and the artist who executed the original are both pleased at the bargain. Perhaps one of our biggest undertakings was the "shooting" of all the airmen at this Station and at T.T.S. for the Identification Cards. Perhaps you can imagine the kind of job that was; developing negative after negative of homely airmen's physiognomies. Occasionally, but rarely, we have a bit of a thrill. Pictures to take of an air crash, the taking

of pictures for court evidence. A new aircraft may visit the Station, and away we go, forgetting all our petty problems while we momentarily chase our nymph. Perhaps the "Chute Section" may be testing chutes. We are there to catch and put on paper those heavenly billows of creamy silk. The next day we are back at chores again, dreaming of yesterdays and looking towards tomorrows.

That is our Photographic Section. Half art and half science. Like that creature of ancient myths; half man and half beast, playing his pipes of Pan in Grecian woodlands. We might say we have one foot in heaven, but we'd be trespassing upon the title of a latest best seller. And then again, our section often resembles that unspeakable place remote from heaven. In spite of all of which, we try to do our bit. Come in and see us next time you pass. We might possibly use you. No. Don't be alarmed. Not as a model. But you could take a hand at winding reels of camera-gun film. Or, should you feel inclined, you may stand in the dark and watch the simple but amazing magic of pictures gradually appearing upon small sheets of apparently blank paper. Oh yes, there's a trick to it. We'll explain it all gladly.

SMART CRACKS

What did the drain say to the wash-water?

"Good-bye, Mr. Chips."

Said the hen-pecked husband with his buttonless pants falling down—to his wife busily engaged knitting: Can knitting for Britain wait a few minutes while Home Defence Corps gets a button or two sewed on?

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WO/2 H. H. ORDIDGE

It is no surprise to us that WO Ordidge comes from the capital city of Ottawa, for it has long been famous for its hockey playing and flying—two attainments of which he, too, is proud. Compared with those of us who have come into the Air Force since hostilities, the Sergeant-Major is a veteran.



W.O. 2 H. H. ORDIDGE

Away back in 1927 he entered the R.C.A.F. and had the honor of being in the first metal fitter-rigger course given in the Air Force. Since then he has served in most of the important Stations in Canada and he is glad to include No. 4 B. & G. among the best he has served in.

In air experience he has an enviable record. He has flown over 5,000 hours in all types and makes of aircraft and in company with a long list of pilots. Among his flights the most thrilling was across Canada from coast to coast in 1931.

During the Imperial Conference in 1932, when the British Cabinet were in Ottawa, WO Ordidge was posted at Labrador and flew regu-

larly the British mail to Ottawa taken from the Atlantic liners at Red Bay, Labrador. This was before the days of regular Atlantic flying, and was no doubt an innovation of no small significance. You should hear the Sergeant-Major tell of his exploits in running down the rum-runners on the East Coast. For four years he served in the planes carrying Royal Canadian Mounted Police tracking down bootleggers.

Wherever he has been posted WO Ordidge has been an ardent booster of Station sport. He is a member of the Sports Committee and has taken active part both in the games and their management.

In softball he has won his laurels many times both in civil and service sport. Last summer he captained our team to a fair record in local competition.

Last winter under most unideal conditions he took hold of Station hockey and led the Bombers in creditable showing. For weeks long before this winter set in the Major was picking his men and arranging the hockey schedule. Beginning on January 9th, the team began its competition with London Old Mill, Canadian Iron Foundry, New York Central and Melrose (these three from St. Thomas). We hope by these lines to present a worthy contributor to No. 4 B. & G. sport and introduce the season's hockey team, with best wishes for both.

The corporal bellowed down the hall,
I can't find Cass anywhere at all;
The sergeant bellowed down the hall,
He gets no pass, no pass at all,
And furthermore I'll trim him too
If he sleeps again in No. 2;
The O.C. bellowed down the hall,
You have hurt me deeply and not
played ball,
And so you'll get no pass at all
Until you leave this place, Fingal.

Night Flying Training

(Continued from Page 3)

straight up at the star-studded sky all sense of motion is lost and a feeling of being suspended in space prevails. The motor runs with unvarying smoothness. We think for a moment of the ground crews, whose hard and loyal work produces such comforting performance.

We reach the position where we signal for permission to land and once again flash—a long, a short, a long. Again at once out of the darkness near the landing end of the flare-lit runway comes the answering green permission light—one long, one short, one long. We complete the circuit.

On the down wind leg we change to fine propeller pitch, lower the undercarriage and lower the flaps. At a steady airspeed of 85 miles per hour, losing 500 feet per minute height, we glide down at right angles to the landing runway, keeping constant watch on No. 1 flare beside which we know the aerodrome control officer is standing, ready to assist our landing by signalling with lights if we should be too high or too low for a safe approach.

About 700 feet up we turn slowly and head directly down the centre of the flares marking each side of the landing runway. We still keep a steady 85 miles per hour, losing 500 feet per minute height. As we pick up the red lights marking the beginning of the safe landing area, we ease back on the stick slightly to decrease our speed and also our rate of descent and open the throttle slightly to allow for the changed conditions. We pass over the red lights, continue to ease the stick back and slowly close the throttle. The landing is so smooth we are unable to tell just when the wheels first make contact with the runway. There is a feeling that we must definitely do this more often, so we taxi around to try it again.

St. Thomas Citizens' Auxiliary War Services Committee New Active Service Club Rooms

The Citizens' Auxiliary War Services Committee of St. Thomas have now in operation in St. Thomas, for the convenience and pleasure of the men in uniform, a fine Active Service Club Room situated at 455 Talbot street over the Strand Bowling Alleys.

It is most comfortably furnished with attractive chesterfields and chairs, piano, victrola, games, etc. The furniture is all brand new and is most homey in appearance and will provide for the men a home away from home.

A canteen is also in operation where sandwiches and snacks can be procured at minimum prices.

In attendance at all times is a competent staff of young ladies to look after the canteen and to see that the men are comfortable and well looked after.

In the near future various types of entertainment will be furnished during various evenings and on Sunday.

The rooms are open from two in the afternoon till eleven at night on week days and from eleven till eleven on Sundays.

It is hoped the men will take advantage of these spacious quarters and make them their headquarters while in St. Thomas.



R.C.A.F.

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"Aceytoos Hardbottom Writes To His Love"

Well Mable:

Christmus and New Yeers is over for another year and the next thing to look forward to is the seventeenth of Ireland. Well it wasnt much of a Xmas, Mable, seein as how yer old man never came to, after that shot Walsh gave him Xmas eve, until two days after. Walsh said Burkholder garanteed it had a kick, and how! It knocked yer old man out and then yer old woman done the kickin for the rest of the day. That was a swell present yer old woman gave me. The guys and myself in the transport are tryin yet to figure out what it is. It looks like a small set of parachute harness. Im glad yer brother likes the pair of sox I gave him. I hope we dont have a kit inspection for a couple of months. The sox yer sister gave me must have been kicked around a lot last year. Well either the guy that types these letters for me or the fellow that sets up the type can sure mix these words up in every letter. I guess maybe its my writing or somethin and as I get these letters to you without havin to pay for a stamp I can't kick very much.

Well Mable, another year is over and we have had quite a few changes as Judd says to me, "I think they hit me more than anyone, I am starting of this here year walkin the floor at nights and neither training command or myself can do anything about it."

Well Mable, the Japs have undertook to give us a little trouble and the United States are agoin to do something as soon as their senators get some speeches out of their system and realize their boys are

doing a good job in the philipenes without talking it over. No sir, Mable, speeches may be all right for a sunday night band concert, or an election but it wont win a war or back up the boys that are fightin it. These boys that came across the line to fight along side of us didn't go in for public speakin, no sir, they just threw of their coat, rolled up their sleeves and says to A/Com. Brooks "What do you want us to do George?" Well Mable, give me a guy with a navy cap and a cigar in the side of his mouth any day when you want to get things done. Of course as the padre says the japs are only a thorn in the flesh for a while, but its damned unpleasant until we get rid of it and there aint no use leading it around where its agoin to jab someone else. These russians are puttin on a good show and lets hope they keep it up. Old adolf is pretty worried right now. The Heinies at home are beginning to realize their boys are stayin longer on the Eastern front than Crawford stays on a forty eight. They are beginning to realize they aint comin back. Old Benito realizes now you cant get into a big game with a pocket full of buttons. Peterson says to me in the mess the other night "I tell you, give me any two japs and lock me up in a room with them for half an hour and I'll bet a case of beer they'll commit suicide a tryin to get out."

Well Mable accordin to television the boys really had a swell Xmas at Fingal. It was wonderful the way the padre handled the refreshments, without any previous rehearsals he just rolled them in, whipped the tops off and dished it out. It shows you can't keep a good man down. Some of them said that about the beer too. I think the ginger ale people should at least give the padre and George Greason a medal for being the only ones that drank their wares. S/L Gobeil put on a good show too Mable, but when Sgt. Barr insisted "he didnt want to set the world on fire" F/Sgt Herbert added "Amen."

If you are writin your cousins you can tell them to give up their jobs in the lumber camps up north because we are not going to have any conscripshun. Jack Gray gave me his word on it. I dont know how yer old man froze his feet over New Years because the alcohol in his system must test eighty below. Well I sees my old friend

Don Marks is back on the job again Mable and he wants to know when Im takin him with me some week end Im goin to see you. I'll let you know so yer old woman can keep her boots on while he's there and not show us up. Don wont mind sleepin in the cellar with me and we could leave the dog outside that night so we could have a little more room. Well I guess this is the works for this time Mable so yours till Winnie runs out of seegars.

ACEYTOO HARDBOTTOM.

Once in a Lifetime

F/L Coady of the well-known W. & B. Section held a cribbage hand the other night to thrill the heart of the best of us. In competition with F/O Thomas, F/L Coady was dealt a hand of three Fives, one Diamond, one Club and one Spade, supported by the Jack of Hearts and two odd cards which were discarded. On the cut and turn-up of a pack card, what should turn up but the Five of Hearts which, of course, gave a perfect hand, a score of 29 points in itself. However, he needed this hand plus a few 16-point hands to win against the keen playing of F/O Thomas.

Water Is For Fish. Anyway!

Added to our Personal Staff is a man from our Dominion Capital, none other than Mr. J. G. McCullogh. He is our new Barrack Officer and comes to us as a man of the service, having seen action in the last war.

Employed in civilian capacity, he did not have the questionable luck of being seen by Dr. Smith for the usual pep talk.

Had this taken place, he probably would not have sipped so freely of the sulphurous brew which flows so freely from the Fingal faucets. The results were of rather explosive nature, and there was much opening and shutting of doors for the next 48 hours.

Dr. Smith reports that the resulting corrosion will not resemble the state of the Fingal water pipes. He congratulates Mr. McCullogh on his complete recovery and has no fear of any recurrence.

Save for
Victory!

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Ask the Entries
who have banqueted here.

QUEEN'S HOTEL

Sid. Smith, Manager

LETTERS TO ROCKY

DEAR ROCKY:

A bunch of us lads who haven't been to T.T.S. would like to get a blackboard to draw out charts and diagrams on. How can we get one?

ALGERNON KLUNK.

Answer:

Well, Klunk, I'd suggest you stand behind No. 2 Maintenance and next windstorm, when a big hunk of roof blows by, grab it, and nail it on a couple of sticks, chalk up and concentrate.

DEAR ROCKY:

Even tho' I get up at Revally in the morning, by the time I shave and eat breakfast, it's time to go on parade and my shoes ain't shined. Could you help me?

SAMMY TWERP.

Answer:

You asked me to help you; well, I barely get time to have my own stuff done. But try smearing shoe polish between your sheets, then go to bed with your boots on. After rolling around all nite, you'll wake up with a nifty shine. Never mind if your legs get black; your pants will cover that up.

DEAR ROCKY:

I go out with an officer in the W.A.A.F. Do you think I should salute her when I say goodnite?

PUZZLED PUNKIN.

Answer:

Well, Punkin, your question is a tough one, but I'll try to help you. But remember, you asked for it. (Why does she go out with such a stupid guy?) Sure, salute.

DEAR ROCKY:

I have a grey dress shirt which has the collar all soiled with grease. How should I get this stain off?

NICK PHONEY.

Answer:

Well, Phoney (you're not a corporal, are you?), this ain't the household hints department, but I can see you mean well, so here goes. Soak the shirt in Fingal water and glue, wring out, and smear the collar with button polish, allow to dry, and file for 15 minutes. Have you done that? Oh well, it's not an issue shirt anyways, so you couldn't wear it. Sorry, Phoney, just button your greatcoat up at the neck; none will notice.

Station News

Christmas Chimes

Through the ingenuity and patience of L/AC Dan Eaton, our electrician of the Entertainment Committee, the Christmas cheer and spirit became a living reality during the past Yuletide season.

A loud speaker was rigged up outside on the corner of the Recreation Hall, and by means of recordings Christmas carols were gently wafted over the Station.

To say the least, it was appreciated by all and, according to rumor, especially by the Sergeant-Major. No longer on his hands fell the task of singing all good airmen into the blissful hands of Morpheus — the chimes were enough.

Christmas in the Airmen's Mess — or It Could Only Happen Once

Most notable in the Airmen's Mess were the commissioned waiters and it is generally agreed a good job by all.

Head waiter, our most genial C.O. and most original act was Fire Chief Sgt. Barr's rendition of "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire." Needless to say, he didn't.

The call of the wild came to light in Sgt. Fowler's attack on that turkey—shades of the days and ways of Henry VIII.

Many New Year's resolutions were broken when the beverage arrived by express. Your editor noticed one AC/2 Gauthier surrounded by a ring of bottles which he claims belonged to and were drained by his close friend, one Maltais, J. E. (no official score).

George Greason seen with many a bottle but never an opened one. Only complaints of the day as your reporter sees them was the shower of soup that one or more unsteady waiter delivered on an unsuspecting airman.

Greatest hand of the day went to Orderly Officer D. Roberts when in a confident voice he sounded the old familiar "Any complaints?" The silence that followed was terrific.

Presiding at the piano, our old friend "Smitty," who sang a ditty and carried the show as only he can do it.

From our point of view the dinner was an entire success and to Sgt. Faulkner and his staff, who made it so, we, the airmen, say thanks for everything.

HOLIDAY EVENTS AT HOSTESS HOUSE

Party Held for Children at Fingal; Airmen Appreciate Hospitality.

Santa Claus made a post-Christmas visit to the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School on the occasion of a party arranged for wives and the children of the men of the School residing in the district. Seventeen children from Fingal were present, with a number of the mothers, to welcome him on his arrival. Santa Claus, impersonated by Flt/Lt David Gowdy, Padre of the School, arrived by airplane and later distributed candies and gifts to all the little guests. A beautifully decorated Christmas tree was a feature of the party, which concluded with cookies and ice cream for the children and tea and Christmas cake for the mothers.

Mrs. L. V. Savage, who is in charge of the Hostess House at Fingal, arranged the delightful

party, and expressed her appreciation of the generous donations by individuals and organizations which made the event possible, as well as of those who entertained the airmen themselves during the holiday season. Special thanks was extended to Flt/Lt Gowdy, Rev. D. W. Pomeroy and Sergt. Smith, who conveyed the young guests and their mothers to and from the party; to the St. Thomas City Dairy, the Contact Club, the Duration Club and Mrs. George Dingman, the ladies of Dutton and Talbotville, the Pepsi-Cola Company and the Coca-Cola Company.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS ONE?

A young airman, in Ottawa, posted to a Station on the Pacific Coast, booked passage on a Trans-Canada plane. Just before the plane was to take off a good-looking young lady rushed up and sought passage, explaining that her mother in Vancouver was dying and she had to get home as quickly as possible. She was told that the plane accommodations were booked solid. The young airman, with an eye to beauty in distress, gallantly told the young lady that she could have his accommodations and that he would travel by train. Unfortunately, the train was delayed by storms. Arriving at Winnipeg, the young airman sent the following telegram to the Station where he was to report:

"Regret delay in arriving. Gave berth to a girl."

Back came a telegram from the Commanding Officer of the Station:

"Congratulations. Your next confinement will be to barracks."

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A Poem for Married Men

We get Xmas off,
The married men said,
While you stay right here
And work until your dead.

We know you'll get New Years,
But when all's said and done,
The party's all over
You won't have any fun.

The power above
Must have heard the men's
taunts,
For the day they left
Clouds rolled from their haunts.

For the next week to come
The sky up above
Kept the ships from the air
And the men on the bum.

After one day of labor
There was no work to do,
And the men found a fit
Indeed were a few.

Smoke periods lasted
From morn till night;
The ground all around
Was covered with white.

Air crews were grounded,
But they didn't mind,
For the first time in history
A class was behind.

We'll make it up New Year's,
We heard officers moan,
And faint to our ears
Came the married men's groans.

They thought we were suckers,
The single men cried,
But the power above
Is still on our side.

They had their five days,
Time didn't go slow;
We had our five days
And still five to go.

The day they returned
The sun shone all around;
The ships now could fly
With no snow on the ground.

The next day the adjutant's desk
Was high piled
With letters recommending
That divorces be filed.

Patronize our Advertisers

- Entertainment -



"MART KENNY and His Western Gentlemen"

PRESENTING . . .

As probably every other contributor to THE OBSERVER has said in his column this month, the holiday season has come and gone. To the rest of the writers it may have been used as an excuse for a shorter article, because as you probably know, fellows, it is a tough job sometimes to sit down and pen a few lines about something or other and make interesting reading out of it, but to this guy the holiday offered unlimited opportunities which your entertainment committee grasped with pleasure.

The first effort was the Annual Station Ball. From all reports, it was really a grand affair. The committee spared no effort and expense to make it the success it was. George Greason was worried about the donated hats that were made in Japan, and I was worried when I discovered that the civilian members of the band had another job to play in London and had to leave us early, but in all everything turned out okay. The Commanding Officer was there and was more than happy to note that all were enjoying themselves. The highlight of the evening was the finale, when everybody (including the C.O.) lustily gave vent to the old favor-

ites, Noel, Adeste Fidelis and Holy Night.

The committee had a surprise when they were offered the services of Mart Kenney and His Western Gentlemen. They provided an evening of grand entertainment, and this correspondent, being an Easterner, thinks maybe the West may have something after all.

The Christmas Eve Bingo merits mention. Every conceivable form of Bingo was played and "Tiny Thompson" would certainly make a good "Joe" for calling the games.

Though the Entertainment Committee had little to do with the arrangements, the Christmas dinner was an event long to be remem-

bered. Sgt. Fawkner's beanery graduated to the Green Room that day because he had everything from soup (though it wasn't Cream of Celery as the menu said) to nuts. He and his staff should receive the highest commendation for their efforts in both the culinary art and the tasty presentation of the victuals. The C.O., his fellow Officers and the Senior N.C.O's were there in good force and spirit, and I really do believe some of them had previous restaurant experience. Both the C.O. and Sqd/Ldr Goebeil proved themselves professionals in the art of story telling. Sgt. Barr only had one fire to look after and, peculiarly enough, it was on top of the kitchen stove.

About coming events—at the moment there is not much to tell. The Recreation Hall is in the process of rejuvenation, and we hope to have a new stage very soon. There will be an Airmen's Dance on the 15th of this month, and the movies will continue as usual, but, although we know that our movie situation has gone beyond a joke in the way of bad sound, we are at present taking the necessary steps to correct this situation. Starting in February, we have six stage shows booked from outside, and one of these will be presented approximately every two weeks throughout the spring season.

Well, fellows, I've talked long and loud as usual, but I hope I've given you the lowdown, so until next month, I am

Entertainingly yours,
SMITTY.

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St. Thomas, Ont.

Winter Softball

Our first winter softball schedule, finishing on December 15th, wound up with Barrack 10A as the winners. Their strongest opposition came from 13A. The members of the winning team, who incidentally were the recipients of a \$2.00 cash award each, were as follows: AC/2 Yankee, L/AC Craig, Cpl. Hume, L/AC Thompson, Cpl. Baker, L/AC Roach, L/AC Hayes, AC/1 Kirchner and L/AC Sowler. Much of the success for the softball schedule must go to Sergt. Miller, who used his time, influence and wit unsparingly in seeing that the teams were out for their respective games.

Volleyball

As in softball, 10A took the honors in Volleyball. Cpl. Baker, who was the guiding light behind both the 10A Barrack team, as well as the other teams, deserves a great deal of credit for his work in furthering this sport. The following are the members of 10A who received the same award as those in Softball: L/AC Thompson, L/AC Craig, AC/1 Ledingham, AC/1 Kirchner, Cpl. Hume, Cpl. Baker, AC/1 Lacy, L/AC Warren, L/AC Lansdell, AC/2 Duffin.

Bowling

With the bowling season well past the halfway mark, the Equipment team are in second place. The Corporals from T.T.S. took the lead when the local boys were caught short-handed, due to absences on Christmas leave. The following week, however, they came back strong and whittled the lead down to one point, and before long hope to regain the ground they lost.

"Red" Herbert's "Froth Blowers" took a fall due to the same cause, and dropped to fourth place in the league standing, but the N.C.O.'s don't seem to be at all discouraged, and will cause a lot of damage when the wanderers return.

The boys on both the teams are improving their averages, and that is saying a lot when you consider the time they have for practice games. First money at the end of the season amounts to about \$75.00 and that is usually enough to make the lads stay in there and pitch.

Some of the fellows who can't sneak out alone bring their wives along to watch the games, and that doesn't tend to make their husbands let up either, as they sure do rib them if the going is tough. The Bombers meet the Froth Blowers on January 21st and you can

lay odds that there will be plenty of fireworks when the two Station teams battle it out.

The team from the Equipment Section is accepting all challenges from Officers on down to bowl singles, doubles or five-man teams for fun, money or marbles, so come on, you bowlers, and make some sort of an answer to the boys.

The averages of each bowler, total pins knocked down, and number of games bowled so far in the season will be published in the next issue of THE OBSERVER, so until then we will sign off.

HOCKEY GAME

The hockey season got under way at the Granite Arena Friday evening at 8.00 o'clock. Amid much blowing of trumpets and beating of drums, our 1942 edition of the Fingal Bombers lined up against one of the old league standbys, the Old Mill, from Lambeth. Although this was an exhibition game, it gave them an opportunity to see what had been accomplished in pre-season workouts. The line-ups were as follows:

Fingal—Goal, Neath; defence, Borland, Meeko, Chapman, Hodgson; centre, Gordon, Krasnowski; left wing, Lapalme, Degagone; right wing, Andrews, Tessier. Substitutes: Brownlee, Archambout, Everrett.

Old Mill—Goal, Moffat; defence, Barrett, Lane; centre, Stableforth; right wing, Legg; left wing, McFadden. Substitutes: Scott, Robertson, Clarke, Bibbings.

First Period

The Station band turned out in full force and entertained before the face-off with some lively martial music which put the large crowd in attendance in a very spirited mood. Right from the face-off Fingal carried the fight into their opponents' territory, bombing them from every possible angle and twice in the first period had the Old Mill goalie out of the net. In the opening of the game the Old Mill suffered a penalty but were able to keep the Bombers from scoring. The game commenced to get a little rough half-way through the first period and high sticks were much in evidence and Chapman for Fingal was given a penalty.

To add to the military spirit three-quarters through the first period the Arena staged an unrehearsed blackout; a fuse was blown, plunging the rink into absolute

darkness. We aren't sure whether the Old Mill scored during the blackout or not. When light was restored, and the game resumed, the Old Mill received another penalty when Robertson was waved off the ice for rough play. The first period ended with neither side being able to push one in.

Second Period

The second period opened up with a bang in more ways than one. On a lone rush Meeko was spilled and suffered a dislocated collarbone. Fingal, in a revengeful mood, returned with a series of brilliant passes to score the first goal of the game. It happened when Andrews whipped a fast, brilliant pass in front of the goal to Gordon, who flipped it past the goalie for the first Fingal score of the game and series.

The Old Mill came back with plenty of zip and fired two hard, fast shots in succession at Neath, the Fingal goalie, but he calmly turned each aside and the Bombers soared down the ice and smashed another direct hit home for the

second goal of the game. On the goal Gordon got the assist while Andrews scored the goal. The second period ended with the Bombers leading 2-0.

Third Period

The third period opened faster and more furious than either of the other two and the Bombers carried the fight to the Old Mill. Krasnowski scored another for Fingal, making the score 3-0. The Old Mill rallied their men and after a couple of brilliant saves by Neath pushed a goal past him. This goal was contested as not true but the Old Mill were given it and the game ended 3-1, Fingal emerging victorious.

The Bomber dressing room was a scene of complete and outright bedlam. WO/2 Ordidge was all smiles as well he should have been. And your correspondent goes out on a limb to predict that if Friday night's game is any indication of the quality of the Bombers we shouldn't have any trouble in coming out on top of the league.

And may I say here and now, come out, fellows, and support your team; they are working hard for the School and we can only do our part by supporting them.

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ST. THOMAS

SHOT SHOTS FROM THE GUN CLUB

In spite of the notices in the past in our D.R.O. announcing the organization of a Small Arms Club, there are no doubt a few airmen on the Station who are still a little in the dark about the whole thing. The objective of the Club is not only to improve the marksmanship of the individual concerned, but to provide a new line of sport on this Station which has for the past centuries been one of the leading sports among the leading sportsmen of the world. Annually and bi-annually there are revolver and rifle "shoots" all over the world, which usually provide a handsome award for the winners.

Some two months ago a meeting was called for anyone interested in the organization of a Gun Club. Very few turned out; in fact, hardly enough to form an executive for the Club, but, nevertheless, a club was formed. Arrangements were made to procure ammunition and targets. The St. Thomas Revolver Club was visited and arrangements made to use their range for the small fee of 10 cents per man per night until weather and longer days permit use of the Station range. It is hoped that enough enthusiasm will be shown so that an indoor range may be arranged on the Station.

The revolvers and rifles will have to be owned by the member, but those who are interested can shoot with a borrowed gun until they can procure one of their own. Caliber of the revolver is not set and any caliber may be used, but the rifle will be limited to the .22 caliber. Sights are a matter of choice and are not limited. It is understood that a large range is being built near the lake which promises to be a haven for the men who like heavier caliber rifles.

As well as providing some keen competition between the airmen on the Station, the Club should pro-

vide some sport such as an organized rabbit hunt or "shoots." The Provincial Police Staff stationed at St. Thomas has extended a challenge for a match at our convenience, also the St. Thomas Revolver Club. Advice as to obtaining permission to buy revolvers, and the obtaining of permits to carry them may be obtained at any time from the Club and all assistance possible will be shown by the Club Executive in helping members obtain their particular choice of weapon.

So you fellows who have been boasting of your shooting skill, come out to the next meeting, which will appear in D.R.O., and get into the Club; then you will be able to prove your point. Whether you have a gun or not, you are cordially invited to attend the meeting. For any further information regarding the Club, any of the Executive mentioned below will be only too glad to assist you:

President:

FLT/LT JACKSON (Hospital)

Vice-President:

WO/2 THORPE (Headquarters)

Secretary-Treasurer:

FLT/SGT RAMSAY (G.I.S.).

Basketball

Since the last issue of this paper Basketball teams from the Station have been fairly active.

On December 16th, Fingal "B" team was host to the St. Thomas Technical Institute (High School), and was defeated by a score of 22-6. The play was not as one-sided as might appear from the score, our boys putting up a hard battle all the way—sparked on by none other than F/Sgt "Curly" Coulson!

In the main feature of the evening our first team (to be henceforth known as the Fingal "Observers") handed a licking to the Y.M.C.A. "Kings," a London team enjoying a high reputation in the cage sport. This game was Fingal

all the way, with Walker, Bulanda, Church, Rowe and Gibson playing standout Basketball. Final score, 36-16.

The "Observers" had previously visited St. Thomas, on December 8th, to take on the Y.M.C.A. "Shaitans," and came home with a 32-20 victory.

We feel quite sure that had this winning combination stuck together we could have expected big things of them during the winter season, but unfortunately seven members have now been posted away.

But are we discouraged? No-siree!

If you should happen to see F/Sgt McMahon beating some poor unfortunate over the head with a typewriter, don't be alarmed—it's only our conscientious coach attempting, in his own subtle way, to persuade some prospective basketball player to come out for the team.

If there should be any enthusiasts who haven't been contacted, don't be shy—come on over to the Drill Hall on Tuesday and Thursday evenings—there's room for everybody—and then some.

The Fingal "Observers" have been entered in a local league.

OUR GANG, GUNNERY FLIGHT

In Gunnery Flight there are thirty men,
And everyone's a man;
Just glance upon this record
And beat it if you can.

At the top of the list if WO/2 Shaw,
The best there is, I'll swear,
And if you have a wife
My word to you is "Beware!"

Next comes Sgt. Miller—
We call him "Blitz" for short—
When it comes to playing ball
The lad is quite a sport.

Sgt. Wright is next in line,
Of him I cannot speak;
To find words to describe him
Would be much too weak.

Cpl. Tripp, it seems to me,
Was headed for the church,
But at the final moment
He left it in the lurch.

Of Cpl. Vinnal I don't know much,
He's a new one in our Flight,
But just start matching nickels
And he'll flip with you all night.

L/AC Gatien to me is strange,
He doesn't fit in this life;
In this world there's only one,
And that one is his wife.

Of looks our Victor Grove has none,
But he's the ladies' man;
When it comes to making love
He hides his handsome pan.

Now this guy Hall, the boys call Flash,
Could do nobody harm;
If he has something up his sleeve
I'll bet it is his arm.

(Continued on Page 12)

"THIS TIME WE ARE ALL IN THE FRONT LINE"

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BILLFOLDS
SHAVING KITS
KIT BAGS
HAVERSACKS

At -
RAVEN'S
655 Talbot St. St. Thomas

Our Gang Gunnery Flight

(Continued from Page 11)

Happy hope, the dauntless dope,
To my memory recalls
The times we had at T.T.S.
Behind those glassy walls.

Jensen is our Dandy Dane,
With an accent when he's tight;
When he's three sheets in the wind
For him the women fight.

Tiffany is a quiet lad;
He doesn't drink or smoke;
Doesn't it seem strange to you
That he is always broke?

It seems to me that little Tribe
Is the man that you should
watch;

If you contemplate a drink,
Don't let him near the Scotch.

Cudmore is a local man
Who has lived a thousand years;
If there's a thing he hasn't done
I'll buy a round of beers.

Douglas is a skinny boy,
In fact he is just a rake,
So please don't breathe near him
Or his life you'll take.

Drage is just a joker,
And his jokes are corn;
Adam was telling his best ones
Long before he was born.

Junior Grier, our little pet,
Is starting to unbend;
He doesn't realize a candle
Should be burnt at just one end.

Evans is a rigger,
And as far as riggers go,
When it comes to women
He isn't very slow.

Frosty Friesen seems to have
A problem on his mind;
When promotion comes around
He won't be far behind.

Now the Gardham lad has every-
thing,
He's what most men want to be,
So I will go no farther
For that modest guy is me.

Of Shewchuk there is lots to say,
But I will just say this:
You can always find him in a ship
Dreaming of some miss.

Little is known of Charlie Smith,
We never see him much;
He's always on the sick parade
Or trying to make a touch.

Next comes I am Sheppard,
There's little we can say;
Ask him to help you with a job—
He'll go the other way.

Now there's a guy who's name is
Duy,
Of him I've heard it said

From The Sections

Here Come the Discips

No. 1 Hangar, formerly the home of the Instructional Squadron, now houses a new unit—The Disciplinary Course.

The Discips were formerly stationed at Trenton but have been moved here because of accommodation difficulties for training.

F/Lt Hinton, the Officer in charge of the course, has a staff of six instructors.

WO/2 McKee is the chief instructor. Sgt. Inman is in charge of Physical Training, which occupies about 50 per cent of the new Discip training.

Sgt. Galbraith, Sgt. Buss and Cpl. Maynes have been with the staff for some time.

Cpl. Wright has just arrived to join the staff (a Newzealander) and formerly stationed at Brandon.

There are 133 Trainees on the present course, including three R.A.F. Sergeants from Manchester, London and Liverpool; they have been stationed at No. 32 S.F.T.S., Moose Jaw.

The Discip Trainees go through a rigid and full program of instruction and time is fully occupied. When the course of instruction is complete they are ready to assume the job of Disciplinary.

If he moved much slower
He wouldn't be Duy—he'd be
dead.

Peachy is a quiet lad
Who hasn't much to say;
He sleeps eight hours in the night
As well as in the day.

Wee Boyles, who makes our passes
out,
Is a credit to his name;
If that swelling doesn't leave his
nose
He'll never be the same.

Croasdell there is the little chap
That perks our coffee grounds;
When he shuts that blasted door
There's more than one that
frowns.

Dust Bowl Madle, the prairie boy,
Takes longest to do the least;
Bring out a parcel sent from home,
He's like an in-law at a feast.

Winter caps are now in wear
We heard the major say;
To our ears came the Air Force
phrase:
"That will be the day!"

—CPL. GARDHAM, H. W.,
Gunnery Flight.

HEADQUARTERS NEWS

Well folks, there's been a lot happened around the brain centre (where are all the boos coming from) of the Station since the last edition of this scandal sheet went to press. Corporal F., for Freddie Rigby of H.Q. Orderly Room, alias the Dive Bomber, Ace, and sundry other cognomens, has finally achieved his heart's desire and has remustered to W.A.G., and is now up at No. 4 Wireless School at Guelph banging away at a telegraph key. Ross Jackson, who was lately employed over at the Post Office, has remustered to Pilot and is down at No. 6 I.T.S. at Toronto, Ont., for his initial training. The best of luck, gentlemen—we salute you. Duke Roach, over at the hospital, is champing at the bit now, wondering when his remustering to W.A.G. is going to come through. Doug Reilly of the Stores Section is leaving us on the 20th of January for a nice, soft, cushy job at Ottawa. Gosh, how do some of these guys work it! To the writer, after being 14 months at a garden spot (?) like Fingal, Ottawa seems like heaven, with living out allowance, Hull, and all those beautiful belles—chee, chust tink! Just imagine, gang! You want to go to a show, so you just walk a couple of blocks and take your pick. Instead of having to ride about 12 miles in a cold, drafty, antiquated apology for a bus, sit around a couple of hours until a show starts, and then sit around a couple of hours after the show is over waiting for the bus to go back. Pardon me if I sound a trifle downhearted, gentlemen; last night when the bus arrived at the Station they had to use a blow torch to thaw a couple of the boys out of their seats. Oh well, let's think of pleasanter things—such as when we get the C.W.A.A.F. in here, if ever. Can't you hear the boys walking down the road to the Mess Hall, and the one guy says

to the other: "Gee that new Sergeant has a trim ankle"—or words to that effect. But seriously, gang, it seems a shame that the women have to put on uniform, but maybe it will shame some of these civvies into a uniform when they see their kid sisters running around in one and doing the job that they should be doing. "Well," as the one guy said to the other as the car with an empty back seat and "V's" plastered all over it went whizzing by them as they stood shivering by the side of the road, "'V' for Velocity," and don't forget to buy Victory Bonds.

Stork Singes Tail

While two policemen fought back flames with hand extinguishers and a rural postmaster and a gasoline station attendant served as "midwives," Mrs. W. M. Vanderplume, 23, gave birth to a baby son in a blazing ambulance on Roosevelt Boulevard.

By the next issue we should be able to tell about the grand opening of the fire hall. The firemen are busy on the Station rink. If the cold weather holds out and the airmen show an interest in skating there should be some good times ahead. I believe there are some good hockey players in No. 1 Hangar ready to challenge the Station team. Also a match between the M.T. Section and Firefighters.

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Sparks From the Electrical Section

Well, boys, here we are again, all charged up like a brand new battery. With all the Christmas and New Year's leave finished, we are all ready to settle down and make old Jerry wish the year 1942 never existed.

We have lost two of the original boys from our section since we last saw you—Gordie Plance and Frank Lunn. We wish them the best of luck on the new Station at Mont Joli, Quebec.

Is there anyone who can tell me why Corporals and "A" Groupers don't do any work; is it because they are lazy or don't they know what to do?

There are a lot of pilots on this Station who think that the "PILOT HEATER" is some sort of a gadget to warm up the cockpit; in fact, the other day we asked one of them why he had left it turned on and he said: "We have to warm up the cockpit somehow." (I won't tell his name because that's a military secret just like some of the hash that is served at Faulkner's High Class Restaurant—maybe you've heard of the place.)

I wonder if there is any way we can put a silencer on the Bugler's horn, because it makes too much noise and wakes the boys up in the morning.

Sergt/Major Thorpe has made a New Year's resolution; he is going to tuck us all in bed at night and see if he can't arrange for us to have our breakfast brought to us in bed. (He's a swell guy.)

I think the mechanics should take that fan off the front of the aircraft in the winter-time because it's cold enough upstairs without that going all the time.

Well, I had better scam; the C.O. is after me.

Well, I had better scam; the C.O. is after me. (Don't worry, Fishy, you'll have the wife after you now; and about the Corporals and "A" groupers, they replied to your query by the remark that work is only for strong bodies and weak minds.)

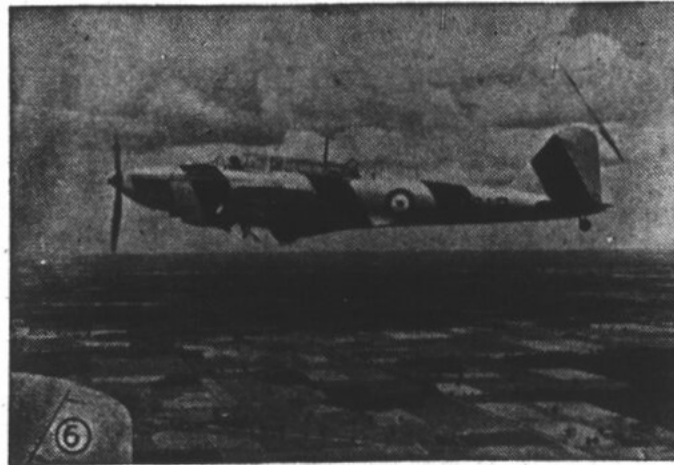
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SEEN THROUGH A BOMB SIGHT

Yes sir, I nearly froze me eye tother day peeping thro' the ole bomb site, the weather's that bad these days, but even tho' the wind brung a tear to the old optic, I managed to see a little of what's goin' on round Fingal B. & G. 4. Swarming all over the place was a gang of corporals; I never seen so many before, seemed hundreds of them, and when I see Corporal Addley walking around the mess hall with his coat on inside out to hide his two hooks, I don't blame him any. My Sergeant Major woulda had his picture in the Observer, only the camera man couldn't locate him, as he was busy gettin' up a hockey scrap with some other RCAF gang of puck-chasers. I hear that Sergeant-Major Ordidge has quite a string of heavy and fast meat for his hockey sticks too—nice goin' suh. Limpin' along in civilian clothes, I spot a guy—nice lookin' chap too—has been around these diggins a long time too, but a bad foot caused him to leave the service. We all miss old Ging—yes sir, we worked together when ole Bombing flight was really hyballin'. I believe I noticed a big drop of moisture glistening in his eye as he pulled off the blue to don civies.

There's something about a con-founded outfit where men are all the one and same. You hate it, curse as you shine shoes, swear about the grub, yell about not getting passes; but that's the part that is the oddest of all, you're in with an idea that you are doin' your bit for democracy. After all's said and done, take off them blues, and whatta ya got? That's when you realize that anybody, anywhere, can be a civilian, but only

men like yourself can wear the blue.

And from where I sit, I can't see any part of the old globe, other than where democracy stands defiant, where you will find the same feeling, which in itself is enough to batter down and annihilate all the Hitlers, Japs and other mad dogs that were ever spewed from hell.

Ain't it the tuth?

FIRE FACTS

This may happen near our new Fire Hall. Are we ready? A tank truck, carrying gasoline was discovered to be on fire in the congested area in Tulsa, Okla., by firemen as the transport passed the central fire station. Flames were seen coming from fittings on the top of the rear tank compartment. The driver was unaware of the fire until it was brought to his attention. He abandoned the truck about 150 feet from the fire station. The fire chief, who had witnessed the burning truck, ordered one pumper into service, and turned in an official alarm. With the aid of one stream the firemen tried several times to separate the fire from the vapor emitting from the tank; additional lines were used to keep the tank cool. The firemen then tried to smother the fire by covering with wet tarpaulins and the aid of fog nozzles. However, a snug fit could not be obtained because of tank fittings. Then the use of foam was tried, the pressure of escaping gases made this method ineffective.

Bulging of the tank caused the firemen to withdraw a safe distance for fear of an explosion. Still playing water on the tank a rumble was heard and the clamps holding the manhole cover on the rear compartment gave way, followed by a sudden surge of flames which reached up to about 60 feet.

Several firemen received burns as a result. Buildings were in danger for about 20 minutes while the fire was at its maximum intensity. In all, the fire lasted over an hour. The fire started from a partly open manual valve on the rear compartment. Fumes were ignited in some unknown manner.

Maintenance Proud of Their Products

MONT JOLI, Que., Jan. 11.—Deckhand, taxi driver, logger, construction hand, mechanic, Frederick Jan Dikken has a new job—this time with the Royal Canadian Air Force. He is an aero-engine mechanic at the Bombing and Gunnery School at Mont Joli, Quebec, and is feeling pretty angry these days. A native of Utrecht, the Netherlands, he wants to go to the Dutch Indies to fight the Japs. When he says Japs he prefixes several adjectives.

Dikken, who is 23, went to Washington, D.C., with his family at the age of 12. He went to school in London, Ont., and then got a job on United Fruit Company liners flying down to Rio and Buenos Aires. Tiring of this, he bought himself a woodlot in Northern Ontario and cut wood there for a while before going back to London as a construction job hand, a transport truck driver and then a taxi-man.

He would like to join his father, much as he enjoys his life in the R.C.A.F., because he thinks then he would have a better chance to fight the Japs. His father, also Frederick Jan, is a first-class warrant officer with the Royal Netherlands Army, known in Canada as the Dutch Legion, stationed at Stratford, Ont. He hates to give up the idea of getting away from planes, though, because he has been interested in them as long as he can remember and his hobby is building model aircraft.

Dikken joined the R.C.A.F. in November, 1940, and has been stationed at London, Toronto, St. Thomas and Fingal, as well as Mont Joli.

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OFFICIALS LIST RESTRICTIONS FOR LETTERS

Despite repeated warnings from Headquarters and by various Station authorities, despite all the propaganda releases by the official publicity departments, information prejudicial to the safety of Air Force personnel sometimes leaks out.

In enemy hands this information inadvertently disclosed in most cases, seriously endangers the lives of members of the armed services crossing to the scene of battle; and in other cases delays and disrupts plans of the Allied forces. Much of the information leaks out in ill-advised letters and telephone conversations, officials state.

Personnel proceeding to embarkation points have been advised of restrictions on correspondence. Photographs at sea or at port are forbidden, while any reference in letters to port or date of embarkation, route of travel, name of ships, size of convoy, enemy attacks or losses sustained, naval escorts, nature of cargoes; number of personnel or the port or date of embarkation is prohibited.

Telephone conversation should be watched accordingly, and no information of any nature should be imparted to undisclosed questioners. In any case, official information can be issued only by those in authority. Penalty for breaches of these regulations, authorities state, is destruction of correspondence by censors, and may result in charges being laid for disobeying an order, a court-martial offence.

—"WINGS," YORKTON, SASK.

BOMBING

Greetings for 1942 Fingalites, even though Bombing Flight regrets that the year ended with our esteemed F/Lt Finnegan, Officer

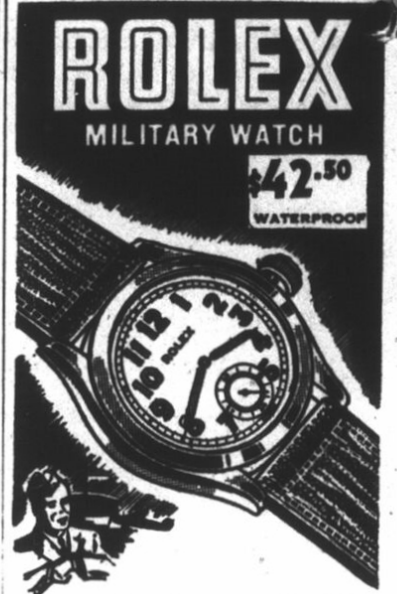


"FINE PITCH"
The Proud Pet of Bombing

Commanding Bombing, should have left us. With him went the popular Officers, F/O (Dart Owner) Smith, F/O Calvin Hall. All these Officers were from the United States, and the fellows at Bombing really enjoyed working with them; in fact, if I said they were "the tops" I'm sure it would also be expressing the opinion of all the fellows who've been associated with these gentlemen, and they will certainly be missed by us all. Before he left the F/Lt addressed the

fellows and said he regretted having to leave us and that he enjoyed being associated with Bombing Flight. We are very fortunate to have in his place two Officers taking charge who are also very popular here. They are F/O Stevenson and F/O Gauldin, and we feel very happy to have them take over where F/Lt Finnegan left off. As an appreciation of our F/Lt the boys all contributed and presented him with a pair of flying glasses, which he spoke of as being a most suitable and quite valuable gift. The Flight has just learned that our kitten mascot has been

promoted to the rank of L/AC and the fellows feel quite jealous at "Five Pitch's" new promotion which was presented him for entertaining Bombing Flight. By the way, we are publishing a picture of our mascot in this edition and copies can be obtained for 15 cents. In the sports field Hut 18A, which is the abode of members of Bombing Flight, has been doing well in the Barrack Matches which the Commanding Officer commends to us as being very important in keeping the fellows healthy and in good shape. In the Ping-Pong sphere we feel proud to announce that yours truly (the writer) has taken on all comers from B Flight



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and was fortunate to be Bombing Flight's Ping-Pong champion.

I think that most of the fellows had a real nice time over the holidays and the writer himself had an enjoyable vacation. My thanks goes to Sgt/Pilot Rodney, who drove within two miles distance from my destination. So I'll conclude with "Keep 'em flying and here's to a Happy New Year."

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