

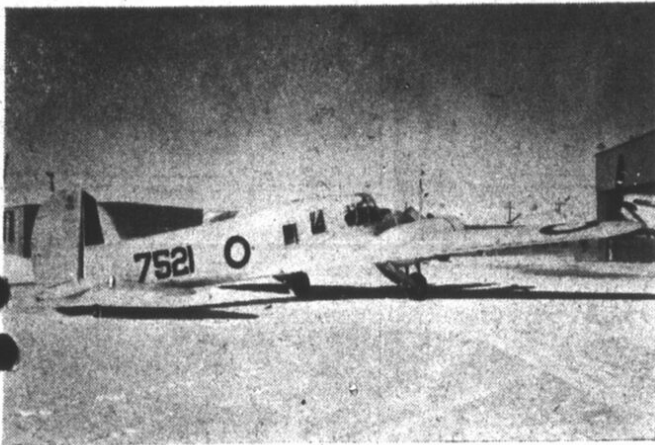
THE FINGAL OBSERVER

No. 13, Monthly

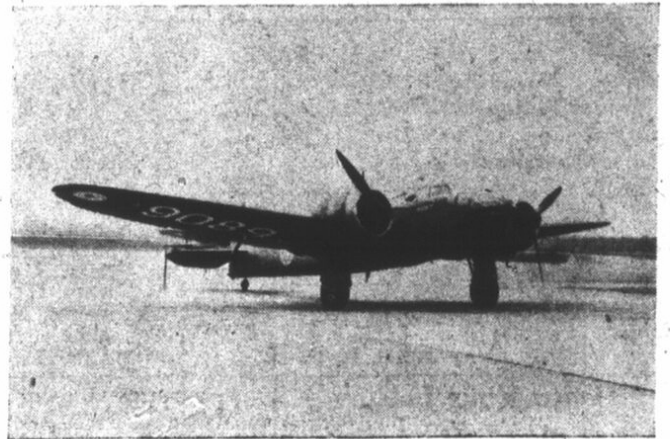
No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, R.C.A.F., Fingal, Ontario, Canada

February 15, 1942

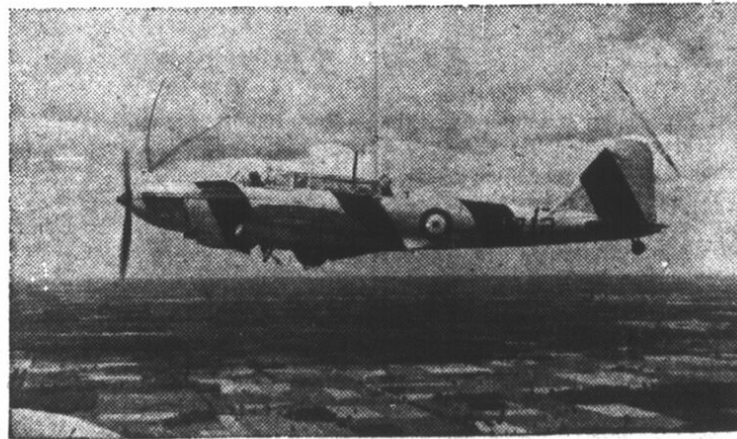
Newcomers To Fingal!!



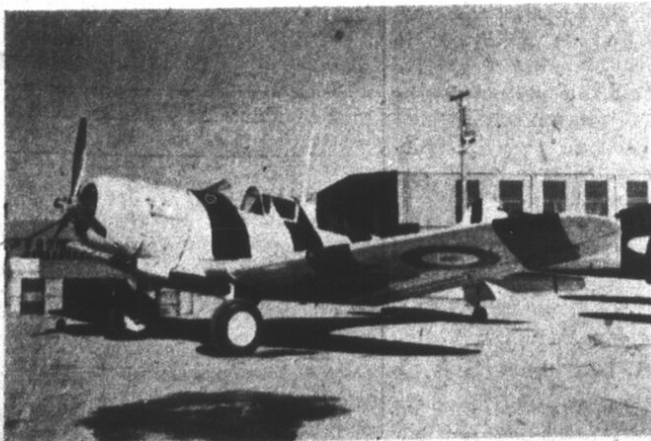
AVRO-ANSON
New Addition to Bombing Flight



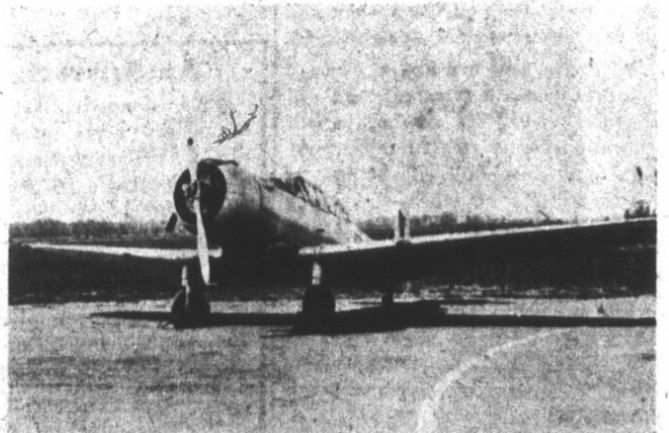
BOLINGBROKE
The New Gunnery Practice Ships



FAIREY BATTLE
Old Standby for all Flights



NORTHROP NOMAD
The Recent Boast of Droque Flight



YALE TRAINER
Pilots' Favorite in Refresher Flights



The Fingal Observer

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WING COMMANDER A. J. KENNEDY

"God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise and hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the mighty."—1 Cor. 1:27.

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Using Your Leisure

In civil life we call it "leisure," in the Air Force we call it "Off Duty," but it all amounts to the same thing. Every man, even in uniform, finds time every day that he can call his own and which he may use as he wishes. What men do with this free time is a fair index of their character and ambitions. But we have no intention, however, of assessing character in this column. It is enough to suggest some means that are provided in the Force for the profitable use of your leisure.

If you are fond of reading, we have a library which is fair in selection for a Station of this size. Shortly it will be augmented by new books.

If you are athletically inclined, there is a sports depot, and a hall laid out for your choice of game.

If your condition of mind or body demands a lighter diversion, there are movies thrice weekly and occasional variety shows thrown in.

If, again, you are anxious to get a more permanent advantage out of your leisure we remind you of the opportunity of turning your full time into an education. It matters little at what stage you are now. Correspondence Courses are offered by the Canadian Legion War Services in Public School, High School, Commercial and Technical subjects. For those at the University stage, some subjects may be taken also by correspondence.

Information on any of the above may be obtained from the Educational Officer.

Some forms of diversion cost you plenty; any of the above cost you nothing.

Deeply Regretted

In this issue we have also to express our sorrow in the passing of Cpl. Seddon, R.N., of the Disciplinarian Course now training here. Cpl. Seddon had just arrived here from Brandon to begin his training when he contracted Scarlet Fever, from which he died on January 24th. His fellow Airmen from the Disciplinarians Course bore the casket in funeral procession at the L. & P. S. station, St. Thomas, and fired the customary volleys before the remains were placed on the train for St. Vital, Man., where burial was arranged. The Station chaplain conducted the rites in his honor.

Our Station and especially his fellow Airmen of the Disciplinarian Course join in expressing the loss and extend sympathy to his parents.

An Appreciation

Enthusiasm in Station sports is usually accelerated, depending on the competition and the prizes awarded to the winners. The value of the prizes on this Station is of necessity limited and the committees are duly grateful for any prize given. In the past the committees have been particularly grateful to the Coca-Cola Company of Canada for their gratuities.

The personnel of this paper echo the feeling of the Airmen in this regard.



Mr. J. A. Shaver

In the last issue we mentioned the presence in our midst of Mr. J. A. Shaver as a pro tem "Y" man in the absence through sickness of G. K. Greason. Since then, Mr. Greason has been transferred to further fields of labor and Jay Shaver has received the appointment as representative here.

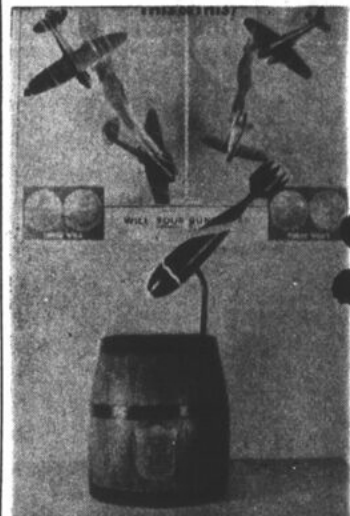
Jay was born on the hills of Ancaster, some seven miles from Hamilton, Ontario. His Public and High School education was received in the Ambitious City. Although a son of the farm he turned his back on the soil and engaged in the lumbering and building trades for a few years. For two winters he attended O. A. C. at Guelph and later got into the insurance business with Metropolitan Life. He stayed with this for eight years until a few months ago the Y.M.C.A. mistook his name for Joe instead of Jay and roped him into the fold. Right away he was awarded Exhibition placement in the stalls at Manning Pool, Toronto. Out of this prominence he was banished into the obscurity of Southwold Township, which is Fingal's other name. Here he has found the job his heart's content and the scope for his native talents. We welcome him and wish him well. He appreciates being called "Jay".

F/Lt A. A. Lampport, S.A.O.

Just as we go to press, the S.A.O. F/Lt A. A. Lampport has announced to us his posting to Trenton.

He has asked us to say that No. 4 B. & G. is one of the best stations he has served on. He added that no one could expect better co-operation than he has received and to all the officers and men he expresses sincere thanks. As he goes away he will carry fond recollections of his associations. We wish him the best and hope to meet again.

PICKLE BARREL CLUB



NEW MEMBERS

Course No. 33—	Course No. 34—
Copeland	Kingsland
Perrott	Kirvin
Jones	Lee
Frith	Young
Copeland	Hught
Jones	Miller
Lugger	Kingsland
Martin	Miller
Scott	Rolfe
Hendry	Shaw
Coburn	Rolfe
Lord	Murphy
Lugger	Miller
Tucker	Kirwin
Shaw	Young
Bywater	Staply
Grey	McQueen
Johnston	Jaques
Coburn	Dibb
Sullivan	Sullivan
Youngblut	Lee
Hendry	Miller
Hendry	Kirwin
Doherty	Jarrett
Tucker	Dibb
Perrott	Sullivan
Grey	Coo
Hendry 3 bombs.	Halliday
	Miller 4 bombs.

Low level bombing, best score lowered to 12 yards by F/O Long and L/AC Miller, W. A., No. 34 A. O. Course. This is the average error of 4 bombs from 2,000 feet.

A LETTER TO MR. ADOLF HITLER

Fingal, Ontario,
Canada,
February 15th, 1942.

Herr Adolf Hitler,
Berlin, Germany.

Dear Mr. Hitler:

In spite of your claims to be a gentleman and a scholar, I fail to recognize any traits of refinement or learning in your attitude today. You strike me as being more a psychopathic personality, prone to rely upon your selfish instincts and nothing less than effeminate intuitions, rather than upon scholastic and civilized reasoning. And slowly but very surely you are slipping from that pathetic stage of primary insanity to stark madness. I well remember your first attempt to climb to power. I lived

England then. We agreed that the authorities were behaving very nicely when they threw you into jail. But, being accustomed to mad idealists who would turn the world inside out with one dashing stroke, we felt you would return to the world the better for your incarceration and, like so many idealists, follow saner and more constructive paths after you had had an opportunity to think matters over. I recall the first pictures that appeared in the press directly after you had gained your freedom. As many people remarked, seeing you standing beside an automobile, looking so English in a raincoat, you looked like "not a bad bloke." Then you finally overcame Von Hindenburg's dislike for a "rude paperhanger", and became chancellor. We still insisted that you were not a bad bloke. You had an opportunity to make good. People believed in you. The world had no quarrel with Your Germany. We forgot the past and strove toward a better future. We even backed you, fools that we were. Backed you and wagged admonishing fingers at Churchill—God bless him—when he demanded that we take stock of Germany's secret re-arming, and at Baldwin, who declared that our frontier was still the Rhine. We slapped their hands and put them to bed without supper, stupid and trusting English that we were. The war was over and everybody had lost, so we wanted to settle down to our business—as G. B. Shaw so applicably puts it—of shopkeeping. We trusted you at Munich. But then, it is a British trait to have faith in human nature until the last hope is gone. Shame was heaped upon us. We were called The Betrayer. But you know in your heart who betrayed, Adolf. You cannot fool



yourself. No man can look into a mirror and deny the truth about himself. The ballyhoo he presents to a criticizing world drops from his shoulders and reveals his nakedness. You now know what a fool you are. Your heart must be bitter, thinking of the time you first detoured from sane to insane actions. And I suppose it is very heavy under the yoke which you cannot now remove. We might have helped you remove it—then. But not now. Now we are cold and cruel. More than you can ever be, because our anger is so justifiable that nothing shall quench its white heat until you and your tribe of gangsters have gone and all trace of you and them has left the earth forever. You see, Herr Hitler, we cannot be conquered. CANNOT. Why? you ask in impatient amazement. Merely because we shall never bear any yoke you may try to force upon us. We shall die, every one of us, and burn our lands so that not even we can live upon them. All this rather than give up. And all your tanks and dreams shall be of no avail. Nor shall your mad Luftwaffe subdue us. Remember London? Pardon me if I hurt you. It must hurt you to even think of London. It must annoy you terribly because you cannot persuade the stubborn British that it is useless to fight you. No doubt you sit biting your nails to the quick in your bewilderment. Then you scream of new terrors. And we sit back and wait, smiling at your smugness. Can't you see how

ridiculous you are and what the future historians shall say of you? Don't you realize that our anger is new, that it is still in ascent, that we have not yet loosened our terror upon you; that we are a river flowing down to a sea, our waters growing and expanding as we draw nearer to our goal; that we shall soon be a roaring torrent which nothing shall break, least of all stop? We shall rush upon you with all the wrath of all the gods of all heavens—and perhaps borrow a devil or two into the bargain.

But I see you shrug your shoulders. Well then, what about your so-called conquered countries? Conquered, mind you, not by honorable means, but by your wicked infiltration methods and your filthy bribery. You don't call that conquering, do you? You picked a Judas here and there and offered him thirty pieces of silver. And you call that conquering! In every home in every country you have "conquered," someone is praying for victory and hating you with such violence that it makes me pause to think of it. It is so terrible, this Force of Thought against you. The mothers of these countries cry softly many a night for their sons, but grit their teeth and smile because those sons are

still fighting you from the Lion's cave. They open their window curtains when the R.A.F. come along to guide them to their targets. They kill your soldiers in darkened streets and burn your stores. And when we come to invade you they will tear you limb from limb. Call that victory? Have you conquered these peoples? Have you conquered anybody?

And these thoughts do not spring from hatred. I do not hate you, Adolf Hitler. You are not worthy of such a passion. I shall merely do my utmost to help the world be rid of you. A scientist does not necessarily hate germs. He merely seeks ways of destroying them and freeing humanity from their clutches. So shall we destroy you. That is the only task that confronts us today. We are single-minded, single-hearted and single-souled; one mighty force, gathering like a storm upon your horizon. The Americas and British Empire and all the Free Nations of the earth have decided that it is enough. Good-bye, Adolf. And do not pale before the hangman's noose—it is a just reward. And heaven knows, you've cried out for justice long and loud. It shall be yours, don't worry!

Till the lights of London shine again,
MALCOLM L. STORM.

Gentlemen of the R.C.A.F.
THE
EMPIRE HOTEL
Talbot Street
One Block East of L. P. & S. Depot

Welcomes You

Visit Our Modern
COFFEE SHOP and SODA BAR
Excellent Service Reasonable Prices

NEWLY INSTALLED
COMPLETE FOUNTAIN SERVICE

AN EPIC OF OPTIMISM



Very few pessimists have ever achieved anything of note, but the spirit of optimism has been, throughout the ages, an invaluable quality, the possession of which has enabled men to carry through to a successful conclusion tasks which would have defeated their pessimistic and faint-hearted brethren.

And thus we come to record the

progress of one of our officers on the night of February 2nd, when the Station fire-fighters valiantly fought the flames and smoke for over an hour, and saved the Officers' Quarters. The officer to whom I refer is known to many and by many a name—Spike (why Spike, I know not?), Wolf, Tiger, Art and Snuffy—but he is registered at the Station Administration Building as T/Flying Officer Thomas, A. C.

"Spike" spent the evening in the ante-room of the Officers' Mess, bending the elbow occasionally, as is his wont, and indulging in the innocuous game known as Rummy with three of his "betters." At the sound of the alarm, at approximately 2250 hours, all answered the clarion call of duty, thus terminating the game abruptly. "Wolf" gallantly fought the smoke for some minutes, salvaging a little, then feeling weary and in need of cheer, forsook the sub-zero temperature outside the Quaretrs for the genial warmth of the Mess; the urge for warmth within his lanky frame prompted him to absorb a modicum, a mere soupcon, of liquid cheer, and on the sounding of the "All clear" at 2355 hours, he suddenly disappeared.

Early in the morning of the night of the fire the throng gath-

ered in the ante-room of the Mess was swelled by the arrival of an officer who had been inspecting the damaged Quarters. He caused considerable hilarity by announcing that "Tiger" Thomas had, on leaving the Mess, optimistically made his way to the Quarters, ploughed laboriously through three inches of water in the passage to the familiar door of Room 11, better known as the Tiger's Lair, or Snuffy's Snuggery. Though he found the floor wet, that did not deter him, for apparently the bed was dry, so "Snuffy" disrobed, turned down the bed clothes and was quickly wrapped in the arms of Morpheus.

But just prior to submitting himself to Morphy's embrace he carefully draped his coat over a hanger and hung it upon the hook on the outside of his door, buttons out, so that his industrious batman would be quite certain to press the garment and clean the buttons. A photographer was quickly procured and the accompanying photograph taken, to show to what lengths this grand quality of optimism can be carried, even, with the exception of himself, in an uninhabited building, and with the ever-present danger of the fire breaking out again. It is regrettable that the narrow width of the passage did

LETTERS TO ROCKY

DEAR ROCKY:

Can you tell me how it's possible for a G.D. to become a Leading Aircraftman or LAC?

—AIRMAN.

Answer:

Well, Airman, I personally don't think he does become one, but that's neither here nor there; and neither is the G.D. if you ever try to find one to do any work.

* * *

DEAR ROCKY:

When I see an AC coming in with the undercarriage only half down, what should I do?

—IMA RIGGER.

Answer:

Run around and see what parts you need for another aircraft—then when she lands, grab all the stuff you need and head for maintenance.

* * *

DEAR ROCKY:

Some of the boys at the flight

(Continued on Page 5)

not permit the camera man to place his camera at sufficient distance to take in the full length of the door, thus showing "Spike's" shoes reposing on the floor, beside the door, stoutly resisting the onward surge of the rushing waters.

Welcome AIRMEN!

... To The Popular ...

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL

"St. Thomas' Leading Hotel"

THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION,
WHERE GOOD FRIENDS MEET

You'll Enjoy ...
DINING IN THE
COFFEE SHOP
Good Food . . . Perfectly Served

It is our sincere aim to make you feel "at home" during your visits to us while at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School. Your patronage is appreciated to the fullest extent and it is our desire to serve you well. We invite you to make this hotel "your home away from home" . . . a place to dine and entertain amid surroundings that are pleasant and genial.

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

F/O E. Montgomery



It was with the deepest regret and sorrow that the personnel of No. 4 B. & G. learned of the death of F/O Montgomery, late of the Picton Ferry Command and until recently an officer at No. 4 B. & G.

No. 4 B. & G. had the pleasure of having on its staff of flyers one of the most genial and well-liked fellows ever to enlist from our brother country to the south.

F/O Montgomery was born in Oklahoma. He was a civiliam flying instructor at Phoenix, Arizona, and had 5 years flying experience to his credit. He was living in California at the time of his enlistment into the R.C.A.F.

He is survived by his mother, sister and brother, all of whom live in California.

He was posted to Fingal and attached to Bombing Flight and was a very well liked and conscientious flyer.

He was very popular on this Station and he and F/O Johnnie Erwin were inseparable. P/O Woods and Monty were posted at the same time, Woody going to the east coast and since had been killed, also in a plane crash. Monty was posted to the Ferry Command at Picton and was serving in this capacity when he met his death.

Letters To Rocky

(Continued from Page 4)

would like to have an insignia of their own; have you any suggestions?

—WING CHASER.

Answer:

Well, Wing Chaser, it's hard to get insignias these days, but how about having a design of several wing chasers dragging an aircraft up to maintenance to have a leg serviced, backed by a field of drogues, guns and bombs and other insignificant stuff?

* * *

DEAR ROCKY:

What does "Out of Bounds" mean and where did it originate?

—DOWN WIND.

Answer:

Well, Downy, old chump, it originated in the Air Force. You know how tight your pants are—well, if you put your hands in your pockets, and sit down, you can't gettem out till you stand up, so they're "Outta Bounds," or don't you guess so.

Son of Radio Star Trains at St. Thomas

St. Thomas, Jan. 19.—Assisting in the preparation of a mid-winter musical production when he isn't training as a wireless air gunner at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal, is Graham Stafford, son of the "Daddy" in Fanny Bryce's Baby Snooks, radio feature. The young Californian was engaged in radio and screen play and continuity writing before he came to Canada last year to enroll with the Royal Canadian Air Force.

DEAR EDITOR: "I am in a very difficult situation. I am in love with a very beautiful young lady, but my family want me to marry a wealthy widow who is worth at least one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. What shall I do?"

—ANXIOUS AIRMAN!

REMINDERS FROM THE SERGEANT-MAJOR

This column, lads, isn't going to be in the form of a lecture, but merely to remind you of little things which so often slip your memory, and so result in trouble of some sort.

When walking down town in St. Thomas, or elsewhere, don't forget you are from FINGAL, and that FINGAL Airmen have always been one step ahead of the average Airman, in dress and deportment. Keep this in mind and have your coat properly buttoned, hands out of pockets, etc.

This doesn't mean you have to sit sweetly and demurely sipping on pink tea, but make sure you don't cover most of the sidewalk when making your way to the next stop, and don't all the while be looking for someone you dislike, as our private apartments here on the Station have wooden springs and the keepers of the gate just love having tenants for a few days.

Going back a few lines to where we were talking about hands in pockets; this habit is one of the sloppiest a man in uniform can acquire, so just remember what you look like and give your hands a bit of fresh air.

One more before we close for this issue. The barracks are your home, so keep them neat and tidy. Take all those dirty shirts and other clothing off the bar under your locker; they don't belong there. Remove those socks you left walking around the floor, and put them in your locker or kit bag or somewhere out of sight. Keep your bed and the space you occupy clean and take pride in the way your barrack room looks.

It all helps towards a smarter and more efficient service.

Buy a WAR LOAN!

ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES

BUILD YOUR FUTURE ROUND THIS BOOK

Prepared by **PROFESSOR A.M. LOW**

TO MEMBERS OF THE AIR FORCES: You are invited to write for a free copy of "Engineering Opportunities," our 176-page handbook illustrating home study courses in all branches of engineering. Address your enquiries to Canadian Institute of Science & Technology Limited, 86 Chester Building, 219 Bay Street, Toronto.

Special attention is called to our courses in Aviation listed below. These courses have been approved by the Royal Aeronautical Society. They cover syllabuses of recognized examinations in aeronautics but begin with elementary work if necessary:

- AVIATION—**
 - A.F.R.Ae.S. Examination
 - Air Ministry Exams for Ground Engineers, A, B, C and D
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 - Aero Engine Course
 - Aircraft Apprentices' Course
 - Pilots' "B" License
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- ELECTRICAL—**
 - A.M.I.E.E.
 - General Electrical Engineering
 - Electrical Installations
 - Electric Meters, Measuring Instruments
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 - General Wireless
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 - A.M.I. Mech. E.
 - Drawing and Design
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 - Welding; etc.
- GENERAL—**
 - A.M.I.C.E.
 - Civil Engineering
 - Structural Engineering
 - London Matriculation
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Please forward, free of cost or obligation of any kind, your 176-page Handbook, "ENGINEERING OPPORTUNITIES."

Name Age

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Course interested in

The Scott Studio

"Established in St. Thomas Over 65 Years"

HIGHEST QUALITY PORTRAITS
at
SPECIAL RATES to AIRMEN

585 Talbot St. OPEN EVENINGS Upstairs

Plighting Their Troth



FLYING OFFICER AND MRS. ALVIN E. SPRAGUE are pictured here during their marriage which took place Monday evening at the Officers' Mess of the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School. Flight-Lt. David Gowdy, the padre, is shown reading the ceremony, and facing him from left to right are Flying Officer L. G. Peaster, the best man; Flying Officer Sprague and his bride, who was formerly Miss Mildred Ostrander, daughter of Mrs. Lila Thayer, of this city. The groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Sprague, of Las Vegas, Nevada. Following a honeymoon in Nevada, they will live in St. Thomas. It was the first wedding to take place in the Officers' Mess and the guests included a large number of the groom's fellow officers.

HEADQUARTERS

Our friend, Charley Doyle, over in the Orderly Room, entered the ranks of the benedicts last week with a lovely little lady by the name of Colleen Donally. Scotch, did someone say? Congratulations, Chas. It's rapidly getting to the point around H.Q. where a single man is a rarity. Shall we say an envied rarity? Now that all the

surrounding towns and cities are on the same time as the Station, there should be a healthier bunch of boys around the Station, and less people found in the back seats of the Battles sweetly dreaming the happy hours away. Yes sir, that extra hour should mean a lot. Now, if they would only get the CWAAF's in . . . The boys are trying to modify their language to the

point where it will be acceptable to femine ears. And in the mess, tsk, tsk! The one guy turns to the other and in tones of dulcet sweetness, "I prithee fair maid wouldst pass the bread?" The first time a couple of the boys tried their manners on each other, they nearly got drowned. A fella was passing behind them at the time, and when he heard this stuff go on he got so scared he spilled his soup all over them trying to make a get-away before they got violent.

Service to Those Who Serve

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

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

Aylmer Steam Laundry

Cleaners - Dyers - Rug Cleaners

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

Boys! Send her a dainty corsage for the next Station Dance.

We invite the Officers and Men of the R. C. A. F. to visit our uptown shop, where a complete florist service is at their service.

We Can Also Telegraph Flowers Anywhere.

RYLAND'S FLOWER SHOP

572 Talbot St. Phone 413

Discips to Celebrate

No. 10 Disciplinary Course graduates on the 20th of February. By then they will have completed 7 weeks of strenuous training and are well equipped to go out to the Air Stations in Canada to act in the capacity of Discips. All those who graduate go out as Corporals paid.

The trainees have arranged a graduating "do" for Tuesday in St. Thomas. A chicken dinner with all the "trimmings" and entertainment provided by the corporals themselves will be an occasion for good fellowship and honest exchange of opinions.

This is the first Discip Course to graduate from this Station. The trainees have enjoyed the good messing and free shows on the Station and while it is a long way from anywhere it has its compensations.

The next Discips Course will be ready to move in as soon as No. 10 leaves.

It is likely that additional staff will be required for the 17th course. The present course consisted of the following staff: Officer in Command, Flt/Lt H. Hinton, WO/2 R. McKee, Sergt. B. Buss, Sergt. M. Galbraith, Sergt. N. Inman, Corp. K. Wright, Corp. N. Maynes.



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.

STEELE'S

"Reliable for 19 Years"

Opposite CAPITOL THEATRE

ST. THOMAS

TORONTO FATHER AND SONS IN R.C.A.F.



The fighting Cooper family of 296 Main street, Toronto, is shown here, including a proud war-veteran father and his two stalwart sons in the RCAF. The father, Byron Cooper, in the middle of the trio, fought all through the first Great War with the Royal Field Artillery of the British Imperial Army. He is on duty at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School. On his left is Byron Taylor Cooper, a sergeant air gunner, who recently received his wings at Lethbridge, Alberta, and is now overseas. John Cooper, now training at Rockliffe, near Ottawa, is on the right.

(Photo courtesy Meyer Studios)

—Through courtesy of The Evening Telegram, Toronto.

Sgt/Major Landreville



We would like to take this opportunity of wishing Sgt/Major Landreville au revoir and good luck on his recent posting to No. 9 Repair Depot, St. John, N.B. We remember Sgt/Major Landreville when this Station first opened. He then held the rank of Flight/Sergt.

Sgt/Major Landreville enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in Ottawa, the capital city of the Dominion, on the 29th of September, 1928. His home and birthplace was Ottawa also. He was transferred shortly after enlisting to Camp Borden,

where he served as a rigger. While at Camp Borden he was Station trumpeter for seven years.

He was then posted back to his home town and stationed at the Ottawa Air Station until the outbreak of the war. During this time he played in the R.C.A.F. trumpet band for five years and was associated with Sergt/Major Shaw, who is Senior N.C.O. of Gunnery Flight on this Station at the present time. Leo, as he is commonly known, played in the R.C.A.F. band at the time of the King's visit.

At the outbreak of the war he was posted to the east coast and attached to No. 10 Bomber Rec. Squadron. He saw active service with this Squadron but his abilities as an organizer were soon discovered and he was sent to Fingal in connection with the B.C.A.T.P. At Fingal he was Senior N.C.O. of Bombing Flight and then of Drogue Flight, serving in the latter until his recent posting. Many of us on the Station who knew Leo intimately have a great deal of respect and admiration for him. He was a keen, conscientious, hard-working man and deserves all kinds of credit.

We will miss you, Leo, but we know that your posting to another Station will be beneficial for those to whom you are going.

With all our very best wishes for a successful future and with a feeling of sorrow at your departure we wish you Godspeed, and keep them flying!

STATION COMMITTEES

General Fund

W/C A. J. Kennedy (President)

Members:

Flt/Lt A. A. Lamport
F/O D. A. Lane
Two members from each Station Committee

Honorary Members:

Flt/Lt D. Gowdy, Padre
J. A. Shaver, "Y" Representative

Canteen Committee

Flt/Lt A. A. Lamport (President)
Flt/Lt M. P. MacLeod (Secretary)

Members:

WO/2 McPherson, T. A.
L/AC Renaud, L.
AC/1 Peutney, C. E.

Airmen's Mess Committee

F/O D. A. Lane (President)

Members:

Sgt. Faulkner, A. R.
Cpl. D'Entremont, B. L.
Cpl. Leadstone, G. A.
AC/2 Doyle, C. N.

Entertainment and Band Committee

Flt/Lt R. C. Smith (President)
L/AC Smith, R. G. (Secretary)

Members:

L/AC Eaton, D. H.
Cpl. Orr, E. R.
Cpl. Leadstone, G. A.

(Continued on Page 8)

THE FINGAL OBSERVER gratefully acknowledges the contribution donated by Dr. Tracey Brown of St. Thomas. Isn't it a pity we don't have more weddings on our Fingal Station!

ATTEN-SHUN!
R. C. A. F.

Make Dowlers, Western Ontario's Largest Retail Clothing Stores, Your Headquarters for the Extras you need. Complete Stocks of the very Best Values.

AIR FORCE SHIRTS . . . \$1.95 to \$2.50

Gray Broadcloth, fully pre-shrunk. Cut full and roomy, perfect fitters. All sizes and sleeve lengths.

Black Wool Sox . . . 50c to \$1

Black Silk Ties . . . 50c to \$1

Knitted Shorts, Shirts 50c to 75c

Suspenders . . . 50c to \$1

Money Belts . . . \$1.50 & \$2

Handkerchiefs . . . 15c & 20c

Also Headquarters for Made-to-Measure Uniforms and Great Coats

Dowlers

ST. THOMAS

Also at London, Windsor and Kitchener

Sgt. Wilf Inman



Courtesy Toronto Evening Telegram

The above picture illustrates the versatility of one of the Senior N.C.O's on our No. 10 Disciplinary Course. Sgt. Inman was one of the leading artists in the program sponsored by the Evening Telegram for the British War Victims Fund held in the Coliseum at the No. 1 Manning Depot two weeks ago. Sgt. Inman is physical training instructor on the course at Fingal and is also a very polished comedian. He deserves a lot of credit for his part in aiding such a worthy cause.

Station News

Station Committees

(Continued from Page 7)

Honorary Members:

Flt/Lt D. Gowdy
J. A. Shaver, "Y" Representative

Sports

Flt/Lt A. T. G. Graham (President)
WO/2 Mullen, W. J. E. (Secretary)

Members:

WO/2 Ordidge, H. H.
Flt/Sgt McMahon, R. K.
Sgt. Miller, J.
Cpl. Baker, G. J.

Honorary Members:

Flt/Lt D. Gowdy
J. A. Shaver, "Y" Representative

Library Committee

Flt/Lt D. Gowdy (President)
F/O L. E. B. Donnelly (Vice-Pres.)
Sgt. Barrow, R. A.
AC/1 Clarke, F. (Secretary)

Fingal Observer

F/O W. J. Savage (President)
Flt/Lt D. Gowdy (Vice-President and Editor)
Mr. J. A. Shaver (Secretary and Business Manager)

Members:

WO/2 Mullen, W. J. E.
Sgt. Cunningham, R. D.
Cpl. Stone, R. P.
AC/2 Chapman, E. H. (Advertising Manager)
Donald T. Marks.

FOR YOUR INFORMATION

Above we have given the names of personnel who make up the various Station committees. The members are appointed at the discretion of the Commanding Officer and are in the committees in a representative capacity rather than for personal satisfaction or advantage.

THE GENERAL FUND

In answer to repeated inquiries as to where the Airmen's money goes which is spent in the canteen, we have printed the December statement of the General Fund.

The General Fund is practically embursed by the profits from the Airmen's canteen. The Fund Committee supervises the spending of this entirely in the interests and the welfare of the Airmen. About

50% of the monthly profits is devoted to the purchase of extra messing. By this we mean those articles of diet over and above the government rations. Rations include the table foods, such as bread, flour, sugar, tea, meat, vegetables, etc. Extra messing may be such things as prepared cereals, ice cream, extra milk, sauces and pickles, etc.

The other 50% of the profits are used in providing sporting equipment, necessities of entertainments, furnishings of canteen and the proposed Airmen's Lounge, etc.

Time and time again we have been asked why a greater variety in meals could not be provided. With the same breath the question has been offered as to why more comforts could not be planned in

the way of reading, writing and lounging room. A moment's pause and a glance at the statement will show that we cannot do both. And so in the immediate future while the Airmen's Lounge is being furnished and prepared we may have to make the choice in this direction and ease up on the extra messing and other expenses in order to conserve every dollar for the big job.

The Fund Committee, therefore, will appreciate your forbearance in the campaign and asks for the loyalty of every Airman of this Station in boosting the sales in the canteen. Every dollar spent there is spent at a saving to the Airman, since prices are substantially below store prices. Besides every dollar is an investment in his future welfare on the Station. Get behind your Fund and help us ring up a record at the canteen counter.

GENERAL FUND

No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery School, Fingal, Ontario
Statement of Income and Expenses for Month of December, 1941

INCOME

Donation from Airmen's Canteen.....	\$ 900.00
Other Revenue (Dance Receipts and Library Fines)....	78.55
	\$ 978.55

EXPENSES

AIRMEN'S MESSING:	
Inventory, November 30, 1941.....	\$ 300.31
Purchases for Month.....	661.18
	\$ 961.49

(Continued on Page 9)

Compliments of
Percy Spackman

YOUR  DEALER

Opposite Grand Central Hotel
ST. THOMAS

For Service and Satisfaction!

Call 946

CITY DAIRY

St. Thomas

Doubly-Protected Pure Pasteurized Dairy Products

GENERAL FUND

(Continued from Page 8)

Inventory, December 31, 1941.....	486.96	
		\$ 474.53
ENTERTAINMENT EXPENSE:		
Operating Projector	\$ 10.00	
Records and Lamps	12.87	
Refreshments for Entertainers, etc.....	47.18	
Transportation for Dances and Entertainers..	70.00	
Christmas Decorations	34.31	
		174.36
SPORTS EXPENSE:		
Rental Hockey Rink and Entrance Fee.....	\$ 46.00	
Prizes for Tournaments.....	36.00	
Miscellaneous Expense (Score Books, Whistles, etc.)	2.80	
		84.80
MISCELLANEOUS EXPENSE:		
Donations to Graduates.....	\$ 27.50	
Fruit for Sick Personnel.....	4.50	
		32.00
		765.69
		\$ 212.86
FINGAL OBSERVER:		
Add: Revenue	\$ 147.91	
Less: Expense	144.69	
		3.22
		\$ 216.08
Less Depreciation of Assets Purchased (for Quarter).....		214.22
<i>Balance being Unexpended Revenue for Month of Dec. 1941.....</i>	<i>\$ 1.86</i>	

GENERAL FUND EXPENDITURES FOR MONTH OF DECEMBER 1941

EQUIPMENT, GOODS AND EXPENSES:

Bingo Prizes: 1 box Candy Bars, 400 Cigarettes	
Quiz Prizes: 500 Cigarettes, 1 case Soft Drinks	
December Dance: 11 cases of Pop	
London Life Show: 2 cases of Pop	
Black Cloth for Back Side of Screen	
Airmen's Christmas Dance Prizes:	
6 pounds Chocolates	
2 pairs Socks	
2 flat fifties Cigarettes	
2 Collar and Tiepin Sets	
1 2-pound box of Chocolates	
15 cases Pop	\$ 164.78
Three 2-Hour Hockey Practices in Stratford Arena.....	36.00
Cash Awards to Winning Softball and Volleyball Teams.....	36.00
D. Eaton for Operation of Movie Projector for 2 Months.....	20.00
Recreation Hall Games.....	7.26
Messing Equipment—Kitchen	2.50
12 Electric Light Bulbs—Mart Kenny Show.....	3.24
11 Complete Basketball Uniforms, Short Jerseys, Crests and Numbers	33.99
1 Basketball Score Book.....	.90
2 Basketball Goal Nets.....	1.44
6 Baskets Fruit for Airmen in Hospital.....	4.50
Extra Messing—Jelly Powders, Flavorings and Spices.....	30.70
Victor Records—Recreation Hall.....	8.00
30 cases of Ketchup.....	114.00

(Continued on Page 10)

Instructors of G.I.S. were rather stunned upon examining L/AC Newcombe's progress paper and finding the following "pictorial" definitions of certain Gunnery terms.



HARMONIZATION



SIGHTING



TRACER



INCENDIARY

GAGS

First G. D.: "What are you doing here?"
 Second G. D.: "Looking for work."
 First G. D.: "Then you better look some other place; there is plenty to do here."

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ST. THOMAS
We Print the Observer and Aircraftman

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UNIFORMS and GREATCOATS**

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 Our Representative will be at Officers' Quarters
 Weekly for Short Periods.

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FOR SMOOTH FROZEN ICE CREAM

AS SUPPLIED TO THE MESS

VAIR & BALKWILL

Talbot Street

PHONE 653

St. Thomas, Ont.

"TWEEDSMUIR REVUE"

On Wednesday evening, January 28, the Canadian Legion (Tweedsmuir Branch) presented a sparkling variety show in the Recreation Hall at the Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School. Genial Art Mann, the business manager of the "Tweedsmuir Revue," acted as Master of Ceremonies in place of Mary Bishop Wintour, who was ill. From the opening curtain to the finale the show was a fast-moving series of musical and comedy numbers which were encored repeatedly by the Airmen.

The most popular features of the Revue were presented by the younger members of the cast. Doug Lowe, with his London Music Hall comedy songs; Sonny Brether-ton and his accordion, and Jerry Slaughter, with his drums, were outstanding and were called back for encores time after time. The Wintour Girls—Dorothy Dodd, Marion Fitzgerald, Jacqueline May, Shirley Wilson, Marion Topping, Beverly May, Phyllis Perry and Shirley Warren—presented several effervescent dance routines. Marion Fitzgerald's song and tap dance and Jacqueline May's Spanish and acrobatic dances were especially popular with the Airmen. Jan Martin was their able accompanist.

Wally Herber's bass solos were also greatly appreciated and the men joined him in zoom-zooming his "Big Bass Viol." The Excelsior Quartet, consisting of A. E. Oultram, Harold Carter, J. McPherson and Art Christie, accompanied on the piano by I. Tomas, sang several well-known selections. Reg. Fudge

- Entertainment -

literally sawed his way into the hearts of the Airmen with his melodious selections on his musical saw.

The 12-piece orchestra, under the direction of Arnold Say, provided entertainment for the Airmen before the curtain went up and during the intermission.

The Airmen thought that the performance was one of the best seen at the School this season and cheered lustily when it was announced that all the "Revue" would be back again.

For those who haven't heard the latest, we now have our new Movie Projector and Sound Equipment installed and it is to be hoped it will do away with the interruptions such as those we used to have—remember hearing "Focus,"—"Louder"—"Not so damn loud"—"The ole machine is shot," etc.?

Along these same lines, it may be interesting to know that in the not too distant future you will be getting films direct from the production line in Hollywood, so that actually you will see the new pictures up to six months before the general public will see them. The armed forces are getting more recognition all the time.

There still seems to be some men at No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery School who are interested in the game of table tennis—or Ping Pong

as the Chinese know it. However, the point is the "Y" has supplied six more brand new Bentley tables for your favorite sport and entertainment; now the tournaments will be more highly contested than ever.

While on the subject of equipment, a word of appreciation should be passed along to the M. T. division for their whole-hearted cooperation in assisting us in our work. Whether its movie machines, films, ping pong tables or incidentals, the boys say "O. K." and you can bet it is on the way.

Apparently some of our boys don't realize the calibre of entertainment the committee are getting for your enjoyment. We can't understand why the "Rec" Hall wasn't jammed the night of the Lifebuoy Follies show. How about the next show, eh?

The Fingal Bombers Hockey Team deserve all the support we can possibly give them. They are playing many exhibition games and yes—they're winning them, too, so let's get out there on the sidelines and really cheer.

THE LIFEBOUY FOLLIES

The No. 4 B. & G. School at Fingal maintained its usual fine standard of entertainment on Thursday, February 5th, by presenting the Lifebuoy Follies. Costume appeal was quite evident and contributed its share to the beauty of the show.

Although there was no controversy as to the equal beauty of the female performers of the show, a beauty contest was nevertheless conducted by Pat Rafferty and naturally all contenders won, much to Pat's consternation. Songs, both new and old, sweet and hot, were voiced by Mildred Moray, Sash Dener and Irene Hughs, and were made supreme by Harold Rich's piano accompaniments.

Numerous times the hall echoed with joy as the boys in blue listened to lovely Helen Bruce and Dorothy Merrall in their melodious selections in song and on the accordion. All agreed that the girls of the cast were excelled in their performances only by their good looks.

This note would not be complete unless we told you that the genial manager of the troupe was none other than Mr. J. L. Cheetham. He is the man behind the scenes to

(Continued on Page 11)

GENERAL FUND

(Continued from Page 9)

55 cases of Bran Flakes—Kellogg's.....	90.75
55 cases of Corn Flakes—Kellogg's.....	71.50
Hockey Equipment—Uniforms, Pads, Sticks, etc.....	110.73
Extra Messing—Fruit, Soups, Nuts, Special Vegetables, etc.....	224.79
Bus for Dances—St. Thomas to Fingal.....	48.00
Entry Fee for Hockey Team in St. Thomas League.....	10.00
175 pounds Frozen Pork Liver.....	20.52
4 Fountain Pens—Prizes for Graduates.....	27.50
Celery and Vegetables.....	16.80
Bus for Dance—London to Fingal.....	22.00
Ice Cream.....	90.00
2 pounds Holly—Christmas.....	1.80
6 pounds Yeast—Baking.....	1.25

\$1,198.95

Messing Inventory as at November 30, 1941....\$ 300.31
Expenditures as above..... 1,198.95

\$1,499.26

Less Inventory as at December 31, 1941..... 486.96

Extra Messing, Entertainment, Sports,
etc., for the Month of December, 1941.....\$1,012.30

Of the above:

\$442.96 represents Extra Messing.

\$569.34 represents Entertainment and Sports Expense.

*A Pleasant
Place to Shop*

GOULD'S

*Elgin's
Biggest Dept. Store*

Make This Store
Your Headquarters

J. H. GOULD, Limited
ST. THOMAS

SOFTBALL

The Softball schedule as drawn up and played to January 21st has had to be thrown into the discard, much to our disappointment, after getting away to a fine start before Christmas.

Since Christmas there has been a big falling off of interest shown with many defaults and we believe this is due to the fact that ball nights fall on show nights, also that hockey nights seem to be the same, and with so much interest shown in hockey the ball has fallen out of sight.

It is planned to try a revival with six teams taking part and playing on Tuesday and Thursday, ahead of Basketball, so we will have eliminated the two major reasons for not coming out. We plan to have our schedule ready shortly and ask all players to help put it over with a bang to finish up our indoor season.

- Station Sports -

THE VOLUNTEER REFEREE

I am today an outcast. Unclean. Beyond the pale. In the course of my daily duties I look eagerly, nay suppliantly, for a cheery hello; a word of commendation; or even, so low have I become in spirit, a sympathetic word. But none do I get. The Good Book says, "Cast thy bread upon the waters," but all I get cast at me are glances of reproach; so many, in fact, that I am slowly turning into a creature of furtive habits, who slinks around with his collar up, and his winter hat on, so that none may recognize. I even peek around corners now for fear that any time now stones may be cast in my direction. And with so many machine guns around, 'tis a small step from stones to bullets, so who knows my eventual fate? Perhaps, to paraphrase a famous poet,

"A lonely grave by Erie's wave,"
"Ten miles south of St. Thomas."

The contemptible deed of which I am guilty is that while refereeing a game of basketball between the Station Team and a team from No. 14, S.F.T.S. at Aylmer, I had so little loyalty that I allowed Aylmer to win. I hang my head in shame. But, may it please your Lordship, and gentlemen of the jury, pray listen to my pleadings.

In the first place, I did not ask to referee. I was merely tossing the ball around with some of the boys when the manager of the Station Basketball Team came up and requested me to referee. He told me that a civilian referee had agreed to come out to the Station, but at the last moment had phoned up to say that he would be unable to come. I explained to the manager that I had not even played the game for two years; that I had forgotten half of what I knew (half

of nothing did someone say?) that I had never refereed a game before, anyhow (I had just a nodding acquaintance with the referee, you know, when he nodded me off the floor) (corn) that there would be many new rules which I did not know, and finally, and not the least important, that the opposing team looked too tough. But he remained firm in spite of all my blandishments. He appealed to my loyalty, to my honor, to my vanity, and finally, since I had been edging nearer the door all the time, and by this time was near enough to consider a wild dash for freedom, told me that there was nothing I could do about it anyhow as he was my superior in rank, and handed me the whistle. I accepted the whistle gingerly, like a man being handed a poisonous reptile, or the way Socrates accepted the cup of hemlock.

When I brought the teams together for the jump, I explained the situation to the opposing teams and asked them not to be too hard on me, as I was going on a "48" the next evening. As I backed away after tossing the ball up, I fell over an Aylmer forward, who picked himself up, muttered something about playing against six men, and ran down the floor with the play. At first, with the courage with which fools and blind men are endowed, I endeavored to follow the play around the floor, but after being bounced on my nether regions four or five times, acting as the immovable object between two irresistible forwards a couple of times and having a couple of passes bounced off my bean, I groggily decided to referee the game from the sidelines, so as to escape such punishment, and also have a head start. Just in case. But refereeing such a fast-

moving game as basketball is very difficult, as there are always two or three dervishes whirling around between you and the ball, and you can't see half the play. Every time I gave a decision to which the Aylmer team would object, the Aylmer guards, who looked like brothers to the Cardiff giant, would advance upon me with ominous tread and lowering brows, and when I would try to back away I would find the Fingal guards bringing up the rear, as it were, so that was my story, and I was stuck with it. But good. Between each quarter both teams visited the timekeeper's bench where I was trying to forget the game in a coke and commented freely and candidly upon my ancestors, my descendants, my ways of living, my moral standard and I.Q. rating. When the final whistle sounded I was nearest the door, so I tore out and down to No. 8 Hangar, where I hid in one of the Battles until "Lights Out" blew, whence I wended my furtive way to my bunk. As our friend Grey once wrote, "The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

The Lifebuoy Follies
(Continued from Page 10)

keep everything running smoothly. Thanks a lot, Lever Brothers, for your Lifebuoy Show, and may we expect you back real soon.



The Hay Stationery COMPANY, LIMITED of London

Are proud of the privilege of supplying the Canteen with quite a large number of items from our immense wholesale stock in London.



Air Force Dress OXFORDS
\$4.00 - \$5.00 - \$6.00
AGNEW-SURPASS
Shoe Store St. Thomas

Compliments of **QUEEN'S HOTEL**
SID. SMITH, Manager

You can bank on
WINGS
CANADA'S *Top Flight* VIRGINIA CIGARETTE

Record of Station Hockey Team

Fingal Bombers vs.

Old Mill.....	3-1
Iron Foundry.....	8-3
New York Central.....	9-4
Old Mill.....	5-2
Brantford S.F.T.S.....	10-1
Old Mill.....	3-2

This is the very outstanding record chalked up by our brilliant Fingal Bombers Hockey Team for the season so far. Two more games are yet to be played and then our team advances to the O.H.A. play-offs.

We can well be proud of these lads who, under the brilliant leaderships of Sgt/Major Ordidge and Sgt. Miller have put Fingal's name in big time competition. Let's walk right into and through them, fellows. On to victory!

Basketball

Since the last issue of THE FINGAL OBSERVER our Basketball team has engaged in several encounters, none of which had a very happy ending.

Our team took on No. 14 S.F.T.S. Aylmer, St. Thomas "Y" and Aylmer Town, in that order, and although all games were close, lack of material told, and Fingal was forced to take the short end of the count. It will no doubt be somewhat of a surprise to the readers of this paper to learn that eight members of the Station Team consist of personnel from No. 10 Disciplinary Course, who are just here for a short time.

The turnout of men for basketball during the past month has been very disappointing, and had it not been for the interest and enthusiasm shown by the Discipis there would have been no basketball. We hope that during the remainder of the season we can at least get enough spectators out to watch the game, to give our team a little of the encouragement they deserve.

Patronize our Advertisers

R.C.A.F.

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\$2.00 without Chocolates
\$2.50 with Chocolates

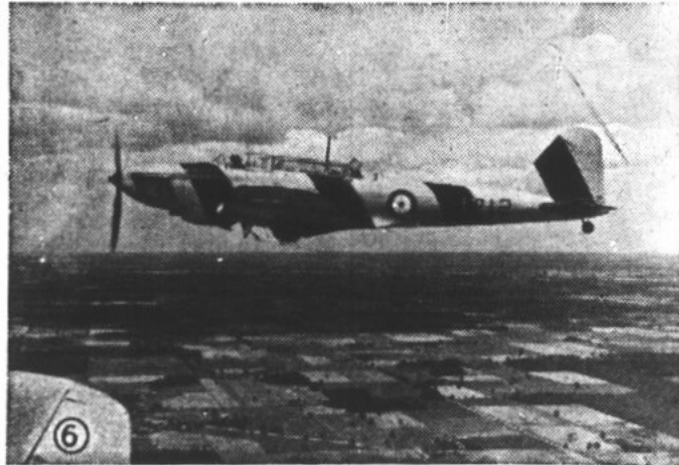
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Regular 60c for 50c

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From The Sections



SEEN THROUGH A BOMB SIGHT

Well, as Major Bowes would say, round and round she goes, but I dunno who's goin around or what, but the weather today and yesterday is enuff to make anybody go around. I thought we had the winter all cleared away, and then all of a sudden, I set all nite stuck in the snow bank, the old Grey Hound Bus wallowing hip deep in stuff that's blowing around and piling up, looked like cream of wheat.

Well, sir, I heard somebody say (all out) long time ago, and I've seen it printed and heard it plenty, times since, but its gradually getting that way—what with gas rationing, sugar bowls off the tables, and some fella making gasoline out of garbage, but the old round and round stuff is still there. Yanking the sugar bowl off the table, when there's four or five pair of manly feet under it, that aren't wearing military brogans, but *could be*, ain't cricket. The only place these lads could go, say we, where men go, is in the door that's marked MEN in beverage rooms.

Looking down from way up here one can always get a better look at stuff than from down below. And I see so many different things being done to help in war work that it helps to counteract the other non-effort goings on—seein as how our good old Queen's birthday is coming along in May—how would it be if each and every member of the fighting forces in Canada would pledge \$1.00 along with a personal feeling of "bound to win" push—for war stamps, it would buy say \$300,000 or \$400,000, well, it's only a buck a piece loaned to

the government, but hell, if the Queen were alive she'd really appreciate it, and it would be just a special little help. Well, here we are Wing slippin away into the 300 word mark, so I'd better get me eye back where it belongs and say toodle-oo for the nonce, so adios.

DROGUE FLIGHT

First, we will define a drogue. A drogue is a big hunk of cloth filled with hot air. It looks like a balloon only it is long instead of round and has a hole in the end "we don't know why." The gunners shoot holes in it so the fabric workers can patch it up. It is blown through the air by the wind from the propeller, which also acts like a fan to keep the pilot cool.

The aeroplane ahead of the drogue is for the gunners to shoot at. A bullet hole in the plane counts

2 points, a hole in the pilot counts 5 points, and if they hit the drogue operator they get a chance at the \$64 question. There is no closed season.

Behind the aeroplane is a long hunk of wire which looks like a clothes line but it is really a fish line. Naturally at the end of the line there is a fish about a foot long. This is trailed through the air as bait for bigger fish. When the drogue operator feels a yank he reels in the cable and sells the fish to Sgt. Faulkner for 3 cents a pound. When he catches 25 pounds he gets 75 cents, which is called crew pay. Fellow Airmen get the wrong impression of our Flight because the word Drogue originates from the Latin word "drip, droop, dropped" and hence many unjust things are said of our Flight. Contrary to belief, there is not a more courteous, more intelligent group of men on this Station (bar Regal).

Any poor girl who can't get date just send them around to Bruce and if he refuses, Hilchie will take her out; Cpl. Nicholson would help but he got married and he sees things his wife's way now.

Congratulations are in order for F/O Sprague, who was married in the Officers' Mess on the 9th of February.

(Continued on Page 13)

Headquarters for
No. 4 B. and G. School

Gettas Restaurant

The Best Place To Eat
Everybody Knows

Candy - Ice Cream
Lunches - Dinners

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DIAMOND HALL . . .

Official Watch Inspector Michigan Central Ry. and Pere Marquette Ry.

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OUR DAIRY PRODUCTS are THE BEST!

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FIRE FACTS

Our firefighters have had some experience since this paper last went to press. And I am sure anyone that helped to put a fire of this kind under control are with me when I say a good job was done by all.

Our new fire hall has proved its worth even before the official opening.

In general, every alarm should be considered as indicating a serious fire, and the response made accordingly.

Alarms for many extensive fires are first sent in by telephone. No feature of Fire Department operations offers a more interesting field for study than those of drills and training and of fire methods. By means of the former the men are kept in good physical condition.

A study of the carbon tetrachloride extinguisher shows that some general beliefs are not well founded. The chief recommendation of the carbon tetrachloride extinguisher is found in the extremely high efficiency of a small volume of the liquid on certain classes of fire, notably oil and spirits of all kinds, varnishes, electricity, etc.

When carbon tet was introduced as an extinguisher about the year 1910 it was believed the fumes from carbon tet were presumed as possibly inimical to human life. As a matter of fact there is no more danger in the use of carbon tet on fires than any other liquid, provided there is ample ventilation. The combustion of any ordinary material generates gases of a toxic and poisonous effect, as carbon dioxide, monoxide, acrolein, pyro-



BOY! IS "THUR" SHOOTING LOUSY!!

there is plenty of equipment. Everything being ready, a final look is taken to make sure the engine is running, and they go up in the air and bum.

After the ideal bomb aimer has fully enjoyed the splendid view, he will endeavor to find the bombing range, where the target is kept. If he has not located it before the fuel supply is exhausted, it is advisable to return to his base. But in the event he discovers the range, the best policy is to release the few bombs. When in the vicinity of the target he presses a small button which consigns the bomb to the will of gravity and fate. This is the customary procedure, and besides it is good practice. The idea in bombing is to hit the target or come close to it, and not, according to popular belief, as far away as possible. But the aimer should not be too discouraged if some of the bombs should miss. For at least one very nice chap has been known to miss using as many as eleven bombs at once in a single super-multiple effort.

After the ideal bomb aimer has dropped several bombs, or if he is getting bored or ill, he instructs the pilot to return to the airport. Upon landing, the ideal bomb aimer will go directly to the plotting office, where he will be utterly amazed at the excellence of his results. If by chance a stray bomb or two has hit the target, he must get pickled and have his name carved on a barrel.

ligneous acid (wood), sulphur compound, etc.

Indeed there is an advantage often with carbon tet in so far that the spread of the fumes is more sluggish than ordinary smoke heavily charged with toxic poisonous gases of combusting material. The fire is quickly extinguished with little damage, which otherwise might have been very heavy. But the operator of the carbon tet extinguisher, having to fight the fire at close quarters, may not be able to avoid inhaling some of the fumes. The effect, however, of inhalation is only temporary, unless the fire has occurred in a very small space with deficient or no ventilation. This statement is contrary to the opinion of many persons, but is nevertheless true, and has been definitely established beyond doubt, by careful tests.

Chlorine gas is present only when carbon tet is applied to hot iron.

Chlorine gas is a heavy, greenish-yellow gas and very poisonous.

However, the danger of poisonous fumes where acids of chemical supplies are to be extinguished should be recognized and safeguarded, according to the conditions whatever the type of extinguisher employed.

Drogue Flight

(Continued from Page 12)

The lunch counter down in our Flight, formerly known as "Leo's Lunch," has now been changed to "George's Grill." This change was made necessary when WO/2 Landreville was posted to St. Johns, Quebec.

LESS CLATTER AND MORE SHATTER
OR
HOW TO BOMB

For the purpose of study let us consider the "ideal bomb aimer," a character bearing no resemblance to anyone living or dead. The ideal bomb aimer should be healthy and should, take frequent rests, drink plenty of milk and avoid popular beverages.

One of his first duties, shortly before he expects to go bombing, is to dress himself in nice warm clothes and to equip himself with chewing gum, a pencil and a small receptacle for gastronomic overflow. His next duty is to find where the aeroplanes are kept. And it is important that the bomb aimer should try quite hard, because if he can do this and also locate the particular aeroplane to which he has been assigned before the time of take-off, he is well on the way to successful bombing.

Let us assume our bomb aimer has attained his objective. The pilot will likely be there to welcome him and assist him into the aircraft. The two may have a little chat and glance around to see that

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G.I.S. PRODUCTION OF GUNNERS AND OBSERVERS

(A bit of information for those who don't come into close contact with the pupils.)

* * *

No. 4 Bombing & Gunnery School is here for the main purpose of production of well-trained and competent aircrew.

This thought *must be uppermost in the minds of all personnel* on the Station whether they are instructors, general duties, pilots, storekeepers, administrative officers, M. T. drivers, mechanics, clerks, etc.

There are many things that are important in the production of aircrew other than their actual instruction.

Firstly—Health

A great percentage of this rests with the Airman himself. A clean, healthy, well-groomed body is a natural requisite of most human beings. Exercise—to keep the blood circulating etc.—is very important. Good exercise can be derived from sleeping late and getting up 15 minutes before parade and dashing madly around making beds, shining buttons, washing, shaving, dressing, and then a quick jaunt in the fresh morning air, on the double, to the Airmen's Mess. This followed by another high-speed jaunt to the parade ground. (NOTE—If your stomach can take this, it'll stand up under anything in the air.)

After several days of the above the Airman can be turned over to the Medical Officer for reconditioning (a new wing is being added to take care of this). The roles played by both the Medical and Dental Sections are very important, as all aircrew must be 100% in health and have all infected teeth removed before proceeding overseas (ask Capt. Porter). Overseas facilities for the above are naturally lacking.

Clothing—"All air gunners must proceed to embarkation points fully equipped and their boots and clothing in perfect state of repair." If you could only visualize the state in which we receive our beloved aircrew (2 courses every 2 weeks)

and realize that we have less than one month to outfit them, I am sure you can understand that worried look peculiar to certain storekeepers.

Pay—To the aircrew, as to all others, this is about the most important thing in the Air Force. Pay makes a man happy, and if he is happy in the Service, then he'll work well. So orchids to the Paymaster and his staff for the thankless job of juggling many figures, papers and money.

Many orchids can be handed to other sections of the Station who don't come into such personal contact with the men, but have such important jobs as feeding them, maintaining aircraft in flying condition, plotting bombs, marking drogues, cleaning and maintaining guns, bomb sights, etc.

If you really want to see a dynamo of energy in the production of aircrew, we'll set up bleachers outside G.I.S. orderly room, so you can see Cpl. Gray pounding away at the one and only typewriter in G.I.S. (which pounds out all correspondence for Gunners, Observers, Staff, Sports Club, Officers' Mess, etc.). Reserved section for the Station Orderly Room Staff!

And now a bit about Instruction. The Armament Instructor's job. The actual job of instructing aircrew is one requiring considerable energy, patience, keenness and ability. It is a job for a very conscientious person, who'll not only

study and keep up to date, plan lectures and give them, come back at nights and help pupils with extra instruction, but research into armament and bring forth modifications and improvements in instruction and equipment; also develop synthetic training devices for instructional purposes, revise precis, etc. It is a job that is never finished at the end of the day. For

Armament keeps racing through the instructor's head for many hours after seeking improvement in his lecturing ability, and organization generally.

"ON WITH PRODUCTION"

Said the windshield to the bug: "I'll bet you haven't got the guts to do that again."



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