

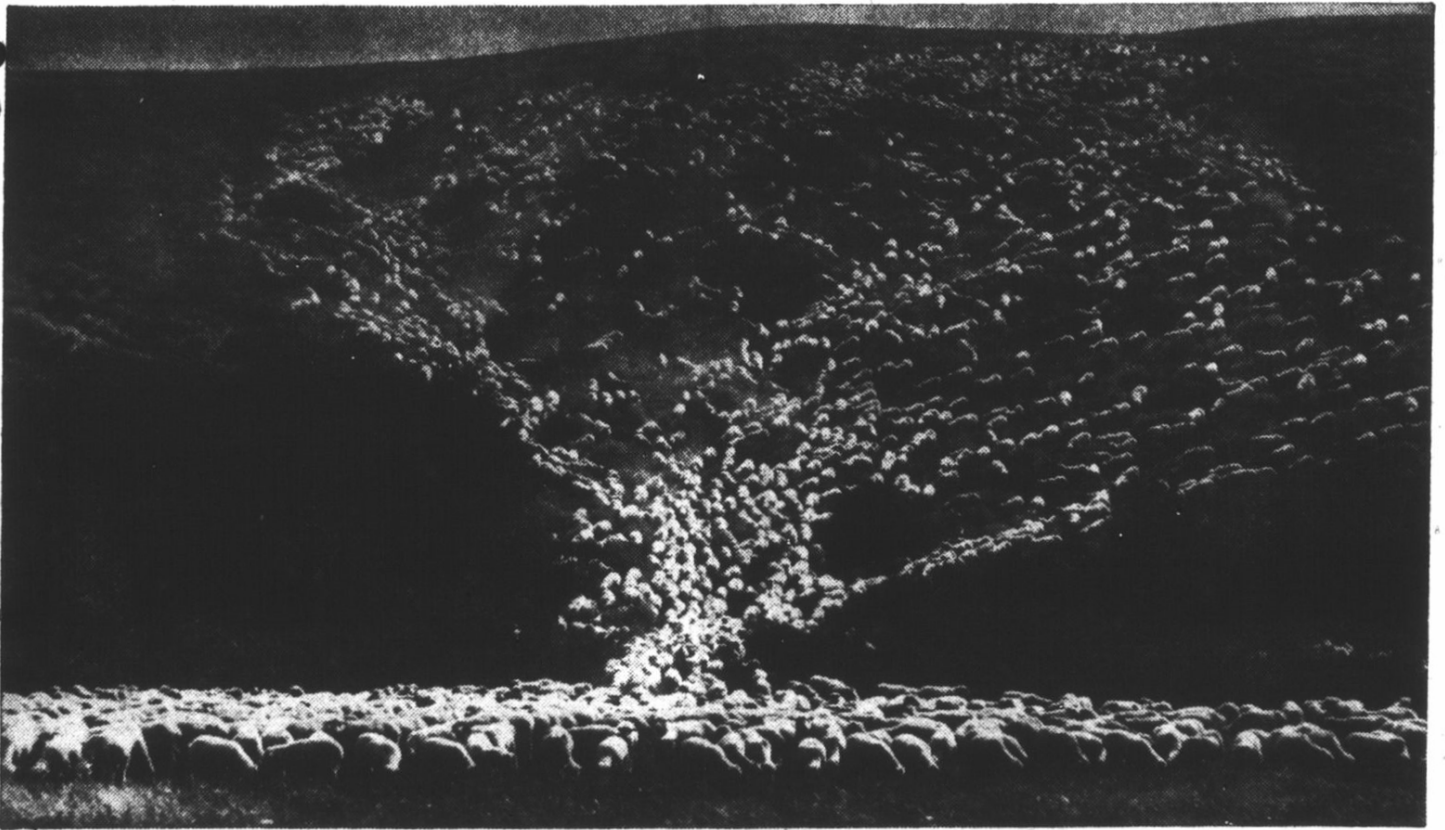
THE FINGAL OBSERVER

No. 14, Monthly

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

March 15, 1942

The Trainees Tell Their Story!



1. Here we come, pouring into the Manning Pool from all parts of the Dominion.



LIFE Goes To An OBSERVERS' SCHOOL

This Pictorial Story is Continued Throughout the Pages of This Issue



The Fingal Observer

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"Truth is such a precious article let us all economize in its use"
Mark Twain

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Another Good Effort

War efforts are nothing new at Fingal, or at any other R.C.A.F. Station. Every Wings presentation in itself is a tangible evidence of work done here. Every Flying Exercise completed, every hour of work on the Station are registered in the name of the country's struggle. But occasionally we have opportunities for further acts of patriotism. In the recent Victory War Loan Campaign No. 4 B. & G. took up the challenge and did its share.

Without any high pressure salesmanship the men here pledged themselves to the extent of \$10,000. At the time of going to press all returns had not been completed.

Compared with a civil community of the same number of men, the figure may not seem so creditable. But comparisons on that basis are hardly fitting. The larger percentage of our Station personnel is made up of small wage earners. The margin for saving is small. The location of the Station is no easier on the purse. Transportation is a requisite. Boarding and apartment rates are a burden. Airmen get no cost of living bonus, and things cost the same for them as for civilians.

Yet, in spite of the small margin of surplus, our men pledged themselves to loan the government a portion of every monthly pay for the next half year.

Apart from all gestures of patriotism, it is an adventure in economy, and an experiment in new ways of saving. The successful experiment may be an induce-

ment to permanent habits of living. War has its own compensations.

FINGAL GUNNER IN DISPATCHES

From The Toronto Star



Brantford, March 4.—Sharp on the heels of a report that their 19-year-old son, Wireless Operator Air Gunner A. E. Shaw, was in a bomber that carried paratroops to France last Saturday for a Commando raid, it has been reported to Mr. and Mrs. James Shaw of Paris, Ont., that Sergt. Shaw has been mentioned in dispatches for devotion to duty. At the risk of his own life, he protected the lives of the crew of a bomber he was in, the dispatches state. The incident

(Continued on Page 4)

Roll of Honour

No. Can. J6134	(Observer 17)
P.O. RICHARDSON, Denis John (K.D.A.O.)	
No. Can. R78064	(Gunner 9)
Sgt. DONALDSON, William Robert (K.D.A.O.)	
No. Can. R59779	(Observer 22)
Sgt. JOHNSTON, Harlow Eugene (M.A.A.O.)	
No. Can. R78631	(Gunner 8)
Sgt. JENNER, Edward George (K.D.A.O.)	
No. Can. R78077	(Gunner 9)
Sgt. SINCLAIR, Wilbert Lorne (K.D.A.O.)	
No. Can. R66363	(Gunner 12)
Sgt. FLAGG, William John Thomas (K.D.A.O.)	
No. Can. R63731	(Gunner 4)
Sgt. WILBEE, Bruce George (P.M.N.D.)	
No. Can. R59125	(Gunner 4)
Sgt. DUXBURY, Thomas Lincoln (P.M.N.D.)	
No. Can. R65416	(Gunner 7)
Sgt. BARKHOUSE, Donald Frederick (P.M.N.D.)	
No. Can. J6155	(Observer 17)
P.O. BOND, Walter Frederick (M.A.A.O.)	
No. Can. R83012	(Gunner 12)
Sgt. LENOVER, William Beverley (M.A.A.O.)	
No. Can. R64891	(Gunner 6)
Sgt. SPICER, Harold Victor (M.A.A.O.)	
No. Can. R67674	(Observer 17)
Sgt. THOMAS, Thomas Joseph (M.A.A.O.)	
No. Can. R67575	(Gunner 7)
Sgt. RYMAL, Lewis John (Interned)	
No. Can. R65593	(Gunner 4)
Sgt. MAXWELL, William (P.M.N.D.)	
No. Can. R53944	(Gunner 3)
Sgt. RHEAUME, Joseph Arthur Doris (P.M.N.D.)	
No. Can. R65845	(Gunner 3)
Sgt. ELDER, William John (M.A.A.O.)	
No. Can. R67575	(Gunner 7)
Sgt. RYMAL, Lewis John (M.A.A.O.)	
No. Can. R65466	(Gunner 7)
Sgt. DICKS, John Bartlett (Interned)	
No. Can. R71714	(Gunner 7)
Sgt. HORNING, Robert Lewis (K.D.A.O.)	
No. Can. J5077	(Observer 11)
P.O. SCHELL, Lyle George (K.D.A.O.)	
No. N.Z. 401296	(Observer 12)
Sgt. WILLIAMS, Geoffrey Fraser (P.M.N.D.)	
No. N.Z. 404492	(Observer 16)
Sgt. PARKER, Anthony Joseph William (M.A.A.O.)	
No. N.Z. 403779	(Observer 12)
P.O. MAURICE, Osborne Stephens (P.M.N.P.W.)	
No. N.Z. 403775	(Observer 12)
P.O. COLLETT, Ivan Henry (P. of W.)	
No. N.Z. 401398	(Observer 16)
Sgt. McDONALD, Laurence Matthew George (K.D.A.O.)	

LEGEND

(K.D.A.O.)—Killed during air operations.
(M.A.A.O.)—Missing after air operations.
(P.M.N.D.)—Previously reported missing, now presumed dead.
(P.M.N.P.W.)—Previously reported missing, now confirmed prisoner of war.
(P. of W.)—Prisoner of war.

These officers and men are graduates of this School. Their particular course and number are recorded with their names.

PEG-LEG CATCHES A U-BOAT

By L.A.C. Storm, M. L.



I took the long way around to school, by the esplanade overlooking what the Germans boastfully called the German Sea, but what was to us the North Sea. The sky was grey and the sea choppy. Peg-Leg was at the water's edge, preparing his boat for a trip to his lobster-pots. As I approached, dragging my school-books after me, he glanced up.

"And where might ye be goin'?" he asked.

"Where are you?" I replied.

"After lobsters," said Peg-Leg, and turned back to his work.

"Haven't you heard about the U-boats?" I demanded. "They chased Sandy Greenock around the pier last week!"

Peg-Leg shrugged his shoulders and spluttered something. It was nonsense and fishwives' tales as far as he was concerned. "I've been catching lobsters for twenty years now, m'lad, and no one's ever stopped me. Least of all, a U-boat!"

When I asked if I might go with him he said I most certainly could, if only to prove his disbelief in U-boats chasing fishermen around the pier. And shortly after that we pushed off, I beside him pulling awkwardly at an oar, with my school-books as a brace under my feet. The sea was a cold green, flecked with white spume, and the air was full of its salty spray. Neither of us spoke. It took all the breath I had to bear upon the oar. In about an hour we were far from the beach and just within an oar's length of Peg-Leg's lobster-line float. We shipped oars. Peg-

Leg reached over the side and brought the float aboard. Taking hold of the line, he pulled it steadily, coiling the rope in the bottom of the boat as it came in. As the wicker lobster-pots came up, dripping, from the sea, he reached in and took out the lobsters, rebaited the pots with pieces of dead cod and stacked them neatly in the stern of the boat. Finally but one crab-pot remained. When that came up, we got a bit of a surprise. A piece of copper wire attached to the pot had inadvertently hooked a large cod. Peg-Leg said he'd never seen the like of it before as he threw the fish into the bow of the boat away from the crawling mass of green lobsters. We pulled away and dropped the lobster-pots on new beds. Peg-Leg was in the act of placing the float with his identifying flag flying from its short pole when something caught his eye hard to starboard. A queer black thing was sticking out of the water and moving towards us.

"Quick!" snapped Peg-Leg. "It's one of them damned submarines."

I sat in the bow, expecting something terrible to happen. Peg-Leg took the oars and, instead of making for shore, as I thought he would, brought our boat towards that dark, tubular thing that glared at us with an unblinking glass eye. I could barely suppress my excitement. We came so near I could have put out my hand and touched it. In fact, I had sufficiently overcome my fear to be about to do so when Peg-Leg pulled me back. He pushed me roughly on to my seat and dived into the

"THE TRAINEES TELL THEIR STORY" — No. 2



Immediately on joining, the recruit is a marked man.

bow for the codfish we had just shouted caught.

"Take the oars and pull for your life when I give you the word," he

In spite of the choppy sea, Peg-Leg, bracing himself against the (Continued on Page 4)

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Peg-Leg Catches a U-Boat

(Continued from Page 3)

bow, stood there, eyeing the periscope of the submarine menacingly. Nearer we came. Then suddenly he reached out with both hands and rammed the codfish down on top of it. With a grunt he drove it home until the fish almost split in two.

"Pull away three lengths and stand by!" he then hollered. And to my utter amazement he leaped out of the boat and grabbed hold of the periscope. I stared dumbfounded at him bobbing up and down in the water as he hung on to that black metal tube. "Pull away!" he shouted. This time I obeyed.

Slowly the tube lengthened. When the bridge-rail of the conning tower came in sight, Peg-Leg scrambled down. He had eased himself on to wooden gratings by the time the deck was awash. A door, like a manhole cover, on top of the conning tower, opened slowly and a head appeared, wearing a peaked cap like a sea captain's. Then came the shoulders. Finally, a six-footer scrambled out and stood on the deck and menaced me with a revolver. He shouted something in a foreign language. Before I could reply I saw Peg-Leg's peg-leg swing over him and crash down on his head. The man stiffened momentarily. His revolver went clattering down on to the deck. Next minute he slipped overboard. Peg-Leg quickly snatched up the revolver and before the next head appeared he shoved it down the conning tower, barking orders to the rest of the crew. There was a moment's pause. But just a moment's. The revolver went off with a bang. Then Peg-Leg looked up and grinned.

"Pull for shore, laddie, and get some help. And tell Sandy Greenock to bring along my spare leg. My other went overboard with the Jerry!"

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

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Receive Wings at Fingal



These seven Western Ontario men graduated at Fingal Bombing and Gunnery School as air gunners and air observers recently when they were presented with their wings. Top row, left to right: E. A. S. Conway, London; E. K. Anderson, Stratford, and H. I. Stott, London. Centre: P.O. George H. Newsome, St. Thomas, the only one to be promoted to the rank of pilot officer in the two classes. Bottom, left to right: O. A. Webb, Windsor; J. H. Woodrow, Windsor, and J. O. Peltier, Windsor.

Courtesy London Free Press.

"CLIPPINGS FOR THOUGHT"

THE R.C.A.F.

Lord, hold them in Thy mighty hand
Above the ocean and the land,
Like wings of eagles mounting high
Along the pathways of the sky.

Immortal is the name they bear,
And high the honor that they share,
Until a thousand years have rolled
Their deeds of valor will be told.

In darkest night and light of day
God will bless them on their way,
And homeward safely guide each one,
With glory gained and duty done

O God our help in ages past,
Our hope in years to come,
Subdue the cruel and treacherous Hun
And Thy will shall be done.

—DAD PARKER.

CO-OPERATION

"The superiority of British air crews is largely due to the fact that the German crews do not train as a unit."

A scene from a Junkers over England:

"Now Hans, you der target spot und I der bomberen will drop der banghein make."

"Not so, Karl Schmellstunk—you der target spot and I der banghein will make. You make der banghein on Friday."

"You are a scheinhund."

"Und you are a meinie cat."

Third voice (nastily): "Neither of you vill der banghein make — see! Because der sergeant der bomberen in der plane forgotten to put has."

Temptation used to be something we ran from instead of trying out.

Fingal Gunner in Dispatches

(Continued from Page 2)

that won him recognition occurred some time before the raid on France.

He shut off his own supply of oxygen when his plane was at a great height to make sure the rest of the crew had oxygen. Not aware that his action would get official recognition, he was surprised when high ranking officers commended him, he said in a letter to his parents.

"I was flying at great altitude when our oxygen started to leak," he said. "So, little me (he's six feet one and weighs 190 pounds) went to hunt the trouble. I found that it was in my own line and the only way it could be fixed was to plug my line and let the rest of the crew carry on. I could have kept my supply of oxygen going, but that would mean nobody else would have any after 15 minutes."

"I spent more than two hours without oxygen from my line and boy, did I feel it! I couldn't do a thing. I was as weak as a kitten. . . . The Wing Commander said he had reported it to the Group Captain. A lot of excitement over nothing, I thought.

"Yesterday the Commanding Officer of our group himself wanted to congratulate me on the 'splendid' show I put up. . . . I could hardly talk and broke into a great sweat, and my knees knocked together."

Sgt. Shaw took as many pages of his letters and as much ink to describe a snowball fight in camp as he did the oxygen episode. "We had an hour's fun before we had to quit because of the broken windows. Glass is scarce over here," he said.

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PHOTOGRAPHY SECTION

THE CAMERA ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Photography plays a highly important role in modern warfare. The camera, in such a role, is the eye—and one might almost say the ears—of Bombing Command. It records with unerring precision bombing needs of the future and the sad results of bombings of the past. After the great blitzes on London and Southampton British planes roared above those scarred cities, making photographic records of the damage wrought by Hitler's Luftwaffe. From these silver nitrate records, no doubt, plans will be drawn for the construction, or rather, the reconstruction of these blasted and blistered centres of civilization. They will rise again, newer, better and more shining than their predecessors. Also vastly important, these photographs will indicate how these cities should be rebuilt, with an eye to the future lest at some distant date they may be bombed again. So one might say that the camera, even in warfare, lays plans for future peace and its rehabilitation programs.

The camera is the eye of the hawk. It picks out its victim and registers the picture for future reference. The Bombing Command see to it that the reference does not go unregarded. As Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Portal put it when he was appointed to a certain command in England, "Now we'll bomb hell out of them!" Verily, the camera had an important part to play in his plans. Previous to raiding, aircraft are sent aloft over enemy territory for the sole purpose of taking pictures. The enemy, aware of the vast importance of photography, does his utmost to make this lens-addict unwelcome. He treats the "snapshot raider" with as much courtesy as if he were carrying four tons of bombs. And well he might, for the bombs will follow in a short time.

Cameras used in modern air warfare are automatic. The pilot of the plane presses a button and the mechanism of the camera does the rest. Meanwhile the gunner and the observer keep fighters at bay and a sharp lookout for anything unusual. In the case of "mapping," a timing mechanism in the camera automatically winds the role of film and exposes the frames at definite intervals, probably every 12 or 15 seconds. This permits overlapping so that when making maps of the enemy territory nothing is omitted. In some instances,

where the concentration of "flak" is known to be pretty heavy, it is necessary to fly at great heights. It is obvious that such reconnaissance is impossible except on particularly clear days. And even on the clearest of days there is always a ground haze that would dim the picture. Special filters are used on such flights, which enable the "hawk's eye" to penetrate any such ground haze encountered. Because of the great height from which such reconnaissance is carried out, the details of the pictures are naturally very minute. This difficulty is easily overcome, however, by the process of enlarging. Then the minutest detail is clearly visible. The maps are drawn and in a short "sweet by and by" bombs are hurtling down upon the hawk's victims. After such bombings it is generally necessary to send out the candid-camera hounds again. This time to bring back records of damage done in order to ascertain whether and how many more pounds of TNT are needed to make the job complete. . . . "Very methodical, my dear Dr. Watson. Very methodical!" Little wonder that the enemy objects to our Lens Laddies.

Another method of taking aeroviews was by the means of an oblique camera. Formally, an observer used to hang over the side of his plane by the skin of his teeth and "shoot" away to his heart's content. But since the aircraft had to fly at a low altitude when doing such reconnaissance work the danger was great. Either the camera would be blown from the observer's hand or the observer blown to smithereens by some over-ardent Nazi anti-aircraft or air gunner. When such dangers became very obvious an automatic camera was installed in aircraft. Set at an oblique angle in the side of the plane, the camera was from then on controlled by the pilot. During the old days before France capitulated the R.A.F. used to make daily runs up and down the Siegfried Line, taking "obliques" as they are called. These obliques kept London constantly informed of movements along that German Front. But such reconnaissance was only possible as long as France was allied territory since the aircraft had to fly at a very low altitude. Even along the French coast it is dangerous nowadays to attempt to take obliques. For the present the practice has fallen in disuse.

"THE TRAINEES TELL THEIR STORY"—No. 3



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Reviewed by **PROFESSOR A.M. LOW**

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(Continued on Page 5)

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STORMY WEATHER

an Armourer. The C.O. will at once leap from his swivel chair, fall upon the Recruit's neck as if he were a long lost brother and shake him by the hand like your hayseed cousin pumping water from the old well. But this, of course, doesn't make the Recruit an Armourer yet. By no means! The road before him is long and

THE ARMAMENT SECTION

By L.A.C. Storm, M. L.

hard. He might not make a Pilot. But then a lot of Pilots would NEVER make successful Armourers. To be an Armourer you have to possess strange qualities. You have to know, for instance, why a fly walks up a wall, how it can suddenly turn sommersault in flight to make a perfect three-point landing on the ceiling. All this besides the inner mysteries of machine guns and why a bomb goes off on impact. Take Kew, now. Kew is a smart man, formerly a School Teacher. At present the practice bombs are in his tender care. He dropped one the other day. Yes, it went off! He knows what happens. You have to get a close-up, that's all. Incidentally, his legs are as hairless as a Bathing Beauty's—now. Then there's Aletter, better known as "Speedy." He learned his armament the hard way. Started from scratch and is still scratching. Once an A.C.2, he got as far as L.A.C. Since then he's been an A.C.2 again and is once more about to take his bow with props on his sleeve. But armament isn't what it used to be. We've lost a lot of good blood and only a few of the old-timers remain. Bill Newell, Corporal Newell to the world at large, has gone. He was a wizard. That man could make anything from a mouse trap to a set of false teeth. His side-kick, à la workshop, was one McFarlane. The GREAT McFARLANE, we called him. Besides going A.W.O.L. he had an amazing propensity for scrounging. We might need a steel table or a sheet of iron. McFarlane would disappear for a while and then turn up with the needed article and a silly grin on his face; "I just picked it up in one of the

hangars," with that careless gesture of a man buying a round of drinks.

A sight to see, though, is Traves bouncing along on the Bombing Flight Tractor with a trailer full of bombs racing after him like a mad March Hare. (Incidentally, that Bomb Trailer is the brain-child of the Bombing Armourers.) If Traves' mother could only see him now. How proud she'd be to think we let him drive a tractor! But all is not fun and frolic. Ask Corporal Baker. Ask him some day when he has two or three hang-ups. A hang-up, as you know, is a term we use when a bomb refuses to fall. It may be caused by a short circuit. Anyway, it dangles from the carrier with an uncertainty that gives everybody the creeps. For it might take it into its head to fall anywhere between the Bombing Ranges and the Airport. So if some day you see Corporal Baker walking around in circles talking to himself, tap him on the shoulder and say, "Corp, what's a hang-up?" He'll likely tell you. What with that and trying to plot bombs in the Camera Obscura when the aircrew is bombing with flash-bulbs and they are coming so thick and fast you need three hands and could use an extra pair of eyes—well, as McFarlane said one day when Flt. Lt. Whalen was looking over his shoulder and the flash of a bulb appeared on the back of his hand while he was trying to track another one, "I guess that was just a spare bulb, sir!"

There's the Gunnery Line, too, with Corporal Spry shuttling back and forth between there and Gunnery Maintenance where Bryans and Senechal conduct a V.G.O. Beauty Parlor. They have their bad days, too. Guns are clannish. They always go unserviceable in groups. Never one today and one tomorrow. Should things get too bad, the guns go into workshops, where Corporal (Hug) Wright holds sway. He gently places them on the bench, picks up a huge hammer and smashes them into little pieces. Then we send the guns back to No. 1 Training Command with the suggestion that they are probably unserviceable. Hug, by the way, has taken over Newell's territory. Anything that won't work we throw at him. Sims, in charge of Magazine Filling, often throws u/s magazines in his direction. And can the aircrew ever knock those magazines around! Sims has a special name for magazine-droppers. Can't print it

here. Sorry.

Well, this is all for now, folks. We'll keep you informed from edition to edition. There are many interesting sidelights to armament. For this is one of the most important departments in our war with Hitlerism. May we book your attention for future reading? We promise something interesting on the heels of this—after all—introduction to the Armament Section.

—STORMY WEATHER.

The Camera on Active Service

(Continued from Page 4)

Behind all this activity the humble ground photographer plays his important part. For he must develop the films and make the prints, produce enlargements of high altitude pictures and—most important of all—keep the cameras in working order. "Keep 'em grinding!" is his motto. That is no mean task. Automatic cameras are intricate devices. They must function perfectly ALWAYS.

NO SCREAMING

Officers of the Canadian Women's Army Corps are being taught to issue commands without screaming. They really don't need the instruction. Countless men can testify that the most compelling commands they ever heard were in low, honeyed tones.



R. C. A. F.

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REMINDERS FROM THE SERGEANT MAJOR

Well lads, once again I'm popping a few reminders into this column, hoping they will be remembered and serve the purpose for which they are intended.

Last week I saw something happen on the main street of St. Thomas at about 2230 hours and it disgusted me to see a man wearing an Air Force uniform act as this one did.

The airman mentioned was walking down the street with his hands in his pockets and his greatcoat open, when a senior N.C.O. passed him and said something to him which I imagine was "Do up your coat, lad." The airman turned and looked at the N.C.O. with a look on his face of someone without much intelligence and continued on down the street without making any effort to comply with the order. By this time the N.C.O. had passed from view and the airman turned into a cafe.

Now, this airman was not in such a state as to be irresponsible for his actions, even though he had

most likely been doing a bit of hoisting with the right arm, and yet he showed rotten disrespect for a superior.

Remember lads, never show disrespect for N.C.O.'s in any way whether they are from this Station or not. Any boast that an airman has pulled a fast one on an N.C.O. and got away with it isn't worth the air that is used to utter it. Those kind of actions are what are known as "small time stuff." **DON'T BE IN THAT CATEGORY.**

Give your N.C.O.'s the best you've got and they'll always give you the same in return.

IT ALL GOES TO MAKE A BETTER SERVICE.

One more before we close for this issue:

When walking around the Station, especially through the ATTENTION AREAS, be sure you are properly dressed. The service police at the gate have orders to turn back anyone trying to leave the Station who is in any shape or form not up to scratch.

THE POET'S CORNER

"The Observer"

(With apologies to Banjo Patterson)

There was sighing at Fingal when the word was passed around
That another course of airmen come to stay;
They were mostly straight air gunners, whose aim was awful bad,
And all the pilots wanted extra pay.

There were Anzacs from "Down Under," mostly talk and blood and thunder,
Who were bludging on and off, as of yore,
But the W.O.'s no chicken, so those Aussies have been stricken
With a manch or two that's nearly made them poor.

We have our foster country's men, And their neighbors too,
In fact, when one has looked around,
We've almost got a Zoo.
—ROSCOE TURNER.

MODERN SHAKESPEARE

I wish I were a little egg,
Away up in a tree,
Sitting there upon my nest
As snug as I could be;
And then I wish that you would come
And pass right under me,
I then would up and break myself
And cover thee with me.
—ALEC JOHNSTON.

"A DEBT WE OWE"

It's with pleasure and with pride,
Lads, from far and near confide
That the teachings at Fingal are swell
And never felt so willing
Just to earn the King's shilling
By deeds one and all, to do their best.

In our work and in our play
You are with us all the way,
And we take this chance to wish you well,
May your patient time so spent
Help us send the Hun hell bent
From our ken, where freedom reigns supreme.
—ROSCOE TURNER.

"QUEEN OF THE NIGHT"

Phoebe adored, fair goddess of the celestial sky,
Afloat athwart the heavens, thru sapphire wisps on high,
Smiles down enchantingly, stately, calm, serenely sweet,
Bathing ethereally, all earth her beams may meet.
The stars twinkling brightly, subjects for eons and aye
Blink, sparkle and glitter as her wraithlike form glides by
For her radiant beauty and white light
They grant her the title "Queen of the Night."

Overheard in the Airmen's mess:
"The slogan last war was 'They shall not pass'; this war 'They shall not have a pass!'"

"THE TRAINEES TELL THEIR STORY" — No. 4



Classes begin at 8.00, and the recruits are marched in.

"AN AIRMAN IN DISTRESS"

At No. 4 B. & G. School numerous requests are made by wire for leave extensions, quoting many different excuses. The message below is one of the latest:

To the Commanding Officer:

Dear Sir: I have lost my train, i been to the station by the first train coming.

Signed _____

A stack of writing paper which, if piled sheet upon sheet, would reach to a height of 750 feet, or more than 1½ times the height of the British Empire's tallest building, the Canadian Bank of Commerce building in Toronto, is used every month by the men of the Navy, Army and Air Force who frequent Canadian Y.M.C.A. War Services Centres in Canada and overseas.

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Air Raid Instructions

1. In case of an air raid alarm, run like the dickens; it does not matter where you run as long as you run. It is suggested that you equip yourself with track shoes so that you will have no trouble in getting over the people in front of you.
2. Always make the most of an air raid alarm—
 - (a) If you are in the bakery, steal some pie.
 - (b) If you are at a bar, grab a bottle.
 - (c) If you are at the movies, grab the nearest blonde.
3. During an air raid always yell "Horror" and "Murder." (It adds to the confusion and scares hell out of the kids.)
4. If you find an unexploded bomb, shake it like hell; the firing pin may be stuck.
5. If an incendiary bomb falls in your neighborhood, throw some gasoline on it. (You can't put it out anyway, so you might as well have some fun.)
6. Always eat garlic, onions or limburger cheese before entering an air raid shelter. It will make you unpopular with the people in your vicinity, but will alleviate crowded conditions.
7. Do not pay any attention to the air raid warden. If he won't get out of your way, knock him down as he is trying to save places for his friends anyway.
8. The particular properties of the bomb releases hydrogen when water is played on it and unites with the oxygen in the air resulting in a rather rapid combustion. (In fact, it explodes with a helluva crash.)
9. If you are a victim of a direct hit by a bomb, don't go to pieces—lie still and no one will notice you.

—
 This was handed out to all A.R.P. wardens at a meeting in Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A. It sorta helped to take off the serious side of this situation at present times. Anyway, I think it is funny. So do we!

LETTERS TO ROCKY

DEAR ROCKY:

There's a guy in our flight, and he makes me mad just to look at him, although I have no reason to come in contact with the guy, he just gripes me no end. This has happened to me before. What is the reason for this or is there one?

FLAP DOODLE.

Answer:

Whatta question, you hardly know the guy, eh? Whell, here's an experience of mine. I knew such a guy meself and, as you say, this Bimbo got in my hair, too. So, one time when I was in my cups, I chanced to run into this bird. Well, I got to talking to him and I could plainly see this pickle wasn't in love with yours truly either. Only I didn't let on how I felt about him (being two-faced like I am). Well and so I asked him how I was so much as an assinine piece of humanity as far as he was concerned. Well, hang me if he doesn't give me the same reasons for disliking me as I was thinking about him. We are real pals now, strange to say. We are pretty much alike, the dirty louse.

DEAR ROCKY:

I heard that if all the Chinese were marched four abreast that the column would reach all the way around the earth. How do the Japs stack up with this?

INQUISITIVE.

Answer:

Well, Inky, I dunno about the Chinks, but I do know that if all the Japs were laid out and stacked up like cordwood, and deader than doornails — it would be a lovely sight I betcha.

DEAR ROCKY:

Would you please explain to a person of average intelligence the way the R.C.A.F. teaches their men arithmetic.

14 days leave annually divided by 2 equals 7 days semi-annually. 7 days leave semi-annually minus A (48) or 2 days, equals 5 days. Therefore 5 days plus 5 days equals 14 days. How come?

BEWILDERED.

Answer:

Well, Willy, I see your point, and a mighty fine question, too. Seein' as how the Air Force has to be so exact in their figuring. The answer is very simple, tho'. It goes like this: A man had a five dollar bill; he wished to buy a pair of shoes for six dollars, so he pawned the "fiver" for four dollars, then he sold the pawn ticket for three dollars. So he had seven dollars by this time. Well he buys the shoes for six dollars and also has himself a buck's worth of beer. How'd he do it? Nice work if you can get it. But you can figure out who loses if you try hard enuff.

DEAR ROCKY:

Why do they call the 21st of March or the first day of spring, Vernal Equinox?

RASPUTIN.

Answer:

Well, Raspy, it's a long story but of an educational nature, so I'll give you the facts. It originated in the North Pole regions away back in the days before calendars. An explorer by the name of Los Torizon, I think his name was, was forced to spend a whole winter in the Arctic on account of heavy snow storms. Well, he had to sleep with his fur suit on, amongst his dogs, to keep warm. He was a mess (b'lieve me). Well, when spring came and the sun shone warm, he said he felt like a be-vermined Esquimo. And so as this has been handed down thro'

the years you can see how the translation has slipped a bit. (We still have his fur suit up here at Maintenance.)

THE R.C.A.F.

Over the land and over the sea,
 To the stars if need to be,
 We are loyal and we're true
 And we'll bring protection to you,
 For we're the Royal Canadian
 Air Force.

Do or die, we always try,
 When we know you're asking why;
 We're as happy as can be
 With a joy stick by our knee,
 For we're the Royal Canadian
 Air Force.

Thumbs up, my bully lads,
 It never gets too tough or bad;
 We will whip the bloody Hun
 Till they call him a son-of-a-gun,
 For we're the Royal Canadian
 Air Force.

When at last a peace shall be
 You can nod your thanks to me;
 With our bombs and flying guns
 We have put them on the run,
 For we're the Royal Canadian
 Air Force.

War is over, we are through,
 But they will still remember you;
 It was always with a grin
 That we took it on the chin,
 For we're the Royal Canadian
 Air Force.

—E. BONNER.

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Station News

LIBRARY NEWS

In the very near future our Station Library will move into new quarters in the Airmen's Lounge, now rapidly approaching completion. In this new location it will enjoy the room and atmosphere that it deserves. Besides the shelves of book reading, we hope to put a fair line of current magazines at the convenience of the men.

The Library Committee is at present installing a new card system for the efficient loaning of the books. No system, however, is perfect nor even workable unless it has the co-operation of the borrowers. Further library regulations will accompany these proposed changes, so as to insure fair and orderly conditions in the Library.

Some twenty new books are on order at the moment. These include some of the best current fiction and non-fiction of 1941.

From time to time the Library Committee has been the recipient of books and magazines from local fraternal societies and generously minded citizens. It is only fair that the men on the Station be acquainted with their benefactors.

Recent donations include a year's subscription for Reader's Digest from the Konotho Chapter, I.O. D.E., St. Thomas. Class C.S.C. in Northern Vocational School, Toronto, has repeated the kindness of last year's class by giving us a subscription for the Reader's Digest. Besides this subscription, last year's class put forty copies of the Penguin Series on our shelves. We mention this for the benefit of the newer men on the Station. Information enkindles appreciation—and perhaps inspiration.

The Committee would gladly receive from time to time any books for which officers or men have no further use. Instead of passing them around until lost, why not put them on our shelves for orderly loaning?

AQUA PURA—AT LAST!

Well, Water, Water everywhere, and at last we can drink it! Yes sir, after fifteen months of stinkin' sulphur water the inhabitants of No. 4 B. & G., the garden spot of Canada, finally can drink the water that gushes forth from the taps. No more will we see the familiar sights of the water truck ambling along the byways of No. 4 B. & G., and the ten-gallon cans of water in each washroom. No more will we gallop madly into the washroom in the morning to brush our teeth and rid our mouths of that dark brown taste, only to find that the water supply has vanished. No more will we go out on "Sports afternoons" and raise a good thirst, only to come back to barracks and find no water, and then have to wait about two hours before the canteen opens before we can assuage it with a couple of beers. Not that we wouldn't rather have beer, but it is rather costly if repeated very often. Yes sir, after all these years, the red tape has finally unwound. If the writer remembers correctly, it was about a year ago that they started to lay the pipes from Port Stanley, and now, only a year later, they have finished. And they say the Mexicans started the saying "Manana." Well, maybe they started it.

I remember well my first morning at Fingal. Upon arising I slung my towel over my shoulder, grabbed my shaving kid in hand, and proceeded forthwith, as the books say, to the washroom. Upon turning on the tap in the wash basin I noticed a rather peculiar odor. I looked at the guy next to me, figuring it might have been the beans we had for supper the night before, but as he was bigger than I was I politely made no mention of my suspicions. Perhaps it was just as well, for when I bent over the basin to rinse my face I inhaled an odor that reminded me of the glue factory down in Keating Street in Toronto. I reeled

"THE TRAINEES TELL THEIR STORY"—No. 5



This smart-looking fellow is a member of Course ? (censored) at No. 4 B. & G. School.

drunkenly (how'm I doing) and would have fallen if the guy beside me, an experienced veteran, hadn't been watching me, waiting for just some such thing and reached over and steadied me. Then he showed me how to do it. First, he turned his back on the basin, took a good big gulp of air, and then turned around and hastily swabbed his face, and then turned around again and exhaled. Thus was I introduced to the famous Sulphur Water of Fingal. May it rest in peace.

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Presenting . . .

This guy is back again after missing the last publication of your paper. There is no excuse, except perhaps too lazy, or it could be too much work (which is questionable. — "X") However, though the efforts of your entertainment committee have been retarded considerably, due to the fact that every committee on the Station is 100% behind the organization and installation of your new lounge, we did manage to present the London Little Theatre Troupe Show, and on Monday last (March 2) we did have, from what I hear, a very enjoyable dance. We were hosts to a large group of London's Lovely Ladies, not to mention the nice ones we had from St. Thomas, and for the first time since this correspondent has been on the Station we had what is known as a legitimate dance band. In the near future we hope to have a permanent organization of this kind on the Station. Sgt. Fawknor and his staff prepared the usual good victuals, so I think we were all satisfied internally as well as externally. There is little to mention at present about any entertainment activity in the near future, but there are a couple of more shows due in the near future.

Congratulations to L.A.C. James Fowler, the five foot two ray of sunshine from the Accounts Section, who won the waltz contest. His lady, I believe, was the daughter of Padre Cotton of T.T.S. Bouquets, also, to crooner Mickey Calhoun for his fine performance as a jitterbugger.

'Nuff said.

—SMITTY.

REFRESH . . .



- Entertainment -

LONDON LITTLE THEATRE TROUPE

One of the gayest evenings in the entertainment field was provided for our airmen by the London Little Theatre Troupe on February 19th. The brilliant cast was under the management of Mr. Kenneth Baskette, to whom we say again "Many thanks."

As soon as the boys met our vivacious mistress of ceremonies they knew they were assured the usual high calibre of selections and dance routines. These started off with a bang in a number entitled "Take It or Leave It," to be followed by numerous duet and solo numbers of vocal and instrumental music. Among the charming ladies rendering solo numbers were Florence Cartwright and Ruth Faulkner, who were encored on many occasions, while Mary Ashwell and Doris Martin excelled in their part of the program, gaining the airmen's enthusiastic approval.

In the skit, "What a Night," we were agreed with the fair Mistress of Ceremonies that it surely was quite a night, but wasn't it too bad for her?

With many other top rating numbers, too numerous to elaborate on at this time, were the girls of the dance routines and the orchestra. We realize the time and effort that must have been put on the whole program to make it the success that it was, and our only hope is that we may have the pleasure and privilege of meeting this grand troupe again real soon.

THE OTHER MAN

The "Lords of the Air" they call us—

They speak of our growing fame—

The front page of every paper
Is adorned with some pilot's name.

Connected with deeds of valour,
Performed in the azure blue,
With Messerschmitt, Heinkel and Dornier
Flaming to earth in two.

But there's one chap who gets no mention,

You never have heard his name,
He doesn't fly in the clear blue sky,
Or pose for the press in a plane.

His job hasn't any glamour,
So he's not in the public eye,

But your hero can't do without him
And I'll tell you the reason why:

He fills up the tanks each morning,
He fills them again each night,
He sees that the engine's running sweet,
And the oil pressure's kept just right.

He's up with the break of dawning,
Still there when the twilight fades,
Pulling his weight to keep that crate
Ready to go on raids.

So the next time you see your paper,
With its pictures of smiling crew,
Remember the bloke who keeps them afloat,
Though he's only an A.C.2.

And the next time you cheer that pilot,
As the enemy falls a wreck,
Just think quietly of the boys you don't see,
"The Humble Flight Mech."

A POOR SHOT?

Instructor to potential Air Gunner after two hundred rounds of consistently missing the target: "Take your gun over behind those bushes and shoot yourself; you're no good here."

Some minutes later a gun was heard being fired behind said clump. Instructor exclaimed: "My, that man must have taken me seriously."

Air Gunner from behind bushes: "No, sir; missed again!"

LETTUCE ALONE

"Is May at home?" he asked the maid.

"May who?" (he had her guessing.)

"Why, Mayonnaise," the man replied.

"Ah, Mayonnaise is dressing."

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Dress
OXFORDS

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"THE TRAINEES TELL THEIR STORY" — No. 6

MANNING POOL

Your country needs you, the posters cry
Join the Air Force and learn to fly,
So you came here and so did I
To the Manning Pool.

Near bursting was my heart with pride
When I passed through those portals wide
Till "Hyah Sucker" the boys all cried,
In the Manning Pool.

And when at night your clothes you've doffed
In your bed you climb, so warm and soft,
One sleeps down and the other aloft
In the Manning Pool.

At stores for Army-Birds, a chap he begs
But I won't stand there tiring my legs,
Because I found two inside my eggs
At the Manning Pool.

They told us that allowances were set,
Thirty-five a month your wife will get,
But she hasn't got a ruddy cent yet
From the Manning Pool.

So at home my radio has to be sold
To buy some coal 'cos the kids were cold,
Just because their dad is an Airman bold,
At the Manning Pool.

On a chunk of steel we file all day,
And dream of the day we'll draw some pay,
And on pay parade we get sweet so-and-so,
At the Manning Pool.

Answer your name, the corporal shrieks,
But one lad, no, he never speaks,
He's a hobo, who's lived here free for weeks,
In the Manning Pool.

To drum some discipline into your skull,
To the Bull Pen, with yells the air is full,
Where, instead of showing, they shoot the bull,
In the Manning Pool.

Some lads are short and some are tall,
Some thin, some fat, but one and all,
Are that fed up they nearly bawl
At the Manning Pool.

For we drill and sweep, scrounge all day



Messing time at No. 4 B. & G. School.

And then at night we spend our pay
In riotous living at the Y.M.C.A.
In the Manning Pool.

In uniforms other boys look grand,
But I'll get one or I'll be damned
If I don't parade like Sally Rand,
In the Manning Pool.

So just carry on, and growse and swear,
And when you're blue, go on a tear
For the folks at home are proud you're here,
In the Manning Pool.

But here's the last thing I will tell,
We do our job and do it well,
For Some day our lads will blow

Hitler to Hell
When we leave the Manning Pool.

—FROM THE SIXARDEE.
(Author unknown.)

Mr. John Smith was attending a formal dinner party in a distant city one evening recently. He had been introduced to the hostess twice during the course of the evening, when she approached him a third time:

"What is your name again, Mr. Er . . . ?"

He, having become rather exasperated by this time, due to the fact that Smith was not in any way hard to recall, exclaimed: "Smithubitch."

"Oh, Russian, no doubt," said the hostess.

Linking two continents, Central America has more South American than North American animals.

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- Station Sports -

HOCKEY

As this issue of your Observer goes to press, Fingal has just about completed the hockey season "undefeated." Practically undefeated because there is always that bit of unpleasantness when Woodstock is mentioned (but we don't talk about that now). In the way of a change for both fans and players, a game was arranged with what was supposedly a leading Toronto club. The famous Red Horner was engaged as referee and a packed house was on hand (a few hoping to see Fingal fall from the lofty heights they had climbed to and retained for the season). The visiting team did not quite live up to expectations and the third period ended with the score reading 10 to 2 and one Sergeant Major wringing his hands in a manner indicating money to be received, and well might he assume this attitude for he had just fallen heir to the sum of eighteen dollars. The game itself was not as one-sided as the score would indicate. It was both fast and cleanly fought, and Andy Andress drew the comment of Red Horner for the manner in which he handled his share of the game.

EXHIBITION HOCKEY GAME WITH PAREE

It was the cold and blustery afternoon of February 20th that the Fingal Bomber Hockey Team departed for the famous textile town of Paris. Arriving in that smug little villa below the hill, with the frosty tang instilled through our systems, we proceeded to get thawed out and don the Pads and Pills, so necessary to play

that game which evolved from shinny.

Contrary to their usual custom, the bombers started to play real honest-to-goodness hockey right from the first whistle and to substantiate this our own DeGagne, with Andrews' assistance, scored the first goal in the first 60 seconds of play. Very shortly after this incident, assisted by great outbursts of cheers from the Fingal supporters, the bombers again forced themselves toward the enemy goal. This time Tessier scored the point with Krasnowski's assist and even now the game had only gone a mere three minutes. The remainder of the first period was scoreless; however, the Bombers having a two-goal lead were always on the watch for a scoring drive as well as maintaining their most effective defence.

The second period opened up with that look of experience but vengeance in the eye of each player showing the eagerness for competition in what was to be a closely contested match. It was not until after 13 minutes of this period had been played that Grant of the Paris team scored the first Paris point. In quick succession, Krasnowski was at the other end of the ice and scored another point for Fingal with Brownlie's assistance. Kras again had that feeling of triumph and it must have been that feeling that got him down on enemy ice again to score the fourth goal just before the second period ended; this time the assist was from Chapman.

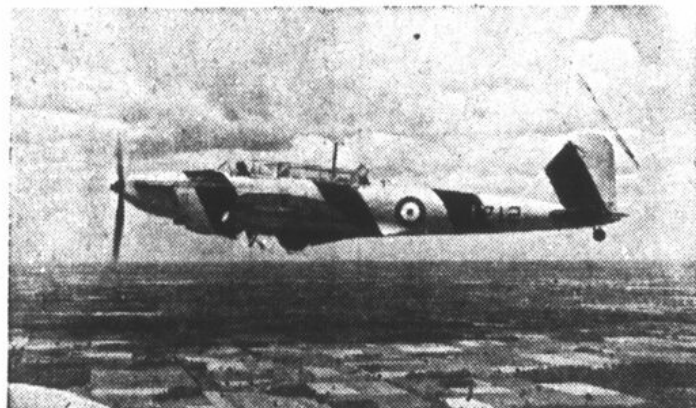
In the third period Krasnowski came back again with triumphant prowess of a winner to score the fifth point of the game for the Fingal lads. However, the game was not to end here and it was in the next five minutes of play, much to the surprise of the Bombers, that Paris came back with a sudden dash to score two points just before the last bell was sounded.

What with the Victory Loan drive and inclement weather, our attendance was severely cut, but the number that did attend were most enthusiastic in their cheers to the boys of their chosen sport. A return game in St. Thomas is anticipated.

Final score: 5 - 3 for Fingal.

Penalties: Granton, Paris; Chapman, Fingal; Misbuds, Fingal.

From The Sections



SEEN THROUGH A BOMB SIGHT

Well Sir, the day's been so warm and nice, Sunshine and all, well I've just been lazin' along day dreaming, and just back off a "48" when the phone rings and thers Don. Marks at the other end saying: "Get your stuff over here pronto if you want it printed as we gotta go to press sometime." So if the stuff's no good well you know how I feel. But as I look down on this here hangar area around Maintenance I kinda see a lot of stuff pertaining to the future, like looking down a well or into a crystal ball or sumptin.

SPORTS

We note with pride that one of our hockey products, A.C.2 Victor (Buddy) Hellyer, formerly attached to No. 4 P.H.U. here and now at Ottawa, is starring on the R.C.A.F. team at the Capital. On February 17 he played in the Benevolent Fund Benefit Game against Boston Bruins.

We note with additional pride that our former C.O., Gp. C. W. D. Van Vliet, is president of the R.C.A.F. hockey team at Ottawa.

I read in the papers the other day that if England doesn't start to increase the birth rate pretty soon we may be faced with a future of old people.

Well the way people dress and are so energetic these days it wont be much different anyhow, except that after Yours truly Rock and Conlin a couple of flight seargents and stuff are all nailed and boarded up in these old hangars, after the wars are over. We may get a chance to go home once in a while, so we'd like to talk to someone besides old phoneys like we'll be by that time.

So back to where we started, before I got off track, the boys around here are doing everythin' possible to keep a situation like this from arising, and also to keep the country populated by sparring and vigorous youth, so that Canada after these turbulent years will have something to keep them able to laugh and to win back our old confidence in ourselves and fellowmen—the coming great citizens of this country—who will enjoy the feeling of security living

(Continued on Page 13)

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**WEN THROUGH—
A BOMB SIGHT**
(Continued from Page 12)

as only Canadians and other Democratic people can live.

In a home where there's a bath tub (if you like baths). Plenty of automobiles within reach of the workingman, radios galore, nickel sodas, free speech, free education, and privilege to worship if and in any way we please.

Where women wear silly hats—where a boy rides a bike and girls play with dolls—not in camps where play is replaced by crude ideas of building a race of super imbeciles, who imagine that all grossness under the state is a natural function.

That crack about silly hats was merely a jest—as it's the woman who wears the silly hat who builds the youth of this nation, and moulds the little tots to the mighty men and women of tomorrow.

Now as I was saying, there's a lot of guys around here who are walking around looking quite proud, as well as a little worried, and from where I sit way up here I can see better than you down there, you can take my word for it that in the next edition or so of this Observer you'll see their names will be emblazoned on the stork list.

We're wishing them all well, and hope they get what they want—wether boyz or girls, or a couple of each, or three of a kind, or even three mixed up, or sumpthin'. A few of the up and coming airmen who have a furrowed brow at present could be Flight Sgt. Hill, Cpl. Workman, Cpl. Braine, LAC Everett, and a few more too. There's a report in yet from Ridgetown, but if I get any more red hot stork news you can bet I'll let you in on it. Lots of luck to these wives, whose men are in the R.C.A.F., and "Happy Bundlings," say we.

HEADQUARTERS NEWS

Ho hum, another month and still no women. Wonder where the Service Flying Schools got all the drag from to get the C.W.A.A.F.S before the B. & G's. A fine business, mais non? Headquarters looks like a deserted village, with everybody trying to get all their leave before the end of the fiscal year. Sgt. Cunningham of the much-maligned C.R. is walking around now with his thumb in a big bandage. It seems he was slicing some bread on the electric meat slicer and not only sliced a piece of bread, but also about half an inch off the end of his

thumb. J. R. Chapman, Esq., is now going to write a book entitled "Success" or "HOW I GOT A NEW UNIFORM FROM STORES." Yes, he actually got a new uniform from "Trader Corn," as our Clothing Stores are affectionately (?) called. We all realize that we should economize on the use of clothing, but when a guy has to wear a patch on the seat of his best pair of pants, or turned up cuffs, and go home on leave and see all the civvies running around in smart new clothes, well brother, that ain't no good for de morale. Some officials seem to think that the common, ordinary airman never had a suit of clothes until he joined the Air Force. O.K., we know, beef, beef, but it does get you down.

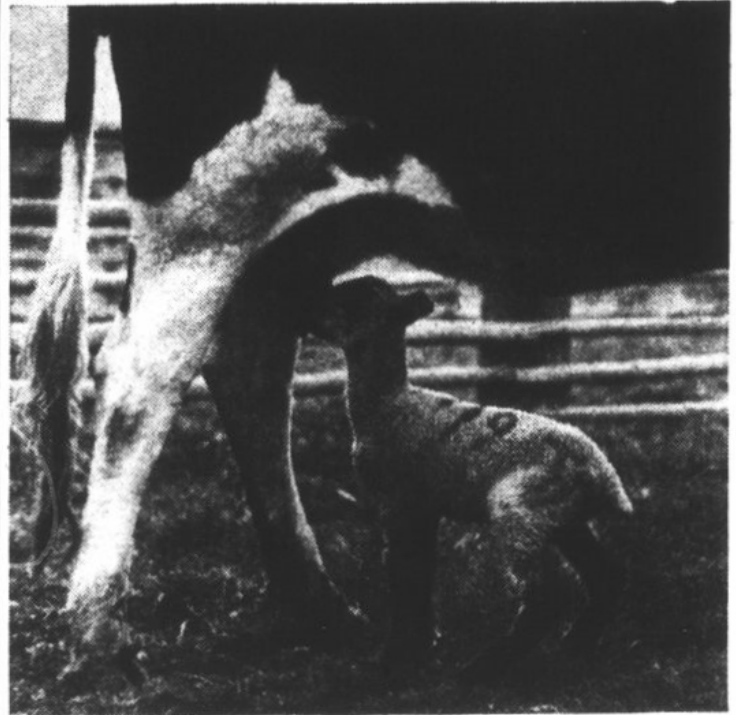
**No. II
DISCIPLINARIAN
COURSE**

Oh hum! go away; I don't want to get up. This might have been a common attitude on some Stations with our Disciplinarians, but I can assure that we never hear the remark at No. 1 Hangar, Fingal, Ont.

Reveille sounds at 5.30, and you bet we are certainly on the job. There is a grand rush to the nearest table or bench, with sheets and blankets flying in all directions. The result, of course, is a well-made bed which we are certainly proud of, not saying anything in regards to a couple of our potential Discip's who like to run a sort of a competition by using what we might term as a Carpenter's Kit, consisting of a couple of nice smooth boards, erected in such a way as to hold the blankets uniform and neat, not a bad idea. Don't tell Sgt. Major McKee, we may all adopt the system sooner or later; it certainly makes a nice job.

However, aside from the humorous part of it all, we are here to do a job, and that is our main ambition during our short stay of 10 weeks here at Fingal. A number of Airmen might be under the impression that a Discip's job is not essential. However, I think we would be able to hold our end up if ever a debate arose on the question. It is true that a Pilot keeps the plane in the air, the Mechanic assures that the aircraft is in perfect condition, and the Discip—oh yes, he is the poor fellow who is expected to know the answers to all the questions that the average airman is ready to shoot at him—and you would be surprised how fast they can shoot—sometimes to find out just how much we do

"THE TRAINEES TELL THEIR STORY"—No. 7



Here is one smart chap who will go far.

know. However, we are generally prepared.

During our ten weeks we realize that we will have to undergo intensive training to gain a maximum amount of knowledge in which to fit ourselves to do a job when we will assume our duties at another Station.

On behalf of all the boys, I feel quite confident that we can assure our Officer in charge of the Course, Flt. Lt. Hinton, Sgt. Major McKee and our Instructors that we are here for a purpose and that purpose is to work, and on leaving No. 4 P.H.U., Fingal, Ont., we will be able to say that the 10 weeks were well spent, for a good purpose, with an impression that will remain with us throughout our Service career.

The new Disciplinarian Course officially started on Monday, March 2nd, under the capable hands of Flt. Lt. Hinton. Aply assisting him

are Sgts. Buss, Galbraith and Inman, Cpls. Wright, Church, Forsyth, Maynes and Taylor. And, of course, that master of wit and glib tongue, W.O.2 McKee. (God bless his little heart.)

However, I have been asked by Sgt. Galbraith to write "something," as he put it, for this paper, and the best I can do is give a few impressions of the Disciplinarian Course, or "How to regain that sylph-like figure."

Being a poor A.C.2 and always doing what I am told, I shall go about it in a methodical manner and give you the lowdown "by numbers."

No. 1—Instructors

W.O.2 McKee, our super salesman, witty, tough ("Not bad but could be improved," referring to our blankets) with eyes and ears in every nook and corner. By the way, he sold \$5,000 worth of Victory Bonds to the boys, and to ex-

(Continued on Page 14)

L. H. TOWERS
Cleaners
TUESDAY and THURSDAY
★ Over-Nite Service ★

No. 2 Disciplinary Course

(Continued from Page 13)

tract that much in our condition deserves something or other.

Sgt. Buss, who understands the boys, being one of the old-timers, and just loaded with T.N.T. Where does he get it? Favorite expression, "As you were."

Sgt. Galbraith, a favorite at lectures, subtle humor that's hard to beat, and an example of posture, in spite of his 250 pounds (pardon me, Sarg.)

Sgt. Inman, or Charles Atlas as you wish, our P.T.I. instructor, a heart of stone, a saddist, and does not know the meaning of the word "Stop." But deep down we like him, and appreciate what he is trying to make out of us. (Hospital cases.)

And last but not least, our own beloved corporals. These poor lads really have a tough job on their hands, but we all support them as best we can and know they are the ones to get us through. But how on earth Cpl. Church comes in at 6 a.m. all dressed, shined and shaved, to push us out of bed, is beyond me.

No. 2—The Boys

Speaking for the lads, I would like to say that we are going to work hard, and pass this course 100%. We realize that the going is hard, but after all, Disciplinary men are known to be tough, and we have to keep up their worthy reputation.

Odd remarks heard here and there: Very good food—Close the doors—Open the doors—Turn on the fans—Damn these blankets—How are my buttons?—Who is that guy that is all ready for breakfast at 5 a.m.?—Fatigues again—Got any money?—Any

R.C.A.F.
Cedar Chests
 \$2.00 without Chocolates
 \$2.50 with Chocolates
Bronchida Cough Syrup
 Regular 60c for 50c

JOHNSON'S
Drug Store
 Opposite Capitol Theatre

ALL RANKS



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

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

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

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

mail for me? A few yawns—turn out the lights—and so to sweet dreams—left, right, left right, left . . .

DROGUE

It was the night of February 17; nobody knew the time except that it was dark, very dark. Strange things were happening in the vicinity of St. Thomas and Fingal. Some of the boys reported there were two moons in the sky with the sun between them. Others said the stars were on the ground, millions of them—big, fat, pink ones.

Suddenly a bus roared to the guard house; the driver jammed on the brakes and threw open the door. Nothing happened. It was the boys of Drogue Flight returning from their party in St. Thomas. Probably you know why the boys didn't get out of the bus? Well! You are wrong; the ride from St. Thomas had been so delightful and so comfortable that the boys hated to get out.

The party was held in the Legion Hall, St. Thomas, where a delightful dinner of roast chicken was served. P.O. Metcalf was the master of ceremonies, Flt. Lt. Foster proposed numerous toasts, and L.A.C. Olson gave the commercials. After the dinner a de-

licious lunch was served by Bruce's girl friend.

The boys all went to bed happy and slept quite sound for they knew the best part of the party comes in the morning. Sgt. Pooley tucked each lad in his narrow bunk and kissed them good-night. When he had finished he turned on the lights and got them all up again, for it was reveille.

Things always happen that nobody will believe, but here are a few of the stories which are sworn to be true:

L.A.C. Morris insists that after the party he flew a Battle to London, backwards at that.

L.A.C. Mathison swears his bed was in a vertical position and that he slept standing up.

Sgt. Pilot Fuller argues that he was the man who put everybody to bed.

The new two-way radio installed in Drogue Flight has many advan-

tages. Close contact can be kept with the pilots in the air, so that all lines will be kept busy. Weather conditions in the air can be reported so that all pilots know before take-off what to expect. Its chief advantage is the speeding up of air to air firing. Useless delays are being cut to a minimum and closer co-operation exists.

A C.W.A.A.F. on being asked to define a bolt and nut, received 100 per cent. for her answer.

"A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal such as iron, with square bunch at one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to a bolt, only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawed off short with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."—Apologies to Sixardee.

Like their prehistoric ancestors, modern Pueblo Indians of the south-west still seek parrot feathers for ceremonial regalia.

The Scott Studio
 "Established in St. Thomas Over 65 Years"
HIGHEST QUALITY PORTRAITS
 at
SPECIAL RATES to AIRMEN
 585 Talbot St. OPEN EVENINGS Upstairs

FIRE FACTS

The Fire Wardens had their first monthly meeting. Flt. Lt. Gray gave a short talk on fire patrol at night. Mr. Shaver reminded the members about the dance to be held on the evening of 2/3/42 and suggested that the next dance could be held as a Fireman's Ball with a special door prize. The meeting ended with an inspection of the fire hall.

We will take up another method of firefighting. The Foam Fire Extinguisher is especially good on oil tank fires—a heavy foam, the bubbles of which are extended with carbon dioxide gas. The use of two liquids when brought together combine chemically to form carbon dioxide gas. There are present, also, certain substances which lower the surface tension of the solutions to form foam.

The efficiency of foam is most effective where it can flow over the burning surface. A test at an oil plant was made in a tank 16 feet in diameter. This tank was filled to a depth of five inches with naphtha, which was ignited by an electric spark. The flames, which arose to a height of 20 feet, were soon extinguished by the foam mixture applied through a stationary pipe above the surface.

The formulas for the liquids used have varied from time to time; one set of such liquids is given below. There are two liquids in separate compartments in each extinguisher.

Liquid No. 1

- Glue parts by weight..... 1
- Glucose parts by weight.. ½
- Sodium bicarbonate..... 7½
- Salicylic acid..... ¼
- Water100

Liquid No. 2

- Aluminium sulphate parts by weight..... 10
- Water parts by weight....100

Carbon dioxide gas is generated by the action of the aluminium sulphate on the sodium bicarbonate. The glue and glucose or licorice renders the liquid viscous and thus foamy. The salicylic acid is added as a preservative for the glucose which later also acts as a stabilizer.

Foam Fire Extinguishers are made in several sizes from 2½ gal. hand type to stationary plants for a bank of oil tanks.

Let us have a slogan this month: "Lights out, smokes out."

Here Come the Discip

After having been hounded night to death by the wretched staff reporter to submit something to The Fingal Observer on behalf of the Discip, and having to put up with being awakened at uncertain hours in the night with the question: ANY NEWS YET? I decided it would be better to SUBMIT and save further such persecution.

No. 11 Disciplinary Course is now in full swing, the largest course yet and will in all probability be the last Discip course to undergo training at Fingal. In the opinion of the staff this should be the best course yet put through, due to the facts that we have four additional staff and all the trainees arrived on time, so that no time will be lost due to late arrivals.

Being placed under a seven-day quarantine upon arrival did not exactly meet with a unanimous approval, but the lads showed true soldierly spirit by taking it in good part and not causing the Station any trouble. This, I believe, is worthy of mention because when a couple of hundred men are quartered together and not allowed out there as a rule arises some differences of opinion which usually ends with a couple of black eyes and possibly some twisted necks or bent ribs. But as aforementioned,

"THE TRAINEES TELL THEIR STORY"—No. 8



The Trainee's leisure is not overlooked.

they behaved themselves like true Discip, and once a Discip always a Discip.

They will be required to complete ten full weeks of training, during which time they will be under the most strict supervision, after which, with "A.C." grouping, the successful graduates will be appointed A. Cpl. paid, which is something to work for.

A point of interest might be stated here with regard to the Second Victory Loan, to show the spirit that prevails among the airmen. The Sgt. Major, one Robert McKee, that worthy Warrant Officer class 11, Chief Instructor of the past several Disciplinary courses and late of Trenton, after having been SOLD a one hundred dollar bond by the Padre (believe it or not), squared his shoulders, marched down to No. 1 Hangar at precisely 120 to the minute, arms swinging as high as the waist belt front and rear, head erect, chin in, chest out, eyes looking their own level—came to an abrupt halt in front of the waiting trainees and launched a verbal BLITZKREIG at them with the result that something over \$5,000 worth of bonds were sold.

Bearing in mind that these lads have no grouping yet and for the

most part are drawing A.C.'s pay, or a buck-thirty per diem, this is rather a good show.

Concerning the last paragraph I might state that if the same spirit of giving and sacrifice prevailed throughout the whole nation there could be no doubt, even in the minds of the pitying pessimist or the scarest skeptic, as to the final outcome of the present conflict.

Victorian wives bore their husbands twelve children and no malice.

"A highbrow is one whose education has outstripped his intelligence."

CAPITOL

Thur. & Fri. March 19-20
LAUREL & HARDY
in

Great Guns

Sat. & Mon. March 21-23
WALLACE BERRY
in

Bugle Sounds

DIAMOND HALL . . .

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

AVIATORS
GOGGLES

E. H. FLACH

SUN
GLASSES

Watchmaker - Jeweller

377 Talbot Street

PHONE 427

St. Thomas, Ontario

SERVICE POLICE DONATIONS

We don't know where to lay the blame for the collection of pictures and identifications which are on hand. We know most of them are not flattering and perhaps that is why they are not called for, but somewhere we heard a saying that cameras do not lie. Yes, we could advertise an A1 Rogue Gallery to be given away.

The boys are bemoaning the fact that the powers that be somehow manage to separate us from our regular guests in the Hotel Clink. Discharged or posted and no chance for a come-back.

We also hear that we are about to lose an old friend, A.C.2 Higgins. This will be a loss because while he was working here the Corporals had golden opportunities of exercising vocal commands in out-talking him. Good luck, Higgins.

At present practically any tender will be accepted for an auditor to take care of the multitude of books to be signed out and in. Our bookmen all get gray or leave the Station.

And fellows, you will have another barrier to cross soon. Yes, the W. & B. Dept. are putting it directly in front of our home.

We also have a few new faces in the Guard House working in the capacity of Bookmen and Gatemen.

Through our land-lease policy with the Fire Department we have been able to make a few changes, and some of our veteran bookmen and gatemen are now learning the art of firefighting.

It would also be appreciated if the boys on the Station would lower the rank and general efficiency which they hand out to the

new girl friend. She calls up and says: "He must be an officer and I know he is a great flier." The call is always urgent and after an extensive search we find the super airman wanted is generally an A.C.2, not always, for an odd Sgt., etc., may indulge. How about lowering the bull, boys?

Everything is going along as usual in the Guard House.

Our Sergeant is spending seven days at home with the better half, and with the help of an occasional boost from our good friend, F.O. Ollen-Bittle, everything swings as smoothly as the guard gate.



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Naval and Military WATCHES

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ROLEX ACCURACY IS TRULY REMARKABLE

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.

OFFICIAL Officers' Oxfords



Complete Stock
including famous "Hartt's"

RAVEN'S

655 Talbot St. St. Thomas

Candy Hungry? Well Here's Your Answer

