

# THE FINGAL OBSERVER

15, Monthly

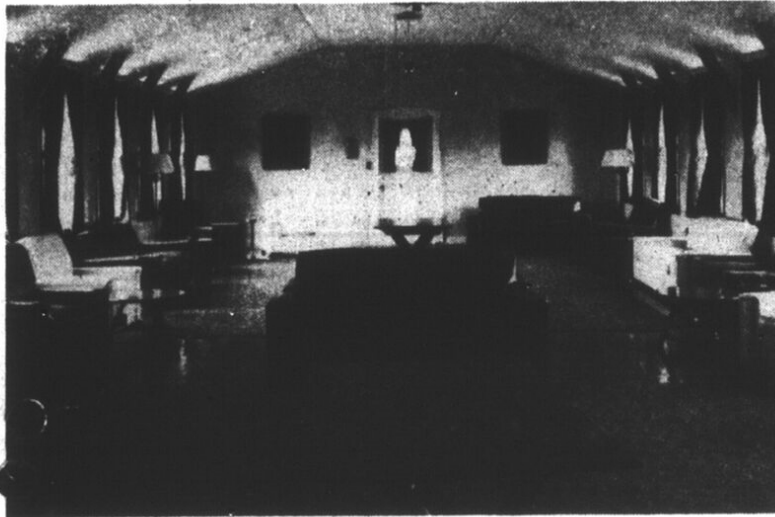
No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, R.C.A.F., Fingal, Ontario, Canada

April 15, 1942

## We Are Proud of Both!

AIRMEN'S LOUNGE

FINGAL BOMBERS



### "Best in the Command"

The opening of the Airmen's Lounge, Writing and Reading Rooms at our Station on Monday evening, April 6th, marked another stage of progress in the provision of extra curriculum activities of the men here.

The need for such a suite of rooms was not by any means a recent discovery to those interested in the comfort and diversions of the men. The idea was conceived over a year ago but its development had to be delayed owing to the priority of other necessary projects. Now that the building is furnished and opened, no one is going to bemoan its delay in coming for it is common agreement that it was well worth waiting for. If we may quote Sqn. Ldr. Rogers, it is the best in the Command. The building in which these comforts are housed was originally intended to be a kind of auxiliary mess hall, and for such it was well equipped. For those who knew the building in its first estate and who can compare it with the present, it seemeth that the kitchen hath changed places with the Georgian Room, and the lowly mess hall has become the Hall of State.

For these transformations of structure and design much of the credit goes to the enterprise of the Lounge Committee and a few of

the Works and Buildings personnel who gave of their talent and ideas.

The building was formally opened on Monday by the Commanding Officer, Wg. Comdr. A. J. Kennedy, with Sqn. Ldr. Rogers, Auxiliary Services, representing No. 1 Training Command. The Airmen were in good attendance and proudly showed off the place to their lady guests, while the messing staff served lunch and rounded off an auspicious evening.

The Lounge is to be supervised by a committee entirely of Airmen with an Officer in honorary capacity. The hope is that the men who use the building and its facilities will accept responsibility for its care and promote ideas for its fullest use.

In addition to the facilities for reading, writing and light diversions, the building contains the Library, recently augmented with about fifty new titles. Offices for the Station Padre and the Y.M.C.A. have also been placed in the Lounge so that the men may have easier access to their services.

### STOP PRESS NEWS!

Ft. Lt. Gowdy (our Station Padre) has just received word from Ottawa of his posting overseas. Our loss—Their gain.

### Finalists O. H. A. Intermediate "A"

Now that the last face-off has been faced, and the last whistle has been whistled, we can sit back and take a good look at our record which was piled up during the winter months. Perhaps some of us are inclined to be slightly pessimistic but on the whole most of us who have been interested in the Station Hockey Team, and have reviewed with pleasure the enviable record set by our Bombers, feel that although the final honors were not forthcoming, still the glory and pride we feel for the team compensates in no small measure for the loss suffered in the final seconds of the play-off's final game.

We all know that "Esprit de Corps" is essential in the service, and without it we would have nothing. May I take this opportunity to say that the spirit of comradeship and co-operation between each member of the team brought them through many a tough spot with flying colors. They are an outstanding example of what "Esprit de Corps" stands for.

May we just review rapidly the record of games won this season against the stiffest opposition this country can provide. After being entered in the St. Thomas and District League, and cleaning that up in no uncertain manner with no defeats, went on to play a few

exhibition games with Brantford, Paris and the Army in Woodstock. These three games put them in fine fettle for the Intermediate O.H.A. "A" group semi-finals against a brilliantly fast team from Waterloo. Winning this series 2 out of 3, they proceeded into the play-offs against a fast, hard-shooting team from Northern Ontario, Sutton. The first game was won 4-2 by our Bombers and the second was taken by Sutton 7-1, and the final game, played before a crowd of 1,600 fans in the Maple Leaf Gardens in Toronto, was only won by Sutton in the last two seconds of play, when Sutton pushed in a goal to win the game as the final whistle blew.

Yes, we lost the series; no regrets, no excuses; we lost fairly and squarely. This, however, does not mean we didn't try hard, because the records prove otherwise.

Last year we were the underdogs. Fingal hardly made a showing and so the gossip columns (not mentioning names) had it that Fingal's lucky first win of the St. Thomas and District series was merely a flash in the pan. Winning the first game of this series and taking the adverse criticism in stride of sports writers in the district, our Bombers went through the city and district series without

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## The Fingal Observer

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SGT. R. CUNNINGHAM

### Dere Mable! Where Art Thou?

Many of us enjoyed the back page article which perhaps more than anything gave THE FINGAL OBSERVER its initial popularity and success, and many of us miss it more than words can tell. Among these lamenters is your editor himself. As long as the letters to Dere Mable came in there was always the assurance of one good, well-read page. One had the confidence that he was sending to the printer a page full of cracking good humor. We knew we had something in store for No. 4 B. & G. and its far-flung admirers.

When its author, Aceyto Hardbottom, was posted to Toronto we were happy in the promise that the letters would continue. But Aceyto has taken to the rails again and is at Rivers, Manitoba. The remoteness from our Station interests and personnel makes it difficult for the continuance of his articles. But we haven't given up hope. Herein we sound the clarion call and trust that somehow from the prairie desert there may come back even an echo of that spontaneous laughter that once reverberated through the barracks of our dear old Fingal.

"Dere Mable! Dere Mable! Where art thou?"

### The Unseen Men

To you men on the Station who attend the majority of our social functions it might be worth your while to stop as you read our latest edition of THE FINGAL OBSERVER and just follow this column for some rather startling and interesting information.

Yes, we have Station dances, and we all go and enjoy ourselves; we migrate at 11 o'clock on the dot to the Airmen's Mess and feed the inner man, but did you ever stop and think of the fellow behind the scenes who is working while you enjoy yourselves? He is indeed due for honorable mention.

The men in the kitchen who work extra shifts to prepare our lunch, the fire fighters who are on constant duty at the Recreation Hall. Our Service Police who escort the buses to the dance and whose job it is to see that our dances run smoothly. There is also a chap in the parachute section, Ed. Everett; you know him as well as I do. It is through Ed's untiring effort that we manage to get our signs for all entertainment printed.

Our committees who arrange the dates and activities which take place at our recreational functions. Reliable Dan Eaton, our movie projectionist, who sees that you have a movie three times a week. All these fellows help you, you, and you, to enjoy yourselves. Hats off to these men behind the scenes who never grumble but do their individual jobs without creating any publicity for themselves. Fellows, we salute you; our hats are off to you. Keep up the good work; you are uplifting "morale" in no small measure, and you have our whole-hearted congratulations and support.

Their's, said the cynic, was a platonic friendship—play for him, and tonic for her.

"I've been in a terrible state of consternation for the past three days."

"Did you ever try bran?"

## A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

An Eastern Canadian Port,  
March 6, 1942.

Flt. Lt. David Gowdy,  
Editor, The Fingal Observer,  
No. 4 B. & G. School, R.C.A.F.,  
Fingal, Ontario.

Dear Sir:

This letter will no doubt seem like a voice from the dead, and if so, blame the clarion call from the February FINGAL OBSERVER, so kindly sent to me by Flt. Lt. Jack Gray, for awakening me to a realization of my debt to No. 4 B. & G. School. How true it is that a view from a distance gives the correct perspective, and shows up details in their true shapes and colors. This is, as I see it, looking at Fingal from an Eastern Canadian port.

Having arrived at No. 4 B. & G. on November 8, 1940, before the advanced period of "duck walks," when everyone's name was "mud," and continuing until July 28, 1941, when lawns and gardens graced the landscape, I now feel that I enjoyed a rare privilege as one of the personnel during the evolutionary stages. During this period it was necessary for all to plan and work together, with the result that all ranks got to know and understand each other, promoting a spirit of loyalty for which the Station is noted. Perhaps the various duties assigned to me gave me the opportunity of getting to know officers and airmen on the different parts of the Station set-up. They seem like one big family to me.

The Canteen, of which I was the first secretary, claims a warm corner of my heart. Sgt. Coulson, Cpl. Peck and Cpl. Thompson were pioneers with me, and we weathered many storms, although there were also many narrow escapes. Sgt. Faulkner had, and no doubt still has, his headaches from employment and menu problems. Flt. Sgt. Barr, and his noble men who so recently covered themselves with glory, will remember the tough old days of organization.

The February issue of THE FINGAL OBSERVER, which journal had the big advantage of starting out as an excellent paper, continues to merit this high rating. The standard set of including only articles of interest to all members of the Station seems to have been well guarded, also the discriminate use of pictures. In this issue the names of many of my friends appear. I read with sorrow of the tragic deaths of F.O. Montgomery

and P.O. Woods, both of whom were good-natured and valued members of the Station. I learn of the posting of Sgt. Major Landreville and, with you, wish him success in his new duties. "Reminders from the Sgt. Major" is a new timely column, which reflects the kindly yet disciplinary personality of Sgt. Major Thorpe. I miss the "Dere Mable" letters from the humorous pen of Sgt. Mann.

One of the joys of my life is to meet the boys from No. 4 B. & G. who come through this Eastern Canadian port. I have seen quite a number of them and have waved "good-bye" to some of them. I never felt more honored in my life than when, a couple of weeks ago, three of the No. 4 B. & G. boys turned up at my office to say "hello"—L.A.C.'s Mc Dermott, Bedard and Lundy. It sure is nice to be remembered. Within the past few months Lambert and Dussault were here. Gorham is near here, as also are Wg. Cmdr. Frank Coghill, Flt. Lt. Marc Gagnon and F.O. Ken. Caldwell. (Ken is married now.) So you see, No. 4 B. & G. is proving itself as a real training school. Also, I spent a couple of days with Flt. Lt. Male, on his way to "banishment."

Whenever I see a group of graduate Air Observers or Air Gunners in a restaurant or on the street I follow an irresistible appeal and ask them if they trained at No. 4 B. & G. School. Quite frequently they have and I listen with pride to the praises of the Station, the Commanding Officer, Wg. Comdr. Kennedy, Sq. Ldr. White, Flt. Lt. Whalen, Sgt. Major Martin and many others.

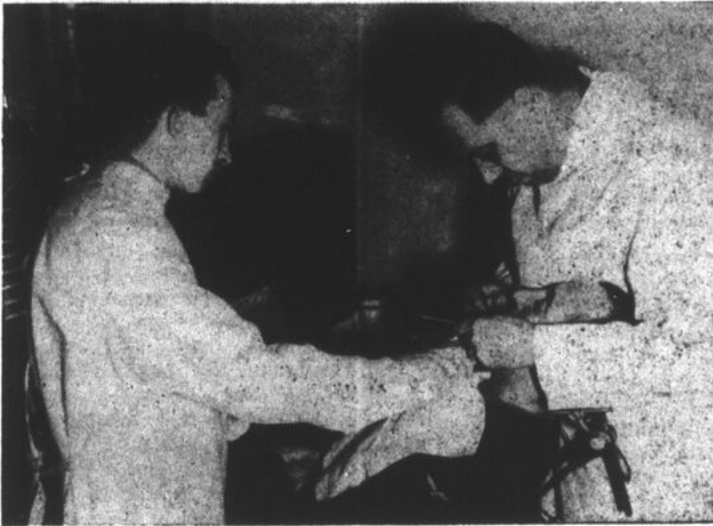
Mr. Padre Editor, if you lack material for your next issue and wish to print part of this prosaic epistle I shall be happy. Also, I wish you to know that not the least of my memories are the Sunday evening services held in the Recreation Hall. I hope the boys giving you full support; they should. I recall also our rambles around the runways, and interesting discussions there.

Yes, No. 4 B. & G. is a great Station, and even though my present work is very interesting and pleasant, and the personnel with whom I work are "tops," the old Station at Fingal is my "first love," and the many fond memories I hold will keep it so.

Kindest regards and best of luck.

J. A. GUYMER (Flt. Lt.)  
Eastern Air Command-H.Q.,  
Halifax, Nova Scotia.

## THE CANADIAN DENTAL CORPS



Inside the Dental Clinic

We have been asked to tell a little about the Canadian Dental Corps Clinic on this Station and the work that is done.

The Clinic is a separate building, having a waiting room, orderly room where records are kept, two operating rooms, a lab between them, a store room, rest room and toilet.

The staff of the clinic consists of two operators, who are captains, two chair assistants and the one orderly.

Each Captain has his own field equipment, consisting of two trunks. In these two trunks we have a portable dental chair, two portable tables, portable chair, portable foot engine, and in one trunk are drawers which have supplies and dental instruments. In one of these drawers are carried 24 C.D.C. towels, 3 operators' gowns and 2 chair assistants' gowns.

The subject of teeth may not be very interesting one, nor always in any way an entertaining one. Sometimes when you hear them talked about, the same squirmy feeling comes down inside your stomach as is there when you push the button at the Dentist's Office. But this story about teeth is going to be painless and I believe you are going to enjoy it, for I think I can tell you some things about healthy teeth that will surprise you.

Good health and healthy teeth are equally essential for a good soldier or good airman. One of the greatest glories of a soldier's or airman's life is his promotions—private to sergeant to captain to general—A.C.2 to sergeant to Flt. Sgt. to Air Marshal. These promotions are never given to a soldier or airman who is untidy,

careless or physically unfit, and decayed and diseased teeth will not only keep him physically unfit but will greatly affect his general appearance. His pride suffers every time he sees in his mirror these decayed teeth. They indicate carelessness at some time in his life and no careless appearing soldier is ever promoted.

Teeth are kept healthy through your efforts—careful attention to what you eat and very careful attention to mouth cleansing after eating; neglect of either of these will surely result in decayed teeth, and these are serious handicaps to everyone, particularly the soldier or airman.

So it is very important to us soldiers and airmen that we should not allow cavities to occur in our teeth and when they do occur we should have them filled just as soon as discovered. When they are very small they can be taken care of with practically no pain and proper filling by the dental officer will make that a useful tooth for the rest of your life as long as the nerve is not exposed. Once the nerve is exposed and abscess forms, the only thing the dentist can do for you is extract the tooth. Every tooth that you lose means that you are crippled, you cannot masticate your food as you should and you are not as comfortable. If they are front teeth it affects your appearance.

Washing the teeth is important because food particles lodge in between your teeth and on tops of the rough surfaces of the big back teeth with which you chew. That food goes bad in your mouth and forms acid. Now, acid formed on your teeth destroys them because it dissolves the minerals in that enamel cap and makes a tiny crack

or hole through which decay can enter. The mineral cap on your tooth is broken and bacteria can pass through it to the softer bone-like substance inside; decay takes place very rapidly. It is most important then that we wash our teeth after every meal, and particularly at night before going to bed.

So let us be sure to wash our teeth after every meal and by washing I mean washing—we used to call it brushing our teeth. We don't call it that any more. When you brush your clothes you take a whisk or a brush and just take the dust off, but when you wash them you put them in a tub with soap and water and thoroughly cleanse them. So let us really wash our teeth, not just brush them, with lots of water and a good brush. A tooth paste or powder is nice if you happen to have it, but the brush and water are the main things. Don't brush your teeth

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### Our Fingal Bombers

(Continued from Page 1)

losing a game and won the right to participate in the Intermediate B "A" Group O.H.A. Series.

Playing in the semi-finals against Waterloo, a very fast skating aggregation, Fingal blasted out a

victory by winning two out of three games, thereby making it possible to compete against Sutton for the Intermediate championship.

Well, to make a long story short, the games with Sutton stood at one-all and both teams moved into Toronto Maple Leaf Gardens for the final game of the series. A see-saw game ensued with the score standing at 3-3 with two seconds to go and Sutton in a quick rush pushed one in on Fingal, winning the game and series. A hard game to lose and a great one to win. We lost, but we aren't crying about it. We made a magnificent showing, and better luck next time.

To the men whose pictures appear on the front page of our OBSERVER all the bouquets we could hand you wouldn't compensate for the time and energy you put into the series, and you have brought all the glory in the world to Fingal; and W.O.2 Ordidge and Sgt. Miller, to you two men we extend our best wishes and congratulations for a splendid job well done. Without you, the team would have been greatly handicapped. And so until next season when the ice hardens and pucks and sticks again appear, carry on Bombers, and the best wishes of all the personnel of No. 4 B. & G. are yours always.

Gentlemen of the R. C. A. F.

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## Canadian Dental Corps

(Continued from Page 3)

crosswise; just force the bristles of the brush between the teeth and brush towards the biting surfaces.

The teeth should be brushed after every meal and at bedtime, but the most important time is at night before retiring, as fermentation takes place rapidly and during sleep great harm may be done. Silk floss, with cotton thread carefully used between the teeth may assist in removing food particles. A small tooth brush with well separated tufts so that the bristles may penetrate the space. If you force the bristles in between your teeth you are bound to force the food out and there is much less chance of decay.

**Method of Brushing:** Place the bristles ends of the brush up close to the gums and with a slight motion force the bristles in between the teeth. Fill all the space with the bristles, the sweep down for the upper teeth, and sweep up for the lower teeth. Do not brush crosswise; it has no cleansing value and may harm the enamel and gums. Massage the gums thoroughly with the ends of the bristles; it will help maintain normal circulation and healthy gums.

Care should be taken to clean the depressions or grooves in the back chewing teeth by brushing them strenuously on the top surface. Wash the mouth out with clean water following the brushing. Brushing the teeth has also a psychological value; it gives a person a clean feeling of well being and produces a pride in an attractive, healthy mouth.

**Exercise:** The thorough mastication of raw, natural foods, exercises the teeth in the jaw. For generations we have used our teeth very little. We do not have to exercise our teeth to eat mushy foods like custard pie, oatmeal porridge and soft tea biscuits, but we must use our teeth when we eat raw cabbage, apple, celery and whole grain breads. A slight movement of the teeth occurs during mastication which promotes a better circulation and brings health to the surrounding tissue of the teeth.

Pyorrhoea is not a disease of the teeth; it is a disease of the tissues surrounding the teeth. The first evidence of pyorrhoea is usually a deposit of tartar around the teeth at the gum line. This can easily be removed by the Dental Officer, but frequently its presence is not known until it has set up a gum irritation which produces inflamma-

tion. This inflammation continues with deposits forming down the entire length of the roof, which further extends the inflammation to pus formation. Pus destroys the bone of the socket in which the tooth is embedded, the tooth loosens and must be extracted. The eating of proper foods, careful mouth cleansing and frequent examination by the Dental Officer will help in preventing pyorrhoea.

Artificial teeth at the best are very poor substitutes for our own teeth, but if you have lost your own, or some of them, by all means visit the Dental Clinic and have them replaced; you need them for proper mastication of your food, for improper mastication leads to digestive disturbances and later more serious illnesses. If you have artificial teeth it is also very important that you keep them clean. This can be done with a good stiff brush and plenty of soap and water. They should be cleaned at least after every meal and before retiring. Food particles lodging underneath or around them go bad in the mouth and during eating mix with good food and bring about fermentation or indigestion.

In conclusion, feed your teeth every day; yes, feed them just as definitely as you feed other parts

of your body. Wash them every day thoroughly, after every meal if possible. Have your mouth frequently examined by your Dental Officer and all small cavities filled, and I am sure you will be healthier and make a better soldier or airman and merit promotion.

## You Can't Do That to Richards

'Twas on a cold and blustery evening about 5.30 when two of our seemingly quiet, demure little officers sped along the tarvia towards destruction—and who knows—except for the sturdy—"English Bantam" that carried them so swiftly towards that scene of accident, the occupants of this well-known car, whose license number begins with a capital D, might have been thrown or blasted over the barb-wire fence into some innocent farmer's ploughed field.

However, an ending so drastic as this was not for them, for it was the hulk of an ancient Richards Coach which caused that horrifying thud; "Jump," the bus driver shouted, as the frightened airmen peered out into the stormy night wondering what the job could be. Now they could faintly see "Scotty" and the "Doc" pulling

(Continued on Page 5)

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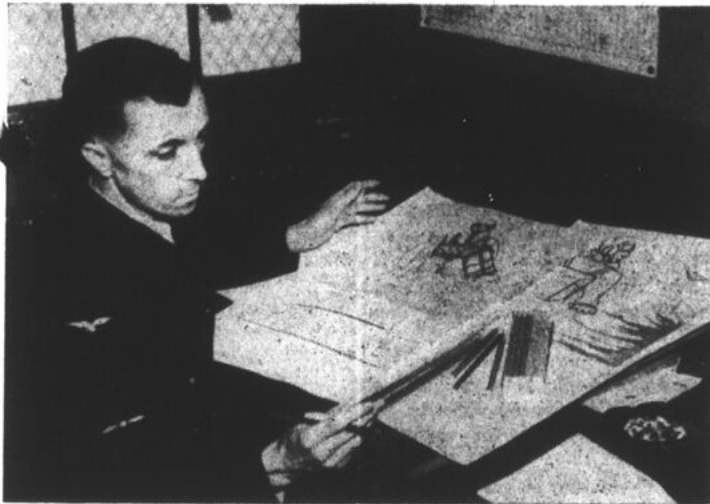
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**CARTOONING AND THE SERVICE**



Our cartoonist and feature writer, L.A.C. Storm, M. L., Armament Section. We were lucky to get a snap of Stormy, caught in the act at his favorite hobby.

Since man first made his crude drawings on the walls of his cave-dwellings, the pictorial artist has been the interpreter of the sentiments and passions of his particular tribe. Previous to the invention of written words, drawings had to suffice, the most elaborate being the hieroglyphics of ancient Egypt. A scribe in those days had to be an artist of some account. But, with the evolution of written tongue, drawing found a place of its own. Catastrophies and epochal happenings, particularly inspired the artist to put down in his form of writing the history of his people. Some were permanent and some transient. We are speaking of the transient type—one of them at least: cartooning.

Cartooning plays an important role in our lives, especially in time of war. Cartooning is particularly adaptable because it is an "impressionistic" art, emphasizing certain details and driving home the points with a few simply drawn lines. Next time you glance at a cartoon pause for a second or two and analyze your reaction to it. Nine people out of ten will get exactly the same impression. Nine people out of ten will see the very same lesson. For which reason, cartooning is perhaps the most popular of all the arts. One does not have to be technical. Any technicalities are skilfully hidden in the sheer simplicity of drawing. A straightforward appeal is emphasized. And one cannot help but admire straightforwardness, in spite of the fact that it may touch us personally. So we laugh, or frown, or feel the tinge of conscience. But, above all, we appreciate. The lesson goes home, in spite of ourselves. I have never yet

seen a "Don't talk too much" cartoon without remembering to manacle my tongue. Sometimes, when in the company of people whom I know to be sincere in their war effort, I recall a cartoon of Hitler beneath a table where two service men are discussing their particular jobs. Immediately I remember to hold my tongue. They may tell someone else and someone else may be within hearing. The enemy's grape vine takes care of the rest.

The political field is the cartoonist's harvest. There his imagination may run as wild as it wishes. The wilder he gets the more his editor loves him. And what a newspaperman wouldn't do for the love of his editor! But apart from this, nothing makes a cartoonist more happy than to be free to put down his impressions exactly as he feels them. Thus we see public men with big noses or bulging waistlines, according to wherever satire is the most applicable. And many public men revel in these pictorial jibes at their physical characteristics. Some even collect them!

A plea from the instructors at our Gunnery School brought forth a flood of cartoons, illustrating the "DOs" and "DON'Ts" in Gunnery. A few lines and a touch of humor and the lesson is driven home and remembered.

Cartooning is simple. It merely takes a little nerve. Try this some time. Take a pencil and a sheet of paper, preferably a clean sheet of paper, for the mind is highly susceptible and easily distracted. Using bold strokes, make a rough impression of some person of your acquaintance. Think about him for a few minutes. Mentally imitate

him. You'll be surprised at the impressionistic likeness you have drawn. The peculiar thing about cartooning is that you MUST have faith that your sketch is going to be what your mind imagines. Your hand will reproduce that picture very faithfully, don't worry. Do not use little, scratchy lines. That is a sign of a breakdown in the telephonic system from your brain to your hand. The message is not coming through clearly. Encourage yourself to use strong lines. The result will surprise you. The majority of cartoonists are splendid imitators, which is nothing more than a power to "feel" subjects around them. All of us have that power, sometimes latent. Cultivate it. Stick out your chin and "feel" like Mad Musso. A recognizable caricature will appear under your pencil-point. Or scream like Hitler and pull your hair over your eyes. He will likewise appear. There's no trick to it. It's as easy as rolling off a log.

"The same tornado that blew away my father's wagon dumped an automobile in the front yard."

"Huh, that was no tornado. That was a trade wind."

**You Can't Do That to Richards**  
(Continued from Page 4)

themselves together after a severe shake-up but the question the air-men are asking the adjutant is: Who were the young ladies with the "Scotty-Doc team"? Could they be a sample of the Women's Division? Could they be a couple of urban school teachers, or was it all caused by the storm.

In any event, we trust the Bantam will soon be repaired and back in service—we are going to need cars that are easy on "Ration Cards." Better luck next time, Sqn. Ldr. Jackson (Doc) and F.O. Gilmore (Scotty). May you travel in peace; not in pieces.

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## LETTERS TO ROCKY

DEAR ROCKY:

I've lost my sox and I don't like to have to pay for a new issue, what procedure do I follow?

JOE MUSH.

Answer:

Well Joe, the weather's getting nice now, so when you get up in the morning pull your drawers down over your feet and put on your shoes. This will keep your feet warm in the morning. By noon they'll be pulled out again and you won't need any, cause it won't be cold at noon, or you could just go into Stores and ask for some sox; no harm in askin' much.

DEAR ROCKY:

Having always been fussy about my clothes, I was rather embarrassed to have to go to church on Easter Sunday rather shabbily dressed in a patched up, worn out uniform (having seen sixteen months' wear). Are we always going to be the hardest looking branch of the Service or is there any hope of getting a new uniform once in a while, instead of hundreds of dollars worth of patching?

DISGUSTED.

Answer:

Well Gusty, it's rather tough, I'll admit, trying to look anything but scruffy when you love to wear your blues 24 hours a day, under coveralls while at work and to all daily parades, etc. But you will just have to bear up under it until someone discovers that a mechanic's parade can look exceptionally smart in khaki blouse and trousers. But moan if you feel like it; it's good for you, and then when you have a "48" you can go home and kick your grandmother; you'll feel much better afterwards. Or don't you guess so?

DEAR ROCKY:

I go with a girl who is much

taller than I am, and while we are walking down the street I feel very embarrassed. Is their nothing I can do? (What about stilts?).

SHORTY.

Answer:

No Shorty, stilts are no good; you can't get them under beer tables. You have two choices, however, which may help. You could walk close to the edge of the sidewalk and let her walk in the gutter. This will add about 6 inches to your height, or you can get her to walk on her knees, using suit cases for shoes so her legs won't show. This is a very good method, and after a while she'll be able to get around just dandy. (Keep out of revolving doors with her, though.)

## THE BRAVE PAWL

Long, long ago in the land of Tang lived a little iron man called Retaining Pawl Browning . . . he had absolutely nothing to do with the other Brownings of which you may have heard, so we will call him Pawl, for that is what his friends the Chute Lugs used to call him. Little Pawl was the watchman at the gates of the Land of Tang, for there was only one entrance into this terrible place, and nobody who had got in was ever known to have come out whole . . . for Tang was the home of the wicked firing pin who had an amazing appetite for innocent little bullets, and he sometimes devoured as many as 1,000 a minute. All these bullets were captured by Pawl's greedy cousin, Feed-Pawl, who passed them on to the cunning transporter who sealed their doom by allowing them all to be pushed down into the deep dungeon where they were shot up by the wicked firing pin's personal striker. Little Pawl, being a very good person, really was, as you might expect, very disheartened with his job; he lived all day long in horrible

cordite gas which gave him boils, and was regularly taken out and scrubbed in caustic soda and then half smothered in oil. All day long he had to listen to the tramp, tramp, tramp of thousands of captured bullets who forever kept him awake. Once, he remembered, he had let just one escape, and he was still bruised from the knocks he had received with a great big spanner from a S.A.I. who should have known better.

One day, when greedy cousin Feed-Pawl was fast asleep, and little Pawl had nothing at all to do except gaze out along the endless belt which would help satiate the firing pin's consuming appetite, he was surprised to hear a sweet voice calling him from out of the first bullet in the belt . . . "Little Pawl, Little Pawl," cried the voice, "I am really a princess in disguise . . . I was changed into an incendiary bullet by a cruel armament officer, and if this damn belt had not stopped just in time I would already be in the claws of that frightfully ugly transporter with the big ears." . . . "I don't want to die just yet," she cried. "I don't want to be burned up and have that awful firing pin sticking into me . . . please save me, Little Pawl, and I will be yours for ever!" Now Pawl was all alert; he realized that as soon as Feed-Pawl awoke, the Princess would be drawn right into his horrible clutches. . . . "If only I could cause a stoppage of some kind," he said, "I could save you, and you would suffer nothing worse than a few scratches and maybe a broken Rim." He looked around and saw that the Retaining Pin and the Spring who always kept him in order were over playing Poker with the Guide Ribs away in the Recess, so quickly he jumped out of his slot and swung himself up on the transporter stop, and managed to grasp the lower horn. He saw the gleaming silver breech block towering up above him, but he managed to scramble up on to the top somehow. "Now," he said, "all I have to do is to scramble down the front and give that puny old striker a good biff on the nose, and then he won't be able to fire any more . . . and lovely Princess Mable will be saved." Slowly he edged his way to the edge of the Breech-Block . . . and then he stopped . . . and what he saw made beads of cold oil drip from his brow . . . this was a Colt Gun, and not the aristocratic English type . . . the Breech-Block had stopped FORWARD and he could not have inserted even a hair in the space he had expected to find in order to climb down to the firing pin . . . whilst he was wondering what on earth he COULD do to

cause some kind of stoppage, the earth began to tremble beneath his feet. "Oh, oh!" he groaned, "some fool Observer has gone and woken up cousin Feed-Pawl . . . why the darn fool is actually COCKING the . . ." The Breech-Block was going back, back, irresistibly BACK; there was no time to lo . . . the greedy Feed-Pawl, actuated by his cronies, Cam and Stud, had already passed right over the lovely princess, who was lying helpless on her back . . . he was licking his extension in the expectation of securing so choice a prize . . . he was all set for the forward action . . . then Little Pawl acted . . . caring not for his own life without that of dear Mable, he waved good-bye to his twin brother, Filling-Piece, and jumped right down into the teeth of the on-rushing Breech-Block, and with a crash the whole works came to a sudden stop.

"No. 2 Stoppage!" shouted the Observer (whose name was Billings). "How in hell's name did this retaining Pawl get into the Breech-Block (this just shows how little Observers know of courage and bravery and sacrifice) . . . Damn these cheap guns!" Little Pawl was picked up and hurtled to the floor, where he fell at the side of the Princess, who apparently was none the worse for her hair-raising adventure. "Come with

(Continued on Page 7)



# R. C. A. F.

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

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**SUPREME SACRIFICE**

I was talking to the head nurse the other day over at the Municipal Hospital, just hanging around waiting for a story to break. The "Ed" had sent me there; "might be a yarn," he said; "no reason for to miss it just because Joe is sick." Joe was regular man on hospital assignments.

"Look, Beautiful," I said, looking deep into her eyes, "don't tell me there isn't anything happening today; I'd hate like the devil to go back to the rag without some kind of a story."

"I am sorry," she said, "not a thing that I know of." "And I don't know of anything that is important," she added, looking very proud of herself.

"Think hard, lovely lady," I grinned. "Surely there must be some routine accident cases, or some high and mighty personage of our fair city must be suffering from some unknown malady," I prayed.

"Excuse me," she said, "I'll be back in a moment." She hurried off to answer a buzzer call that summoned her to the clinic room.

I lit a cigarette, sat down on the side of her desk, picked up a copy of the "Medical Herald and Physical Therapist, and waited.

In a few minutes I was interrupted by a gentle tap on the shoulder; it was my friend the nurse back again.

"A young girl just came in; she's up at the clinic; she has a bad case of anemia and will probably need a transfusion. They'll let you in, although I don't guarantee a story, but you can't hang around here, I'm busy. Besides, it will improve your mind," she said as she pushed me off her desk.

REFRESH ...



**Station News**

Up I went to the third floor and into the clinic room. Nothing much was happening; a few nurses were silently flitting about and a white-robed doctor bent over a pale ten-year-old girl, lying helplessly on a cot.

Gerry, the little girl's brother, was hanging around, inquisitive yet a little scared.

"How would you like to give your blood, Gerry?" the doctor asked the kid softly. "It might save your sister's life."

The kid was scared, gulped a couple of times, turned pale, then swallowing hard, told them to go ahead.

Gerry, his jaws clamped tight, watched stargingly as nurse tenderly prepared his arm.

"Brave little fellow," she remarked as she rolled up the soiled sleeve of his little jacket as he lay on a cot adjacent to the one on which his sister lay.

In a short time the operation was finished. The nurses and doctor, glad of the success of the operation, bent over the prostrate form of Mary, watching the color slowly returning to her pallid cheeks.

No one paid any attention to Gerry, pale on his cot.

As I watched I saw Gerry's little hand reach out and feebly tug at the sleeve of the doctor's white jacket.

"Mary's doing fine, Gerry," the doctor assured him; "you've saved your sister's life."

A feeble smile played a moment on Gerry's lips, then pulling the doctor's jacket again the little fellow whispered "B-but, Doc, w-when do I c-croak?"

**The Brave Pawl**

(Continued from Page 6)

me, brave Little Pawl," she simpered. "I will remain with you for ever, and I never want to turn back into a princess again . . . I know a little green house called 'Red Label' where we can live happily ever after . . . although the food must be pretty lousy because it's labelled 'SPECIAL FOR R.A.F.'—but never mind, we'll have lots of other things to do besides EAT."

*The moral of this story is keep your breeches closed tight on all occasions.*

America's skunks and muskrats are unknown in Europe, except in zoos.

**OUR NEW LIBRARY**

To you individuals on the Station who will be using the new Airmen's Lounge, and to you who through curiosity or through a hundred and one other reasons will from now on be making the Lounge your headquarters for whiling away your leisure hours, may I point out a few of the outstanding features to be found in our "Grey Room," the new Station Library.

The Library Committee have been more than fortunate in procuring a number of the latest works of prominent writers dealing with the political, social and economic problems which confront the occupied and non-occupied countries mixed up in this gigantic struggle for freedom.

Such books as "Modern Democracy" by Becker, "Berlin Diary" by Shirer, "France on Berlin Time" by Kernan, "Inside Latin America" by Gunther, "Mein Kampf" by someone called Hitler, "The Battle for Asia" by Snow, "Good Neighbours" by Hening. I could go on and name 50 more. We have them on the shelves in our new Library

and you, you and you are at liberty to come in and pick your favorite.

Not only have we the newest in world affairs, but we have a list of the best book of the month club, such books as "Saratoga Trunk" by Firber, "This Above All" by Eric Knight, and numerous other ones that are foremost today in the literary world.

So if you are interested in bettering yourself by reading some very good books you should make use of our new library.

There is a stipulation in connection with our new books. These books we would like to look after, and so we ask you to take care of them and we have placed a three-day limit on them, but you may renew them and take as long as you like to read them.

We are all proud of our new Lounge and the facilities it offers to each and every one of us, and with a new Library and a grand collection of new and up-to-the-minute books we should all make good use of our "Grey Room." We will be seeing you in the library.

Farmer Hawkes: "Ephraim, does your mule ever kick you?"

Ephraim: "Well, boss, he ain't ebber kicked me, but he kicks quite frequent in de place whar Ah's jes' been."

**ATTEN-SHUN!**

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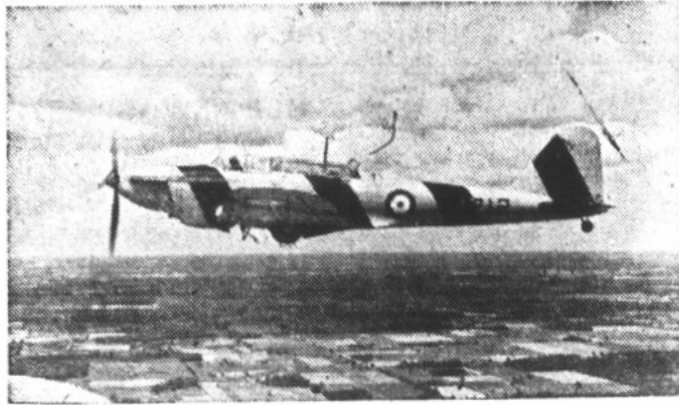


SGT. DEMPSEY

We wish to take this opportunity of wishing Sgt. Dempsey the best of everything on his new posting to No. 1 I.T.S., Toronto.

Sgt. Dempsey has been with Fingal on and off for quite some time. He reported here with the first draft of Armourers on the 2nd of December, 1940. He worked in the Armourer Section and became expert on the Bombing Teacher, which, as you in G.I.S. know, became the indication immediately of a posting. So Sgt. Dempsey was posted to No. 8 B. R. Squadron, Sydney, N.S., on the 1st of June, 1941. He also served with 117 B. R. Squadron in North Sydney, 117 B. R. being a flying boat Squadron. From thence he was posted to Mountain View for a Gunnery Instructor's Course. After his course we were very lucky to have him posted back to G.I.S. at Fingal, where he has been instructing Gunnery since the 1st of December, 1941.

Sgt. Dempsey's career in this war is paralleling that of last war. He enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps in 1915 in Canada and served with them until demobilized in 1918. During his service he was holding the rank of Flt. Sgt. and teaching Gunnery. The last



SEEN THROUGH A BOMB SIGHT

Nobody stays up in the clouds all the time and so therefore it's practically impossible for me to stay with me eye glued to the bomb sight either. And during a little leisure, when I'm not raising hell with my bad boys down at Barrack Block 8A, for not washing their windows, not washing their ash trays, not folding their blankets and sheets correctly, and not keeping the place in good order (I had to get this dig in at the scruffy baboons, bless their hearts). Sometimes I imagine they think I'm their mother, but I'll slaughter every last one of them if their Barracks don't show a considerable improvement, so help me.

Of course, each and every one of them know that Rocky gets up year with the R.F.C. he was handling Refresher Courses at Armourer School in Hamilton, Ont. The building was the old Westinghouse plant on Aberdeen Avenue. After the war and until the time he re-enlisted he worked as an electrician and was in charge of production with Norton & Co., Chippewa, Ont. We of Class 5, Course 27, Air Gunners, wish to keep bouquets on our instructor, Sgt. Dempsey, for his untiring efforts towards getting our wings. According to very reliable sources, we are informed that Fingal B. & G. is losing one of its best instructors.

Our hearty and best wishes go with him on his recent posting to No. 1 I.T.S. Incidentally, we think the sergeant can hold his own in any company, male or female. No cracks, Sergeant.

each morning with just one idea in his mind—to make some poor miserable wretch more miserable that day. They know that, but still in all they will leave their junk untidy. A dirty towel here, too many shoes on their bunks; my kids could fold blankets better (I hope). So every Thursday nite, after I've collared a few of them—who didn't get sneaked out yet, I get the windows washed, the papers thrown out, lockers cleaned off—everythin' Honky Doodle, and they're so good about helping to clean up, too. Oh my, yes! I ride up and down the Barracks on a motorcycle, with a great black whip, slashing these guys to ribbons—that's how I do it. Then, oh yes, then completely exhausted I go to my room and fall into bed, praying that the lightning will come and smash the whole Bar-

racks and all these maintenance birds to hell or some place before the C.O. comes to inspect the outfit on Friday—because I know it'll be a mess again by morning—a sock hangin' here, a lovely pair of drawers draped over something over there, a couple of old civvy shoes somewhere else—and old carpet slippers, gaudy pyjamas, ancient suit cases—it's awful. And who's bunk's that? Oh him! He's on a "48" or he's on leave—hah! I'm gonna get two whips and a fire axe, too. I love these boys, just like my own flesh and blood—so I'm gonna make good boys outta them all so the Sgt. Major will love 'em, too. Then I'll take them all over to the canteen and buy lots and lots of beer (for myself) and just let them sob their little hearts out, yes sir!

Well, enuff said, blast their hides.

Cpl. Braine left us to go to a new Station. Lots of luck, kid. He's been me pal for a long time. The stork was at his house just afore he left, and brought he and Mrs. Braine a fine baby boy. Both mother and baby were doing well at this setting—the best to the both from all of us.

Last month Mrs. Turner was in the hospital and we are glad to hear that her sojourn there ended in a successful operation. Bill Turner, in the Instrument Section, is a swell chap, and as always we are glad to have the family back and well again.

(Continued on Page 8)

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# CITY DAIRY

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**Guard House Rumors**

Well, folks, here we are again and rarin' to go. Since our last issue we have received quite a few new members. F.O. Sohiell, to whom the staff of the Guard House extends its most hearty welcome and hope that you will enjoy to the full your sojourn with us, and also to Sgt. Geo. Frizzell, Cpls. L. A. Edwards, J. C. Murray, C. A. Hatfield and R. Painter; we wish to extend them a very cordial welcome to our happy home.

**Things We Would Like to Know**

Where does Sgt. D— spend all his nights?

How does Cpl. Ross score all his HITS?

What happened, Cpl. Bell, did you slip on the sidewalk and sprain your ankle or was it from trying to get a toehold.

Oh, by the way, Cpl. Stewart, how is the little blonde, or is it brunette, coming along up in London?

Enough of that, and now we will get down to some serious talk before leaving. We have five suites of rooms vacant in our hostel and ye airmen can have your pick any time you care to go A.W.O.L.

There will be STRICTLY NO PARKING on the lot in front of the Hostess House as it is reserved for visitors.

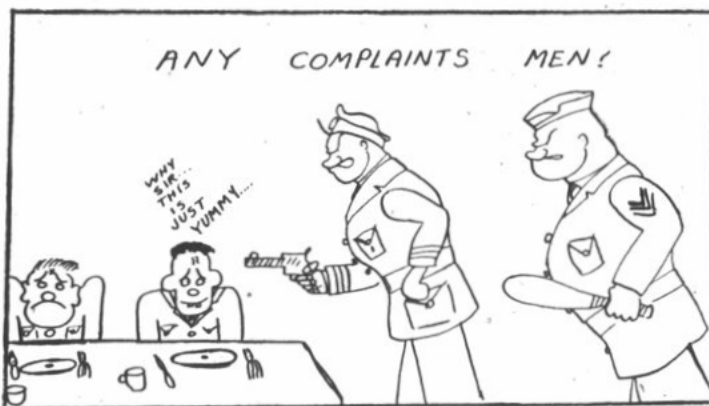
Co-op. and help keep our Station clean, lads, by putting your empty cigarette cartons and match boxes in the containers that are supplied for that purpose.

Before we leave we had better extend our congrats. to Cpl. MacWilliams on his 29th birthday which he celebrated in a big way on the 7th, and any man that can score seven in one night takes the Guard House CUP.

**"RIDE 'EM, AIRMAN"**

Well, it was my first gunnery flight, and if I did break a couple minor rules, it wasn't really my fault. Anyhow, you read this and decide for yourself, and I mean after all we can't all be perfect right at the start, can we?

However, to get on with it, I got into the ship (well, I suppose I was a half an hour late if you want



to split hairs about it), hooked the gee string to the zipper of my flying suit, loaded my trusty V.G.O. with tracer, and took a sighter burst on a group of mechanics sitting in front of the hangar. I was a bit disappointed with the result, for when we went past they were still ducking, running in all directions and digging themselves in in the lawn. One or two were shaking their fists at me. "H'm," I thought, "this gun seems to jump up a bit" . . .

The pilot looked around a bit quizzically, but by this time I was sitting on the seat with the gun pointing roughly in the direction of Heaven. We taxied down the runway, took off, and I began to look eagerly for the drogue.

We had flown to and fro for three or four minutes and no drogue was to be seen. To give myself something to do I amused myself by shooting at passing planes and at farmers who were diligently at work in the fields below, but failed to hit anything to speak of. I did manage to put a few rounds through the tail of a passing bombing ship from our own Station. "Tut, tut, lad," the pilot gently rebuked me through the intercom., "don't be too impatient, the drogue will be here in a minute." "Killjoy," I thought. We waited for a few minutes and then the drogue ship came into view. "There it is," the pilot shouted, "now let's see what you can do."

This seemed to be a fair enough invitation, so I thought the best thing to do would be to start with the engine and work back to the

pilot. It seemed silly to shoot at that bag of wind behind. The first burst went a bit wild, but the second seemed to get mixed up with the propellor. Immediately there was hell to pay. The drogue pilot leaned out to shake his fist at me, and I managed to pick him off nicely in a short burst. The ship nosed down and headed earthwards in a spin, with a bit of smoke coming out of the engine.

"Say, what happened?" the pilot shouted through the intercom at me. "Why, didn't you tell me to do the best I could?" I said. "Why, you jerk," he roared, "I meant the drogue, not the ship . . ."

"Jerk, eh?" I thought. "I guess it's time somebody taught you not to shout at chaps like that." So I fired a couple of bursts through him. Ah, me . . . I wonder what will happen next time?

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**Seen Through a Bomb Sight**

(Continued from Page 7)

The same goes for Cpl. Petch, who is away on leave at this time. We have had no word from him, but as his wife is just over an operation we hope she is all O.K. again. We haven't flowers but our little word of cheer is from the gang over at Maintenance.

Back to the stork again. We have some very fine news and orchids and congratulations to Cpl. and Mrs. Workman—a fine baby boy, and is Daddy ever proud! Well, Johnny's a good egg.

L.A.C. Everett and the Mrs. have a bonnie young lassie, and according to Ev. she's a darlin'.

A.C.1 Gibson comes along with news of a lovely daughter. Sorry I couldn't get the wee folks' names, but congratulations and the best of everything to mothers and little ones of the R.C.A.F. "CARRY ON CANADA."

CPL. STONE

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### HEARD AROUND HEADQUARTERS

Headquarters is a very interesting if not unique place on our Station. Here you will find some extraordinary personalities. For instance, in Central Registry we have Sgt. Cunningham. For the past six months he has been doing his darndest to re-muster. First he tried aircrew, and the other day I understand he tried to re-muster as a butcher. The hospital reports, however, that he is now in good shape again.

Cpl. Joe Baker, in Orderly Room, tried to argue with a train somewhere near Blenheim, but fortunately the trusty roadster stopped when he steered for the ditch.

Talking about re-mustering—the boys in Accounts are doing some serious thinking lately. Sgt. Cyster is planning on changing his career from accountancy to that of a pigeon loftman. Waltz King Fowler, Al Corless, Big Eric Douglas, Little Bill Douglas and Flt. Sgt. Coulson are all thinking of I.T.S. and eventual aircrew.

Flt. Sgt. Guse is a proud father. He says the younger Guse is already thinking of enlisting—the age of the infant is two months. Cpl. Riley "George" Baker's two juniors will be having a dry time now that Coca-Cola is rationed down in Fingal village. That piano playing accountant is striving to develop a growth above his upper lip, but Sonny Walsh doesn't think he'll get very far.

Jay Shaver of the "Y" developed a slight discoloration under the left eye one day last week. He claims Don Marks mistook his eye for a furniture crate with the crow bar. We wouldn't know why, but he got a letter of explanation from the padre before he went home on his "48."

Little Bill Douglas and Sonny Walsh had a "rummy" time on

their last "48" in Detroit. Bill says the liquid refreshment on the U. S. side isn't very effective, but, strangely enough, a little goes a long way in our country. 'Nuff said.

#### HEADQUARTERS GOSSIP

Our friend, Cpl. Milne of the Hospital, won the London & District Table Tennis Tournament at London last week. Congratulations, Red! This is quite a feat, as there was a large field of contestants of high calibre. Things are a little bit easier around Headquarters now that everybody has come back from leave. During the month of March Headquarters building resembled a deserted village. The funniest thing heard in months around C. R. was when Clarke was giving Cramer a lecture because Cramer was going out with a girl in town while engaged to one in Toronto. Now Freddie, should the pot call the kettle black? Of course the fact that Cramer is engaged to Clarke's sister might have something to do with it. Another good one was when Poulin came back from the taking around D.R.O's and Baker asked him what was for supper. Poulin said "Roast beef and pie roll." Everybody went down to supper wondering what kind of new nightmare the cooks had thought up, only to find that it was the old familiar jelly-roll. Well, we shouldn't laugh because when we get over to France we're liable to find the waiter setting some very funny things down in front of us when we go into a restaurant. We have a new addition to the Sgt. Major's office in the person of Sgt. Neal Moore, direct from the London Recruiting Centre. If any of you chaps who want to get even with some of these smooth-talking lads at the Recruiting Centre, here's your chance. The line forms on the right.

Seldom does any appreciable philosophy emanate from Headquarters O. R., but the other day Flt. Sgt. McCarthy rose to Churchillian heights and proclaimed to his henchmen, amazed at their futility, "Never was so little known by so many after doing so much."

### Reminders From the Sergt. Major

Well lads, once again this small column of reminders appears, which will, I hope, work towards the common cause of improving the Station in many ways.

You now have, without a doubt, the smartest Airmen's Lounge of any Station in Canada, made possible by the co-operation of the committee, use of the Station funds, and the fullest effort and kind permission of your Commanding Officer.

(Try to keep it the way it is.)

Adjoining the Lounge there is our Station Padre's Office, the private sanctum of he who keeps the light burning in so many of your miserable and despairing souls. He who keeps a fatherly eye on you and hopes you won't slip from the beaten path or turn to heathen ways while under his watchful care.

Watch thy step, my boys, and don't take the road of thorns even though she may be waiting for you at the other end, the slower and more thoughtful road is always the best. Sometimes, lads, you forget the idea behind that road of thorns, and pass it over lightly, but you and all the rest of the Station

appreciate the never-ceasing efforts and the kindly help that Flt. Lt. Gowdy is always so willing to give to us all.

Now that summer is near and you will soon be leaving off your greatcoats, watch the attention areas, dress and deportment more than ever, as the eyes of the powers that be notice those who walk and act like airmen and those who don't.

You aren't a member of the Nazi Iron Guard, but, in your own free and democratic way you can put enough effort and smartness into your daily duties to forcibly shove those lower type of animals back into the holes they crept from.

Be proud of the uniform you wear.

A.C. 2—"I want a loaf of Mumsie's Bread, a package of Krispy Krunchies, a jar of Goody Sanny Spready Ole Mammy's Lasses, Orange Pully and a pound of Aunt Annie Sugar Candy, Bitsey Bite size."

Clerk—"Sorry, no Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oatsie-Toasties, Malty-Wheaties, Riel Ricelettes or Eatum-Wheatums?"

A.C. 2—"The Wheatums then."



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**DROGUE FLIGHT**

In spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love and the girl decides that a "pigeon" at the altar is worth two in the bush. So, ye single men, take heed to the bird that sings, the flower that blooms, the tree that buds for they are but milestones on the road to matrimony.

Due to the large number of marriages executed in this Flight during the past year and the number now pending, we have decided to change the title of this column. Already several new ones have been suggested—"What a life without a wife" or "Why stay single if you know a rich girl?"

Write us your experiences; tell us your troubles (if any). All letters will be promptly answered and kept strictly confidential. If you wake up tired in the mornings, or are unable to make one pay last till the next, we can help you. Remember, life can be beautiful and two can live as cheaply as one (providing you don't drink, smoke or gamble).

If women are not attracted to you, here are a few helpful hints:

1. Try changing your clothes. Dress is quite fashionable this year.
2. If your breath is bad, stop eating onions and try changing your socks.
3. Don't be a 99-lb. weakling. Eat five bowls of porridge every morning.

One day the boys in the Wireless Section got to thinking how lonely the drogue operators must get all alone in the back of an aircraft. Now loneliness is bad for morale and poor morale is bad for the Air Force so the Wireless Section chipped in a month's pay each and bought big shiny radios to keep the operators company. These radios had colored lights, lots of switches and gadgets and made a humming noise like a pinball machine.

Now here is what might happen when drogue is flying four lines and somebody changed the gadgets and switches.

As ship No. 3 crosses over the field the pilot orders the operator to drop a bell and release the drogue as they are being replaced by a new drogue ship. The operator in ship No. 1, which is in the middle of an exercise, hears the command so he dumps his drogue into the lake. Thereupon his pilot

*From The Sections*

begins to use some pretty language while the drogue is drifting towards the water.

Now the operator in No. 2, hearing this strange language, asks his pilot if the motor is troubling him. Operator No. 3 hears about the motor trouble so he informs his pilot that in case of emergency he is prepared to abandon aircraft. Immediately operator No. 4 thinks his pilot is baling out so he jumps first as he does not wish to be alone. The pilot seeing his operator "hit the silk" jumps also.

The gunners in the gunnery ship think these are two new targets so shoot them both down. Meanwhile the pilot of No. 1 sees No. 4 crash into the lake so gives the order to drop the cable so he may be of some assistance.

The operators in No. 2 and 3 hear the order and drop their cables. The cable from No. 3 drops across a high tension wire and blows all the fuses on the Station. No. 2 is not so lucky as his cable catches on the tail and in attempting to land with the cable out cuts down the telephone line.

These facts merely point out that you can't be listening to a radio and do your work at the same time.

**Sparks From the Electrical Section**

Well boys, here we are again, still flying around the hangars, changing batteries and flipping switches. Everyone is happy in the old Electrical Section. Wimpy got two hooks and forgot to wet them. (How about it, Wimpy?)

We have so many "A" groups around the Section now that there is no one left to do the work. They are all too busy chasing around looking for stripes.

The Wireless Section has been without one of its original members for the past two weeks, in the person of Cpl. (Jimmie) Gugins. He is in the hospital with something or other; anyway, no matter what it is, we all hope to see him back real soon.

There are two new faces in the Section these days. One is tall, blonde and handsome. I guess he

must have heard that the girls are coming in May; I bet he gets lots of them. The other one is a Quebec Japanese. Gee! he talks awful funny, especially when there is work to do. "Smarten up, Savvy." I think Dan Eaton is still on the Station. I haven't seen him for a long time! I think he has a permanent "48." He is going on the next presentation parade to be presented with a triangle, you know, "Spirit, Mind and Body." I haven't seen his mind yet, but his body and spirit are sure in full swing, or we would miss all our shows and that would be disastrous.

I guess most of you know Fanny Fanjoy. If you don't, you probably will when you get a whiff of his socks; he hasn't washed them since they were issued. He's not a bad egg, though; we can always put the bum on him for a couple of smackers just before pay day.

Sgt. Lanouette went out two months ago to celebrate his third hook and from all accounts he is still celebrating.

Cpl. "Mac" MacLaughlin and Cpl. "Pat" Farnum finally got their posting overseas to get a crack at the Japs and Jerry's, after being at Fingal since the first sod was turned; we're going to miss them. Best of luck to them, anyway, lads.

We are all waiting and hoping for the same opportunity. Well, lads, the battery is getting pretty low, so good-bye till the next issue.

FINGAL SPARKS.

**BOMBING**

As I was slapping soapy water on a Battle the other day, whistling and very happy at my work, I heard a call from the other side of the hangar; it was Don Marks and some of my pals had told him I was the fellow to put Bombing Flight's bit in THE OBSERVER this month. Here is the result:

The main high lite in Bombing this month was the party held in the Legion Hall, St. Thomas, on April 2nd. When I arrived it was in full swing, everyone had their tunics off and were feeling very happy. The Flight was trying to conserve some of the spirits for late-comers but was meeting with little success. Things went along fine and soon began to tickle the ivory. The Flight and Cpl. Baker rendered a lovely duet with Traves giving a good imitation of a jitterbug with a hot foot which he kept up for the rest of the evening.

About this time Burgess and Cass decided they had had enough and passed out. Some of the kind-hearted boys took Cass home, while others tenderly laid Burgess on a table, where he remained.

The party was a big success and everyone was thankful for the (Continued on Page 12)

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## HOCKEY TEAM

Fingal Bombers were beaten in the finals for the Intermediate "A" championship of the O.H.A. but far from disgraced . . . they carried the series to the limit and Sutton bagged the crown by shoving in the winning tally with but three seconds left to play . . . while we don't know the ins and outs of the operations of the Bombers we rather figure that same state of affairs that beat the St. Thomas Fliers in Senior "B" competition last season prevailed with the Fingal outfit . . . long trips for the final games plus the fact that hockey is secondary with the boys in blue was more or less responsible . . . no matter what chance the Bombers had to take the title, they still went on with their heavy work at the Fingal School . . . as a result it was impossible for them to be at their peak . . . so it's congratulations to the Bombers for their splendid showing . . . the title really should have been theirs because they were a smart club.

Supplementing Mr. Burns' statement that the Fingal Bombers were not able to practice as much as they would have liked to, there was no complaint on their part and we all must admit that they played heads-up hockey all season and it was through no fault of theirs that they lost the series.

We thank Mr. Burns of the Sports Department of the London Free Press for his grand article concerning the team and the fact that they played a wonderful game against Sutton but were defeated in a last minute drive to lose the game and series 4-3. No hard feelings; we lost fairly and squarely and we aren't beefing about it.

But we would like to mention some of the lads on the squad who have outstanding records in the sports world. All our fellows on the team played brilliant hockey, but a few of them deserve mention and Jimmy Borland, captain

## - Station Sports -

of this year's Bombers, is one of the most outstanding hockey players in the business. He played for four years with the British Olympic team and was playing defense for them when they won the championship in 1936. Borland played defense in '33-'34 with Wing Commander Kennedy, who is now Commanding Officer of our Station. Jimmy went to work in Montreal in 1937 and gave up hockey for a number of years, but when war was declared he joined up and last season continued his hockey career playing with the T.T.S. Flyers in the Senior "B," O.H.A., and this year he captained the Bombers to an all-time record of wins in the St. Thomas and District series and went on to play in the finals of the Intermediate O.H.A. Lots of luck to you, Jimmy, you were a grand captain and you are one grand guy.

Gordon, the centre for the Bombers, has an enviable record also. He played in '37-'38 with the Holland National Hockey Team in Amsterdam and The Hague. He played last year with the T.T.S. Flyers and this season chalked up his share of goals for the Fingal Bombers.

Andress deserves mention for the splendid part he played in this year's series. Coming to Fingal from T.T.S., where last year he also played with the Flyers, he picked up his stick again this year, but this time with the fast-skating, hard-shooting Bombers, and he will be long remembered for his part in winning many games.

Krasnowski and Neath, forward and goalie respectively, deserve mention also. "Krash," as he was better known by his team mates, was a fast stick handler and pushed in his share of goals this season, and Neath who played with the Owen Sound Greys last season played a spectacular game in the net for Fingal this year. It was due to his speed and quick thinking that many a potential goal was turned aside.

These are a few of the lads who helped to make the Bombers a good team, these and all the rest of the squad. So our hats are off to you, fellows, and three cheers for a wonderful series.

Fellows who drive with one hand are usually headed for the aisle of a church. Some of them will walk down it and some will be carried.

### Corporal Milne, Hospital, Wins London Y.M.C.A. Trophy for Table Tennis

On Thursday of last week, April 2nd, Cpl. Milne of No. 4 B. & G. School Hospital Staff succeeded in winning a very coveted shield in the London District Table Tennis Tournament.

A hard-driving, brilliantly fast player, he had no difficulty in winning six straight games against the keenest competition London and District can supply.

If you care to drop into the Hospital "Milly" will be more than pleased to show you the shield he was presented with by the local association of the London Y.M.C.A.

Congratulations, Cpl. Milne, you have added another medal to Fingal's ever-increasing trophy display. Keep up the good work.

### BOMBING

(Continued from Page 11)

holiday to sleep off the effects.

Benny has almost gone nuts lately trying to arrange a system so that we won't have to work all day and all night now that night bombing has started in earnest. He has succeeded and the moans of Bombing have lessened a little.

We are happy to hear that Mr. Gauldin is coming along okay and are hoping he'll be back with us soon.

We have lost some of our old-timers but the newcomers are learning quickly how to swing over the mud on wing-tips and hang on to their hats in the slipstream.

That's all for this month, so as the Duke used to say, Cheerio and Pip Pip, mates.

Patronize our Advertisers

## MACBETH

If you think that Hitler is the only guy that used shady methods in his desire for power you need to read about this guy Macbeth, who broke treaties like soda crackers in the eleventh century. Macbeth was a brave general, but in morose stamina, well confidentially, he didn't smell so pretty. His wife was the girl who had all the punch. Sure if it wasn't for her I wouldn't have had to read the story.

The Macbeths were one of the leading families in Scotland in those days, and the boss of the Macbeth household thought that she would look simply devastating in purple. Her yen became so strong that one day she told Macbeth that if he didn't see to it that she could wear purple finger nails at the next banquet she would pack up and go home to mother.

Well, when this immortal story opens Macbeth is fighting loyally for his King and Scotland. He is doing a good job of butchering the enemy; and he knows it, too, so that after the slaughter is over and he has finished autographing the books of his public, he goes to see his hatter and gets his helmet out. However, three old witches hear of his conceit and decide to make a sucker out of him. They tell him that he is a great guy and if he plays ball he will some day become king. However, all the time he was thinking of it anyway.

He tells his old lady; she, too, thinks it's a good idea, and the quicker the better. They plan a banquet in honor of the king, intending to rub out King Duncan when they get him there. Macbeth gets scared so the old lady starts taunting him; at last he decided to go through with it and bump off the old boy that night.

After Duncan goes to bed, Macbeth rubs him out. Nobody gets wise to them . . . everybody thinks it's his own attendants . . . who a school kid would see was phoney.

(Continued on Page 13)

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**PRESENTING . . .**

As the April OBSERVER goes to press this correspondent sits at his desk in the Accounts Section looking out the window and watching the grass grow. He is given to such wistful thinking—perhaps a touch of spring fever.

However, the show must go on so there are a few words to be said about the London Life show and the April dance. The show, as reported, was good with a few new innovations, but if you really want a good opinion on the same consult Walt Adams in Accounts or Jack Bower in the Supply Depot. If things work out all right London Life will be looking for two new girls in line next fall.

About the dance—definitely a success from every angle. Yours truly got started with the makings of a new band. We had a line-up of lovely femininity from both London and St. Thomas, and Sgt. Fawcner, as usual, prepared an appetizing luncheon.

Jimmy Fowler again proved himself a waltzer extraordinary, despite the efforts of some very keen opposition, including, incidentally, a certain sergeant in Service Police. If he wins the next contest we will let him retire with a permanent title "Waltz King of 4 B. & G."

Before this paper goes to press we will have had another Lifebuoy Revue. We hope it will be as good as the last one. There will also be another dance later in the month, so until then,

Entertainingly yours,  
SMITTY.

**- Entertainment -**

**MACBETH**

(Continued from Page 12)

Everything goes off O.K., and Macbeth is made king. By this time Banquo gets suspicious like, so Macbeth decides to rub him out, too. He hires a couple of professional thugs to take him for his last horseback ride. The whole thing is a cinch, as easy as falling off the Tower of London, Macbeth thinks. He throws a spread to celebrate, but the wine proves too much for Banquo, whose ghost returns and sits at the table. Macbeth sees it and gets scared. He almost gives the whole thing away in his excitement. But his wife acts as his mouthpiece and tells the guests that it is not his fault he was born kind of screwy like. She slams a hint to the guests to scram. They go but a few of them don't like the set-up at all.

Macbeth then wipes out the Macduff family, all but the old man, who escapes to England. Macduff is literally burning up. He decides to lay for Macbeth.

Lady Macbeth isn't as tough as she thought she was; she gets a bad case of dementia praecox, which means that she goes nuts, and dies. Macbeth, however, is too busy trying to fight a gang of revolutionists, who are wise to him, to have any concern for his wife. He shuts himself up in an old castle and awaits the enemy army.

Macduff, who was leader of the opposition, tells his soldiers to carry branches as camouflage as they advance on the castle. It seems that when the woods are coming towards him like that, Macbeth gets the Indian sign put on him by the three witches. He realizes that his goose is cooked, but decides to go down swinging. Macduff meets him half way and madly finishes him in a few minutes. Macduff, with Macbeth's head on a spear, hails Malcolm as the new king.

Patronize our Advertisers

**MEN WITHOUT WINGS**

(From "Sheffield Star," English press. Written by Flt. Lt. Byng Hall)

Among the letters that came in the post yesterday was one from a young friend of mine who pilots a bomber over Germany night after night. He has always had an intelligence beyond his years and allows his mind to search the background of life instead of merely accepting the foreground. His father is a farmer and my young friend has ideas on agriculture which would be worth a few minutes of Mr. Robert Hudson's time. His communication to me, however, concerns the R.A.F. Like most of our flying men, he has seen the film "Target for Tonight" and thinks it admirable. But he wants another film made, and thinks it is overdue.

**Dedicated to Ground Staff**

"Men Without Wings" would be the obvious title, and it would be dedicated to the ground staff of the aerodromes, the fellows who get the machines ready for the air and

who wait anxiously in the grisly hours before dawn until the giant birds return. It is a subject which, at the moment, has a personal interest for myself as I expect to fly to America within the next month or so.

Such a flight is no longer a miracle or even a story because the "Men without wings" will have the machine turned out like a horse for the derby. How vastly important is their part can be seen when something goes wrong and there are two disasters like the recent crashing of two Atlantic bombers with the loss of 44 lives. My pilot friend's letter is written in his own style. Some of it may be a little difficult to understand for it has the jargon of the Service, but no one will fail to sense the realism and the subdued thrill of the aerodrome staff as they wait for news of the bombers that have flown into the gathering dusk. Here is the document, half a letter and half a scenario. It will be remembered that the principal machine in "Target for To-night" was the bomber called "F for Freddie."

**When Raid Is Cancelled**

If you stop to think a bit, how about a medal for the hard-working ground crew who sent "B" for (Continued on Page 14)

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## MEN WITHOUT WINGS

(Continued from Page 13)

Beer" into the air on an average of 800 miles for 34 raids, and never once did that ship conk out. "B for Beer"—the one I knew—has been retired, and the new "B for Beer" is going strong, so I hear, and is in a fair way to beating the first "B's" record. Here is what happens: At tea time the raid is cancelled. We catch the last bus for a fling to town. The boys can't. They have to go out into the wet or snow that caused the cancellation and take those bombs off. Then back to the dimp, perhaps working till after we have returned and gone to bed. A cancelled flight means work for them, not rest. If we take off, they wait in the little tin or wood dispersal hut, snatching a bit of sleep on a chair, or a pallsie, or what have you. After a while, if the duty signaller is a pal, they may try to get through to him to hear the news. "How're the chaps getting on, Bert? What! Yes, yes, but about our 'B for Beer?' No word since attacked by enemy aircraft. Thanks, Bert; be a pal and let us know when you hear anything."

### All Smiles Again

The corporal wakes the others and gives them the news. Sleep is forgotten, and they sit quietly smoking, talking low, playing cards without enthusiasm. . . . Bert, remembering (a lot don't), phones through: "O.K., Jimmy, 'B's' signalled: 'Proceeding on course.'" Jimmy turns and tells the boys and all are smiles again, with perhaps a yarn or two as some of them prepare to go back to sleep. The phone rings again sharply. Jimmy wakes, jumps up and answers, sleepily: "Dispersal. They are coming in, A's reported crossing coast. 'F for Freddie,' too, 'C' for Charlie' is overhead, 'B' was the only one tonight that reported that!"

### Got a Hun

Jimmy the corporal turns round and wakes other lads and tells them the news, listening to the various complimentary remarks about THEIR SKIPPER AND HIS

CREW. The phone goes again. "B for Beer" is crossing the coast. The boys get up, stretch, and start to put on the mufflers knitted and sent to them by the folks at home, for it is cold in the dawn. They file outside and silently look eastward, listening for those twin engines. Faintly it comes, then the roar as the aircraft circles the field, the winking lamp signalling, "B" asking permission to land. "That's B," the boys chip in to each other as they start for B berth. The corporal goes out to the field and signals with his flashlight, guiding "B's" pilot through the darkness to her berth. The final shattering roar as "B" skipper guns the motors before switching off (I meant to find out why, but never did). One of the ground crew unlocks the hatch from underneath and the second pilot steps down the ladder he has pushed down ahead of him, followed by the front gunner. "Had a good trip, Sir. Mr. — got a Hun! Good egg, Sir." *Delighted grins all round seen in the occasional dim ray of a torch. Mr. —, the rear gunner, is one of the last to get out, greeted by: "Hear you got a Hun, Sir. Good show, Sir. When mark him up. Good-night, Sir, good-night . . ."* And the tired but cheerful crew climb into the transport to be greeted again cheerily by a very competent corporal W.A. A.F. driver, who has a very personal interest in "B for Beer." It might be illicit. She may have sneaked a ride one day, we wouldn't know. Her congrats are sincere, but not too large. "B's" rear gunner thinks quite well of himself and she feels it her sisterly duty to keep him down a little bit.

### Scars of Battle

Aftermath . . . next afternoon. Skipper of "B for Beer" to Mr. —: "'B's' got three holes in her; want to come and have a look?" . . . Says "Sure." Out to "B" by transport, look and talk about the night before. The corporal of the ground crew comes forward and, saluting the skipper, speaks to him in low tones. The skipper goes forward to look at the new bomb on the fuselage, denoting another successful raid, calls: "Hey, Smith, come here a minute." Smith moves forward and joins him, and the skipper, in front of the grinning ground crew, points to the latest bomb. Painted on top of it is a neat swastika. The skipper: "That's your work." Ground crew all smiles. "Congrats, Sir. Good show, Sir." Exit skipper and Mr. B —, the latter feeling a trifle foolish.

### Yeans to Fly

I don't know what the readers of "The Star" may think of this letter

and the suggestion of a film, but in my opinion everything is there for a stirring and moving record for the screen.

*The human values are obvious for every aircraftman dreams that some day he will fly, just as every stable boy dreams of being a jockey.* The producer would easily be able to establish a central theme of two friends, one with wings and one without. My young pilot has already supplied the feminine interest in the corporal W.A.A.F. driver who takes such a personal interest in the bomber known as "B for Beer." I shall send a copy of this article to my good friend Brendan Bracken, and I do not doubt that in due time we shall see my young pilot's ideas arousing enthusiasm and spreading knowledge in 5,000 cinemas.

## CAMERA VERSUS CAMOUFLAGE

Strange explosions rocked Paris during World War No. 1. But no enemy raiders could be found overhead. The cause of these explosions was soon discovered to be a Big Bertha, tucked away in a wooded sector behind the enemy lines. Aeroplanes were sent over that particular district to take photographs in an endeavor to locate this long-range gun. But in spite of the hundreds of pictures taken, the gun emplacement was so well camouflaged that Big Bertha kept firing her heart out without inter-

ruption. Then one day an aircraft came back with pictures that showed tracks across a wheat field. The French artillery threw a few tons of steel in that direction and Bertha slept from then on. The crew of the Big Bertha had carried their ammunition along the bed of a stream so as not to leave any tell-tale paths. Then the weather got too cold. They took a cut across a wheat field, drawing an arrow, as it were, directly to their gun emplacement. The camera recorded it. Bertha went out. Today, however, it is highly unlikely that such camouflage could escape a modern camera's eye. It might fool the human eye, but not the camera's. Branches of trees, which appear to the human eye to blend perfectly with surroundings, immediately show up as fakes through the lens. Especially is this so in color photography. In a few hours these cut branches take on a slightly different hue. The eye passes over them. The camera marks them.

The Nazis have gone to painful lengths in the matter of camouflage. But the camera makes their efforts ridiculous. Even though they covered a huge lake with rafts to represent buildings and streets and built a fake bridge six hundred yards from the real bridge in an endeavor to draw our bombers from their badly battered shipyards, the camera saw it, recorded it and laughed them into scorn.

(Continued on Page 16)

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## THE ARMOURER AND NIGHT BOMBING

We went over to the Bombing Hangar the other night out of curiosity about these night bombing operations. It was just before 10 p.m. Cpl. Baker was 'high-tailing' for the Camera Obscura and far above an aircraft was combing a darkening sky.

"What's the score, Bake?" we shouted.

He turned his head, not slackening his pace, and called for us to follow. Which we did. The Camera Obscura was dark within. But a patch of light broke over a round table in the centre of the small room. There the sky was "mirrored" on a sheet of white paper. Baker was winding the metronome and making things ready for the operation. Then he snatched up an Aldis Lamp and ran outdoors, with us on his tail. A Fairey Battle was approaching from the direction of St. Thomas at 6,000 feet. Cpl. Baker signalled with his lamp. The aircraft droned on. Inside again, we were surprised to find another armorer bending over the table. He had been inside all the time, accustomed his eyes to the darkness. The metronome was ticking merrily like a parlor clock. We bent over the paper. And, sure enough! there was the aircraft, the image of it, rather, tracking across the paper. Upon receiving Baker's signal from the ground the Observer in the plane informed the Pilot that all was ready for firing a Smoke Puff. At that moment the Pilot fired his pistol. Inside the Camera Obscura we witnessed this little drama. The aircraft moved across our image of the sky. And suddenly beside it we saw a small cloud mushrooming. The armorer immediately pounced upon it with a pencil and, in perfect synchronization with the ticking metronome, followed its meanings, a dot per second. A few swift lines are drawn. Instruments glow dully in the half light. The armorer calls out: "Twenty-six-two-eighty-five!" "Okay!" says Baker, and we go back to the hangar. The wind's speed is

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twenty-six miles per hour from a direction of two hundred and eighty-five degrees.

Dusk is settling fast and the sky is a great ceiling of deepening blue. We make a quick inspection of the aircraft lined up outside the hangar. Cpl. Baker inspects the bombs and makes sure that each plane carries two flares. Then there is the matter of pistols, for every aircraft must carry a Very Pistol and a supply of Signal Cartridges. We reach the last Fairey in the line-up. Armourers are "bombing up," hooking the Flash Bombs into the carriers.

"Everything O.K.?" enquires Baker.

"Yes, Corporal," comes the terse reply.

We stroll hangarwards and wait. The first detail is due to go up soon. Suddenly a deafening roar skatters the stillness. The mechanics are warming up one of the bombers. Tongues of blue flame dart from the exhaust. The roar increases. The tongues of flame dart out more quickly. The exhaust begins to glow. Soon it is red hot. Then the engine dies to a purr and the night is gentle again. But only for a moment. The Pilot and two Observers are crossing the runway. In a few seconds the purr becomes a roar. A light flashes on and off behind the pilot's seat.

"He's signalling his identification to the Control Tower," Baker informs me.

That done, the aircraft moves out of the line-up and roars into the dark. Now only its port, starboard and tail lights are visible. We watch them pick their way along the flare-path, hear an increasing roar of the engine, and soon the three lights rise and mingle with the stars.

We discussed night bombing. "No," we replied to the Corporal's query. "We had not been up on night bombing yet." It is quite a sensation, we learn. Also, we are surprised to discover that the difficulties encountered are very few. Any trouble that does occur is mainly due to weak batteries. The extra drag on them during night bombing operations soon has its effect. The N.C.O. armorer in charge of his particular department must keep in constant touch with the Plotting Office. Sometimes a "wild" (stray) bomb is recorded. He must then interview the Observer as soon as he returns and check the release units on the

bomb carriers in an endeavor to ascertain the cause of bomb-lag. Perhaps it is due to a short circuit, or maybe it is due to a lack of co-ordination on the part of the Observer.

"We should think," we observe, "that you'd have more difficulties at night than during the day." But apparently that is not so. The number of bombs dropped during night operations being anywhere from one-third to one-half of a day's operations, the activity is much less. Therefore, the armorer has an opportunity to keep everything running smoothly.

By now the first detail is returning to its base. We watch him circling the field. He flashes his identification to the Control Tower and receives a green Aldis signal in return. That is his "all clear" signal and down he comes, groping through the dark and making a lovely landing between the avenue of flares.

"How'd she go?" Baker asks the Observer.

He makes a ring with his thumb and forefinger. "Nearly got a 'pickle barrel'!" he grins.

Baker starts whistling "Deep in the heart of Texas." Everybody's happy. Just then Traves pokes his head in the doorway.

"Corporal Baker," he shouts, "will you come and have a look at this X/x!!-- carrier? The xx!-/-/ thing won't release!"

Baker goes out into the night and we go home to bed.

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### CAMERA VS. CAMOUFLAGE

(Continued from Page 14)

Britain and America have been delving into aerial photography for years. The net results are so satisfactory that they are even ahead of schedule. And, needless to say, a frightful pain in the neck for Adolf and his associates. A German battleship lies snugly anchored in its base. Camouflage nets are strung from its sides to the dock. And everybody feels safe and happy—till the camera comes along. Operating at unbelievable heights—sometimes so high that the curvature of the earth is plainly visible—the lens takes its deadly toll. Why else did the Gneisenau and the Scharnhorst stay bottled up at Brest for nine months? They might have been raiding the Atlantic shipping but for the camera.

Every day brings new discoveries in this vital field. New films are produced and new methods of developing and printing. Most of these are for the present quite secret. A professional photographer would stare, goggle-eyed, if he could glimpse some of them.

Even at night the camera goes to work for victory. It is possible to take night pictures from three miles from the ground. Not only in black and white, but in colors. And how those color pictures tear up camouflage! Day and night, through clear weather and haze, the camera stands on guard. Hitler might have attempted his long-promised invasion but for the camera. But for the camera, you and I might this day be spilling our life-blood on these shores against the invaders. It saw the barges along the French coast. It broke down every attempt at

camouflage. It practically placed our bombs on the right spot. I'd like to present Adolf with a camera. And, send a card along with it, depicting three monkeys—but without hands over mouth, eyes and ears: I tell all, see all and hear all.

### A BIT OF HUMOUR

#### TIME TO LAUGH

An airman got off a train one day, on his way home for a "48", green in the face. A friend who met him asked him what was wrong. "Train sickness," said the airman. "I'm always deathly sick when I ride backwards on a train. "Why didn't you ask the man sitting opposite you to change with you?" asked the friend. "I thought of that," said the airman, "but there wasn't anybody there."

E. Pluribus Jones reached the station platform just as the 5.15 was pulling out. He rushed after it, and quit at the end of the freight yards and returned. "Miss your train, sir?" inquired the porter cheerfully.

"No, my friend. I was just chasing it out of the yard. You oughtn't to allow it around here. Don't you see the tracks it's left?"

Everything about the R. A. F. Headquarters was interesting to the visitor from the American embassy, and he asked a never-ending stream of questions.

"Say," he exclaimed, "how is it that you seem to have so many Scotsmen among your pilots?"

The guide, a bit fed up, snatched at the opportunity. "Well, sir," he said, "since the Scots have learned that every cloud has a silver lining we can't keep 'em out."



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