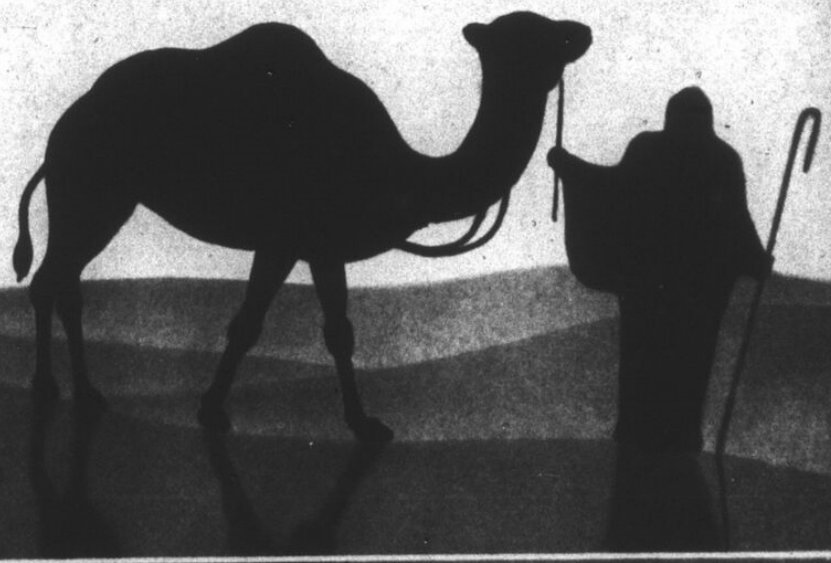


THE

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*The Royal
Canadian
Air Force*

Observer

NO 4 BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL FINGAL, ONTARIO, CANADA

This issue is the finale of our present Observer and is a combination of November and December, published by authority of the Commanding Officer, Wing Commander D. D. Findlay.

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THE OBSERVER

THE OFFICIAL ORGAN OF No. 4 BOMBING AND GUNNERY SCHOOL
FINGAL, ONTARIO, CANADA

Published under authority of Wing Commander D. D. Findlay, Commanding Officer.

EDITORIAL

R129850 LAC Fitton, J. M.,
No. 1 W.C.U., R.C.A.F.,
Coal Harbour,
October 29, 1942.

Dear Editor:

I am just taking time out to write you a few lines. There isn't much I can say, but I will just ramble along.

I have a new address now but not a bit better than Ucluelet. It seems as though our work is to be hard and very tiresome. No matter what it is, we never can get to a point of civilization. But it may all come to an end soon, we hope.

I guess Fingal hasn't changed much except for a few new faces. It would be just perfect to see it again. It is hard to forget Fingal as I enjoyed my stay there.

I was reading the last issue of the Observer and from what I read your field day must have turned out perfect. We have field day every day out here. Just one big field day after another. Filled to the brim with trees the size of a sky scraper. But our only sport is cutting them down. Sometimes it requires a bit of blasting.

I had one lovely letter from a young lady. She hails from Dutton, Ontario. It was on account of my letter you printed in the Observer that I heard from her. Somehow the lady figured how lonesome it is out here in the wilderness. I enjoyed reading her letter, and now we are pen pals. So I have your paper to thank for having someone to write besides my folks.

I imagine the sales of the Observer in St. Thomas must be pretty high. This young lady buys it in St. Thomas, so your paper is quite interesting to others besides Airmen.

My moving around so much put my mail in quite a spot. It keeps me busy writing home my new addresses. But my mail finally catches up with me. I haven't received your copy of the Observer for October, but it has to make a long trip to Ucluelet and Vancouver, so I expect it by next week.

Our mail service here is very poor. But of course it is better than none at all. Our mail comes in twice a week, on Wednesday and Saturday nights, but we can't get it until the following day. So you can imagine how big a rush there is.

Our food here is very good and appetizing. And for recreation we have a show every night. Outside of that we have nothing to pass away our spare time. I met some fellows from Fingal School who are at present stationed here.

There was LAC Seary, LAC Duquette, LAC Caille and LAC Arther, and they also miss Fingal. Seary, Caille and Arther worked in the guard house. LAC Duquette was in the canteen. They all have positions similar to those at Fingal.

It sure was good to hear from a few of my Fingal pals. We often exchange our good times we had there. But we understand that we cannot have the cream of the crop all the time.

I heard from a pen pal that your monthly station dance was a perfect turnout. As far as dancing goes, I have forgotten from this wilderness, but I don't imagine there will ever be a station dance here. Oftentimes we run across a piano player. So we get together and have a jam session. There is quite a bit of talent in this unit. We have a few trumpet players, and a few piano players. But we are short of other instruments.

It is raining cats and dogs now, and when working in it you sure feel its sting. At present we haven't any clothing for wet and sloppy weather. We usually wear bone dry uniforms, but somehow they haven't been sent up from Vancouver. But a pair of rubber boots,

and a raincoat, and hat fill the bill. They are much harder to work in but at least keep us a bit dry.

One of our fellow workers had the misfortune to chop his foot with a double-bladed axe. He is getting along fine, but a little on the restless side. I guess he is tired of lying in bed. It cost him two toes and one perfectly good boot. Not only is he cut up, but sewed up as well, with fifty-two stitches. He comes from Orillia, Ontario — God's country.

I guess you heard about Group Captain Van Vilet. He was at our camp at the time of his attack. They rushed him to Victoria, where he died shortly after. It was quite a shock to the camp when it was official of his death.

I suppose I should close here or it will take a boat by itself to carry this message.

So I will close, but will surely write you again. I am looking forward to a visit to Fingal. That is, if I get my fur-lough.

Best regards to you, Sergeant-Major Thorpe and Station personnel.

Yours sincerely,

LAC Fitton.



These five Huskies are shown near the R. C. A. F. Station at Labrador. They are, left to right: LAC Selbie, LAC McNeaney, LAC Ross and Cpl. Harrison, with Husky dog in the middle. (See letter on Editorial Page.)

Gander, 20-10-42.

Dear Editor:

Attached hereto is some copy for your November issue of the Observer if you care to use it. By the way, I have not yet received the September issue, and would appreciate getting it, or did you forget that buck I gave you?

I haven't really much to say in this letter because I think the article covers it. I hope it will be interesting for your dear readers.

On the way up I ran into the "Y" man at Torbay. His name is Bob Lowe. He says he knows you. George Greason is at the Red Triangle Club in St. John's, so I shall certainly look him up on my first five days. There are no twenty-fours or forty-eights here, but one is allowed five consecutive days a month, but as each five runs anywhere from fifty to one hundred dollars, you're lucky if you take them every three months.

I had my formal introduction to the station last evening in the form of a piano solo for the Accounts Section show. Of course, as usual for an opening, I turned on the heat and was an overwhelming success — not patting myself on the back, of course. Wait till they get to know me like you and Dan do. By the way, say hello to Dan and Joe for me, also everyone in the Accounts Section, Joe Baker, the Sergeant-Major, and the accountant officers. Incidentally, congratulations to Mr. Thorpe on his WO1. News certainly travels fast.

Well, good-bye now, but do write me, and soon.

Yours sincerely,

R99866,

Cpl. Smith, R. G. L.,
R.C.A.F. Station, Gander,
C. A. P. O. No. 4,
R.C.A.F. Overseas.

Rod.

R75684 - R.C.A.F.,
Goose Bay,
Labrador,
c/o Moncton, N. C.
(A.M.F.).

Dear Editor:

Just got off rifle drill this past moment and had nothing to do, so I thought I'd write and thank you ever so much for sending me the June and July issues of the Fingal Observer. I read her from stem to stern and recalled a lot of officers and Airmen I knew that are still there.

I suppose you would like to know what it is like up here. Well, I cannot tell you anything about the station or what goes on, because all letters are censored, but I can tell you about the surroundings and our neighbours. The two Y. M. C. A. representatives up here are Mr. Jones and Mr. Brown, both from London. They work pretty hard trying to make recreation for the-boys. They



LAC and Mrs. Colledge snapped at the time they won first award for the best dressed couple at our Hallowe'en Dance.

put four shows on every week for us, which is something to really look forward to.

We often go down to the shores and borrow an Indian canoe, and having no place to go, we just paddle around the countryside. The Eskimos are very friendly and always willing to do anything for you. Their homes are very crude and dirty, especially the Indians. Most of them have tuberculosis, probably from living in the swamp and filth. The vegetation is all bush, mostly spruce and the odd tree is silver birch.

When we arrived here, four of us decided to cut all our hair off and we certainly looked funny; to top it all we grew mustaches. I think that covers everything. I am enclosing a snap and the negative of the four of us from Fingal. From left to right they are LAC Selbie, LAC McNeaney, LAC Ross and Cpl. Harrison, with the husky in the middle.

Your friend of M. T. Section,
(Sgd.) Harold McNeaney.

No. 1 I.T.S., Toronto, Ont.,
October 18th, 1942.

Dear Mr. Editor:

I happened to see the latest issue of the Observer and found it just as intriguing as other issues I read while at Fingal. Reading it reminded me more or less of an obligation; I would like to sincerely thank those personnel who participated in the effecting of my re-muster to air crew and to say good-bye to all my friends, which my hasty departure had kept me from doing.

Believe it or not, I really miss No. 4 B. & G. and all the fellows with whom I made friends. Most of all the lads in Barrack 10-A or what's left of them. Those fellows, who, by their inability to manipulate the pasteboards, generously contributed to my personal upkeep.

To sit opposite the blithe if somewhat homely countenances of Sergeant Mac-

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Donald and Cpl. Bechtel and listen to them express their views as to the degree of luck that the gods were bestowing upon them in a manner that would shame even Jackie Sharp, was well worth the couple of odd smashers it might have cost me. The look of utter defeat on Joe Baker's face when even his five tens were no good, and the way Sonny Walsh yawns when he is caught rapping in knock poker—the way Harry Lawrence calls his hand and rakes in the chips without any waste movement, and the languid expression on Eric Douglas' face as he reached for another quarter, these things and the general spirit of comradeship are what I really miss. In other words, I wish in a sense that I was back.

Some day when I figure that the ire of Doctor — has abated (something about an unfinished job) to such an extent that my appearance on the station will cause me no bodily injury from his direction, I will call around and say hello to all the old gang.

So, hoping your magazine continues to enjoy the large measure of success in the future that it has enjoyed in the past, I remain,

Sincerely yours,
(Sgd.) Parrot Roach.

No. 1 "Y" Depot,
Halifax,
26-10-42.

Dear Editor:

I have been rather long in dropping you a line but better late than never.

Well, for my impressions of New York. We arrived there around 7.30 a.m., grabbed the first taxi available and went straight to the Piccadilly Hotel. Unfortunately the Piccadilly isn't just what it is cracked up to around the Air Force Stations in Canada, and after one night there, we moved to 106 56th Street West, to the Anzac Club, which from my point of view, is far the best place for Air Force boys to locate. They arranged entertainments, tours, and told us all the places worth visiting, many of which we

would have missed otherwise. As for the people of New York, well, I couldn't say enough for the way they treated us; their hospitality is wonderful.

No one would be wise to go down that way if they were looking for a quiet time. I was never in bed much before 5 a.m. and got up about midday, and then I was never last home. Some of the places I visited are as follows: Museum of Natural History, Museum of Art, Central Park, Madison Square Gardens, Centre Theatre, Theodore Roosevelt House, Empire State Building and Wall

Street, and took a ferry trip to Staten Island, passing close to the Statue of Liberty. These are just a few of the places visited, but all are well worth seeing. Unfortunately I haven't time to give detailed accounts of various places visited, but no one should leave New York without taking a trip on the underground railway.

One of the things that impressed me most was the speed at which the traffic travels, but most of the streets are one-way traffic which allows for greater speed. I think anyone arriving by train

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in New York misses the impression of the sky-scrapers, as they are not nearly so plentiful around the centre of the city as they are in Wall Street, and to get a good look at them the best way is to go for a ferry trip.

Sorry, but my time is up, so I will have to sign off. Thanking you for all your kindnesses,

Yours sincerely,

(Sgd.) Sgt. I. G. Ramsay.

November 1, 1942.

Dear Editor:

When I first arrived at No. 4 B. & G. a few months ago, my expression was one of amazement. Being a rookie and the first time on a station would naturally see one with eyes wide open scanning the new surroundings. Everything was so strange . . . and to think that it was going to be my "home" for some time, left me with the feeling that this was just about the last hope. However, as the first few days dragged by, I began to lose that green expression which I had been wearing and became one of the gang. The following months were very happy ones for me and I hoped that a posting would never come through for a postal clerk. But all good things come to an end sooner or later, and after four months, with much regret I found myself packing for the West again. As yet I haven't figured out just how many miles it is from "nowhere", but I certainly wish I was back on a good station like No. 4. Before I go further, I would like to remind you that you are having excellent meals. Since coming to this station I find there is no comparison and I'm sure LAW Griffiths will be losing a few pounds off that (the less said the better) figure of hers.

Through the kindness of our good friend, the Editor, I have received a copy of the latest edition of the Observer and feel that once again I am back in Fingal with the gang. On every page something

very amusing was to be found as usual, and after a few giggles from "Griff" the Post Office staff gathered around to join in the fun. Now I have to wait until they all get through reading it before I can get another look at it! Evidently it is far superior to their own paper entitled "Contact", which is a number of days behind schedule and has not been published yet. There are the same number of members on our staff here and they all have a wonderful sense of humor, so you will see just how I fit in (not meaning to brag), but no matter who was here, they wouldn't find a dull moment during the day. The evenings are a little less exciting, usually spent writing letters or going to a show. We have three shows each week, which incidentally are not free, and Saturday evening the weekly dance night.

In conclusion I would like to thank the Editor for the opportunity of being able to express my appreciation of a

good station, and hope some day I may be fortunate enough to be posted there again. Wishing everyone the best of luck, also continued success with your magazine, Mr. Editor. I don't think there is much room for improvement.

LAW Griffiths, W. M.,
No. 2 B. & G. School,
Mossbank, Saskatchewan.

GRAND FINALE

A turbulent year is almost done. It has been a year of fire and blood, of gigantic battles and superhuman efforts against inhuman monsters. It has been a year of treachery. Hitler's lies have stood out in bold relief, and Japan's sly cunning has been at last exposed. Taking all in all, it has been a good year. We have discovered the place where the rats are hiding. We know where our enemies are. And now, with an offensive at last in the air,

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we can lift our heads and laugh a little. For now, other than goosesteps are resounding along the pavements of the world. We are marching. The goosestep has gone to pimples of fear. As Churchill said, "This is the end of the beginning."

Locally, this year's end marks the finish of something of which we've all been proud, as the Observer folds up. Not, mark you, for the lack of talent or ambition. The Observer will no longer be the rollicking "mag" it was — because the Observer may not solicit advertising. And this by the decree of the powers-that-be at Ottawa. Perhaps we have been selfish, soliciting at the expense of the newspapers. But we had no idea that these few crumbs meant so much to mighty combines. One of the qualities of grace is its aloofness to trivial pains, its ability to overcome distractions with a smile. If others have not that grace, then we have. The Observer shall appear, lesser, we admit, month upon month, in spite of this semi-mortal blow.

To our friends, the advertisers, we express thanks. And, though your wares may no longer be displayed in our window, we shall remember you. To our readers: we need your support more than ever. Your paper must go to press, no matter what the odds. And go to press it shall, a smaller paper, but still "The Observer."

Ah! yes, it has been a good year. May the next one be better. And you and I will be the ones responsible if Father Time finds the books well balanced in 1943-1944. Let's get down to it. We have a lot to do. Let's do it — for God's sake, for Victory's sake — for our sake!

BOUQUETS FOR OUR ADVERTISERS

There are no thorns in these roses, gentlemen, only fragrance. The Observer parts with your company, but retains a pleasant memory of happy associations. We are sorry to lose you. Nor are all our thoughts abased with lucre. It is you, our advertisers, who have made our adventures possible. Were it not for your aid, we would never have dared to embark upon it. For we are well aware that your gestures were not entirely inspired by business. And to what great extent you were a part of us, future issues of this paper shall reveal. You have fed us and you have clothed us. We have grown fat and prosperous. Now that you may no longer sustain us, we shall become thin again. However, we are inspired, and to no small extent by your past kindnesses. Thank you, gentlemen. We shall not forget you.

YOUR OBSERVER

In February, 1941, a new baby was born at Fingal Bombing & Gunnery School. The first sixteen pages of your Observer were off the press. This humble beginning, sponsored by a few of the officers and men, with the "Y" man, Doug. Deane, as managing editor, grew in wisdom and in stature until in July of

this year, led by R/O Montgomery and Jay Shaver, it blossomed out into a full-fledged magazine. Through the kind friends who advertised in our pages, we were able to print a larger magazine, plentifully interspersed with pictures of the personnel on the Station.

But now we have come to the end of one phase of our existence. Through a government ruling, we can no longer print advertising in our pages which will cut our budget for printing and pictures drastically. With this Christmas issue we say good-bye to our present smart dress. We'll see you next month again, however, in a smaller form and fewer pictures, but the same interesting news of the Station personnel, past and present, will be in our pages. Let's get behind our Observer and make it the best magazine of its kind in the country.

FIRE REGULATIONS

Instructions in Case of Fire (Revised)

Personnel discovering a fire in barracks shall immediately:

(A) Endeavour to keep the fire going until such time as the Fire Chief can be notified and a check made by him to determine the cause and nature of the blaze. This can be done by adding any combustible material such as oily rags, dry wood, furniture, etc.

(B) Report blaze to Fire Chief or in the event of his absence, the senior N.C.O. in charge of Fire Detachment. Reports of fires must be typed in triplicate, on the forms supplied for that purpose (R199) and handed in at the Fire Chief's office between 0800 and 1700 hrs.

each day except Sunday. These forms may be obtained at H.Q. orderly room or at Stationery Stores. Fires will not be extinguished unless reported in the proper manner. Fires discovered between 1700 hrs. and 0800 hrs. the following day or on Sundays must be banked up and kept in until they can be examined by a responsible party.

(C) Immediately upon being notified of a fire in the barracks the Fire Chief, after checking the authenticity of the report, shall endeavour to determine the location of the blaze and dispatch a competent N.C.O. thereto in order to acquaint himself with the cause and type of conflagration.

(D) Upon determining the cause and type of fire, the N.C.O. shall decide which type of extinguisher to be used and the most effective method of combating the blaze. His decision must be reported (in writing) to the Fire Chief not later than one (1) hour after discovery of fire and subsequent reporting of same.

(E) The Fire Chief shall then (acting upon instructions from his superior officer) detail a competent fire crew and authorize drawing from stores of the necessary equipment and materials to combat the blaze. (Extinguishing of fires by unauthorized personnel is a punishable offence and will be dealt with as such.)

(F) Notify City Fire Department and direct attention to evacuation of personnel and the salvaging or protection of important documents and nearby buildings.

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DIANA SWEET SHOP

BOMBING BITS



by
LAC HALTER
Ben

We believe this is the swan-song of this column, at least by this author anyway, because at the invitation of F/Lt. Spruston we have started to learn a new dance. It is called the "Graveyard Shift" or the "Night Maintenance Mangle" or the "Fingal Fox Trot," and we can be found assiduously practising, every night from 11 p.m. to 8 a.m. We certainly hope someone in Bombing will take over this column. See what you can do, Sgt. Fowler.

We'll devote half of this column to Maintenance, so that when you come to "Maintenance Moans," don't leave us.

Prize Boner of the Month

We saw WO2 Gosby and went over to him. "I see you are now a Sergeant-Major; congratulations, Flight."

Bombing Flight is walking around with its chest away out, and for a very good reason, too. You've no doubt heard of the "Broken Record." Well, Bombing was the culprit, and not one record was broken, but three, and not once but three times! Yes, indeed, on Sunday, October 18th, with only a skeleton staff, the number of bombs dropped, the number of bombing exercises completed, and the number of hours flown set a new all-time high for the Station. But the new marks lasted only 24 hours, for on Monday all three were broken again! That wasn't the end, though; Tuesday came along, and again all three records were shattered! That's batting 1000%.

Being, as we are, on the ground crew, and naturally being very modest, we won't say anything about the mechanics wearing their feet down to the ankles, etc., but we will say that the pilots, armourers, plotting gang and range crews certainly were cracking. Yes, sir, if we were the O. C. we would give us an extra 24-hour pass at the very least.

Unfortunately the actual figures come under the heading of "Military Secrets." That old excuse you give the missus when you are out late, but we can tell you unofficially, we believe it is a record for Canada! If anyone would like the figures, come down to see us, and show us —

- 1— your identification card.
- 2— your identification discs.
- 3— your fingerprints.
- 4— your photograph.
- 5— your birth certificate.

- 6— your school exam. records.
- 7— four written references.
- 8— your good intentions.
- 9— your right to know.

and after we ascertain that you don't belong to the Gestapo we'll be very happy to tell you.

Flight-Sergeant Barlow told us this story:

A bombardier rushed into the Plotting Office one fine day, breathless and excited.

"Sgt. Barlow," he cried (yes, he was just a sergeant then), "I want you to disregard the fifth bomb I dropped!"

"Why just the fifth bomb?" queried the sergeant.

"Well, as I was going to release the bomb a cloud drifted between the target and me."

"But you dropped the bomb anyway. Why?"

"I said to the pilot, 'Dummy run, sir,' and he said Dummy run hell, we're late now, drop the darned thing anyway. Seeing it was an order, I dropped it."

"Are you sure it was the fifth one," asked the surprised sergeant.

"Absolutely, I marked it on my chart, Sarge."

"Well, according to the Range Plotters, your fifth bomb was a direct hit and all the rest of your bombs were 300 yards away from the target."

He says he never saw a sicker-looking Airman in his life.

We see by D. R. O.'s that F/O Morris is now a F/Lt., and P/O Kelman is now a F/O. We'd sure like to sit in on the party when they wet down their promotions. But annahoo everyone in the Flight joins us in—congratulations!

We also hear that Mr. Kelman is going to take that final step and get married. We often wondered what the big attraction was at Hamilton, and now we know. It looks like the promotions are going to come in very handy, so again, congratulations!

Maintenance Moans

We really have a moan for the first edition of this column. We kept track of the number of interruptions to the lads' sleep during the daytime. One day it was Remembrance Day parade, the next day it was pay parade (they loved that one), the following day it was dental parade, then clothing parade, then the Trade Board arrived. All in all, the boys say, if they get one day of uninterrupted sleep a week, they'll feel awful happy. Right now, any morning at about 6, you'll find the liveliest bunch of sleepwalkers moping around the hangars you'd ever want to see. Don't get us wrong, the lads do their work properly, but they certainly would be much happier if some way could be found to avoid all this.

One thing the boys are happy about is the swell bunch of N.C.O.'s they have to work under. Especially F/Sgt. Martin, because he backs up his men, and don't think they don't appreciate it. They ex-

press it by the amount of work they turn out and the high servicability record. Some of the lads have tried to put something over on the Flight, but much to their sorrow, they found it just couldn't be did. To illustrate his quickness on the trigger—

It was smoke period. He happened to be looking into the hangar from the smoke room. Suddenly—

"Charlie Burd, are you smoking in the hangar?" he roared.

Burd came into the room looking very pained indeed. "Gosh, no, Flight," he said, as he took the cigarette out of his mouth. "It isn't lit, see?"

"Well," came the quick retort, "why isn't it? Don't you know it's smoke time?"

Of course there are other moans connected with Night Maintenance, such as bad meals, catching buses, and worst of all, shortage of tools; but these are gradually being straightened out. Pretty soon now there won't be anything to moan about and the boys won't be happy any more.

Seeing that the Trade Board is here again, here is a story we heard:

Acetoo Numbrain came out from the trade testing-room looking sort of woe-begone. His friends and fellow sufferers gathered round and asked him how he thought he had made out.

"Oh," he said, "not bad. I gotta 'B.'"

"What do you mean 'you got a B'?"

You don't know your marks yet; in fact, nobody will know for a couple of weeks," they patiently informed him.

"Oh sure, I know that," said our hero. "I gotta be back at the hangar in 15 minutes or I'll catch what for from the Flight."

New version of a new song as sung by trainee Electricians at T. T. S.: "Praise the Trade Board, and Pass Me Electrician."

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FEATURE STORY

FERRY COMMAND

The Royal Air Force Ferry Command is the original and the greatest air ferrying service in the world. Formed to ferry medium and heavy bombers across oceans to the many theatres of war, the magnificent results being achieved have more than justified the vision and enterprise of those responsible for its inception.

Today Ferry Command is delivering operational aircraft by day and night over thousands of miles of land and water through every climate from Arctic cold to tropical heat. Key personnel in our war effort are transported swiftly from place to place about the world where their presence is urgently required, these places frequently being phenomenal distances apart. Highly specialized equipment vitally needed on our many far-flung battle fronts is delivered as a matter of course over distances and through weather conditions which would have appalled even the most experienced pilots of a few short years ago.

Origin of Ferry Command

By July of 1940, it became obvious that the delivery of twin-engined and four-engined bombers by boat from Canada to the United Kingdom was extremely wasteful of both time and cargo space. In addition, aircraft were being exposed to enemy action over often prolonged periods of time when delivered by sea, in lieu of being delivered through their natural medium, the air where full use could be made of their inherent potentialities.

Since early in the year, discussions had been taking place between the Canadian Pacific Railway and the British Government regarding the establishment of a Canada-Britain Air Mail Service and the laying of the groundwork for a bomber ferry service.

On July 8th, Mr. Morris M. Wilson, representative in Canada and the United States for the British Ministry of Aircraft Production, wrote to Sir Edward Beatty, expressing his gratitude for their offer to place the experience and facilities of his company at the service of the British Government. Full assistance in every way was promised by the Canadian Government. The agreement between the Canadian Pacific Railway and His Majesty the King was signed on August 16th. The Canadian Pacific Air Services department was headed by Sir Edward Beatty, Mr. Woods Humphrey and Colonel Burchall.

The original pilot personnel were loaned from British Overseas Airways and included, among others, such well-known personalities as Captains Wilcockson, Bennett, Ross and Page. These were joined by American and Canadian commercial pilots and in addition there were some Free French, Dutch, Egyptian, Australian and New Zealand pilots. Many of these pilots had little or no experience on multi-engined aircraft. To overcome this lack of experience, a Trans-Atlantic Ferry Pilot School was started in November of 1940.

One great difficulty experienced was that of recruiting radio operators, owing to the fact that radio and wireless was very little used in Canadian commercial air services at this time. The Radio Division of the Department of Transport and the Canadian Marconi Company helped to overcome this difficulty. They made available experienced radio operators of Canadian nationality, who came in ever-increasing numbers from radio posts scattered throughout Canada.

The first Trans-Atlantic bomber delivery flight took place on November 11th, 1940, when a 7 Hudsons took off from Newfoundland under Captain Bennett. This original flight was successfully completed in less than 10 hours.

In December of the same year, a number of Catalinas were delivered, crewed by Captains and Flight Engineers borrowed from the Royal Air Force Coastal Command and the Royal Canadian Air Force.

As is customary, attendant upon the initiation of a new project for which no precedent exists, many pessimists forecast the impossibility of delivery by air during the extreme rigors of the North Atlantic winter. In spite of the most miserable meteorological figures for over 30 years, North Atlantic deliveries were continued at an accelerated pace throughout the winter of the year 1940.

During this early formative period, equipment was almost entirely non-existent in Newfoundland. Even the temporary accommodation for crews had to be provided in railway sleeping cars.

However, additional premises for offices, lecture rooms and Link Trainers were soon established in the Railway Exchange Building, Montreal, and expansion took place at St. Hubert Airport through the courtesy of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

In February, 1941, the well-known Canadian pilot, Captain "Punch" Dickens, joined the organization and plans were made out for a further considerable expansion. Complete co-operation was offered by Major Power, Canadian Minister for Air. Captain Dickens reported direct to Sir Edward Beatty and, following his illness, to Mr. Morris Wilson.

At this time, the international political and military situation made it important that this organization should now come directly under a department of the British Government. Accordingly, in March, 1941, it came under the Ministry of Aircraft Production, with the name of ATFERO, or Atlantic Ferrying Organization. Mr. Morris Wilson was head and Mr. Harold Long was appointed to take over control of ATFERO.

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By May of 1941, the long delay entailed in returning flying crews by sea from the United Kingdom after completing a delivery flight necessitated the starting of a Return Ferry Service to Newfoundland in order to save wastage of aircrews' time.

Ferry Command Born

It must be remembered that up to June of 1941, there was still a pretence of neutrality on the part of the United States. Previously, aircraft obtained from American manufacturers had been delivered to an airport on the Canadian-American border and were then dragged across the border by teams of white (sic) horses. This procedure, while touched with an elfin, Cinderella-like quality, was certainly not in tempo with the urgency of the times.

It was then that President Roosevelt offered Mr. Churchill more help by making available United States Army Air Corps pilots to ferry all aircraft destined for Great Britain from the West Coast of America to the main base at Montreal or to any other airport. This would, in effect, release American civilian pilots for Trans-Atlantic ferrying and, consequently, would release the service pilots for operational duties. The President, however, made it very clear that he would only do so upon the distinct understanding that the aircraft were handed over to a military command and not to a civil one.

Under these circumstances, on July 20th, 1941, ATFERO became the now well-known Royal Air Force Ferry Command, headed by Air Chief Marshal Sir Frederick William Bowhill, G.B.E., K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., a Royal Air Force officer with extensive experience of ocean flying from his previous appointment as Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief, Royal Air Force Coastal Command.

Sir Frederick brought with him a number of Royal Air Force officers, but the organization continued to be made up very largely of British, American and Canadian civilians.

Ferry Command policy is to use civilians wherever possible, thus releasing Service personnel for operational duties.

At this point, a well-deserved tribute should be paid to the wonderful work done first by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and second by ATFERO. It is indeed a thing of which every Canadian has a just right to be proud.

Pilot Categories

Pilots are divided into four categories: "A"—The permanent pilot establishment, including service, civilian and United Nations' pilots.

"B"—Pilots under training from Service Flying Training Schools and other sources.

"C"—Pilot personnel who return to the United Kingdom by air and deliver an aircraft while doing so.

"D"—Pilot personnel on leave or loaned from Royal Air Force or Royal Canadian Air Force schools in Canada, for the purpose of making one trip.

Pilot Training

Landplane training of pilots is carried out at Montreal and North Bay, while flying boat training is carried out at Bermuda and Boucherville.

Service Flying Training School personnel are given approximately 50 hours day and night flying training, including considerable radio range and instrument work. Advanced Link Trainer work is a prime requisite. Personnel for one trip only or from Operational Training Units are given about 30 hours of similar training.

Concurrently with this pilot training, the standard of Observer/Navigators and Radio Operators is brought up to Trans-Atlantic requirements.

When all flying personnel have reached a satisfactory standard in their individual training, they are "crewed-up." This entails the allotment of a Navigator and a Radio Operator to each pilot. From this time on, whenever the pilot flies, his crew fly with him. All training is designed to further the functioning of the crew as a unit. This is the beginning of that team spirit which has so often and so

magnificently proven its value during the exigencies of actual operational conditions.

The civilian pilot requirements for employment by Ferry Command are at least 750 hours flying, of which 500 hours must be on modern twin-engined aircraft, considerable night flying and a Commercial License and Instrument Rating. These pilots are given a thorough flight check and if accepted are graded as first pilots.

Make-Up of Crews

A Delivery Crew consists of a Captain (First Pilot), a First Officer (Co-Pilot), an Observer/Navigator and a Radio Operator. In certain types of aircraft a Flight Engineer is added to the crew.

In the organization of Ferry Command there is a Service Flying Training Wing, a Ground Training Wing and a Civilian flying training unit. There is also a department called Crew Assignments, where a nominal roll of all flying personnel is kept.

When a pilot is considered adequately trained in the flying wing, his name is passed to Crew Assignments for crewing up. In Crew Assignments, the remaining members of the crew are allotted to the pilot, and the complete crew, as a unit, take their place on the stand-by list awaiting a delivery flight.

Trans-Atlantic Flight

Under normal conditions, Crew Assignments will notify a crew of their detailing for a delivery flight two days before departure. Each member of the crew is then responsible for drawing his personal flying kit and all the equipment necessary for the carrying out of his particular duties on the flight.

The day previous to departure, the Captain and the members of his crew re-discuss the delivery route to be followed is discussed thoroughly from every angle. Danger areas, alternate routes and airports, navigational beacons and radio port for "Briefing." During this briefing, codes are all covered completely. When proceeding from a comparatively stable routine to the ever-changing picture in a

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theatre of active war, a constant revision of procedure and of regulations actually prevailing is essential.

On the day of departure, the captain and his crew report to Field Operations (despatching office) to sign in, not later than one hour thirty minutes before their scheduled time of departure. The Flight Engineer then proceeds to check the aircraft and the Radio Operator checks his radio equipment.

While this is going on, the Captain and Navigator report for meteorological briefing. Here they are given the latest information regarding the weather to be expected en route, best heights to fly to take advantage of following winds, whether icing conditions are expected, the passage of fronts, and so on. The Captain then decides courses and heights to be flown and leaves the Navigator to work out the Flight Plan.

The Captain then proceeds to check personally the gasoline in his aircraft, the load sheets and the disposition of the load, the oxygen equipment and the passengers, with particular regard to their oxygen equipment and warm clothing.

Progress of Flight

On the first part of the flight, which is over land, each member of the crew tests and checks the proper functioning of his equipment. The Captain carries out a careful gasoline consumption test.

In certain aircraft, the flight is made direct from Montreal to the United Kingdom (U. K.). In other cases, the flight is broken up into two or more stages, depending upon the range of the aircraft being delivered.

On landing at Newfoundland, the aircraft is fully checked, refuelled and the latest meteorological information is collected.

Over the Atlantic

A night departure is made from Newfoundland to ensure arrival over the U. K. in daylight.

Celestial navigation and radio direction bearings are used to check the position of the aircraft at all times throughout the flight.

For purposes of signals control, the Atlantic is divided into two halves—the western half under Canadian Ferry Command Headquarters—the eastern half under British control. These main control stations take charge of the aircraft until they are approaching base, when local control takes over until they land. All these stations are, of course, fully equipped with Radio Range, Beacons and Direction Finding.

These delivery aircraft are all standard machines and are not specially built for ocean flying, with the exception of long-range gasoline tanks installed in the bomb bays. The Return Ferry Service aircraft are somewhat more comfortable but are still very Spartan-like in the simplicity of their accommodation.

During the summer period, when there is relatively small chance of encountering icing conditions at moderate altitudes, the flight can be carried out comfortably at an average height of about 7,000 feet. In the winter period, however, in order

to escape the ever-present icing menace, flights are carried out at great heights, often exceeding 20,000 feet, and this necessitates the constant use of oxygen throughout the delivery. The cold at these heights is intense.

In the case of an aircraft meeting trouble over the Atlantic during delivery, the efficient signals system directs the aircraft to the nearest convoy. In the event of trouble near base, the signals call a number of air/sea rescue units.

Delivery Flight Losses

When the Ferry Command was contemplated first, losses as high as 8 to 10 per cent were expected, but the need was great enough to accept this risk. It is most gratifying to know that the actual figure is less than 1 per cent to date and this small figure is already being gradually cut down. Only superb training, skill, organization and equipment could produce such results.

With regard to the question of enemy air interception on delivery flights, none of the very small percentage of losses out of thousands of successful crossings have been due to enemy action.

An efficient and accurate Meteorological Service is essential to the success of a ferrying organization. All the normal sources are used for meteorological reports and in addition there are main Command stations at Montreal, Newfoundland, Bermuda, Iceland and Great Britain.

Routes, Distances and Times

Ferry Command delivery routes cross the North Atlantic, the South Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. After crossing these vast bodies of water, the routes fan out to the ultimate delivery points.

A brief recap of the North Atlantic route, with approximate figures of nautical distances and flying times may be of interest:

Montreal to the U. K. direct—2,600 miles—average flying time 15 hours; Montreal to Newfoundland—800 miles—average flying time 10 to 11 hours; Newfoundland to the U. K.—1,800 miles—average flying time 10 to 11 hours; Newfoundland to Greenland—700 miles—average flying time 4 to 5 hours; Greenland to Iceland—700 miles—average flying time 4 to 5 hours; Iceland to the U. K.—700 miles—average flying time 4 to 5 hours.

From time to time, a delivery flight is completed in considerably less flying time than those quoted above and this fact is duly referred to in the press as a record. For example, there is the 400-minute crossing from Newfoundland to the United Kingdom. Such crossings, of course, are due to exceptionally favourable following winds found only in freak weather conditions. In actual practice, instructions are very strict and it is a serious offence to push delivery aircraft ahead of schedule.

"United Nations of the Air"

To close this brief outline of the organization and work of the Royal Air Force Ferry Command, it can be said

that the Command is truly a "United Nations of the Air." Here, united in the common cause against the aggressors, are working side-by-side airmen from England, Canada, the United States, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Newfoundland, Egypt, Cuba, South America, Free France, Holland, Belgium, Norway, Czechoslovakia and Poland.

From the varied experience of these personnel is being gathered an invaluable collection of carefully kept data against the time when aircraft will again fly the peacetime commerce routes in a world returned to sanity.

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STORM CENTRE

In these days of smaller beef steaks and overcrowded cafes, with "Nothing matters now but victory" on everybody's lips, we are hitching up our pants and jumping into the fight with both feet. In the distance there's the rumble of the approaching storm. It rolls in from all sides upon that land of Mars: Deutches Reich. The United Nations are on the move. Everywhere the air trembles with offensive. The United Nations are steeled and grim, with thoughts of bombed and burned homes fresh in mind. One by one, they are snatching the cards from the enemy's hand. Stalingrad is under snow, its dead gently mantled. Frost has the German army in its relentless teeth so that men die and freeze immediately. Only in the Russian heart is there warmth. Patriotic passion keeps out the chill that nips the Nazis' fingers. And into the very heart of Germany—whom Goering promised complete protection from British raids—our bombers drop tons of block-busters. Italy, too, is ruptured and torn by these same raiders. They brave the ice-sheathed Alps to ply their wares of vengeance. On the desert, in burning sand and scorching sun, the Army of the Nile takes the initiative, while the Air Force makes its daily "mail-run" to Bengazi and "milk-run" to Tobruk. We are on the move from every quarter. We are on the move—to victory. For nothing matters now but that. The Pacific also adds its page of glory from the Alaskan north to the sweltering south, and Siberia is thereby safe from a Japanese stab in the back. For these things have we sacrificed, and we shall have to make more sacrifices. But it will be worth it. Future peoples shall remember us. Their happiness shall be our thanks. And believe us when we say that the Armament Section had these things in mind when it subscribed \$1,500 to the 3rd Victory Loan. **NOTHING MATTERS NOW BUT VICTORY!**

(Editor's note: The Observer makes no rash claims of prophecy, but would



That very efficient watchmaker of the Instrument Section, Sgt. Shindelka. "Hi, Shiny!"

like to note that the above was written one week before the success of the 8th Army, and the United Nations' landing in French North Africa.)

Bum stakes: A few Saturday nights ago, Traves, Fiddes and Symkevitz, to slake their thirsts for recreation, had a friendly game of Casino. "What about stakes?" asked Fiddes (who spends all his money and 48's in Detroit). Symky frowned. He, too, was flat. Inspiration lighted Traves' eyes. "The loser takes a kick in the seat of the pants!" he suggested. It took. The game began. Fourteen times in succession Traves winced obediently, while Fiddes and Symky took penalty kicks. By the time the game was over everybody was sitting



"Malta, the boil on Hitler's neck."

on cushions. (Writer's note: This is merely another, although very strange, form of Fingalitis.)

Tip-off: LAC (Linoleum Top) Brackell is casting envious glances towards Yake's moustache. The reason: he's looking for a good piece of hair to graft on his shining forehead.

Congratulations: LAC Stewart, G. H., becomes Corporal Stewart, and Cpl. Stewart, R. H., becomes Sergeant Stewart.

Swan Song: This is the last performance of the Observer as you know it today. From now on, because of official decrees, it shall appear on a much less spectacular scale. Gone will be its finery, its numerous cuts, its rollicking cartoons (except where the pocket will afford). It will be thinner. All because the verdict has been handed down from Ottawa that, henceforth, advertising may not be solicited and published in military magazines. And since our generous advertisers are the backbone of the Observer, we must



Flt/Lt. Morris, O.C. of Bombing Flight, and the recipient of a recent well-earned promotion.

give up a great part of our ghost and live a less robust existence. But live we shall. Now we shall really put our best leg forward (shan't we?). Here is the gist of it: do you want the Observer? If so, say so. It is YOUR paper. Tell your editors you want it—if you want it. And if perchance you don't, then we shall bury its sad remains, hollow-cheeked and bellyless, in the middle of the Parade Ground, with the flag at half-mast.

Headline Aletter breaks into the news again this month. It's his glasses again. The ink of the last Observer was hardly dry (see "Bad Luck Aletter," October Observer) when Herb Wright became over-enthusiastic about something and conked B. L. A1. smack in the eye. Casualty: one eyeglass.

Bolton blew a fuse the other day. He was working on one of the training turrets and standing there, no doubt with thoughts quite far afield, watching a thin, amber stream of oil drain from the pressure system. Said a voice behind him, "What are you doing?" Said Bolton (thinking it was Sergeant Powell giving him a bit of a razz), "Hell, man, it's dirty!" The silence that followed caused

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him to turn his head. Four very serious brass hats confronted him. Bolton bolted.

* * *

Weather forecast: Winter must be around the corner, its nose as red as ours these blustery days. Sergeant Powell, that tall, sun-tanned, Powell-Gable concoction of a man, is (at the time of writing) sewing his hooks on his great coat. We suggested that he take a few tips from his room-mate, Sergeant Baker. "Waddaya mean?" asked Pow. "The W.D.'s do his mending," we replied. Said Pow, modestly, "Aw! he's got a way with women," and then jabbed his finger with the needle.

* * *

Ye Editors: Recently we had a bit of a tiff with the blue pencil men of this publication. And all about an extra "s" (as if one storm is not enough around here). Obligingly they removed the offending "s" from the next issue and asked us to take a bow. We took it and carried on. A couple of months rolled by and then came the November issue. There, to our utter disgust and crushed pride, we appeared upon the banner as "LAC", e.g.: Tiff, Mark II, What about it? What about it?

* * *

Lives of Minnie the Moucher: Minnie, the Armourers' cat, sits dreamy-eyed these cool days on Johnston's bunk. Her thoughts are, perhaps, not so far hence. She purrs in anticipation of kittens to come. To put it bluntly, she's gone and done it again. And very soon you'll see Traves galloping through a cold wind with a bottle of milk in his hand. And Minnie will purr, the kittens squeak and everybody come to gander at the latest batch of fluff and wonder. For a cat, Minnie lives a dog's life.

Honour of the Month: To Malta, that rocky little isle a few miles wide and a few miles long. To Malta which, the other week, celebrated its 1,000th downed raider. And, incidentally, that 1,000th enemy aircraft was knocked into the sea that washes Malta's rocky shore by a Canadian. Malta is a boil on Hitler's neck and a thorn in Rommel's side. It stands unconquered to menace Nazi shipping. Said a flyer, recently from that fortress, "The heavens over Malta become hell when the ack-ack goes into action." Greetings, Malta, and God bless you!

Gremlin: Simkevitz was knitting his unravelled sleeve of care the other night to the drone of bombers on night detail and the off-key snores of the rest of the Armourers, when into his slumbers crept a state of alarm. He awakened to find a cold, clammy hand gripping his right arm just below the shoulder. There he lay for a few moments in a sweat of fear. Since his left arm was pinioned beneath him, he cunningly brought his right hand into play. Bending his elbow quickly, he succeeded in grabbing the clutching hand by the wrist — to wake up and find it was his own! That's what comes of not let-

ting your right hand know what the left one doeth.

* * *

Heartbreak: Now that Herb Wright has gone to Mountainview, who is going to look after a certain W.D. at present attached to the Armament Section? Correspondence is invited. Kindly mark envelopes, "Lovelorn," and enclose ten cents for postage and packing. Strictly confidential.

* * *

We were going to ask Pilot Officer Baillie to get up and take a bow as our new head of the Section. However, the appellation was upset just when everybody was getting acquainted. (A certain W.D. confided in us to the extent that he was "such a nice, nice officer"). But, for Mr. Baillie's sake, we ain't going to say a word about that to nobody. After all, a fellow can't help being six feet of good looks, can he? No, sir.

Right now, we call upon Fl/Lt Lowe, our new head. Will you stand up, sir, so that everybody can see you? That's right. Now . . . a bow, please. Thank you.

Incognito: Even a G. D. has 'his day' now and again. At a certain station in this No. 1 Training Command, in an aircrew room, sat four men, all togged up in flying divies. They were seated upon a bench, comparing notes through the blue haze of cigarette smoke. Upon them strode two G. D.'s, begrimed and greasy. "All right, youse guys!" quoth one. "Get up!" The four airmen obeyed and the G. D.'s took away the bench. The point of the story is that underneath those four flying-suits were beautifully tailored uniforms with bushels of rings around the sleeves. Squadron Leaders, all four of 'em!

Snubbed: A certain tall, blond, so-so looking sergeant was all doubled up on

a crowded bus the other night. We'll not mention any names, but W-I-I-S-O-N spells Wilson. The bus was so jammed that half a dozen fellows had to get out every time the driver wanted to change gears. Into this sardine can of humanity came a W.D. complete with suitcase. As she wormed her way through a forest of feet, Wilson, out of sheer Air Force manliness, called, "You may have one of my knees if you wish." Like a dive bomber out of the blue, the W.D. came back, "Thanks, I'd rather trust my suitcase."

* * *

Appreciation: The Armament Section would like to take time out from its gunnery and bombing chores to thank the Arthur Voden Vocational School (under the able guidance of Messrs. Cavanaugh and Durst), and Mr. White, of the Weatherhead Company of St. Thomas, for the invaluable assistance and technical advice rendered. We are as grateful as Hitler is hateful.

* * *

Cold turkey: These are grim days. But not so grim that we can't overcome 'em. In the town of Bedford (England), a few blitzes ago, a certain English family were sitting down to an evening meal when the sirens wailed warning that the Jerries were egg-laying. A guest at the table, alarmed, sprang to his feet. "Let's go into the cellar," he begged his hostess. Said the hostess, with a quiet smile, "And let our supper get cold? Certainly not!"

* * *

Hitler, it is claimed, suffers from insomnia, and some nights he doesn't sleep a wink. It wouldn't be the British blockbusters that keep him awake, would it? Pardon us, old chap. Pardon us.

* * *

By the way — A Merry Christmas!



Captain Roy Brown, D.F.C. with bar, presents Pilot Officer Dark with his wings. May we mention here, that the four leading men received their commissions upon graduation?

GREMLINS

Far worse than fifth columnists, or spies that make midnight landings from U-boats; are the Gremlins. Although they are practically newcomers here, they are well-known in the old, war-torn world. London, Moscow and Berlin have spent fortunes in vain endeavours to eradicate them. For, there's one thing about the Gremlins, they wage their war against friend and foe alike. This impartiality, however, by no means minimizes the effect. It was at one time thought that the Gremlins operated only against aircraft during flight, but research has proved that they exert their wicked influence in almost every theatre of national strategy.

The Gremlins, like humans, have two sexes: male and female. And, like humans, they reproduce their kind, only at an alarming rate. A pair of Gremlins have been known to have six children in the course of a week. Their response to biological urge, strangely enough, seems to be controlled by the conditions under which they, at that time, are operating. The greater the need of Gremlins (from their point of view, of course) then the higher the birth rate.

An adult Gremlin stands about a foot high, has long ears, long, thin legs and big eyes. The legs are encased in green tights and the rest of the body in a pink shirt, with a ruffled collar about the neck and a peaked cap on the head. They can be visible or invisible. Perhaps the experiences of men who have met and struggled with Gremlins will suffice to show the dire need of constant watchfulness against the new invader.

Here is the report of Squadron Leader Smithsonon-Uppercrust: "We were on our way home from a trip over Rhineland," said S/L Smithsonon-Uppercrust, in his Oxford accent. "I was flying at about four thousand feet when, suddenly, I caught sight of an adult male Gremlin, sitting on a bit of cloud to starboard. Immediately, I sideslipped to



The Gremlin — practically a newcomer here.

avoid him, but he leaped and grabbed the trailing edge of my wing. And before I knew it, he had turned my aircraft upside down. Only sheer luck helped me evade disastrous contact with another ship of our squadron. I'm sure the boys thought I had gone momentarily mad."

A fighter pilot, with no less than thirty-five trips to his credit and a happy score of eight Me-9s, complains that often when he is flying a few feet above the channel, Gremlins, riding the backs of seagulls, catch hold of his tail wheel and try to pull him into the sea. Once when he had to bail out, a Gremlin pulled the ripcord almost before he had had time to leave his aircraft. Only his presence of mind saved his life. Another trick of the Gremlin, he reports, is to sit just behind the motor (this time invisible) and beat a tattoo on the coupling with a steel hammer. All this to make him think his engine is acting up when, in truth, it was running perfectly.

Another favourite trick of the Gremlin is to sit behind the pilot and tickle the middle of his back at a moment when he is far too busy to attend to such irrita-

tion. Or else he'll swing on the ailerons or jam a rudder. They (Gremlins) have been known to stop a motor when the aircraft is in a stiff climb.

A pilot home on leave from Egypt tells us that the Gremlin's cunning increases with heat. "He will deliberately start sand blowing just as you are settling down for a landing," the pilot explained. "Why! one time a Gremlin painted my goggles black—WHILE I WAS WEARING 'EM! And he is for everlastingly pulling intercom plugs. In fact, that became such a nuisance that we invented a lock. That baulked him for a while, until he started fixing the locks so that we couldn't unlock them."

Slowly but surely, we are defeating the air-minded Gremlin. Pilots are becoming accustomed to his tricks and instructors wise to his subtleties. We have discovered, for instance, that a fatigued pilot has practically no resistance against him. Many a brave R.A.F. pilot met his doom at the hand of the Gremlin during the Battle of Britain. And many more waged a double war; against him and the Axis. Stamp him out, we must. I was saying that we are getting wise to the air-minded Gremlin. That is true. But the Gremlin is one step ahead of us. He has introduced a newcomer; the Ground Gremlin. This type of Gremlin operates entirely upon the ground. His job is to tear fabric, erase signatures from L-14s and to throw vouchers in wastepaper baskets. He steals pencils and pens, spills ink upon important documents — and puts empty bottles in the "coke" machines! He's the fellow who whispers, "Don't bother now. Do that job tomorrow." Of the two types of Gremlins, he is the most dangerous, because his activities are more widespread. He will lose the wrench you take out on loan from stores before you have had it five minutes. He, in conjunction with his more air-minded brother, makes it rain on your forty-eights and C. O.'s parade. In fact, he does everything he can to make life miserable.

Participating in the vast research now being conducted into the activities of Gremlins, Air and Ground, we questioned Wing Commander Findlay. "Ah, yes," he said, at once interested. "They've been stealing my pencils and emptying my ink bottles right along. So I set a mouse trap and laid my pencils on it." "Yes?" we pressed eagerly. "But I haven't caught one yet," replied the C. O. with a sad smile.

Squadron Leader Blagraye complains that they let the air out of his bicycle tires. And, in spite of the fact that he has even taken his bike to bed with him for security's sake (see cuts in October Observer) the Gremlins persist. "I'm going to write to Command about it," he said tersely.

About all we can do for the present is to watch and beware. If we do that, then the Gremlin is doomed.

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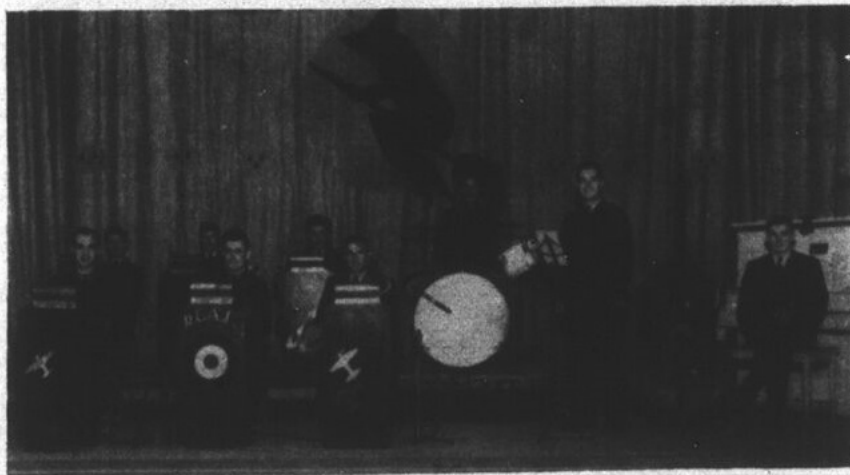
377 Talbot Street

PHONE 427

St. Thomas

INTRODUCING YOUR STATION BAND

Spooky tunes dished out by Corporal Stretton and his boys at Hallowe'en hop.



Back row (left to right) — LAC Dunlop, LAC McEwan, LAC Roth, AC2 Maddaford.

Front row (left to right) — LAC Diamond, WO2 Hawley, Sgt. Pilot Payton, Cpl. Stretton (leader), LAC Brinklow.

Before going into the subject of your Station Orchestra, let us say a few things about each man in the band, and the instrument he plays.

WO2 Hawley — Instructor at G. I. S.; plays first sax and clarinet; his home town, Toronto; nickname, "Ted"; has been a member of every station orchestra on each station that he has been posted to, and likes to spend all his spare time with the band.

Sgt. Pilot Payton — Pilot at Gunery Flight; plays second sax and clarinet; his home town, Beaver Falls, Penn.; nickname, "Bo Jo"; played with orchestra in Pennsylvania; always wants to be on the move, and the "love bug" has really got him.

LAC Diamond — A. E. M.; plays third sax; nickname, "Pat"; his home town, Saskatoon; played with bands in Western Canada and different R. C. A. F. stations he has been on; also plays trumpet.

LAC McEwan — A. E. M.; plays first trumpet; nickname, "Tommy"; his home town, Toronto. Has played with headline band in that city, and on lake excursions during summer seasons. "Tommy" is also a real paddler, and took part in different regattas, being a member of different championship teams.

LAC Roth — A. E. M.; plays second trumpet; nickname, "Dave"; his home town, New Hamburg, Ontario; has done most of his playing with Western Ontario bands; is the "take off" man of the brass section.

LAC Dunlop — A. E. M.; plays third trumpet; nickname, "Jerry"; home town, Woodstock, Ontario. Jerry's band days started at No. 4 B. & G. — getting himself a trumet, he kept right at it, and deserves a lot of credit for the headway he has made in such a short time.

AC2 Maddaford — Instrument Maker; plays drums; nickname, "Les"; home town, Toronto. "Les" has played with different Canadian and American bands. He has played with Charlie Barnett at the "Famous Door," New York City, also on the S.S. Normandie to London and Paris with Bert Simmons' band in the spring of 1939. He sure has managed to get around fairly well.

LAC Brinklow — A. F. M. — but is a very important man in the Log Room, keeping L-14's in order. Plays piano; nickname, "Ernie"; home town is Toronto. Had his first taste of orchestra work since coming to Fingal, and is turning in a fine job at it. His biggest worry is, "Am I doing all right?"

Cpl. Stretton — Instrument Maker; plays bass; nickname, "Strett"; home town, Brussels, Ontario. Played with Kitchener-Waterloo Symphony, but found dance orchestra more profitable, and is the leader of the Station Orchestra.

* * *

YOUR STATION BAND

"The music you want when you want it." Although this is the advertising slogan of a large record manufacturing company, it is also a very apt and fitting description of our own Station Band, because that is the purpose the organization fulfills so completely.

When we read the "Downbeat," or other musical publications, naturally all the name bands are given the first column and we are told of all the hard work and unceasing effort put forward by these bands — both in their arrangements and in their engagements, but stop to consider our own band.

The members are all Airmen who have their other necessary duties to perform before their music. All practicing is done in their own spare time, and this on an

active station is very difficult, as each one of you knows.

Under the existing circumstances it is a trying proposition to arrange rehearsals and plan for the different engagements, but it is done, and all the more credit to the boys and to their able leader.

Another feather in their musical cap is the fact that these lads, nine in number, all come from different parts of the Dominion and from different walks of life. They haven't been used to playing together as have the largely publicized bands, but on listening to their harmonious and original arrangements, it's hard to realize that they have only been playing together for a very short time.

On the Tuesday informal "get-togethers" in the Rec. Hall, the band is always in attendance with the latest of hits, both sweet, "for those on the sentimental side," and swing for those "hep to the jive." Besides these "get-togethers," the group play for our regular Station dances, which are really a "knock out" in the form of real enjoyment.

The officers, as you all know, have nothing but the best, and in keeping with their high standards, they always call on "Strett" and the boys for their dances.

In closing, an invitation has been received from "Strett" — the leader of the band — to any man who plays the sax or trumpet by music, and would like to take a place in the band. So come out, all you sax and trumpet players, and help to make Fingal's own band the "best in the land."

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CONTROL TOWER

As its name implies, this building houses the personnel engaged in directing the flying activities. The offices of the Chief Instructor, O.C. Flying and Aerodrome Control Officer, are located here, and in addition, the Link Trainer room. Up in the Tower the Duty Pilot keeps watch over the aircraft, directing them by means of signals hoisted to the



Flt/Lt. Gower, our new O.C. of Flying, replacing Flt/Lt. Foster, now at Toronto.

most or displayed in the signal area on the ground behind the building. The ground station for control of radio-equipped aircraft is also located here and manned at all times when flying is in progress. Weather reports, signals re aircraft leaving or arriving on cross-country flights—records of all aircraft taking off, flying records, reports of training carried out, postings, promotions, monthly returns, in fact all the details of administration of the flying training and general flying are dealt with here. It is in fact the link in the chain between Station H.Q., G. I. S. and A. T. S., and it is the hope of its personnel that their efforts contribute in some degree to the success of the training programme.

OUR NEW O.C. OF FLYING

Flight Lieutenant Gower, who was recently posted to this Station as O.C. of flying, was born and educated in Ontario. He graduated from R. M. C., Kingston, in 1917, and was commissioned with the Royal Field Artillery the same year, going overseas with them. He transferred to the Royal Flying Corps in France, where he was trained as a pilot on the old pusher type Farman Rumpty's and went into action in March, 1918. He was shot down in September of that year and was a prisoner of war until the armistice was signed. Mr. Gower then returned to Canada, joining the Canada Life investment department, and for the last ten years was with them in Vancouver.

Our new O.C. joined the R. C. A. F. in August, 1940, and for a time was in administration at Trenton and Regina. He remustered as a pilot and has been stationed since with the Conversion Flight, at Picton, thence to Jarvis B. & G.

School, and Paulson, Manitoba, where he had a flight when this school was opened. He then took the armament course at Mountain View and was later on the Armament Visiting Flight before coming to Fingal about two months ago. We are glad to have him with us and wish him the very best at No. 4 B. & G.

A WORD FROM THE O. C. OF FLYING

In this issue, the last of our de luxe editions, will be found the story of the Armament Training Squadron, one link in the chain built up to ensure that the Empire's Airmen will receive the best training possible before taking their place in the firing line.

As the work of the Bombers and Gunners with the Squadron is their introduction not only to flying itself but to their aerial duties, the responsibility of the Squadron is apparent and keenly felt by all its personnel. Since the system of Central Maintenance came into force, the Squadron is composed of Pilots, a nucleus of tradesmen to handle the aircraft on the ground, and the necessary compliment of Droque Operators.

The Pilots, mainly recruited from the ranks of the Training Plan's graduates, are for the most part furthering their own training before proceeding overseas, while at the same time carrying out the air exercises necessary for the training of Bombers and Gunners. It is onerous work as flying is carried on both day and night. A keen interest is taken by all in the progress of the trainees and every effort is made to give them the best training possible. They are justly proud of their record and Fingal is fortunate in having in its A. T. S. a group of pilots second to none.

The Squadron depends for its efficiency largely on the co-operation of a great many other sections on the Station such as H.Q.—G. I. S.—Maintenance—Parachutes—Armament and many others, but perhaps its closest friend is Maintenance, for they keep us flying. Their strenuous efforts in this direction are greatly appreciated, as are those of the other sections who indirectly assist in its work. The chief bugbear is, of course, the weather, which unfortunately is beyond control and often makes it extremely difficult to carry out the assignment of flying, but given good weather and aeroplanes, the Armament Training Squadron will continue as in the past to pull its share of the load.

HITS AND MISSES FROM GUNNERY FLIGHT

Gunnery Flight, as the name implies, is for the training of Aircrew as aerial gunners.

The Air Gunner's job is very important as it is up to him to protect his aircraft from enemy planes.

After his ground course in G. I. S., the student Air Gunner comes to Gunnery Flight for his practical air gunnery and graduates from our Flight as a qualified Air Gunner.

Air Bombardiers must know how to handle the guns and also must qualify in air firing.

Gunnery Flight, under the capable direction of our O.C., F/L Poupore, and Assistant O.C. F/O Sprague, is composed of officers and N.C.O. pilots and the ground personnel.

Full co-operation between Gunnery Flight and Droque Flight is necessary, and this fact made it possible in the month of September to exceed our air firing requirement for the month.

All of our gunnery exercises are carried out in Bolingbroke aircraft, which are kept serviceable by Sgt. Tripp and his capable staff of ground crew, which are necessary to "keep them flying."

The members of Gunnery Flight extend their congratulations to WO2 Emerson and WO2 Thornes on receiving commissions as Pilot Officers and wish them luck on their posting to Ferry Command in Ottawa. We also wish the best of luck to F/O Sprinkle and Sgt. Pilot "Speed" Allson, who are posted overseas.

Congratulations are in order for Sgt. Pilot Sudul, who was recently married. It is rumored there are others in Gunnery Flight who are about to do the same. We wonder who that could be.

Gunnery Flight carries out the exercises, but if you were to walk into our Flight Room one could not help but wonder how we do it. Have you ever been in a traffic jam? If so, it is a mild example of our Flight Room; as you enter you would either duck a ping pong ball or a wild swing by one of our many fiends at the game.

All the pilots are running around trying to get the next flight. All the names are on the blackboard and each pilot flies as his turn comes up.

However, try and find a pilot at 11.30 and you have your hands full, unless someone forgot to wake up Flight Sgt. Finch and he is still dreaming in his little corner with a parachute serving as his bed.

The hardest person in the flight to find is that one person who is wanted on the telephone, and if you don't believe it, ask AW1 Russell, who works in our orderly room and is always looking for someone to answer the telephone, which rings like mad when you call 19.

The only superstition the pilots of Gunnery Flight have is rain, and that is easy to explain for rain means no flying, and no flying means flying is washed out.

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PHONE 427

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

which all adds up to one little word with such a big meaning—"drill."

Oh, how we pilots love drill; could sit and watch it for hours.

Well, I see a white light from the flight room and flying is washed out for another day, so in closing we wonder why a certain Sgt. Pilot called Bo-Jo is no longer after that last flight in the day (except when he is on duty watch), and always goes around with a big smile on his face.

Gunnery Flight wishes you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The switches are O.K. and the twelve white bombs are loaded with loving care into the Anson's belly.

The battery carts are attached to the starters, the engines sputter and cough into life and at 8.20 the last of the Ansons waddle into the air.

At 8,000 feet our pilot levels off and heads for the target, meanwhile adjusting the trim and throttles to his satisfaction. When the ship is settled down he calls the bomber, who is now crouched over his bomb sight in the nose of the ship.

ship into wind for the bombing run. "Turning on target," he tells the bomber. "Turning on, number one bomb selected 6 fused nose and tail," the bomber answers. When the ship is lined up with the target the pilot calls "Attack." As the target moves into the bomber's field of vision, he replies, "Attack, target sighted, master switch on." "Master switch on," the pilot replies, clicking down the switch. The jettison light goes on and the pilot knows the bomb is ready to drop. The bomber, intent on the run, directs the pilot onto the target.



GUNNERY FLIGHT

The following pilots are attached to Gunnery Flight:

Standing (left to right)—Sgt. Pilot Allison, Sgt. Mjr. Thornes (now commissioned), Sgt. Pilot Pritchard, Sgt. Pilot Payton, F/O Sprinkle (posted overseas), Sgt. Pilot Johnson, P/O Hammond, Sgt. Pilot Sudul, F/L Poupore (O.C.), Sgt. Pilot Bremner, P/O Menzies, Sgt. Pilot Lawton, P/O Kistler, F/S Pilot Finch, Sgt. Pilot Smith, Sgt. Pilot Wallace, Sgt. Pilot Willis.

BOMBING FLIGHT

It's 7.45 on a November morning and as the pilots begin to straggle in—the timekeeper yawns, picks up a pencil, and starts the day by entering the first schedules on the sheet.

The day really started the previous afternoon when the flight commander posted the next morning's schedules or perhaps it started when the ground crew carried out the daily inspections on the aircraft, or when the students lined up to march down to the flights—anyway it's started.

While rubbing the sleep from his eyes, our pilot climbs into his flying clothes, perhaps his chute and headset, and saunters into the flight room bellowing for his students and demanding a "decent ship" from the timekeeper in the same breath he signs the sheets, and heads for the line where the sleek and powerful Anson bombers are waiting.

The aircrew climb into the ship while the ground crew cluster around the nose to test the bomb release mechanism—

"Bomber Select."
"Bomber Jettison."
"Pilot Select."
"Pilot Jettison."

"Pilot to bomber. Indicated 6,000 feet. Indicated air speed 120 m.p.h. Outside air temperature six."

The bomber computes true height and air speed and adjusts his bomb sight for height, air speed, and wind speed and direction. "Bomber to pilot. Ready to bomb." The pilot checks the target below, sees the signals are open, takes a last look around and begins to swing the

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PHONE 384

"Left, left, steady — right a little, steady, bomb gone, master switch off."

As the bomb curves away from the ship, dropping towards the target, the pilot calls "master switch off."

The bomber, following the bomb, watches it burst and plots the result on his chart, then calls to the pilot either with elation or disgust.

"Bomb plotted."

Our pilot does a ninety-degree turn to the left and prepares for the next run. Meanwhile the bomber is computing and checking, feverishly, trying to figure why

not be any doubt in the minds of all concerned that the Target Towing Tumblers are the mainstay of the business so to speak.

Although it is difficult to explain the workings of such a highly organized and intricate system operated by Droque Flight, we shall endeavour to explain to you briefly why our crews have that worldly wise and weary expression.

It all starts with two short tinkles of a telephone bell—just two little teeny-weeny short ones. That is a signal for someone in Droque Pilots' room to wake

up and provide a sleepy hello. A feeble attempt at authority from Gunnery Flight gruffly says: "One on the line for '98." Just like that—"One on the line for '98." Simple, eh? That's what you think. Here's what happens.

The pilots of Droque Flight (having a smoothly working roster) then glances quickly at the board to see who is "up." For the sake of our story, let us say that it is Sgt. Pilot G. C. St. Thomas. Having equipped himself with the following list of necessities, to wit:



BOMBING FLIGHT

The following pilots are attached to Bombing Flight:

Standing (left to right) — P/O Washer, Sgt. Pilot Robertson, P/O Living, Sgt. Pilot Manning, Sgt. Pilot Stevenson, Sgt. Pilot Henderson, Sgt. Pilot Schiffhauer, Sgt. Williamson, Sgt. Pilot Loveday, Sgt. Pilot McLean, Sgt. Pilot Shores, Sgt. Pilot Maguire, Sgt. Pilot Owen, Sgt. Pilot Johnson, Sgt. Pilot Wheat, Sgt. Pilot Case, Sgt. Pilot Barr, Sgt. Pilot Townsend and Sgt. Pilot Thomas.

Front Row (left to right) — P/O Thurlow, P/O Kelman, Sgt. Pilot Opie, Sgt. Pilot Dixon, P/O Jacobs, F/L Morris (O. C.), Sgt. Pilot Bessey, Sgt. Pilot Ward, Sgt. Pilot Johnston, Sgt. Pilot Gray, R.R., Sgt. Pilot Coady, Sgt. Pilot Peterson.

the last bomb was only twenty-five yards out.

The pilot glances over his shoulder at the target, figures he is far enough out for the next run and as he starts to turn back onto the target calls again, "turning on," and the next run begins.

As the twelfth bomb drops toward the target and the bomber calls "bomb plotted," the pilot throttles the engines back and starts the ship down in a lazy spiral around the target. At 2,000 feet he levels out, waggles his wings over the signal quadrant and heads for home.

As our faithful timekeeper spots the Anson taxiing back into line, he yawns again, picks up his pencil and scribbles on the time sheet, "Exercise completed."

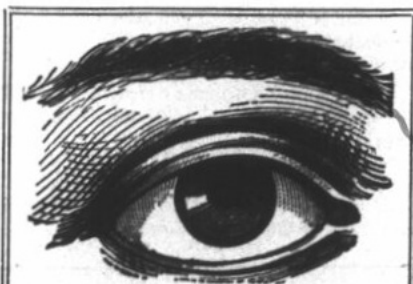
"HOLD THAT LINE"

or

"The Gentle Art of Droqueing"

"Hold that line"—a phrase well known to rugby fans and players, but equally well applicable to the crews of Droque Flight.

Inasmuch as we condescendingly admit that Bombing and Gunnery Flights are necessary evils to the operation of a Bombing and Gunnery School, there can-



R. C. A. F.

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Lysander A/C..... 1
 Drogue Operators (living)..... 1
 Parachutes and flying equipment... 1
 Drogue dropping equipment (sets) 1

He then proceeds to co-operate with the pilot of the Gunnery Flight A/C in providing the material for the training of Bombardiers and Air-Gunners in the complicated work of turret operation and air firing.

When both aircraft are ready to take off they proceed into the air. As our story deals with the Drogue A/C more specifically, we shall deal with that end of the tale only.

The target ship then returns to the field, and flying over the centre of the field at 1,000 feet and an airspeed of 85 m.p.h., into wind and parallel to the runway in use, the operator changes drogues. This is done by releasing second drogue, which slides down the cable, knocks the other off and streams itself.

The procedure for the "line" is then repeated and when the second exercise is completed the Drogue A/C repeats the operation for releasing the drogue with the exception that the second drogue is released by a weighted bag called a "bell." When the second drogue is de-

may seem out of place, it takes a keen eye, a steady hand and a good knowledge of flying to fly the line in such a manner as to give the student air-gunner a chance to prove his worth.

CONVERSION FLIGHT

Recently organized under the capable administration of F. L. Gauldin, this flight has three important functions. Firstly, it will undertake the training of new pilots posted to the Station in the work allotted to them, thus relieving the flights of this burden. Secondly, pilots transferring from one flight to another



DROGUE FLIGHT

The following pilots are attached to Drogue Flight:

Standing (left to right)—Sgt. Pilot Booth, Sgt. Pilot Buck, Sgt. Pilot Wheatcroft, Late Sgt. Pilot Gray, Sgt. Pilot Shaffer, Sgt. Pilot Stolze, F/O Davies, P/O Dryden, F/O Furrow (O.C.), P/O Warner, Sgt. Pilot Sullivan, Sgt. Pilot Prentice, Sgt. Pilot Doughty; Sgt. Pilot Ziegelheim, Sgt. Pilot LePage, Sgt. Pilot Blackman.

Sgt. G. C. St. Thomas, having attained an altitude of approximately 3,000 feet, he then reduces his air speed to 85-90 m.p.h. and at the same time allows the aircraft to assume a shallow dive. At this point the operator releases the first drogue. As soon as the drogue is streamed O.K., the cable is allowed to run out to approximately 1,200 feet. When this is completed the operator informs the pilot that drogue is streaming O.K. and the pilot increases his airspeed to 160 m.p.h., attains an exact altitude of 3,000 feet and sets his course on the "line." During this operation the pilot of the Bolingbroke keeps within range of the Drogue Ship, and when the latter is on the "line," the Gunnery pilot instructs the student gunner to start firing.

An exercise for one student gunner normally requires two lengths of the line. At the end of the first length the Drogue A/C signals to the Gunnery A/C that he is going to turn. Both A/C then turn, at the same time reducing altitude to 2,000 feet, and returning on a reciprocal course. When the first exercise is completed, the Gunnery A/C signals to the Drogue A/C, and both break off from the line.

tached from the cable the operator operates the winch winds in the cable. When the cable is in, the operator informs the pilot.

The pilot then brings the aircraft in and it is prepared for the next trip.

You can see, therefore, although our title of the "Gentle Art of Drogueing"



F/L Gauldin and F/O Sprague (both U. S. A. men), who are respectively O.C. of Conversion Squadron and Chief Instructor.

will receive further special training for their new duties; and thirdly, pilots who have progressed sufficiently in the Link Trainer and are recommended through good work by their Flight Commanders will be given practical and advanced training in Radio Beam work, Navigation practice and Instrument time.

The flight will occupy quarters in No. 1 Hangar and flying instruction will be under the direction of F. O. Sprague. A maintenance crew under Cpl. Berkley will look after the aircraft, which for the present includes two dual Ansons equipped with hoods for blind flying and radio for beam work, one Bolingbroke, one Lysander and one Yale. It is hoped that all pilots will co-operate to make this innovation a success as its staff are working hard to provide an efficient and compact training unit which should be of inestimable value.

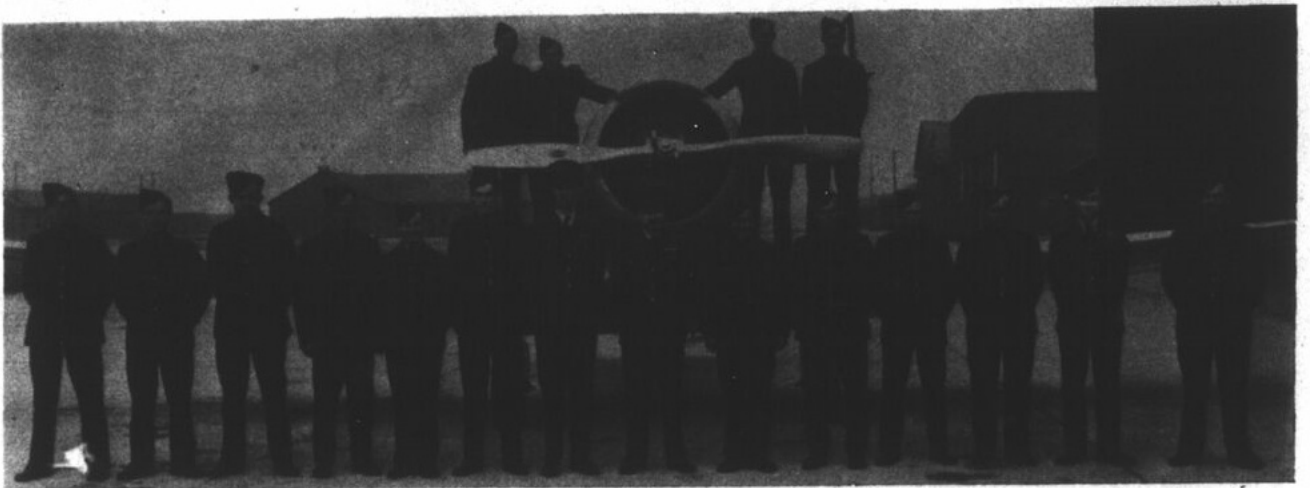
Continuation of Bombing

Night bombing commences at first sign of darkness. Fresh pilots start night work immediately after sundown and carry on throughout the night, sometimes till sunup. Nightly Anson Bombers wing their way across the sky over their objective targets and bombing flight carries on.



DROGUE OPERATORS

Standing (left to right) — LAC Asselin, AC Woodman, LAC Ravey, LAC Clark, LAC Gunning, LAC Wilson, LAC Weaver, Cpl. Nicholson, F/S Pooley, Cpl. Bruce, Late Cpl. Hilchie, AC Valliere, LAC Struchinsky, LAC Thaxter, AC Bruce, LAC Madgett.



SOME OF THE CREW FROM DROGUE SECTION

Front row (left right) — LAC Grier, LAC McDuffie, AC Brand, AC Northcott, AC Harris, LAC Rowe, P/O Armstrong (R.A.F.), F/O Furrow (Flight O.C.), AC Wilson, LAC Hardy, AC Mellors, AC Cummings, LAC Duncan, AC Gee. The four holding the aircraft down are, left to right — AC Bourgue, Cpl. Morris, Sgt. Fraser, AC Sutherland.

THE VANISHING LEGION

We left our land, our native land,
We bid loved ones good-bye,
With kisses on our lips we went
To conquer or to die.
We answered to our country's call
To keep the flag on high;
We went to face the angry foe,
And did not reason why.

We sailed the seas, not as we pleased,
Through storm and calm and gale,
Forever sought the enemy,
We knew we must not fail.
We convoyed comrades o'er the foam,
We kept the trade routes free,
And with the rest we did our best
To bring us victory.

We roared on high, into the sky,
As eagles wing their way;

Behind a cloud, a foe might lurk
To send us down to stay.
We flew wherever duty called,
Return, we did not know;
We did not shrink to do our work
To help comrades below.

And in the trench, through every stench,
Sickened by every breath,
Through blood and fire, through mud
and mire
We plunged in face of death.
Our comrades fell right by our side,
But still we carried on,
And so in peace death will not cease,
We still fall one by one.

We are the Vanishing Legion
Who fought in the last Great War;
We fought in every region,
Again we'll fight as ne'er before.

They say where there's life there's hope,
May everyone hear our cry.
In hope we live, your promise give,
In peace till then we cannot lie.

— Erma A. Bain, Cpl.





Entertainment



LONDON LIFE TROUP

The date was set for Nov. 19th, 1942, with the London Life Troup, but the Entertainment Committee decided we would greet them with a new and enlarged stage. The Recreation Hall was a hive of activity for ten days beforehand and through the untiring efforts of Flight Lieut. Coady, his staff and a large number of volunteers from the Station personnel, the stage was completed in time for the show.

Over six hundred Airwomen, Airmen and Officers enthusiastically acclaimed this production as the best we have yet had on the Station. For more than two hours and a half, this fast-moving musical and comedy review, starring Lois Gray and Don Wright's Orchestra, kept everyone on the edge of their seats and the rafters of the Recreation Hall were lifted time after time by spontaneous applause, whistles and cheers.

At seven-thirty two busloads of performers, sixty-five in all, under the management of Mr. Castle Graham, arrived at Fingal. Production Manager Jim Ferguson hustled his cast backstage. The costumes, in charge of Elsie Summer and Isobel Shaw, were removed from the wardrobes, properties were unpacked by the property mistress, and make-up was carefully applied under the direction of Norma Springett, assisted by Edith Kains, Joan Bowman and Mary Lou Grant.

Eight o'clock and all was in readiness. Don Wright's Orchestra swung into the opening number. Each act was charmingly introduced by the Lady in Red—Miss Sylvia Salkeld. This troupe has an excellent group of female soloists, including Lorraine Varden, Doris Hamilton, Doris Martin and Mary Lee Bell, and the girls' quartet with Mary Willson, Jean Hall, Margaret Griffiths and Lorraine Vardon. One of the feature numbers was "Knock Me a Kiss" by Doris Martin, and the gang are still waiting to accommodate her—come on back, Doris!

A word here about the male quartet of comedians would be in order, although your reporter is still not sure under what heading they come. In their 1894 brevities, Harold Clapman, Maurice George, Charles Johnson and Stan Harrison should be cautioned against wearing such long lace panties in these days of shortages and priorities.

We would like to say a special word for Lois Gray, whose every appearance was professional in style and perfect in rendition. Her love-making scene with "Elmer" and her appearance with Doris Martin in their Di-De-Umph routine, assisted by ten girls of the chorus in green and yellow, was a standout.

This troupe certainly didn't short change us on lovely ladies. Did they bring just one dance line-up?—no, they had two complete lines—using one in each half of the programme, and both lines for the finale. For the benefit of the boys who now intend to visit London, we give you the names of those who have not been heretofore mentioned: Irene Chapman, Elizabeth Pedlar, Jean Clark, Verna Crawford, Jean Jarman, Marion Morton, Fran Crone, Ethel McAlpine, Ruth Banninger, Irene Cole, Marion Plante, Ruth Broadley, Marjorie Mason, Kae Ellis, Madeline Gardner, Marie Clark, Betty Palmer, Hazel Roberts, Mabel Barnes, Margaret Oram, Jean Maloney, Ellen Scott, and Charles Duffin. Their routines were arranged and directed by Marg Turner.



Cpl. and Mrs. Roy Taylor, recently married in Manitoba. The bride is serving with the R. C. A. F. (W.D.) at Halifax, and was the former librarian at this Station. Cpl. Taylor—better known as "Muscle-Bound," is still with us as F/O Burns' right-hand P. T. instructor.

We look forward to seeing this troupe again soon and to enjoy their fine entertainment, also to listen to the snappy music of Maestro Don Wright and his Orchestra.

GREATER OPPORTUNITIES

Have you seen the renovated stage in the Recreation Hall? It is a dandy, isn't it? It really makes the presentation of a stage show a pleasure, but it took a lot of planning and many hours of hard work on the part of F/L Coady and his volunteers. Yes, most of it was done on their free time, time when the rest of us are relaxing or playing our favorite sport.

For ten days these boys worked all day and then right after supper went to work in the Recreation Hall till the wee sma' hours. You will appreciate its advantages, having seen the London Life Troup appear the night it was finished, and you will also now understand why it was necessary to do without movies the week of November 16th to 20th.

We are also hopeful of getting some new front drapes—in royal blue. One of the "Y" men spent several hours in Toronto getting samples and prices for consideration of the general fund committee and brought back a sample of curtain track which F/L Coady is using for a pattern. When an exact replica of this track is installed in our hall it will give us equal stage efficiency to that of any large theatre.

Now that these people have done so much to assist in your entertainment, what are you going to do to help? Did you know that we have both a Glee Club and a Dramatic Club working on productions. Why don't you drop around and get into one or both of these? There is now no reason why we can't put on a bang-up show of our own, if you will help. Watch the weekly programme bulletins for time and place of rehearsals, then come on out and co-operate in these activities.

Y.M.C.A. MOVIES FOR DECEMBER

Wed., Dec. 2—"Take a Letter, Darling," with Rosalind Russell and Fred MacMurray.

Sat., Dec. 5—"One Foot in Heaven," with Frederic March, Martha Scott.

Mon., Dec. 7—"The Fleets In," with Dorothy Lamour and William Holden.

Wed., Dec. 9—Not scheduled as yet.

Sat., Dec. 12—"You're in the Army Now," with Jimmy Durante, Jane Wyman. Short—"Calling All Girls."

Mon., Dec. 14—"Christmas in July," with Dick Powell, Allen Drew, Raymond Welburn.

Wed., Dec. 16—Not scheduled as yet.
Sat., Dec. 19—"All Through the Night," spy picture starring Humphrey Bogart and Kaaron Verne.

Mon., Dec. 21—"Lady Eve," Barbara Stanwyck and Henry Fonda.

Wed., Dec. 23—Not scheduled as yet.

Sat., Dec. 26—"Wild Bill Hickock," Constance Bennett and Bruce Cabot.

Mon., Dec. 28—"My Favorite Blonde" with Madelaine Carroll and Bob Hope.

Wed., Dec. 30—Not scheduled as yet.

Sat., Jan. 2—"The Big Shot," with Humphrey Bogart and Irene Manning.

At last, you lucky people, No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School has a dramatic club. It's only in a very nucleus stage as yet, but when all our dreams are realized, it should prove to be quite a success.

or her best to make the party the success it proved to be. Even the cake and candles decked the tables. LAC Jim Russell presented on behalf of the whole staff, a pipe and case to the astonished guest, who very feelingly accepted the proffered gift in an earnest, brief speech of appreciation and thanks. Squadron Leader Blagrave made a short stay and extended felicitations, expressing the thought as to the co-operation that surely exists among the personnel. Much credit is due to LAW Grace Demeree, Lon Claus, Jas. Russell and Bill McGuire for the happy event. A feeling of good fellowship was apparent throughout the evening. An amusing episode was the smoking of the "pipe of peace" and each person was expected to take a "drag" at it, and did.



An engine check in No. 2 Maintenance. The principals: LAC Collier, LAC Watt, LAC Quibel, LAC Davis, and LAC Brown.

The meeting that started it all was held in the balcony of the Recreation Hall on October 13th, with Padre O'Reilly lending his most valuable assistance. We talked over a few things and ran into a few difficulties as is per usual when things like this are started. Then the matter of a committee came up; should we have one? Everything has a committee, so why not the Dramatic Club? All were in favour, so somebody voted Sgt. Pilot Lorne Case as President. The response was unanimous. Sgt. Case, with the rest of the committee composed of Cpl. Taylor as Vice-President, AW1 Greer as secretary, and Clp. Stan Nelson with LAC Salter as the props committee, have quite a big job in front of them. But nothing ventured, nothing gained, we always say.

A very happy gathering assembled in the Staff Dining Hall at the Officers' Mess Thursday evening, November 5th, in honor of the birthday anniversary of Jack Graham, popular former batman, now assistant bar attendant, who had reached his 66th year. Everyone did his

MART KENNY AND HIS WESTERN GENTLEMEN

By popular demand, the management of the weekly dances at the Masonic Hall have been successful in securing the outstanding orchestra of Mart Kenny and his Western Gentlemen to appear at their hall on the night of Dec. 14th.

This orchestra, noted for their sweet swing music, have just completed a tour of Western Canada and won great acclaim wherever they appeared. Many of us will want to take advantage of this opportunity and are therefore advised to secure their tickets well in advance.

ON TEMPORARY POSTING

Many various positions have been created in this war that in normal times never present themselves, and one of these is the work of the Auxiliary War Service man serving in your camp. Therefore, from time to time, new men are appointed to fill these positions and invariably they are posted temporarily to an active station to assist and observe the program that is operating.

Our newest recruit in this service at Fingal is smiling Don Kirkland, who hails from Toronto, and girls, he is already happily married. Don is well acquainted with this part of the country, having been a salesman for the McArthur Chemical Company, and in this work served the many laundries in Western Ontario to give them a whiter wash. This man has been a leader of young people in his church and community, and comes to us with an outstanding background. Although it should be remembered that this man served in Kingston for a three-year term—but not where you think—it was at the Queens University.

Now that Don is with us, we wish him well and assure him of our co-operation in the many endeavors that he will have to attend during his stay at Fingal. Should we add, though, in closing, that even the M. T. doesn't wait for non-paying passengers when returning from a sports night at R. C. A. F., Aylmer. So, having to scrounge a bed for the night away from home may act as a gentle reminder that one must always be ready for the next move.



On the night of the Hallowe'en Dance, we snapped AW Halliday and AW Williams in their costumes.

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FIRE HALL NEWS



by **JOKEY SMOE, the Fire Eater**

Everything has an ending, even the good things. Just when we started to enjoy scratching out a few lines each month, someone else decided we were too happy and that was that. However, the powers-that-be should know, and if the temporary shelving of the Observer is going to help our war effort, why that's swell with us. We suppose the only way to keep up our journalistic endeavours will be to write home more often, which we hereby promise to do. How about the rest of you folks? That extra weekly letter will certainly be appreciated by the folks back home.

We haven't much to tell you regarding our section's activities this month, but if they ever have a firefighting competition for officers, we'll bet our Christmas cookies on Squadron Leader Blagrave. We had to give some burning brush and weeds a bit of a going over up at Dutton the other day, and the way the Squadron Leader was punching was a treat for this reporter's tired old eyes.

We suppose that right now everybody is thinking about Christmas. We started to, but found it gave us a slight headache. So, seeing we are on duty at Christmas, we'll go home on New Year's, and most likely end up with one of those real old-fashioned kind, without even having to think, or disturb that brain of ours too much.

By the time you read this, LAC "Ben" Bowler will be back from leave, Cpl. Dickens will be out of the hospital, Cpl. Stuart will be taking the remainder of his fourteen days, yours truly will have acquired (we hope) a little more knowledge at the Fireman's Training School, and everyone else will be busy picking out Christmas gifts. Which reminds us of the sad remark by Slim the Souse, "Just a few more stopping days till Christmas."

We always like to mix business with pleasure, so this month we'll give you a line or two on the treatment of burns:

Classification of Burns — Burns are classified according to the depth or degree of burning, as follows:

- 1st degree burns — the skin reddened.
- 2nd degree burns — the skin blistered.
- 3rd degree burns — deeper destruction of the tissues, such as charring or cooking.

Treatment of Burns — If it is necessary to remove any clothing in order to

treat the burn or to remove any danger of infection, it should be done very gently so as not to rupture any blisters or tear away any pieces of skin. The air should be excluded as much as possible by covering the burned areas with clean cloths soaked in strong tea or in a solution of baking soda, or the burn may be covered with a special tannic acid jelly. **In first degree burns**, one may use any convenient material that will relieve pain and have a cooling effect, such as soda, vaseline, oil or even cool water. **In second and third degree burns**, only sterile materials should be used, as the skin is broken and there is great danger of infection. No greasy substance should be applied, because of the difficulty in removing it. It is better to apply something that will dissolve in water, such as a 5% tannic acid solution, picric acid gauze, or a home remedy such as two or three teaspoonfuls of baking soda in a quart of lukewarm water that has been boiled. Do not use iodine on a burn, and do not attempt to remove any clothing, tar, wax or other material that adheres firmly to the flesh. For chemical burns,

wash the area with plenty of water, not too cold. In case of any injurious chemical in the eye, wash thoroughly with water, put in a few drops of sterile castor or cottonseed oil, apply a moist compress, and secure a doctor without delay.

And so, this is J. Smoe saying so long, and leaving a few "don'ts" for you folks who are going to be home for Christmas:

DON'T allow any naked lights on, or near your Christmas tree.

DON'T overfuel your lighting system, or overload it with too many lamps.

DON'T use paper decorations too close to electric lamps.

DON'T fail to have a Merry Christmas, free from any sort of accident:

BRIEF CASES



Luggage of All Kinds

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Dopes from the Dope Section — Standing: Cpl. Vollans. Seated: LAC Robinson, LAW Walker, LAC Churcher.



Accounts Section



In the east end of the Administration Building there are four offices in which from 0800 to 1700 hours daily and sometimes longer, twenty-three persons labor so that the rest of the personnel at No. 4 may be paid on time each month.

At the head of the section is Squadron Leader MacKinnon, known as "Mac" to the staff. Then, in Non-Public Funds is young Flying Officer Donnelly, working night and day so that our canteens may function smoothly. He is the man whose duty it is to see that Senior N.C.O.'s and officers pay their mess bills, an unenviable position. At present Pilot Officer Shurly is helping him put the pressure on. The Paymaster, Flight Lieutenant Gilmore, is the man who dishes out the dough, IF (and it's a might big IF) he thinks it is really owing to you. So much for the "powers that be."

Outside the inner sanctums work the members of Equipment and Pay Accounting. A busy place, where personnel invariably want the same vouchers, records or files at the same time and where the telephone rings as often as in the W.D. Barracks between 1800 and 1900 hours. There Flight Sergeant Harry Cyster feverishly rushes about trying to satisfy all and sundry in regard to everything from an eight-day clock to the number of glasses, drinking, light, remaining unbroken at inventory check. His right-hand man tries to fix up any distressing situations, and rest assured big Sgt. Lawrence is the person to do it. Then there remain two Corporals, namely, Bud Perry and Sonny Walsh, who, aside from taking occasional holidays in hospital, thus obtaining envied sick leave, do huge quantities of work. It's a fact that recently, although according to D.R.O.'s Cpl. Walsh was confined to hospital, that very day he was slaving harder than ever. Could it be that it is too much hard work that wears these men down?

With these Corporals work several efficient W.D.'s. A-double-U's Gravel, Leghorn, Norman, LaRocque, McKay, Laurence and Equipment's stenographer, AW2 Karn. Joan Gravel is the badminton whiz; "Chick" Leghorn, who used to be Corporal Perry's assistant, has graduated from that position and is now "self-supporting," and Betty "Blonde Bomber" LaRocque is F/Sgt. Cyster's pet protege. Kay McKay is the living example of the old expression, "Local Girl Makes Good." Marge Norman, of the dreamy eyes (this can't be love, or can it?) is a quiet, smooth worker. Lil Karn, typewriter pounder, is the newest addition to the staff. Then, too, there is Barb Laurence, whose dry humor livens life in Accounts.

Over at Works and Buildings, Betty Smithers, eternally cheerful, keeps their books in order as well as providing a living reminder that one is always "happy in the Service." Another hard-working W.D., Gwen Dawson, assists F/O

Donnelly in Non-Public Funds. She is the trusted person who takes inventory of the Sergeants' Mess bar every weekend. Lucky stiff! Flight Sergeant Guse, the most senior N.C.O. in Accounts, also used to work in Non-Public, but at present is on an administrative course at Trenton. Good luck, Flight!

On pay side, Sgt. Everett and his second-in-command, tall Cpl. Douglas, supervise the difficult job of paying some few hundred personnel regularly. We are afraid of losing these two valuable men any day now, if they get their wishes, for Sergeant Johnny Everett's ambition, for over 2½ years, is to be posted to Montreal, while Cpl. Douglas awaits his re-



F/O Coady, O.C. of Works and Buildings, checks the blueprints.

mustering to Aircrew. Beneath these N.C.O.'s steady influence work several W.D.'s. There is LAW Lee Greer, that gay personality who manages civilian pay. Dark-eyed Marg Kennedy, whose bright countenance registers efficiency plus. And shy-looking Jean Har-rack, whose ledger contains the pay records of corporals and above. If you want to claim for some pleasure trip you've undertaken whilst on Air Force Service, Shirley McRae is the girl you must convince of the exact expenses incurred on said trip. If you aircrew down in G.I.S., think your pay is rather meagre and you haven't gone A.W.O.L. for the past couple of days, better see AW1 Faye Brownlee, for she's the one who figures out how much your services are worth (or should be). "Tommy" Thomson, who would like to return to Trenton (purposes unknown), should really be convinced what a swell station No. 4 can be. (She's a blonde, too, men.)

If you've finally taken the fatal step and are obliged to claim for a dependents' allowance, see Rena Sickles. But think twice, for this frank Yank will ask questions that would make the most typical Airman blush. (Or is it the insinuation behind the questions?) Her pet hate is being called fickle, which she couldn't be (?).

So if you want money, go to Accounts. They'll probably tell you to go somewhere else, but there's nothing like trying. And if you can in any way clutter up that office by visiting for purposes of complaining of the way you're being swindled out of hard-worked-for gold, go to Accounts. And if the little woman wants more of said metal, don't be a tight brute, go to Accounts and assign twenty dollars or so more.

In reality the Accounts Section will do

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their utmost to help you, and remember, you impatient people, that often we are held back by other Accounts Sections of your former camps not forwarding your pay records, so take it easy on the grumbling. How about it?

So, to all the personnel of No. 4 B. & G. School, the Accounts Section wish the very happiest of Christmases, and let's work and hope for a decisive victory in 1943. So—a Merry Christmas!

HEADQUARTERS SQUADRON

(Bits of Chips from Wood and Bricks)

Hurrah! Once again the voice of the "Works" gang is to be heard in our newsy columns. Since our last appearance many interesting events have transpired. Events most worthy of mention, but due to the fact that other sections have their column also, we feel well adterest to all and thereby condense our space. Since we last contributed to our Station paper, two of our outstanding members have decided to don the service cloth. Johnny Dell, our capable and painstaking electrical foreman, has left to report at No. 1 Command, while Charley Howard, who at all times has proven his worth in our office, has also answered the call. Good luck to both of them.

The various departments are kept busy with the many needs of the different sections of the Station. With the advent of cooler weather, Flight Sergeant Collins has increased the staff of firemen who are kept busy with our "heating" needs. ("How about leaving the blower on?")

During the past week the carpenter and electrical sections have been busily engaged in changing and enlarging the stage in the "Rec" Hall, and soon we can boast of one of the finest stage settings in Western Ontario. Very much



AW Smithers—best dressed lady at the Hallowe'en party—receiving her prize from Sgt. Dan Eaton.

credit is due to Flight Sergeant Case, our capable works foreman, for his untiring efforts in connection with the same undertaking.

We are pleased to state that a valuable addition to our carpenter department has taken place. Cpl. Braby, formerly of Newfoundland, and AC2 Louis Metayer, of Quebec City, are now in our ranks. Welcome, both of you.

Sgt. Frank Wood, one of our popular members, is at present on temporary duty taking a special course. Our staff

has been enlarged by the presence of a mobile electrical unit, who are busy extending the street lines to connect with the new buildings at present being erected.

O. R. AND C. R.

Here today—gone tomorrow, seems to be the theme around C. R. and O. R. this weather, but this gives us an opportunity to welcome the many new faces and let the old familiar ones know they are missed. AW2 Briggs and AW2 Milne are the two new "stenos" pounding so merrily in the O. R. Across the hall, in C. R., may be found two new faces in the personages of AW2 Wilson and LAC MacKay.

That general strained expression on so many faces has disappeared now that the Trade Tests are over—and a fond farewell has been bidden to F. O. Poulon 'til next time. Don't worry, folks, the Air Force is passing everyone, just by way of a Christmas present.

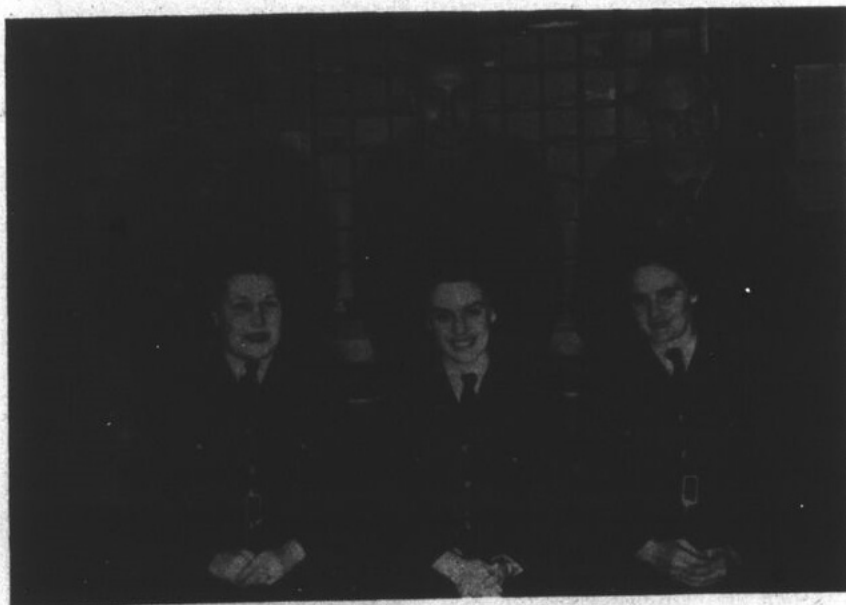
The award for the finest performance of the month goes to S. L. Plowright—his "two-finger" whistling act received a great deal of comment.

Sgt.-Major McCarthy and Cpl. Ledingham have been doing a very good job of modelling the new winter overcoat for the well-dressed Airman. We told them they fitted perfectly. What else can you say?

Just out of kindness, we are asking Santa Claus to bring LAW Spencer a pair of roller skates. Have you ever seen her when she wasn't running?

We regret that this is the final big edition of our paper, but we hope that it will not be the last.

As this is the Christmas edition of our paper, we take this opportunity to wish the Commanding Officers, Officers,



Our most efficient Postal Corps in their remodelled building.
First row—AW Dixon, AW Harris, AW Wallace. Back row—Cpl. Booth, Sgt. Willis, Pte. Mullen. Missing at time of photograph—AW Currie, AW Holden, AW Burton, Cpl. McGregor.

N.C.O.'s and other ranks of No. 4 B & G. School, Fingal, a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

EDUCATIONAL SERVICES

The educational services now available to the personnel of the armed forces are numerous and varied. Just what educational opportunities and advantages are afforded, however, does not seem to be generally realized.

The Canadian Legion Educational Services conducts a well organized program of correspondence studies in many fields. These include: public and high school academic subjects, commercial courses, technical courses and courses in scientific farming. Arrangements have also been made with the various Canadian universities for the taking of correspondence classes by mail.

The advantages to be derived are twofold. Completed classes are recorded in the service records and have a direct bearing on promotions and selection for special work. Also, certificates of achievement are issued which will be recognized both during and after the war by all the provincial departments of education and Canadian universities. For example, if an Airman completes his high school education by means of correspondence courses he would be eligible for entry into university after the war. Also rehabilitation benefits providing for maintenance and student fees would be provided in the case of students who are qualified to enter university within 15 months after discharge.

Hence ample provisions have been made to give the serious minded, ambitious Airman, who is willing to devote regular periods to study, the opportunity to prepare himself not only for greater service in the Air Force, but to prepare himself for the post-war period. Needless to say, the competition for positions in civil life, when the war is over, is going to be keen, and those who possess superior educational qualifications will have a decided advantage.

It should also be noted that regular re-mustering classes are being held in the evening under the direction of the educational officer. These are for the purpose



Here are the crew of the flight which went to St. John early in the fall: Left to right — LAC Disher, LAC Paterson, LAC Hill, F. S. Sharpe, P/O Thornes, WO2 Hughes, P/O Tmerson, Sgt/Pilot MacLean, Cpl. Grove.

of preparing ground crew men to meet the educational qualifications required for remustering to aircrew.

Any Airman or Airwoman who is considering taking a correspondence course, a remustering course, or who has any



Island, B. C. First impressions, they say, are the best, and F/Sgt. Gould seems to be a swell fellow. He is efficient in his work and has a good sense of humor.

Flight Sergeant Murphy would like to know where Sergt.-Major Gosby spends his evenings. According to the latest dope dug up by the "Gestapo" (A. I. D. Section), Sergt.-Major Gosby has quite an address book. The Major claims, in defence of this, that he is a one-woman man — different one every night. Of course, the "Gestapo's" finger could quite easily point at F/Sgt. Murphy as to where HE spends his evenings — but we all know he spends his evenings in his barracks — don't we?

F/Sgt. Sharp—Hmm!—what goes with Sharp? Tillsonburg! No, but a certain bit of "fluff" in Tillsonburg sure had a clutch on him. Too bad gas rationing is in effect. Lucky for Flight. What say, Flight?

Of the "Gestapo," the only one above



LAC Metayer of Works and Buildings doing a fine job with the sander. Boy, is he a smooth worker!

educational problem, is cordially invited to discuss the matter with the educational officer.

The office of the educational officer of No. 4 B. & G. School is located in the Supply Depot.

CONTROL ROOM CURRENT EVENTS

A request has been received for the "Current Events of the Control Room," and we are making this feeble attempt to get the "low down" to you.

One of the first items of interest to note, is that our recent but well-known Flight Commander of No. 5 Hangar, "Georgie" Poulas (Flight Sergeant) has remustered to aircrew and leaves us on or about December 5th for Toronto. We wish him the best there is in his new achievement and we have confidence that he will become a very good pilot.

A new addition to our flight is Flight Sergeant Gould, posted here from Sea



AW1 Blakley of the Control Tower. She keeps the score on flights and has the dope on flying personnel.

reproach (or is he?) is our good friend, Sgt. Workman. He can't come to much mischief living in Shedden. Only one sidewalk there—and they take that in every night.

A certain young LAC, who keeps track of the aircraft and their unserviceabilities, is coming to work every morning with match sticks under his eyelids. We suggest he wear dark glasses and then it wouldn't be quite so noticeable when we have to lead him to work. Maybe Marion will get tired of St. Thomas and will return to Toronto. What say, Brink?

We have had a change in the personnel of the Control Room. LAW "Laura" Callard is taking the place of LAW Priding. Laura has been employed for the past six months in the Officers' Mess. She is throwing figures (not hers) around with the same sort of equilibrium she has for "hash."

With the promise of more news later we close with the personnel of No. 5 Hangar wishing all a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

GUARD HOUSE NEWS

Well, gang, it looks like I am "Joe" again to get the Guard House News in.

* * *

I think that you will all agree that we miss the old gang around here. It doesn't seem the same anymore.

* * *

We have five new Corporals and a Sergeant here and they are a good bunch of lads. Here they are: Sgt. Smith, E. B., the ex-London policeman who came to us from T. T. S. and brought three new Corporals with him—Cpl. Berger, S. H., the tall chap with the moustache; Cpl. Evans, L., the roly poly fellow you have seen on the graveyard shift for the last week; also Cpl. Joe Foster, the fur dealer from Toronto who talks with both hands. Then we have the two Corporals from Toronto Manning Pool, Cpl. Watson, F. J., the English chap from Manitoba, and Cpl. Littlejohn, W. J., the tall bald



OUR RECENT GRADUATING CLASS OF W. A. G.'S, COURSE 43
 Front row (left to right)—Ambrosiewicz, B.; Bolan, K. W.; Commeford, H.; Covil, B. F.; Dark, C. T.; Davis, R. W.; Dunseith, L. H.
 Rear row (left to right)—Harrie, R. S.; Hindmarsh, G. L.; Hood, A. W.; Melomed, D. A.; Styles, G. R.; Warden, J. T.; Wilkie, F. H. L.; Wiltshire, W. F.

fellow with the moustache who makes his home in Toronto. Last, but not least, what is left of the old gang:

- Cpl. Brazeau, J., from Montreal.
- Cpl. Hatfield, C. A., from Winnipeg.
- Cpl. Murray, G. C., from Edmonton, who is at present on temporary duty at No. 1 Training Command.

Cpl. McCleary, from Ponoka, Alberta (Ponoka, one of the Dominion's largest mental institutions).

Cpl. Ezeard, M. J., from Calgary (just plain Paddy to the Station, and is still waiting for that posting).

* * *

Overheard at the Gate the Other Night
 Thumber (standing at Guard House gate): "Are you going to St. Thomas; can I get in?"

Reply: (Voice from overloaded car so full you could not squeeze a tomcat in), "Sure, there's lots of room; just climb into the b— muffler."

* * *

Cpl. Brazeau, the French-Canadian

S. P., who was overheard on the bus to say, "Pleeze weel someone keep his rubber heel off zee heater, she stinks, also rubbaire is needed to win thees war."

* * *

Like the morning Paddy came in much the worse for wear and was going down Bishop Avenue trying to eat his false



Vic Herod on the beam! He sends 'em out and calls 'em back.

teeth like peanuts. But that is all over now, he is on the wagon.

* * *

Some of you fellows should be on duty up here some week-end to listen to the alibis—some of them are really good. The most common is that they missed the bus. And it is not Airmen alone, the Airwomen have some good ones, too. Why don't you fellows think up some new ones, or are you going to come up and sample our hospitality? Careful, boys.

* * *

A Word of Warning

If the personnel want to let loose, please do it on the Station, where we can be of some assistance. A word to the wise, etc.

* * *

Well, boys and girls, here's looking



This is just to take you back to last January. Four of these officers are now in the U. S. Army Air Corps. Those pictured are as follows:

Front row (left to right)—LAC Clarke, LAC Struchinsky, LAC Ravey, the late Cpl. Hilchie, LAC Asselin, LAC Wigg, LAC Wingfield, LAC Wilson.

Back row (left to right)—P/O Metcalf, F/O Furrow, F/O Riggs, F/O Proffatt, F/L Weaver, P/O Wilkinson.

forward to a Joyous and Merry Christmas, both on the camp and away.

If they don't give us some more heat in this place, you won't have any S.P.'s by spring. They will all be in corpse form.

It is funny to see all the Corporals fighting about who is going after the mail. I wonder what the attraction in the post office is. Of course, there are five W.D.'s working in there.

That's all, gang, as I am not a columnist.

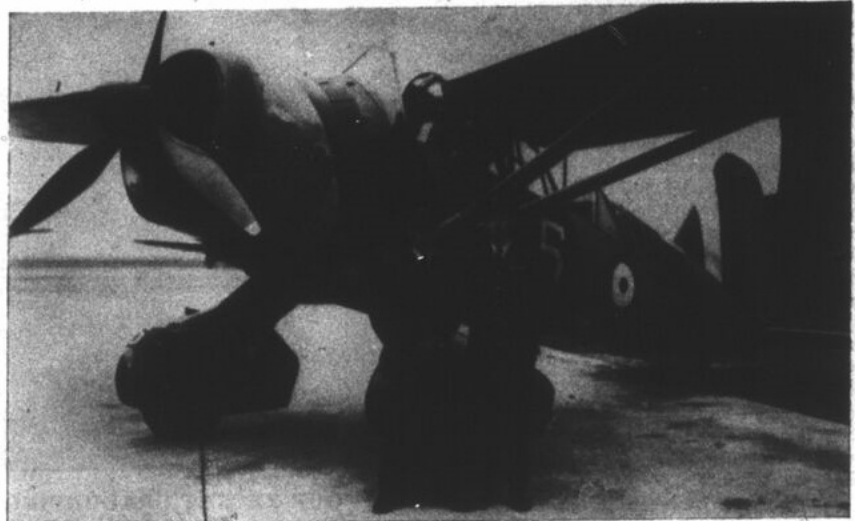
(With approval of Sgt. Smith)

HOSPITAL GROANS

There is quite a lump in the throat of your correspondent as he commences this article, because we realize that it is being submitted for publication in what is to be the last "big" issue of our beloved Observer. Although we have not been a regular contributor to this magazine, we still like to think that our efforts have played some small part in helping it to reach the heights of greatness which it has attained in the literary field amongst the publications of the Armed Services. We hope that the editors will see fit to carry on their good work in some form or other, and that some day the Observer will once again rise to the position which it now holds.

As predicted two months ago, business at the Station Hospital has picked up considerably with the onset of chilly weather, and once again we urge all and sundry to take just a little more care of their health. We have quite a collection of patients with us at the moment—almost enough to suit even Nursing Sister Tomes, who has constantly bemoaned the forced inactivity throughout the summer months. However, we shall soon be forced to hang up the "standing room only" sign and there will be very little rest to be had by any of the Hospital staff.

Congratulations have been the order of the day at the Local Health Centre for



Good shot of the Lysander, isn't it? The officers are P/O Menzies, from New Zealand, and P/O Armstrong, R. A. F., recently posted back home.

the past while. The main event was the well-deserved promotion of Flight Lt. Westman to Squadron Leader. The popularity of the genial S. M. O. has increased steadily ever since his arrival here, and his promotion has been good news to everyone. Congratulations and best wishes are also extended to Flt. Lt. Webster and Cpl. Ryan, both of whom have joined the ranks of the benedicts within the last month or so. The hope is expressed that they will both be very happy in their new venture. Best wishes are also extended to Dick Roach, our erstwhile parrot collector, whose remuster came through at last and who is now at No. 1 I. T. S., Toronto, and doing very well. One of the best cracks in regard to the aforementioned nuptials is also accredited to Dick, who had this to say: "Every time I think of Ryan getting married, I think there's a chance for me." P.S.—They are still talking to each other.

A note of sorrow was felt by all, the other day, when word was received of

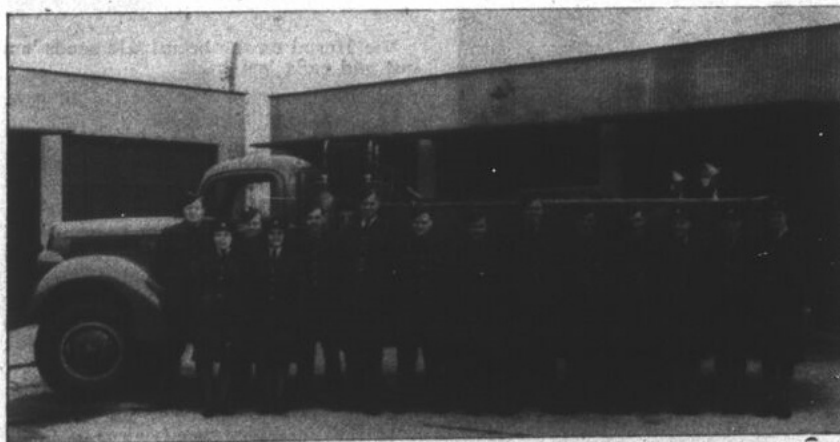
the posting of Nursing Sister Tomes to Toronto, where she will attend the initial course in Aviation Nursing and hope is expressed that, on completion of the course, she will again return to this Station, where her ever-pleasant personality and never-failing energy have been a source of pleasure to all her co-workers.

A hearty welcome is extended to the latest addition to the Hospital staff in the person of AC2 Staines, a Toronto boy who, in his short stay with us, has proved to be a hard worker and is very popular with all the staff.

If the hats on some of the staff of the Hospital appear to be a trifle small these days, it can be overlooked as a touch of pardonable "swelled-headedness" due to the very complimentary remarks paid them by Air Commodore Ryan, Director of Medical Services, on his recent visit.

Once again we hark back to our pleas to all to take care of their health during the coming winter months. Be sure to catch that cold before it catches hold of you. Just to prove that those little germs are not showing any favoritism in whom they pick on, it might be pointed out that no less than four of our Hospital assistants have made trips to T. T. S. Hospital recently. Cpl. Reedman, LAW Bourne and AW1 Longmuir have returned to duty now and we are glad to have them back. A very speedy recovery is our wish for LAW Wade, who is still confined. So remember, boys and girls, that you are vulnerable, too, and don't hesitate to report on Sick Parade if you are feeling under par.

In closing, we should just like to remind everyone that the jolly Yuletide Season is less than a month away and advise all to get their Christmas shoplifting done early. With the announcement of the news that the special five days' leave is to be granted again this year, we feel sure that all will have a very good time, and we close this poor excuse for an article with sincere wishes to all for a Very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.



A "pot shot" at the Motor Transport Section. They are LAC Klintworth, AW Sheldrick, LAC Cunningham, AW Nixon, Sgt. Faulkner (in charge), LAC Hall, LAC Kingswell, LAC Hockley, LAC Boothby, LAC Tompkins, LAC Croucher, AW Newton, AW Hoogeveen, LAW Price.

SPORTS PAGE

Y. M. C. A. VS. FINGAL BOMBERS

The second exhibition game between the Station team and the St. Thomas "Y" was played in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium on Thursday, November 5th, 1942. The Station team showed their superiority by a score of 46 to 30.

The whole team played well, led in scoring by LAC McBride, who got four baskets. The all-round good playing of LAC Kew made possible scoring points by LAC's Britton, Jones and Keys.

The two "Tinies"—P/O's Living and Thurlow—spelled each other off to the dismay and amazement of the "Y" team.

The remainder of the team, LAC's Jackson, McLelland and Mitchell, did good work as shock troops, and we expect to see a season of sensational scoring games with Fingal Bombers on the top.

FINGAL BOMBERS VS. WOLSELEY BARRACKS

The Station team came through again, winning 27 to 23 from the Army team at Wolseley Barracks on Wednesday, Nov. 18th, 1942. The commando tactics of the Army team were overcome by the dive-bombing attacks of the Air Force team, whose lightning-like thrusts proved to be the telling factor in deciding the outcome. Britton and Living were the high scorers for the Fingal team and were ably supported by the rest of the members. The players' list was as follows: P/O Living, P/O Thurlow, LAC Knew, LAC Britton, LAC Jackson, LAC Jones, LAC Keyes, LAC Sukett, LAC Maclean, LAC Pulford, Cpl. Taylor, Cpl. Stinet.

BADMINTON

Many of our personnel will no doubt be interested to know that they may now play badminton on this Station practically any day in the week and most evenings. We have purchased twelve new rackets, which you may borrow on a loan card from the sports store. Birds should be purchased at the canteen.

The Recreation Hall affords you an ideal place to play this good sport and these new courts are at your disposal every noon hour. Afternoons for those on night shift, and playing may continue on show nights until 1930 hours. When the wooden floor is completed in the Drill Hall, six new courts will be available for your recreation. Show your interest in this popular game, and may we see your name on the challenge board as one of our enthusiasts?

INTER-SQUADRON SPORTS

The six-team Volleyball League on the Station is entering its third week of competition. At present the G.I.S. in-

structors and officers are tied for the top spot. The games are played on the three volleyball courts in the Drill Hall every Tuesday at 1900 hours.

Badminton is being operated on the tournament basis. Six courts are available, including two at certain periods in the Recreation Hall.

The Inter-Squadron Basketball League is made up of four teams — G. I. S., Maintenance, Security Guard and Officers. The latter two pry the lid off on November 23rd at 1900 hours. The



Two beautiful girls from the W. O. ranks, namely, LAW McGillvray and LAW Thompson. Could be a couple of "draft dodgers".

Officers are depending on P/O Living and P/O Thurlow to carry the mail. F/Sgt. Dulhanty promises to uncover a team that'll surprise the other members of the group. The fight for top honors should be very close throughout the season.

Become an active participant in either a team or individual sport. Represent your squadron. Those trophies will add distinction to your orderly room.

R. C. A. F. SERVICE LEAGUE

The Service League, operating as an R. C. A. F. organization, provides competition in badminton, basketball and volleyball. The units represented are Technical Training School, Aylmer Service Flying School, St. Thomas "Y" and Fingal Bombing & Gunnery School.

The opening games took place at Aylmer, November 25th, with Fingal providing the opposition. P/O Living has

welded a high-scoring basketball aggregation into one of the best teams to represent this school. They've taken the measure of Wolseley Barracks and St. Thomas Y.M.C.A. in exhibition tilts. G.I.S. is represented on this star-studded collection of hoop artists by McBride, Kew, Britton and Jackson. The permanent staff are well represented by P/O Living, P/O Thurlow, and LAC Pulford, Cpl. Stennett and Cpl. Taylor.

WO2 McAdam and Cpl. Hardy are in charge of the Station volleyball representatives. They promise a team that will outscore any outfit in the district. F/O Elliott is lining up our badminton team of three pairs of doubles players. F/O Savage and P/O Jacobs are the nucleus of this team.

The curtain-raiser of the R. C. A. F. Service League took place in the drill hall at Aylmer R. C. A. F. Wednesday night, Nov. 26th, the opening shots being fired by Aylmer and Fingal Stations.

The pride of Fingal was the volleyball team which brought home our only victory, winning three games to two. The "aggressive spirit" of Padre W'zel and the spiking of Cpl. Baker were outstanding. The other four members of the Fingal team, Corporals Hardy, Barter, Cronin and Taylor, were in there swinging to completely rout the Aylmer team.

The leading lights of the Aylmer basketball team were Wansboro, McLeod and Taylor. It was a very close game all the way and, with only minutes to go, the score was 27 to 26 for Aylmer. Under floor general P/O "Hank" Living, the Bombers opened it up in an attempt to even the score, but this gave Aylmer a wide open chance to score and they finally came out on top by a score of 38 to 32. Kew was outstanding for Fingal for his defence, backed up by Nixon and Britton.

Fingal lost the badminton doubles to Aylmer, two games to one. Cpl. Harwood and AC1 Agnew were the winners for Fingal. Wing Commander Findlay and F/O Savage won their first game easily, but tired under the steady play of Group Captain Irwin and S/L Southam, who took the last two games. S/L Southam was one of the outstanding players of the Hamilton Thistle Club.

The boys were entertained afterwards in the Corporals' Mess to most excellent refreshments before returning home, only minus one member of the party, who had to stay in Aylmer all night. We next meet this aggregation on our home grounds on January 13th, and gang; let's really get out and cheer them on to victory as it was this spirit at Aylmer which helped their teams to play with decisive advantage.

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STAFF OF ARMAMENT SECTION

To row (left to right) — Brady, Fricker, Johnston, Legg, Emerson, McLennan, Hill, Lessard, Mallory, Holdbeck, Coulson, Fletcher, Gutteridge, Thompson, V. A., Fiddes, Gay, Brackell.

Second row (left to right) — Smith, Twomey, Blumer, Mau, Yake, Bolton, Irvine, Maynard, Traves, Cpl. Storm, White, G. H., Nykolaychuck, Fetterly, Clarke, F., Clark, R. I., Ribbany, Barr.

Front row (left to right) — Weston, Thompson, F. G., Goyne, Cpl. Silcox, Cpl. Stewart, Sgt. Stewart, Sgt. Powell, WO1 Reilly, F/Lt. Lowe, Sgt. Spry, Sgt. Baker, Cpl. Bryans, Cpl. Simkevitz, Bencsics, Sklar.

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EFFICIENT SERVICE

It was the pleasant duty of Wing Commander Findlay on Saturday, November 21st, following the wings presentation, to call Cpl. Dean, bandmaster, forward to be decorated for efficient service. This medal was for twelve years' continuous service in non-permanent Militia bands, and with the Air Force.

During a conversation which your writer had with the Commanding Officer later in the day, he smilingly commented: "That was the first time I ever presented one of those medals, and I was in a bit of a dilemma as to whether to kiss the man on both cheeks or not."

However, Cpl. Dean has

become very well known on this Station, and all his friends will feel that this honour bestowed on him is one of which he is very deserving. Nice work, Jim!

What a Life!



We all must perspire
Offending's the error—
That's why the girls
Think the Sergeant's a terror.

Bath tonight with LIFEBOUY
FROM HEAD TO TOE
—IT STOPS B.O.



† Padres' Page †

SOME IMPLICATIONS OF CHRISTMAS

When the thought of Christmas crosses our minds, it calls up, for most of us, a vision of home; of gleaming fireplaces, of Christmas trees, of turkey and plum pudding. It is a time of family reunion, of festivity and universal joy. In the midst of all the activity, it is, perhaps, only natural that many of us forget, for the time being, the real meaning of the occasion. But what is behind all this

days. Who, today, knows and remembers the birthday of Socrates, Plato, Alexander, Caesar, or even Napoleon? If Jesus were an ordinary man, or even a great man only, we would not celebrate His birthday. It is because we believe that no other like Him has ever lived before or since, that we honour Him in this manner. He is unique because He was a true human personality in whom God completely resided during His earthly life.

on earth and goodwill to men." It places before men the true ideal of human life. It shows us the true pattern of manhood for every life. We can be sure that when God came to earth, He clothed Himself with a human personality, and an example of manhood for all ages to come.

In Jesus, God also gives us a view of Himself. The thought of God is too overpowering and mysterious for the greatest intellect. Man has always made images of God, so he could have a picture of God before him.

One of the greatest implications of Christmas is the dignity and honour which God, in taking human form, conferred upon mankind. We still honour the birthplace of great men, such as Shakespeare and Scott. Their houses are rather poor compared with modern ones. But they are valued because of the men who lived in them. Because God lived in a human person, during that person's earthly existence He has dignified all and every human personality.

Pagans may, and do, treat men as of little or no worth. But Christians never can. A man to us must always be an end in himself. The Nazis have no respect for human personality. They treat men as means to some end which they set before themselves. But we must always treat human personality as sacred. That is why we must try to abolish everything that hinders men from living at their highest and best. Wars and slums and poverty must go. All men must be given equal opportunities of education. That is why, too, that the Nazi philosophy, which denies the dignity of man, must be destroyed.

Each one of us, if we would be ruled by the spirit of Christmas, must treat all with whom we come in contact as personalities, always as ends in themselves, never as means to some purpose we may



Look out, girls, here they come with their guns — Left to right: Cpl. Senechal, Cpl. Quick, Sgt. Stewart, all from the Armament Section.

activity? Christmas is a memorial day. It is a day when we remember a great event that took place in human history almost 2,000 years ago. We remember on Christmas the birthday of Jesus, whom we call The Christ.

Some days of remembrance are times of sadness. We think of November 11th. But Christmas is a day of unbounded joy. That is the meaning of the feasting. Since the dim ages of the past, man has turned to the feast as one of the best means of expressing his joy and gladness. "What," one may ask, "is the reason for the joy at the birth of one who lived centuries ago?" The answer is that Jesus, the Eternal God, the Creator, the Sustainer of all, came to earth as a little child. This is a tremendous belief, but nothing less has satisfied the Church down the ages, nor can satisfy the heart of the Christian today. It has been repudiated by sceptics in the past, but we hold it still, and men will do so until the end of time and through all eternity.

The birth of a child to parents is a beautiful and holy event. It is a cause of rejoicing. But, time, sooner or later, destroys the memories of most birth-

This is the first and greatest meaning of Christmas. But from this fundamental faith are implications for our life too numerous to mention.

It speaks more loudly than words ever can of the love and goodwill of God to men. The angels came singing, "Peace



The quarters-to-be for officers and senior N.C.O. pilots. Now we know how the lumber shortage is created!

have in mind. If all would treat human personality as sacred, the evils of the world would soon disappear.

What is our attitude to those about us? To our fellow men and women, towards little children, towards our subordinates and our superiors? Let us, with God's help, treat everyone as an end in himself or herself, as a human personality of infinite worth in the eyes of his or her Maker.



"Paddy" O'Reilly, popular Sergt./Mjr. of the Armament Section—no relation to the Padre.

PRESENTING—

Hello, everybody at No. 4 B. & G. It has been at least six months since this column last appeared in your tabloid, and I think you'll find it slightly different now than in the past.

Jay Shaver asked me just before I left if I would send in some copy about this island known as Newfoundland, or as the veterans and natives say, "Newfy."

I have been here just long enough to get more or less climatized, and I find so far the climate is favourably compared with that of Fingal.

We of the armed forces are one big happy family here, and I notice particularly the spirit of good fellowship and co-operation between the Officers, N. C. O.'s and men rather than the general "inland" trend of "I am a sergeant and you are only an A. C. You do it."

It is surprising the number of recreational facilities that are available here. There are billiard tables, a good recreation hall with badminton courts, basketball, and what have you, two or three 16 mm. movies, a dance and a social evening combined with an amateur show every week. There is a beautiful theatre



The best fancy dress was worn by LAC Newman, shown receiving his award. Hoot, mon!

that would put the Capitol in St. Thomas to shame in size, beauty, and reception. It is equipped for 35 mm. films, and gets a new show nightly. Tickets are 17c each, or a book of ten for \$1.32. It has just completed runs of such pictures as "Take a Letter, Darling," "The Spoilers," and other very current attractions. Even both Padres get a full house every Sunday. As a matter of fact, we knock off work all Sunday morning so everybody can go to church.

Nearing completion is another new recreation hall which houses a swimming pool and bowling alleys. Too bad Cpl. Peckham wasn't here. On its completion, the old recreation hall is being ren-

ovated for dances and stage shows only. The Station boasts a brass band of thirty pieces, and a dance band of eleven.

On the island is a railway which has been dubbed "The Newfy Express." Attached hereto, through the courtesy of the author, F/Sgt. O'Sullivan, is a graphic description in poetry of this great transportation system.



Sgt. Sheehan and LAW Brazeau pose for the camera just prior to the Sergeant's posting.

Y. W. C. A. HOSTESS HOUSE

Just outside the barrier is a little house, known as the Hostess House, not too attractive outside, but as homey and comfortable as can be inside. Come in any time between 10 a.m. and 10 p.m. and be sure of a warm welcome. Here is the place to arrange to meet your relatives and friends. Also bring in your odd bit of sewing that baffles the male mind, such as buttons, props, etc. No socks, please.

We have a piano now, and many a merry hour is passed with old and new songs. Even a bit of dancing is possible when there is floor space, and you can avoid the house mascots, two Persian kittens, one black and one orange.

Be sure and reserve December 20th for a visit here as we are having open house from 2.30 to 6.30, when you, your relatives and friends will have an opportunity of meeting the two charming hostesses, Mrs. G. H. Rolls and Jean Stephens. From 6.30 till 10.30 we will welcome the Station personnel only.

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LATE SGT. PILOT GRAY (R.A.F.)

In Memoriam

In the cause of their duty, unmoved by peril, they took up their task. In this cause of Freedom, in this fight against Tyranny, they played their part. Their very non-chalance marked their bravery. So shall we remember them, these two men who have been taken from our ranks. Inspired by their sacrifice, we shall fill the gap, the more defiant, the more determined, because they have shown us that men can die with grace.



LATE CPL. HILTCHIE

THE LATE GROUP CAPTAIN VAN VLIET

We shall always remember him, aggressive, big-boned and red-blooded. A man with a punch in his personality. That was Group Captain Van Vliet. In fact, we adored him as men respect a leader. He was brusque and compassionate all in one. His sense of humor saved many situations. He had a knack—a rare knack—of coming into direct contact with his men. That is why we adored him. He often laid his complaints to the personnel himself, scorning official approach. Sometimes his "complaints" were fiery. Sometimes he "balled us out" unmercifully. But when he smiled, all was forgotten, not to say forgiven. Perhaps the best summoning up of these attributes came from the lips of a Fingal Airman. "If Van," he said (we called him "Van" behind his back), "if Van were to lead us, we'd go through hell and high water to follow him." That was Group Captain Van Vliet.

Group Captain Van Vliet, known far and wide as "The Flying Dutchman," graduated from the University of Manitoba sixteen years ago with a Bachelor of Science degree. However, his early interest in flying left him dissatisfied with earthbound vocations, and he went flying in the Canadian North. Later, he joined the R. C. A. F. and took the 1st Canadian Squadron overseas. Upon his return to Canada, he came to Fingal. Under his command, this stuck-in-the-mud Station flourished remarkably.

In Memoriam



(Courtesy the Globe and Mail)

Late Group Captain Van Vliet, former Commanding Officer of this Station. He took command on Nov. 1, 1940, and handed over to W/C Kennedy on Oct. 4, 1941.

We old Fingalites shall not forget those early days. They were trying, to say the least. But, thanks to "Van," we struggled through. The writer, for one, shall never forget the late Group Captain Van Vliet. And many, many more shall not forget him. His untimely going has been felt acutely. We have lost a friend. And when one loses a friend one loses a little bit of oneself.

"To say good-bye is to die a little."

TO MY MOTHER

Your kind face smiles at me thru space
As daily each new task I know,
Yet nothing harder than to face
Each day without you as I go.

Your early training you but gave,
All innocence, a mother's care
Has been to me a shattering wave
And fondest memory I now share.

'Tis hard to lead the kind of life
I vowed I would while at your knee;
We're all mixed up in bloody strife,
But faith and trust I'll keep in thee.

Our mothers are in sadness bent
By havoc of this passing hour,
But oft by we are moment spent
By silent prayer, oh, mother dear.

We know the task is long and slow,
The outcome still is far from plain;
Yet we will keep away the foe
And at the end come home again.

This trust we vowed that we will keep
By sea, or land, or in the air.
Now, mother dear, may you have sleep,
And God protect you from all care.

—Erma A. Bain, Cpl.

THE STATION BAND

parade. This was for having had twelve years' continuous service in bands of His Majesty's Forces.

Best wishes to Dave Stewart and Jack Dowell, the latest members to tie the knot.

Things We Would Like to Know

If Cpl. Groves, the bass (base?) drummer, always rang the bell with the sledgehammer at the Fair. Look out, Vic, that drumstick will take you with it one of these days.

Who the unappointed solo trumpeter was on yesterday morning's parade.

Cpl. Taylor says he would like to get ahead. What, another head, Corp.? Dear me!

Embarrassing Questions

"When did you clean out that horn last?"

"Do you think we'll be inspected this morning?"

"Will you please lay off the instruments a while?"

"How many will be out for the wings parade?"



F/O Burns, P. T. and Drill Officer, also in charge of the Band.

Boom, boom boom! . . . You've guessed right, it's the Station Trumpet Band rolling off to play one of the new marches the bandsmen have been rehearsing to help keep interest alive both inside and outside the band. Also to improve its status by playing more difficult and advanced music for trumpet bands.

We feel that our endeavours have been noticed, as certain suggestions from a few critics in the past have dropped off; in fact, we have received a considerable amount of praise lately. Thank you for the compliments, gentlemen, and to those who still feel justified to throw in the odd knock, remember, we are striving hard to give you what you want.

The night shift, early party, and flare parties have been a drain on our attendance at parades and practices, but regardless of setbacks, we will continue to provide better music, better time, and in general a better Station band.

Sidelights on the Band

Flying Officer Burns, the band president, who has many duties to perform and a lot of organizing for the Station, always finds time to help the band when difficulties arise. He has greatly boosted recognition of our unit.

A banquet and night's entertainment has been planned for the band members in the near future and will be held at the Legion Hall in St. Thomas.

Congratulations to Cpl. Dean, the bandmaster, for being presented with the Efficient Service Medal by W/C D. D. Findlay at the last presentation



STATION TRUMPET BAND

Front row (left to right)—LAC Gatien, LAC Rothwell, Cpl. Ledingham, Cpl. Groves, LAC Cramer, Cpl. Taylor, LAC Colledge, LAC Smith, E., and Cpl. Dean (Bandmaster).

Middle row (left to right)—LAC Roth, LAC Bonnycastle, LAC Dunlop, LAC Carter, LAC Abbey, LAC Asselin, LAC Raven, LAC Faulkner.

Back row (left to right)—LAC Stewart, LAC Blackwell, LAC Howell, LAC Smith, C. H., LAC McEwen, LAC Michaud, LAC Diamond, LAC Walsh, LAC Dowell.

To Wish You All

A
Merry
Christmas

Smallman & Ingram

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CANADA

PROMOTIONS

F.L. Plowright — to be Acting Squadron Leader, eff. 15-10-42.

A/S.O. Satterly — to be Acting Section Officer, eff. 15-10-42.

P.O. Bullied — to be Acting Flying Officer, eff. 15-10-42.

P.O. Sprague — to be Temporary Flying Officer, eff. 8-8-42.

P.O. Furrow — to be Temporary Flying Officer, eff. 23-8-42.

A/S.O. Tomes — to be Temporary Section Officer, eff. 5-6-42.

P.O. Burns — to be Temporary Flying Officer, eff. 30-7-42.

F.L. Westman — to be Acting Squadron Leader, eff. 15-11-42.

F.O. Morris — to be Acting Flight Lieutenant, eff. 15-11-42.

P.O. Dawson — to be Acting Flying Officer, eff. 15-11-42.

P.O. Duff — to be Acting Flying Officer, eff. 15-11-42.

P.O. Kelman — to be Acting Flying Officer, eff. 15-11-42.

P.O. Miller — to be Temporary Flying Officer, eff. 30-7-42.

G. Scott, Sgt. — to be Pilot Officer, Special Reserve, G.L., eff. 9-10-42.

WO2 Thornes, G.E. — Pilot Officer, eff. 1-7-42.

WO2 Emerson, V.F. — Pilot Officer, eff. 1-7-42.



Sgt/Pilot and Mrs. Case snapped at a special event! How about more attention to dramatics, Lorne?

Appointed to the rank of Flight Sergeant (paid), eff. 1-11-42:
R52995 Sgt. Murphy, J.

Appointed to rank of Acting Flight Sergeant (paid), eff. 1-10-42:

R51987 Sgt. Peterson, F.
R144269 Sgt. Mabee, H. N.
R65321 Sgt. Dulhanty, R. P.

Appointed to rank of Acting Sergeant (paid), eff. 1-10-42:

R61404 Cpl. Shindelka, A.
R52236 Cpl. Taylor, W. G.
R63743 Cpl. Addley, S. E.
R65776 Cpl. Cockayne, S.
R63687 Cpl. Cooper, A. D.
R62070 Cpl. Pilsworth, D. W.
R93203 Cpl. Campbell, W. L.

Appointed to Acting Sergeant (paid), eff. 1-11-42:

R82673 Cpl. Stuart, R.
W301873 Cpl. Pooley, A. J.
R67139 Cpl. Eaton, D. H.
R83635 Cpl. Godson, W. R.
R12366 Cpl. Thomas, G. E.
R61944 Cpl. Stewart, R. H.
R57888 Cpl. Vinall, H. R.
R63642 Cpl. Conlin, R. T.
R51569 Cpl. Stone, R. P.
18073A Cpl. Wilkins, J. R.

Appointed to rank of Acting Corporal (paid), eff. 1-10-42:

R99955 LAC Smith, H. W.
W303477 AW1 Law, H. J.
W302468 LAW Russell, A.
W303426 LAW Barham, M. N.

R63516 LAC Trotter, O. A.
R66947 LAC Drouin, J. D.
R120403 LAC Simkevitz, J. M.
R50979 LAC Toms, J. E.
R66515 LAC Grove, V. F.
R61395 LAC Smith, V. L.
R100531 LAC Pasquan, F. I.
R91414 LAC Brooks, W. C.

Appointed to rank of Acting Corporal (paid) (whilst so employed), eff. 1-10-42:
R99844 LAC Bechtel, J. W.

Appointed to the rank of Acting Corporal (paid), eff. 1-11-42:

R57544 LAC Evans, R. H.
R59164 LAC Lund, D. C.
R68579 LAC Nymark, J. A.
R71422 LAC Cairns, J.
R59837 LAC Stewart, G. H.
W303456 LAW Garland, W. M.
W300685 LAW Julien, J. M.
R85829 LAC Gallagher, L.
R82190 LAC Hogsden, H. A.
W302156 LAW Strilaeff, A. N.
W302870 LAW Reedman, M. D.
W303602 LAW Eamer, A. M.
R73698 LAC Bruce, R. S.
R76059 LAC Hilchie, R. H.
R59565 LAC Shewchuk, A.

Reclassified LAC, eff. 2-11-42:
R116752 AC1 Morse, L. C.

Reclassified AC1, eff. 5-9-42:
R16105 AC2 Warman, W. G.



"Bubbles" Ladato, of the Hospital staff, all togged up for our Hallowe'en masquerade. Cute, eh?



Just a couple of Dutch maidens who would not divulge their names or numbers. See you at the Christmas Dance.

R161019 AC2 Wannop, I. A.
 R158612 AC2 Moon, A. H.
 R158247 AC2 Brand, K. O.
 R165075 AC2 Wilson, C. A.

Reclassified AC1, eff. 18-8-42:
 R150717 AC2 Cumming, A. J.
 R102635 AC2 Graham, H. H.
 R124784 AC2 Richards, T. A.

Reclassified AC1, eff. 25-6-42:
 R139902 AC2 Goodwin, J. M.

Reclassified AC1, eff. 13-9-42:
 R120348 AC2 Ramsay, R. J.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 3-9-42:
 W305052 AW2 McColl, M. C.
 W305054 AW2 Longmuir, P. E.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 16-8-42:
 W304864 AW2 Pinnow, L. A.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 13-9-42:
 W303957 AW2 Coombs, E. M.
 W303959 AW2 Pawlowski, V. T.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 17-9-42:
 W305826 AW2 Newton, C. M.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 23-8-42:
 W304114 AW2 Dawson, G. E.
 W303472 AW2 Smithers, B. Y.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 21-8-42:
 W304002 AW2 Harrick, J.



Now, isn't he the handsome brute? Just got his promotion to F/O, and then got married on November 29th—F/O Kelman.

W304051 AW2 Kennedy, M. C.
 W303796 AW2 Gravel, J. M. I. P.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 19-9-42:
 W300437 AW2 Williams, S. I.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 20-9-42:
 W303954 AW2 Burgess, N. F.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 28-8-42:
 W303291 AW2 Burrell, K. C.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 11-9-42:
 W305904 AW2 Heale, S. E.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 30-8-42:
 W303919 AW2 Moore, C. T.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 18-9-42:
 W304096 AW2 Payne, A. L.

Reclassified AW1, eff. 18-8-42:
 W301424 AW2 Halliday, M. M.

MARRIAGES

Sgt. Alto, E. J. — Married to Miss Muriel Isobel McGee at St. Thomas, on 23-10-42.

Sgt. Sudul, D. A. — Married to Rhoda Josephine Grasswick at Belleville, Ont.

Sgt. Stakes, R. — Married on 3-10-42, to Rose Edith Bateson, at R.C.A.F. Station, Fingal, Ontario.

Sgt. Henderson, R. W. — Married on 26-9-42, to Lillian Ruth Dothwell, at Aylmer, Ontario.

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Cpl. Ryan, J. F. — Married on 3-10-42, to Miss Ada Louvain Hampton at Ottawa, Ontario.

Cpl. Taylor, R. A. — Married 10-20-42, at East Killdonan, Man., to AW1 Dorothy Kathleen Schick.

LAC Bogucki, F. J. — Married to Miss Violet Lackman on 22-10-42, at St. Thomas, Ontario.

LAC Bishop, J. D. — Married to Miss Alma Lillian Hurst, at St. Thomas, Ont.

LAC Kirby, C. A. — Married to Miss Edith Taylor at Montreal, Quebec, on 3-10-42.

LAC Jones, J. R. — Married on 15-9-42, to Miss Evelyn Margaret Reid, at Windsor, Ontario.

AC1 Marlowe, F. J. — Married to Miss Stella Irene Howitt at London, Ontario, on 12-10-42.

AC1 Warman, W. G. — Married to Miss Margaret Mary Hill on 4-11-42, at Trenton, Ontario.

AW1 Hutchinson — Married to LAC Middleton, J. A., on 10-10-42.



Sgt/Pilot Buck of the Drogue Section with the Aldis lamp in the central tower.

BIRTHS

F. L. T. A. Spruston — A son, David Donald, 15-9-42, at Barrie, Ontario.

LAC Adams, J. C. — A daughter, Sharon Gail Adams, on 16-9-42, at St. Thomas, Ontario.

LAC Girdlestone, R. R. — A son, Harry Raymond, on 13-10-42, at Brantford, Ontario.

LAC Cormier, R. J. — A son, Robert Bruce, at Amherst, N. S., on 19-10-42.

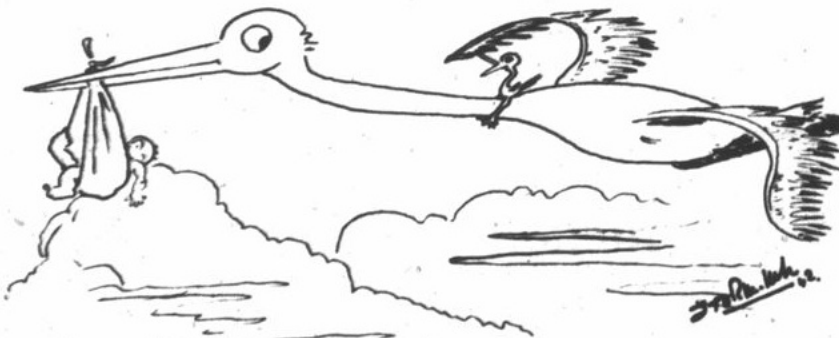
LAC McGregor, C. H. — A son, Joseph Kenneth Roy, on 10-11-42, at St. Thomas, Ontario.

BRIGHT SAYINGS OF A W.D.

A W.D. was enquiring, one day, quite seriously if there was a phone in the Fire Hall.



My! My! A couple of expectant pilots eager to have their first ride in a mighty Anson. Security Guards — we think!



"Left . . . left . . . left . . . right . . . steady!"

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THE HIGHLIGHT

On the evening of November 3rd, the personnel of the Station were treated to the gayest dance to take place in the Recreation Hall since the inception of this school. The occasion was our Hallowe'en masquerade ball, and for this special dance, the hall was decorated in black and orange streamers. The walls were a panorama of bats, pumpkins and witches, which all added to the gay appearance of our hall of enjoyment.

The orchestra, under the direction of Cpl. Stretton, appeared in full array and gave forth with their sweet swing music as never before. A picture of them taken



One of our permanent force staff, WO1 "Soapy" Martin, well-known Sergeant-Major of G. I. S.

on the night of this dance appears in this special issue.

Many of the Airmen and Airwomen, as well as the girls from St. Thomas, came in masquerade costume, and this feature was of special interest to the W.D.'s. They were able to step out in their exquisite evening gowns or even their regular civvy dresses and feel they

were far away from their regimental duties. During the course of the evening, many prizes were awarded to those having the more outstanding costumes, and the following were recipients of prizes presented by various members of the entertainment committee. AW1 Smithers won the award for the best fancy dress (female), and LAC Newman (of course) for the best dressed man. The best dressed couple were selected to be LAC and Mrs. Colledge. The best comic lady was in a teddy bear suit, and upon inquiry we found her to be LAW Margaret Halliday. The selecting of the best comic man turned out to be "the problem of the evening," but after due consideration we chose two men dressed as twins and were inseparable in their activities. They were LAC Dave Chapman (Observer staff) and LAC George Hill (No. 1 Maintenance).

Section Officer Little, and her efficient staff of the O. R. Mess, deserve a big hand for the able way they handled the crowd of merrymakers at tea time. Our decorators lent a hand to the decorating

of the Mess Hall, and there again their work was most outstanding.

In closing, may I say "thank you" to all those who assisted in making our Hallowe'en dance the highlight of the season's entertainment programme.

F/O CURTIS, D.F.C.

Following immediate award granted, Distinguished Flying Cross, Flying Officer R. E. Curtis 106040, R.A.F.V.R. (trained in Canada. (Citation) "He is a navigator of high merit and has participated in numerous sorties, many of them in adverse weather, and much of the suc-



F/O Curtis, D.F.C., graduate of No. 4 B. & G. School, Fingal, wins award.



cess obtained can be attributed to his great skill. He took part in the recent raids on Genoa and Milan, and his accurate navigation contributed materially to the safe return of his aircraft."

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LETTERS TO ROCKY

Dear Rocky:

I have a brother in the R.C.A.F. and he's six feet seven inches tall. Could you tell me if there is anyone taller than he, in the Air Force? Shrimp.

Well, Shrimp, I really couldn't say for sure about the height, but in our enemy armed forces there is a guy who's pretty big, too—Hirohito, the Jap—he's four-tween inches between the eyes, and they feed him with a snow shovel. Rocky.

Dear Rocky:

Could you give me the meaning of the letters "O.R." in connection with the mess? Pondering.

Well, Ponds, I know the meaning all right, but it evades me at the moment. Perhaps it means "Over Ripe," "Old Rubbish," "Only Rookies," or "Ossified Rations"—you can take your pick, kid; it matters very little, ain't you?

Rocky.

Dear Rocky:

It usually happens we get paid on a Thursday. Well, as a general rule I wind up in bed with my clothes on. Thus, on C.O.'s parade, Friday morning, my uniform is as wrinkled as Dagwood's neck. What would you suggest?

Dinklehammer.

Well, Hammer Head:

You're in a nice kettle of fish, I see, but it's not so difficult as it might appear on the surface. You could try staying out all night, but then you'd be sleepy, and that's no good. So, I guess the best thing to do would be to put your uniform on on Thursday inside out—simple, eh?—or don't you guess so?

Rocky.

Dear Rocky:

Do you think beans should be served as a breakfast? AC2 Foosle.

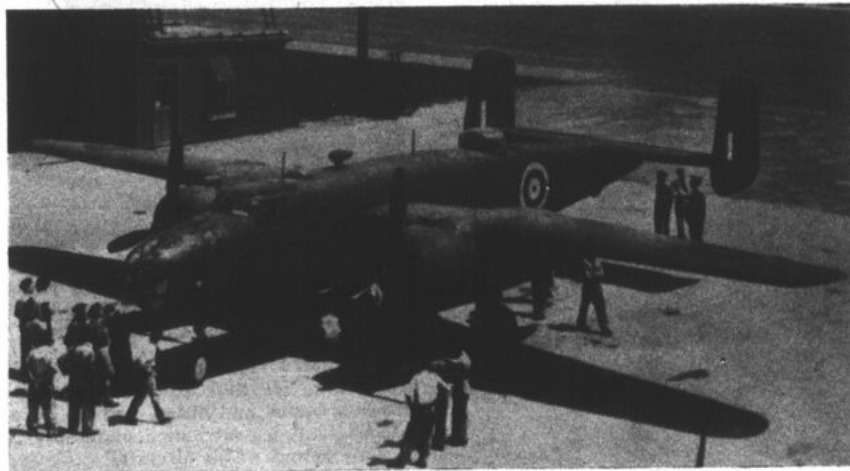
Well, Foosle:

I'll admit beans ain't the tastiest dish for breakfast, but think of the food value received, and besides, with a dash of pineapple juice—well, everybody loves Hawaiian music.

Rocky.



Flt/Lt. Spruston, O.C. of Maintenance, capable commander of rounding up the missing parts.



A visitor who dropped in to give the Fingalites a thrill.



Better known as a canteen "Joe," is AW Palowski of the W.D.'s Canteen.



Hule Tide Greetings



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THE NEWFOUNDLAND EXPRESS

I always will remember,
That dark and stormy day,
The train pulled into Gander,
I could hear the people say:
"Just see that lonely Airman,
He's just like all the rest;
He just got in this morning
On the Newfoundland Express.

There are hoboes here in Newfy,
I just met one today;
He said that he was anxious
To be getting on his way;
The only thing that stopped him
Was he needed sleep and rest,
But he'd take no chances sleeping
On the Newfoundland Express.

We took a trip to Cornerbrook,
That's fifty miles away,
We travelled all that evening,
We travelled all next day;
We thought we'd never get there,
But they put our mind to rest—
You always get there sometime
On the Newfoundland Express.

Next month I get my furlough,
To St. John's I will go;
They give us five days travelling time,
But I'll need more, I know.
We've got to get through Gambo
That will take five days, I guess,
So we've got to spend our travelling time
On the Newfoundland Express.

An Airman, he decided
To Grand Falls he would go,
So he took himself to the railroad track
When he heard the whistle blow.
He must have waited a long time,
Because he starved to death
While waiting on the railroad track
For the Newfoundland Express.

We left St. John's on Monday,
The night was bitter cold,
The engineer was roaring drunk,
So some of us were told.
He said, "Don't be too anxious
And I'll answer your request;
We'll get you there next month sometime
On the Newfoundland Express."

Just see that lonely Airman,
With his bayonet by his side,
He's going back to Canada
To wed his promised bride.
He's fought in many a battle,
He's fought his very best—
But he's taking his life in his own hands
On the Newfoundland Express.

I always will remember
That bright and sunny day
I was posted back to Canada,
I was on my merry way.
I had my clearance papers,
And I felt good, I guess,
That they've got a train in Newfy
Called the Newfoundland Express.

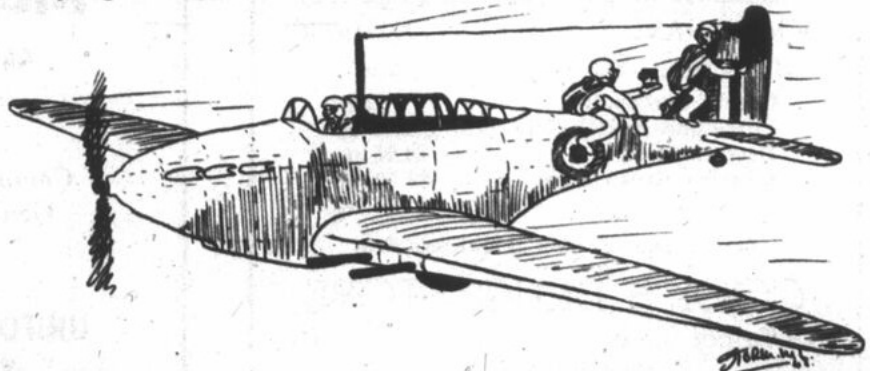
I said good-bye to Gander,
And the fog and mud and rain,
I'm leaving good old Newfy,
And I won't be back again.
I'm going to miss this station,
And the ten-cent cigarettes,
And this is one time I'm glad to ride
On the Newfoundland Express.



"Doin' the Doin's" on a Lizzie. The able mechanics are LAC's Quibel, McAvoy, Thornton, McAlpine, and Brown. This unit is better known as No. 2 Maintenance, and the aircraft is a Lysander.



Even the mighty Anson gets its face washed. Be sure to wash behind the ears or you get a whippin'!



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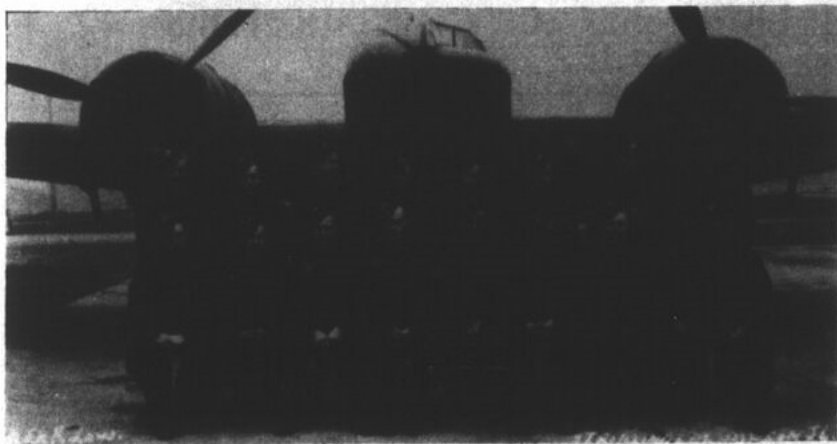
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and a Happy New Year