



Observer

*The Royal
Canadian
Air Force*

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FINCA, ONTARIO, CANADA

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THE OBSERVER

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

Published with the kind permission of Wing Commander D. D. Findlay, Commanding Officer.

Staff

President and Co-Editor.....F/L O'Reilly (R. C. Padre)
Co-Editor.....F/L Witzel (Prot. Padre)
Managing Editor.....Jay Shaver (Y.M.C.A. Supervisor)
Consulting Editor.....P/O Montgomery
Advertising Manager.....LAC Chapman, D.W.
Photographers.....Cpl. Harwood, LAC Johnson
Wandering Cameraman.....LAC Folkins
Staff Secretary.....AW2 McLeod
Columnists.....LAC Storms, AC1 Halter
Sports.....Sgt. Miller

Contributors

F/L McLeod	Mrs. Ware
P/O Burns	(Y.W.C.A.)
A. S. A. Cantelon	Cpl. Brown
Capt. Frank Edwards	LAC Storms
WO2 Thorpe	(Cartoonist)
Flt/Sgt. Paveling	LAC Rioux
Sgt. Cunningham	AW2 Grewcutt
Sgt. Vogel	AW2 Jackson
Sgt. Miller	AC2 Phillips
Cpl. McWilliams	AC1 Halter

THE OBSERVER GROWS UP

Remember when you were busting out of your clothes, were very shy and thinking about developing into manhood or womanhood? Even though you were not of age you were big enough and old enough in your opinion.

The Observer is not of age, but it is big enough and, beginning with this issue, is much larger.

Some children get so big before they reach majority that they must be declared of age. Hence we now formally declare with all the pompous ceremony, that the Observer is now of age and grown up.

The staff has been increased materially to enable Mr. J. Shaver, Fingal Y.M.C.A. representative, and F/L O'Reilly, the Padre (Joe), to experiment with ideas they had wanted to use and had not been able to work on due to lack of help.

(Editor's note—The added help and the necessary drive have for the most part been supplied by P. O. Montgomery, a new arrival on the Station, and an up-and-doing Yank from 'way down South. Without the ideas and the initiative of Mr. Montgomery the improvements we have made in the Observer would not have been possible. He has given generously of his time and energy (the latter of which seems to be boundless) by day and by night. We sincerely hope that Mr. Montgomery will be a permanent member of the Staff of the Observer.—F/L O'Reilly.)

In this issue you will find that we have made a lady out of Lizzie inasmuch as the Observer is now a full-grown maga-



Has a couple
of ideas cooking.

Pilot Officer Montgomery (Monte)

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zine, and we hope superior to any other Service Publication in the Dominion.

There are many new features in the July issue that we have inaugurated in the hope that they will be continued by the personnel of the Station themselves. This new Observer is to be published and edited by the Airmen and Airwomen of the Fingal Air Station. In order to assure this, there are several contest announcements with liberal cash prizes offered.

We have in mind, beginning with next month, a sensational idea for creating the interest of the Station which we are sure will interest every Airman in particular. Watch for this announcement in August issue.

The merchants of St. Thomas, Port Stanley and London have all joined to give us a big send-off. We sincerely hope every R. C. A. F. man and woman in this Station will show their appreciation by dealing with these merchants in particular. When you are in these places of business it is to your advantage to let the business man know that you saw his ad. in the Observer.

If this is to be successful as a grown-up magazine, we must have your help and co-operation. Everyone can be used to good advantage without overworking anyone. Any ideas of interest will be appreciated and all confidences will be respected. Your paragraphs do not have to be originally written, but simply a statement of fact; all contributions may be turned in to Mr. J. Shaver at the Y. M. C. A. office in the Recreation Hall, or in the office of either Padres, or to Pilot Officer Montgomery.

We hope that we may be able to install several contribution boxes at various points on the Station into which all contributions may be placed.

We feel that the Fingal Air Station is entitled to a magazine of this class. We hope you will agree to work with us to make it successful and help the Observer through its growing pains.

CASH FOR SHORT STORIES

Have you always desired to be an author? No, this is not a correspondence course, nor are we offering 10 easy lessons on how to write a book. But the Observer Staff is of the opinion that there is many a poet on the strength of this Station. Why hide under your laurels? We are perfectly willing—in fact we are ready and able to pay you cash—good Canadian dollars—for the story you are carrying in the back of your head. These stories are customarily referred to as short stories, or if we could go modern we could say short, short stories. How many words a short, short story has we do not know. This is for

you to decide as your story develops. It is not necessary to type these stories. Therefore, we will appreciate it if they can be read.

Your story may be on any subject; may be true to life or fiction; may be a love story, wild woolly western or another Robin Hood. We are looking for potential Charles Dickens's—not expecting to find one—but hoping that we may get some original stories which will be entertaining to the personnel of this Station.

Each entry will be checked by us for grammatical errors and we will have somebody check us. No major operations will be performed by the blue pencil, but we reserve the right to send you the usual pink slip of rejection and we



will return your manuscript whether or not it is used. From our vast untapped resources of cash, we will pay the sum total of 500 pennies for each and every story published in the short story section. Who knows—perhaps a new Sherlock Holmes will be brought to light! Have you a little character in your home? Sit down and write us your imaginary adventure and “they lived happily ever after” novels to the tune of five bucks a throw.

Cpl. Kyles: “I want four volunteers—you, you, you and you.”

AC1 Jones: “Why do you call them the Tonsil Sisters?”

AC2 Barry: “Oh, everybody's had them out.”

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FIRE HALL NEWS

By Jokey Smoe, the Smoke-Eater
The Fire Fighter's slogan:

"As long as we can operate;
The Chief O. K.'s our 48."

Five of the lads who were here on instruction before being sent on their course, have left us, namely: Knoll, McLean, Stonehouse, Wames and Burt. We are positive that the course will be 'topped' by the Fingal boys.

Did You Know?

That 23 per cent of all fires in this Command are caused by the careless disposal of lighted cigarette butts and matches.

The faulty plugs and frayed ironing cords are a direct cause of numerous fires.

That if you cause a fire at this school by being careless, Hitler will feel like saying, "Thanks, Pal."

Personalities

Cpl. Stuart is on hay-pitching (farm) leave, and unless we are sadly misinformed, certain bells (not belles) will be ringing for him very soon.

Two of our crash tender crew, Barnes and Stuart, have remustered, the former a SAG and the latter a WAG.

Heard in Passing

While at Ladder Drill — "Fireman, save my child."

While adding a little distinctive color to the fire alarm markers, "Are you painting the Last Post?"

Any time around the Fire Hall: "Regal, get out of that flower bed."

Calm and Cool

A hotel was on fire, and the guests were gathering outside to watch the firemen battle the flames. "Nothing to get excited about," a travelling salesman was

boasting. "I took my time about dressing, lit a cigarette. Didn't like the knot in my tie, so I retied it. That's how cool I was."

"Fine," remarked a bystander. "But why didn't you put your pants on?"

Famous Last Lines

"Gimme a match, I wanna see if the tank is really empty."

And so, this is Jokey Smoe saying so long, but reminding you that, if we all **stop** the habit of caring less, we can make our enemies **start** the habit of swearing more.



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MESSAGE FROM THE SIGNAL SECTION

This is our first appearance in the Observer, and I find it rather difficult to express our message in words.

Of the five originals which are still with the Section, Sgt. Seeley meets the eye the most. We all congratulate him for his recent well-earned promotion, and assure him we are backing him all the way to be successful, not only in his work in the Section, but also competing against salesmen, with whom he has not been the most successful in the past.

As to our recent new recruits with us — they may find the work strange for a time, but they will find both Sgt. Britton and Sgt. Seeley very understanding and willing to overlook slips, including removing radios from serviceable planes, but they are all expected to reduce until their waistline is small enough for them to enter a Fairy Battle.

We are very glad to note that bombing is not bothered with noisy inter-com. very often since they started flying Ansons. Our chief worry now is the head-phone situation, which we hope will be remedied before war ceases (if it continues five more years).

We wish to thank those who gave assistance in repairing the gas electric engine.

In closing, the Wireless and Electrical Sections challenge any tug-of-war team on the Station which think they can field a team good enough to offer a slight resistance to their heavyweights.

REMINDERS FROM THE SERGEANT-MAJOR

Several weeks ago I proffered a small list of reminders for the perusal of the Station personnel. Quite a number of changes have since taken place. Now, if I may use the phrase "Listen, lads," or "Well, lads," I'm going to hear, I'm afraid, some rather pointed remarks from our up-and-coming Women's Division.

I shall, therefore, include them, at least fifty per cent, in these reminders on walking around the Station with their hands in their pockets, which I noticed a number of them doing during the last rainstorm, or fussing about while waiting for the parade to fall in, using too much complexion, which is the S.P.'s headache, and which I haven't had to check the service men for as yet, although some of our lads do smell awfully sweet after leaving our local beauty salon.

To go back to a couple of things which you (and you know who I'm referring to) have been doing, and which look like the devil to anyone watching. The main

one is to keep your noses out of these local fistic encounters, which some of you have in the past short while been (so happily) breezing into, and ending up in the T. T. S. overnight private lodgings. Keep out of them, lads — they do you more harm than good.

The next one is, sitting around hotels and public places with your tunics, collars and ties undone. Don't do it, as it's against regulations, besides looking disgustingly sloppy. When you are down on the beach no one expects you to wear

a full uniform, but use your judgment in cases such as these.

This seems to have covered the necessary for this issue, but remember a person in the Service who is properly dressed is also smartly dressed.



THE TALBOT COFFEE SHOP IS THIS MONTH'S HANGOUT

Another favorite rendezvous of the R. C. A. F. will be photographed next month. If you were snapped in either of these photographs, upon calling at the Talbot Coffee Shop and identifying yourself, Mr. Pete Bruce, manager, will present you with a ticket entitling you to an evening's dancing at Wonderland Summer Gardens, near London.

LET YOUR DRAWINGS DRAW CASH

The Fingal Observer in the past has had some very fine and humorous cartoons. Of late these have not been forthcoming with any too much regularity. We are anxious to have humorous cartoons of life off the Station as well as on the Station, and will be glad to pay the usual rate (the usual rate in this case being two dollars).

These cartoons may be on any subject, in any size (big or little, they are still two bucks). The staff will be glad to use several of these monthly. The Observer will not guarantee to replace the paper spoiled in your attempts, but if you have a cartoon practically finished and turn your ink bottle over, we will be glad to do your plain and fancy swearing if you count to the usual ten. We are not sure that some of the finished products won't provoke the Padre into at least one swear word, but we will have a look at any and all entries and, Brother, two bucks ain't hay! If you submit three entries and none are accepted, remember what the mother pig said to the little pig.

*

We don't see from our close observation, many long-haired writers or poets walking around Fingal Air Station, nor do we expect it to be any Greenwich Village. But there are some personalities who look as though they might be poetic. Some of the Airwomen state that many of the Arimen are poetic at times, but they wouldn't wax poetical to a girl who hasn't heard it before. So, why not

reach down to the bottom of your pocket, pull out that short, stubby pencil, put it on paper, and chances are the Observer will appreciate it more, and you will appreciate the two bucks.

While we will pay you for your time and energy if the Staff decides to use it we hope that no criminal plagiarism will be adopted, as the following example of humorous poetry is unscrupulously stolen from the St. Thomas Aircraftman.

Don't tell me what a swell girl you've got,

Don't tell me how lovely she is,
Don't mention her charms as she clings
in your arms,

Nor the thrill that she packs in a kiss.

Don't tell me how lovely she is from her feet

To the crown of her sleek, golden head;
Don't speak of the passion that lurks in
her eyes,

Nor the sweetness of lips—ruby red.

Don't tell me how tender and loving and kind

She is when you've turned down the light;

Don't tell me about all the nice things she says

When you're all cuddled up close and tight.

Don't tell me how gladly responsive she is

To your every touch and caress;
Don't spoil it all, brother—for crying
out loud,

Just tell me her name and address.



ENTER CLASS 46

With feverish brows and wearied brains from excessive swatting at No. 4 A. O. S., Class 46 (the last of the observers) anxiously set foot here two weeks ago, fully expecting "the worst." (As a result of reports that had filtered back to A. O. S.)

At latest reports, after engaging the mighty administrative and physical (PT) forces of Fingal for two weeks, Class 46 has emerged somewhat bedraggled, yet unbowed, and definitely feel that the period of unpleasant conjecture and "breaking in" are a thing of the past. Thus, quickly adjusting itself to the requirements and discipline of No. 4 B. & G., it has been equally as fast in joining in the spirit of friendly rivalry and fair play prevailing throughout the Station. Especially conspicuous are the softballers in the class, who can be seen romping in nightly competition against the W.D.'s. Since observing the brilliant Station team in action the class has decided that this is the only way it can keep its self-acclaimed title of "champs."

The spirit of the "pickle barrel" has taken hold of the class's love of battle, and true to form, it has come through thus far brilliantly. Urged on by the caustic yet genial admonitions of the able Corporal Bailey, the class has managed to reduce the target to a sad state of disrepair, while the frantic quadrantal plotting crews have been clamoring for armored plate protection.

Each morning, in the allowed sanctuary of classroom endeavor, a simple yet solemn ceremony of the swearing into office of the duty observer takes place. His pledging of the following oath of office upon the bombsight is an awe-inspiring sight:

"Whereas, this day, through predestined choice, having been designated to fill the office of duty observer—I do solemnly swear by all Mark IX statutes to bear faithful allegiance to the aims and principles of bombing and gunnery theory—thereby carrying out all commands and duties relative to the performance thereof which may be required of me this day. In grateful recognition thereof I hereby humbly accept this broom and duster—these symbolic duty implements—to wield them to the best of my ability—so help me God."

Thus, well on its stride, Class 46 looks forward to the remainder of its time here with minds full of the ever-increasing demands to be made upon it, feeling that it will leave as noteworthy (sic) a record behind it as it did at A. O. S. Unquestionably the able instruction and assistance of our excellent instructor, WO2 Noseworthy, will make this a possibility.

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Laundry Hours—12.00 Hrs. to 13.00 Hrs., 17.00 Hrs. to 18.00 Hrs.

WATER, WATER!

Sensing that the water supply and the maintenance of this Station must be quite a large and intricate set-up, The Observer staff asked Frank Edwards, honorary Captain of waterworks, to give us an idea of his job at No. 4 B. & G. School. Herewith is his article:

The staff has asked me to write an article on the water system of No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School, Fingal.

I have been connected with the school from its inception and have watched the transformation of the Station area from a group of farms to its present state of completion. But my story is about water. "What is water?" Water is a transparent fluid consisting of hydrogen and oxygen, with a color or lustre of a diamond—but it is not my intention to tire the reader with technicalities, but to give you a brief picture of the water system as it affects this Station.

One of the first problems was finding water. There are several shallow wells in this area, but not of sufficient volume for a successful supply of 100 gallons or more a minute. The drillers bored several holes on the Station area, but were unsuccessful in finding the volume required. About two and a half miles northwest of the Station it was known water had been found on the Sutherland farm at some depth, when drilling for gas, and it was decided to explore at that location. The drillers commenced to bore on the new location, and at a depth of around 260 feet struck water of sufficient volume to meet the requirements of the contract; pumps were installed and a pipe line laid to the Station (by the Department of Transport). BUT WHAT WATER—far from the glowing terms as previously described, it was found to contain several minerals that could not be eliminated, the worst being sulphur, and could not be used for cooking or drinking. A tank truck delivered water daily from St. Thomas for cooking and drinking. The question was often asked of the men at the pump-house, "When are we going to have good water?"

There was a story going around that you could always tell an R. C. A. F. man from Fingal by the ODOUR he carried with him. It was eventually decided to go to Lake Erie for water. February 23rd, 1942, was a red letter day at No. 4 B. & G., when the water from the lake was pumped into the Station water system. We now have an unlimited pure water supply—one of the finest such systems to be found in any Military Camp or Air Station in the Dominion, with a pressure service which will permit everyone to use the water at will. He may use a gallon for a shave or an unlimited

amount for a shower or other purpose. As long as there is water in Lake Erie there will be water in the pressure pipes at No. 4 B. & G. School.

This thoroughly modern system, which consists of a pumping station and purifying plant at the lake, handles the annual consumption of 25,000,000 gallons at the rate of 70,000 gallons daily. There is a constant pressure of from 30 to 50 lbs. throughout the system, and in case of fire there are provisions made to step up the pressure to 90 lbs. at all hydrants in less than 10 seconds.

The intake pipe extends to a point in Lake Erie 1,800 feet off shore, where the water is never riled by storms, water is carried to the pumping station at the lakeside by a gravity feed, where it passes to settling tanks where precipitation of foreign particles takes place. From the settling tanks it passes into what is known as the clear water well, being treated with chlorine on the way. From this well it is pumped seven miles to the Station and passes through mechanical pressure filter, equipped with a coagulant feeder into the storage tank. The pressure filter installed in the pump-house on the station consists of a battery of four filters tested at 100 lbs. per square inch, and designed for a working pressure of 67½ lbs per square inch. The filter beds are made up of first quality gravel and sand secured from Cape May, N. J., and is laid in the following order in each filter tank: 8" of coarse gravel, 2½" of medium gravel, 2½" of fine gravel, 3" of extra fine gravel, and 21" of filter sand.

The under drain consists of a genuine wrought iron header and laterals, the laterals having brass orifices. Each filter is

**R. C. A. F.**

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back washed every few days for a period of 6 to 8 minutes, the condition of the washed water can be determined by the wash water sight glass located at the end of the wash water line which runs off to drain. The amount of wash water required is as follows: 12 gallons per square foot—each filter having an area of 15 square feet—giving a total of 764 gallons of filtered water to be forced up through the filter bed to the top of the tanks, carrying along with it the impurities which have collected in the shells during the filtering period. There are many other features in connection with the duties of the men in the pumphouse, which I might elaborate on in some future article.

Yours for good drinking!

— Frank Edwards (Honorary
Captain) of Water Works.

WEDDINGS

Station Personnel Who Were Featured as "Principals" in Marriage Ceremonies in June—Thanks to D. R. O.'s.

LAC Weaver, T. E. — Married 23-5-42, to Patricia Annette Lyford, by Rev. Prof. E. Park at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

LAC Adams, W. H. — Married 30-5-42, to Beatrice Evelyn Jones, by Rev. D. W. Williams at Byron, Ontario.

AC1 Newell, J. H. — Married 20-6-42, to Doris Louise Kilpatrick, at Springfield, Ontario, by Rev. J. K. Halland.

WO2 Ramsey, J. A. — Married 16-6-42, to Helen Margaret Lidster, at Fingal, Ontario, by Rev. D. Webster Pomeroy.

AC1 Skinner, S. T. — Married 20-6-42, to Irene Katherine Paddon, at Toronto, Ontario, by Rev. H. A. Bracken.

LAC Cowley, T. M. — Married 23-6-42, to Irene Agnes Currie, by Rev. Clifford G. Park, at Whitby, Ontario.

MARINE SECTION

This is a very brief outline of the Air/Sea Rescue Service known overseas as the "Penguin Service"; the name is quite appropriate as penguins are birds which swim but do not fly; motor boat crew men, sometimes called the "Flying Marines," are airmen who do not fly but travel on the seas and on the lakes in



high speed torpedo boats, crash boats, hospital boats, sea plane tenders, in fact just about every type of small, speedy marine craft known.

We of the Marine Section in Fingal could be termed as part of that branch of the service, although our duties here are certainly not as exacting as those on coastal stations or squadrons overseas. We in turn, when posted, will take our

place with the others of our branch now overseas, and the feeling is, "Let's get cracking!"

We have F/O "Min" Moore as our O. C., and to sum it up into a few words, he is "tops." WO2 Sweet, from Winnipeg and Lake of the Woods, is senior N.C.O. i/c Marine Section. He is ably backed up by Sergeant "Mouldy" Allen, Sergeant "Where the hell is my pipe?" Vogel, and Corporal "Statistic" Wilford; also LAC's Hand, Storey, Brown and Gilbert—the latter two hail from Port Stanley—not a bad posting, eh?

The Marine Section was the first complete section on this station — we got here in 1940.

Our duties consist of patrolling a large portion of Lake Erie that is an allotted search area. In the event of a crash, Jarvis, Port Albert and the various other stations, all on water, also have these areas, and therefore the danger of losing our aircrew is considerably lessened.

When we started our section here, we were given 90 feet of dock at Port Stanley, near the bridge. After a lot of hard work and "scrounging" we now have a section the station can be proud of, freshly painted buildings, flowers and a good lawn. Neat surroundings compared to the pile of clay it once was.

Our Marine Craft consist of M-301, a twin engine, cabin cruiser used as a patrol boat. It is completely fitted out, sleeps four, has a fine galley, gas stove, refrigerator, sink, etc. Also to be found aboard are two complete washrooms, dining table, lifeboat and many other innovations. The M-31 is in constant contact with the Station by radio telephone. The other boat is the M-236, an 18-foot seaplane tender, a very fast craft and an easy one to handle in any type of sea. It is used on coastal stations to tow seaplanes and flying boats, also to carry bomb loads to the flying boats. It can be

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BRITISH PIPES
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loaded to only have 6 inches of free board, and it is still quite seaworthy.

Most of our personnel have been stationed at Toronto, Trenton, and on convoy duty on the east coast. We were happy to be posted here, and after a year and a half we still like it!

In closing, our thanks to the various sections on the station who have helped us to build up a neat, clean and efficient section.

FLASH—As this goes to press we are sorry to hear of the passing of LAC Brown's father. Our thoughts are with you, Brownie.



AW2 MARION McLEOD, pretty stenographer in the Orderly Room, is the secretary of the Observer Staff.

To Our Advertisers:

May the staff of the Observer, and the personnel of the No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School thank you for your very sincere support of our new publication?

We know that every advertisement was bought, not as a donation to this Station, but because you had some hope that it was good advertising and would pay dividends, but at the same time, you gambled with us in hoping that the new Observer would be something out of the ordinary as far as service publications go. We believe it is, and we believe that your advertising will pay.

Our advertising rates are very reasonable for this type of periodical, inasmuch as it is not a profit-making idea. We feel that your faith in us is justified. We

are making it our business to see that your advertising in the Observer DOES PAY you.—The Staff.



Pictured above is the Wonderland Summer Garden, which announces in this issue that Lou Breese and his radio orchestra will appear there Tuesday, July 21st.

To the Editor:

Yes, it's true! After twenty months of service in Fingal, I am at last leaving this "garden spot" of Ontario to start a wireless course at Guelph with the idea of becoming a W.A.G.

It was on that fateful day of October 2nd, 1940, that I first ploughed up the mud on the Fingal road to reach this (censored) place. It was two months later that I submitted my first application for remustering, and was immediately rejected by Ottawa. Since the first application, more and more applications have been added to my file, and also to the files at D. A. P. S.

Through persistence, however, D. A. P. S. finally broke down and remustered me to air crew. It will never really be known how much I appreciate the assistance that was rendered me in attaining my goal, and I am indeed grateful.

The only regret I have on leaving Fingal is all the friends and acquaintances I have made at this Station and will have to leave behind—to all these fellows go the best wishes for the future. I remain, (No longer a telephone operator, but a W. A. G.). Your friend,

(Signed) Dan J. Rioux.

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FINGAL GRADUATE W. A. C. RETURNS FROM OVERSEAS

The sands of the Libyan desert have a definite meaning for Sgt. J. J. Pilon, now an instructor at No. 1 Wireless School, who just returned from Egypt and the Middle East.

Pilon, one of the redoubtable band of wireless air gunner-bombardiers, who have harried the Germans over their own land, France and throughout the eastern Mediterranean war zone, is the son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Pilon, of 141 George Street, Ottawa.



Sgt. J. J. Pilon

"My eyes still ache from the glare of the sun on the sands of the vast Libyan wastes," Pilon remarked in an interview. "They stretch interminably, but curiously enough most of the desert is just rock, a dark grey rock, with the sand ranging from white to dark brown."

Flying Hazardous

He found flying more hazardous in Northern Africa than in Europe, where he took part in 14 raids over France and Germany, including the blasting of Ros-tock and the bombing of the Scharnhorst and Gneisenau at Brest.

"It is just like navigating over the water," he said. "You cannot use maps. Navigation is all by instruments. Another thing, the 'flak' is worse for some reason or another. So far as the enemy fighters are concerned, however, the Italians like to blaze away at a safe distance and then run off. The Germans are really fanatics."

Provide Good Sport

Pilon said that the Italians are happy to be taken prisoner, and declared that all Italian regiments are backed by a German regiment which sees to it that they do not go into reverse. In regard to stories emanating about the large captures of British troops at Tobruk in the last advance, Pilon commented that the garrison was composed mainly of Poles and Czechs.

The young Ottawan took part in raids over Bengazi, Tobruk, Bardia, Crete and Pireaus, Greece, during his stay in Egypt, and paid high tributes to the work of the wireless air gunner in this war. The responsibility of those who man the guns is continually increasing, he remarked. For example, they are now trained to do bombing, and any new gadget put in aircraft comes in for their attentions.

Describing the sensations on unloading a 2,000-pound bomb from the modern aircraft, he said that the bomb's release sends the craft a couple of hundred feet into the air, and the minimum

altitude from which such a bomb is dropped is 8,000 feet.

Pilon enlisted in the R.C.A.F. in July, 1940, and was in the second class of entries at the Calgary Wireless School. After getting his wing at Fingal, in March, 1941, he went overseas in April, and has since spent all his time in operations.

(This article was mailed to us by W/C A. J. Kennedy, former C. O., No. 4. B. and G. School, now with Ferry Command in Dorval, Quebec. He promises more articles of interest when it's possible to send them.)

Thanks very much, sir, and may the Observer again wish you luck. Story and picture by courtesy of "Montreal Daily Star."—The Staff).

HEADS Y.W.C.A. HOSTESS HOUSE

Mrs. Ware and her assistant, Mrs. Karaner, have assumed their duties at the Hostess House, and extend a cordial welcome to all to use the facilities of the House, which is open from 10:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m.

They hope to make it a home away from home for both Airwomen and Airmen, and a happy place to meet.

Service women and men are invited to introduce their guests and friends to the Hostess in charge, to sign the guest book, and entertain their guests while in the House, remembering that it is designed as a quiet meeting place for all who wish to use it. They ask your assistance in making the Hostess House the great success it has been in other airports, remembering we are always willing, and ready, to help in any capacity.

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AW2 GREWCUTT and AW2 HOLLIDAY who do their "bit" for the war effort by keeping themselves busy (?) in the Central Registry.

POSTED?

Are you posted from this Station, or do you expect to be in the near future? If so, and if you'd like to have this magazine follow you on your journeys through Canada to wherever you're getting your training, we'll be glad to send it to you monthly. Rates are ten cents per copy, or one dollar per year. Since the Observer is a full-grown magazine, and we hope the finest service publication in the Dominion, we think you should be glad to get the subsequent copies to know just what is going on at No. 4 B. & G. School.

HOLES! HOLES!

If you're worrying or wondering why the Observer is now punched with holes in the left side, perhaps you'd better read this before you get yourself excited. It has been suggested that binders be made available to the personnel of the Station so that you may file and keep your copies of the Observer. When the war is over, every copy will be intact for the Airmen and Airwomen to peruse and reminisce over. What do you think of this idea? We'd like to have your ideas on this subject. What type of binder would be most preferable? Drop your suggestions in the "Y" office or submit them to either of the Padres.

HEADQUARTERS NEWS

Ho, hum! Another month of the W. D. and the girls are showing their worth under the daily tasks allotted to them. Yes, sir, the work goes on just as smoothly as before, except that the fellows are coming to work so immaculate that they hate to dirty themselves by working. But, of course, a lot of the girls do dirty work, too.

One just has to take a gander at the M.T. Section, where Jackson runs around in a pair of overalls, and a bandana on her flaming tresses, and getting in everyone's way, to realize that the girls are asking no favors in this man's war. Yes, indeed, it reminds me of the good old days, when the bucks just lay in the sun, and hunted and fished, while the squaws did all the work. A good idea, too, from the masculine viewpoint. You know, I used to laugh when I read about the Amazons of long ago and Pappy Yokum being captured by the Amazons who lived beyond the mists, but it would seem that such an age is fast approaching. After this brawl is over, who is going to get the girls to give up their jobs in factories, plants and offices, doing welding, rivetting, machine-shop work and stuff like that? If we men don't look out, we'll be at home keeping house, while the gals are out bringing home the bacon. Laugh if you like, gentlemen, but think it over. And now for some of the brighter things of life, and enough of this morbid moping.

Friend Corless of the Accounts has finally achieved his ambition, and become remustered to P. or O., and will leave on July 17th for No. 1, I. T. S., Toronto, Ont. Congratulations, kid. Give the Boche a couple for us.

Gladys Pridding, the gal in the Orderly Room, is kinda figuring about giving up playing ball. Last week, at a game over in Aylmer, she was bending

over to catch a ball when the borrowed slacks she was wearing suddenly figured that the strength had gone out of union, and the one leg parted company from the other. Next time she's figuring on taking a barrel just in case.

McKay and Pentney are down at No. 1 Hangar now, taking turns at having days off. Wonder where they get the pull to land a cushy job like that? The boys at HQ. are sure jealous.

When R. G. L. Smith received his hooks last week—congratulations, kid—it was noticed that they were on his sleeve before he went to supper that nite. Considering the time that D.R.O.'s get around the Station, it sho' was a fast piece of work.

KOMIK KASH

What do you know about your fellow Airman or Airwoman that is funny, (must be printable) that would be interesting to the other people of the Station? The Observer will give two cash prizes consisting of: 1st prize, \$5.00; 2nd prize, \$2.50—for the best laughable experience written up each month. Everyone on the Station laughs a lot and there must be a reason. We think the laughs are at someone else's expense. You may now write these laughs at our expense, sign your name if you like, or if you prefer, your name will not be used. We reserve the right to award these prizes to anonymous contributors, the identity of whom will be known by the Staff only. We further reserve the privilege of using any or all contributions and none will be returned.



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READE'S STUDIO

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ST. THOMAS

A W. D. OBSERVER

Well, boys, here we are once more to contribute to our well-known "Fingal Observer."

We "Originals" having spent six weeks here now, are under the impression that we have the best Station, best officers, and best times to be had anywhere.

We all find our work very interesting

Hospital, T. T. S. I wish they would make up their minds as to whether certain personnel have mumps or not!

Our "Canteen nites" seem to draw a crowd and all enjoy themselves. Some enjoy ping-pong, others dancing. So, come along, boys, and join the crowd Mondays and Thursdays. Fun for all!

We now have about seventy Cadets on

pic— and don't we know it, when it comes to washing in the morning!

We are very sorry to see our own Corporal Strang leave us, but on the other hand, we are very happy to know that she has been made a W. D. officer. We will ceratinly miss her little song and whistle around the barracks, miss her on parades, and miss her "just being around."

So, to you— Corporal Strang— good-bye and good luck!

* * *
Congratulations to our Sergeant on receiving her third hook. Rather hard to remember, "Serg.", all the time now—but we'll try. And, last but not least, we welcome our new Corporal— Corporal Brown.



SMOKE PERIOD

and know that we have to do a "job" in order to see Victory! That—we are trying our utmost to do.

About Fingal

Quite a few changes have been made in the work of our W. D. around the Station lately. Of course, there's the one about the W. D. that is going to remuster to Air Crew.

Also, a number of girls have spent some time in our good old "neighbor"

our Station. We would like to know how so many can be accommodated in so few tents. Some super-system! Anyway, we think they're "cute." They seem to hesitate a bit before entering the W. D. mess hall. Could it be the W. D. personnel or just the thought of *maybe* being called a W. D.? Anyway, boys, we certainly welcome you and we know you'll like Fingal.

We now have our barracks fully occu-



Be sure to tell the Merchant, "I saw your ad. in the Observer."

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Now's the time to be measured for that custom tailored greatcoat of the finest of British woollens.

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SPORTS PAGE

A W.D.'S IMPRESSION OF THE MEN'S AYLMEY-FINGAL BASEBALL GAME

Before I say very much about the baseball game, I do not want anybody to receive the idea that there was a lack of sportsmanship amongst either team. I am going to speak about the game as I saw it, from a humorous angle, although there was anything but humour amongst the boys at the close of the game.

I am not going to portray the game according to schedules and figures, etc., but simply according to the spectator's point of view. I have seen many baseball games, but that was the funniest baseball game I have ever seen. At the beginning of the game, the Fingal Bombers had set out to wipe the Aylmer team off the map, but before long there was a sign of growing uneasiness amongst the boys. Things were not shaping up to what they had expected. "Aylmer was good." Well, then the game became fast and furious. First, the Bombers were up, then down. "Aylmer can't do that to us; why, look at that umpire. He's just giving the game to his own boys. That's not fair; something has to be done. How's about cleaning up on the umpire?" I think I may truly say that it was a good thing the poor umpire was in behind the catcher, and in a place where no one could get at him, because nothing would have been left of him if the Bombers had had their way. Pretty soon our Bomber baseball pitcher began to get angry. A murderous look was on his face, and it made you shiver to watch him stand with the ball at his side, watching for goodness knows what. Probably to kill, if he had had his way. "Those silly Aylmer boys never knew a good throw when they saw one. Neither did the umpire, for no matter where it was, it wasn't. In plain language, a ball was a strike, and a strike was a ball. His decisions at third and home were so precarious that none dared to give their personal opinion, until first hearing his. Then, with boisterous thunder, acclamations not printable were uttered from the ever-maddening crowd of spectators.

The handsome Flight-Sergeant, recently promoted to the exalted ranks of WO2 (congratulations), caused another round of exclamations concerning a certain play, but this time, not from the girls. Better luck next time.

What with tearing of hair, and air blue with "well, you know what," the game was most interesting. The game finished up with a score of 5-4 in favor of Aylmer, and very much out of favor with the Fingal Bombers. I may truly say that I laughed myself sick, and even though we may be defeated a few times, I don't mind watching every game if they make you laugh the way I did.

WHAT'S WHAT IN FINGAL SPORTS

Owing to the wonderful weather of our fair country, our P. T. instructors have been able to prepare the athletic field to such a condition that it is, in the opinion of several personnel of the Station, the best field around this part of the country. Now that it is up to par and is continually "groomed" at all times, I think more of the fellows should come out and enjoy the games and take a more active part in the world of sports.

More and more is being done to make your spare time enjoyable and helpful. Taking part in these games and sports not only passes the time, but it gives you better health and makes you more alert and sensitive to what is going on.

P. T. can be very interesting if taken the right way, and participating in Station sports activities will give you all the P. T. you need and at the same time you will enjoy yourself.

Why can't more fellows of this Station turn out and make a few good teams and really put this place on the map? Our hockey team last winter put on a good display of what they could do, and our softball team is going "great guns," so why not give a hand in making our Station popular? If you are not a player, or don't take an active part, you could come out and cheer, trying to uphold and support the ones that are doing their lot. I know the fellows are out there punching until they get their knockout punch and they will appreciate all your support.

So, let's get together on this thing and give your Station teams a big hand.

SPORT SHOTS

Our W. D. ball team is coming along nicely with our W. D. "Lefty" Noseworthy coaching us.

The girls are turning out to practice and we are hoping to catch up on some

of our neighbor teams and, of course—WIN.

A snappy game was played at Aylmer last week, but the Fingal gals were left "holding the bag" with a score for Aylmer, 24-22. Another game with Aylmer was played this week at Fingal and again we were left—well, that's understood.

Never mind, girls—keep up the practising and we'll go over the top yet.

BOMBERS ARE OFF AGAIN

After a slight lapse in their winning streak by losing three games, the Bombers came back with a loud "hello" to take the St. Thomas Athletics, 19 to 4. They started off by getting a run in the first inning and didn't let up until the ninth. Degagne started to pitch and continued to whip it past them until the last man in the ninth. Every man of the Bombers was full of confidence and due to that, the boys played an unbeatable game. In the last few games the hits have not been as plentiful as at the beginning of the season, but they came back last night with a whole bag full of Texas Leaguers, and slapped that ball around as if it were a balloon.

Six homers were driven during the game by our fellows. Even Joe Baker managed to knock one over the fence, which is very extraordinary. (Nice going, Joe.) Noseworthy and King, also

What a Life!



A handsome guy is Corporal Jim
Yet no girl's ever seen with him—
Of perspiration odor he
Is guilty—so he's shunned,
you see.

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connected for homers, with Taylor keeping up his average of at least one every game. The first half of the ninth became humorous, for after two bit the dust the boys began their slugging streak and scored seven runs. With the bases loaded, Taylor came up and slammed the homer. (What a dirty trick to do when the score was so high and the game almost over. Aren't you ashamed?)

It was a great game to watch, very exciting and interesting. So, come out to the next game and give them your support.

SOFTBALL

The Fingal Bombers' softball entry in the St. Thomas and Service Leagues have marked up a string of well earned victories. They are leading the City League and deserve the wholehearted support of this Station. The support up to date has been notable by its absence. The games are shown in D. R. O.'s. It's very disheartening to a fine group of athletes to play before an unfriendly group of fans each week. We want a championship! It's up to you, every one of you, to lend your support once a week at Pinafore Park.

The Station Softball League finds G. I. S. showing the way, closely followed by Maintenance, who have several postponed games to play. Security Guard, Headquarters and the Officers

are in the second flight. Remember, four teams enter the playoffs. There'll be individual awards for the winners. Turn out with your team and help them secure a playoff berth. Watch D.R.O.'s for scheduled games.

SOCCER

The Station Soccer League is under way. It got away to a late start due to the unavoidable delay in the soccer shoe deliveries. The Sports Committee is supplying the shoes for both the Station League and the Station team. Get a pair at the Sports Store in the Drill Hall. All you have to do is sign a loan card. Practices are held nightly. We want those shoes in use every day as their purchase was a departure from the established policy of the Sports Committee.

TENNIS

Tennis can be played in the Drill Hall whenever No. 1 hangar tarmac is occupied by the BR Squadron.

STATION SOFTBALL TEAM

The Station softball team suffered their first reverse on Monday, June 29th, in the St. Thomas League to Weatherheads, 7 to 6, but really went down fighting. Taylor, left fielding star for the Bombers, clouted his usual round-tripper in the ninth with one on, that fell just one short of knotting up the ball game.

Considering that a number of the boys did not play in their regular positions due to injuries, and others were on annual leave, it speaks well of their fighting spirit. Barry and Cronin were absent, which made a huge difference in the hitting department. Flight Sergeant Noseworthy was the hitter of the night, having three hits, Taylor two, one a home run, and Spendlove a triple. On the whole the team is playing heads up ball and no doubt will more than make up for their last reverse this coming Thursday, July 9th, so let's get behind the boys. Don't forget this coming Thursday.

Fingal Bombers lost a heart-breaker to T. T. S., 5 to 1, extra innings. As previously, a number of the regulars were unable to play, with a result the hitting was far below par. Mazepa procured the only hit from the deliveries of the T.T.S. pitcher as well as playing the outfield in great style. Watch D.R.O.'s of future intra-station games as the team is still in the thick of the fight.

Be sure to tell the Merchant, "I saw your ad. in the Observer."

THANKS!

"The Observer"

And that means everyone at No. 4 B & G.
Fingal, Ontario.

Hearty Thanks to all who have
contributed in any way to make
"THE OBSERVER" a success.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS
OUR ADVERTISERS

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WHY CORPORALS GROW OLD

CORPORAL, can an Airwoman get married to someone (?) on the Station and have a sleeping-out pass?

CORPORAL, would you mind cutting my hair? I want a baby cut.

CORPORAL, would it be all right if I change my one-thirty automatic Saturday night pass to tonight and then Saturday night I haven't a date so I'll come in at 10:30, but then on Friday can I have my Saturday night 12:30, this is because I have had my Saturday 1:30 so my Saturday pass would be a 12:30, then on Thursday our Section is having a party so if I take a 1:30 then that won't cancel my other late pass—well, then—next week I'll be working nights and won't be able to use my 12:30 pass, so could I take it this Wednesday?

CORPORAL, do we have to wear our wool-lined gloves with our summer dresses?

CORPORAL, there's a medium height, dark-haired, blue-eyed Flying Officer in B Flight named—could you find out if he is married?

CORPORAL, is dancing a sport? You see, I'm going to Port Stanley on Saturday night and I thought I might wear sport clothes.

CORPORAL, is it true when we get to Halifax on our way to Gander Bay, that we exchange our uniforms for furs?

CORPORAL, I've got a light. Have you got a cigarette?

CORPORAL, will you EVER get a commission?
(With apologies to the Aylmer Airman)

Fingal, Ont., June 12th, 1942.
Mr. Eulisees Buddler,
c/o Buddler's Beanery,
Jakesville, Ontario.

Hi-Ya Bud:

Just that i'd drop yuh a few lines tuh let yuh know we are still keepin up with our War effort, even tho the Nastys dont seem to think much of it.

We bin loosin some of the old timers threw drafts to all parts of the country, but we got us a new addishun to our family down at No. 1 hangar. I guess they think we need some protekshun down here in Fingle to keep the Japs & Nastys off of Lake Eiree, but just between yuh' & me & Zeke & a few hundred others I think we will need some protectin from them there sultry glances of the female end of the R.C.A.F. These boys at No. hangar should make a name for themselves in the anuls of histry even if it is with some of the gals here on the stashun.

My bruther Hank got his discharge from the Navy 'tother day when the admerl cudnt tell the diffrunts between

Hank's snoring & the sound of them there Jap airplains.

Hank went shop-liftin fer some of that there new Blackout Lipstick today, as he was down to see his gal tother nite & they was practissing fer a blackout & Hank kissed the old bay mare by mistake, but it didnt seem to put any more sparkle in her eyes.

Ma says that sinse Hank has bin home she thot he was ded a cupple times until he started to snore & that tok a big load off of her mind. I guess Ma is glad Hank is home gaain becuss she can put him out in the field to do his sleepin & snorin & scare away the crows & chicken theefs.

Well I guess this is all fer now Bud, but as soon as I git out of the digger I'll try & get me a 48 so I can get 'rested up after my rest in here. Tak good care of



F/O Elliott: Now for some advanced flying instruction.

my car & dont let it get too rusty as someday it may be the peese of a veehicle that will give Adolfy a hemmerage. Giv my best regards to your dotter & tell her that I'M still as true to her as 150 WAAF's will let me be.
Wish you were here.

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SINCERITY

Give me the everyday sort of a man—
The feller who laughs when he's glad.
Give me the open-faced, big-hearted
man—
The feller who weeps when he's sad.

Give me the man who says just what he
thinks—
The feller whose word is pure gold.
Give me the man who can always be
found—
The feller who's not bought and sold.

Give me the man who stands up to the
rack—
The feller whose spirit ne'er bends.
Give me the man who is there with the
goods—
The feller who stands by his friends.

He may not be cultured or dandy in
dress,
His larin' may be purty slim,
But if he has got the red blood in his
veins,
You can bank your last dollar on him.

Give me the man who has hit all the
bumps—
The feller who's travelled with truth;
Who knows what true pain and true
anguish can mean,
And is not discouraged, forsooth.

He may be a roughneck and cuss just a
bit,
And be some uncouth in his tone,
But after the judgment, I've got an idea
You'll find him quite close to the throne.

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WE GAB AGAIN

After a night spent in revelry we find ourselves face to face with the jarring fact that we have a deadline to meet. Our first attempt on writing for the Observer looked pretty good in print, so we are attempting to duplicate our former effort.

There should be great doings next pay when Sgt. Vogel and Cpl. Robinson wet their newly acquired hooks. We heard (just a rumor) that it should turn out to be quite an affair when we are "wetting" two sets of hooks at the same time. Now that Vogel has his third hook, we are beginning to think that he should start raising that long-delayed family of his. In line with this, Hudson advises Robinson that he should take the vows, now that he has his promotion.

* * *

Port Stanley is quite a place for cottages and signs. The other day our attention was drawn to a sign bearing the following inscription: "Min Moore's Menageric; Pray as You Enter." Evidently we heathens are not welcome. One of the Airmen attempted to enter into this domain and seeing a pretty maid at the door, asked, if he repeated the Lord's Prayer, would he be allowed to enter. The sweet thing replied, "No, Hail Moses will do."

* * *

Our able Sergeant d'Entremont has been quite happy of late, now that he can pitch for the hardball team. Bennie has been trying to get hardball organized on this Station in some form or another and has finally succeeded in a partial way. The way he tosses those smoke dusters will probably be the means of another title coming to good old Fingal.

And while we are still talking about baseball—we think we have one of the best coke "hawks" in AW2 Smith, who can cover the coke-coolers better than Joe Dimaggio ever could roam the outfield for the murdering Yankees, especially when she is trying to raise two nickels for a dime in the Pilots' Room of bombing flight.

* * *

We have another of the Women's Division in AW2 Shaughnessy, our "bouncer" of the Plotting Office. The way she smartens up those observers for omitting the pilot's name and the time of bomb bursts on the T-32's, and also for not having their chits made out properly, is really amazing at times. Sergeant d'Entremont says she'd be a wonder as a "discip" for the DEAD END KIDS.

SPARKS FROM THE M. T.

Cook—Flight, could I have a truck to haul the meat?

Flight—Oh, my blessed (blessed) nerves. Why in hell don't you fellows

To All Officers of the Royal Canadian

May we suggest that—due to the shortage of materials—you ORDER

WE HAVE A COMPLETE

D O W N

Sole Agents for
DACK SHOES

buy the damned stuff on the hoof and lead it over?

Excerpt from a letter home by a W.D.:
Dear Mum:

One of the many amazing factors of this Air Force is the abbreviation phobia. It's far worse than F.D.R.'s N.R.A. For instance, the Flight said to me the first A.M., "Take the pie and call at G.I.S. for an F/O, also call at C.R. or H.Q. and pick up your A.S.O. (don't get me wrong, judge) and the Adj. You're to take them to the L. and P.S. Also call at T.T.S. for a P.O. Kay and you'd better phone the M.T. from the G.C. on your way back in case of any further instructions. That's all." Timidly and slightly bewildered, to say the least, I answered, "Yes, Flight."

Love,
MARY.

While driving, we M.T. drivers get into all kinds of discussions with our passengers. The other day I was talking with a scholar of the first degree. We got onto the subject of the English language—quite a ticklish, lengthy topic for conversation, but nevertheless it proved very interesting. As in all discussions, there were the pros and cons, of which I shall only mention a few. (We covered all of 30 miles.) His argument (being a brilliant scholar) was that in all types of conversation there is no necessity for slang of any description. Now, if someone were to say that to you, would it not certainly arouse you to a very argumentative mood? Oh yes, there is a time and many a place for the correct use of the English language, tho' often it's boring, but there is also many



We don't know her name, but she works in the Officers' Mess and if she'll call at the office of the Observer she'll be presented with a ticket to the Wonderland Summer Gardens, entitling her to free admission and dance tickets, good any dance night. Wonderland is the open air dance pavilion where Eddie Stroud and his band hold forth nightly with danceable rhythms.



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FLANNEL PANTS



If WO2 Thorpe will call at the Observer office he also will receive a ticket to the Wonderland Summer Gardens, for his article appearing in this issue. Major, we hope you'll enjoy being our guest at "Canada's largest and finest dine and dance rendezvous."

a time and place for expressing yourself so much more easily with a little dignified slang. Can you imagine a member of the R. C. A. F. that doesn't at one time or another. I couldn't, but can now. What would you do if you couldn't say (not literally, of course) that a fellow was "on the beam," "on the bit" or "in the groove"? Also, it's a nice chummy thought to think that someone is on the "same wave-length" as you. That's what I mean by slang, but he still persisted in expressing those same thoughts with words like "a chap is alert" when "on the beam", and "he is mutually fond" when on the "same wave-length." Oh well, to the fellow to whom I am referring, "More power to you," but he truly got no farther when expressing his anger than saying "dash it"—see what I mean. But then, as far as lingo goes, we M. T.'s figure it's all strictly "legit."

— An M. T. Driver.



"Pardon me—could you tell me the way to Fingal?"

SOME EXTRACTS TAKEN FROM MOTHER SHIPTON'S PROPHECIES

It Is Said That She Was Born July, 1488, and Died About 1558.

A house of glass shall come to pass
In merry England; but alas,
War will follow with the work
In the land of the Turk,
And state and state in fierce strife
Struggle for each other's life.

Carriages without horses shall go,
And accidents fill the world with woe.
In London Primrose Hill shall be
And the centre of a bishop's see.
Around the world thought shall fly
In the twinkling of an eye.

Through the hills men shall ride
And neither horse nor ass bestride.
Under water men shall walk,
Shall ride, shall sleep, shall talk.
Iron in the water shall float
As easily as a wooden boat.

Gold shall be found and shown
In a land that's now unknown.
Fire and water shall wonders do,
And England shall admit a Jew.
Three times three shall lovely France
Be led to dance a bloody dance
Before her people shall be free;

Three tyrant rulers she shall see,
Each springing from a different dynasty,
And when the last great fight is won,
England and France shall be as one.
And now a word in uncouth rhyme
Of what shall be in latter time.
In those wonderful far-off days
Women shall get a strange, odd craze
To dress like men, and breeches wear,
And cut off their beautiful locks of hair,

And ride astride with brazen brow
As witches do on broomsticks now.
Then love shall die and marriage cease,
And babes and sucklings so decrease
That wives shall fondle cats and dogs
And men live much the same as hogs.

In eighteen hundred and ninety-six
Build your houses of rotten sticks,
For then shall mighty wars be planned
And fire and sword sweep over the land,
And those who live the century through
In fear and trembling this will do;

Fly to the mountains and to the glens,
To bogs and forests and wild dens,
For tempests will rage and oceans will
roar,

And Gabriel stand on sea and shore;
And as he toots his wondrous horn,
Old worlds shall die and new be born.

In the air men shall be seen,
In white, in black, in green.
Now strange, but yet they shall be true,
And gold be found at the rots of a tree,
Through hill man shall ride,
And horse nor ass be at his side.

Compliments of

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Opposite Grand Central Hotel
ST. THOMAS

JOTTINGS FROM PARACHUTE SECTION

For the benefit of all flying personnel we will try to give you the nearest to correct procedure of airing, inspecting and packing a parachute.

Firstly: To find out when a "chute" requires packing we have a packing book which tells us when the said "chute" is due to be packed. Then we have an airman detailed to do nothing but retrieve the "chutes" that are due to be packed.

Secondly: The "chute" is opened and hung in our well for 48 hours, to enable it to air and dry thoroughly, because in wet weather the "chute" has a tendency

are welcome to pay the section a visit and observe how a "chute" is packed.)

We are now graced with the presence of three W. D.'s in our section, whom I can say are really welcome, as D.A.P.S. postings for the last three or four months sure have left us shorthanded. To be exact, we were left with only eight men to look after three sections, and it requires at least seven men to operate the parachute section alone.

The latest posting that came in affected LAC Harold Haden and LAC Morris Walsh. They were transferred to Gander Bay (my blessed nerves) and St. Johns, Que., respectively. We wish them all the luck in the world and in addition

STATION LIBRARY ENDOWED

Dick Cochrill of the Wendell Holmes book store is shown in the accompanying photograph with the big stock of more than 200 best selling novels that he recently presented to the Station Library in the Airmen's Lounge.

The gift was unsolicited and there were no conditions attached. His only hope is that the personnel of the Station will use these books to the best advantage. They are being added to our Library stock to form a very complete assortment of popular fiction. Our hats are off to Mr. Cochrill and the Wendell Holmes Book Shops.



Dick Cochrill of Wendell Holmes gives 200 books out of his shelves to the Station Library. P/O Miller, president of the library committee, accepts the gift.

to become slightly damp. Then, if the weather permits, the "chute" is taken outside and aired by nature, that is to say, the "chute" is fitted to one of our men and the end or apex is held by another until the wind catches it, and it sure makes a picture if the wind is high enough. The "chute" is then released from the man and shaken well to free it from any grasshoppers and little bugs that accumulate in the silk as it is being blown.

Thirdly: The "chute" is then brought into the section and is laid on the packing table, which is 42 feet in length. Then each of the 24 gores in the "chute" is thoroughly inspected for acid, small holes, grasshopper stains and weak spots in the weave of the silk.

Fourthly: The "chute" is packed. (The details of packing a "chute" are too numerous to mention here, but any of the flying personnel who are interested

we congratulate LAC Haden on his marriage before he left. (Good luck, Harold and Ruth.)

Until the next time, happy landings from the boys and "girls" in the Parachute Section.

Be sure to tell the Merchant, "I saw your ad. in the Observer."

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 Established 1911
 PURE FRUIT
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WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?

What did you do in the war, Daddy?
 What did you do to win?
 Why, I stood in the gate at night, Laddy,
 Watching boys go out and in.

And what did they do so bad, Daddy,
 To keep you there so long?
 Why, they'd try to get out with shoes,
 Laddy,
 And shirts with the color all wrong.

And was it such a crime, Daddy?
 And would it help the foe,
 To let them out that way, Daddy,
 When they did so want to go?

Now, do not worry your head, Laddy,
 And do not take on so,
 For larger men than me, Laddy,
 Entered it in D.R.O.

But supposing they had no boots, Daddy,
 What did you do then?
 I sent them back to barracks, Laddy,
 To wait till boots came in.

But supposing there were none that
 would fit, Daddy,
 And their old ones worn through?
 Then they would sit in camp, Laddy,
 Lonesome and very blue.

But supposing the foe should come,
 Daddy,
 And you called upon your men,
 And they would not come to fight,
 Daddy,
 For their boots had not come in.

What would you do then, Daddy?
 Would you stand at the gate alone,
 Checking up on the enemies' boots
 And trying to send them home?

The color of their shirts, Daddy,
 Would it interest you then?
 I hardly think it would, Laddy,
 Without my bonny men.

But until that day, Laddy,
 At the gate is where I'll be,
 Checking upon their boots, Laddy,
 Till the day when they'll be free.

To wear whatsoe'er they will, Laddy,
 Shirts of divers hues,
 Coats that don't match their pants,
 Laddy,
 And a pair of nice light shoes.

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The Observer Announces Several Changes of Policy

CASH PRIZES

Are you a candid camera fiend or are you contented to just ride along with a dollar box camera? At any rate, be your camera large—be it small, expensive, or worth 39c—you may have a snapshot or you may take one or several that will be winners in the Observer Photographic Contest being introduced this month. The photograph chosen as the best of the month by the Observer Photograph Committee will win first prize of \$5, plus a handsome prize offered in Wednell Holmes Book Shop advertisement in this issue. The winner of the second best photograph of the month will be awarded an R. C. A. F. Crested Thorens cigarette lighter. Third prize winner will receive an 8 x 10 enlargement of his entry.

This Contest is not open to the Station photographers or any professional photographers, nor may your entries be photographs snapped on the Station. Personnel may use snaps they already have, or they may take new pictures — OFF THE STATION.

Various merchants of St. Thomas have offered in this issue special prizes for the winners, if their finished prints are winners. Read their advertisements.

These entries may be on any subject, taken with any camera, and the Staff of the Observer reserves the right to publish any and all entries.

If you have no camera, borrow one from your brother Airman. You will find special prices on films and printing advertised in the Observer. You will also find, if you have never tried it, that amateur photography is a lot of fun and an inexpensive hobby that can be made into a profitable avocation. If this Contest is successful this month, it will be continued.

Place your entries, with your name, rank and number on the back, into an envelope and turn it in at the Y. M. C. A. office in the Recreation Hangar, or give to either of the Padres. Entries will not be accepted after August 5th.



Pictured above was one of the most attractive couples at the Officers' Dance last Saturday night. F/L and Mrs. P. Wilkinson.



If you look carefully you'll find one of Mars' very small puppies in her mouth.

Padres' Page



F/L J. W. WITZEL, Padre



F/L J. M. O'REILLY, Padre

Pictured above are the two co-editors of this new publication. They are, of course, the station Padres. F/L Witzel does a good part of the editing of copy for the magazine, as well as acting as advisor for the editorial policies.

F/L O'Reilly is a very strong spark plug in the staff engine of the Observer, inasmuch as he stays with Pilot Officer Montgomery continually, throughout the advertising-soliciting and publishing, to lend him moral support, and also to keep the young American's enthusiasm from running away with his ideas on making the Observer into a monthly publication the size of "Gone With the Wind." That in itself is definitely a big job.

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW

There are gathered here, at Fingal, men and women from all over the Empire and the United States. I derive keen pleasure in talking to these people about their countries, communities and individual experiences. One of the most interesting of these conversations was one I had with Airwoman Fulton. She spent ten months in Germany, and managed to escape across the border into Switzerland, one week before war was declared.

Airwoman Fulton comes from Sydney, Nova Scotia. She is a graduate of Mount Allison University with the degree of B.Sc., having specialized in mathematics. In October, 1938, she arrived in Berlin on an English-German student exchange. She was supposed to teach English in a

girl's school, and actually did teach it for two months. But the supervisor of the school was displeased with her work because she did not possess an Oxford accent. His reason was not clear, but perhaps he felt that an Oxford accent would be much more valuable to a fifth columnist in England than a broad Canadian one. In one of his periodical talks to his class, this supervisor made the statement that, "There were still a few foolish people in the world who worshipped Jesus Christ, but soon all would worship Adolf Hitler." Fulton lived for eight months in Potsdam as private tutor to two German girls.

Her most intimate acquaintances were from among the upper middle classes. They were invariably opposed to the

principles of Nazism, but were compelled to subscribe to the party in order to retain their positions. The principal support for Nazism came from the working classes and youth. The former supported Hitler for economic reasons. When Hitler came to power, Germany had ten million unemployed. Hitler promised jobs, and created them by building a war machine. The latter—the youth—supported Hitler because he gave them a god and a faith—something to believe in, live for, and die for. The youth of Germany had become disillusioned and cynical. They had lost all faith in spiritual realities. They worshipped nothing. Human nature can stand this for a time only. Men must have something to worship. Hitler gave them a god and a

creed. German youth "swallowed it, hook, line and sinker." The consequences are felt by all the world today. The world's hope lies in a rebirth of true faith in the Christian verities.

Airwoman Fulton saw a good example of the Prussian military spirit. Potsdam was a garrison town. Four out of five men there were in uniform. Hitler's 50th birthday was celebrated there. For four and one-half hours guns, tanks and trucks speeded past in an endless stream. All was gray-green except the standard. Hitler took the salute.

ords by Victor Herbert, Andre Kostelanetz, Stakowski, Barborolli and numerous jazz bands." So Jay backs the old green Pontiac up to the Recreation Hall door and Dan shovels in the boxes of records in whole and in pieces, to be whisked away to a large music house in the bristling city of St. Thomas.

After driving in the back alley, we lifted up the cover of the trunk in the presence of the store proprietor and as Dan glanced at him, he was in a near faint. Apparently some, if not all, the old records had at some time come from

did, that we had purchased for you \$13 did, that we had purchased for you, thirteen dollars' worth of records for fifty-eight cents.

Our choice of recordings was approved a few evenings later when the music in the Airmen's Mess was blasting forth and in walked the S. A. O. He immediately suggested that such a racket be subdued, but on learning from the operator that the selection being played was none other than "Mine Alone," by Johann Strauss, smiled and gave a pleasant "carry on."

May we hear from anyone who has a story on higher financing.—Ed.



F/L J. T. PLOWRIGHT

W/C/D. D. FINDLAY

Judging from the expressions on the faces of the C. O. and the new S. A. O., things must be going well with the Station, in spite of the rain.

HIGH FINANCING

One does not have to go to the Stock Exchange on Wall Street of New York to see a deal that is sharp enough to be on every financial page of our American papers.

When two members of your Station Entertainment Committee heard the good news that old phonograph records were worth five and seven cents apiece, they wagged their ears with a feeling that a good dicker was in store for them.

Some time ago, a number of good-natured souls endowed the personnel of this Station with a goodly number of records that were only in fair condition at that time, and certainly by now they were quite unserviceable. Therefore you can guess what these two maestros were concocting in their already withered brains.

Without further ado or hesitation, Dan says to Jay: "Let's go into town this very afternoon and purchase those rec-

that gentleman's store as a gratuity to the Station. But the best was yet to come—we helped sort every record into its respective category and in the summing up, found we had accumulated a tidy credit in what might have been thrown out as garbage.

Next, the matter of choosing the proper melodies faced us as a serious problem, but with the aid of a sweet young brunette, a choice selection was soon arrived at, and the final reckoning was to begin. The proprietor again looked at us with curious eye. A bit awed as to "who should have to pay whom," the assistant manager figured up our charges, taking off the usual 25%, 10% and 2% discounts (one for cash, I am told), and we found we had accumulated a bill of \$13. But now, how much was our credit balance? After using a very well sharpened pencil, he decided we couldn't make the credit any more than twelve dollars and forty-two cents. So you will see, as we

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AIR CADETS' PAGE



F/L McLEOD, D.F.C., AND HIS WOLF PACK OF AIR CADETS

THE MYSTERY OF THE FINGAL TENT

On July 8th, the visiting officers of the 27th London Squadron Air Cadets were astounded to see one of their Cadets issue forth from a tent in the corner of the camp, very wobbly on his pins. He was promptly followed by two dozen others. After sauntering around for a while (precisely four and a half minutes) he headed for Hangar No. 1, still followed by the whispering crowd of amazed Cadets. Immediately upon entering the hangar he proceeded to wander aimlessly around the nearest Bolingbroke. Then, proceeding to the washroom, he murmured dazedly, "Where's the soap?" Unable to find any, he washed his **clean** hands in cold water. Then he wandered out and tightened the tight test ropes. This completed the post-hypnotism applied by myself to Brock Neely. Going back to the beginning, Brock was first put to sleep. Then he was told that he was hot. He began to breathe heavily, and soon the sweat was pouring down his face. Upon being told that a cool breeze was blowing on him, his face broke into a smile. Next he was told that he had gum in his hair. He tugged and pulled, and tried to get it out. Then, upon being informed that he still had the cotton in his ears from the machine-gun range, he tried to get it out and stated that he couldn't hear. Next, I told him that exactly five minutes after he woke up he would go through the procedure which I have already related. The

experiment was a complete success.

On the same day Murray Robinson, another Air Cadet, was hypnotized, and he followed his instructions to the last little detail, even to laughing at untold jokes.

Ross Ransom was the third victim of the old evil eye. When he was told that the bugler was blowing and he had to get up, he sat up, stretched, yawned, rolled over and went back to sleep again. This was the first group, I believe, ever to be hypnotized at Fingal.

— Art. Phillips.

FORMER FINGAL MAN DROWNED

Word has just been recently received from Rivers, Manitoba, that LAC Stanley F. Moore, former Fingal Air Station

student, was drowned at Lac du Bonnet, near this city, on July 6th. The young Airman has been attached to the bombing range crew No. 1 Central Navigation School at Rivers, Manitoba.

Moore enlisted last September and trained at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School before being transferred to Penfield Ridge for training in gunnery.

BERLIN BACKCHAT

A neutral, visiting Berlin, was curious about the food situation. He turned to a native, who was acting as his guide, and asked: "Is it true that Germans are eating horse-meat?"

"Ah," reminisced the Nazi, "those were the good old days!" — Walter Winchell, in the New York Daily Mirror.



TENT CITY — The Home of the Air Cadets

MOVIE GUIDE

The following are the movies arranged by the Y. M. C. A. to be shown in the Recreation Hall at the Station for the next two weeks:

July 18th—"Danger on Wheels," starring Richard Arlen, Andy Devine and Peggy Moran. Short subjects.

July 22nd—"Las Vegas Nights," starring Phil Regan, Bert Wheeler, Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. On same program, "Naval Academy," an action drama, with Freddie Bartholomew.

his mind occupied, as we have heard enough about Detroit.

FLASH: As this was being written, in came the ambulance, returning from T. T. S., and who should be looking out of the window but our good friend, Cpl. Ezeard, better known as Pat. Welcome home, Pat!

Cpl. Sangton, who had been transferred to Ottawa a few months ago, was back to see us, as he was on his leave. To the boys on the Station he didn't see, he sends his best regards.

We are very sorry to see LAC Mc-

to the wide open spaces of Western Canada. Gawd bless this little man, and are the W. D.'s feeling bad?

OUR TUESDAY NIGHT INFORMALS

Most of us enjoy the free and easy way in which one can enjoy themselves at the weekly hops. But the catch in making this evening is the hour of program that is supposed to precede the dancing.

When this weekly event was agreed upon, it was suggested that the hour of program be put on by talent of the Air-



Although it isn't Father's Day, we print herewith a picture of one father who travelled all the way from Oklahoma City, Oklahoma, to see just what his son was doing to help the war effort, and what No. 4 B. & G. School looks like. He is Mr. Furrow, father of P/O Johnnie Furrow. Mr. Furrow is a florist down in the heart of the oil center.

Short—"Master of the Cue."

July 25th—"Hold That Ghost," a mystery comedy, starring Bud Abbott, Lou Costello and the Andrews Sisters. Shorts, etc.

July 29th—"Mr. Deeds Goes to Town," Gary Cooper and Jean Arthur. Community Sing, and "I Wanted Wings," starring Ray Milland and Veronica Lake.

August 1st—"It Started With Eve," a musical comedy starring Deanna Durbin and Charles Laughton. Short subjects.

August 5th—"Sailors Three," a comedy drama starring Claude Hulbert and Michele Wilding.

GUARD HOUSE NEWS

There have been very few changes around the Guard House since the last edition. LAC Dean has left us and re-mustered to Air Crew. We wish him the best of luck and hope the course keeps

Callum posted away to Paulson, Man. Our loss and their gain. Bill was one of the originals of the Station, being here since 1940. Wishing you the best of luck, Bill.

We have one new arrival here. He is LAC Campbell, and a swell chap. Hope he likes it here.

We thank the W. D.'s for their co-operation around the camp and think they are a swell bunch.

Another addition to the Station is the Air Cadets, who arrived here looking like one big, happy family. Hope they enjoy their stay, and the Cadets following.

Our genial D. A. P. M. sure knows his "birds," but we would like to know how to tell the difference between a parrot and a macaw.

STOP THE PRESS—Our genial (?) friend of the Service Police, Sergeant "Tubby" Frizzelle, has been posted out



Here's the guy who's had the photographers taking those unposed pictures of you. "Monte" was telling the photographers to "sneak and snap" someone else at the Officers' Dance.

men and Airwomen of the Station. But so far the program feature has not materialized into the success that was anticipated by the committee. However, this need not be the case for a longer period and arrangements are under way to name three Airmen and three Airwomen to act as a program committee, to whom you may give your name as a contestant for the next Tuesday program.

Starting immediately, the entertainment committee will award a prize for the choice selection of the evening and runner-up as chosen by yourselves. These prizes will be well worth competing for and I would suggest that if you have talent, itchy feet or a musical instrument that could do well for you, get them out, practice up a bit and enter your name for the current Tuesday evening's fun—it will pay you dividends. You get the prize—we get the entertainment.

BOMBING BITS

By Ben



AC1 Halter

Editor's Note—The staff of the Observer has decided to relegate still another "forgotten man" to the realm of austerity usually reserved for newspaper reporters and columnists alone, by turning an entire column over to this correspondent, to do with as he sees fit, after his copy is censored by thirty or forty people on the staff of the Observer. This column will be "graced" (we hope) by his picture as long as he continues the good work he has done in the past, and we have no reason to doubt that with this new incentive, his column will be very interesting.

The only thing we're not certain of, is whether his photograph will grace or disgrace his column, inasmuch as we are not personally acquainted with the gentleman, but hope to be. However, beginning with this issue, a box will appear above his space for a picture of himself, if he dares print it.

Incidentally, if you're interested, and if he is, the gentleman in question is none other than AC1 Halter.

Because of the furor our indiscriminate use of names and quotations has caused here in Bombing Flight, and to save the Observer libel and slander suits, we think it would be well if we emulated the movies and started off this month's column with—"Any reference to actual persons living or dead is purely intentional."

Having removed that load off our alleged mind, we can go ahead with malice aforethought and report the "doin's."

Into the orderly room one bleak morning staggered a pale and haggard figure. Under his eyes, pouches of midnight blue hung suspended like dark moons, and if the eyes themselves were any more bloodshot he'd probably have bled to death. The shoulders of this apparition were bowed dejectedly and his hair hung down over his ears like colorless wisps of straw. In a low, hoarse voice that grated as raspily as a file, he spoke: "Thank God it's over! One more hour and I'd have gone crazy. I tell you, fellows, it's the worst thing on earth, waiting around like that, not knowing what to do, as utterly helpless as a person can be, nerves slowly tearing themselves to shreds, hands shaking like blades of grass in a slipstream, too tired to pace around any more, too worried to sit down, and too impatient and upset to read or eat or even sleep. It was Hell! I'll never go through it again—after all, a man can stand only so much!" And when some hardy soul piped up, "Say,

MacPherson, what are you going to name your son?" it is reliably reported that a Sergeant and two Corporals keeled over in a dead faint.

If that Scotchman doesn't come through with some cigars in a hurry, we'll take back the congratulations we are offering right here.

* * *

On behalf of everyone in Bombing Flight we have the very painful task of extending the deepest and most sincere sympathy and condolences to LAC and Mrs. Quibell on the tragic accidental death of their two-year-old son at Port Stanley. We know words are but poor comfort in such a grievous bereavement, but we extend ours, hoping they will bring a little solace, coming, as they do, straight from the hearts of all the personnel of Hangar No. 2.

* * *

We have been groaning and moaning for two months about our overdue LAC, but it doesn't seem to help. The crowning insult of all came when the paper we would gladly give our anaemic life's blood to defend, turns traitor on us. On the masthead of the Observer we were demoted to an AC2 again! "Et tu, Brute!"

We shall never trust an editor again, even if he pays us for writing. (Editor's note: Next month, Halter, you'll have to pay more for this space, for that remark.)

* * *

There are no more beautiful days in the month than the first and fifteenth. Ask any Airman. Those are the days when even we, feel like working. (Yep, we must be going, nuts!) Seriously speaking, though, whenever anyone in the Air Force thinks of those two days, a rosy glow permeates his being and he becomes very similar to a Carnation Cow, extremely contented. That is usually the case, but a couple of pay days ago we were horribly fooled. Here's the story:

Pay parade rolls around and eventually we are next. We march up, grab the pencil, clear our throat and bellow our name and number in a scared whisper, tack on a "Sir!" and salute snappily and collect—three dollars and twenty-five cents (\$3.25), believe it or not. Approximately a half hour later the fog began to lift from our addled brain, although the sunshiney, beautiful day had somehow mysteriously changed into one so dark and sombre as to scare even such a stout heart as ours.

Clutching the three leaves of lettuce and the two bits, we wildly looked around for some friendly ear into which we could blubber, or some sympathetic shoulder upon which we could lean and shed a few tears. We spied LAC Art Jennings and rushed up to him, the

words tumbling out of us like water released from a dam. He listened in solemn silence, and we even expected him to drag out a handkerchief or a greasy wiper towel and surreptitiously blow his nose; but what do you think the so-and-so said?

"Well, what are you kicking about? Maybe they decided to pay you what you're worth."

Just for that, if history repeats itself, and if he ever again has three girls on his hands at Port Stanley, I hope he isn't able once more to find anyone he knows. No! No! I take it back—that's too mean.

Chuckle and Cheer Department By AC1 Halter

The sign on Ross Street in St. Thomas which reads "Canada's Largest Market Within 125 Miles."

* * *

The look of amazement on Larcombe's face when the agent at the L. & P. S. wicket told him that a ticket to Toronto and back costs thirty cents less than a one-way fare.

The Donald Duck drawings by the talented Switzer, especially the one in the Airmen's Powder Room.

The high dive of F/Sgt. Gosby's, out of the window whenever the emergency bell goes. (He has won every race yet to the crash track in handy fashion.)

* * *

All the lads were sitting around the Smoke Room one rainy smoke period, and for once talk drifted away from girls and drinks and other similar pitfalls of man. Someone had mentioned a family of nine sons, seven of which were on Active Service. The Zinn brothers, Lesser and Greater, said with pardonable pride that they were both here at Fingal doing their bit sweeping hangars and cleaning oil houses, and another brother was taking a pre-Air Force course, when suddenly a small voice in a corner spoke up. "If you fellows would take this big lug, Burd off me I'd be able to say something!"

Charlie jumped up as if he had been stung, and out from under crawled the fighting Bantam of Bombing, five-foot-nothing Dixon. "Do you know," he asked, "in my family we are 100 per cent enlisted?"

Murmurs of approbation ran around the room, and you could see Dixie puff up like a pouter pigeon. Yes, sir, he actually strutted, until Cpl. Bennett queried, "How many are there in your family, Squirt?"

The answer came back sheepishly, "Just me."

We'll try and have more Bombing Bits for you next month. Au'Voir.

"STORM CENTER"

(Since the first issue of the Observer, a very consistent contributor has been LAC Storms. His cartoons and articles have been published regularly without any particular personal benefit to "Stormy," except to bolster his pride in the Station magazine.

So, amid the fanfare of trumpets and the silent but unanimous applause of the Station personnel, we now inaugurate another new feature. This is to be a column conducted by "Stormy," to edit monthly. This will carry his name and photograph, and we think we shall call it, for the time being, "Storm Center.")

A young man in our midst whose auditory appendages ought to be on the big side, at least, since he so resembles that killer-diller of a screen-star, had a heartbreaking experience 't'other night. Remember we had a show in the Recreation Hall and a dance afterward? Well! did he ever get slicked-up. He looked like one of those sunburnt models you see in Simpsons' advertising trips to the sunny South. Or a study in khaki with tan to match. Anyway, he gets himself shaved and shined, with a touch of talc for "come-on." And all the while he's saying, "A F-R-E-E dance, mind you! F-R-E-E!" On the way to the dance he dropped into the canteen for one elbow exercise, just to lay the talc, and met six friends. They flipped nickels. It cost him two rounds. Figure it out for yourself. Seven times 15 cents times two. A lovely "F-R-E-E dance," eh?

Scientists tell us that dreaming is merely a little method of the mind to keep us from awakening. The body must have its rest. And if perchance the subconscious mind, which NEVER



LAC Storm

sleeps, begins to worry us during those midnight hours with the ragged edges of the day's mishaps, the "dream mechanism" instantly comes into play and turns our worries into a sort of circus on a spree. All this to keep us asleep. (As if an Armourer needs such enticements!) The more intense our worry, the more violent becomes the dream. What we'd like to know is why Traves suddenly started pounding the floor beside his bunk the other night with a slipper to the tune of, "Shall I load the bombs on the other side?" Senechal listened to this for a while and finally solved the problem by reaching for the other slipper and pounding Traves right on top of his "dream mechanism" and thereby putting it out of action for the rest of the night. A word of warning to Collins of bugle fame might well be found in these few words, whose nocturnal debacles often keep us tossing all through the night. Collins, we'll wrap your shining bugle around your head if you don't keep quiet.

An Airman, recently on Temporary Duty here, tossed us a bouquet before he left us the other day. He said he had never met a more united group of men than the Armourers of No. 4 B. & G. We'd like to tell the world in passing that the spirit of comradeship is one of our most valuable assets. It has brought us through dark days and many disappointments. We've always been like a family. We overheard a conversation in the Mess Hall the other day to the effect that, "Well, there's one thing about the Armourers. They always stick together." Thanks. We like to think that that is true. Drop into our barracks some evening and you'll find a "big family around a fireside," so 'to speak.

"Copey Dopey" (AC Copeman), who goes on 48's looking like a million dollars and hangs out his shingle at the Royal York when visting Toronto, has a mind that goes around in one mad, syncopated cycle to words something like the following:

"Who does your washing?
Oh! Shirley Temple,
And Benny Goodman—
A-da-da-da,
A-da-da . . ."

Sorry we haven't the music. The thing has become a chorus locally. "Dopey" throws you the first line and you sling back the second—with one wagging finger in the air and doing a cross between a high jump and the razzmatazz. He pulled it on Herb Wright the other evening. And Herb, caught without his score, looked up and blandly re-

plied, "The Aylmer Steam Laundry!"

Speaking of washing, they tell us that Baker and Batter just about lost their shirts in the drying-room the other night. But any resemblance to any laundry is purely coincidental. At any rate, they came out cleaned.

We regret that we are unable to publish much more than a passing remark about the time Rusty Bryans brought a heavy hammer into rather close and passionate contact with his left hand. F/Lt. Wilkinson, whose office adjoins Armament Workshops, will readily attest to the fact that a blue flame, easily three feet long, tore the air apart (see cartoon on page 28)—which is the kind of English Bryans was speaking at that moment. Only the high standard of the Observer prevents our printing what he said. Personally, we'd love to tell you. Oh, Joy!

Notes of the month—Bevis is waiting for his LAC to come through with nothing less than downright eagerness, since the Government has put a tax on cigars. Al'er's cat's that way again. Everything in our garden is lovely, thanks to Batter. And there's no truth in the rumor about Sklar and a certain AW2. He walks out alone . . . (yeah?) We never know which of the two Fletchers is Fletcher. F/Sgt. Reilly suggests one of 'em grow a beard . . . That is all.

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JOHNSON'S

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(Opposite Capitol Theatre)

CAPTAIN FRANK GUY ARMITAGE PRESENTS ONE-MAN SHOW

On Friday, June 19th, the Fingal Air Station personnel were treated to an unusual evening's entertainment by Captain Armitage of the National Y.M.C.A. War Services. Introduced by Jay Shaver, the Captain came down off the stage and by talking to the Airmen and Airwomen on their own level, immediately put them at ease and gained their confidence by revealing something of his programme.

After a brief ten minutes, he went back

dering and was not in the least happy when the Captain laid him away in his two-by-four wooden box. In fact, he was heard to exclaim, more than once, what he would do if he were not given his freedom.

Captain Armitage's performances have been heralded all across the North American Continent and the President of the Dickens Fellowship of New York commented when Dr. Armitage last appeared before them, "No one portrays the humor and pathos of Dickens with such depth of feeling as does Frank Guy Armitage."



Sprague really learns fast — doesn't he?



We're not personally acquainted with this Fingal lad, snapped downtown with a very smart-looking girl, but if he'll call at the Observer office in the Recreation Hangar, he will be awarded two tickets to the Capitol-Theatre in St. Thomas.

up on the stage, which was arrayed with a series of brightly colored costumes. Shortly the Captain began to bring to life character after character of the famed Dickens and from his long familiarity with Dickens' novels, was able to hold the interest of his audience for the entire evening.

One of his outstanding performances was that where he and his little dummy boy, Johnny, put on a special number, showing great skill as a ventriloquist; Johnny turned out to be a real flirt with those of the Women's Division, and especially so with one young Assistant Section Officer. Johnny insisted on interrupting his leader frequently in order that he might keep up his philan-

Dr. Armitage's program had a very wide and versatile appeal for his audience, and through his personality, psychology and long list of initials after his name, gave us a unique performance. This was the sixty-ninth consecutive program of Dickens that the doctor has portrayed, and from here he was off for a western circuit of the provinces, thence to Alaska, Labrador and Newfoundland.

Again we say thanks for a swell performance packed full of laughs and entertainment, and we hope the National Council of Y. M. C. A. War Services will send along plenty of such programs.

Be sure to tell the Merchant, "I saw your ad. in the Observer."



We have a ticket entitling this pretty Airwoman and a guest to an evening's dancing at the Wonderland Summer Gardens. If she'll agree to let us know how she enjoyed Eddie Stroud's music, she may have this ticket by calling at the Observer office in the Recreation Hangar.



I said, "I feel a draft."

Be sure to tell the Merchant, "I saw your ad. in the Observer."

Courtesy of

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Light Lunches

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Wife: Just think, dear, it's 47 years ago today that we became engaged.

Professor: Is it? Then it's high time we got married.

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Located directly above the Strand Bowling Alley,
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(St. Thomas Citizens' Committee)



F/L and Mrs. McLeod, D.F.C., seen at
the Officers' Dance.





Who says the officers don't work? We caught F/O Donnelly hard at work in his office, and he said he hadn't been out of there all morning. (It was raining outside.) The assistant actually doing the work is L.A.C. Perry.



We don't know her name, but we "sneak snapped" her in the bake shop of the O. R. Mess. We also know that she may have a ticket to Wonderland Garden by calling at the Observer office.

TEN LITTLE MESSERSCHMITTS

Ten little Messerschmitts flying in a line:
Swooped on a convoy; and then there were nine.
Nine little Messerschmitts with pilots full of hate:
Machine-gunned a battleship and then there were eight.
Eight little Messerschmitts diving down from heaven:
Ran into Ack-Ack, and then there were seven.
Seven little Messerschmitts got up to some tricks:
One met a Spitfire and then there were six.

Six little Messerschmitts went into a dive:
Down through the balloon barrage; and there were five.
Five little Messerschmitts feeling rather sore:
Up popped a Hurricane; and then there were four.
Four little Messerschmitts out on the spree:
Didn't see a Hudson; and then there were three.
Three little Messerschmitts feeling very blue:
Found Radio location; and then there were two.
Two little Messerschmitts diving from the sun:
Met a Defiant; and then there was one.
One little Messerschmitt, looking rather sad;
Tried to cross the Channel,
Then that one was nabbed.
No little Messerschmitts, as Dr. Goebbels learned:
Out went the bulletin, "All Ours Returned!"

A resident of Berlin's West End is interviewing an applicant for a general servant's post in his household.

"Well," he says, "your references seem quite satisfactory and I think you will do. Now, about wages; I offer 40 marks a month."

"I want 70 marks," said the girl.

"As you suit me exceptionally well, I'll make it 50."

"All right; 50 marks wages . . . and I shall want 10 marks a month for not informing the Gestapo that you get food on the Black Market, and 10 for keeping quiet about you listening to the English radio."

"How dare you insult me!" he exclaims. "Never in my life have I dealt on the Black Market or listened in to London."

"What!" says the girl. "No food and no news in the house! You can keep the job. Good day!"—Joke current in Berlin.

Be sure to tell the Merchant, "I saw your ad. in the Observer."

I REMEMBER WHEN!!!



In PORT STANLEY

It's The

CLIFTON

Special Attention to R. C. A. F.



F/O "Min" Moore caught in action in his office.



AW2 CORBETT and AW2 McBRIDE, who grace the office of the Barrack Officer.



One of the above is obviously named Kay, another could be Churchill—but that leaves one very pretty girl unnamed. You let us know, please.



If "Parrot" Roach, shown above in the Station barber shop, will call at the Observer office, he'll receive a ticket for admission and free dances at Wonderland Summer Gardens.



Mrs. Plowright and Mrs. Coady at the Officers' Dance.



F/O Sprague, Mrs. Sprague and F/L Wilkinson at the Officers' Dance. The owner of the mystic hand is unidentified. They may have tickets to Wonderland Summer Gardens by calling at the Observer office.

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**July
22
23
24**

GRANADA'S COMING ATTRACTIONS

Week of July 25th

July 20-21 — "Sleepytime Gal," Judy Canova; "Gentlemen at Heart," C. Romero.

July 22-23 — "Lady for a Night," J. Blondell, J. Wayne; "Harvard, Here I Come," Maxie Rosenbloom.

July 24-25 — "North to the Klondike," B. Crawford; "Cadets on Parade," F. Bartholomew.

Week of August 1st

July 27-28 — "Time Out for Rhythm," R. Valley and A. Miller; "Lone Wolf Takes a Chance," W. William.

July 29-30 — "They Dare Not Love," George Brent and M. Scott; "Pardon My Stripes," B. Henry and S. Ryan.

July 31-Aug. 1st — "Blondie's Blessed Event," 'Busteads; Gangs of Sonora, "Mesquiteers."

Watch for These Hits — "The Male Animal," — "In Our Life," B. Abbot — "Pradon My 'Sarong," L. Costello.

COMING ATTRACTIONS AT CAPITOL

July 25-27 — Charlie Chaplin in "Gold Rush."

July 28-29 — Lew Ayres and L. Barrymore in "Dr. Kildare's Victory."

July 30-31 — Joel McCrea and Barbara Stanwyck in "Great Man's Lady."

NOTICE — Reduced price of 30c to men and women in uniform, Monday to Friday; Saturdays and holidays, regular admission, 42c, after 7 p.m.

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Mart Kenney and His Western Gentlemen, as they appeared at the Pingal Air Section. Wonderland Summer Gardens has announced that they will again present this very fine Canadian Band on July 28th—for one night only.

THE PROFESSORS AGAIN

Prof. Irwin Edman, of Columbia University's Department of Philosophy, confesses to this: He dined at the home of a friend, and remained long after dinner. The host and hostess were baffled by Prof. Edman's lingering — long after they had exhausted all topics of conversation.

At 1 a.m. the host finally yawned, stretched his arms, and said: "Well, Irwin, I guess we'd better call it a night." "Oh!" explained the professor. "I thought you were at my house." — Leonard Lyons, in the New York Post.

A middle-aged lady was introduced to a professor.
 "Surely you remember me, professor,"

she said. "Don't you even recall my name? Why, on one occasion years ago you asked me to marry you."

"Ah," said the professor. "And did you?"

We Must Have Your



If we're to put this magazine over. Tell the merchant you "saw his advertisement in the Observer."

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SUMMER GARDENS

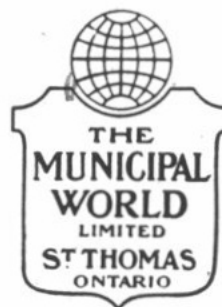
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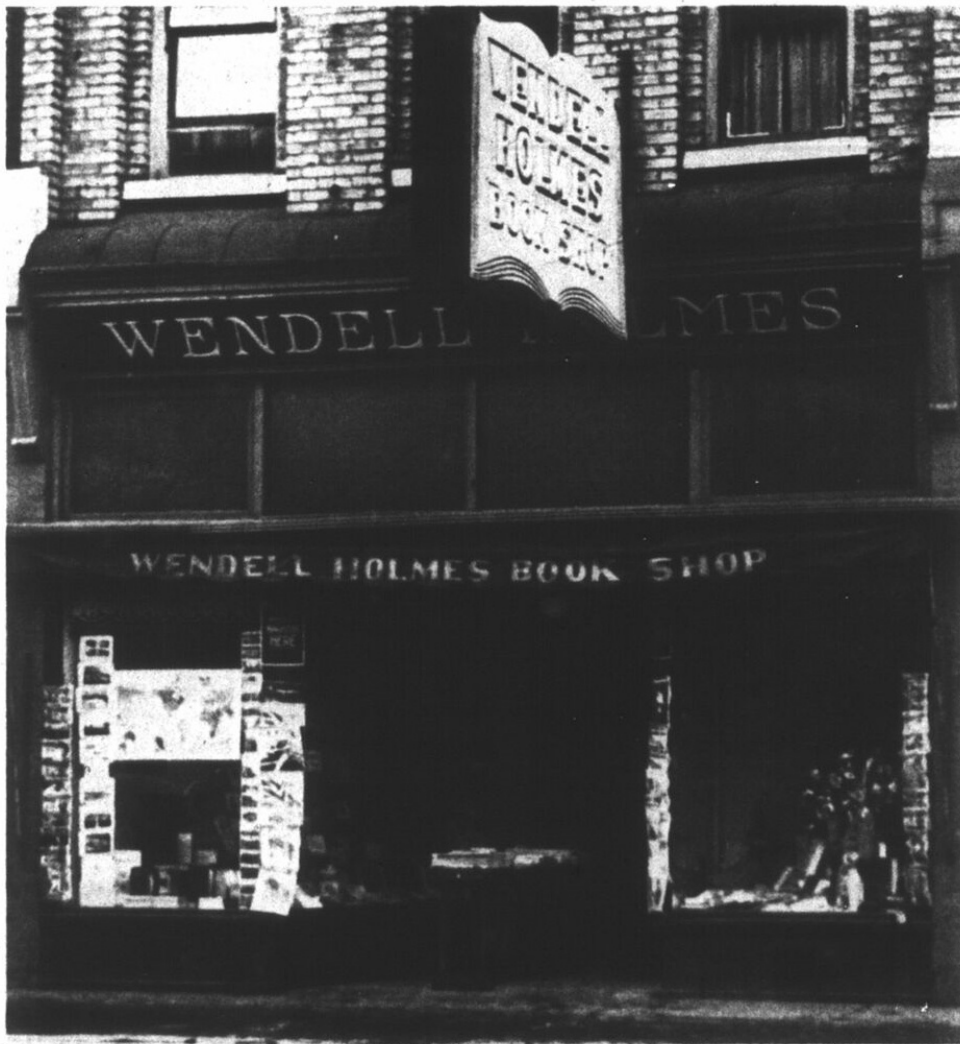
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