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The Royal
Canadian
Air Force

Observer

NO 4 BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL
FINGAL, ONTARIO, CANADA

Published the fifteenth of each month by the very kind permission and approval of
Commanding Officer, Wing Commander D. D. Findlay.

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Staff and Contributors

Staff

President and Co-Editor.....F/L O'Reilly	} Padres	Columnists.....
Co-Editor.....F/L Witzel		LAC Storms, LAC Halter, F/Sgt Paveling
Consulting Editor.....P/O Montgomery, O.P. ✓		Staff Secretaries.....
Managing Editor.....Jay Shaver, Y.M.C.A.	AW2 McLeod, AW2 Howden
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Advertising Manager.....LAC Chapman		P/O Burns, Sgt. Miller, WO2 Noseworthy
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.....Cpl. Harwood, LAC Johnson	LAC Storms, LAC Duffin, LAC Switzer
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	W/C Kennedy, S/L Gobeil

Contributors

F/L McLeod	Sgt. Gibson	Cpl. Williamson	AC2 Smith
WO1 Mullen	Sgt. Miller	LAC Rioux	AC1 Pulford, J. L.
WO1 Harper	Cpl. McWilliams	AW2 Grewcutt	LAC Croasdell
WO2 Thorpe	Cpl. Peck	AW2 Greer	The Four Joes (Of course #36)
F/S Paveling	Cpl. Brown	AW2 Jackson	AC1 Swackhammer
Sgt. Cunningham	Cpl. Ryan	AC2 Phillips	LAC Whitworth

The *Observer* is a 4-Star Hit

The editors of the *Observer* would like to take this space and opportunity to thank the staff, columnists, contributors and advertisers, for the help and co-operation in making this new magazine the sensation that it has become. In this issue more improvements have been incorporated.

We made a lot of errors in our last issue, due to the time element, and no doubt there will be others in this and subsequent issues, but if hard work and long hours will correct these mistakes, they will be corrected, and we hope you will bear with us.

The Editors and the Staff cannot im-

press it upon you too greatly that this magazine is for the Airmen and Airwomen of this Station, and we MUST have your CO-OPERATION to continue it along the lines that have been established. We may use a blue pencil on your copy or we may cut it out entirely (this hasn't happened as yet), but you will be given credit for it as a contributor. May we hear from you?

We can more thoroughly express our gratitude and appreciation for the support and the co-operation already shown, in two words: "THANK YOU."

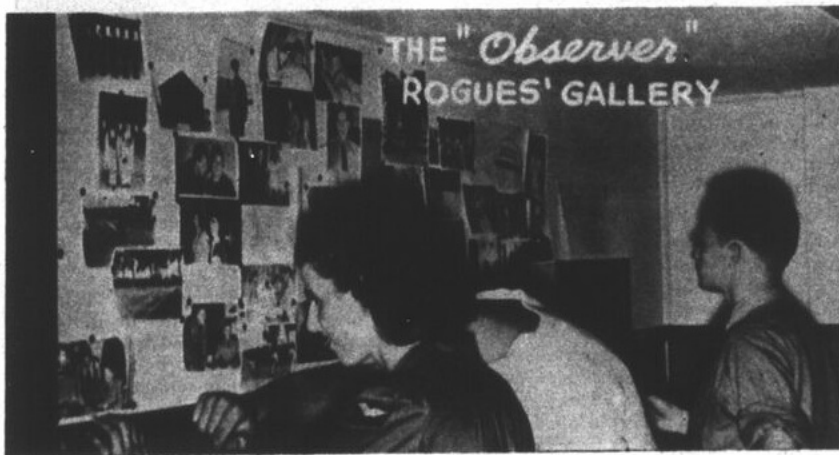
THE EDITORS.



HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY TO THE AIRCRAFTMAN OF ST. THOMAS

The Editors and Staff of the *Observer* take pleasure in congratulating the staff, editors, contributors and publishers of the Aircraftman of Technical Training School of St. Thomas on its second birthday. This artistically covered magazine has now been published for the twenty-fourth time, and bids fair to remain high among the standards of attainment for R. C. A. F. station publications.

May the Airman holding the aircraft above his head continue to stand for many more years to come. — The *Observer*.

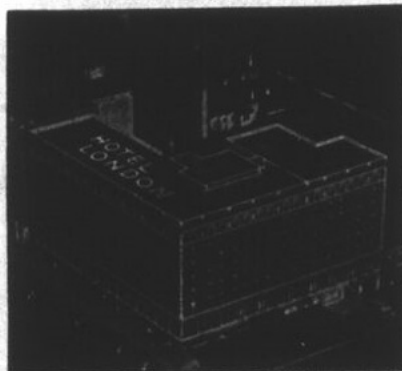


"Is my picture on your bulletin board?" These three may dance at Wonderland, too.

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Posted



Pictured above is our very good friend, Squadron Leader "Bob" White, who has now been posted to R. A. F. Ferry Command.

S/L White was at No. 4 B. and G. for twelve months and will be missed, inasmuch as he was the friend of every man on the Station. The family is still in Port Stanley, but will be returning to New Brunswick for the duration, in the near future. "Bob" was formerly in the R. C. A. F. from 1928 to 1931, but went out with the big "peace-time reduction of the armed forces" in 1931, only to re-enter again at the outbreak of war.

We take this opportunity of wishing S/L White the best of luck, and we also sincerely hope to hear from him. The Observer will follow you, sir, as we have put you on our permanent mailing list. Perhaps, in months to come, a lot of pleasant memories may be brought back to mind by perusing our Station's monthly publication.

Welcome



The accompanying photograph isn't any too good as a likeness of our new Chief Instructor, because he always has a big grin on his face, until someone takes his picture. He is, of course, the popular S/L Blagrave, who comes to this Station from Vancouver, where he was a station Commanding Officer for seventeen months.

S/L Blagrave is a native of Ontario, has been in the service five years and is, of course, a permanent force man, enlisting as a provisional Pilot Officer, and earning his wings a year later. He's married and has a six-months-old daughter. Your interviewing reporter learned that the best way to get him started talking, is to ask him if he has any children. Then his face lights up, he starts fumbling in his pockets for his wallet and says, "Do you want to see a picture of the cutest girl in the world?" And before you really know just what he's talking about, he comes out with a snapshot of a two-months-old baby girl (who, we're afraid, doesn't seem to look much like "pop"), and remarks that she's already "engaged to be married." He "believes in doing these things while the child is young." He's not sure just which one of several thousand potential young

(Continued on column 3, next page)

Commissioned



A/S/O Ross

Sergeant Betty Ross, comely W. D. from Winnipeg, was recently commissioned to A/S/O and posted to No. 6 Manning Depot.

Betty enlisted January 15, 1942, at Winnipeg as an AW2, was promoted to corporal in April, received her sergeant's stripes in June. Prior to being posted to Fingal Air School she served at Dauphin. On being interviewed in the Observer office before departing for Toronto, for her three weeks' administration course, she smiled benignly and told the Observer she had never been in love and had no hopes of ever being—and also was not married; hence we think she'll make a good officer. We feel we are speaking for the personnel of No. 4 B. & G. School when we say "Good Luck" and hope her desire to come back to this Station will be fulfilled.

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ST. THOMAS

To R. C. A. F.—You'll have a good time at the Kiwanis Carnival.

S-L Gobeil Posted**S/L Gobeil**

The accompanying photograph was taken by the Observer Staff Photographer just prior to the sudden posting and transfer of Squadron Leader Gobeil to R. A. F. Ferry Command at Dorval.

After he'd gotten a few miles from town, and the fellows were all sitting around talking about how the Squadron Leader would be missed on the Station, the telephone rang and a loud voice said, "Let me talk to the Editor of the Observer." You're right! It was the same Squadron Leader Gobeil, calling to ask

us to please express his sincere regret at not having been able to get around and see every Airman, Airwoman, N.C.O. and Officer he'd enjoyed working with. And wouldn't we please let all and sundry know that although he certainly liked his posting, that of all the stations he'd worked on, his memories of No. 4 B. and G. would live on.

The Staff of the Observer now speaks for everyone on the Station, as we say that we're certainly sorry to see you go, sir, but we hope your new position will be as pleasant as it was having you here with us. May we make you an honorary subscriber to the Observer, and please don't forget the many articles you promised us. We wish you Godspeed, and good luck, sir.

WELCOME

(Continued from column 2, page 4)
men it will be, but the Squadron Leader insists that he's going to be a dollar-a-year man, and she only has twenty-five years to make her choice.

He also takes pride in his photos of a beautiful wife, and says that mother and daughter are moving to Port Stanley right now; so, by the time the Observer goes to press, he will no doubt be with his family again.

We feel that we're speaking for the entire Station when we say: We're very glad to welcome you, sir, and hope your stay on this Station will be long and happy. Would you and Mrs. Blagrove like to be our guests at the Wonderland Summer Gardens, sir?



Two recent visitors to the Fingal Air School—Captain Chet Smith, of Auxiliary Services, who's responsible for much of the entertainment provided for the personnel of the Station, and Colonel Rupert Crouch of the Woodstock Army Camp.

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STORM CENTRE



M. L. Storm

It is with nothing less than relief that we are informed by Dr. M. F. Astley Montague, of the Philadelphia Hahnemann Medical College, that swearing is quite a normal reaction to life in general. However, the worthy professor discriminates between sheer blasphemy and the good, all round "cuss." But even that gives us a nice bit of rope. What's more, he even admits that it's good for us, since it re-establishes "a state of psycho-physical balance in a person" — end quote. And as for the gentler sex (AW's, of course) he says, "Today, instead of swooning or breaking into tears, she will swear," and adds, "It is in my view a great advance upon the old method." Personally, we'd just love to see F/S Gosby, for instance, catching a swooning AW. Maybe the old method wasn't such a bad idea at that, Prof.

And with an ear to Dr. Montague's remarks, we remember that every dawn or thereabouts, with clock-like regularity, AC Turk awakens AC White who,

with equal regularity, sits up and swears, and immediately goes to sleep again.

But we agree that one must keep up with the modern trend. And, no doubt, certain army officers at Fort Bliss (Tex.) nod in solemn acquiescence. A little while ago they received this curt wire: "Request extension of my AWOL."

That reminds us of the great and unforgettable McFarlane, better known as "Red," perhaps. Ingenious as he was, he never thought up a dandy like that. We often wonder how he's doing in England. Incidentally, since we have crossed the Atlantic we may as well slip across Il Duce's "Mare Nostrum" and down to Africa. We've just received news that "Baldy" Arnold, another Windsorite, is there. No doubt many of the old timers remember him. We'll have to see if we can't persuade the editors of "The Observer" to mail him this copy for Aunt Lang Byrne's sake.

"Well, I'll be damned!" remarked Cpl. Baker (Arm. Bombs) while we sat in the sun on the Bombing Line the other day. "Why?" we asked sleepily. "I was just wondering," he replied. We shook ourselves, dog-like, on a hot, damp day, and came up with "What?" Baker yawned. "Why pilots spend all their dough and bank their planes?" With that we collapsed. It's amazing what too much sun will do to a man. We could even enlarge upon that, and tell you that its rays penetrate the surface cells of the human body, to produce, by chemical action, a drug which is the very thing that makes you feel so fatigued after taking a sun-bath. An overdose can prove to be fatal, by the way. But not us, we'll just collapse.

Sometimes when the going is tough

for the boys in Libya and things in general look as dark as Erebus, we like to remember a certain Great War (Mark I) veteran. He expressed our feelings even during those pre-war (Mark II) days. Hitler had sent a certain Doktor Rosenberg to London as a sort of "Underground Foreign Minister." The suave Doktor laid a Swastika wreath on the Unknown Soldier's Cenotaph. The G. W. Vet. immediately threw it into the Thames.

"O would that God the gift 'd gi' us,
To see ourselves as the Nazis see us."
(Apologies to Burns)

The other day we were passing the buildings adjacent to the Bombing Teacher when we suddenly heard weird howls coming from one of them. Having an ardent love for drama, but no radio-locator, we searched around for a bit, hoping to find LAC Silcox (who is a sort of Grover Whalen of World Fair fame, and runs all those screwy contraptions for training aircrew) being chewed into little pieces by one of his



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STORM CENTRE

mechanized monsters. We found him. And if he wasn't being chewed to pieces, he was next door to it. He was in the Light Beam Trainer Turret. And when we say "in" we mean "in" in italics. He was doubled up like a turkey trussed for Christmas dinner and kinda under the seat. We stood by admiringly. (You've seen the monkeys at Riverdale Park in Toronto?). Well, we stood by, admiring him. Talk about man backfiring on Darwin! "Huh!" as Traves might ejaculate. Every now and then Silcox would reach up with his one free arm and try to extricate himself. But he only made matters worse because he'd touch some gadget that made the seat go up and down, and rub his back like one of those things fat ladies use for slimming. Or else he'd send the turret whirling around and turn green at the gills. Moved by common compassion, we walked over to the motor, shut it off and pulled him out. Then we carried him down to the hospital and dropped him at the feet of the M. O., who immediately declared him to be a werewolf. What? You don't believe us? Well, it's a good yarn, anyway! He had the nerve to say he was "only looking for a washer."

* * *

LAC Thompson was remarking to us today that the lowly nickel seems to be on the way out. There are no more nickel chocolate bars or soft drinks. "Everything's six cents!" he growled. Come to think of it, that's a fact. So, why not place one nickel in every museum as a specimen and melt the rest down for bullets? Personally, we delight in the thought of plugging a Nazi with a nickel — or a Wap, or a Jap. And we'd rather do that now, than feel like two cents after the war.

* * *

Speaking of this Sport of Mars, we'd like to shock you. A relative of ours, serving in England, was visiting some friends of his at a certain English town. While there, the town sustained an air-attack. After it was over, urgent appeals were broadcast for help to clear the

debris. He offered his services, and was at once dispatched to help dig out a bombed shelter. Five hundred people had sought refuge there. One bomb killed them all. The first victim his shovel uncovered was a woman, and clutched in her hand was the hand of a baby. There's a picture, Adolf, to hang among your nudes at Berchtesgarden.

Deutschland UNTER alles!

— M. L. S.



F/L Lane, Station Adjutant, recently earned a well deserved promotion from Flying Officer. (We'll bet he doesn't have much of his new salary increase for this month left.)

STOP PRESS NEWS

BLESSED EVENT OF THE MONTH

Minnie, Aletter's cat, has done it again (See last month's Observer). Five kittens this time. Visiting hours are noon and evening, when Minnie puts on special display her five-plug feed-line to all and sundry. The following is a daily scene to which Aletter treats us: First he drapes his six-feet-three of khaki shirt and pants, service, over his bunk, and

leans out to peer into Minnie's nest beside his pillow. Then ensues the following affectionate drip:

Aletter: "Well, darling, how are you today?"

Minnie: "Pur-r-pur-r-pur-r."

Aletter: "Is oo feeding oor lickle cutie-cuties?" (Here he tickles Minnie under the chin.)

Minnie: "Pur-r-pur-r-pur-r."

Aletter: "And would oo like a lickle drop of milkie?"

Minnie: "Pur-r-pur-r-pur-r."

Aletter: ("Slop-slop-slop," pouring the milk into an ash tray). "There you are, my dear little fur-lined heart-throb."

Minnie scrambles out and leaves her kittens to Aletter and Providence. And Corporal Spry, who has been watching from the sidelines, picks a kitten out of the basket and nestles it under his chin. Traves, who is keeping a weather eye from across the barrack, immediately lets out a yell, "Spry, you—(censored)—! You're smothering it!" Minnie, the least concerned of all, laps up her milk and howls for more.

* * *

Which reminds us, we'll be back next month.



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Seen in St. Thomas by the Wandering Cameraman



The Wandering Cameraman caught these two in a downtown coffee shoppe.



The Wandering Cameraman caught the above pictured Airman waiting for a train at the L. & P. S. station in St. Thomas. It's not a very nice picture, due to the rain and fog, but if he recognizes himself and will call at our office, he may go dancing at Wonderland as our guest.



The Wandering Cameraman caught these lads saluting an officer in St. Thomas. We are inclined to think they're security guard, since there are no props or stripes visible. They, too, may have an evening's dancing at our expense.



Who says AC2 Regal, Station mascot, and listed on the Station strength, has no ambition? The Observer, after many tries, now disproves this theory by snapping a picture of Corporal Catton holding up half a beef, which is of slight interest to Regal.

Sunshine Fruit Market
 Fine Fresh Fruits and Produce
 Opposite Y. M. C. A.

FOR EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING —
 TRY A SPECIALIST

E. M. ANGER

(Opposite Y.M.C.A.)

Seen in St. Thomas by the Wandering Cameraman



Mama, now you know his intentions, because they're looking at jewelry in a St. Thomas store window. Sorry to disillusion you, Ma, but it's Airforce pins they're looking at longingly.

We're willing to admit that it was raining just prior to the time this Airman was "sneak snapped" by the Wandering Cameraman in downtown St. Thomas as he stepped out of a car. We hope he had his uniform pressed. If not, he may now have it done with the money he would spend at Wonderland Summer Gardens to dance, because he's welcome to have an evening's entertainment at our expense if he will call at the Observer office.



She was a corporal then, but now she's a sergeant. Hope Sergeant Brown will be contented with that rank, at least till we go to press. Then, if she likes, she can go higher and give the Observer another story next month. If you'd like to see a show at our expense, come around. Your boy friend in the above picture might like to go also.

**R. C. A. F.
of FINGAL . . .**

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Letter from a "Grad"

(Editor's note: LAC Bennett was a Flight Lieutenant in Administration in the R. A. F., and he remustered to aircrew. He was on his Observer's Course at No. 4 B. & G. School when the course was lengthened, and due to this change did not receive his Wings here. From Fingal he was posted to No. 1 C. N. S., Rivers, Manitoba.

Before leaving this Station he drew a cartoon for the Observer which we are now publishing along with his letter to Mr. Shaver.

The Observer is always glad to hear from former Fingal trainees. We hope he will continue to write us as he progresses through the war.

Bennett, may we offer our congratulations on receiving your Wing, for by now you surely have received your long sought for Observer's Wing, and should be Sergeant Observer Bennet. Best of luck.)

#1 C. N. S.,
Rivers, Manitoba,
11th July, 1942.

Dear Mr. Shaver:

It is exactly five weeks now since we left No. 4 B. & G. We bundled aboard a truck that sunny Saturday afternoon and, having been wished "godspeed" by the O. C. Ground School, trundled along the trim pathways and out to the dusty highway on the first stage of our journey to C. N. S.

And what did we leave behind us? Looking back, certain things stand out

Then, too, there was an "operations-like" air about the Station, helped, no doubt, by the varied assortment of aircraft war veterans in the hangars. We shall long remember the thrill of our first fight in a "Battle": the smell of glycol, the sense of power and the pleasing hazard of wondering if we'd land without any untoward incident. . . .

It is pleasant to look back on the ordered neatness and general tidiness of the grounds and surroundings—even if it did mean an occasional evening's work with the lawnmower! The coming of the Women's Division made the Station even more attractive, and who knows what friendships might not have deepened had we not left so shortly after they arrived. . . .

Yes, it was a pleasant time that we spent at Fingal. We had to work, of course, but the work was always interesting. As one fellow remarked: "As civilians we'd have paid good money at a fair to try some of the stunts that we enjoyed free as part of our training."

When we arrived at Rivers, we found that, though still LAC's in rank, we enjoyed the privileges of Sergeants. We shared their mess and ante-room, which boasted a full-sized billiard table and a pool table as well. Shortly after our arrival the notice: "SERGEANT OBSERVERS' MESS" was changed to "TRAINEES' MESS," and all went on as before, except that the number of sergeants was smaller. Came the day



PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

sharply. One of the first things that struck us about No. 4 was its air of efficiency. As a training centre it was out to do a good job, and to do it thoroughly—without any waste of time. The instructors all knew their work well, and saw to it that their pupils really got a grasp of their subjects before they left their care.

when all of the senior classes had graduated and left the Station. Overnight "our" ante-room disappeared and, with it the billiard tables! The ante-room partition was knocked down to form a larger eating place, necessary with the expansion of the Station, and such "extra messing" as we'd enjoyed just wasn't any more!

However, we aren't worrying. The final exams are over (if such a thing as "final" exams there be), and we expect to receive our long-awaited-for wings at the end of next week.

During sessions of shooting the Manitoban sun (with a sextant), most of us have acquired quite a tropical tan and are feeling very fit in consequence. This will not make us any less ready for that graduation leave which is not so very distant now.

I hope that all goes well with you at Fingal. Give my regards to any of the permanent staff with whom you come in contact. With all good wishes,

Very sincerely yours,

J. Wallace Bennett,

Sergeant Observer (by now).
Bennett, J. W., 1374991.

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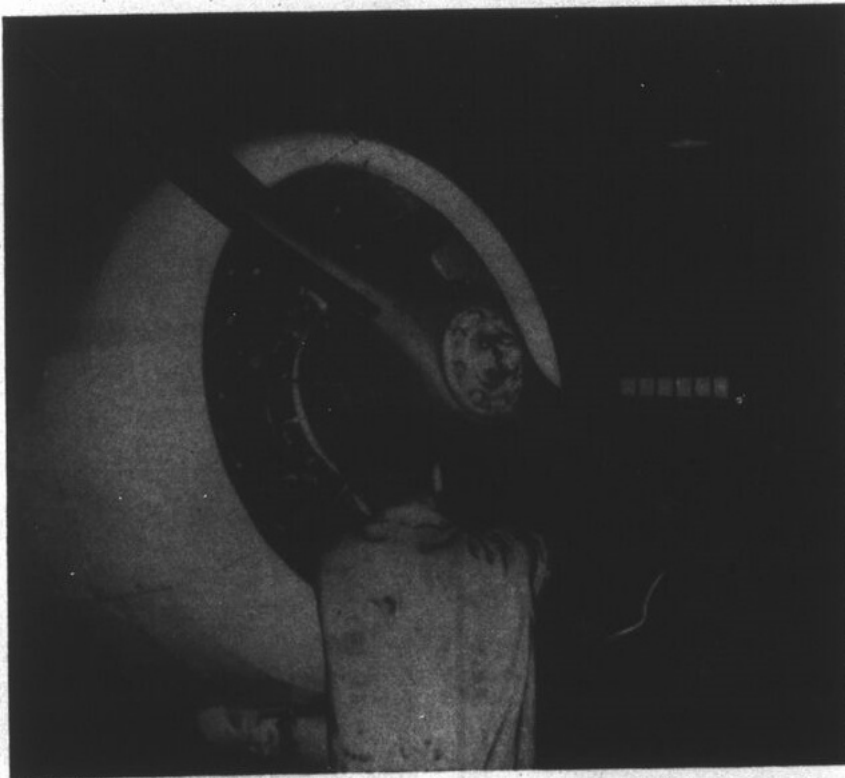
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Put your umbrella away. 'Tain't rainin'!



We'll guess that's an Anson, we won't guess who the Airman is; but if he will enlighten us as to his identity, we will enrich him with a ticket to the Capitol Theatre in St. Thomas.

Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival, St. Thomas, Labor Day.

ARRIVES OVERSEAS



Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy

Word has been recently received by Mrs. A. J. Kennedy, of St. Thomas, that her husband, Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy, has arrived overseas, having been flown over by the ferry command.

In our last issue, we published an article sent to us by our former Commanding Officer, who promised to send us more copy when it's possible.

Inasmuch as the Observer has no overseas correspondent, we are now (without permission, incidentally) naming Wing Commander A. J. Kennedy as our official overseas staff writer, and if possible, we'd like to devote a column to him every month, if he can take time out from the war to send the article to us.

All the personnel of No. 4 B. and G. are in accord in sending best wishes, and good luck, sir — we'll follow your adventures overseas with keen interest, as far as the bonds of censorship will let us know.



AW1 Perrin looks happy. This couple is invited to dance at Wonderland.



Well, what'd'y'know? Some of the personnel of this Station are camera shy. But if this girl will remove the bag from the front of her face long enough for us to identify her, they may both have tickets to the Capitol upon calling for same at the Observer office.

POEM

(Written immediately after being Joe'd on Morning Parade)

There's a war on, boys, so polish up your buttons;

We must fight like fiends—so brighten up your shoes;

If you're on parade with shining, shaven faces,

It is obvious that we can never lose.

There's a war on, boys, so straighten out those arms;

Really snap it, when you're doing a right turn—

For don't you realize that drilling smartly Is exactly what makes Wilhelmshaven burn?

There's a war on, boys, so just forget your bombing,

And don't give gunnery a single thought, As all that will decide the final issue

Is whether we are looking smart or not.

There's a war on, boys, so why should we be worried

On the question of demolishing a skeet? It is surely easy to withstand the Nazis

If your tunic's nicely pressed, all sweet and neat.

Now if you have a short trim, smooth complexion,

Gleaming brasses—on parade we never slack;

If you ever are hit by a Jerry bullet . . . I'm bloody sure you'll get it in the back!



Here he is. A fast lens for an eye, with a shutter for a heart. Ladies and gentlemen, meet "The Wandering Cameraman."

The Wandering Cameraman has been at it again. The August Observer is full of photographs taken by him on his nightly prowls and Station roving.

There are quite a lot of Airmen and Airwomen who're going to be surprised to open a page of the magazine and find themselves staring out from some rather ridiculous (un)poses.



One of the Observer photographers caught in action. LAC Johnson from "way down East."

Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival, St. Thomas, Labor Day.

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SHOP AT **ZELLER'S** IT PAYS

TUESDAY NITE INFORMALS ARE WELL ATTENDED

One of the most popular social events on the Station is the Tuesday night informal parties given in the Recreation Hall. There's always some little bit of informal entertainment, plus dancing to the music of the recorded hits by phonograph. The nice thing about this affair is that Airwomen and Airmen may wear whatever they prefer, and the phonograph doesn't require any nickels. There are girls' tag, boys' tag and Paul Jones dances. Everybody always has a good time. Have you been out lately? Here are pictures of some of the people who attended one of these gala parties just a few days ago. If you can identify yourself, drop into the Observer office in the Recreation Hall and accept, with our best regards, a ticket good for yourself and a date at Wonderland Summer Gardens, where you may dance to the music of Eddie Stroud and his Boys.



The picture above is the quartet. They have made such a hit at the Tuesday nite informal parties at the Recreation Hall—all potential Bombardiers from London—and we do mean London, England. They are, left to right: LAC Burns, LAC Duncan, Cpl. Caldecourt and Cpl. Smith at the piano. We invite these satellites to be our guests at the Wonderland Summer Gardens, near London, where they will be invited to sing with Eddie Stroud's music.



Cpl. Baker and Cpl. Aimer — Two N.C.O.'s get in the groove for a short dance. Both are invited to Wonderland.



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

Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival, St. Thomas, Labor Day.

R.C.A.F.

Steele's St. Thomas office is one of five, operated by Canada's largest firm of Optometrists. Our local optometrist has been in charge for nineteen years.



Come in with confidence—for free adjustments and service. Thorough eye examinations, and glasses if necessary, at reasonable cost.

STEELE'S

"Reliable for 10 Years"

OPPOSITE CAPITOL THEATRE, ST. THOMAS

Our Cottage is

NO MAN'S LAND

But **AIRWOMEN**

are

VERY WELCOME

FINGER WAVE or SHAMPOO

65c

PERMANENTS from \$3.00

COIFFURE COTTAGE

11 Mary Street

Opposite Y.W.C.A.

Telephone 1850 for appointment



This distinctively furnished place isn't the mansion of a wealthy plutocrat. It's the main lounge room of the Active Service Canteen operated by the St. Thomas Citizens' Committee, and is open daily to all R. C. A. F. personnel. Anyone from No. 4 B. and G. will find a warm welcome awaiting at this lounge.



These smiling hostesses are on hand to greet you at the downtown canteen sponsored by the St. Thomas Citizens' Committee. Admission — free, to any well behaved Airman.

Citizen's Auxiliary Canteen

A "home away from home" with a hearty welcome, is assured all Airmen and Airwomen who pay a visit to the smartly decorated Citizens' Auxiliary Canteen in St. Thomas, which is open daily from 2 p.m. to 11 p.m.

A large, cool lounge offers numerous facilities for Airmen and Airwomen. Answer those long overdue letters, read, play games, or for anyone who just feels like taking life easy — the comfortable chairs and brightly colored lounges will answer this problem. Don't worry about being lonesome, as in the evenings pretty volunteer workers are only too willing to lend a helping hand. Maybe you like to sing — then come up and enjoy a good old-fashioned sing-song Sunday evenings.

Active Service members appreciate the work Mrs. Wright has done for the organization of this Canteen.

BOOZEY'S SHOE REPAIR

Fine Shoe Repairs

All Work Guaranteed

322 Talbot St. St. Thomas

Chalmers Dancing School

Private Lessons, Practice Classes.

Central Ontario's Foremost School.

WRIGHT BLDG., 424 Wellington Street

Opposite the Y.M.C.A., LONDON

Courtesy of

Sanders & Holcombe

HOME MADE CANDY SHOP

Light Lunches

(3 doors west of Times-Journal)

FOR SMOOTH FROZEN ICE CREAM

AS SUPPLIED TO THE MESS

Vair & Balkwill

233 Talbot Street

PHONE 653

St. Thomas, Ontario

GUNNER'S LAMENT

There's Navigation, Armament and Mathematics, too;
Administration, Drill, Rotation, all for me and you.

Bags of Signals, Recognition things that we must know,
And after weeks of solid grind a good result must show.

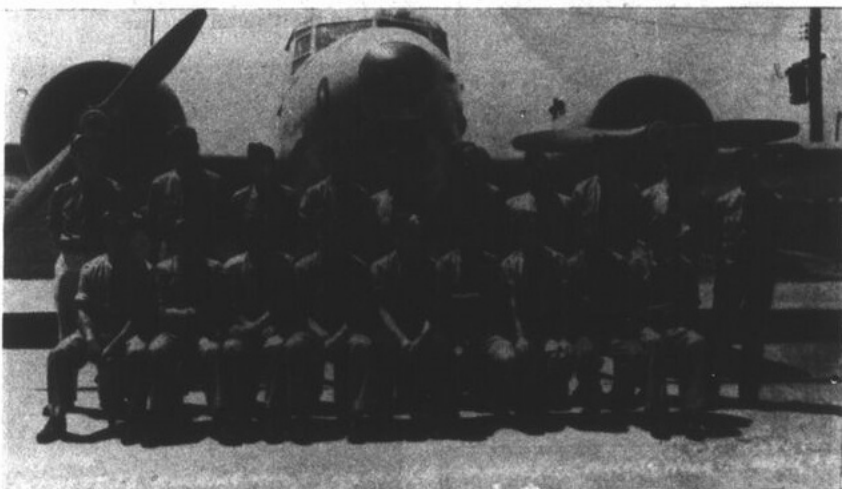
Position lines, propellant charge and angles by the score,
Air Force act and K. R. Air, plus swing your arms up more,
Dah Dah Dit, Wings and spans, your brain is in a whirl.
You haven't even time to think about your Sunday girl.

We bend and study every hour, through the long, warm day,
Working for a legal chance to earn our flying pay,
But though this course may make you think that you are quite a martyr,
Remember, when you're in the air, you must prove even smarter.

Maybe when we start to fly, and shoot at Drogues and things,
And go up in the sky of blue, where the skylark sings,
The things you taught us on the course will stir within our brain,
And keep us in the midst of this, Our Victory Campaign.



WINGS PARADE— W/C Findlay congratulating Sgt. Airgunner Wood, from Australia, as he received his wings.



These air-gunners are soon to leave Fingal to blast the slap-happy Japs and Huns.



Look at that manly form, gals!

Trunks

\$6.95

TO

\$30.00

Best Selection and Prices
in the City.

RAVEN'S

TRAVEL SHOP

Phone 347

655 Talbot St.

WOMEN'S DIVISION



AW2 Wilson, if you'll close that door and keep the flies out, we'll give you a ticket to the Capitol Theatre.



S/O Cantelon

Among the recent events of interest to the personnel of the Station was the marriage of S/O Cantelon and F/O J. Roe Foster. The wedding took place on July 27th, in Winnipeg. Following the wedding breakfast, which was held in the Fort Garry Hotel, the bride and groom journeyed West on a week's honeymoon to Waskasoo.

S/O Foster, who had been in charge of the W. D. prsonnel since their arrival on the Station, has been posted to No. 1 B. & G. School, Jaryis. The W. D.'s are very sorry to hear of this posting, but wish their former officer the best of happiness in her marriage, and success on her new station.

F/O J. Roe Foster is stationed at Dauphin, Manitoba.

It's amazing how much prettier the Station has become with the arrival of the W.D.'s some two months ago. Here's one caught on an errand for WO1 Martin — now we'll know why she was late that day. AW1 McGillivray has a ticket entitling her and an Airman to free admission to the Capitol Theatre, if she'll call at the Observer office.

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



These three W.D.'s have recently been posted overseas. Good luck, girls.



Mye Fashion Shop

Exclusively Styled
LADIES' DRESSES AND
MILLINERY AND
ACCESSORIES

—

MURIEL HOGGARD
PHYLLIS OLIVER

373 Talbot Street St. Thomas

KATE YOUNG

Young's Specialty Shop

375 TALBOT ST.
ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO

—

CHILDREN'SWEAR
Corsets and Lingerie



Sgt. Brown (promoted from corporal)

PRINCE CHARMING UP-TO-DATE

In olden days Prince Charming came
Ariding down your street
On milk white steed, in armour bright,
Plumes flying in the breeze!

Today he comes on silver wings,
In uniform of blue,
But to the girl who waits for him,
His love is just as true!

— Elsie Dawson.

(This poem was sent in by a stenographer from London (a civilian). We're not any too sure she hasn't an Airman sweetheart. Thanks, Miss Dawson; we appreciate your very kind interest. We're sending you a ticket to Wonderland Summer Gardens.—The Editors.)

**KARTOON
KASH
KONTEST**

Due to the sudden influx of thousands more or less of humorous cartoons, for which we supposedly (yes, we know it's printed that way in the July Observer) agreed to pay two dollars apiece, we have now come to the definite conclusion that there is a far greater number of cartoonists, and we do mean good cartoonists, on the Station than we'd anticipated. We now must state that the Observer can't quite afford to pay two dollars for each of these cartoons if we publish all the good laughs received. Now, we're not welching on this issue. Every cartoon used in the August issue will pay the artist two dollars, but in succeeding issues, may we operate in a different way? From now on, the best cartoon of the month will receive three dollars, the second best, two dollars, and the third, one dollar. We'll still be glad to get all your pictures, and we can use a lot of them in this new magazine, if we are to continue to keep it the best station monthly publication in the Dominion. This is your magazine, and your Station. It might just as well be the best magazine in Canada as just "another station magazine."

Now, let's see all the potential cartoonists coming in with their favorite caricatures or scenes done on paper. May we suggest that these be done in ink? It makes a far better cut for reproduction if it's traced in black ink.

*Our Dairy
Products
are the Best!*

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

Be sure to attend the

**Kiwanis
Carnival**

**Western Dairy,
Limited**

15 St. Catherine Street

PHONE 384

Welcome, AIRMEN!

After the **KIWANIS CARNIVAL** Drop in to the

GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL

"St. Thomas' Leading Hotel"

THE CENTRE OF ATTRACTION - WHERE GOOD FRIENDS MEET

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

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

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



JUST BACK
FROM A '48'

Need another "48" to rest up, Corp? Call at the Observer office for a pass to the Capitol Theatre, where Mr. Preston hopes you WON'T sleep.

GETTING MARRIED?



WEDDING RINGS

Usual \$5.00 for **\$2.97**

Others \$3.97 to \$50

RING SETS

DIAMOND RING FROM
And
WEDDING RING **\$17.50**

WATCH
CRYSTALS
19¢

Better
Quality
for Less
Money

McKINNEYS

Jewellers

11 Temperance Street
TORONTO

FALSE ALARM

By Jokey Smoe, the Fire Eater

F/S PAVELING

?

Jokey Smoe

As per our usual custom, when we find that a contributor has been a consistent writer every month over a period of time, and his articles improve with each month, we relegate him to the realms of notoriety by promoting him. By "promotion," we don't mean that we've taken over the promotion department at Ottawa, nor have we any intentions of trying to take over anything, but we are very glad to promote this contributor to the honored (?) position of Columnist for the Observer, and putting him on the same status with Halter, (who pays well for his space, we might add), and LAC Storms, whom we give the column of space to, free of charge. As usual, we will also leave a blank box at the head of this column for his picture, and dare him to print it. It is to be hoped that his picture will do a better job of "gracing" his column than Halter's photo does, over his "Bombing Bits." The proof-readers have notified us that they thought "Bombing Bits" was a pretty fair column 'til he dared to included his picture this month. So, to Flight Sergeant Paveling we say—think it over twice, and if you honestly think it won't damage the Observer's circulation to use your picture, then bring us a photo. Keep up the good work, Flight. Your column proves more interesting monthly.—The Editors.

If you remember, we started off our two cents' worth in the last issue by mentioning that five of the lads had left this School to take up their studies at Trenton. We also said (quote) "We are positive that the course will be 'topped' by the Fingal boys." (unquote) Well, that is exactly what happened. The Junior Course, No. 24, which was for Airmen with no previous firefighting experience, was topped by the five boys from this School, and they deserve a lot of credit. One of the lads (Warnes) has since been posted back to this Station.

Seriously Speaking

Fire, or combustion, is defined as a "chemical process accompanied by the evolution of heat." Now, if it all ended there, this matter would not be so serious. But, if we have a process of burning in combustible material, we also have "Spread of Fire." This is especially true in fires involving flammable liquids such as gasoline, oil, paints, greases, etc., and where the "spread" is considerable, then the means of extinguishing must also be considerable. We are therefore bound to have heavy water damage. Let us go a little further and see what other factors contribute to this loss by fire. You have no doubt read in the newspapers an account of a fire, something like this: "The heat of the fire was so intense that the brick walls collapsed and the steel girders were just a twisted mass of metal." But this is what happens. If a steel girder is heated to approximately 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit, it will expand nine inches in every 100 feet of length, thereby pushing the walls outward. Next, we have damage by radiation of high temperatures. Instruments, clothing, thin metal parts, etc., can be warped, scorched, temper destroyed and, in many other ways rendered unfit for further use, even though the fire was fifty feet away.

So it all amounts to this. The cigarette butt or match, which is not carefully disposed of, is easily capable of

Compliments of

PERCY SPACKMAN

YOUR  DEALER

We're Supporting the Kiwanis Carnival

Opposite Grand Central Hotel
ST. THOMAS

starting, not just a "fire," but a conflagration.

While We Are On the Subject

If a person's clothing catches fire, never allow him to run or to stand still for a moment. Fatalities nearly always arise from shock and burning about the face and head. If a person starts to run, trip him at once and roll him on the floor, in a blanket or coat, if possible, covering the mouth, nose and eyes. If necessary, take off your own coat and use it to smother the fire. If your own clothing catches fire, immediately clasp your hand over your mouth and nose to avoid inhaling the hot air and gases. Then lie down and roll until the flames have been smothered, taking advantage of any rug or blanket that can be wrapped around the body and face.

And in the Lighter Vein

Cheer up, girls, you may be able to coax a bunch of flowers from the Corporals while the Chief is on leave.

We had quite a time convincing a couple of the Crash Tender Crew from No. 2 Hangar that burning gasoline could be extinguished with water. After proving our point over a blazing oil-pit, one chap was heard to fervently remark, "My scattered brains and shattered nerves! If water does that to burning gasoline, just imagine what would happen to your stomach if you drank some." (Editor's note: Some what?)

And so, this is J. Smoe saying so long, but reminding you that if you cause a fire on this Station, you not only enlarge the monument erected to man's carelessness, but your "temporary forgetfulness" may erect a tombstone which will be a "permanent remembrance" to some Airman's wife or mother.

LIFE IN THE R. A. F., OR BREVITIES

When a civilian contemplates joining the Air Force, he has the choice of joining as aircrew or as a member of the G. S., certain trades in the G. S. being known as G. D.'s.

If he joins as aircrew in the R. A. F., he reports, on calling up, to a place bearing the mystic initials A.C.R.C.R.W., and after a short while he passes into the

tender care of A.C.R.C.P.W., and from there he is posted to an I.T.W. Up to the end of I.T.W. he is, of course, an AC2, but when he leaves I.T.W. he is an LAC. After embarkation leave he is sent to a P.D.W., and upon arrival in Canada he experiences all the delights of a P.D. or sometimes an M.P.

One fine day postings arrive and pilots go cheerfully to an E.F.T.S., graduate, and are posted to an S.F.T.S. Some, of course, are unfortunate and "wash out," whereupon they go to K.T.S., where some are remustered as Observers.

The Observers go to places with much different initials. Firstly to an A.O.S., then to a B. & G., and from there to A.N.S., or as it is now called, C.N.S. During all this time, the bewildered trainees attend the G.I.S. every day.

At the end of their training the trainees' names appear in P.R.O.'s, and they can then sew on the coveted wing and stripes. The newly promoted Sergeants next go to an O.T.U. and eventually get an "Ops".

During all this time the Airmen have been in several stations. K.R.'s state that upon arrival at a new station the Airmen must read S.S.O.'s, D.R.O.'s report to the S.P.'s at the G.H., then see the M.O. for an F.F.I. An officer reports personally to his new C.O. Whilst on the station there are well muscled P.T.I.'s to keep the Airmen fit, and of course the S.W.O. is usually the station disciplinarian. During his stay on a station, an Airman may have occasion to report to the Q.M.S., who have a lovely motto, "You want the goods, we have them — try and get them," one to which they strictly adhere.

Finally the poor Airman's brain is in such a whirl he is declared U.S. So, in conclusion, we can only say "Hooray for the W.A.A.F.S., or should we now call them the R.C.A.F.W.D.'s?"

— E. E. G. P.

For those not in the know, here are the terms in full, except the obvious ones:

A.C.R.C.R.W. — Aircrew Receiving Centre Receiving Wing.

A.C.R.C.P.W. — Aircrew Receiving Centre Posting Wing.

I.T.W. — Initial Training Wing.

P.D.W. — Personnel Disposal Wing.

WE SPECIALIZE
in
ROLEX
AIRMEN'S WATCHES
HEPINSTALL'S
441 Talbot Street
ST. THOMAS

CLEAN UP!

Setting the pace in beautifying the Station grounds are the Fire Fighters, who are well out in front. The smartest looking grounds are around the fire hall, where the diligent firemen have planted flowers in artistic arrangement. As well as showing they are good horticulturists, the flame-eaters have a well-trimmed lawn, which is kept neat at all times.

Another attractive location is the Armament Section's barracks lawn. There another smart pattern in flowers has been laid out.

The W.D.'s have started their flower bed, but as yet don't have their lawn in very good condition. Come on, girls, pep up on the work.

How about the rest of the Station doing their share in helping dress up the camp? After all, it is our home.

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

for a

Good Dinner

Prompt and Courteous
Service

after the

KIWANIS CARNIVAL

visit

**DIANA
SWEET SHOP**

GOODWIN FURNITURE HOUSE

ESTABLISHED 1870

For Complete House Furnishings

*The New Airmen's Lounge was
Completely Furnished by us*

ST. THOMAS

PHONE 872

HIGH FLIGHT

By John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
 And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
 Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
 Of sun-split clouds — and done a hundred things
 You have not dreamed of — wheeled and soared and swung
 High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
 I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
 My eager craft through footless halls of air.
 Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
 I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
 Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
 And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
 The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
 Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

(Editor's note: J. G. Magee was an American enlisted in the R. C. A. F. He has since been killed in action.)

LITTLE WILBUR TAKES A DRILL TEST

Little Wilbur slept restlessly. Strange shapes flitted endlessly across the fabric of his mind. Perhaps it was the evening meal in the mess that still lay heavily on his stomach, or it may have been his over-indulgence at the canteen after supper. Maybe the cause was worry over his drill test on the morrow. Whatever it was, he slept fitfully, his mind filled with a dream of all the station on parade while he, Little Wilbur, standing alone except for a huge grotesque figure with a crown on each sleeve, succeeded only in creating chaos. Words of command froze on his lips; executives and cautionary's tumbled out indiscriminately, right foot, left foot or no foot at all, and every word he uttered was accompanied by a roar like a factory whistle of "As you were" from the banshee at his elbow. Suddenly the whole parade, out of ear-shot of Little Wilbur's quavering falsetto, marched through the walls of the Drill Hall and disappeared from view. He was left alone to face the wrath of the S.S.M., whose face now assumed the shape of a barrage balloon with two huge lamps glaring balefully for eyes, ears like Dumbo's which flapped back and forth, so great was the passion within. A sepulchral voice came from the open mouth of the S.S.M.'s apparition and struck Little Wilbur's ears like a death knell.

"Give," said the S.S.M., "the detail for parachute drill in the movement Abandon Ship as laid down in C.A.P. 100, Flying Regulations."

Terror struck at Little Wilbur's heart. Stiffing an impulse to shout "Bail out, boys, we're in a dead duck," he groped blindly for some straw to cling to. Faint glimmerings of recognition came

through the fog of his brain. Was that an entry in D.R.O. about a month ago? Yes! Yes, that's what he means! Quickly, now, before all is lost!

Slowly, faltering at first, Little Wilbur launched himself on one last try. Words came rolling off his tongue as he gathered courage and warmed to his task. Relying solely on his memory had proven a failure so he gambled all on his imagination and answered thus:

"Detail for parachute drill in abandon ship:

"When it becomes necessary for any reason at all, like a wing falling off maybe, to abandon an aircraft in the air, the captain or pilot will give the cautionary command, 'Crew Will Prepare to Abandon Aircraft.' This should be given in a calm voice to whoever is sitting next to the pilot and passed on down the line until everyone knows, and in sufficient time so that they can leave in the proper manner before the aircraft gets so close to the ground as to be dangerous. They are to take their parachutes with them if they have them. So nobody gets excited or left behind, they are to leave by the closest open window to them, one at a time, or by the door, after taking it off, or out the emergency exits, starting from the rear and holding the parachute in one hand so as not to tear it on anything.

"This movement is carried out on the executive word 'ump, ump', which is given in a loud voice, at the same time stamping the left foot as the aircraft approaches the ground. They should be careful not to step on the wing in leaving as they might damage it, and should also watch that they don't get hit by the tail and get hurt. To avoid this they should leave in a stooping position, which also helps them not to get stuck in the door by their feet. The pilot is to make sure that everyone has left and then take his parachute and go off through the roof like I said before.

"After leaving the aircraft, they wait for about twenty beats of time before grasping the rip cord in both hands. There is a further pause of two beats of time and then the rip cord is pulled sharply to the left. During this time there will be no sensation of falling, but they ought not to let this deceive them, because they are. The parachute should open soon and they will approach the ground at about one hundred and twenty paces to the minute, bending the knees slightly and carrying the head and shoulders well tucked in, arms swinging shoulder high.

"If the parachute doesn't open when the rip cord is pulled —"

But here a great fog enveloped his mind as he swirled dizzily down and down and he awoke with a scream, bathed in perspiration, his pajamas torn to shreds where he grasped them in both hands.

"Gee," he said, "I'll never eat any more of those darn kippers," and fell back into a peaceful and uneventful coma. — Cpl. Fendley, R.W., in "Foothill Fliers," No. 3 S. F. T. S., Calgary.

TO THE COLLECTOR OF TAXES

For the following reasons I am unable to meet your demand note for income tax:

I have been bombed, blasted, burnt, sand-bagged, walked upon, sat upon, held up, held down, flattened and squeezed out by the Income Tax, Beer Tax, Spirit Tax, Carpet Tax, Super Tax, Tobacco Tax, Purchase Tax, Motor Tax, and every Society, Organization and Club that the inventive mind of man can conceive to extract what I may or may not have in my possession. For the Red Cross, Black Cross, Double Cross, and every hospital in town and in the country. The Government has governed my business until I do not know who the H— owns it.

I am suspected, inspected, informed, required, and commanded so that I do not know who I am, where I am, or why I am here at all. All I know is that I am supposed to have an inexhaustible supply of money for the every need, desire, or hope of the human race, and because I will not go out and beg, borrow, or steal money to give away, I am accused, boycotted, talked about, lied about, rung up, robbed and d— near ruined; the only reason that I am clinging to life at all is to see what is going to happen next.



"Scram, Regal! If the W.D.'s can chase the Airmen out of their barracks, I can, too!"

COMPLIMENTS OF

Anthony
MUSIC STORE

THAT SETTLES IT!

After medical examination recruits for the Army are interviewed by an officer who recommends each man for a branch of the Forces in which his calling in private life can be turned to good account.

The majority are easily placed; the minority have a way of baffling the most informed of military cross-examiners. My favorite interview — I give you a guarantee of its authenticity — goes like this:

Interviewer: What was your job in private life?

Recruit: I was a radio producer.

Interviewer: A radio producer? (Thumbing the official list of professions). But that's a reserved profession.

Recruit: I don't think so, sir.

Interviewer: Excuse me. The manufacture of radio sets is an essential industry.

Recruit: But I'm not that sort of radio producer. . . .

Interviewer: Then what sort of producer are you?

Recruit: Well, sir, I work for the broadcasting people. . . .

Interviewer: Oh, so that's it! A wireless operator.

Recruit: No, sir, not a wireless operator. I'm afraid I know very little about the technical side of radio.

Interviewer: You say you're a radio producer. Then you say you're not. You say you work for the broadcasting people, but you know nothing about radio.

Recruit: Oh, yes, sir, I know something about radio. You see, I produce radio programmes.

Interviewer (triumphantly): A printer.

Recruit: No, not exactly, sir. What I mean to say. . . .

Interviewer: All right. We're putting you on searchlights.

Macdonald Hastings:

"Passed as Censored" (Harrop, London)



AW1 Corbett, P.M., seems happy.



"Time for the 'pause that refreshes.'" Drop in at the Observer office, boys, and be our guests at Wonderland on any regular dance night.

Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival, St. Thomas, Labor Day.

SCHEDULE OF RICHARDS BUS LINES OPERATING BETWEEN FINGAL AND ST. THOMAS

TIMETABLE

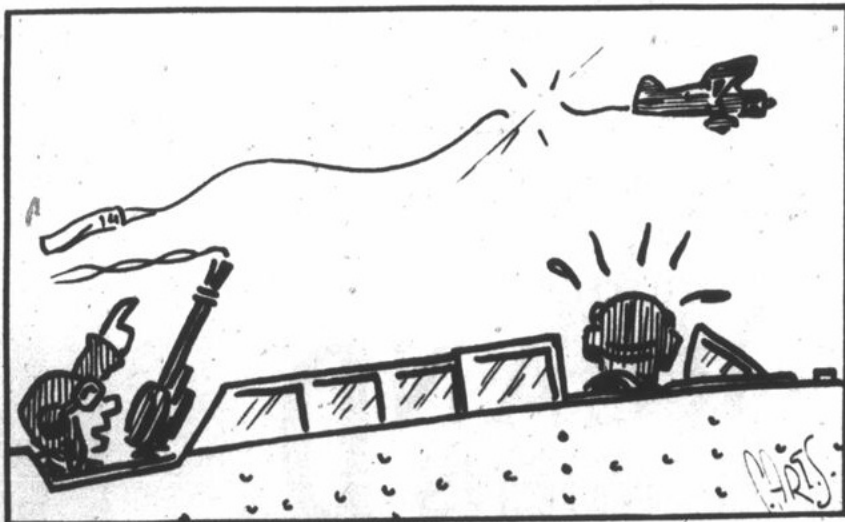
Leave Fingal Air School		Leave Talbot Hotel	
7.15 Daily	A.M.	6.45 Daily	A.M.
8.45 "	A.M.	8.15 "	A.M.
2.05 "	P.M.	1.20 "	P.M.
5.15 "	P.M.	4.30 "	P.M.
6.30 "	P.M.	5.45 "	P.M.
7.35 "	P.M.	7.00 "	P.M.
10.30 "	P.M.	10.00 "	P.M.
12.15 "	A.M.	11.45 "	P.M.
1.55 "	A.M.	1.20 "	A.M.
Saturday only—		Saturday only—	
12.10 P.M.		11.30 A.M.	
Sunday only—		Sunday only—	
7.45 A.M.		7.15 A.M.	

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

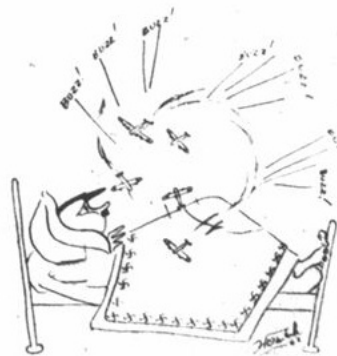
AND NOW FOR A BRAIN-TWISTER!

A big city commuter usually leaves the city each day on the same train. On arriving at his home station he is met by his chauffeur with the car and driven to his house. One day he left on an earlier train and arrived at his home station an hour earlier than usual. Not having notified his chauffeur, he decided to walk toward his house until he was picked up. He walked at four miles an hour and when he saw his car coming, hailed it and rode the rest of the way to his house. He arrived at his home 10 minutes earlier than if he had taken his usual train and had driven all the way from his home station to his house.

How fast does the chauffeur drive?



"Look, Sir! Is that good?"



"No rest for the wicked"

The WANDERING
CAMERAMAN Goes to

WONDERLAND SUMMER GARDENS



This young officer and his very nice girl friend are unidentified, but they were snapped at Wonderland.



These two were "sneak snapped" while dancing at Wonderland. The management invites them to come again as his guests, by calling at the Observer office and picking up the tickets.



Beautiful girl singer with Eddie Stroud and his boys.



It's okay, Corporal. We hope it was painless, but from the look on your face, we're not sure. Anyway, dear reader, the two astounded people were flash-snapped doing the "main drag" in St. Thomas, and are invited to Wonderland as our guests.



While the Wandering Cameraman was "sneak-snapping" at Wonderland, he got this shot of Eddie Stroud's band in action. Somewhere on these two pages may be found a snap of their gorgeous singer. Sorry, boys, no tickets for you. You get in free anyway.



Mrs. Folkins, LAC Folkins, AW1 McLeod and Cpl. Harwood snapped as they partook of the "dining" part of "dining and dancing" at Wonderland Summer Gardens. Bet you didn't pay to get in, take all those pictures, folks. AW1 McLeod has since been posted overseas and is now on embarkation leave.



This former Fingal lad was seen with the beautiful lady at Wonderland.



Your genial host—Mr. W. Jones.

Take BUS from L. & P. S.
Station in London to
WONDERLAND
SUMMER GARDENS

Delightful **DINING**
DANCING
UNDER THE STARS
SWIMMING
IN FRESH SPRING WATER

(Editor's Note—This short story was chosen among several entries for the Observer's original story of the month. L.A.C. Storms will receive a cheque for \$5.00 from the Observer.)

"GENTLEMEN OF BREST"

By Malcolm L. Storm

Against the blue sky, wispy cirrus clouds floated high and still. Here and there in some dark corner of the heavens an occasional star still shone. The east was apple-green and orange, and the morning presaged fair weather for the day.

Hilton stood looking out of the east window. He was fidgety, and the knuckles of his hands showed white. They itched for his Hurricane. Mine did, too. But they didn't shake as I drank my coffee. He was a good-looking lad, Hilton. His flying-togs set him off well. Young to be married, though. But, as the French shrug it, "C'est la guerre!" He turned as if he knew I were reading his thoughts. Hilton was looking too far ahead. A fighter-pilot must never look beyond the moment in which he is living. His thoughts must never probe beyond that minute circle, that moment, for that infinitesimal portion of Time alone is his.

He thrust his hands into his pocket and strolled over to me. "Got a cigarette, Mac?"

I gave him my packet. "What are you worrying about?"

"Dunno," he snapped, as he shot me a quick glance with his blue eyes. "Aw! You'll think I'm crazy."

"No, I won't. What is it?"

"I think mine's coming today," he said, blowing a funnel of smoke towards the ceiling.

"Don't be an ass," I urged.

The look he gave me had hurt in it. "I knew you'd say that," he said.

GENTLEMEN of BREST

By L.A.C. STORM

His remark annoyed me. What else could I say? Every one of us got the jitters now and again. Brave men got 'em. Men like Johnson, who hadn't come back with us yesterday. He got his at Brest at five thousand feet. Went down like a torch—dead, we hoped. I dipped a wing to his going and almost got entangled with an Me-110. So I was annoyed with Hilton's remark. Then I realized how he must have felt. What a heel I was!

"All of us are booked, you know. Not just you, Hilton. But all of us."

"Sure, sure!" he rapped. "But this is MY day."

"Go on," I jibed. "You sound like Mrs. F. D. R."

"No kidding, Mac," he urged in chilling seriousness. "Last night I saw a plane making a huge letter 'B' against a blue sky. 'B' for Brest."

"You what . . .?"

"Dreamed it, you ass. Here, take this," shoving a letter into my hand. "Give it to Helen afterwards."

Just then a voice came through the amplifier, calling us into action. Hilton dashed out and left me staring stupidly at the letter. I shoved it into my pocket and gulped the last of my coffee before I followed him.

We got our orders. Brest again. The Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau were due for another dusting. And we were to take the bombers across. It was going to be hot. Someone always got it at Brest. They threw the whole steelworks at you over there. We were to meet the bombers over the channel. From then on it would be apple pie a la chrapnel. No matter how high you went or how low you flew, it was always shrapnel and tracers. Brest should have been named Hell.

I didn't see Hilton until we had met the bombers. Then I saw him taking his position. Now and again his sharp voice came over the 'phones, answering his Command. I smiled to myself. He'd be all right when he got to Brest. He'd be too occupied to think about himself. They kept you occupied there with everything from fire-crackers to flying blast furnaces.

Suddenly I saw little clouds of black smoke mushrooming against the morn-



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ing sky. We were there. The first wave of bombers had gone in. German fighters swooped around in wide circles, keeping out of their own fire and hoping to cut us off from escape. The command came over the 'phones, ordering us to stay close. The bombers must be protected at any cost. One by one we answered. Hilton's voice sounded firm again. I could almost see the old glint in his eye. "You devil!" he'd swear when he dived on a Nazi.

We went in. The "flak" was so thick you could walk on it. We turned noses up and hit for the heavens. But by the



Shine 'em up good, Bud, because you'll really want to look smart when you go dancing at Wonderland on the ticket we'll give you for identifying yourself at the Observer office.

time we got above the fire-ceiling it was too high for accurate bombing. So down we went again, practically battering our way through white hot metal. And all the while, the German Fighters flew around in circles, hemming us in. The bombers flattened out for attack.

Far below, one could almost make out the shapes of the Scharnhorst and the Gneisenau among the patternwork of docks. We followed the bombers, like little children around a mother's skirt. But how those old mothers can take it! The pilots of those Blenheims didn't give a damn for the "flak." They made straight for their targets, wading through flying steel. Their terrible determination steeled my own nerves. Down we went again, this time for a low level attack. I could see the bombs bursting about the ships. It was fun. Those ships would be tied up for months. If we could only

manage a few DIRECTS! That would really fix 'em. But the "flak" was so bad it was quite a job. The concussion threw the aircraft about as if you were riding a motor-boat on the channed. I took my hat off to those bomb-aimers. Suddenly a bomber passed me in flames. I shut my eyes momentarily. It isn't a nice picture. Where the devil was Hilton? I looked around, but couldn't see him. And just when I was fearing the worst, I heard his voice over the phones, reporting okay in a check-up.

While I was reporting to Command, a splinter tore through my starboard wing and gave me quite a jolt. But that's about all it amounted to. Out of the corner of my eye I saw eight Me 109's clustered for attack. They came at us like arrows, dark and spitting fire. I marked off the fourth and made for him. When I got him in range he veered and peeled off in a fast side-slip. Before I knew it, No. three had me in range. I pointed my nose up to try to get above him and then suddenly dropped my starboard wing so that I slid neatly under his fuselage. It was almost point-blank. But I couldn't help it. He went down before a vortex of black smoke. "Then there was seven," I was thinking. We were scattered some; dog-fights were going on all about, but the bombers ploughed for home. Then I saw two Me 110's picking on one of our boys. That wasn't fair play. Not at all. A steep bank to port brought me above them. I dived, but even as I did so one of the enemy aircraft went into a smooth airo-batic and plummeted towards the sea. The other, catching sight of me above him, turned tail and headed for home. My fellow-pilot dipped his wings in thanks and we made our way back across the channel.

It was over again. It was good to feel the wheels touch home ground. I reached for a cigarette and pulled out Hilton's letter. Then I remembered and looked around for him. What a ribbing I'd give him! Not seeing him, I strolled over to the mess. He'd be there having a glass of beer as was his custom. But he wasn't. I was annoyed at—I don't know what. At myself, mostly. Jackson, the fellow I'd helped out just before we'd headed for home, was at the bar having a drink. "Hey! Mac. Come on over," he hollered. "I owe you one."

I waved him off with a grin and then turned to some of the fellows, sitting at a table. "Seen Hilton?" I asked.

Only one looked up. And as he did so he pointed his thumb down. I stood silent for a moment. It was hard to grasp. Automatically, my hand went to the letter. One of the other boys looked up then.

"I saw him going down at five thousand," he said quietly. "Smoking badly."

That was all. Swell fellows, those. Plain and simple. They didn't mince matters and didn't make a fuss. Oh, well! All of us were booked. It was only a matter of trips. Still, I wished I'd been more decent to Hilton. Meant to be, of course. Likely he knew that. I turned around to go out. May as well get that letter delivered. On the way out another fellow was pushing his way in. He jostled me good-naturedly. Had a big grin on his face. I tried to come up to his humour, but we made an awful contrast. As he pushed past me I heard Hilton's name.

"What you say about Hilton?" I snapped, turning back. "He was all right. Just a bit dizzy this morning."

"Sure!" the fellow agreed. "That's what I'm saying. He bailed out and just made the coast. They got a 'phone call from him a minute ago."

I went back and told Jackson to pass me the drink he'd promised: I needed it.



Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival, St. Thomas, Labor Day.

For a Good Time
Try the
Kiwanis Carnival

●

For
Good Service
and
Good Ice
Try
Crystal Ice Co.
St. Thomas Phone 3518

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

St. Thomas to Present Blood Donors' Mobile Coach to Canadian Red Cross

For the purpose of raising the remaining \$2,500 of a \$4,000 commitment to present a Blood Donors' Mobile Coach to the Canadian Red Cross, the St. Thomas Kiwanis Club is holding a large carnival at Pinafore Park on Labor Day, September 7, afternoon and evening.

Mayor George Dyer and the St. Thomas City Council are co-operating, and with sports, baby show, music and other forms of entertainment will turn the event into a great community get-together and fun-fest. The City Council's interest in the Labor Day festivities is two-fold:

1. To provide home entertainment of a high order for its citizens, including the men at the neighboring R. C. A. F. training schools and their families.

2. To ensure the purchase of the Blood Donors' Mobile Coach, which will carry the name "St. Thomas" and will tour the Province of Ontario, gathering blood from voluntary individual donors at points where a blood clinic has not been established. It will be the first Blood Donors' Mobile Coach in operation in Canada.

The Canadian Red Cross has undertaken to build up a bank of blood plasma sufficient to meet the needs of the men in the Canadian and other British armed forces, and the operation of the St. Thomas Blood Coach, along with others that are to follow, is expected to be a big help towards attaining this worthy objective.

By Air to Ottawa, or Cash

Already the Kiwanians have started bringing in the dollars toward the \$4,000 objective. While no admission fee is being charged to the Labor Day carnival or park, gate prize tickets have been placed on sale and the sale pushed with vigor. The total value of these prizes, to be drawn for at the carnival, is over \$1,000. Top prize is an all-expense trip for two people via Trans-Canada Airways to Ottawa, or, if the winner is not air-minded or needs the money, \$150 in cash. Second prize is \$50 cash, third and fourth prizes \$25, and the remaining 150 prizes, valuable merchandise. At No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School the tickets have been placed on sale. Don't fail to support this good cause.



WHAT ARE YOU SO HAPPY ABOUT ?

S/L BLAGRAVE PRESENTS PICKLE-BARREL PINS

The coveted membership pins of the Pickle-Barrel Club were presented to twenty-three members of the last Observers' course by Squadron Leader Blagrove, on July 30th.

The following were entitled to membership in this very exclusive ultra ultra organization, by virtue of their direct hits: LAC's Logan, Marshall, Pender, Tobin, Pinckes, Waterbury, Dwirnychuk, Wenzel, Newall, Rice, White, Harris, Miller, Hollister, McKenna, Dawber, Parry, Major, Holmes, Rutter, Carfrae, Dawson and Thomson.

LAC Dawber, by superb co-ordination between himself and his pilot, succeeded in scoring the highest number of direct hits while engaged in authorized bombing exercises, and was therefore awarded the Pickle-Barrel Shield.

Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival, St. Thomas, Labor Day.



Too bad these aren't "sound" pictures of the boys in Recreation Hall. This might be interesting.

ROBERTSON'S
CHOCOLATE BARS FOR ENERGY
ROBERTSON BROTHERS LIMITED
 TORONTO CANADA

Airmen and Airwomen

DON'T FORGET THE

Kiwanis Club Carnival

on

Labor Day



Courtesy of

Sifton Funeral Home

ST. THOMAS

CORRECT ADDRESSING OF MAIL TO OUR FORCES

Hundreds of Soldiers, Sailors and Airmen every day fail to receive mail intended for them on account of incorrect or insufficient addressing.

Despite the oft-repeated postal advice that "if a letter or parcel is worth mailing it is worth proper addressing and packing," large quantities of incorrectly addressed mail for men in the Active Forces continue to be received.

Oversight or lack of care in properly addressing mail to our Forces Overseas results in such incorrectly addressed mail being set aside to be dealt with by a special section of the Canadian Postal Corps when opportunity offers. This entails extra work, extra expense and

delay—the day in turn causes anxiety and disappointment when some expected letter or parcel fails to arrive on time.

Mail for Canadians in Canadian Units or attached to the Royal Air Force should be addressed as follows:

AIR FORCE

Outside of Canada—

Number, Rank, Surname followed by initials,

Unit (if known),
"Attached R.A.F." (if applicable),
Royal Canadian Air Force Overseas.

In Canada—

Number, Rank, Surname followed by initials,

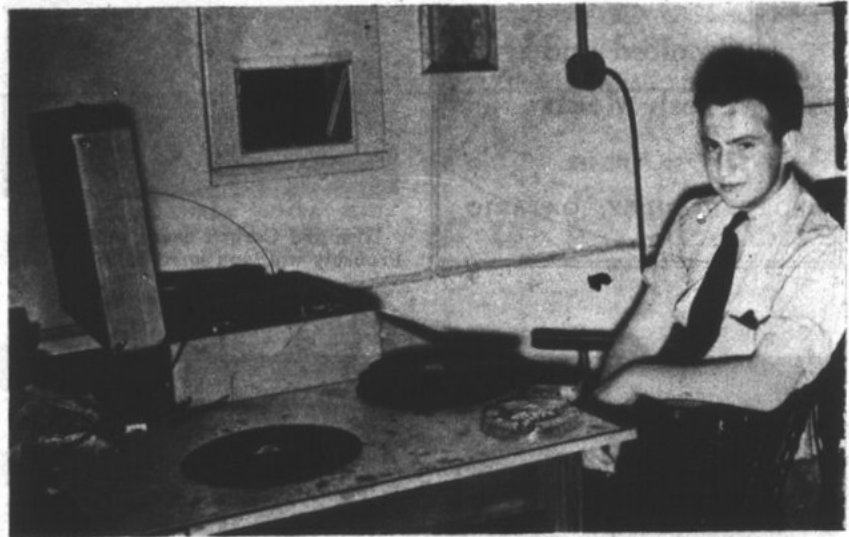
Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival, St. Thomas, Labor Day.

TUNGSTEN

Far leagues in the arid Mojave,
Where the yellow Aster once bloomed,
Is a range shunned even by coyote,
A land of the dead and the doomed.
No water, no treasure, no shelter—
Or such is the tale that was told—
Just famine and dust storm and swelter,
No sign of the fiercely sought gold.
But this is my home and I love it,
And I welcomed a man when he came.
My range and the brass sky above it
Gave Pete Osdick riches and fame,
For I am the "Merlin of Metals,"
My magic touch tempers all steel:
Though the Aster has withered its petals,
I reign over drill, lathe and wheel.
I am tungsten!

VISIT OUR
SODA FOUNTAIN
We Specialize in Sodas,
Sundaes and Cold Soft Drinks
JOHNSON'S
DRUG STORE
(Opposite Capitol Theatre)

Airmen and Airwomen
All your Shirts are Finished
by Hand here.
48-Hour Service
CITY LAUNDRY
ST. THOMAS
PHONE 2375



He's the leader of the band and the medicine man for the "blues" at the Tuesday night informals.



The Lounge is certainly well used now.

You too will enjoy—

**Neilsen's
JERSEY
MILK
CHOCOLATE**

*Delicious
Nourishing
Appetizing*

These Merchants Welcome R.C.A.F. to Port Stanley

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W.E. Eastwick

Dealer in

Pasteurized Milk

Fruits

Smoked and
Fresh Meats

Free Delivery

PORT STANLEY, ONTARIO



Irish and Corbett dance well together.
Probably will look smart at Wonderland.

We Outfit the Family

Dress Goods for Men,
Women and Children.

Dry Goods, Work Goods
for Men.

Featuring the Popular
Sharkskin Swim Suit

Ladies \$2.49 up
Men \$1.79 up

Accessories of all kinds.

DIMMICK'S

The Store of Better Values
Bridge Street Port Stanley

Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival,
St. Thomas, Labor Day.



This will prove that the new Observer is definitely a big hit. Even Drogue Flight, that formerly worked so hard, now stops to read the new monthly publication. If these Airmen will call at the office of the Observer, we'll give them passes to Wonderland Summer Gardens, where they may dance free, to Eddie Stroud's music.

WHEATON'S DRUG STORE PORT STANLEY

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and ENLARGING

TELEPHONE 527 - R 12

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Hot Dogs and Sandwiches

These Merchants Welcome the R.C.A.F. to Port Stanley



WATT'S
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DAY and NIGHT SERVICE
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TAYLOR BOATS
 At Lift Bridge, Port Stanley
 When at Port—Rent a Boat
 Phone 135-R-8

Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival,
 St. Thomas, Labor Day.

Smitty, who works in the plotting office, looks happy. Would a ticket to Wonderland make you happier?

PORT STANLEY, ONTARIO
MACKIE'S
 Established 1911
 PURE FRUIT
ORANGEADE
 Always **5c** a Glass
 Often Imitated—Never Duplicated
 Free Parking at Rear

THANKS!
"The Observer"
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 Hearty Thanks to all who have
 contributed in any way to make
 "THE OBSERVER" a success.
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CLIFTON
 Special Attention to R. C. A. F.



The Church Parade



THE ISSUES OF THE PRESENT CONFLICT

On every hand we have heard that this war is a struggle to preserve Christian civilization, and to destroy the forces of paganism. That there is truth in this contention no one can deny. Anyone who has given the matter serious thought knows that Democracy and freedom spring from the teachings of the Christian religion.

The idea of freedom has its roots in a particular conception of human nature. If one believes that man is made for the state; that he has no rights apart from the state; and that his highest function is to serve and die for it, then one cannot complain if the leader of the state deals with one in any way he feels will promote the best interests of the state. But if one believes, as Christian doctrine proclaims, that man is a child of God; the crown of His creation; made in the image of God; and for fellowship with Him both here and hereafter; then man must be treated with the dignity and honour that his nature demands. He must not be used as a pawn in the grandiose schemes of a dictator. He must not be regarded as a tool of the state. He must be accorded freedom—the right to make his own decisions and determine his own course—for this alone accords with his nature and destiny as it is in the mind of God. Democratic institutions, in the sense of institutions that are created by the people; for the people; and controlled by the people; are the only ones that are in accordance with this noble

view of human nature. Opposing ideologies take it for granted that the masses are unfit for this high calling, so the leader determines and decides for all. What qualifies the leader for this function we do not know, and most of us vehemently deny that he possesses those special qualifications of leadership.

To us of the democracies, accustomed to free institutions and self-determination, this practice is an insult to man. However, Christianity has more to say concerning man than to proclaim his dignity upon his inability to achieve this dignity and destiny apart from the Grace of God. It maintains that only as man's life is linked in daily fellowship with God is it worthy and capable of freedom. Herein lies our great modern error. We want the dignity and freedom which Christianity accords man, but we repudiate the faith in God which makes it possible. We cannot have it both ways. It is either Christian faith, life and freedom, or paganism and slavery.

"Fortune" magazine, in making a survey of American life, uncovered its Christian foundations, but also its modern repudiation of faith in God. This led to the statement, "American civilization has lost the key to its own nature." That is true of all democratic countries. Democracy and freedom are the fruits of the tree of Christianity. Uproot the tree and the fruit perishes.

If freedom is to stand today, religion among our people must be recovered. Every one of us has a responsibility in

this matter. There is no place for a cavalier attitude towards religion or the church; for indifference or neglect. Each must become an earnest seeker after truth and God; each in the tradition in which he or she has grown up.

Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival,
St. Thomas, Labor Day.



What a Life!



Beautiful girls usually storm
A handsome man in a uniform,
But not this man—
till he learns, m'friend,
He has to perspire,
but needn't offend!

Bath tonight with **LIFEBUOY**

The ONE soap especially made to
prevent "I.O." (Body Odor)

Airgunner LAC Hand receives a free ticket to Wonderland for this smart salute. The only stipulation is that he call at the Observer office for it personally.

Dope from the Hospital

Before beginning our ramble through the Station Hospital, we should like to stop a few seconds to offer our heartiest congratulations to the Editor and Staff of the Observer, on their new publication. They have certainly given us a magazine of which we can be justly proud and which, we have no doubt, is the best service publication in Canada. To them we say, "Keep up the good work and give us more like it."

As previously stated, the purpose of this alleged article is to give our readers a brief insight on life (such as it is) at the local health institute.

Our day at the Hospital commences with the regular Sick (or so they tell us) Parade. The attendants on Sick Parade are seen one at a time by one of our patient and long-suffering M. O.'s, who prescribes the appropriate treatment and refers the patient to the treatment room. Here the patient is cared for by our capable staff of Nursing Orderlies and Hospital Assistants. From there, after a long and futile effort to secure an Attend 'C' the patient (?) is returned to duty.

If a patient requires constant care and attention, he or she is admitted to the Station Hospital where, under the alert supervision of our Nursing Sister Tomes they are assured of a quick return to health.

While in hospital, the patients are cared for in the best possible manner. They are visited daily by one of the Medical Officers and reports are made on the progress of each case. They also receive peridic visits from our Padres, and the ever-welcome Y.M.C.A. Representative, Mr. Shaver (but he doesn't appear often enough with those free cigarettes). Thus, when their hospitalization period comes to an end, they return to their duties in the best of physical and spiritual health.

Now, perhaps, you are interested in a brief introduction to the men and women who daily devote all their time and efforts to the promotion of physical well-being on the Station. The "boss" of our staff is Flight Lieutenant Westman, who recently arrived to take over the duties of Senior Medical Officer from Flt. Lt. Palmer, who was posted to Aylmer. "Westy," as he is known to his fellow-officers, is one of those big, jovial men who never fail to have a smile and cheery word for their fellowmen, and help immensely to make the road of life a lot smoother for everyone.

Our second in command is Flt. Lt. Graham, the energetic, hard-working Medical Officer who is also president of the Station Sports Committee and one of the most popular men on the Station. They tell us that more than one young lady on the Station has inquired about that "tall, handsome, blonde officer." Sorry, girls! He's married.

Rounding out our trio of Medical Officers is Flt. Lt. Webster, who, in his comparatively short stay with us, has become extremely popular with officers and men alike.

We had another welcome addition to



our staff a short time ago in the person of Nursing Sister Tomes (she's a beautiful nurse, too, boys), who, ever since her arrival has been bemoaning the lack of patients in our institution. Her enthusiasm and effervescent personality have been a decided asset and will prove even more valuable as our busy season rolls around once again.

Next in line come our two efficient Sergeants — Milne and Mabec. These two hard-working western boys — from Manitoba and Saskatchewan respectively — are always ready and willing to give their all to the great cause for which we are working.

Recently, the powers that be decided to reinforce the Station Hospital establishment with two junior N.C.O.'s, the lucky boys being Corporals Hodges, in charge of the Medical Inspection Room, and Ryan, in charge of the Orderly Room. We hear that Ryan is still trying to figure out this "whilst so employed" stuff in connection with his appointment.

The establishment is also blessed (?) with the man who is probably the most noted bird-fancier in the service. We refer, of course, to LAC Roach, who, it is said, has grown into a national personage due to his recent tangle with the well-known "Port Stanley Parrot."

Another boast of our staff is the presence of LAC Montgomery, that energetic, trumpet-tooting, Irish football player from Hamilton, who has been one of the Hospital mainstays for some time.

At the time of writing, we have recently been deprived of the services of LAC's Landry and Middleton. These boys did great work while at this Station and our best wishes go with them. We understand that Middleton made a certain AW on the Station very happy by giving her a diamond prior to his departure. Good luck to Jack and Kay, and don't forget to let us know when the big event takes place.

We were also very happy to welcome into our happy family AW's Wade, Reedman, Bourne, Hills, Ray and Lodato, who have been doing splendid work since their arrival, and we feel sure they will continue to follow in the footsteps of their illustrious predecessors. At present, AW Wade is recuperating from an operation in T. T. S. Hospital, and we wish her a quick recovery.

The kitchen is in very good hands, with AW's Strilaeff and Procter really distinguishing themselves in the culinary field. Many a fellow has been heard to say, "Just like mother used to make," after sampling one of the meals served in the Hospital. To these girls, all we can say is, "Keep 'em frying!"

We have, of course, had with us in the past some really grand fellows, too numerous to name, but our very best wishes go out to all those men who have aided us in our fight against man's most hated and feared enemy — disease — and, needless to say, we will all continue to do our utmost in making that fight a winning one.





Mr. Jay Shaver,
Y. M. C. A. Representative

PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST

Winners Announced Next Month

Winners in the Photography Contest, featured in the July issue, will be announced next month. This contest has been very successful, and many interesting pictures have been sent in. The winning snapshots will be printed in the September issue, and the prizes awarded at that same time also.

What the Y.M.C.A. Can Do for You

A few things that the Station Y.M.C.A. supervisor can do for you to make your stay at No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School a happier one;

1. He will arrange places for you to go on your 48's, on your seven days or even on your fourteen days.
2. If you are many hundred miles from home and would like to spend some time visiting in the Wonderland of Muskoka Lakes, let him know in advance and arrangements will all be made.
3. Night letters and telegrams may be sent from the Y. M. C. A. office in the Recreation Hall.
4. Your personal incoming telegrams may be phoned into the "Y" office.
5. The "Y" Rep. will discuss with you any personal problem and may be able to throw some light on the subject.
6. Tell him about your ideas in other sports activities and entertainment. They may prove very successful.
7. If you are travelling, come into the "Y" office, where you can look over all timetables, bus and railway. Special arrangements may be made by phone.

He also requests fullest co-operation from the Airmen and Airwomen in making the entertainment and sports activities a real success.

Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival,
St. Thomas, Labor Day.



"WHO DONE THAT?"

Just to show you how important No. 4 Bombing and Gunnery School is, to the people of St. Thomas, just look at the advertising in this issue, and also look at the accompanying picture. It shows Kay Crozier of the St. Thomas Times-Journal in the act of photographing the wings parade of July 17th. Of course, she isn't actually taking pictures in this 'sneak snap,' but she's looking at the guy who shot off a flash bulb in her face so unexpectedly.

With the Compliments of

SAM MEEK

Your Nearest

British-American Service Station

Since 1924

Our gas pumps are open until 9 p.m. Saturday

Phone 11-R-11

Fingal

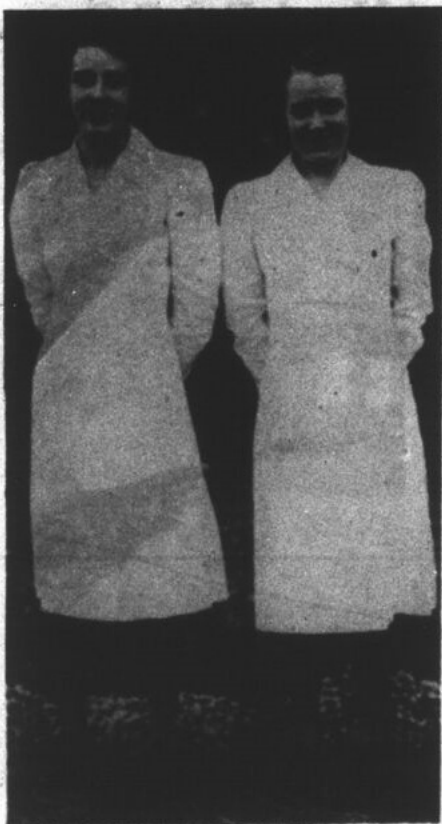
A METROPOLITAN NEWSPAPER

Read Your Local
Daily . . .

The St. Thomas Times-Journal

DON'T FORGET THE KIWANIS CARNIVAL!

Patronize *Observer* Advertisers



These two dental students may dance at our expense.



THE PEARLY GATES

A guard knocked at the Pearly Gates,
His face was scarred and old,
He stood before the man of fate
For admission to the fold.
"What have you done?" St. Peter said.
"To gain admission here?"

"I've been a Permanent Security Guard,
Sir,
For many and many a year."
The Pearly Gates swung open wide
As St. Peter touched the bell.
"Come in," he said, "and choose your harp.
You've HAD your taste of Hell."

— By I. Ben Joed.



We'll leave it to you to guess what she's doing, but it's not what you think. AW1 Kouzyer is washing her hands prior to having her picture taken in the parachute section.



"Hey, Major! AW3 Greer's got her hand in her pocket." But maybe she's looking for that double ticket to the Capitol Theatre in St. Thomas which we'll give her upon request at the Observer office.



"It was down in Old Joe's Bar-room," or so the song goes. But these fellows were all down in the canteen after the Aylmer-Fingal game, and may all dance to the music of Eddie Stroud and his boys as the guests of Mr. Jones of Wonderland and the Observer. Just call at the Observer office and identify yourselves, boys. Watch for the Wandering Cameraman wherever you go. He may be anywhere at anytime.



AVIATORS' GOGGLES

SUN GLASSES.

E. H. FLACH - DIAMOND HALL

WATCHMAKER - JEWELLER

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

377 TALBOT STREET

PHONE 427

ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Sneak Snapped on the Home Front of No. 4 B & G School



The Canteen is not so crowded when it's a week from payday, but those present smiled for the Wandering Cameraman.



The Wandering Cameraman visited one of the Tuesday night informals and snapped part of the crowd.



They're holding hands. Saw 'em, but the camera didn't. (Wandering Cameraman).



PROMOTED

Congratulations to WO1 Mullen, who has recently been promoted to the fancy tailor-made uniform pictured above. (Sorry, girls, he's married.) Wanta take your wife dancing? Pick up your ticket at the Observer office.

The Scott Studio

"Established in St. Thomas Over 65 Years"

Highest Quality Portraits
at Special Rates to Airmen

585 Talbot St.

OPEN EVENINGS

Upstairs

Sneak Snapped on the Home Front of No. 4 B & G School



More visitors to the Station chat in the officers' mess during the officers' dance.



Ye olde family group! Here are three cylinders of the four-cylindered editorial staff. There's a miss in the motor because F/L Witzel is not around. The other three are . . . you guessed it—Brother Montgomery, Brother O'Reilly and Brother Shaver.
What, no tickets, Monty?



Our air-conditioned classroom.



It says right here in K. R. (Air) that pipe-smoking in public by the Airmen personnel should be discouraged, so we're doing our part to discourage by catching this innocent young fellow with one sticking out of his mouth right on Talbot Street, in St. Thomas. We're only kidding, of course, but in this statement we are not—he and the lady are invited to be the Observer's guests for an evening at the Capitol Theatre. Just call at our office, but leave the pipe outside, please.

THE ST. THOMAS
ACTIVE SERVICE CANTEN
WELCOMES YOU

LOUNGE — COFFEE SHOP — LIBRARY
Open from noon until 11 p.m.

Located directly above the Strand Bowling Alley,
455 Talbot Street

(St. Thomas Citizens' Committee)

Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival,
St. Thomas, Labor Day.

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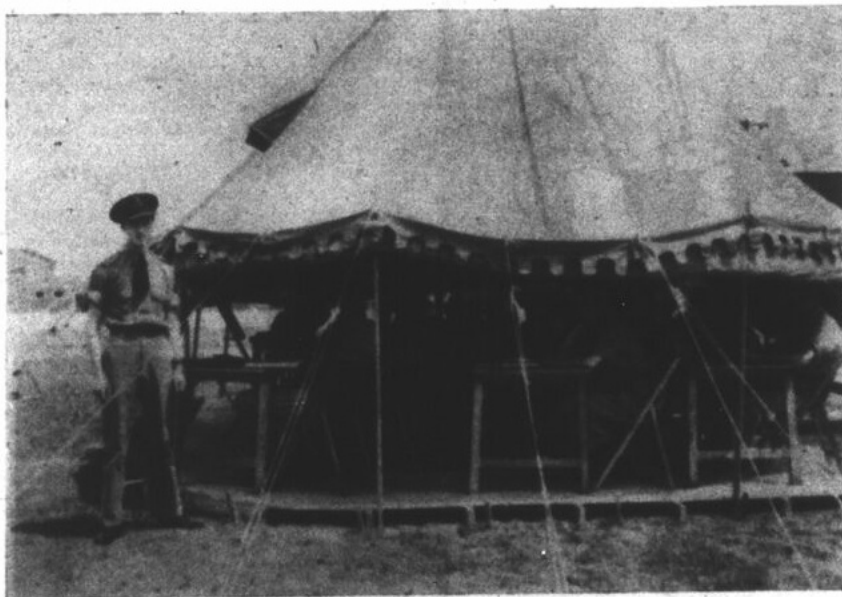


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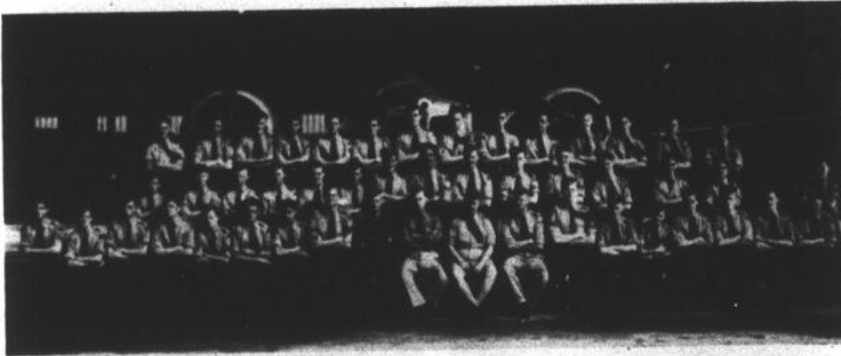


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THE ST. THOMAS
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 WELCOMES YOU
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Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival,
 St. Thomas, Labor Day.

Air Cadets Bid Farewell



DAILY DIARY OF THE AIR CADETS

(Editor's Note — Upon leaving this Station, two of the Air Cadets sent us a copy of their joint daily diary. We print it herewith. It may be old, by now, but we think it still of interest. — The Ed.)

Sunday, 5th.

Dear Diary: At 1530 hours Flight Lieutenant M. P. MacLeod's so-called "Wolf Pack" arrived by bus at No. 4 B. & G. School. Upon arrival, registration took place, with ten per cent having temporary amnesia concerning their regimental numbers. Assigned to tents, bedding was issued. Rather strong language was used after Sunday evening's mess. Every bottle of milk for sale on the Station was consumed by the Cadets. Between "Lights Out" and "Reveille" Monday, AC2 A. Fink received thirty minutes' sleep. This portrays the quiet, restful state of the camp.

Monday, 6th.

Dear Diary: Rain accompanied our first night and morning. Wing Commander D. D. Findlay, Commanding Officer of the Station, welcomed us. Our fatigue uniforms were issued, and Corporal T. Wilson's fatigue pants were flying at half-mast just below his knees. Monday afternoon was spent in touring the hangars, where we inspected seven different types of aircraft used in Canadian training by the R.C.A.F., and had a close view of a Hampden Bomber.

Tuesday, 7th.

Dear Diary: Tuesday morning the Bomb Aimers got a little practice on Lake Erie when we went down to watch the target bombing. During the after-



Air Cadets go back to the farm

noon Cadets were allowed to fire the Vickers Gas Operated Machine Gun at the 25-yard range.

Wednesday, 8th.

Dear Diary: Squad No. 1 visited the Control Tower and during the afternoon the Bomb Teacher and Armament Section were visited. Squad No. 2 visited the Tower in the afternoon and did some drilling during the morning. The Cadets played the R.C.A.F. baseball team and suffered defeat to the tune of 11 to 2. All Cadets attended the theatre after the game. (I won't need my mother to rock me to sleep tonight — I'm tired.)

Thursday, 9th.

Dear Diary: Squad No. 1 was in the Link Trainer all day and Sgt. Gordon Carswell ended up 1,200 feet underground. Squad No. 2 went to the Bomb

Teacher in the morning, and the Parachute Section during the afternoon. From 1400 to 1500 hours we had a P.T. workout and a game of volley ball. Now AC2 Robert Johnston knows why the Air Force lads are so husky.

Friday, 10th.

Dear Diary: After our scrambled eggs, bacon, hot chocolate, jam and toast (Don Deas ate twice), we were inspected by Wing Commander D. D. Findlay on the Commanding Officer's Parade. Squad No. 1 went to the Photographic Section, where they watched an enlargement being made. In the afternoon they visited the Parachute Section. Squad No. 2 flew all day and didn't leave the ground. All the "flying" was in the Link Trainers.

Saturday, 11th.

Well, dear Diary, today we leave — but we're quite happy here — however, we'll be glad to see Mary, Jane and Phyllis.

We wish to extend our thanks to Commanding Officer Wing Commander D. D. Findlay and Flight Lieutenant M. P. MacLeod, D.F.C., on behalf of WO1 Cox, the N.C.O. i/c of the 27th, and the personnel of the London Squadron for the excellent meals, the interesting tours and the all-round good time.

Thanks also to all the very kind Officers, Airmen and Airwomen who made our week's training on this Station something to be long remembered. In a couple of years we'll be back — not as Cadets, but as enlisted Airmen (we hope), and we'll be proud to know that we are a small part of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

Cadets of the No. 27th,
London Squadron.

(Our hats are off to you, Cadets. We've enjoyed having you — hope we've helped you some to know what we are trying to do in this war. Come back to see us. — The Observer Staff.)



F/Sgt. Faulkner is surprised by the Wandering Cameraman at his desk in the O. R. Mess.

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DOUBLE SIZE .. 44c

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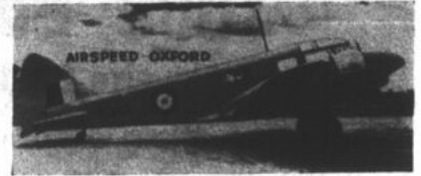


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Buckingham
and Smile



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"SEE WHAT YOU EAT"

30 SALADS

ON DISPLAY DAILY

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CAFETERIA**

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ST. THOMAS

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Uniforms Cleaned and Pressed **55c**
QUICK SERVICE

ALADDIN
CLEANERS & DYERS
"Cleaned as if by Magic"

Phone
252

362 - 366 TALBOT STREET
ST. THOMAS

Leaflets

„Wir werden von nun an Deutschland in immer grösserem Maßstab mit Bomben belegen, Monat auf Monat, Jahr auf Jahr, bis das Naziregime entweder von uns ausgerottet ist, oder — besser noch — bis ihm das deutsche Volk selbst den Garaus macht.“

CHURCHILL:
14: VII: 1941

Am 30. Mai 1942
Der erste Angriff
mit über
1000 Bombern
Der zweite folgte am 1. Juni

Nach diesem Angriff erklärte Churchill

„Diese beiden grossen Nachtangriffe kennzeichnen den Beginn einer neuen Phase der britischen Luftoffensive gegen Deutschland. Und diese Offensive wird bedeutend an Wucht zunehmen, wenn erst — wie das bald der Fall sein wird — die amerikanische Luftwaffe an den Angriffen teilnimmt.“

„Deutsche Städte, Häfen und kriegswichtige Industriegebiete werden einer so schweren Prüfung unterworfen werden, wie sie noch kein Land, weder an Dauer, Wucht oder Ausmass erfahren hat.“

G. 11
Sir Stafford Cripps

DAS DEUTSCHE VOLK HAT DIE WAHL

BOT

chen
Jerechtigkeit
ranborne
ic sich der
Zeugen wir
anborne
holt und
ng zu den
hührung

NG

am
Freien
ückkehr
achtung
müssen
vor sie
jetzigen

Eden
wo er
Tosson



This Corporal and his lady were seen coming out of the Capitol Theatre in St. Thomas. If he can identify himself at our office, he is invited to see another show at the Capitol as our guest.



Out of the night comes a WO2 Pilot and another lone American, "sneak snapped" on a St. Thomas street by the Wandering Cameraman. They may both have tickets to Wonderland Summer Gardens upon identification at the Observer office.

Here it is! This is a copy of one of the many millions of leaflets of propaganda that we are dropping over Germany, occupied France, and the several other Nazi-dominated countries, telling the populaces of the captive territories just what the Allies are promising to do to the enemy, and then citing various dates and activities that were announced long before they took place.

Although your writer can't read it any better than you probably can, the editors of the Observer called upon AW1 Fulton, who of course spent several months in Germany as a teacher just prior to the war (see July Observer) and speaks German fluently. She said it states that England is going to consider the sending of a thousand bombers over the occupied countries and Germany. Then, on the other side it says, "See there, we told you we were going to do it."

It continues in explicit German to quote Winston Churchill, Franklin Roosevelt and other staesmen, who tell just what penalties Germany and her Gestapo will eventually suffer.

The Observer claims a "scoop" on this, because we've found that several newspapers would like to run copies of it in their columns.

FINGAL R. C. A. F. OFFICERS

... May We Be of Service to You?

CUSTOM TAILORED
UNIFORMS and GREATCOATS
— COMPARE —

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

ORTH LIMITED - - **London**

MAC'S SMOKE SHOP

Smokers' Supplies and
Souvenirs

Patronize the
KIWANIS CARNIVAL
Monday, Sept. 7th

We Cater to all Airmen
and Airwomen

360 TALBOT STREET

SPARKS FROM THE WIRELESS STATION

A Poem of Introduction

Our section first of all we'll show,
Is made of WOG's and WEM's you
know.
Flight Sergt. Britton, clad in shorts,
Is "tops" and really best of sports.
Then Sergt. Seeley, tall and slim,
Just wet his third (to our chagrin).
Corporal Taylor — our love adviser —
Promises to make the green ones wiser;
Not to mention Corporal Guggins —
Wine — Women — Song, and "huggins".
Now Thorsteinson — our Cpl. Thorky —
He plays harmonica, by jorky.
Well, you've met our N.C.O.'s,
So, now we'll introduce the Joes.
Fanny Fanjoy, our best bet,
For a couple of hocks to wet.
Then, Fat Rawson, graceful lad,
Weights two-forty-two unclad.
Next Vic Herod — he's sewed up
By little Mac (she won't let up).
Our Geary you will find quite able
At pitching woo — another Gable.
Slim Pulford — mere two hundred
pounder,
Blesses the girdle and its founder.
The worry wart, he's quite a bore —
You'll meet his name, O. G. Dunsmore.
Red Gadsby, a peculiar chap,
Thinks if you work, you're just a sap.
Another beef trust guy is here —
It's Melrose — strange he won't touch
beer.
Tommy Skinner, we must reveal,
Just got married — so he's no deal.
Now you've met the gang at last,
Be sure to smile as they go past.

After our recent wiener roast, most of
us have been slinking along the back
roads during the recreational hours. It

is rumored that Sergt. Seeley, having
wet (or rather drowned) his third, at the
Port, has seen the light, and again goes
to bed each night at nine. Latest sug-
gestion seems to be a corn roast (this
time we'll eat the corn, not drink it).
Wonder when Cpl. Thorky is going to
break down and give the girls a tumble.
We know someone who thinks his Sing
Sing haircut is cute. The addition of the
W.D.'s to the Station has broadened
Geary's education. He now says "Num-
ber, please" in French.

Since Herod has become strictly the
property of a certain Scotch miss, some
of us get the occasional smile. Thanks,
Mac — keep up the good work. Well,
folks, we'll be back in a month (if the
farmer doesn't nab us in his corn field).

DISAPPOINTMENT

Her very first flip was a honey of a trip,
She was up for an hour and a half;
But when she came down, she said with
a frown,
"That's the first and the last for this
Waff."

"We took off with a rush that shattered
the hush
That envelops the earth just at night;
We banked and we turned, and the
straightaway spurned
Till I damned near fainted from fright."

"He dived her down straight, perhaps he
was late,
And wanted to get home before dawn:
For he turned the ship over, went skim-
ming through clover,
Or maybe he was only mowing the
lawn."

"Then he pulled her right out and I had
to shout,
To take some of the pain from my ears;
Then the handsome goof looped a sick-
ening loop,
And added on ten to my years."

"Now all this was swell, but I may
well tell
Why I'll never again take a trip;
'Cause it goes without saying, the pilot
should have been paying
More attention to me than the ship."
— LAC Halter.

G. I. S. NOTES

A word to the wise Air Gunners from
Major McAdam of G. I. S. is as follows:
"Learn your Aircraft Recognition, for
before the Jerries get a chance to knock
you out of the skies, a final exam. is apt
to, if you fail to recognize planes.

Grieving is the order at the Orderly
Room with the posting of AW2 McBride
overseas. Though leaving many friends
behind, McBride has displayed no grief
in the new adventure ahead.

Major Martin supplied Air Gunners
Class 34 with a few laughs when giving
instructions for wings parade. Highlight
of the session was on the proper way to
about-turn, when the Major displayed
what might happen if the fellows have
too strenuous a night before.

Complaints are numerous from all air-
crew over the P. T. that they are forced
to partake in. Cheer up, lads, it's all for
the best, as it aids in your ability to put
on a good show in the air.



Now for a little grand (?) opera solo.

Letter from a Yank Repatriate

Today, I received a letter from a lad who is now in the U. S. Air Corps, but who was formerly an L.A.C. in the R. C. A. F., and transferred back when the U. S. Repatriation Board came over and took so many of the "Yanks" back to finish their training in the States. Will you bear with us long enough to see just what the situation is "south of the border"?

The letter comes from the Palo Alto Airport of the U.S. Army Air Corps, at King City, California, and reads, in part:

"We don't get passes here like we did in Canada. We're allowed one six-hour pass weekly, and two twenty-four-hour passes every three months, provided we can take them on rainy days or when there's no flying, (and I don't believe it ever rains in California). (And this will surprise you—ground and maintenance crews are governed by the same rules, and get the same privileges.) The discipline is much tougher—our beds just have to be made "so-so" or else; and after three months, I can't make one yet. The upper-classmen are nice (?) guys, too. They are very kind(?), generous(?) and thoughtful(?) about everything, including our welfare. If we have a foggy morning, you can see all the underclassmen, air crew trainees and tradesmen trainees alike, out on their knees praying for the fog to go away—if we've ever had any previous flying training, we give daily exhibitions of high altitude 'flying' by sitting on a bed with a broomstick for thirty minutes. When we meet an upper-classman we throw a 'brace' (very exaggerated form of attention) and we must hold it 'til he gives 'at ease!'"

The letter goes on to say, "our daily schedule including Sundays is as follows:

"4:30 a.m.—Reveille.

"4:45 a.m.—Breakfast.

"5:00 a.m.—Morning exercise.

"6:00-9:00—Classes of work.

"9:00-10:00—Rough athletics (and I do mean rough!)

"10:00-10:30—Shower.

"10:30-11:45—Drill (including every man on the station).

"11:45-1:00 p.m.—Lunch.

"1:00-6:00—Work—aircrew fly till 7:15.

"7:15—Retreat.

"7:30—Supper.

"8:15-8:45—Study or relaxation period.

"8:45-8:50—Free—everybody can use this particular time as he sees fit.

"8:50—Lights out! And when I say 'lights out', I mean just that! There must be absolutely no talking, and everyone (these words are underlined) is definitely in bed—OR ELSE!"

He concludes his letter by saying that there's one thing that's nice about the U. S. Air Corps that's different. Every morning at 4:20, a pleasant voiced cadet announces through the loud speaker system that it's "time to get up, there's a war going on." Then he plays the latest recordings of swing music until time for breakfast.

His final statement is: "Yes, we work like h—l, but there's a certain satisfaction in knowing that no matter how small our particular job may be, we're really doing some good to help the boys 'over there' win the war. Sometimes in Canada, we forgot why we were really up there; back in the States we aren't given a chance to forget what we're here for. Yes, sir! The United States is at war! And the lowest cadet grease-monkey, or whatever form of enlisted man is the lowest form, is never allowed to forget it from the time he enters this service until he winds up overseas, where there's not a possible chance of his ever forgetting it, unless he's inclined to join the Unknown Soldiers in Flanders Field."

The duty watch system could never compare to that. After all, we agreed, when we enlisted, to go anywhere, do anything, etc., for as long as needed or until the victory we're expecting is won. Or could it be that the ones who are squaking right now are better off financially while we're at war than they were on civil jobs before? If that's true, and you want to make the service your career, just remember that when the war's over, there'll be plenty of jobs to be filled in the Air Force, and there's no doubt that if you're the right type, the powers that be would be very glad to see that everyone wanting to stay in the service is placed where he's best fitted.

When that time comes, we can have more fun, quit at four o'clock in the afternoon and sleep till eight in the morning without hurting anyone particularly. But right now, we're at WAR, and for myself, I'd like to get it over with. If you'll carry that thought uppermost in

your mind, and follow the thoughts behind it, the duty watch won't seem so severe. In fact it might make us realize that perhaps it's still little enough to do. But above all—don't fail to remember—we're at war, and the boys "over there" don't have a chance to go off their stations once every month, let alone, twenty nights. They're also at war, and fighting for their lives, and OURS. What do you think?

All of which leads us to add that this same duty watch system is now in effect on many other R.C.A.F. stations, and will be on more.

The navy has for years and years (not only the Royal Canadian but the U. S. as well) consistently used the duty watch system and it's been responsible for saving thousands of lives and accidents. But here's something that might just interest the fellow who thinks he's being over-worked. In the Navy, every man is on a watch every other week. If you don't think so, just ask any sailor what the Port Watch is, or the Starb'd Watch. He'll tell you that since his first day in the navy, that he's spent an average of more than two weeks monthly on a watch for seven days at a time.

With the system here at Fingal, we are on watch seven days, on a "forty-eight" for two; then regular duty for twelve days, another "forty-eight" and five more days regular duty, before starting the next seven days of duty watch. It could be worse, fellows. Just think of the men who were captured in Hong Kong, Manila and Singapore; and are now being held (we fervently hope) by the Japs. They'd jump at the opportunity of trading positions with us, right now. Would you trade with them?



"They trained on milk." All four may have tickets to the Capitol Theatre by calling at the Observer office.

STATION THEATRE PROGRAM

August 15-19

"Road to Singapore"—Musical comedy; Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour, Bob Hope, Judith Barrett. "Sea Police"—Paramount Pictorial No. 9. "On With the New"—Betty Boop Cartoon.

August 22-26

"French Without Tears"—Comedy; Ray Milland, Ellen Drew and Roland Culver. Shorts—"Swans," Paramount Paragraphic; "Tempo of Tomorrow," Paramount Headliner; "Musical Mountaineers," Betty Boop Cartoon; "Ghosks Is the Bunk," Popeye.

August 29-Sept. 2

"New York Town"—Action drama; Fred MacMurray, Mary Martin, Robert Preston, Akim Tamiroff. Shorts—"Forgotten Man," Robert Benchley Comedy; Gene Krupa and Orchestra.

September 5-9

"Doomed Caravan"—Western, Paramount, starring Wm. Boyd. Shorts—"Nature's Nursery," Paramount; "Listen to Larry," band reel; "When Razzberry Was a Fruit," Stone Age cartoon; "Puttin' On the Act," Popeye cartoon.



Tickets to the Capitol, Boys? O.K.

The Fingal *Observer* Ads Pay Dividends

Capitol Directory

Sat., Mon., Tue.,
Aug. 15-7-18

Rosalind Russell and
Fred MacMurray

in
"TAKE A LETTER,
DARLING"

Wed., Thur., Fri.,
Aug. 19-20-21

Norma Shearer and
Robert Taylor

in
"HER CARDBOARD
LOVER"

Sat., Mon., Tue., Wed.,
Aug. 22-24-25-26

Tyrone Power and
Joan Fontaine

in
"THIS ABOVE ALL"

Thur. & Fri., Aug. 27-28
TWO HITS

"MY FAVORITE
SPY"

Kay Kyser, Ellen Drew
Also

William Lundigan and
Jean Rogers

in
"SUNDAY PUNCH"

**The Picture
Everyone
is Waiting
for**



This above all is the great, great
love story of our generation!
From the most widely read novel
since "Gone With The Wind"!



**SAT.
MON.
TUES.
WED.**

**August
22, 24
25, 26**

CAPITOL 

COMING SOON—One of the Best 10 Pictures of All Time
Walter Pigeon—Greer Garson in "MRS. MINIVER"

NOTICE—SPECIAL REDUCED RATE TO MEN AND WOMEN IN UNIFORM—MON. TO FRI.

SPORTS PAGE

GOOD SPORTS

Some twenty-three miles to the west of this Royal Canadian Air Force Station lies a quiet little town by the name of West Lorne. Certainly it originated many score years before this Fingal Station was ever thought of, and sprung there about the time that the New York Central and Pere Marquette Railroads found their way through Southern Ontario.

However, what has all this to do with good sports? The point is, a certain Mr. Lemon of that town phoned several times regarding the possibility of our softball team going over to his town as a special attraction in a softball game, in order to raise money to send the boys that are serving overseas more and more cigarettes. I'll let you in on the secret, the evening was a huge success.

The game got away to a good start at 19.15 hours, with the score at the end of the third inning standing 2-0 in favor of West Lorne, but 'twas about this time that old "1876 Oldidge" came through with his one thousand batting average, to let in a couple of much needed runs for the Bombers. It was from this moment on that Sergeant Miller and his military boys struck their stride and held it for the rest of the evening—even to the eats in the "ole town hall," which really hit the boys about the mid-section.

At this time, probably we should divulge the final score — 18 to 6 in favor of our famous Fingal Bombers—and were they happy! Particularly so, after meeting defeats from the swats of T. T. S. and Aylmer. Immediately after the game and the three lusty cheers that went up for the boys who were our competitors, we were directed to the "ole town hall" at the four corners, where the local Legionaires had spread a table fit for a king, so we ate like kings, enjoyed their western hospitality, made some speeches, told some stories, and after all this, bade farewell to our friends and went on our way home, content that the evening was a howling success, and that our "buddies" overseas would be receiving some thirteen thousand additional cigarettes because we, too, were good sports.

ST. THOMAS LEAGUE

The Bombers are now standing by, waiting for the winners of the semi-finals, after finishing first in the schedule, with only one defeat charged against them. Union and Elgin Dairy are playing three out of five for the right to meet the Bombers, and these playoffs promise to be very exciting. We are looking forward to much stronger support from the stands when the finals get underway. How about it?

STATION LEAGUE

The Station League has narrowed down to the semi-finals after a very successful season, and anyone who has not taken part has missed a few evenings of real fun.

We find, after completing the schedule, Maintenance meeting Headquarters, and Security Guard meeting G. I. S. These teams will play a two-out-of-three series, with the winners meeting in a like series. To date, in the only game played, Maintenance defeated Headquarters, 18 to 8. If you are staying in camp, you could put in a very enjoyable night by attending these games and supporting your favorite teams.

FIELD DAY

It is planned to hold our annual field day on August 19th. For the ones who were here last year it will be looked for-

ward to with much enthusiasm, and for the new ones, we can promise you a real day with events for all from start to finish.

There will be cash prizes for all events, including track and field, novelty races, soccer, softball, both ladies' and men's tug-of-war, and with the evening devoted to a large bonfire, with plenty of refreshments. At present our plans are not complete, but we would advise all to be getting in shape to pick up some spare cash while really having plenty of fun.

ODDS AND ENDS

We see a lad by the name of Legg has reported on the Station. Could it be that he has played a little hockey somewhere?

A certain WO2 by the name of "Chuck" has turned in some nice umpiring around the Station. Thanks for com-



WATCH FOR DATE OF
Our Formal Re-Opening

You're Always Welcome
at

QUEEN'S HOTEL

ST. THOMAS



We may not be able to corner these guys on the baseball field, but the Wandering Cameraman cornered them in the canteen, celebrating their victory. Glad to have you, boys.

ing out, "Chuck."

Why more people do not attend the football games is beyond us. We saw a nice game August 6th — Aylmer 2, Fingal 2. You surely don't wish it any closer, do you?

The girls' ball team has turned in some nice games, although not always on the win side. Too bad we did not have a few more Jacksons for this team.

What does WO2 Ordrige eat for breakfast, to come out of retirement at West Lorne with five hits out of five?

Sgt. Cecil Cocks has proven beyond a doubt that he is in a class by himself as a softball pitcher in the St. Thomas League. Cecil bears up well, considering

the opinions passed from the stands.

Who is "Old 1876" on the Station ball team, and where does he get his going power from?

We have noticed that the boys who turn out for Station sports are not the best of athletes, but they sure have plenty of fun, and we admire their spirit. Why not a few more giving it a try?

AYLMER 5, FINGAL 3

Fingal Bombers fell by the wayside in the Service Softball League playoffs, before the mighty Aylmer nine, by dropping a 5-3 decision in a sudden semi-final game. The Station members may yet be

proud of the Bombers, who topped the St. Thomas city loop by chalking up eight victories to one defeat.

Though bowing out in the Service loop, the bitter dregs of defeat can largely be contributed to one of Fingal's W.D.'s instead of poor playing. On a hit into right field that bounced among the crowd, the fair lassie made a smart stop that was illegal, and halted two runners from scoring, which would have tied up the count in the fifth frame. Capitalizing on the shock suffered by the Bombers, during the next inning Aylmer counted twice for their winning margin.

Briefs — Bombers have famed players on the squad that include: Sgt. Jack Miller, catcher, who has been chasing softballs for 20 years and has starred in Montreal and Stratford . . . Sgt. Cece Cocks, outstanding hurler, who played in Hamilton last season . . . Dave Chapman, from the hardrock country, Sudbury, has been starring at first. . . . How about a little support for these lads at games on the Station diamond?

FIELD DAY

Extra! Extra!

The event of the season has arrived, the Station Field Day. Thanks to the Commanding Officer, this outstanding feature of the year will be held on Wednesday, August 19th, commencing at 1400 hrs. until 2200 hrs.

This is a day when every man and woman of No. 4 B. & G. will have a fair chance to prove his or her athletic ability.

With the Commanding Officer's kind permission, personnel may invite their families, sweethearts and friends to attend this gala affair, so that they also may enjoy the excellent program that has been drawn up for this outstanding occasion. It will be a fast moving program from the start of the first race to the grand finale corn roast and dance band concert.

The following events are planned, with possibly a few added novelty attractions.

Commencing at 1400 hrs., the field events will be run off:

- Men's 100 yards dash.
- Men's 220 yards dash.
- Men's half-mile race.
- Men's 500-yard obstacle race.
- Men's 440-yard relay (inter-unit).
- Men's high jump.
- Men's running broad jump.
- Men's shot put (12 lbs.).
- Men's discus throw.
- Men's javelin throw.
- Men's three-legged race.
- Men's horseshoe tournament.
- Men's tug-of-war.

These events will be timed so that all may witness the following events for the W.D.'s:

- Women's 50-yard dash.
- Women's 100-yard dash.
- Women's obstacle race (distance?).

(Concluded on Page 46)

L. H. TOWERS

Cleaners and Dyers

Overnight Service
Tuesdays and Thursdays

We invite you to attend the
KIWANIS CARNIVAL, SEPTEMBER 7th
at Pinafore Park

FIELD NOTES

(Continued from Page 45)



"Hep" says:

"When you need a good hair cut come around to the canteen. It's only two bits."

Station Barber Shop

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

Patronize the Kiwanis Carnival, St. Thomas, Labor Day.

Women's tug-of-war.
 Women's novelty race (?).
 Mixed relay (two men, two W.D.'s).
 Egg-tossing contest.
 Cracker-eating contest.

At the conclusion of these events there will be a softball game between the Fingal Bombardettes and St. Thomas Weatherheads, followed by a snappy softball game between Fingal Bombers and Kroehlers' very fast team from Stratford, Ontario. This should be an excellent game.

At the termination of the athletic program, everyone is invited to attend a corn roast to be held on the sports field.

We hope that all personnel will attend and take part in the day's sports schedule, thus insuring its success.

The members of the sports committee

SCHEDULE OF RICHARDS BUS LINES OPERATING BETWEEN FINGAL AND ST. THOMAS

TIMETABLE

Leave Fingal Air School		Leave Talbot Hotel	
7.15	Daily A.M.	6.45	Daily A.M.
8.45	" A.M.	8.15	" A.M.
2.05	" P.M.	1.20	" P.M.
5.15	" P.M.	4.30	" P.M.
6.30	" P.M.	5.45	" P.M.
7.35	" P.M.	7.00	" P.M.
10.30	" P.M.	10.00	" P.M.
12.15	" A.M.	11.45	" P.M.
1.55	" A.M.	1.20	" A.M.
Saturday only—		Saturday only—	
12.10 P.M.		11.30 A.M.	
Sunday only—		Sunday only—	
7.45 A.M.		7.15 A.M.	

who are making arrangements for this big affair, are as follows:

President — F/L Graham.

Secretary — WO1 Mullen.

Members — P/O Burns, A/S/O McIvor, WO2 Ordridge, WO2 Noseworthy, Sgt. Miller.

Honorary members — F/L Witzel, F/L O'Reilly, J. A. Shaver, Y. M. C. A.

To R. C. A. F. of
FINGAL . . .

For a Lot of Fun
 for Your Dollar

Try the Kiwanis
 Carnival

For a Lot of Ride for
 15c

IT'S

**RICHARDS
 Coach Lines**

We Can't Let You "Slide Down Our Cellar Door"

But You are Welcome to Stand in Our Barrel

While we Press your Uniform for 40c

We Clean
 and Press

R. C. A. F. UNIFORMS For 65c
 (Women's 60c)

We Guarantee the Best Work in Town

MONTGOMERY CLEANERS

496 Talbot Street

(Just across the street from Dowler's)

Sergt. Cunningham Says "So Long"

Comic Cuts from Headquarters

And here we go on another edition of Comic Cuts. There has recently been a new flock of hooks given away on the Station, but the practice of wetting them seems to have fallen into disuse. Yassuh, we remember the time when getting hooked was an OCCASION, but good, and if some guy was so inhospitable that he didn't wet them voluntarily, the boys would get together and carry him over to the canteen, sit on him, extract his wallet, and then proceed to have one—dozen or so. After about the sixth bottle, they were generally pouring some down the poor guy's neck, just so that he wouldn't get any illusions about the grandeur and dignity of his new rank. Ah, those were the days, said the old man, as he stroked his long, grey beard. We remember the night that Coulson got his third, and Evans got his two, and poor little Ridley was thrown out in the cold night air to run around with nothing on but his shorts, and every time he tried to get back in the bunkhouse, we would spray him with the flit gun. It all started when we got kicked out of the canteen at ten o'clock, and came back to the bunkhouse and found Ridley sleeping on the top bunk. We deposited both the mattress and Ridley on the floor, and then sat on him, while we debated whether or not we should go to town. During this time, Ridley's struggles were growing weaker, which, now we come to think of it, was natural, with about a quarter of a ton of men and beer sitting on him. But when, after coming to the conclusion, rather illogically, perhaps, that we should go to town, we arose to proceed thence, something like a wildcat hit the three of us. We had quite a tussle, and finally he got away, and went whooping down between the beds to the other door. We chased him out and around the building a few times, and then came back in the building to await his return, as the books used to say.

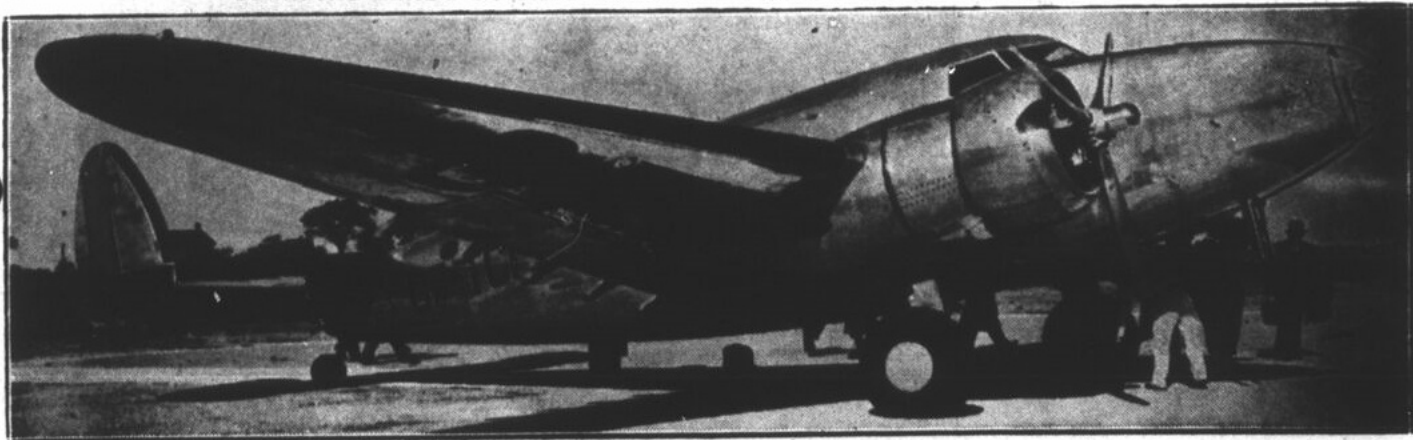
Every time he'd poke his snout in, we'd spray him with the contents of the big

hit gun which used to sit near the door. Finally, we heard him come in the far door of the barracks, and come sneaking up towards us in the darkness. Coulson got on one side of the aisle between the bunks, with the flit gun, and I got on the other side with a baseball bat, which I had picked up in the course of my travels somewhere. Poor little Ridley came sneaking up on tiptoes, and just as he was about to pass us, I let out a wild yell, the kind the Irish used to scare the English with, and hit the floor a whop with the baseball bat, and Coulson sprayed him with the cold, cold water. This, coming out of the silent darkness, was nearly too much for poor Tommy. He bleated like a lamb, staggered back like a stricken man, and was all set to run, firmly convinced that all the Banshees in Christendom were after him, when he heard our gurgles. Then he was so relieved that he started to dance us to highwater, and of course, the more he cursed, the more we laughed.

All, yes, those were the days. We hear that friend Ridley—remember?—has been seen down at Port Stanley. He is supposed to be working as a waiter up at the Richmond Hotel. McKay, the civilian in the Orderly Room, is now sporting his best apparel since the war has come into his life. Watch him, girls. Scotty Crutshank is posted to Sea Island, B. C., which is a place close enough to home that he can look after his wife, who isn't enjoying the best of health, unfortunately. We are certainly glad to see that Scotty received his posting at last, although we will certainly miss his "braid Scotch" accent and his wild walls on the football field. The best of everything, Scotty boy. And this, all youse guys and gals, is also your raving reporter's swan song. Yassuh, after twenty-one months at Fingal, we at last bid it fond farewell, and return to the bright lights, busy streets, rickety trolleys, popcorn stands, patriotic parades, and war bond drives. Gawsh, I bet when I walk down Bay Street in Toronto again, I'll gawk at the Bank of

Commerce and the Royal York and stuff, I betcha. Yassuh, no more riding home in cold and draughty buses at two o'clock in the morning, with the cold wind whistling through paneless windows, and loose-fitting doors. No more sitting lonely and disconsolate at the bottom of the hill at three o'clock in the morning waiting for a ride back to camp. Sitting there while the feet go numb and the ears drop off. No more making a mad dash down Richmond Street and around the corner of York Street to the railway station in order to get the last train to St. Thomas. But enough of this morbid stuff. I could go on in that vein for hours, but why worry about things like that when the sun is beaming benignly over the fields of ripening grain, and the trees preen themselves serenely in the passing breeze. On the brighter side of things, we will sure miss those forays to London, with an interlude in the Hotel London; of hazy, mellow trips down to Port Stanley; of week-ends at Detroit; inter-squadron ball games on the sports field, and wild soccer games against the Army team; of the deep and serious discussions around the barrack rooms, where all the problems of life are neatly settled; the sight of some of the boys, slightly the worse for wear, trying to find their bunk in the darkness; the fun we used to have with the old gang—Ridley, Coulson, Evans, Rigby, Sewell, Hayter, Baker, Armstrong, Kidgeway, at the box socials (yeah, believe it or not) at Fingal United Church, and the chicken dinner at Shedden, and horsing around generally; the sight of Chapman staggering into the Orderly Room every morning, with his eyes looking like two holes in a snowbank (before he got married); the swell way people around Fingal and St. Thomas have treated the boys; no more seeing Alec Ross and Jimmy MacWilliams at the Guard House when signing out. Yeah, we sure are going to miss the old familiar faces and scenes. After nearly two years, the joint seems like home, and getting posted is like going out into the cruel, cold world again. So, amigos and queridas, adios, and from now on the address is Bob Cunningham, No. 6, I. T. S., Toronto. So long, eva'body!

STANDING READY TO TAKE WINNER OF KIWANIS FIRST PRIZE TO OTTAWA.



LAUGH OF THE MONTH (Three months ago)

(Submitted by WO1 Martin)

Scene—Drill Hall (Wings presentation parade).

Time—1600 hours (1 hour after 56 AW2's reported to Fingal).

The parade has been formed up. Cpl. Strang (now A/S/O Strang) halts her squad outside the drill hall prior to forming up with the rest of the Station for the parade.

Cpl. Strang marches over to WO1 Martin and the following conversation ensues:

Cpl.—“Where are the seats, sir?”
WO1 Martin (slightly stunned) — “What seats?”

Cpl. (thinking the WO1 rather dumb) — “Why, the seats we are going to sit in!”
WO1 Martin (stifling a laugh) — “You're standing, not sitting.”

Cpl. (incredulously) — “Oh, no, we're sitting.”
WO1 — “Oh, no, you're standing; the seats are for the guests. March your squad into the drill hall and halt them in the corner.”

Cpl.—“Yes, sir.”

LAUGH OF THE MONTH

(Also submitted by WO1 Martin)

Scene—Skeet Range.

Cpl. Godson i/c of class on skeet practice, is approached by AW1 Grewcutt.

Act 1—

AW 1: “What are those things they are shooting at?”

Cpl.: “Why, they're 'Keet' birds, specially bred and trained by Jack Miner to fly straight out from hut.”

AW 1: “Oh, goodness—how cruel!”

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

AIR CADETS

Write for your subscription
to the

Observer

Rates: \$1.00 per year.



These gentlemen are unidentified, but if they will call at the Observer office in the Recreation Hall, each will receive a pass for two for free dancing and admission to Wonderland Summer Gardens, near London.

FROM THE SGT-MAJOR

You know, fellows, and the W.D.'s must certainly be included under this heading, there are many, many things of great importance that can be taken quite seriously in this column.

For instance, when your Sergeant walks up to you and tells you that the trousers you are wearing would shame a pig, just say, “Nuts, Mac, a pig don't wear no pants,” or something in that theme, and he'll immediately tell you how sorry he is that he spoke so harshly, and not to worry about getting them cleaned. (Don't forget to stand with your hands in your pockets and a wad of gum in your mouth. He won't mind.)

There's nothing like a good argument, though, to really get places with whatever N. C. O. you happen to be on the best of terms with, especially one who was out to flight dinner the night before.

N. C. O. — Where's your khaki?

Joe — What khaki?

N. C. O. — The two khaki uniforms Sam gave you.

Joe — Huh!!

N. C. O. — What did you say?

Joe — Nothing.

N. C. O. (loudly) — Answer Sergeant when you're talking to me.

Joe — Yes, sir.

N. C. O. — I said Sergeant.

Joe — Yes, Sarge.

N. C. O. — Now look here, where is your issue khaki?

Joe — Someone stole it.

N. C. O. — Where's the other one?

Joe — Getting dry cleaned.

N. C. O. — Does it take all week to get it cleaned?

Joe — Huh!!

N. C. O. (very patiently and trying to look a little calmer) — Why have you been wearing blues all week?

Joe — Haven't got any khaki, and Sam won't give me any, either, see.

N. C. O. — You just said it was getting dry cleaned.

Joe — Huh?

N. C. O. — (?-?-!!!-#X#*?-!) Answer Sergeant.

Joe — Yes, Sarge.

N. C. O. — Did you make a report to the service police about the other uniform?

Joe — What uniform?

N. C. O. — THE ONE YOU HAD STOLEN!!

Joe — When?

N. C. O. — (Wonders to himself if he will ever meet the recruiting officer) — I don't know when. How the (??x?-#!?) should I know when it was stolen?

Joe — What did you say, Sarge?

N. C. O. — NOTHING!!

Joe — That's funny.

N. C. O. — WHAT'S FUNNY?

Joe — Nothing; I thought you said something.

N. C. O. — WHO SAID SOMETHING?

Joe — I don't know.

N. C. O. — YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT?

Joe — Ha! Ha! Don't know where my khaki is, Sargey. . . .

(The N. C. O. isn't here any more, poor chap.)



Time for the “pause that refreshes.” Drop in at the Observer office, boys, and be our guests at Wonderland on any regular dance night.

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

A Pleasant Place
to Shop

GOULD'S

Elgin's Biggest
Department Store

as Usual—Does Its Part
to Support Our Fighting Men
by
Boosting the Kiwanis Carnival
Labor Day



J. H. GOULD, Limited
ST. THOMAS



Of course,
the pause that refreshes is there

Where people go, "Coca-Cola" goes too. So, the pause that refreshes has gone to camp and training center to bring welcome refreshment to well-earned rest periods. Nobody knows better than the Services the importance of a pause for rest. On the march it is a regulation, men halt and fall out for 10 minutes out of every hour. A short pause is important, a pause for refreshment is even more so.





MAYOR GEO. T. DYER

KIWANIS



CARNIVAL

LABOR DAY

Monday Sept. 7th, 1942

\$1000.00 IN PRIZES!

*The more tickets you buy the better your chances
of winning, in fact you may win several Prizes!*

Sponsored by
**THE KIWANIS CLUB OF ST. THOMAS,
INCORPORATED**