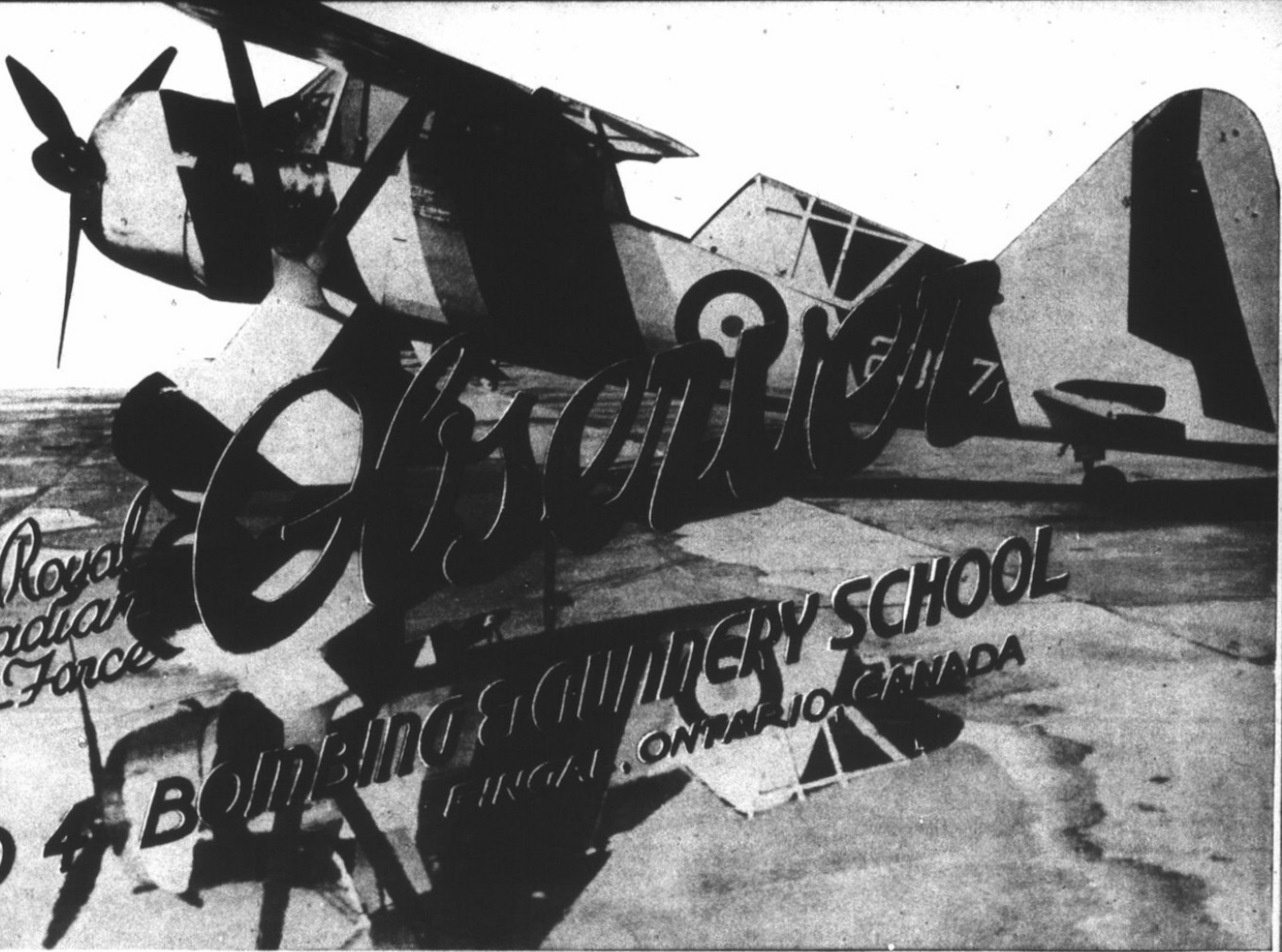


OCTOBER

Vol 2

No. 21

Price 10c



# Observer

*The Royal  
Canadian  
Air Force*

**NO 4 BOMBING & BOUNDARY SCHOOL**  
TRINGAL, ONTARIO, CANADA



Woodbury's Soap, 4 for 24c  
 Lifebuoy Soap, 3 for 19c  
 Soap Boxes, 15c and 25c  
 Ipana Tooth Paste, 29c and 49c  
 Pepsodent Tooth Paste, 29c and 45c  
 Colgate's Tooth Powder, 25c and 40c  
 Lyons Tooth Powder, 28c and 45c  
 Dr. West Tooth Brushes, 33c and 50c  
 Tek Tooth Brushes, 29c

## Cook's Drug Store

679 Talbot Street

Opposite Y.M.C.A.

Phone 765

## Masters Grill

YOUR  
LONDON HOST



Where a Man in Uniform  
Feels at Home



266 Dundas Street

LONDON - ONTARIO

## WELCOME, AIRMEN, AT 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

## MAXWELL'S

BETTER  
HOUSEKEEPING  
SHOP

Increase your musical knowledge  
with



VICTOR RECORDS

Give them to your friends

385 Talbot St.

Phone 687

With the Compliments of

## SAM MEEK

Your Nearest

Service  
Station



Service  
Station

Since 1924

Our gas pumps are open until 9 p.m. Saturday  
(Closing Saturday evenings at 7.00 after Nov. 1st)

Phone 11-R-11

Fingal

# R. C. A. F. UNIFORMS and GREAT COATS

Tailored to Your Measure or  
Ready-to-Wear

**WE INVITE YOUR INSPECTION**

Check on Our Quality Woolens and Expert Workmanship

**THE T. EATON CO LIMITED**

**In LONDON: EATON'S CLOTHES SHOP 197 DUNDAS**

## A Service for Those in Uniform:

Purchases made here for shipment to outside points will be wrapped for either mail or express . . . and may, if you wish, be sent direct from here . . . convenient, and we hope helpful to all those in uniform with limited time at their disposal for shopping.

*Andersons*

Phone  
162

FOR EXPERT WATCH REPAIRING —  
TRY A SPECIALIST

**E. M. ANGER**

(Opposite Y.M.C.A.)

**ALADDIN**  
CLEANERS & DYERS

"Cleaned as if by Magic"

Airmen's and Airwomen's  
Uniforms Cleaned and Pressed **55c**

QUICK SERVICE

We Supply R. C. A. F. Emblems

**SPECIALISTS IN ALTERATIONS**

Phone **252** 362 - 366 TALBOT STREET  
ST. THOMAS

For Service and Satisfaction! . . . .

**CITY DAIRY**

**Call 946**

ST. THOMAS

Doubly-Protected Pure Pasteurized  
Dairy Products

*The Royal  
Canadian  
Air Force* **Observer**

**NO 4 BOMBING & GUNNERY SCHOOL**  
**FINGAL, ONTARIO, CANADA**

Published the fifteenth of each month by authority of the Commanding Officer,  
Wing Commander D. D. Findlay.

Subscription Rates: \$1.00 per year, mailed anywhere in the United States or the British Empire.

**Staff and Contributors**

**Staff**

President.....	Squadron/Ldr. Massey	Columnists.....	
Secretary-Treasurer.....	Flt/Lt. Gilmore		LAC Storm, LAC Halter, F/Sgt. Paveling
Co-Editors.....	Flt/Lt. O'Reilly } Flt/Lt. Witzel } Padres	Staff Secretaries.....	
Managing Editor.....	Jay Shaver, Y.M.C.A.		.....AW1 Baldwin, AW1 Ross
Advisors.....	Flt/Lt. Plowright, P/O Adler, S/O Satterly	Sports.....	
Advertising Manager.....	LAC Chapman		P/O Burns, Sgt. Miller, WO2 Noseworthy
Photographers.....		Cartoonists.....	
.....	Cpl. Harwood, LAC Johnson		.....LAC Storm, LAC Switzer
Wandering Cameraman.....	LAC Folkins	Overseas Correspondents.....	
			.....W/C Kennedy, S/L Gobeil

**Contributors**

Sqdn/Ldr. Massey	Sgt. Geo. Ledstone	LAC Calhoun	AW1 Ross
WO2 Desbiens	Cpl. Stone	LAC Birk	AW1 Corbett
WO2 Noseworthy	Cpl. Ryan	LAC Lorrimer.	AC1 Halter, B.
Flt/Sgt. Paveling	Cpl. Braby, J. H.	LAC Duncan, C. S.	AC1 Digney
Sgt/Pilot Shores	Cpl. Hardy	LAC Hayward	AC2 Bellerby, R. C.
Sgt. Foreman	LAC Robinson	(New Zealand)	Mr. John H. Lazenby
Sgt. Cocks	LAW Bennett, A.		



# THE OBSERVER

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

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

## EDITORIAL

### AMONG THOSE WHO ATTENDED

To the Wings presentation held at Fingal on September 25th, came a guest from south of the border to witness the graduation of Sergeant Yates and Sergeant Nolan, whom he met by chance while the latter were "forty-eighting" in Detroit.

This guest is a member of the United States Navy and is at present on the staff at the U. S. Navy Recruiting Center in Detroit. His present duties keep him in the pay office most of the time, but he also has considerable to do with dispatching new recruits to their various stations. In our chat, Mr. Dana mentioned some of the headaches and hardships that he sees in his branch of the service — so cheer up, my lads, we aren't so badly off here after all.

U. S. Navy man Dana, met the above Sergeants only by chance, in one of the numerous gay spots of Detroit, and on learning that they had made no reservations for the night's lodging, he did not hesitate to ask his R.C.A.F. friends to his apartment for the night and to enjoy the grand American hospitality that was sure to follow. This friendship developed so magnetically that our Air Force boys spent all remaining off-duty hours in Detroit, lapping up the good times that were certain to be theirs on each occasion.

In civilian life, Mr. Dana was a chartered accountant, but even before the Pearl Harbor episode, he felt the call to arms and selected as his choice, the Navy life. His home town is known as Oxford, nestled deep in the agricultural district of the Henry Ford State.

This incident is indicative of the feeling that exists all across this great American continent and with such a spirit, the Allied Nations cannot help but be victorious in the ultimate Peace.

### THANK YOU, KIWANIAN!

On receipt of a letter from Mr. G. P. Spackman, chairman of the War Services Committee of the St. Thomas Kiwanis Club, in which he thanks the personnel of No. 4 B. & G., Fingal, for their co-operation and assistance in making their Labor Day Carnival the success it was, in raising over \$4,000 for a Blood Donors Mobile Unit, we should like to make the following comment.

This "thank you" is very nice when you consider the insignificant part we played in this affair. A few of the boys entered some of the races and our tug-of-war team made up one-third of that com-

petition. Jay Shaver used our sound system for announcing the events in sports, and a few of the boys on night shift attended the show.

It just goes to show that the people around these military camps, who you would imagine are sick and tired of seeing men in uniform, really do appreciate anything we can do in return for their seemingly endless and untiring efforts.

We assure you, people of St. Thomas and surrounding district, that when you have another such function, we of No. 4 B. & G. are always willing and ready to assist you in any way possible. We know your thoughts and efforts are for the boys in uniform.

No. 4 A. O. S.,  
London, Ont.

Dear Editor:

Having received a copy of your last issue of the Observer and after thoroughly enjoying it, I thought my impressions of your paper and your Station, on which I was a recent visitor for seven weeks, would be appreciated.

First of all, let me congratulate everyone connected with the publishing of the Observer: It is truly a wonderful station paper, and a grand souvenir for the years to come. Fingal B. & G. School may well be proud of their staff in charge of the printing and make-up of their paper. I'll certainly be looking forward to the 15th of each month in order to get my copy.

Now for my impressions of No. 4 B. & G. I arrived on the 6th of July and met the staff of G. I. S. the same day. They are a grand lot of fellows, and they know their work. Since the G. I. S. was my "workshop," I got acquainted with a few of the students and most of No. 58 Air Bombers course. The first night I was there, the Bomber Girls played Aylmer. It wasn't long before I got the chance to see the men in action. Sergeant Miller was able to gather a willing ball team together, although the last few games, they fought to the last man out. The one thing I noticed was that the bigger the grandstand, the better the boys played. Bearing out this statement, think of the game on Field Day.

Yes, sir, sports were well organized by the Y. M. C. A. Supervisor, the Sports Officer, P. O. Burns, but the Airmen and the W. D.'s do not support them enough. They certainly turned out well for their "Tuesday Nighters," however.

Your Hostess House is a grand asset to the Station. Many an extra sandwich

and cup of tea Sergeant Brown and I had there. (Try it sometime.)

While on your Station I attended several Wing Parades and I couldn't help but think of mass production as I saw those lads step forward for their wing. They are brave lads, those Gunners.

A line or two about your W. D.'s would not be amiss. They are fitting themselves well into the work of your station and I would recommend W. D.'s for any station where Air Force personnel are in training.

Thanking your genial Editor for this opportunity of expressing myself, I am,

Yours for continued success,

Sgt. Cecil R. Cocks,  
R103127,  
London.

It is a well-known fact that a tree can seldom be successfully transplanted unless some of its native soil is deposited about the roots in its new home. It is also well-known that animals from foreign lands, confined in our zoos, must often be fed food as nearly similar as possible to that upon which they live in their native haunts. Otherwise they perish. One might even go so far as to say that the American and Canadian boys, serving Overseas, are fed coffee and doughnuts for the same reason. But perhaps two examples are enough to point out the dire need of transferring "native environment" of one kind or another to bring about a happy and successful state of transplantation, whether the object be man, plant, or beast. Which brings us nicely to the very point we are editorializing about.

It was but a short while ago that all of us were members of what we now think of as that strange world, civilization. But it was hardly that simple. We were divinely blessed with a democratic freedom which permitted us to take part in almost any activity our hearts desired. Then we enlisted, and our world changed overnight. It was not that someone behind a barricade of desks and guards had suddenly thought up a mess of dictatorial decrees for the sole purpose of frustrating and annoying us. We were at war. The scene had changed. The decks were stripped for action. We had been transplanted, which brings us to the very thing we are talking about.

Of the many activities inaugurated to build morale and keep us from being bored to death, a Camp Paper is one of

the best. This is so because it demands imagination, courage, skill and a lot of patience. But, best of all, here is some of the "native soil" so many of us need to survive our transplantation. Here is an opportunity to revive a talent we may have had to lay aside. Not only that, but a practiced hand never loses its cunning. And we must not only survive this transplantation, but we must be prepared to return again to our "native" haunts. A Camp Paper provides insurance against the disease of boredom, the torment of frustration and the bitterness of a talent lost.

Another point, a Camp Paper expresses the attitude of the place of its origin. The Observer express Fingal. Not THE OBSERVER, but YOUR OBSERVER. It is your paper. When you take it home, you take home YOUR souvenir of YOUR Station. And if you could hear some of the comments from all across this great country of ours relative to the Observer, you'd realize that it is no mean publication.

Whether the Observer continues to be a headliner depends entirely upon YOU. Whether your friends will say, "It's not so good this month," or, "It's getting better than ever!", depends upon you. You are the man and woman who puts it to press. By your contributions to its pages, you decree that it shall go on or you decide that it shall not. Your writer feels certain that his sentiments are yours. Every one of us looks forward to it every month. Then let us keep this publication alive by feeding it. Do send in contributions. You'll get an awful kick out of it, we're telling you!

Somewhere in England,  
August 3, 1942.

Dear Editor:

I promised I would write, so will try and make it interesting reading.

I have had a seven-day furlough over here and visited London. While there I saw the Beaver Club, Buckingham Palace, No. 10 Downing Street and all the prominent places. From London I went by train to Edinburgh, Glasgow and Loch Lomond in Scotland. The country is absolutely so beautiful it defies description.

Oh, yes! You can print in the Observer, Padre Gowdy and Sgt. Larose, whom I met on my first station, want to be remembered to all the boys at Fingal, and send their regards.

Our quarters are very good, all modern conveniences, including single beds, and I guess we have to thank the Merchant Marine and the Navy for the swell meals we are getting.

About half of the air-gunners in this all-Canadian Squadron are graduates of Fingal, and it's quite a kick knowing these lads back home while they were taking their course, and then come over here and meet up with them again.

One Canadian that is well-known over here—I might even say famous—is my old C.O., Wing Commander Van Vilet. He gets a lot of well-deserved credit over here for the wonderful record No. 4

B. & G. has set up. I certainly would love to hear him bellow at me once more, even if I get shaky at the knees all over again.

I would appreciate it very much if you would send the Observer, beginning with the June issue, on to me as I miss it very much and I would like to keep in touch with the boys back home.

I hope that I left some friends behind in Fingal, and I would be very grateful if you gave my regards to them. Also remember me to Flight Lieutenants Currier and Carroll, and Squadron Leader Gobeil.

I also would like to thank the Canadian Y.M.C.A. for the gifts of cigarettes we receive every Monday. It sure comes in handy.

Hoping this finds you in the best of health, the way it leaves me, I remain,

Your old friend,

H. M. Grigg, LAC.

R.C.A.F. Overseas

M. T. Section.



#### PROMOTED AGAIN!

The above gentleman is now Flying Officer Mullen and has been posted to No. 5 M. Depot, Lachine, Quebec. Nice going, Bill.

#### BIRTHS

R126445 LAC Jeffrey, H. S.—A daughter, Joyce Anne Jeffrey, at St. Thomas, 16-8-42.

R129892 AC1 Fletcher, J. C.—Born 12-9-42, a daughter, at Stratroy, Ontario.  
10163A WO2 Noseworthy, H. J.—Born 24-8-42, a daughter, at St. Thomas, Ont.  
R69346 LAC Jordan, W. B.—A daughter, Anne Jordan, on 8-9-42, at St. Thomas, Ont.

F. L. Frith, C2362—A daughter, Sheila Frith, on 19-8-42, at St. Thomas, Ont.

R84309 LAC Hand, A.—A son, 17-9-42, at St. Joseph's Hospital, Hamilton, Ont.

#### MARRIAGES

R117250 AC1 Douglas, J. A.—22-8-42 — to Lois Alyce Edwards, at Toronto, Ontario.

R11934 LAC Calhoun, R. W.—5-9-42—to Margaret Brown, at Toronto, Ontario.  
R152169 AC1 Sallows, H. A.—19-9-42—to Audrey Ellen Vivian, at Coldwater, Ontario.

#### APPOINTMENTS

T/F.O. W. J. Mullen C13566—T.O.S. as an officer, eff. 4-9-42.

A.S.O. G. E. Fulton V30255 (Sr. Equipment)—Appointment to a commission, eff. 12-9-42.

P.O. W. C. Davies R87276—Appointment to a commission, eff. 25-9-42.  
332 WO2 Thorpe, R. S.—A/WO1, eff. 1-8-42.

GB529123 F. S. Reilly, M.—A/WO1, eff. 1-9-42.

R83404 Sgt. Fancher, S. W.—A/F.S., eff. 16-7-42.

R54269 Sgt. Hall, C.S. (Arm. Guns)—A/F.S., eff. 1-9-42.

R72130 Sgt. Whittall, W. R.—A/F.S., eff. 1-9-42.

R80262 Cpl. Smith, I. (Cook)—A/Sgt., eff. 1-9-42.

R62516 Workman, J. B., A. E. M.—A/Sgt., eff. 1-9-42.

R123116 Cpl. Avery, E. J. P. (Arm Bombs)—A/Sgt., eff. 1-9-42.

R52123 Cpl. Lindsay, R. (Fabric Worker)—A/Sgt., eff. 1-9-42.

R76004 Cpl. Peck, R. L. (G. D.)—A/Sgt., eff. 1-9-42.

R52368 Cpl. Faulkner, G.A. (M.M.M.T.)—A/Sgt., eff. 1-9-42.

R91274 LAC Aletter, H. G.—A/Cpl., eff. 1-9-42.

R68150 LAC Silcox, S. A.—A/Cpl., eff. 1-9-42.

R78600 LAC Storm, M. L.—A/Cpl., eff. 1-9-42.

R68299 LAC Bryans, W. R.—A/Cpl., eff. 1-9-42.

11586 LAC Senechal, A.—A/Cpl., eff. 1-9-42.

R59047 LAC Tufford, L. W.—A/Cpl., eff. 1-9-42.

R78525 LAC Stover—A/Cpl., eff. 1-9-42.

R94098 LAC Williams, H. A.—A/Cpl., eff. 1-9-42.

R99511 LAC Perry (Clk. Acct.)—A/Cpl., eff. 1-9-42.

**Anthony**  
MUSIC STORE

Distributor for

**Mason Risch  
and Sherlock-Manning  
Pianos**

**527 Talbot St. St. Thomas**

# BOMBING BITS



by  
**LAC HALTER**  
Ben

We hate to start this month's column by calling anyone names, but in the interests of the accuracy and dependability of the news in the Observer, we absolutely must insist that our Editor has prevaricated a little. He claims that our uncle, the owner and publisher of the "Daily Screech," paid him \$10 in good Canadian currency to print our column, so that he would not have to put it in the "Screech." Not knowing our uncle or aunt, naturally you would accept that statement at fact value, and no one could blame you for being so gullible, but—

1. Our uncle never had ten dollars all at once in his life unless, of course, he printed it himself.
2. A rumor has reached us that the Government frowns upon this latter practice.
3. He is so tight that Ottawa is eagerly seeking his enlistment in the Air Force as a "fur trader."
4. Although he holds nearly every position possible on a daily paper, his wife holds one, the minor office of treasurer.
5. She taught him all he knows about being miserly.
6. She doles out his weekly allowance to him.
7. Lately we have heard he has gotten

a raise and it is at the unheard and undreamt of figure of 60 cents.

8. There is a whisper going around in the family to the effect that if business keeps booming she's liable to raise his pay another 15 cents any day, but we doubt it.

9. If, after reading this, you still believe the Editor got ten dollars, you have the necessary intelligence and qualifications for writing a column, and we shall be glad to recommend you.

The most astonished Airman we ever saw was A.C. Boswell when F/O Morris presented him with the surprise wedding gift from everyone in the hangar. He was so embarrassed he couldn't talk, and "if you knew Bosy like we know Bosy" you'd realize that that was something. The gift was a mantel clock in the form of an aeroplane, the dial being the nose of the ship. There is no truth whatever in the statement that it was given to him to get him up for work on time each morning.

When F/Sgt. Paveling wrote in his prize-winning column last month that he isn't sure whether he likes, we quote, "being put on the same status as LAC Halter," we unquote, he made a slight error. He should have said, "lowered to" in place of "put on." Also he says he would like to know what Halter is charged with before he assumes that status. Just for his information, we can tell him that it would be lots easier and take much less time to enumerate what we haven't been charged with, and as a columnist—or should I say calumnyst—he'll either have to be a champ runner or a good fighter or both, but we wish him luck anyway. He'll need it.

Bombing has lost two of its senior N.C.O.'s, F/Sgt. Gosby to A.I.D., and Sgt. Brown to Maintenance. We all certainly are sorry to see them go, but they have better jobs now and we sure wish them lots of luck with their new responsibilities. At the same time we're glad to welcome into our fold F/Sgt. Post, formerly of Trenton, and he wants to go on record with the statement that his short sojourn in the Station Hospital was not caused by his one look at Bombing's Ground Crew.

It seems that all the pilots have one thing in common, they all get a big kick out of "hedge-hopping." It seems they can no more resist doing it than Randall can resist making love to a pretty girl.

The other night we were discussing the aforementioned subject when a Bombardier told us of an occasion overseas when he was going through for a pilot. He was to take a lesson in low-flying that day and he was waiting by the plane for the instructor to show up. Finally he put in a belated appearance looking madder than hops. "Well," says he, "this is going to be a lousy exercise." "Why, is there anything wrong, Sir?" politely

inquired the trainee. "Wrong?" he yelled, "I'll tell the world there's something wrong! I absolutely couldn't trade this plane for a different type!" "Is that bad?" inquired our young innocent. "Bad!" he shrieked, with eyes uplifted to heaven as if for help at such stupidity. "Will you please tell me how in heck I'm going to teach you low-flying with a plane that has non-retracting landing gear?"

We hear that Cpl. Rocky Stone of Maintenance will again be contributing to the Observer, now that he is back with us again. We hope he has his "Letters to Rocky" column each month, too, because we can all do with a good belly-laff. We'll be watching for it.

LAC Charlie Burd was home on leave a short while ago and from what we gather, faithfully promised his wife to write upon his arrival back at the Station. Accordingly the day of his return he wrote a letter which went somewhat like this:

Wed.  
Dear Nellie:  
Am O.K. Chuck.

Five days later came the reply:  
Friday.

Dear Chuck:  
Am O.K. 2. Nellie.  
We didn't believe it either till we saw the letter.

We think we should publicly thank LAC Birk of the Plotting Office for typing this column each month. He is the only one we have ever met who can read our writing without calling in a code expert to decipher it. He will be the regular contributor from the Plotting Office, beginning this month. We also think we should thank all the boys who have handed in Bits for the column. If it keeps up,

KATE YOUNG

## Young's Specialty Shop

375 TALBOT ST.  
ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO

---

**CHILDREN'S WEAR**  
*Corsets and Lingerie*

# Mye Fashion Shop

Exclusively Styled  
**LADIES' DRESSES AND  
MILLINERY AND  
ACCESSORIES**

---

**MURIEL HOGGARD  
PHYLLIS OLIVER**

373 Talbot Street St. Thomas

all we'll have to do is sign our name and hand it in, a la Walter Winchell.

Overheard in the Orderly Room:

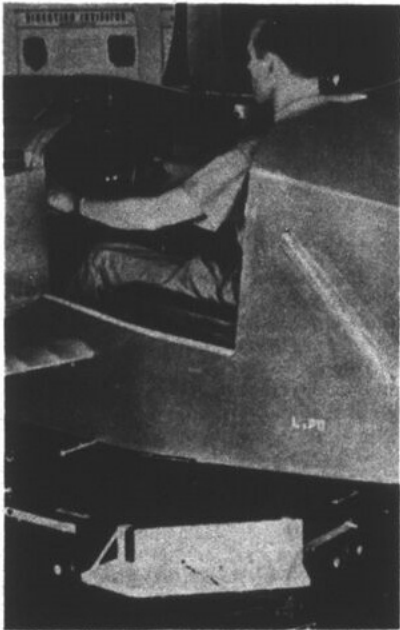
P/O Kelman (on telephone) — "No. 2 Maintenance, please.

Feminine voice on other end — "Central Maintenance. Winters here, Sir!"

P/O Kelman — "Yes, it's pretty cold here, too, but we're just having Fall at present. Aren't you rushing it a bit?"

We have often wondered at the curious coincidence of name combinations on the Bombardiers' exercise board. A few we have noticed are Mock and Money, Payne and Death, and one that really struck us was White and Brown, and the Pilot was Sgt. Grey: O, well, a "rose by any other name," as my pal Bill Shakespeare used to say. We certainly hope the second duo live up to their names when they get over Germany and start dropping bombs.

We hear that F/Sgt. Pilot Fancher has a cold in both knees. We really feel very



Another Link — Sergeant Armstrong. Want a free evening of dancing, Sarg.? See us!

sorry for him — but if anyone had stolen our pants and we were a F/Sgt., we'd have the whole ground crew hunting for the missing trousers. Incidentally A.W. Marg. Givens blushes very prettily.

We have one word of warning before we sign off. It is to F/Sgt. Gosby. When the alarm on the crash truck starts moaning, Flight, be careful how you go out of the window in Maintenance, because if you ruin WO2 Ordridge's flower bed, after he worked on it all summer, something tells us the Major will be so-o-o-o mad.

## VICTORY!

We talk of victory, perhaps in earnest tones. We have friends and relatives overseas and want them back again. We work for victory, on the ground and in the skies above. The Russians are dying for victory, and the bombers drone from the English coasts in V-shaped formations, smashing our victory into the very heart of Nazidom. But that is not enough. That, we are afraid, is not enough. Tanks and guns and planes and bombs must be bought. Bought with solid, hard-earned cash. Bought by us, members of the great family of the UNITED NATIONS. We must buy those tanks and guns and planes. That is the primary thought. Get them we must.

All of us are familiar with the War Bond drives. This is the third drive of the Second World War. We hardly need to remind readers that to buy War Bonds is to save. And in days of war and national turmoil, the temptation to spend and dissipate is much greater than during normal times. Here is an opportunity to save. We cannot stress too much the dire need, for our national safety, of purchasing War Bonds and conserving public wealth. This is the backbone of our war effort today and our peace effort of tomorrow. Tomorrow and its peace will come. Let not that dawn be dark. "To your unflinching hands we throw the torch,

Be yours to hold it high.  
If you break faith with us who die,  
We shall not sleep, though poppies blow  
In Flanders field."

### THIRD VICTORY LOAN SALES OFFER

Bonds can be purchased in the following denominations: \$1,000, \$500, \$100, \$50.

You may make a cash purchase from accumulated savings and your bond will be delivered to you through your bank or directly to any address that you may designate. It can also be retained in safe keeping at the Department of Finance, Ottawa, subject to your order.

If you wish to subscribe by means of pay assignments, the deductions for each \$100 of principle are, if paid monthly, six installments of \$16.81 each. In the case of a \$50 bond, this installment will be one-half of the above amount.

### ART CONTEST

Through the co-operation of the Hart House of the University of Toronto, an art contest has been sponsored for the members of the armed forces in Canada. Many rules must be adhered to and some of them will be itemized in the following paragraphs.

Full details of the contest can be had from the Y. M. C. A. office in the Recreation Hall, but any of the personnel who are interested in entering must act at once, as the contest closes on Monday, November 2nd. All work that is entered must be done between the periods September 1st and November 2nd, 1942, and may be done on paper supplied at the "Y" office, or may be done on your own paper, if you so desire.

A price list of supplies may be viewed at this office and your requirements can be purchased at cost price. There is no restriction as to subject, but those having to do with war activities are encouraged. Airwomen as well as Airmen may compete from this camp. Already we have some fine contestants. If you are art-minded, come in and get particulars.



"Issy" McMurphy, from the border city of Windsor, makes a hit as a typist as well as a first baseman. Can you dance as well as you type, Mac? Call at the Observer office for a ticket to one of Benny Palmer's dances.

## Our Dairy Products

... Are the Best!

"Try Our CHOCOLATE DRINK - It Always Satisfies"



## Western Dairy, Limited

15 St. Catherine Street

PHONE 384

**HOSPITAL SECTION**

In response to persistent requests from the Observer staff, we feel compelled once more to take pen in hand and give another insight on the life at the Station Hospital.

With our first visit for the year from Old Jack Frost, business has picked up somewhat in our Local Health Institute and the size of the morning sick parades often elicits the old comment from some of the hospital staff, "What the h—l is this, a convention?" The transient population in the hospital itself seems to get overcrowded at times, too — even had Cpl. Ryan in for a couple of days a short time ago, and AW1 Lodato was forced to take a trip to T.T.S. for a few days' "vacation." However, both are back on duty now and it is feared that they are cured (although one wonders, when the news comes to light that Ryan is taking unto himself a wife on October 3rd).

But, all kidding aside, you guys and gals, now that winter is really approaching rapidly, how about taking a little more care of the most valuable of your possessions—your health? In these days, when every available man and woman is absolutely essential to the war effort, it is a matter of duty and not just comfort to maintain the utmost in physical condition in order to bring this struggle to a quick and successful finish and assure Hitler of his just desserts. Remember—they don't want any invalids in Berlin the day the Allies take over. So be sure to nip that cold or sore throat in the bud, before it can get a grip on you, necessitating days or, in some cases, weeks in the hospital. Another sore spot lately has been the blood-testing which is being carried out on orders from A.F.H.Q. We don't like the "bayonet work" any more than you do, fellows, but it just has to be done, so how about a little more co-operation and a little less squawking?

It appears that the City of St. Thomas is due for a very healthy winter season, as a large part of the hospital staff appears to be taking up residence there. Flight Lieutenants Westman and Graham have already moved up from Port Stanley and it is expected that Cpls. Ryan and Montgomery will have their families firmly ensconced there in the very near future.

We were recently deprived of the services of AW1 Ray, who was posted to Trenton. She was a very popular young lady and, needless to say, her loss has been felt keenly by her fellow-workers as well as others in all sections of the Station. Another great loss is expected in the near future in the loss of our very valued friend, "Parrot" Roach who, it is understood, has finally overcome all the problems related to remustering. The very best of luck, Dick, in your new venture (when it finally comes through).

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

**INSIGHT ON INSTRUMENTS**

On perusing the September issue of the Observer, we were sadly shocked to find no representation of the Instrument Section, hence the following article.

On the south wall of number five hangar is an inconspicuous green door marked "Instrument Section." Inside is an array of complicated, delicate and expensive calibrating equipment, for checking all types of instruments contained in aircraft, from intricate and temperamental altimeters and gyros, right down to hydraulic pumps.

Most of the instrument man's work is carried out in this lab., so if you think we have it "soft", just take a look in here when we are tearing our hair over a U. S. gyro or airspeed indicator.

The section was started, practically speaking, from scratch two years ago by some of the graduates of the first instrument course of T.T.S.; of which only two of the original remain on the Station, namely, Sgt. Armstrong and Sgt. Shindelka. (Remember that rainy day, Shin? By the way, congratulations, Sarg.)

Then two weeks later Cpl. Stretton and Cpl. McHaffie made their dramatic appearance to the empire of mud.

Now let's review this line-up. First, there is Sgt. Armstrong, who hails from

Moncton. He is responsible for keeping the boys on the line and also engraves that locket or ring for you, in his spare time.

Then there is Sgt. Shindelka, the man who keeps our vouchers straight, and says to the inventory holder: "No, Sir, that gyro was deleted from A/C such and such."

Incidentally, bring in that U. S. watch of yours and let "Shin" do a "major" on it.

Now that very radiant-looking chap behind the "bull fiddle" at the Station dances is Cpl. Stretton, or just plain "Stret." He can handle a delicate instrument mechanism as well as that overgrown violin.

Cpl. McHaffie is the tall, muscular guy of the section. He is the fellow who makes and adapts the tools to fit the particular instrument job he's doing and then vehemently exclaims, "That ought to loosen the —l-thing."

Last March another lad from class 1 instruments rejoined the Fingal Force, namely, Bill Earl, and there was the proverbial union. Bill probably did come in like a lion, but he's a swell fellow to work with.

In all, we are seventeen strong, including the above mentioned N.C.O.'s, and



Dog-on-it, Joe, this happens every time I get all buttoned up!

we, too, work in the "green lab." — No. 5 Hangar.

You may not see much of the instrument man, but he's in there, calibrating, sweating and swearing, so that when the going is tough upstairs for the pilot, his instruments bring him down safely so he can sit down in the lounge and read the Observer.

### ODDS AND ENDS FROM THE RANGE SECTION

Our editor has asked us why we have slipped up in recent issues. Our last article, which appeared in the July issue, was so badly cut to pieces we thought that our stuff was not good enough, so we stopped writing. We were assured, however, that that was not the case, so we apologize for any bad feelings on our



Here we caught the "catcher," AW1 Pridding, now playing ball for Maintenance I. She may dance to Benny Palmer's music if she catches the bus to St. Thomas.

part and accept the alibi that there was not enough room for it in that surprise issue.

Bombing being washed out and hung out on the Drogue Line to dry, we now find ourselves with plenty of time on our hands to do another article for the good old Observer.

These cold mornings certainly provide their hardships on our sturdy range crew, who make their daily trek to the Melbourne and Dutton Indian Reservations in the "covered wagon" (Stake Body Vehicle). However, one consolation remains that the Wigwams Nos. 7, 8, 9 and 10 are provided with central heating, which gives our braves a chance to thaw out before they begin to plot bombs. Poor Cpl. Cooper, who is somewhat bald, finds it very difficult on the ride to keep his "wigwa(r)m."

The "covered wagon" is definitely going to be a thing of the past according to our warriors, and unless more modern transportation can be provided, we are afraid that some scalps are going to fall. (Owners of the "covered wagons" please take note.)

Back a few sentences we mentioned Cpl. Cooper, who recently celebrated his twenty-fifth wedding anniversary. At this late date we wish to extend to our Corporal and Mrs. Cooper our belated greetings on that date. His first name is Byron; perhaps that will account for so many years of happy wedded bliss. Congratulations to you both!

We sincerely regret loss of AW Smith (Smitty), who was very recently posted from our section to E. A. C. headquarters. We have received a letter from Smitty since she has been in the East and she makes it very obvious that she would like to be back with us again.

While we are talking on the subject of postings, we also lost our O. C. — F/O Moore, but our friend "Storm" covered that in the previous article in the Observer, but we can express here our deepest regrets in Mr. Moore's posting.

One day a few weeks ago an indignant Bomb Aimer came to us claiming a direct hit. We assured him that he did not hit the target and if he wished to know how far his fifth bomb did go, we would gladly tell him to get a shovel and a pick and go a-digging for it somewhere in the vicinity of No. 7 Quadrant at Dutton. To celebrate that occasion Cooper and Birk got together in a somewhat brainy cartoon to illustrate the point where the so-called "direct hit" landed. Probably somewhere in this column you may find that cartoon. LAC Bomb Aimer must have mistaken the quadrant for the target. It happens every time.

It has been rumored that a few of our friendly "moaners" who did not appreciate our section were happy to be posted down east, but it was a different story told to us by a certain Flight Sergeant who met them in the Maritimes on his leave. He tells us that they offered him

ten bucks a piece to use his "pull" to get them back.

We wonder whatever became of that Nova Scotia bottle of rum that a certain party was supposed to bring back to us after his leave. We shall not say any more about that incident, but it was a shame to have us wetting our tongues during the period of leave in anticipation of a little "swig."

Mr. Storm: We are certainly glad of the hospitality extended to us by your section, now that we are living with you. We shall accept certain responsibilities gladly, but as for some (Nellie and her increasing families), we shall remain firm on that. Our quadrants are now full and occupied with homeless kittens and any



Some Form — Cpl. Harwood

more shall become the sole property of the Armament Section.

We sincerely hope that the pilots of Bombing Flight have finally settled down to being good little flyers, and that they have no ideas of trying to beat Cook's records for knocking down the flagpoles from the quadrants.

There is something in the air so far as Cpl. Free is concerned; we have caught him folding his pillow case this way and that way and then taking three corners and fastening them together with a bulldog clip — could it be — no, and maybe yes????

From the letters to the editor, we noticed LAC Cregan's column in last month's Observer, and we were glad to hear that he enjoys his life in the "Old Country" and that he is "happy in the service." Cregan used to be with us when he was at Fingal. We certainly do miss you, Cregan, old man, and we hope that you will eventually get one of this month's magazines in your hands.

Flying has been resumed, so we will say so long for now and hope to see you in the Observer next month. If you should get bored reading this, have the decency to keep it under your hat.



## 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 20 Years"

Opposite CAPITOL THEATRE  
ST. THOMAS

LETTERS TO ROCKY

(c/o Control Room, No. 1 Maintenance)

Dear Rocky:

I was on a forty-eight last week and I met a girl who is very cute. She is just 38. I think she wants to get married. What should I do? Ab. Sentee.

Well, Abbie:

If she's cute and only 38 years old, what should I do? I'd suggest going on parade with dirty buttons, so you'll get C. B. for a while, till she does get married. Rocky.

Dear Rocky:

I've been an "A" Group mechanic for two years now. What do I have to do to be a corporal? I. M. Bulged.

Well, Bulgie, Old Sock:

If you wanna be a Corporal, all you gotta do is sew two hooks on yourself — any place — go up and get the Sgt.



You can't see the dishes, but these boys certainly emptied a lot of them at a downtown St. Thomas restaurant. If you boys really want to see capital entertainment, call at the office for your Capitol passes.

Major to give you hell, worry yourself about everybody's business, get some big pouches under your eyes and take a beating from everybody, and you're it. You don't worry about the six dollars extra pay; that's just a mere detail. Rocky.

Dear Rocky:

I was coming in late the other night, so I tried to sneak in the fence and got caught. Now, how can a guy get in if he's late? Nite Moocher.

Well, Moose Face:

Do the very same thing and if you get caught, tell the guard you're trying to sneak out; he'll tell you to get in there and go to bed. So there you are — simple, eh? Rocky.

Dear Rocky:

I have a very tender and uneven skin, consequently shaving is a terrific task and leaves my face raw. Is there anything I could do? AC2 Dimple Puss.

Well, Dumb Puss:

There are several things you could do — like stop shaving, only the C. O. don't go for the beard stuff. Or you could wrap your mug up tight every night so the whiskers would grow in, instead of out. This way you could chew them off on the inside. If this is no good, comb your hair down over your face, shave the back of your head and walk around backwards — it's same difference — ain't you? Rocky.

Dear Rocky:

I got a new uniform and I would like to have the shoulder eagles facing the front, not flying backwards — I think that's dopey. AC1 Squirtently.

Well, Squirt:

When the eagles look back and see how long it took you to get from where you were, to where you are now, they'll be so ashamed they'll put their wings over their eyes, then nobody, even you, will know if you're coming or going — or don't you guess so? Rocky.

Dear Rocky:

To settle an argument, could you tell me if Toronto is a suburb of Hamilton, or is Hamilton a suburb of Toronto? Querulous.

Well, Louse:

In order to give you the low-down on your question, we have to understand the meaning of the word "suburb." Now, when someone goes to a show and the scenery and acting was beautiful, they say it was "suburb." Then there's them things which grow early in the spring, like Ma makes pie out of, you know, "suburb pie," that sour stuff. Well, how do you argue? Is Toronto beautiful to Hamilton, or is Hamilton sour to Toronto, or

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

Bell Phone 3041 Ring 13  
Residence 682 Ring 3-1  
**W. E. EASTWICK**  
Dealer in  
PASTEURIZED MILK  
FRUITS  
SMOKED and FRESH MEATS  
Free Delivery  
PORT STANLEY, ONTARIO

terra firma and farca faca. Who can win? Personally, I think that they are both like the pie, but who's me, anyway? It's like that old "who's from the West" stuff — you know everybody's from the West except the people. Rocky.

Dear Rocky:

Do you think it's fair for me to be Jo-ed on seven-day Duty Watch, after working hard all week? Long Fourteen.

Well, Forty:

Personally, I can see your point, but unfortunately wherever there's a point somebody gets stuck on it. Of course, there's always one consolation and that is you don't have to stand in line at the mess hall on week-ends for your meals, 'cause nobody's here and besides, if you weren't on Duty Watch, you'd go downtown, then if a fire broke out you'd miss



Cookie Landale serves a swell dish in the O. R. mess. Join the other gals at Benny Palmer's dance spot.

it and that would be enuff to burn anybody up. Rocky.

Dear Rocky:

I'm forever loosing pencils. If I don't misplace them, someone swipes them. What procedure should I take to correct this? I. M. Lost.

Well, Losty, Old Slouch:

You are in a bad way, as I can see. Besides losing your pencils, your spelling smells too. Are you loosing pencils?; loose is something too big — so if your pencils are too big use both hands to write. If you haven't got a pencil, walk into somebody's office and squat on the desk, meanwhile upsetting ash trays, ink wells, etc. While everything is in confusion and stuff, grab a couple of pencils and an eraser, and saunter away. You might step into the waste basket on the way out, just to be non-chalant. Rocky.

# STORM CENTRE

Congratulations of the month fall upon those neat and military shoulders of WO1 Reilly. An R.A.F. man, loaned to this country by the British Government, he succeeds, not only in filling his post here, but in gaining the respect and goodwill of all who meet him. On September 1st he became WO1 Reilly. Our congratulations to this envoy of good-fellowship from the British Isles. Note to Britain: Send more like him. We love 'em.

And to the new Corporals, namely: Bryans, Aletter, Silcox, Senechal, Simkevitz and yours truly, congratulations. Now that you've got your hooks good and wet, let's get cracking. We read somewhere the other day that someone said it would take ten years to lick the Japs. Okay. Ten years or twenty years, let's lick 'em. Let's lick the whole bloomin' lot of them — the Japs, the Wops and the Boches. Lick 'em until

they haven't a leg to stand on and then lick 'em some more just to make sure that the score is even. Let's knock 'em down and grind them into the stinking mire they've made and from whence they sprang. Then we can wipe off our hands and go back to good old Canadian living.

Guess who is back with us! Quick, of all people. Corporal now. Just fresh from Overseas, he says that he likes Scotland better than England. We didn't argue with him. And it wasn't because a grandparent of ours was born and educated in Paisley, either. After all, the bonnie Highland lassie has been famous for generations. And Quick is quite the lady-killer.

Of course, it isn't an unusual thing for an Armourer to be a lady-killer. Why, just the other day a certain young Fingaliteess was telling us that she thought

Herb Wright was "cute." And Sammy Sklar gets second helpings at the Mess Hall when no one else can even get to first base. Ah, yes! Love has made short cuts through second desserts before today. But far be it from us to starve Sammy on this account. Besides, he's somewhere in the vicinity of common-sense and twenty-one.

A certain Sergeant Pilot in Gunnery is going to either wear high-heeled shoes or get a pair of stilts. At least, that's what we hear. We don't know why it is. But it invariably happens that some of the Armourers think he's a gunner. And that's no slam on the air-gunners. Wow! we are getting into deep waters; nor the Pilots. Whew! that was a close one. Anyway, twice to date he has suffered a "balling out" and up to now has gentlemanly smiled and walked away. He walked up to a Boli with a seat pack on the other day, for instance, and the Armourer wanted to know how the devil he expected to crawl into a turret with that outfit on? Sergeant Pilot Marks merely smiled and climbed into the driver's seat. Armourer Barr almost passed out.

Fiddes went on a forty-eight to Detroit. Like time to a lover, the hours were as minutes. There was a snag somewhere and the train came back minus Fiddes. Another Airman WHO



## STORM CENTRE

"Bad Luck Aletter," we're calling him these days. Did you hear about his trip to a London theatre the other night? In case you didn't, for heaven's sake let's give you the lowdown. The show was on and the house was dark. Pitch black, in fact. Al groped his way down the pit of blackness and somehow got all wrapped up with another fellow of his own loftiness. Aletter resorted to evasive tactics and finally broke away from the enemy after losing one windshield. We interviewed him immediately he returned to his squadron. "Aw! heck," said he, squinting at us. "Imagine it! TWO FEATURES, and there I sat, with only one serviceable eye!" We hate to rub it in, but it was only the other day that he bust a fifty-dollar watch.

## DIMMICK'S

DRY GOODS STORE  
PORT STANLEY

Proper Clothing to Suit Your  
Mood

Drop In and Browse Around

## HOME DAIRY CAFETERIA

For

Delicious  
Home-Cooked Meals

Near L. & P. S. Station

## CITY LAUNDRY

ST. THOMAS

SPECIAL SERVICE

and

SPECIAL RATES

To the Personnel of Fingal

Corner Curtis and Mondamin Streets

CAUGHT THE TRAIN told us that there was a young fellow in blues who had apparently been celebrating in Detroit and slept beyond waking, in spite of the fact that the conductor — God bless him — dashed water in his face. There were no connections between this boy in blue and Fiddes. All the same, we smiled, wondering.

LAC Goyne was telling us that he takes the Observer home every month, and that Mrs. Goyne looks forward to it with no less fever than she looks forward to Life, Time and such other nationally known mags. (The Observer takes a bow, Mrs. Goyne. Thank you.)



The lady who makes out our D.R.O.'s pauses to refresh us with a smile — AW1 Irwin. How about a show at the Capitol?

Also, our fellow-airman informed us, the next-door neighbors borrow it. Their son trained in Fingal and, since his departure into overseas service, has been reported missing. They like the Observer because they feel that they have a share in it. Folks, thank you. The Observer is glad and sorry — and proud.

Lest we forget, we have another bone to pick with Ye Editors. We've taken our bow, as they suggested in their note of last month (see Storm Centre column of September issue). But in spite of that, they still persist in printing "Storms" instead of "Storm" (see page 2, "Staff and Contributors," under the columnists' heading of the same issue). You may take a bow as soon as you are all squared away on this matter, Ye Editors.

We are the recipients of a peek at Wings Overseas, an R.C.A.F. (Torbay) publication. As a first issue, it seems to have got off at a nice start. Greetings, Torbay. Let's hear more from you. Incidentally, we made note of the fact that "Moaner" Derrick and "Joe" Cunningham, former Fingalites, have become sergeants. Now, surely you two

can put your heads together and knock out a column for your paper. Don't let Fingal down — or Torbay. (Note to the editors of Wings Overseas: Sergeant Cunningham can wield a pen very well. How about "joeing" him for a cartoon?) May we quote your Commanding Officer, Group Captain Gandy, and repeat, "MAKE GOOD"?

Our particular hate of the month is more or less reserved for that lean-faced, green-eyed, sour-pussed Prussian, Field Marshal Fedor von Bock, whose heart is as stone-cold as the Prussian fortress he was born in 61 years ago. Ever since he could squawk he has been bullying men into dying. Once it was for "The Emperor" and now it is for "The Fuhrer"! He has hurled men to death by the thousands against brave Stalingrad. Bullied and blinded, they are driven against Russian steel. Well, Bock, Old Soulless, the Fuhrer of you and your Fuhrer the better.

But, to switch back to pleasanter topics, we have the Women's Division with us. At least, part of it. And, boy! can they ever work. Take the Kennedy-Meraw-Turner-Reynolds-Krroeker hook-up in the Ammo department. They can belt like blazes. In fact, they can belt the ammo faster than the aircrew can shoot 'em off. And now AW Thomson's come along to keep the equipment end on the up-and-up and break a certain red-haired Armourer's heart into the bargain. We'll not mention any names, following the wisdom of Cicero, "that no man may be angry with us." But keep your eyes peeled for steppers-out and our name out of this into the bargain.

Wedding bells did the doin's down Windsor way October 1st. Sergeant Cunningham, mentioned in the bow to Torbay's "Wings Overseas," was second-best man (groom) at the marriage of Miss Ethel Wraight of Marentette Avenue, Windsor. We know for a fact that he was second-best, because we, ourself,

**BOOZEY'S  
SHOE REPAIR**

Fine Shoe Repairs  
All Work Guaranteed

322 Talbot St. St. Thomas

VISIT OUR  
**SODA FOUNTAIN**

Try our delicious hot dogs.

**JOHNSON'S**  
DRUG STORE  
(Opposite Capitol Theatre)

had the honor of carrying the ring. Since "Joe" Cunningham and we were bunk-mates and show-goers-together, with supper at Mike's in St. Thomas in the bargain, it stands to reason that we wish "Joe" and his bride happiness ad infinitum. For W. D. readers (in case there are any), the bride looked lovely. Good luck, folks. Good luck and God bless you.

We have the "Welcome" mat spread out for several newcomers here. They are Sgt. Ullett, already a veteran from overseas, World War Mark II, and AC's Ribbany, Fricker, Cochrane, Kalbfleisch and Drinkwater. Nothing to report on these gentlemen as yet. But we're snooping. Meanwhile, men, come in; the



Here we have LAC Sillick well armed with belts of ammunition.

water's fine. And give us a hand to give Old Hitler hell.

To steal a bit of stuff on Ben of Bombing Bits: Pilot Officer Kellman is torn between his Churchillian cigar and the King's English. Said he the other day to the timekeeper, between puffs: "What are we doing, high gravel looping?"

But that's not half so bad as the time Joe Simkevitz came dashing into the section one cloudy day when the ceiling dropped down to the eyebrows, and yelled, "Washing's flied out!" The next thing we know, he'll be sporting a pig-tail and taking in laundry.

A toast to the Russian: To their noble dead and their brave dying, to the people of their cities who have not said "yes" to the would-be conqueror, to the men who have so grimly withstood the satanic attacks of the Nazis. To the Russians — men, women and children — God be with you.

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

"Innocent abroad," Mark Twain might have said, had he seen AC Lessard working on a Boli the other day. Busy in his war with Hitler & Co., Lessard was climbing into the aircraft, when his foot slipped from off the step. Instinctively reaching out to save himself, his left hand caught the Flotation Release. Things then began to happen—FAST! There was an ominous hissing sound emanating from the port nacelle. A second later the top of the nacelle flew off and a huge, yellow, snake-like thing leaped out and over Lessard's head to rest beside him on the hangar floor. Said Lessard when we interviewed him on the touchy subject: "I couldn't figure out what had happened. It was like a morning after the night before. The thing lay there, hissing like mad and growing bigger every minute."

Verdict: For negligence, in that he did (accidentally) release a Dinghy from one of His Majesty's Aircraft: THREE DAYS C. B.

Which reminds us not to utter a word about Kalbfleisch and Rihbany, who pulled ripcords on their 'chutes while still on terra firma. Said Rihbany, "I dood it. I dood it. I knowed I'd get a whippin'. But I dood it." As for Kalbfleisch, the last we saw of him he was having the devil's own time with a fiend of wind and silk.

The motto is: Count ten before you pull the ripcord—and be sure you are about six thousand feet UP!

#### HEARD IN THE ADMIN. BUILDING

P. O. Bullied (when asked if he hurt himself after falling out of his chair): "No, but I sure made a li—l of a lot of noise, didn't I?"

Sgt. McDonald: "Certainly you're my best girl, Greer!"

Cpl. Ledingham: "Who's got any money?"

Jean McTaggart: "Only 131 hours, 56 minutes and 30 seconds until next weekend." (Sigh).

Mary McTaggart: "Hey, Bennett, look up IAC So-and-So and tell me if he's married."

Cpl. Eamer: "I think he's cute!"

AW1 Irwin: "I wish people would get their D.R.O. entries in on time."

LAW Bennett: "If I have to look at another Nónimal Roll, I'll go nuts!"

Cpl. Bechtel: "Never again!"

LAC Cramer: "Hello, beautiful!"

AC1 Clarke: "Anybody got four good tires to give away?"

F. L. Lane: "These cigars are the only things that keep me going."

AW1 McMurphy (speaking to P. O. Bullied): "Yes, ma'am!"

AW1 Greer: "Good joke!"

AW2 McKay: "—and he wants to marry me!"

WO1 Thorpe: "Ross, go get me a coke!"

AW2 McDevitt: "I've just got to have this forty-eight!"

AW1 Sickles: "What a man! I'm so-o-o happy!"

AW1 Corbett: "Another parcel from home!"

F. S. Cyster: "Don't stick your throat out!"

F. L. Plowright (walking into Central Registry while Cpl. Ledingham was coughing): "You'd better look after that or we'll have to buy a kennel for it!"

Sgt. Everett: "What a mess; What a mess!"

F. L. Gilmore: "Well, I guess it's time for me to call Edna again!"

#### MEMBERS OF PICKLE BARREL CLUB WHO OBTAINED DIRECT HITS

##### Course 59 Air Bombers

R125369 Williams, J. D.—3 hits (chief

Pickle Barrel man, name on shield).

GB1331838 Justice, D.—1 hit.

GB1348989 Blair, D. C.—1 hit.



GB1503043 Lawton, E. E.—1 hit.  
R115468 LAC Harris, E. C.—2 hits.  
GB1145412 Mulligan, M.—1 hit.  
GB1527436 Dunn, G.—1 hit.  
GB1042353 Hutchinson, W. G.—1 hit.  
GB1388618 Cooper, W. G.—1 hit.  
GB1236800 Herbert, R. J.—1 hit.  
R133760 Cairns, J. G.—2 hits.  
GB1338105 Walke, W. A.—2 hits.  
GB1271008 Anderson, F. V.—1 hit.  
R135048 Gordon, J. P. C.—1 hit.  
GB1082231 Sweeting, T.—1 hit.  
GB1394069 Paton, E. H.—1 hit.  
R117318 Fischer, A. A.—1 hit.  
GB1091325 Conlon, J. R.—1 hit.  
GB1337925 Griffin, D. N.—2 hits.  
GB1345215 Brown, J. T.—1 hit.  
GB1476467 Stott, M. W.—2 hits.  
R136041 Maw, C. C.—1 hit.  
GB1317702 Hopkins, D.—1 hit.  
R101913 Sharpe, H. J.—1 hit.

##### Course 60 Air Bombers

R86640 Douglas, A. B. (chief Pickle Barrel man, name on shield)—4 hits.  
NZ41194 MacPhail, A. C. A.—3 hits.  
R133638 Capin, E. B.—2 hits.  
NZ416648 Tong, H.—2 hits.  
GB1386576 Letley, S. H.—2 hits.  
GB1385915 Prior, J. A.—2 hits.  
GB1577370 Pearson, G. H.—1 hit.  
GB1336553 Richards, R. H.—1 hit.  
GB1338869 Andrews, F. G.—1 hit.  
NZ416643 Pully, P. H.—1 hit.  
R131001 Plenderleith, J.—1 hit.  
R136138 Bawden, J. D.—1 hit.  
R135035 Browne, D. J.—1 hit.

#### WHAT IS A DOUBLE PETUNIA?

A petunia is a flower like a begonia;  
A begonia is meat like a sauceage;  
A sauceage and battery is a crime;  
Monkeys crime trees;  
Trees a crowd;  
The rooster crowd in the morning and  
made a noise;  
The noise is on the face like the eyes;  
The eyes is the opposite of the nays;  
A horse nays and has a colt;  
You have a colt and go to bed,  
And wake up in the morning with double  
petunia.



Two Mary's from Vancouver—gone but not forgotten—two of a kind.



**SQUADRON LEADER MASSEY,** President of the Fingal Observer Committee and Senior Equipment Officer in charge of all supply and stores on this Station. His section is featured in this issue, with pictures and a detailed account of his various sub-sections.

**EQUIPMENT SECTION**

The importance of equipment in the training and operational functions of the Royal Canadian Air Force demands a smooth-working and efficient equipment organization. To achieve this, to ensure the most effective use of the equipment provided, and to prevent waste, there must be the closest possible co-operation between equipment and accountant officers, flight and section commanders. This co-operation will ensure the satisfactory servicing of the flights. It is therefore essential that all officers concerned be familiar with the workings of the equipment organization.

**Senior Equipment Officer**

The Senior Equipment Officer is responsible to his Commanding Officer for the receipt, care, maintenance and safe custody while in store and issue of all R.C.A.F. equipment; whether it be solid fuels, gasoline and oil, airframe and engine parts, clothing, barrack equipment, rations or major equipment; in other words, everything from a washer to an aircraft. He is to carry out the duties assigned to him in C.A.P. 16 Vol. 1 Equipment Instructions (the storekeepers' Bible), and also in Equipment Administration Orders and such other regulations as may be issued by Headquarters from time to time.

The S.E.O. of this unit is Squadron Leader W. E. Massey, who hails from down East, where they modestly boast of their bathing beaches, fish, lobsters, oysters and other sea foods.

The assistant S.E.O. is Flying Officer A. T. Milliken, from Flin Flon, Manitoba, where, as it was reported in our last issue, that a sealskin could be purchased for a pound of tobacco (Elgin County?). "Alex", as he is known by, is in charge of non-tech. stores and has taken a keen interest in seeing that the

men are properly clothed and that their boots are not run down at the heels. If the boys do not take proper care of their equipment, "Alex" fills out that famous E-26, which means "pay up." He is just getting back for the number of times that he and the Squadron Leader have knocked over the black skittles.

The Senior N. C. O. of the equipment section is Flight Sergeant J. C. Wallis, who pitched his tent around Ottawa for many years. "Jimmie" is quite an athlete, starring in hockey (must have taken after his famous cousin, Squadron Leader "Punch" Broadbent), football, boxing and, not to say the least, golf — easy pickings, eh, what! Flight is always on the beam and, to tell the truth, knows nearly all the answers.

One of the key men in equipment who has many a headache wondering where all the barrack furniture and equipment is located and if same is on inventory, is Mr. J. S. McCulloch, the Barrack Officer. He handles everything from soap to wardrobes. Mr. McCulloch is ably assisted by Cpl. F. Shanks, a new arrival on this Station from Guelph, LAC's Sosowski, Bennett, AW2 Arnst and Mr. Martell.

The Equipment organization is divided into various groups or sections, and to go into detail of the duties each performs would fill a book; however, we will give a brief digest of each group:

**Provisioning Section** — In charge of Cpl. E. S. Lacy, assisted by AW1 "Bridget" Wilson and Miss M. Blakey. This section looks after all demands from the various flights or sections of the Station, either demanding through depots or by local purchase.

**I. and R. Section** — This section is in charge of Cpl. D. W. Peckham (who

shines well on the bowling alleys), assisted by LAC Stephenson and Mr. Sipel. All equipment which is received and leaves the Station must go through the I. and R. for proper crating, packing, checking with vouchers, and raising of transport warrants.

**Tech. Stores ("A" Group)** — This group handles electrical equipment, hangar and workshop equipment, photographic, armament and radio equipment along with all small tools, in addition to airframe and engine spares and major equipment. The N.C.O. in charge of this group is Sergeant W. L. Campbell, who is a real good equipment assistant. Sergeant Campbell is assisted by AW1 Laidlaw and LAC French, who are well trained in taking care of major equipment.



**"THREE JOES"**

It may seem tough, but these Airmen may have their uniforms cleaned and pressed at Montgomery Cleaners, with compliments of Mr. Montgomery. Call at the 'Y' office, boys.

**Tech. Stores ("C" Group)** — Handles Aviation and M. T. Gasoline and Lubricating Oils, A. G. S. parts, paints, M. T. equipment, etc. LAC F. Bearman is in charge, assisted by AW1 Moffatt and LAC "Red" Taylor. In addition to the above equipment handled in this group, it is their duty to look after the custody and disposal of scrap of all kinds which is essential to our war effort.

**Clothing Stores** — Under the supervision of Flying Officer Milliken, the Senior N.C.O. in charge of clothing stores, is Sergeant M. (Little Beaver) Strometski, assisted by LAC's Norman, Dodds, Airwomen Hastie, Acres and Sheppard. This

**What a Life!**



Seen from afar he pleased her eye,  
At closer quarters . . .  
MY, OH, MY!  
You can avoid his fate,  
my friend.  
You must perspire,  
but don't offend!

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

<b>Air Force Dress</b>		
<b>OXFORDS</b>		
\$4.00	\$5.00	\$6.00
<b>Agnew-Surpass</b>		
Shoe Store	St. Thomas	

group handles all clothing, boots, shoes and personal accessories.

**Publications**—Introducing in the northwest corner of No. 5 Hangar, AW Thorsen, who has recently taken over charge of this important post. The person in charge of publications must be on his toes all the time, keeping up with the times, seeing that all publications and forms are demanded in accordance with instructions that are received from time to time.

Aside from Main Stores, LAC Syme, AC1 Moran and AW Dowsell are assigned to equipment posts with Maintenance Wing. It is their duty to raise demands on Main Stores for equipment required for servicing and maintaining air-

own section; we will say good-bye for now as we hope to see you all, and we hope that it may be our good fortune to be posted back again to Fingal, which is, we think, one of the best Air Force Stations in Canada.

To F/O Sohler, our D.A.P.M., we wish him all the success, who is, in Air Force slang, "tops," and we all sincerely wish in time to come, that it might be our good fortune to have him in charge of us again. Good luck, Sir!

I know in our own minds we will miss all our rides in the bus with George Church who, in spite of the bus, sang us many a lullaby on the return to camp. Keep that "auld" bus a-rolling, George!

There are so many good things to say about Fingal and all the gang that makes us choke up when we think about it all, but memories of this last year and a half will last in our minds in years to come.

To all our friends in St. Thomas and surrounding places who may have the good fortune to see this article, may we say "adieu" and hope we shall see you all again. I can't seem to be able to write any more, so to all of the Station we wish you all the success in the world, and till we meet again, we'll say "good-bye now."

FLASH: Sgt. Dick and Cpl. Ross will not be leaving for a while, as their postings were cancelled, so I will say to them, "Keep a-laughin' and a-scratchin'."



Signing out. Going to a show, girls? Drop around and we'll give you passes to the Capitol Theatre.

craft. In the Armament Section, AW Thomson is in charge of Armament equipment and supplies.

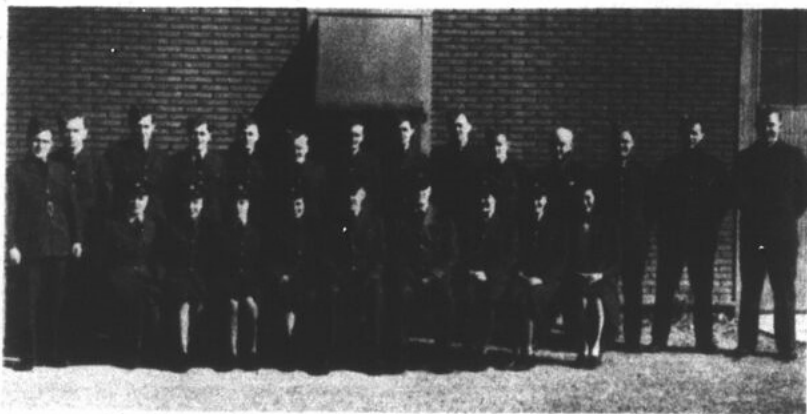
Winding up the personnel of the Equipment Section, our hats are off to AW1 C. W. Baldwin, who wears out more typewriters than any other stenographer on the Station, seeing that the S. E. O.'s mail goes out on time. Slow down, Baldwin, the S. E. O. is getting writer's cramp from signing letters.

#### GUARD HOUSE NEWS

It is with sad regret I write this edition, as many of us are being posted from here.

To those who haven't heard the good news, these are the names of the Gestapo on posting:

Sgt. Dick, who has been here for a year and a half; Cpl. MacWilliam and Cpl. Ross, the old-timers of the Station, for they arrived when the Station was in the making — 1940. The remainder, Cpl. Stewart, Cpl. Nowell, Cpl. MacDonald, are new, in one sense of the word, but are well-known and liked. We, the boys who are leaving, will take this time to say our farewell to the boys who are left on the Station and to the boys of our



Squadron/Ldr. Massey and his full staff of equipment workers. They have it, but you try and get it.



Remodelled for Your Service. Prompt and Courteous Service  
**DIANA SWEET SHOP**



# FIRE HALL NEWS

\*  
§  
\*

by  
**JOKEY SMOE, the Fire Eater**

Here we are again, folks, and if you can stand it, we don't mind. Especially when we are on the receiving end of the kind of sugar the Editors pay off with.

I casually mentioned to a friend of mine that I had joined the noble ranks of magazine columnists. He patted me on the head and sadly remarked, "What a downright pity, when you were doing so well in the Air Force." Wait till he discovers that I get paid for it. (Well, at any rate, I did once.)

Honestly, folks, there's nothing to it. You just go into a trance (in my case it isn't necessary), and dash, or run off a few hundred words (a run is a hundred-word dash, and vice versa), then leave the results of your journalistic endeavors with Mr. Jay Shaver.

That worthy gentleman immediately hikes up to the Firehall, grabs himself a big armful of asters and starts plucking out the petals one by one. This sure-fire method of elimination is the means of determining whether you are, or not, a lucky winner.

But next month it will be entirely different, because I have pulled up all the asters. Mr. Shaver will be so upset, he will most likely give every contributor, contestant, columnist, and even the Editors a prize. So if you have missed out in the previous issues, don't get discouraged, but keep sending in your news items, etc., and you'll be sure to win. Speaking of asters, and the other flowers planted around the Firehall, the credit belongs to your former Fire Chief, F/Sgt. Barr. He did the work of planning and planting, while we in the section have enjoyed watering, weeding, and keeping the place looking as nice as possible. And being a very optimistic little guy, we are already laying out plans for our garden design next year. (D.A.P.S., please note.)

## The Fireman's Lament

Oh melancholy days are here,  
With rain and snow and weather drear,  
Will someone whisper in our ear,  
Do we get Christmas leave this year?

Oh melancholy days is right,  
The frost killed all the flowers in sight,  
And I'm not sure, at least not quite,  
If I'll be home on Christmas Night,

These melancholy days, 'tis true,  
Can make some people really blue;  
But now, I'm happy through and through,  
So I'll let you in on it, too.

Yes, melancholy days are here,  
But I just grin from ear to ear;  
I've looked it up, it's all quite clear,  
The schedule says I work this year.

So, melancholy days, away,  
And let us all feel bright and gay.  
Then, if at Christmas here we stay,  
We'll "whoop'er up" on New Year's Day.

Having had Flight Lieutenant L. J. Bishop, the Command Fire Prevention Officer, on the Station to test our section, we thought it might be interesting to let you know a little about it.

It isn't so much the turnout that we made, because that's our work, but it is the co-operation of all the others concerned and connected with the fire control party which deserves appreciation.

In the first place, it was a "Sneak Alarm." Absolutely no one in this section knew if or when it was coming. I'll try and set down in their approximate order, the happenings and times as closely as possible.

1328 hrs. — The C.F.P.O. quietly walks into an empty Motor Transport garage, lights up a smoke generator and waits till it really gets "going."

1330 hrs. — He tells the first person he sees, "There's a fire in the garage; phone the Fire Department." Corporal Williams telephones and gives orders for all vehicles to be moved away from the vicinity of the fire. The switchboard contacts the Firehall, and then starts the fire siren.

1330 hrs., 30 seconds — The fire truck leaves the Firehall with the crew fully dressed in coats, boots and helmets. Incidentally, yours truly was almost left behind, but somehow managed to find riding room.

The next following events all happen in about the same time:

The duty pumphouse operator starts up the auxiliary fire pump to bring the pressure up to at least 65 pounds. He is notified by a gong which rings when the siren starts.

Sgt. Leadston posts the Station Security Guard (Armed Party) to stand watch over the hangars, etc.

The Duty Watch fire picket, who have been trained as an extra fire crew, leave their work and start for the fire at the "double."

1331 hrs. — The fire truck arrives at the M. T. section after laying a line of hose from the hydrant at the corner of Bishop and Long Streets. At about this time, the Fire Chief is heard to heave a big sigh of relief, because from the amount of smoke showing, he thought he really



Here's the granddaddy of them all. Perhaps some of the boys at Fingal get a kick out of flying Ansons and Bolis. But how would you like to take a flip in this? Weight 1100 pounds — first aeroplane flown in London vicinity. Hold your hats, boys — here we go!

had his hands full. But now he is pretty sure that the smoke tastes the same as that given off by the generators used for gas mask drill.

1331 hrs., 30 seconds—The nozzle is connected and the water turned on. The C.F.P.O. orders two men to put on gas masks and remove the smoke pot. He also orders the fire picket, who are lined up, waiting orders, to fetch up a hose reel, and lay in another line of hose.

The ambulance arrives, as do the officers concerned. (Command Officer, Administration Officer, D.A.P.M. Works and Buildings Officer, Adjutant, Senior Duty Officer, N.C.O., Service Police, etc.)

1332 hrs.—Two firemen have donned masks and brought out the "cause of it all," on a shovel.

1332 hrs., 30 seconds—The fire picket lays in the second line, which is always necessary to back up the first one.

1333 hrs.—The C.F.P.O. orders the "All Clear" sounded on the siren, and everybody goes back to their normal work.

The Fire Chief is seen to smile again, as the C.F.P.O. tells him it was a very good test, and that everyone who took part did an excellent job.

P.S.—All the above fractional times were recorded on the Fire Prevention Officer's stop watch.

We hope you never have to do this:

If a person has to escape from a burning building through a window without the aid of a rope, sheets, or like material tied together, he should never jump from the window. He should sit on the window ledge, facing outwards, with his feet and legs outside, then turn over onto his stomach and slide out until he is gripping the window sill with his fingers, and then let go. The drop will be lessened by the length and reach of the body, that is, if a person can reach up to a height of seven feet, and had to drop from a window twenty feet above the ground, the danger of injury would be accordingly reduced because the actual drop would be only thirteen feet. The legs should be held fairly close together, letting the weight come on both feet at once. The knees should be slightly drawn up so the body will fall as limply as possible. The danger in jumping from a window, even at a height of 10 or 12 feet above ground, lies in the fact that in most cases a person will land in a sitting position. This usually means serious injury to the back, or to the head if thrown violently backward. If, however, you are called upon to jump into a life-saving net, there is only one correct way. Try to land in the net "sitting down," with the arms and legs spread out.

And so, this is J. Smoe saying so long, but reminding you that the words "lame" and "cripple" always go together. So, if a fire is started by a careless lame-brain, this Station's whole war effort is sure to be crippled.

#### Just Jottings

This is (as this is being written) Fire Prevention Week, all over Canada and the United States, so Mrs. Smoe's little

boy Joe would like to say just this: If all the people who cause suffering to others because of their carelessness with fire were laid end to end, it would serve them damn well right.

Corporal Dickens and LAC "Silent John" Gunski have returned from fourteen days' leave. It is rumored that the City of Winnipeg is expected to be back to normal again soon, so the boys must have enjoyed themselves.

We didn't get any personal enquiries regarding our generous offer in last month's issue, but one chap wrote us and asked—well, read it for yourself:

Dear Joe:

I don't want your identification card to scare any kiddies, as it happens I'm a bachelor. But if your picture is that bad, please just send me the serial number on a piece of paper, as I only want to scare the daylighters out of the bulldog next door. Your truly,

A. C. Wun.

And then there was the Flight Sergeant's wife who was a firm believer in economy. She celebrated her thirty-fifth birthday with only twenty-four candles on the cake.

Heard at a Sergeants' mess meeting: "If we could only shoot the buck that is being continually passed around here, we could eat venison instead of beef."



Wedding bells again, this time for "Mickey" Calhoun. Here he is pictured with his beautiful bride. Congratulations, "Mickey."



Hey, Joe! Do you feel yourself slipping?



## You too will enjoy—



Neilson's  
**JERSEY  
MILK  
CHOCOLATE**

*Delicious  
Nourishing  
Appetizing*

**G. I. S. SQUADRON**

Well, here I am with my small contribution to the Fingal Observer, if for no other reason than to get the Editor out of my hair. Not having been very long here and having spent all my time in the service until now on non-flying stations, it's really a revelation to see how all the different units here co-operate to do the one job we are all here to do, and that's "Keep 'Em Flying." Speaking of flying, and having had a few hops since I came here, I must congratulate the station on having a fine, capable group of pilots, but some of them must have been steeplechase riders the way they hop those



**Flt/Sgt. Guse of non-public accounts.**

hedges, and this is the first time I knew it was possible to fish from a plane.

**"No Pushing, Please"**

"I'm hungry," he said, and he crawled out of bed and polished his buttons and boots.

"I'm hungry," he muttered, and the shaving soap sputtered as he pulled out his beard by the roots.

"I'm hungry," he began, as he galloped and ran, and rushed out the Bunk House door.

"Oh, man," he sighed, and darn nearly died, as he saw the line down the road.

He gazed at the mob, and choked back a sob as he saw the length of the line; it twisted and turned and his stomach burned at the time he must wait in line.

He stepped into place and the look on his face would have caused any child to scream.

And the words that he said would have raised the dead, as he muttered like one in a dream.

"If I'd known I was rating a lifetime of waiting, I'd darn well have stayed in bed;

The trouble I've endured to make me assured of getting this face of mine fed;

I'm through it at last and breakfast is past and I've ditched my plate, fork and spoon,

But isn't it h—l when you know very well you'll do it all over at noon!"

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

**HEADQUARTERS**

STOP — don't turn another page — don't glance at another column — don't even read another word! That is, of course, UNTIL you have read this. And I think you might just as well, you know. After all, it's all going towards the war effort — and then, again, the magazine IS free. But enough frivolity and foolishness. We have a job to be done.

Speaking of jobs — that fellow that works down at the Recreation Hall certainly knows how to assign jobs. Believe me — don't ever get in his path when he's out looking! Just a gentle warning, my friends.

There I was working — quite unsuspecting at my job in C. R. — when who should come in but Jay himself. That bright, beaming smile and those glistening eyes are positively irresistible. And so I was caught. Before I knew it I found myself editing a column for Headquarters on all the latest dirt and scandal from this very important section of this fair Station. However, it must be done, and that is that.

It seems whenever any of the personnel come into Headquarters, they automatically head in the direction of Accounts. I wonder why? Could be money has a hold on them? But to get down to more serious matters. We are sorry to say that this section has just lost one of its most valued N.C.O.'s to that wonder spot of Canada — Gander Bay. They say that this particular N.C.O.'s slogan is "wine, women and song" — but alas! I am sore afraid it will only be "wine" (if that much) from now on. Anyway, we wish you all the best of luck, Beck, on your new posting. What

a reunion you and Rod Smith will have. I'll bet we'll be able to hear you down here.

We have a wonderful advertisement for Eno's fruit salts in our dear old Orderly Room. He comes in every morning — it never fails — holding his head with one hand and guiding his not too certain feet with the other, and saying in such a forlorn tone — "never again, never again." What's the trouble, Serge? — you're not slipping, are you? And such an experienced gentleman as you, too!

Our poor old Headquarters seems to be losing a lot of its valued members. Just a short while ago we said good-bye to Flight Sergeant Ellis. We shall miss the co-operative atmosphere that used to surround this place while he was here. A superlative character, indeed. (But what is the point? — I can't see it!) However, No. 1 T. C., Toronto, will be the gaining station. Our best wishes go with you, Flight — and please don't ask "why."

Well, my friends, it seems that we have covered what little scandal there is to be covered around here. Perhaps when I am more educated in the art of journalism I can include some "little bits" on our officers and our one and only, jovial, Station warrant officer. Who knows — they say practice makes perfect.

Do come up and see us sometime — up here in Headquarters. Such a happy bunch of workers (?) at all times. But take my advice and come up soon after pay day — then you'll see us as our natural selves.

Bye, now —

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

**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**

Compliments of

**PERCY SPACKMAN**

YOUR  DEALER

Opposite Grand Central Hotel  
**ST. THOMAS**

**'THE WORKS' FROM WORKSHOPS**

Hi, guys and gals! This isn't my very first attempt at columnizing, but it's been such a long time I'm afraid you shall have to excuse the too numerous errors.

Our Station Workshop has rightly earned the name of "The Shame of Cupid." These last few months no less than five members of the staff, namely, Messrs. Richards, Stewart and Calhoun have taken the plunge inside of five weeks, and two more, namely Dowell and White, are slated to walk the aisle in short order. Could it be that the "Out of Bounds" notices so prominently displayed all over Workshops have their origin in the belief that this marital craze is contagious? Our genial Medical Officers are at a loss to commit themselves definitely in either direction, so we are told.

We notice our "Little Boy Blues" of Workshops are very wary of making dates with the feminine sex these days. Due, no doubt, to a certain cute W. D. in our midst who must have "smartened up" in double-quick time. Somehow or other she just never got to the appointed time and place. Could be she was detailed for duty, but, at any rate, hats off to our W. D.'s. Your division is getting more "hep" day by day. Maybe you would have better luck with "civey" girls, fames. Don't forget to let us know, but make it non-fiction, **please**. We've heard so much about that "I beat 'em off with both hands," but how about some proof?

Two promotions have come to members of our little production plant, in the persons of LAC's Grove and Brooks. "Congrats" to you, gentlemen, and while the hooks are still shiny, why not make yourselves unique and leave on the coveralls, hooks or no. No digs, just a suggestion.

Tomorrow night will be a memorable one in the hearts and minds of our Work-

shops personnel in the form of a get-together in the Airmen's canteen to wish "good luck thousandfold" to our amiable N.C.O. in charge, F/Sgt. Bellman. By the time this goes to press, our "Flight" will be on an administration course in Trenton. The personnel of the shop are

truly sorry to see Flight-Sergeant Bellman go, for I feel that I can speak for us all when I say his stay with us, though fairly short, has been pleasant for every man. Mark this association on the hall of fame in the R. C. A. F., a senior N.C.O. who has efficiently run a complete section and had the full co-operation and fellowship of every man under his jurisdiction. "Flight" Bellman has seen many years' service in the armed services of the Army, R. A. F. and R. C. A. F., but we don't believe he's ever handled a body of men better than he has us. We hear he will return to this Station after his course, but in another section. We envy the men who will work under him.

**"Familiar Shop Talk"**

Guess who the men are who's favorite sayings are:

1. "You don't mean that you love me!"
2. "Well, Daisy Moe!"
3. "First gimme back my civey suit!"
4. "You should see the one I met at Port."
5. "Oh, dash it!" (That's the truth.)
6. "Got a new one in Windsor, and she loves me."

That's all for this edition, dear readers. I'll be you aren't sorry.

Your correspondent,

"Snoop" Calhoun.

**Officers and Dress Oxfords**

Best in Town



All Sizes and Widths

**RAVEN'S**

SHOE STORE

655 Talbot St.

St. Thomas

**L. H. TOWERS**  
**CLEANERS AND DYERS**

OVERNIGHT SERVICE  
**TUESDAYS and THURSDAYS**



This quartet of senior N.C.O.'s were on the "all out program" held in the Sergeants' Mess recently. Can't you just tell by the expressions that a good time was had by all? They are Sgt/Mjr. Hawley, Flt/Sgt. Rehanty, Flt/Sgt. Peterson and Sgt. Miller. The latter two are supposed to be singing a hymn?



# Entertainment



## DRAMATICS

With the first meeting on October 1st of the newly founded Dramatic Club, a hobby that I have long admired, has come into being at Fingal. By calling it a hobby, I am doing it a great injustice, for as we understand the word it means an occupation for one's own amusement, but while acting fulfills that term, it still affords entertainment and amusement for others.

Many people seem to think that there is something "sissified" about acting or being an actor. Let me dispell that thought right at the outset. Acting, directing or playwriting is, like anything else, what you alone make it. I'm sure no one would call Clark Gable or Gary Cooper sissies, to their face anyway, and expect to remain healthy. I belong to a Drama Guild that has been in existence eleven years, and amongst its members we numbered a Dominion champion amateur wrestler, a professional prize-fighter (no, he wasn't slap-happy), a truck driver and four lads who are now Commandos overseas. Acting is one of those hobbies that give you more out of it than you can possibly put into it.

I have often been told by envious friends who, after seeing one of our plays, remarked that they would be as happy as a lark if they had that kind of talent, and how wonderful it was to be able to get up there and hold an audience. I have always told them that was utter nonsense, because no matter who you are, or what your work, or how well or poorly educated you are, you can't help but be a "born" actor. Naturally some are better than others, but every-

one has it in their blood, perhaps some of it inherited, but mostly acquired.

To give an example, the Orderly Sergeant walks over to you and asks, "I see you are 23 and 3 minutes late getting into barracks. WHY?" You tell him there was a snowstorm, the train was late, the bus got stuck, and you mistook the time because your watch was slow (when you know very well that you just hated to say "good night"), but, if you convince him that you ARE telling the truth, then you're a good actor.

Similarly, there are not very many people who can get up before a group of people and make a fluent and well rounded speech unless they have practiced the art long and arduously.

In my humble opinion, being a good actor or actress requires ninety per cent work and sweat, and ten per cent talent. In that way it is unlike sculpturing and drawing. There you must have the ability or you can never be good at it.

If anyone were to hand me a long book and say, memorize it, I would look at them as if they had taken leave of their senses, yet I could and did take part in a few three-act plays, and although I wasn't letter perfect, I didn't ball up any cues and the play went through smoothly enough, and a three-act play is many a time as long or longer than a complete book. I have always been notorious for a bad memory and yet training in short plays gradually made it possible for me to attempt something longer and harder. It can be the same for anyone, because it seems to make the tough work entailed feel like lots of fun and you really enjoy it.

The other benefits to be derived are too numerous to explain in detail, but scenery builders, carpenters, electricians, stage managers, technicians, costume designers and manufacturers, and make-up specialists, all learn something new every play, whether they are amateurs or experts, and get a great big kick out of overcoming the difficulties that always present themselves.

If, after reading this, you still think you can't act, come along and be convinced, and if you know you can act, come along and help prove to the others they can, too. F/L O'Reilly, AW1 Sheppard or Jay Shaver will be happy to welcome you among them.

## Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. is here, and here we stay, from ten in the morning throughout the long day.

Our House is cheery, restful and gay. We feed the hungry and the tired we turn not away.

We welcome your friends, relatives and you; in fact, "there ain't nuthin'" we cannot do.

Our needles we ply to mend your clothes, and sew on buttons whilst we listen to your woes.

We excel in sewing on "Crops," but brother, you mend your own socks.

We arrange Home Hospitality in any locality; Sunday night suppers for those on their uppers.

We cater for your wedding or emergency overnight bedding, for your wife or lady friend.

We help you find rooms, apartments or houses for your kiddies and spouses.

Your problems, with us, vanish without fuss.

— Hostess House.



This smiling group of gentlemen are known as our Per manent Security Guard and protect you while you slumber. Couldn't you inveigle that bugler on the left to let us do more of it?

## BREAKFAST INTERLUDE

"An alarm clock is not exactly in the category of being one of man's best friends, and coupled with a chronic hang-over—the two are definitely on the "not wanted" list, by most active young men.

But it was under these circumstances that Freddie Blackmore was safely delivered from the tender embrace of Mother Sleep and noted to his intense disgust that both hands had assumed a perpendicular position.

But for once in his lifetime Freddie answered this urgent clanging immediately. Why, you ask. Well, the fact was that on this glorious April the sixth, 1940, Freddie had been called upon to enter His Majesty's Air Force and serve for the duration, etc. To be honest, Freddie was neither excited nor even keen on the prospect, and knew sufficiently of aircraft to enter one by the door—but there the education accumulated by our worthy friend ceased abruptly.

"Whatever induced that grey-headed guy that I could be a pilot will be one of the mysteries of my age," were Freddie's comments when recounting the experience to his friends.

In fact, to Freddie, the whole thing was somewhat of a ghostly miscarriage of judgment.

You see, after knocking around the world and doing pretty much as he willed—Freddie had passed the age when excitement and adventure seemed the be all and end all of life.

He had definitely grown up on his own. His parents were good folk—had sent him to the best of schools, etc., spent lots and lots of money on him, but their own particular circle of friends and trend of living had oftentimes sent them to one corner of the globe whilst Freddie was learning his nursery rhymes in another. He had on occasion remarked that as

much as he respected his mother and father, no one on earth could expect him to love them as a son should, for the simple reason that he had not seen them sufficiently to really know them. Hard, maybe, but true.

However, Freddie climbed rather reluctantly from his warm bed and grabbed a horrible multi-colored dressing gown which hung on the chair, put it on as if it was a cloak and started off in the direction of the bathroom.

Once bathed, shaved and dressed, the world usually adopts an entirely friendly atmosphere—and added to this the smell of eggs and bacon can oft transform a dull morning into a rosy dawn.

"Good morning, Freddie," chorused the little group of five already seated at the table.

"Good morning, folks," replied Freddie, and cheerfully kissed Mrs. Mack, who was the owner and landlady of this very cheerful little boarding-house.

Freddie liked Mrs. Mack. In fact, if one had asked Freddie confidentially, he would have admitted that Mrs. Mack meant more to him than probably anyone else in the world. She was a buxom woman, and from the moment Freddie had said to her, "Is that right you have room for another boarder," Mrs. Mack's life seemed to have been given another extra enjoyment which makes that little difference between existing and living. No one else kissed Mrs. Mack "good morning," but strangely enough no one either condemned or commented on Freddie's doing so. They all liked and respected her and somehow or other a very warm and comforting friendship had sprung up between the four other boarders and Mrs. Mack and, of course, Freddie.

"What time does your train leave, Freddie?" enquired one boarder.

"Round about 10.30, from Charing Cross," replied Freddie, "but I've got lots of time, although I thought I'd come down early to breakfast in order to say good-bye to you all at once and thus save myself lots of time 'in writing and explaining how sorry I was I missed saying good-bye to you all—not, of course, that I'm really sorry to see the back of these ugly faces that have been haunting my domestic abode for these past two years—in fact, I shall be glad to shake hands with another face."

"Oh, Freddie—there's a telegram for you—I should have given it to you last night—but I don't think you would have read it anyway"—it was Mrs. Mack speaking, and she had rather reddish rings round her eyelids this morning—but maybe it was the steam from cooking the breakfast. She passed it to Freddie—and he opened it immediately. He just scanned it, then read it aloud—"Best of luck; look after yourself; love, Mother and Dad." He screwed the telegram up and threw it carelessly into the fireplace.

No one commented upon it. Freddie sipped his tea. "Funny thing," he said, after a while, "but when one is going away on a trip like this you kind of get to thinking that it would be rather nice to have a mother and father—or even a brother to say good-bye to. Not that I mind in the least; probably it's better this way—no fuss, no bother—no one to worry much about—and yet—Oh, I don't know, exactly, but it's funny—that's all."

"Well! I must be off now," said one boarder. "Freddie, old scout, you know I wish you all the luck in the world—and come back soon." They both shook hands—and it was in a similar manner that the other three bid Freddie "good-bye" and within half an hour Mrs. Mack and Freddie were sitting face to face across the now very depleted breakfast table.



Hi ya! Bashful. If you will lift your head and let's see who you are, we may be able to turn a few passes to you and the B. F.

### A. N. MARTIN

The House of Color-Styling



**SHERWIN-WILLIAMS**  
Paints and Varnishes  
Fine Wallpapers

Phone 827

Next to Capitol Theatre

"Cigarette, Mrs. Mack?" asked Freddie, seeming to forget that Mrs. Mack never smoked. She didn't answer, but just shook her head. "Well, I guess this is it, all right," said Freddie. "I wonder what will have happened by this time next year. Probably the war will be all over by then and forgotten, too—still, you know, I will always come back to see you, Mrs. Mack, don't you?"

"I hope you will, Freddie," said Mrs. Mack, "although no doubt lots of your younger friends will want to see you, too, and with the little bit of leave you do have—I should rather you enjoy yourself as much as you can—and maybe just spare an hour or so to see me."

"By the way, Mrs. Mack," said Freddie, "I owe you for last week's rent and laundry, and as I should pay you for this week's rent, too, I don't think there will be much change out of this fiver," and with that he took out a five-pound note and laid it on the table. "Freddie," said Mrs. Mack, "I want you to keep that—maybe you'll need it soon, and in any case I would really rather not take it, now that you are going. You see, Freddie, you have meant a great deal to me since you have been here. I have grown to look upon you almost as a son, and you have always acted as I would have liked my son to have acted. You young folk are supposed to owe us older people such a lot—but to my mind we older ones are indebted to you, too. We enjoy your company, and you keep our ideas young, and providing we don't try to keep up with you, you young folk probably supply nine-tenths of our enjoyment. So, Freddie, you don't owe me a thing."

Freddie stood up, and walked round the table to her. "You're an angel," he said as he kissed her. "I wonder what's

on the radio—may as well hear it for the last time—for some while, at any rate." He turned the knob and after a moment the strains of a band were heard to be playing—"Keep the Home Fires Burning." Freddie went and got his overcoat and hat, and as he stood by the fireplace adjusting his tie, Mrs. Mack said, "This song brings back memories to me; this is a song, Freddie, which survived the heartbreaks, toil and suffering of the last war. Listen, it's with us again. I hope the spirit that breathes with this song is with you always. May its associations give you extra zeal and encouragement in your times of need; may it strengthen you, as it did your fathers, to carry on when things seemed at their worst and your disappointments more than you can bear. May its memories carry you on to victory and peace. Good-bye, Freddie, my dear—God bless you!" Freddie kissed her and went out into the street. "Now I know what I'm fighting for," thought Freddie as he neared the bus stop, "THEY are the people I'm fighting for—yes, DEFINITELY THEY are the people I'm fighting for."

**A GUNNER'S VOW**

I wished to be a pilot,  
And you along with me;  
But if we all were pilots,  
Where would the Air Force be?  
It takes GUTS to be a Gunner,  
To sit out in the tail  
When the Messerschmitts are coming  
And the slugs begin to wail.  
The pilot's just a chauffeur,  
It's his job to fly the plane,  
But it's WE who do the fighting,  
Though we may not get the fame.  
If we all must be Gunners,  
Then let us make this bet:  
We'll be the best damn Gunners  
That have left this Station yet.

— Author unknown.

**EXCERPT FROM "LIBERTY" MAGAZINE**

The young men who go to the front are probably those who would lose the least by an invasion of the enemy. Those that have a lot to lose are the ones who squawk the loudest for somebody to go and defend them. The "hard-headed and practical" young men demand only that if they risk all for their home and dear ones, they shall have something in return for their sacrifices. That something is not merely the glory of having won a hard fight, and the safeguard of democracy as an ideal, but a practical application of a democracy in which they shall have the means of building a home, and earning their living. That is what they want to fight for.

— Young Man in the R.C.N.V.R.

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

See Our  
**DIAMOND RINGS**  
**WEDDING RINGS**  
**JACKSON'S**  
Limited  
**JEWELLERS**  
316 Talbot St. Phone 212  
ST. THOMAS



AW1 Acres and LAW. Sheppard, whose main occupation is keeping the feminine staff suitably clothed and always so attractively, and Cpl. Lawrence of Accounts, come to Equipment's aid in balancing dull ledgers.

Cpl. Stone of Maintenance, could that be work 'neath pencil, or labour—of love?

The little lady from Publications leads a harassed life, filling demands for all and sundry—Publications and Stationery.

## Y. M. C. A.

The following pictures will be shown for your entertainment in the Recreation Hall during the next month:

1. "Mystery Sea Raider"—a sea story of the late Graf Spee.
2. "Skylark"—with Claudette Colbert, Ray Milland and Brian Aherne.
3. "Moon Over Burma"—starring Dorothy Lamour, Robert Preston and Preston Foster.
4. "Pacific Blackout"—with Martha O'Driscoll, Robert Preston, etc.
5. "Henry Aldrich for President"—Jimmy Lydon and June Preisser.
6. "Texas"—with William Holden and Claire Trevor.
7. "Legion of Lost Flyers"—Richard Arlen, Andy Devine and Anna Nagel.

8. "Ride 'Em, Cowboy"—Abbott and Costello, Merry Macs and Dick Foran.

9. "Hellzapoppin"—comedy, starring Olsen and Johnson, Martha Raye and Hugh Herbert.

10. "Sumbmarine Zone"—with Pat O'Brien and Constance Bennett.

11. "One Night in the Tropics"—with Abbott and Costello, Nancy Kelly.

And many others. Come early and please refrain from smoking in the theatre. We will enjoy the picture more if you will co-operate. Thank you.

## SEE YOUR "Y" REPRESENTATIVE

1. If you want to send a telegram in a hurry—see your "Y" Rep.
2. If you expect a phone call or telegram during working hours—have it

sent to your "Y" office, located right in the middle of the camp.

3. If you can't get into town to transact your business or banking—see your "Y" Rep.

4. If you want to go travelling, come into the "Y" office and check on our timetables, kept there for your convenience.

5. If you have some perplexing problem you would like to discuss with a friend—come to the "Y" office.

6. If you desire to make special arrangements for that next "forty-eight"—let Jay help you.

7. If you have a poem or story that would look good in your Station paper—turn it in at the "Y" office. It may win you a cash prize. Good columnists are always in demand.

FOR SMOOTH FROZEN ICE CREAM

AS SUPPLIED TO THE MESS

## VAIR &amp; BALKWILL

Talbot Street

PHONE 653

St. Thomas, Ontario

A MODERN DEPARTMENT STORE  
AT YOUR SERVICE

If it is a uniform, a greatcoat, or some small item of equipment you want to replace—we can give you quick service. If you want to buy a gift for your week-end host or to send Home—again we can give you immediate service.

OVERSEAS MAILING . . . the latest mailing date for letters and parcels going overseas is November 10th.

## Smallman &amp; Ingram

LIMITED

LONDON

ONTARIO



Handing it out—over the counter at Equipment Stores.



Why was Kroeker's name changed from "Sundown" to "Midnight"? If she'll tell us, we'll give her a pass to the Capitol Theatre.



More Equipment—The staff of "Tech" Stores.

# SPORTS PAGE

## TRAINING COMMAND (Championship Track Meet)

It was a cold, bleak Saturday morning in September, not so long ago, the 19th to be exact.

From far and wide throughout the Province of Ontario athletes of both sex stood and shivered; there were sprinters, distance runners, jumpers and men of mighty brawn tossing the discus and putting the shot. They were all gathered together on this day for a very commendable purpose, to pit their talents against one another for the championship of No. 1 T. C., which was held at Varsity Stadium under authority of the A. O. C. for No. 1 T. C.

The proceeds of this meet were donated to a very worthwhile cause, being



P/O Thurlow (Tiny) takes a high one.

in the guise of cigarettes, etc., for our boys on the other side of the ocean who can't enjoy these small luxuries as often as we on this side. They certainly deserve all the help we can give them because they are doing a mighty fine job over there.

Getting back to the original part of our story, there was a representation from practically every R. C. A. F. and R. A. F. Station in this Command, including guest teams from the Army and the Navy. Each had one intention in mind, namely, to take back the "honor and glory" to their stations. But, unfortunately, this couldn't be done, because there must be losers to make winners.

From our own Station of Fingal, five young athletes journeyed to the Twin

City in hopes of cutting themselves a slice of this glory, but alas! misfortune befell them. They put up a fine effort and did much better than most of the others. They were still in there fighting at the finish.

Tossing the discus and shot put was P/O Lining, better known as "Hank" in football circles. In the sprints was WO2 Noseworthy, "Lefty" to most everyone on the Station, having become very popular on the Station ball team, also as coach for the W. D.'s softball team. Also in the sprints was LAC Harvey, a tall, good-looking lad who performed so well at the Station Field Day. Then, to assist these two men on the relay team, were two other popular lads, LAC "Barney" Zinn, youthful pitcher on the Station ball team, and LAC Randall, who is also another of the athletes who has done well in sports on this Station.

The track meet got under way officially at 1.30 p.m., with a grand march as a starter, led by the well-known Brass and Trumpet Band from the R. C. A. F. Station at Trenton, Ontario, at which time each station represented at the track meet was introduced to the public.

After the march, the sprints and jumps got under way. At this time, the weather clouded over and unfortunately began raining, making everyone very uncomfortable, especially the competitors. Half-way through the program, amid the downpour, a snappy drill exhibition was given by the crack precision squadron from No. 1 Manning Depot, Toronto. Also, during the afternoon was a Wings presentation to a course of graduating Navigators from A. N. S. at Malton. The presentation was made by the A. O. C. of No. 1 T. C., Air Marshal Johnson. Attending was the R. C. A. F. Band from Trenton—the precision squadron of the Women's Division, R. C. A. F., from No. 6 "M" Depot, Toronto, who let the public see even the women of this fair country

are mighty fine soldiers, and again in addition, the precision squadron from No. 1 Manning Depot.

The feature attraction of the track meet was a special novelty race run by Sgt. O'Connor, Canadian Hurdles Champion, competing against a picked team of sprinters—the novelty being that Sgt. O'Connor ran 120 yards over the low hurdles while the others ran 135 yards on a straight track. He captured this event in true championship style with the fine time of 13.8 seconds.

Came the final attraction of the day's events—picked relay teams from the R. A. F., R. C. A. F., R. A. A. F., Royal Norwegian Air Force, the Army and the Navy. Sgt. O'Connor led the Army team to victory with ease, after which the track meet was officially closed by the band playing "God Save the King."



Winners of the three-legged race—On the left we have Cpl. Baker, with LAC Whitworth on the right. These boys also may have free cleaning and pressing jobs done with compliments of Montgomery Cleaners.

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 487 ST. THOMAS, ONT.

**THE SCOTT STUDIO**

"Established in St. Thomas Over 65 Years"

HIGHEST QUALITY PORTRAITS at SPECIAL RATES TO ARMEN

585 Talbot Street

OPEN EVENINGS

UPSTAIRS

### LIFE IN NEWFOUNDLAND

(An account of life in Gander, Newfoundland, both on and off the Station, by an Airman who has just returned.)

To begin my story; it was a year ago last August 9th that, while on duty at No. 1 B. & G. School, Jarvis, I received news that I was posted to Newfoundland Airport, Newfoundland. I arrived in Newfoundland at about 0330 hrs., 16-8-41, and was met at the station by the Orderly Sergeant. I called it a station, but it was just an old frame building and looked more like a barn than a station. Anyway, the Sarg. said "Welcome to Gander, sucker," and believe me, I figured he was right. We got in a station wagon and he took me for a fifteen-minute ride up to our quarters and showed me a bunk to pile into and told me to report at Headquarters the next day. After reporting on the Station I was told to look around for the rest of the day and report next morning for duty. At that time we had to eat and sleep with the U.S. Army Air Corps as our mess and quarters were unfinished. The Station was fairly new, but our runways were completed, and they are the largest runways in the world today.

Life at Gander was, and still is, just what you make it, as our nearest town is about eight hours train ride away. At first our only fun was in the canteen and at the shows put on by the Y.M.C.A. three times a week. The show was held in a hangar, and sometimes we had to push out the aircraft in order to have the show. It was a lot of fun sitting on boxes, or whatever could be found to use for seat. The Station of Gander is one of the best there is, but it surely is located in an isolated place. I am glad to say that the Station has improved since I first went there. We now have a good mess and some of the best barracks, all heated by a hot water system.

Baseball is a popular sport, and some good games have been played. All the inside sports are now played by most everyone. We have two shows now, one put on by the U.S. Army Air Corps and our own operated by the Y. M. C. A. We are allowed a seventy-two-hour pass each month and are then able to get into town

for a little more fun. There are only three towns worth going to and I went to two of them, St. Johns and Corner-Brook. St. Johns is a real coastal town and also the capital of Newfoundland, and some of the city is really worth seeing. As I spent a lot of time in St. Johns on duty, I was able to see a great deal of the town, and also met many people.

The people in Newfoundland are the most friendly people one could wish to meet, and if you do not accept their invitations they feel very hurt. I was fortunate in meeting some very nice people, and they went out of their way to give me a good time.

I never was in town or country that was so far behind times as Newfoundland. In fact, in St. Johns I saw more

horses in use than any other means of transportation.

The docks are a great sight; corvettes and other navy boats from all the allied countries come to St. Johns at different times, and then, of course, the fishing in Newfoundland is wonderful, and lots of fun.

There are shows and dances in St. Johns, and an Airman can have a lot of fun if he just goes, and watches his step. Like all towns, there is good and bad company, but if you go to one of the dances put on by the Y.M.C.A. or the women of St. Johns, you will meet the very best of people and soon know the best places to go for a good time. One very funny thing in St. Johns is that cafes and ice cream parlors close at 11

A Pleasant Place  
to Shop

GOULD'S

Elgin's Busy  
Department Store

You'll Like Everything About Our  
Gordon Quality

AIR FORCE BLUE SHIRTS

High Quality Broadcloth Priced at only 2.00

J. H. GOULD, Limited

St. Thomas, Ontario

"A DAY IN THE LIFE OF SQUADRON LEADER BLAGRAVE . . . OR "ME AND MY LITTLE BIKE"



Off to work.



Always tracking down  
someone.



Old faithful stands by  
the office desk.



—And shares his bunk  
at night.

o'clock every night, so the girls have to go home without a lunch at night. It is a big help in some ways, because they nearly always invite their escorts in for a cup of tea and some fun. Tea and sugar are not rationed yet that I know of. There is a very fine natural park in St. Johns, and I think it is as scenic as any we have in Ontario.

Now we will take a trip to Corner-Brook, and a very pretty place, with large pulp and paper mill, which is the largest in the world. It is a wonderful sight and it is worth anyone's time to go and see it. Corner-Brook is a quiet town, but there are dances and some very nice girls to meet.

Skiing is a popular sport and they have a successful ski club in Corner-Brook, where Airmen are always welcome.

As our pass is up, we will go back to the Station of Gander, but beware of the Newfoundland express, and make sure you are well insured before you get aboard. That is one train ride you will never forget.

Back at Gander you will meet a Group Captain Foss, C.O. of the Station, and one of the best there is to be found; and I have heard also that he is a fighter pilot with a few German planes to his credit.

A good thing about Newfoundland is that the Officers, N.C.O.'s and men are close together; and I feel safe in saying work better, and are more contented for that reason. It is not that we don't respect our officers, because the men of Gander have always been proud of their officers and the Station, and always will be.

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



Now isn't this just the cutest "shopmobile" you have ever seen? 'Twas Flight Bellman's idea and LAC's Hardy and White are the Joes we caught with it on this occasion.

### FINGAL IMPRESSIONS

**Our Duties**—Most people don't believe we have any.

**Other Things**—We are the Joe-boys of Fingal. From the first day we set foot on the Station until our last hours, as members of the Aircrew Security Guard, we have been stuck for something. However, bad as this may seem, there are some points which are to Fingal's credit.

Outside of the fact that the Station is practically inaccessible from any nearby metropolis, it is a very nice place to hang our hats. Our meals have, taking everything into consideration, been very good. Also, there can be little or no complaint as to the housing. In comparison to other stations, the lounge is possibly without equal. (But that one fact which is very unattractive constantly rears its head—Fingal is almost in No-Man's Land.) (Editor's note: You mean since the ladies came.)

To a great many of the Station personnel, the exact duties of the Security Guard are indeed vague, judging from their actions and some of their remarks. But to us our duty is no bed of

roses. None of the ordinary personnel have to do as we do. For instance, the night maintenance or night classes can sleep the next day, but not so the Security Guard. From 8 a.m. until 4:30 p.m. we take classes, and then in two-hour shifts, we protect the safety of the other people who sleep peacefully on. Even on our twenty-four hours off (when did we have such a thing?) we have to take classes. A certain amount of drill and P. T. are also thrown in. The result of all this is that when we get a forty-eight, everybody spends a good deal of it sleeping—to catch up, sort of!

Last, perhaps, but far from the least, comes our duties as Joe-boys. If anyone has to have a drill test, we are the guinea-



Connie Simpson appears to be enjoying her job. If she enjoys dancing, we'll give her a ticket to one of Benny Palmer's dances at St. Thomas' most popular dance spot.

VISIT OUR

**Record Department**

Largest Stock in  
Western Ontario

**Heintzman & Company**

242 Dundas Street      London, Ontario

pigs. If there is a Wings Parade, we have to direct traffic. And so it goes! Station Joes! But we're used to that by now.

Perhaps some mention should be made of our N.C.O.'s. With one exception, they are all a pretty good bunch of fellows. Headed by F. S. Dulhanty, who as Senior N.C.O. is a prince, there is also Sgt. Bourgeau, a permanent force man who has a loud bark but little or no bite. The less said about the exception the better! The Corporals we have down here are all good men, and no fault can be found with them. Corporal Smythe, who first met us when we came here, tries to be tough sometimes, but his good nature always forces him to relax at the last minute. Corporal Baker is much the same. He has a nasty little habit of waking one at 2 a.m. to scrub floors, or something like that. But we all like him just the same. Last comes Corporal Lynch, who was popularly referred to as Ted., and insists he would rather scrub the floor himself than get anyone out of bed to do it. (?)

Well, we've left Fingal now. We were here for eight weeks altogether. And if it wasn't for the fact that leaving means getting on with our course, we mightn't mind staying so much, after all.

#### 4C 1, BAGS, BURLAP, SAND

It was Monday morning, dark, gloomy and quite foreboding. The inner man was slightly off key in the bargain. I eyed my desk with intangible misgivings. Something had not been done—or it may have been Monday morning. In spite of the fact that I had worked all Saturday afternoon to empty the "in" and the "out" baskets, there was a queer feeling at the pit of my stomach that something had been forgotten. Just then the O. C. strutted in.

"G'morning, Smith," he rapped.

I scrambled to my feet. "Good morning, sir."

The O. C. eyed my desk as O. C.'s will, and gleamed pleasantly upon the empty "in" and "out" baskets.

"Hum! Everything clear, eh?"

"Yes, I—" I enjoined, with the thought of hinting how late I had worked Saturday afternoon.

"Bags, Burlap, Sand," he breathed. "What about 'em? Have they arrived yet?"

Suddenly I died. That was it—Bags, Burlap, Sand! I had meant to demand them on Monday last. But something

had crowded the item onto Tuesday's list. The arrival of new aircraft had then postponed them until Wednesday. And before I knew it, the week-end was on my lap.

"Bags, Bur—" I muttered, fidgetting around with a scratch pad. "Well, let me see. I—er— They were for the new M. G. posts, weren't they? The O. C. i/c Arm. phoned about them the other day . . ." Just then, the ringing of the telephone saved me. I dashed for it and sighed happily as it whispered in my ear.

"The Browning, Mark III\*\* are at I. & R.," I said, putting down the phone. "By the way, I checked the ammo and demanded more on the strength of past expenditures. Also, the C. V. on Brushes, Paint, One Inch and Brushes, Paint, Two Inch was an error on the part of accounts. The memorandum is here somewhere. And on Saturday afternoon"—with emphasis on Saturday afternoon—"the C. O. called up to say that the Air Marshal will be visiting the Station on Wednesday and is sure to look around here. And I regret to have to say that four of our best men have been posted, which will leave us so short-handed, I

don't see how we can carry on. Incidentally, there was a fire in the oil stoves yesterday, practically burning the place to the ground, and we'll not be able to procure replenishments before next Thursday at least." Then I stopped for breath and blessed my little heart for all that evasive action.

"Hm!" the O. C. commented. "Bags, Burlap, Sand, how many came in?"

I floundered for a minute and then came up for the last time. "I don't know exactly how many, sir. But I'll look right into it," using the stock equipment phrase for putting O. C.'s off the trail.

"Hm! don't bother. I'll see about it myself," the O. C. said, as he moved towards the door.

I sank into a chair and made out my will.



Sgt. Smith, leading scorer of his course, being congratulated by W1 C. Findlay.

## COMING OCT. 26-31 GRANADA



with  
ROBERT STACK DIANA BARRYMORE JON HALL EDDIE ALBERT NIGEL BRUCE



"Got a toothache?" Call on Capt. Porter or one of his staff. If it's a tough one, you can depend on it, they'll all pull together. Incidentally, the above W.D.'s may dance to Benny Palmer's sweet music at the Masonic Hall some Wednesday night, with Benny's compliments.

#### FROM DOWN UNDER

We are very unassuming folk on the whole—we boys from way down under. We don't, for example, expect you people to know where Warmangarra, or Ohine-muter or Warpukamu or Papatocoe is, but when sergeants and other folk talk of Darwin being somewhere up in the North Island, and of us being across the river from Australia, well then, it is about time we called a halt and told you something of ourselves. After all, we do have all Blacks, you know, who by the way are on the whole just as white as you and I—and Phar Lap was our hope, and not Australia's; we have made some striking humanitarian legislation. Cobber Kain was one of our humbler school teachers—and we are proud of our Moons. So let's get together for a few minutes and have a pleasant little chat about our little homeland.

We know that the eye is caught by those huge expanses of land—Canada and the U. S. A., and Europe and Asia—but surely sometime or other you have noticed that little splash down in the corner. If I were an artist, I would paint for you the rolling plains of Canterbury, the rugged beauty of the West Coast, the supernatural geysers and boiling pools of Robonia, the grandeur of Mount Egmont or Mount Cook. For the moment, however, we can only pull aside the curtain

and give you a glimpse of what we are justly proud.

Just a little elementary geography, then: New Zealand proper consists of three islands—two large and one small. The North, South and Stewart Islands, separated respectively by Cook and Foveaux Straits. It is a fairly mountainous country, Mount Cook being over 12,000 feet high, the main ranges running generally from East Cape in the North Island to Cape Palliser, and in the



AW1 Laidlaw comes from west of the Rockies. Too bad, boys. They say she already has a diamond. Aggie may also trip the light fantastic to Benny Palmer's sweet music. Call at the Observer office.

South Island the Southern Alps effectively separated the West from the East Coast until the lure of gold and adventure brought hardy pioneers over. In 1940, New Zealand celebrated its centenary since the Treaty of Waitangi, the "Moon Magna Charta." Our climate is an admirable one; oh yes, of course we have earthquakes and what not, but then so does Japan, and still it seems she covets us.

It seems we have an accent. We hope it is a pleasant one. We are not so very far removed, after all, in point of time, from our English cousins, for quite a large percentage of our scant two million still retain pleasant memories of their birth place at "Home."

Our Maoris were, at one time, cannibals—to some extent were they not the Druids of ancient lineage? Today our Maoris sit in Parliament, teach our schools, administer to our health, fight in Tibya and sing enchanting melodies. Today at Fingal meet "The Big Chief"—Ike Trainer. Meet Guy Tomlins and his guitar. Meet, and please pronounce the name correctly, Jack Paraone. "Come up and see us all sometime."

May I make a suggestion? There are a number of books, if you are interested, which you could read: "Old Westland," "The Little Country," and "So They Begun," by John Guthne, while the Government produced a number of centenary publications which cost only 1/- each. I'm going to Detroit this week-end or could tell you more. However, we like your Canucks; we want you to like us. But please remember, we are definitely NOT a province of Australia. We are a country all of our own.

—"Kia Ora"

"THE DOIN'S"

St. Thomasite: "How do you like our city?"

Rookie Airman: "First cemetery with lights I've seen."

A young sparrow in Fingal flew back to his nest the other night with all its feathers missing. To its mother's frantic enquiries it replied: "I flew in the drill hall, mamma, and got mixed up in a badminton game."

According to health experts, the only safe place to kiss a girl is on her photograph. Are you listening?

A certain Airman, on leave in the U. S. A. this summer, met one of the very generous Americans who treat our boys

so swell, and was partaking in the ancient art of elbow-bending, at the expense of the Yank, of course. On learning that the propeller on the arm of this Airman signified him as a Leading Aircraftsman, the Yank informed the Airman he had met another member of the R. C. A. F. some weeks before and he had three stripes and a crown on his sleeves. "What does that mean?" asked the Yank. "He was a Flight-Sergeant," answered



The beautiful voice you hear over the wire may belong to AW1 Thompson. She may dance to Benny Palmer's music in St. Thomas some Saturday evening if she calls at the office for a ticket.

the Airman, "something similar to a Top Sergeant in the U. S. Air Corps." The Yank, very interested, went on to say this Flight-Sergeant was a mechanic, too, and asked, "How long will it take him to become a Leading Aircraftsman?" Of course the LAC, with a smile on his face, replied, "Well, it's a pretty long, tough grind, but if he passes his exams O.K., and Ottawa sees fit to recognize his abilities, he should make it in a year or so."

FOR YOUR

COUNTRY CLUB SPORTSWEAR

VISIT

Edyth's Shoppe

"Western Ontario's Smartest Shop for the Junior Miss"

NEXT TO GRANADA

ST. THOMAS, ONTARIO

**ALBERT, THE AIR-GUNNER**

'Ast 'eard the tale of Albert Igglesworth,  
A gunner of Squad 1 0 3,  
Who could shoot so straight out of one  
eye

'E seldom used two t' see?  
'E were celebrating one night at a party,  
'Is thirty-third trip over France,  
When 'e met up with Mary Wigglesworth  
And fell in love with 'er, by chance.  
Next night 'e were due to go dusting,  
As we say in the Royal Air Force,  
But 'e'd caught such a cold courting Mary  
'E 'ardly could speak; 'e were that 'oarse.  
Now, e's such a stubborn lad, our Albert,  
'E 'would never give in, let 'lone go  
To the 'ospital for some cough syrup  
Or to see the bloomin' M. O.  
So 'e climbs in 'is Blenheim that evening  
And never says nowt of 'is cold;  
For nothing could scare our brave Albert,  
'E were that iron-'earted and 'bold.  
So 'e squeezes 'imsel' in 'is turret,  
With eyes like 'e'd just swallowed snuff,  
T' give 'is machine-guns a checking,  
While wipin 'is nose on 'is cuff.  
Okay? asks the pilot. All ready?  
I am that, poor Albert bleats back  
As 'e settles 'imsel' in the Wireless-Op's  
seat,

With 'is feet on 'is parachute pack.  
The night were so moonlit and mellow,  
With stars shining all up above,  
That Albert—twixt sniffing and snuff-  
fling—  
Was filled with sweet thoughts of 'is  
love.

As the plane, with a roar, left the airfield,  
And pointed its nose towards France,  
Poor Albert sat there with a cold in 'is  
'ead

And 'is 'eart full t'top with romance.  
It weren't an eventful passage,  
They never saw nowt of ME's  
As they crossed the channel that evening  
In a stiff north-easterly breeze.  
Our Albert sat doubled up and shiver-  
ing—

'E were keeping the wireless tuned-in—  
When the pilot called, "Get in the turret.  
To port there's an ME1 ten!"

So Albert nips out of the Op's seat  
And climbs up be'ind machine-guns,  
With the slip-stream a-w'istling around  
'im,

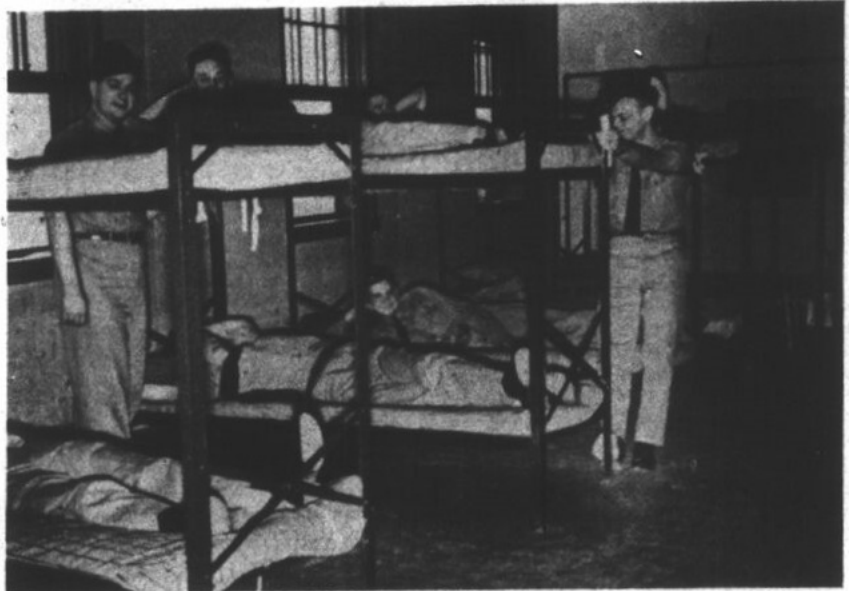
As 'e searches the sky for the 'Uns.  
But the Nazis are smart, cunning devils;  
They stay out of range and of sight.

And Albert sat there with the sniffles,  
Pointing 'is guns at the night.

Then suddenly an ME roars at 'im,  
So Albert at once gets the range,  
And bravely sits waiting the beggar  
T' come, 'oping that 'e won't change  
'Is course, 'cause 'e's got t' bead on 'im,  
And 'is 'and's on the trigger, you see;

So 'e prays good and 'ard the Almighty  
Will 'elp knock the 'Un in the sea.  
In the 'eat of the fight 'e's forgotten  
About 'is bad cold and the breeze,  
But just when 'e's pulling the trigger,  
Be 'anged! if 'e doesn't sneeze.  
The ME comes roaring at 'im,  
Its cannons and guns all ablaze!  
And Albert can't make out what's 'ap-  
pened,

'E's in such a terrible daze,  
But t'next thing 'e knows, 'e's turning  
Among stars in a mad somersault,  
So 'e pulls 'is ripcord in't 'urry  
And waits for that 'orrible jolt.  
At once 'is parachute opens,  
And, by gum! that slows 'im up,  
So our Albert floats down in the starlight,  
Wiping 's nose on 'is cuff.



It's not all work for the Security Guard sluggers. They are always telling us how hard their section works, but this proves it! What's your alibi now, boys?

# We Invite You to Call at Our Store . . .

*Come in and browse around. You are  
under no obligation to purchase.*

## Wendell Holmes Bookshop

ST. THOMAS' LARGEST BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS

PHONE 2440

4 Doors West of Post Office

**DRAFT-DODGERS (?)**

"Come, my friends,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
 The sounding furrows: for my purpose  
 holds  
 To fly beyond the sunset—  
 To strive, to seek, to find ADVENTURE."

This invitation to leave behind the dull, too-familiar life and find a newer world appealed to my secret emotions.

But how was one to this Marco Polo idea? Still wondering and restless, we absently stumbled into a picture show—my gawd—aloha! right before our eyes was the answer: Adventure in the Skies with the Royal Canadian Air Force. Could we possibly get away in a week—a week! Let's leave first thing tomorrow.

As I thought of all this striving drama; thundering skies, fast, sleep ships, the magic of dawn patrol, my own life held by apartment walls, surrounded by the same people and staying within the bounds of convention and responsibility seemed drab.

All at once I realized how bored and uninterested with my lot I was; bored with people, bored with knowledge, dry lectures in an unromantic classroom, and the responsibility of being caught in the draft!

Adventure! Adventure! that was the outlet and exactly what the doctor ordered. The speck of sanity left in one said there would be no turning back once one had taken the oath.

So, light laden and lighthearted, we struck the path of adventure. At the same time given up as lost and labelled crazy by most of our friends.

Manning Pool was quite a revelation, hair cuts, different expressions we

"Yanks" could not help laughing over; drilling, and a constant diet of beef and more "beef."

Through endless days of routine and study, the hand seemed to tighten around my unhampered spirits and make the yen for flying tedious and practical. Were my past dreams and hopes to be disillusioned by this roundabout method contrary to my impetuous nature?

At last our trial and error period was over, the expectant day all of us had been waiting over a year for had arrived—Wings Parade! Ah ha, no more scrubbing floors, washing aircraft, studying every night (oh yeah?) and all the numerous tasks that contributed to our being better pilots, "they told us."

Names that had become legendary since being in the Air Force constantly flashed in our minds; Halifax, London, Spitfires.

There aren't words to describe the frustration when three-fourths of the class realized they were being sent to Bombing and Gunnery Schools throughout Canada, flying Ansons and Fairey Battles, certainly a far cry from the dream we had allowed ourselves to believe would come true.

Coming to Fingal from Mont Joli, our spirits picked up a notch; we would be flying at least.

The first week slipped by very quickly, as all things do to the novice, discovering the mighty Anson, a Tiger Moth with two engines, learning where the targets are, a certain amount of patter, and how to flat turn the box kites. Due to repetition, flying had suddenly become a boring affair. Hangar talk no longer dominated the conversation—it has reverted to other topics, the proverbial wine, women and song outlet. Gentlemen, it has become a job as uneventful as book-

keeping and you can take and put it in fine pitch.

I think, and all agree, that most of the credit should be handed to the ground crew on whose shoulders fall the greater portion of work. How many pilots could change a set of plugs or adjust the points? We only know the engine is



Lieut. Benson, the handsome lieutenant of the Dental Corps—specialist in "painless" extraction.

dropping revs. or the flaps will not operate, and promptly declare it "unserviceable."

A certain achievement, however, is felt by all when you stop to analyze that the work we do each day and night is accomplishing ways and means by proxy of getting back at those who promoted

## DOWLERS

Headquarters for

**OFFICERS' UNIFORMS**

**GREATCOATS**

**RAINCOATS**

**SHIRTS, TIES**

**GLOVES**

**HOSIERY, Etc.**

Stores at:

**ST. THOMAS, LONDON, WINDSOR  
KITCHENER**

Patronize *Observer* Advertisers

## Montgomery Cleaners

Guarantee the Best Work in Town

**R. C. A. F. UNIFORMS  
CLEANED and PRESSED  
FOR 65c. (W. D'S. 60c.)**

Stand in our Barrel while you wait.

**496 Talbot St. Across from Dowlers**

the world into such an upheaval and disorganization.

The Station itself has everything to do in regards to the way a man feels about the service. Fingal, through a marvellous Y. M. C. A. and an understanding Commanding Officer, has done much towards this end. Also, the inhabitants of the "little prison," as it is jokingly called, make for good companionship and many laughs; to be remembered in the years to come with a sigh, and saying "those were the days."

#### THE MOVING OF No. 9 S.F.T.S.

(The following article was handed in to the Observer office by Sergeant Foreman (Sgt./Mjr's office) for publication in the October issue of your paper. It tells the story of the moving of No. 9 S. F. T. S. from Summerside, Prince Edward Island, to its new location at Centralia, Ontario.)

One day about six months ago,  
When all was quite serene,  
The skies were getting bluer,  
And the grass was getting green,  
When the C. O. of our squadron sez,  
I'm not supposed to tell ya,  
But No. 9 S. F. T. S.  
Is moving to Centralia.  
The officers were packing,  
The boys were in the groove,  
Making every sort of plan  
For the impending move.  
Of course, some didn't want to go  
For many varied reasons;  
Some of us had homes here,  
And some just like the seasons. (?)

So no one knew who was to go,  
Or no one who to stay,  
And our local Board of Strategy  
Changed it every day.  
One guy here would like to go,  
Another fellow doesn't;  
One day we would have to go,  
Another day we mustn't.  
Everybody's nerves on edge,  
Lewis getting gray;  
Lafamme says since the boys won't work,  
Someone has to pay.  
Fellows going on leave,  
Forman in a dither,



This accumulation of happy N.C.O.'s were snapped on the occasion of their smoker in the Sergeants' Mess. Now, who is that hat with the man?

Plans changing every day,  
More often than the weather.  
Harvards supposed to go away,  
No one knows where;  
Finley at his wit's end,  
Said a little prayer.  
Andy in a bad mood,  
Lamond on a drunk,  
Reveille passes cancelled,  
Guys without a bunk.  
Married men must live in camp,  
Women grin and bear it.  
Don't pack up your toothbrush yet,  
Maybe have to share it.  
Merchants out collecting bills  
For things that wasn't paid for,  
Fellows using makeshift tools  
For things they wasn't made for.  
But keep your shirt on, Buddy,  
'Cause I think we soon will go,  
And you can get your glass of beer  
For one thin dime, Oh, Oh!

To show appreciation  
For the dough that we had spent  
By buying up the local screech  
And paying double rent.  
The Premier, the Mayor,  
And of course the Board of Trade  
Came out here to make a speech  
On our eight o'clock parade.  
The C. O. had his Hollow Square,  
So he must be very happy.  
And all the guys assembled there  
Were taking a little nappy.  
So each and every one in town  
Made his little speech,  
And while half the women fainted  
They went on to preach.  
We gave them three cheers anyway  
Just to wish them luck,  
And they gave us each a present  
That they brought here on a truck.  
I guess it was supposed to be  
A quite well meaning gesture  
By these noble gentlemen  
Of wealth, and noble vesture.  
And we salute the kindness  
Of this well meaning group,  
But had we known how long they'd talk,  
We'd have put arsenic in their soup.  
So at last we say good-bye  
To this small part of a nation,  
And No. 9 S. F. T. S.,  
It WAS a perfect station.

Dear Jimmy:

I am one of the fellows who make the world safe for democracy. What a crazy thing that was. I fought and fought, but I had to go anyway. I was called in Class "A". The next time I want to be in Class "B"—B here when they go and B here when they come back. I remember when I was registered, I went to the desk and my milkman was in charge. He said, "What's your name?" So I said, "Young man, you know my name." "What's your name?" he barked, so I told him "August Childs." He said, "Are



ALICE MORRISON (Drogue)  
Alice, you may dance in Benny Palmer's dance wonderland some Saturday evening.

you an alien?" "No," I replied, "I feel fine." Then he said, "When did you first see the light of day?" and I answered, "When we moved to Philadelphia from Pittsburg." He asked me how old I was, so I told him twenty-three, the first of September. He said, "The first of September you'll be in Australia, and that will be the last of August."

A veterinarian started to examine me. He asked me if I had the measles, smallpox, St. Vitus dance, and if I took fits. I said, "No, only when I stay in a saloon too long." Then he said, "Can you see all right?" I said, "Sure, but I'll be cock-eyed tonight if I pass." Then he listened to my chest and said; "I think you have a wart somewhere, and I said "Wart my neck, that's a button in your ear." The doctor said that he had examined 140,000 men and I was the most perfect physical wreck that he had examined. Then he handed me a card—Class "A".

Then I went to camp, and I guess they didn't think I'd live long—the first fellow wrote on my card, "Flying Corpse." I went a little further and some guy said, "Look what the wind's blowing in." I said, "Wind nothing, the draft's doing it." On the second morning they put

these clothes on me. What an outfit! As soon as you are in it you think you can lick anybody. They have two sizes—too small and too large. The pants are too tight. I can't sit down. The shoes are so big I turned around three times and they didn't move. And what raincoats. It strains rain. I passed an officer all dressed up with a fancy belt and all that stuff. He said, calling after me, "Didn't you notice what I have on?" I said, "Yes, what are you kicking about? Look what they gave me."

I landed in camp with \$75.00. In ten minutes I was broke. I never saw so many 3's and 12's on a pair of dice. No matter what I did I went broke. Something went wrong even in cards. One time I got five aces and I was afraid to bet. A good thing I didn't, for the fellow next to me had six kings. I finally said, "This is a crooked poker game." The fellow next to me said, "We're playing pinochle." Everything is crazy. If you were a livery hand, you were put in the medical department. If you were a watchman you were an officer of the day. I saw a guy with a wooden leg and asked him what he was doing in the army. He said, "I'm going to mash the potatoes." Oh, it was nice five-below zero one morning and they called us out for underwear inspection. You talk about scenery—red flannels, B. V. D.'s of all kinds. The union suit I had on would fit Tony Galento. The lieutenant lines us all up and told me to stand up. I said, "I am standing up. This underwear I'm wearing makes you think I'm sitting down." He got mad, so he put me digging ditches. A little while later he said, "Don't throw dirt up here." I said, "Where am I going to throw it?" He answered, "Dig another hole and throw it in there."

By that time I was pretty mad, so another guy named Jones and myself drank a quart of whiskey. First Jones acted so funny I ran to the doctor and told him Jones was going mad. He asked me what we were doing and I told him, so he asked me if Jones saw pink elephants. I said, "No, that's the trouble. They're there all right and he doesn't see them."

Three days later we sailed for Australia. Marching down to the pier I had some more bad luck. I had a sergeant who stuttered, and it took him so long to say "Halt" that 27 of us marched overboard. They pulled us out and the Captain came along and said "Fall in."

I said, "I've just been in." I was on the boat 13 days—I leaned over the railing all of the time. Now, in the middle of one of my best leans the Captain rushed up and said, "What company are you in?" I said, "I'm all by myself." He asked me if the Brigadier was up yet. I said, "If I swallowed it, it's up."

Talk about your dumb people. I said to one of the fellows, "I guess we dropped the anchor." He said, "I knew they'd lose it. It's been hanging out ever since we left New York. We had a lifeboat drill and when the boat was being lowered over the side of the ship it spilled some of the men into the water. Only the second lieutenant and I were left in the boat. The lieutenant gave orders to pull the men out of the water by the hair of their heads. I was struggling with one of the men when another fellow with a bald head yelled, "Pull me out." I said, "Go down and come up the right way!"

Well, we landed in Australia and were immediately sent to the trenches. After three nights in the trenches all of the cannons started to roar and shell started to fall. I started shaking with patriotism. I tried to hide behind a tree, but there weren't enough trees for the officers. The Captain came around and said, "Five o'clock and we go over the top." I said, "I'd like a furlough." He said, "Have you no red blood in you?" I said, "Yes, but I don't want to see it." He said, "Where do you want to go?" and I said "Anywhere where it's warm." So he told me where to go. Five o'clock, and we went over the top. Ten thousand

Japs came at us. They all looked at me as though I had started the war. Our Captain yelled, "Fire at will." But I didn't know which one was Will. I guess the fellow behind me thought I was Will. He fired his gun and shot me in the excitement. On my way to the hospital I asked a fellow where they were taking me and he said, "You're going to the morgue." I said, "There's some mistake. I'm not dead." He said, "Lie down, do you want to make a fool out of the doctor?" Love and kisses,

A Lonely Soldier.  
(CMG)

## Keep Them Flying BUY BONDS

Headquarters for  
No. 4 B. and G. School

# GETTAS

AIR-CONDITIONED

The Best Place to Eat  
Everybody Knows

Candy - Ice Cream - Lunches  
Dinners

"The Place for Good Food"  
519 Talbot Street - St. Thomas



These boys have served their term as aircrew Security Guard and have left Fingal since this picture was taken. They are now furthering their course at an I. T. S. Station.

# MAC'S SMOKE SHOP

## R. C. A. F. Emblems, Novelties, Gifts

### CHRISTMAS ORDERS WRAPPED FOR MAILING

Film and Photo Finishing—24-hour Service.

360 TALBOT STREET, ST. THOMAS

**THE MAN ON THE GROUND**

(From the Vancouver News-Herald)

What do the men on the ground think as they watch the fighter planes leave for battle?

What was in the minds of those thousands of young men who served the 1200 planes that bombed Cologne?

Only a man who has had those thoughts could tell.

Twenty-one-year-old "Ted" Freeman of Vancouver, who went overseas in October, 1941, with the ground crew of the R. C. A. F., has put it into verse and sent the poem to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Freeman, 46 E. 3rd Avenue.

Here is the poem:

The sun comes up to greet a day  
That's nicely started on its way.  
A day that from our point of view  
Is beautiful—and peaceful, too.  
And yet, who knows at morning light  
What sorrows we may face ere night?

Our work was through an hour ago;  
The Kites are now all set to go.  
We don't wait long for things to hum;  
Here comes Pilots on the run.  
We strap them in and wish them luck,  
For we know what they have to buck.

The engines start up one by one  
And taxi off towards the sun.  
Each one is like a gentle steed,  
Hiding untold hell and speed.

With a mighty roar the Spitfires  
Soar into the blue horizon,  
And, as they rise to meet the skies,  
We left below are thinking—

There's twelve in that formation—  
Twelve boys on sturdy wings—  
Flying off to battle  
With noble hearts that sing.  
We are standing solidly  
On Mother Nature's sod,  
While they are in the heavens,  
Very close to God.

Will they come back today?  
To welcome beds on which they lay?  
To dream of home so far away?  
Or, will one or two be missing,  
Or maybe three or four?  
That we won't know 'til they return  
To bring the final score.

Our work is done. The D. I.'s signed,  
And everything's okay;  
We sit and talk; we read or write  
To pass the time away;  
While from our hearts a silent prayer  
Is being raised to Him,  
That Smithy will come back again  
Along with Red and Jim.

And now the sun is setting,  
We hear a steady drone,  
With light and heavy hearts we rush  
Pell-mell onto the drome.  
And in the sunset's dying glow  
We see the specks we love  
Come rushing nearer, and ere long  
They're passing just above.

We scan them as they pass o'erhead—  
We're looking for "our kite"—  
And then we see there's only ten,  
The boys were in a fight.  
And as they land we look again:  
There's A., and K., and D.  
There's D. and P.—where's V. and T.?  
Our chests are growing tight.

Well—V. and T. have not returned.  
Are they prisoners of war?  
No! They have gone to swell the ranks  
Of "those who pass before."

We check the kites and fix them up,  
And so this war goes on.  
Two new boys come to take the place  
Of our chums who have gone.  
Passed on—but not forgotten,  
Just as hundreds more have done;  
And we who follow won't forget,  
Until this war is won.

Courtesy of

*Sanders & Holcombe*

HOME MADE CANDY SHOP

Light Lunches

(3 doors west of Times-Journal)

## Three Outstanding Pictures That Can be Seen at the **CAPITOL**

ST. THOMAS.  
THIS MONTH

IN THE ROUSING SUCCESSOR TO TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

GEORGE MONTGOMERY  
MAURKEEN O'HARA-JOHN SUTTON

**TEN  
GENTLEMEN  
FROM  
WEST POINT**



THUR. & FRI.

OCT. 22 and 23

TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY

OCT. 20 and 21

"THEY FLEW ALONE"

SAT., MON., TUES.  
AND WED.

OCT. 24 to 28

"WAKE ISLAND"

THE SCREEN'S FIRST GREAT DRAMA SHOWING  
WHAT WOMEN CAN DO IN THE AIR FORCE!

Anna NEAGLE  
Robert NEWTON  
*They Flew Alone*

The story of "The Flying Hellions"  
Produced and Directed by  
HERBERT WILCOX



For the girls they left  
behind...for the wives,  
sweethearts, mothers  
of America, this picture  
was made!

**"WAKE ISLAND"**

A Paramount Picture with  
**BRIAN DONLEVY**  
MACDONALD ROBERT  
CAREY · PRESTON

directed by LIEUT.-COMMANDER  
JOHN FARROW, RCNVR (retired)

**CAPITOL** A FAMOUS  
PLAYERS  
THEATRE

# FASHION CRAFT SHOPS LTD.

183 DUNDAS - LONDON

COMPLETE LINE OF  
GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Special Attention Given to R. C. A. F. Men

WESTERN ONTARIO'S FINEST MEN'S STORES

## ROLLER SKATING

Every Tues., Wed., Thurs., Fri. Night 8 to 11  
Admission and Skates 35c. Sat. Mat. 2-4, 25c

A three hour entertaining and supervised program. Roller Skate on Canada's largest sectional floor to the music of our Hammond Electric Organ.

## THE LONDON ARENA

Canada's Finest Recreation Centre

**PRO  
WRESTLING**

Every Monday

First Bout 8:30

**3 BOUTS**

Ringside Red Section

Adm. \$1.00

Tax .20 --- \$1.20

Green Section

50c., Tax 10c-60c.

**DANCING**

Presenting the Band  
of the Week.

**BOB WYBROW**  
His Piano and His  
Orchestra.

Every Sat. Night  
This Month

Dancing, 9 to 12  
Admission 50c.

MODERN ROOMS FROM \$2.75

EXCELLENT  
COFFEE SHOP  
Lunch 55c up



LONDON'S  
FINEST HOTEL  
Dinner from 60c

R. C. A. F. Men and Women are Always Welcome at

**HOTEL LONDON**

- **London, Ontario**

# DANCE - DANCE - DANCE

AT ST. THOMAS' MOST SPACIOUS BALLROOM

## MASONIC AUDITORIUM

DIRECTLY ACROSS FROM CAPITOL THEATRE

Presenting

**Ontario's  
Foremost  
Dance Orchestras**

DANCING EVERY

**WEDNESDAY  
FRIDAY  
SATURDAY**

EVENINGS

Popular Prices

Gents 50c

Ladies 35c

(We Extend a Most Hearty Welcome to All the Personnel of the R. C. A. F.)

- Prize Spot Dances
- Fun for Everyone
- Dance Commences at 9 p. m.

— IT'S DELIGHTFUL DANCING AT THE MASONIC —

P. S.—Watch next month's Observer for a Special Announcement.

SERVICE TO THOSE WHO SERVE . . . .

# UNIFORMS 50c

CLEANED AND PRESSED

A Complete Laundry and Dry Cleaning Service to R. C. A. F. Personnel.  
You'll Like the AYLNER LAUNDRY for its Quick, Courteous and Complete Service —  
Odorless Dry Cleaning by Expert Workmen, with the Newest Methods.

**AYLNER STEAM LAUNDRY** CLEANERS - DYERS - RUG CLEANERS  
SERVICE DAILY AT SUPPLY DEPOT

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



# INDUSTRIAL CONSTRUCTION COMPANY LTD.



GENERAL CONTRACTING :

Landscaping and Custom Trucking, Excavating, Grading,  
Crushing Rock and Gravel

WINDSOR:

2137 Moy Ave., Phone 4-7905

ST. THOMAS:

Talbot St. East, Phone 1190

We Do a Lot of Station Repair Work

A. DEAN, President

A. NICLI, Sec-Treasurer