



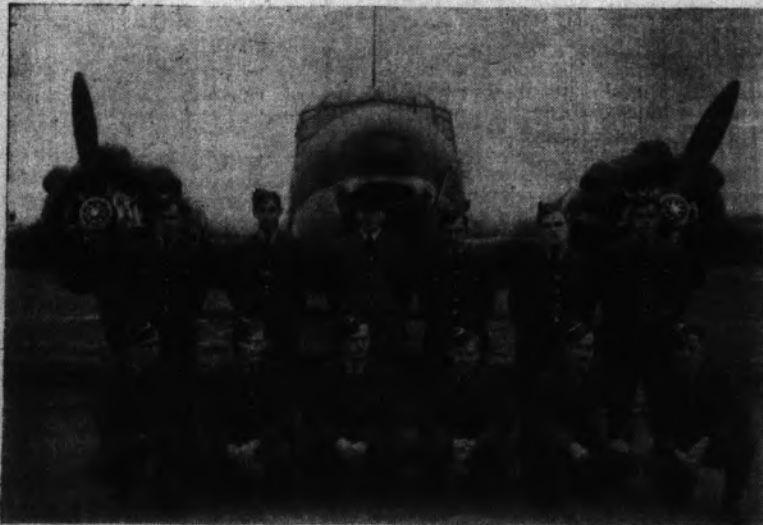
A Publication Covering the Activities of No. 16 S.F.T.S., R.C.A.F., Hagersville, Ontario.

Vol. 1, No. 2

Turn 'Em Out and Keep 'Em Flying

November 10th, 1941

FIRST WINGS PARADE



SOME MEMBERS OF GRADUATING CLASS NO. 35

Front row—M. S. Russo, E. S. Winn, G. W. Young, W. Shepherd, G. C. Silver, D. P. Scott. Back row—A. S. White, W. N. Ruddy, Flying Officer W. Elwin, W. Terwilliger, P. E. Spence, A. M. Reynolds.

Front row—B. F. Gilland, H. C. Leach, W. J. McAlpine, J. C. Duncan, J. H. Redding, M. Hudema, K. W. Clark. Back row—L. S. Brown, H. R. Graham, R. J. Irwin, V. Friberg, Flt. Lt. G. A. Brennan, J. A. Murray, G. E. Ledbetter, R. F. Day, E. A. Paulton.

Air Commodore G. E. Brookes, O.B.E., Presents Wings to First Class

On November 6th No. 16 Service Flying Training School attained another new step in its career—our first Wings Parade, on which occasion the graduates of our first course received their wings.

The Station was particularly honored in the presence of Air Commodore G. E. Brookes, O.B.E., Air Officer Commanding No. 1 Training Command. He presented the graduates with their wings, ably assisted by Group Captain G. S. O'Brien, A.F.C., Squadron Leader R. L. Burnett, chief instructor, and Flight Lieutenant G. C. Draper, chief ground school instructor. The parade was under the personal direction of Flight Lieutenant J. R. Sumner, Officer commanding No. 1 Squadron.

LAC H. C. Leach, of Greenville, Texas, class senior, acted as commander of the flight composed of the graduating class. The two supporting flights, composed of aircrew of Classes 38 and 40 and other personnel drawn from all other units on the Station were

under the command of Flight Lieutenant C. A. Brennan and Flying Officer L. B. Elwin.

Before presenting wings to the graduates Air Commodore Brookes said:

"I am happy to be here to see this first graduation from Hagersville. You have done well. My personal pleasure in presenting these wings is marked. While I commend you, may I say a word now in tribute to the men of the maintenance branch, for without their fine work, graduation of a bomber pilot class would not be possible. I think we should mention this at this time as it is through the teamwork of maintenance that graduations are made possible.

"Though you graduate today, your studies are not yet ended. Your training is not completed. Remember there is much to be done that you can do best by application and study, which I know you will continue."

He then presented wings to the class in order of seniority and displayed his deep personal interest in every man by the friendly un-

hurried talk he had with each one individually.

Group Captain G. S. O'Brien then addressed the class in his inimitable manner and presented each of them with a copy of "Canada's Air Heritage," on the inside cover of which was inscribed a personal individual message for each man to take away with him from this Station.

One of the most impressive moments of the parade then came when Flight Lieutenant W. B. Jennings, Station Padre, prayed for the graduating pilots. This prayer was composed especially for this first class (well-founded rumor has it by Group Captain O'Brien) and it is hoped it will have a permanent place in all future wings parades on this Station.

"Cast about these pilots, Almighty God, the sure fabric of Thy holy spirit, that they may be gentle in their strength, steadfast in defeat and humble in victory. Toughen the fibre, we beseech Thee, of their individuality, to the end that, devoting themselves wholly to their duties in Thy serv-

ice, they be not lonely. Comfort those whom they leave behind, bring them back more full of Thy strength when Thy time of violence has passed away and we have peace."

Listeners among the spectators commented that this benediction was in strange contrast to the manner in which arrogant young Nazi fighting men are sent to battle with the lessons taught them that no ruthlessness, no horror is too great to practice.

The ceremony concluded with the March Past the saluting base where the salute was taken by Air Commodore Brookes. Following this the many friends and relatives of the graduating class were entertained at tea and many prominent local friends of the Station were also entertained at tea in the Officers' Mess.

And so our first Wings Parade has come and gone. To the graduates we say: "Happy to meet, sorry to part," and then re-echo Air Commodore Brookes' "Good Hunting."

THE ALBATROSS

Published with the kind permission of Group Captain
G. S. O'Brian, A.F.C., Commanding Officer, by the
Hagersville Press.

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Congrats to the following contributors without whose enthusiasm and efficient co-operation the Albatross would never have flown:

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The Best Things in Life Are Free

A few years ago everybody whistled and sang a song that contained the lines:

"The moon belongs to everyone,
The best things in life are free."

This thought was never more adequately proved than in the education facilities there are available to all Service men.

Courses are mainly laid out as follows:

1. For those who have not completed public school or high school (Junior Matriculation Standing) a complete free course is available whereby these educational standards may be achieved.

2. For those who desire to achieve an educational standard in some occupational bracket complete technical courses are available.

3. Through the Extension Department of the University of Toronto one can have almost any course desired, such as Drafting, Certified Public Accountancy, University Arts Course for teachers, Senior Matriculation.

4. For those, and there are many in this bracket, who require an academic standard in certain subjects in order to qualify for consideration as aircrew, local high school principals (and this is in effect in Hagersville now) are arranging and are in charge of courses in Mathematics, Physics and English, which gives those men an educational standard which is acceptable to the R.C.A.F. for potential aircrew rating.

The values behind all this wonderful offer which calls for only application on your part are—

YOU teach yourself with or without assistance.

YOU prepare for application or for special services.

YOU increase your efficiency.

YOU continue your interrupted education.

YOU occupy to advantage a part of your leisure time.

YOU prepare yourself for profitable occupation at the close of the war.

If you really want to do any or all of these things the opportunity to do so is yours for the asking.

For the details required to get started see our Padre, Flight Lieutenant Jennings.

Truly the best things in life are free.

—The Editor.

A Penguin's Tribute

There's a new kind of superman coming out of the conflict in the skies. He's the lad who goes up into the heavens at dusk with the moon bright o'er the land, and returns after a night of hazard and adventure across the channel, in the gold grey dawn—dirty, grimy and with a tiredness fit to sleep through an eternity.

He is the kid who lived next door to you or I; "Johnny Jones or Bill Thompson, nice enough lad but too fond of dancing and jump and 'jive' and football and Hedy Lamarr. Yes, quite a nice youngster—but never amount to much."

Then one warm, sunny day at the end of a summer somewhere there was an army on the move and a new destiny got under way for a generation. And over the skies of England—that knew peace

"Per Ardua ad Astra"

"Through labor to the stars." So goes the motto of the R.C.A.F. These words certainly apply to those who will be the first to receive the coveted "wings" from No. 16 S.F.T.S. They have "labored" indeed during the 12 weeks prior to their examinations, and deserve "stardom." If you do not think they reach their goal through hard labor, we recommend that you sit in classes at G.I.S. sometime. You will come away with a headful of "velocity triangles," "rhumb lines," compass bearings, weather, armament etc. that will make you dizzy. Follow them through intricacies of Link, Dual, and Solo, and you will take your hat off to those lads who have what it takes to win their "wings." We wish them good luck and God speed as they continue their training elsewhere.

One wonders if there should also be a motto "per ardua pro astra"—"through labor for the stars." Most of the personnel on any station are fully aware that their work is being done so that Pilots, Wireless Air Gunners and Navigators may be 100 per cent. efficient. We can all do this by considering our job as "labor for the stars." There may not be much romance in emptying garbage pails, sitting all day in a crash tender, peeling potatoes sitting at a desk all day, doing routine labor of one kind or another, but it takes on a different aspect if we can see it as our contribution towards the making of "stars." It would be an impossible task if those men had to do your job as well as their own. So whether it is "per ardua ad astra" or "per ardua pro astra," we are pulling together to make the graduates of No. 16 S.F.T.S. the happiest and best in the R.C.A.F.

PADRE.

only yesterday—and over Canada, that had not yet the scent of war in its nostrils each night at dark, there sailed into the skies a new epoch, with knights who wore oxygen tubes instead of helmets, and rode on wings of silver instead of white steeds.

Those men of the R.A.F. who so valorously won the channel battles of the historic Battle of Britain of a September ago, are each day being augmented by another gallant armada from that sunny, young land of Canada.

And here today on this Station some of these young Galahads (who would never amount to much) are getting their wings and to-morrow or the next day are skyward with the dawn into that glorious new air cavalcade that each day grows more confident of victory.

And these chaps, when they fly, are getting a new perspective on this mean little earth. They're flying high! Up above meanness, and pettiness, and people pushing and shoving and hating—and when they look down they must start thinking of these things. One day these lads will return from the skies with this thing at long last at an end, completely and forever—and they'll have some ideas about this old world—or brave, new world beginning. They'll be able to take a broad viewpoint, and their vision of a new society

War of Ideals

In a recent speech His Majesty the King made the following significant statement: "The present war is not a struggle of nations. It springs from a class of fundamental ideals. We will not falter or lay aside our arms until the high purposes whereto we have pledged ourselves is achieved." We are slowly beginning to see that this war springs from a clash of fundamental ideals.

Hitler was wise enough to see that to capture youth he must capture their hearts and minds with ideals and ideas. He kept before the Hitler youth certain ideals.

1. The ideal of a superior German race.

2. The ideal of a superior German blood.

3. The ideal of Germany as a world power.

4. The ideal of Hitler as a prophet of God to raise Germany from disgrace to her true place in the sun.

Now you and I may smile at these ideals. We may dismiss them as false, as untrue. But to German youth they are not only true but they are worth fighting and dying for.

What are the ideals of Canadian youth? Some of the most important are and should be:

1. The ideal of physical fitness.

2. The ideal of intellectual alertness.

3. The ideals of democracy.

4. The ideal of Canada, a great nation within the Commonwealth of Nations.

5. The ideals of Christianity.

These as compared with Hitler's ideals bring out the worth of the individual, thought for the other fellow, kindness in action and word, respect for laws set and run by the people themselves, and most important of all, living with the true spirit of Christianity before us. By all the methods of psychology, regimentation and propaganda, Hitler has sought to make German youth hard, cruel and convinced that only in obedience to him will Germany achieve her destiny. It is up to Canadian youth to live up to our ideals and to see that they are spread and maintained throughout the whole world.

IN APPRECIATION

We wish to extend all good wishes and God speed to the editor of our first issue, Pilot Officer Andras, who was posted to another Station where he is taking other Station where he is taking.

It was largely due to the hard work and perseverance of Pilot Officer Andras that our initial issue was such a success, and we hope that as each succeeding issue gets better, he will be proud to know that he was the first editor of No. 16 S.F.T.S. Albatross. Thanks again, Pilot Officer Andras, and good luck to you, sir.

based on tolerance and brotherliness (for they've learnt that too) will be a new strength and a new hope to a tired, burnt old world.

They'll come down out of bomb-shattered skies turned red with the dust from Mars, and there'll be more than silver on those wings of theirs. There'll be a little bit of glory, too.

J. T. McCREATH.

AU REVOIR



Wing Commander C. J. Fee

It is with mingled feelings that the departure of our late Chief Instructor, Wing Commander C. J. Fee, is reported. The Station's regret at losing the services and contact of an officer who played so large a part in the building of this Station, is closely interwoven with our joy on his behalf that he is being posted to Overseas duty.

Wing Commander Fee is one of the youngest, if not the youngest, man to hold the rank of Wing Commander in the R.C.A.F. Upon graduation from the Royal Military College, he joined the R.C.A.F. A splendid flying record combined with the ability to get essential things done by the most direct route resulted in his arriving at the well-merited rank he held at the time of leaving.

On the occasion of the last Officers' Mess Dinner, in a ceremony, which will long be remembered by those present, Group Captain O'Brian gave a glowing farewell address to Wing Commander Fee, which admirably told him of the high regard, respect and esteem in which he was held by all.

Wing Commander Fee replied in a manner from which it was obvious that to his great happiness, he had achieved every flying man's objective of a call to Overseas service, but that his happiness was deeply tinged with personal regret at leaving the station which meant so much to him.

And so to Wing Commander C. J. "Knobby" Fee, the personnel of the Station says—"Thanks for a splendid job, good luck, happy landings, good hunting, and an unbroken climb to the top."

THE RIGGER'S LAMENT

This wood of strips that makes for long
 You call him, call him longeron;
 He say, I do not see the sense,
 This goddam angle of incidence.
 Ah, mon de dieu, Oh, mon de dieu,
 Dis brain she crack, she soon be through, and I have yet to understand
 In front of engine comes de fan,
 Not not de fan, I know for true;
 In front of engine comes de screw.
 This aileron I understand,
 She makes for plane to go to land
 And now we rig the plane for fly,
 In hope the pilot she no die.
 We rig for long, we rig for wide,
 And paint with numbers on the side;
 I'm say goodble, goodbye for true;
 I am so glad this course she's through.

LAC Brankley-LAC McIntyre.

Entertainment Notes

First we want to thank, through our paper, Mr. Sabola for his very fine co-operation in arranging to have the band brought out to our camp on the evening of October 26th. And by the way, the Hagersville Band is the first band to play in No. 16 S.F.T.S., and yours truly thinks its a good start. Next week we'll be having Benny Goodman, Sammy Kaye and Glen Miller playing in the Opera House (as soon as Fred Hill gets the records.)

Now to get back to last Sunday night: The band looked swell up on our band stand with their red coats. They played about twelve numbers, mostly familiar marches. The music sounded really wonderful. After all, they won fourth place in a keen competition at the Toronto Exhibition! A member of the band also played a violin solo, which was very well received.

One of the things that made the evening more enjoyable was the lovely voice of Mrs. Ariel Whitlaw, accompanied by Mrs. Green. Marion was here too. Mrs. Whitlaw sang a number of solos, some of which we all joined in singing with her. I'm sure that we all appreciated their coming here and we certainly look forward when we can enjoy them again.

Our own Al Day entertained just before the closing with a few selections on the guitar, and also his donut act. He seems to enjoy himself as much as the spectators. All in all it was an entertaining evening and we know the show are going to get better and better all the time.

They say long ago they used to have shows with picture slides, then they had pictures that moved. Following that we had pictures that talk. Last week we had a picture at the opera house that you could smell. Just joking, fellows, it was an awful . . . good picture—and it wasn't Ben Hur either.

Bert Hacker, who is organizing our camp orchestra, is very busy these days. He is also organizing our bugle and drum band. We wish him all the success in the world.

Bert is really a whiz on the clarinet and sax. I heard he used to play the Hoboe before he joined up. Pardon me, Bert, I meant oboe. It takes time to organize an orchestra and have it sound like anything, so we'll bear with you, M aestro Hacker. We know you'll do your best.

IN APPRECIATION

In behalf of the boys of the R.C.A.F. let us extend our heartfelt thanks to the congregation of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church in Hagersville for the invitations extended to the boys for dinner on Sunday evenings.

To those of us who have had the pleasure of going to your homes and enjoying those swell meals and meeting your families, and from those who hope to go in the future, we would like to express our appreciation of your thoughtfulness. We hope to meet you all personally and know you as our neighbors. Again allow us to say, "Thank You."

CPL. CRUICKSHANK.

LINK TRAINER FLYING

There may be some at No. 16 S. F.T.S. who are not aware that four link trainer units are in operation on the station in the training of student pilots on the ground in instrument flying. These mechanical contrivances are operated by vacuum created by electric motors and to the student under the hood behave remarkably like an aeroplane in flight. There is even an attachment to simulate rough and bumpy air experienced some days.

Their great advantage is in teaching fliers to read and analyze the instruments and apply a remedy if they are not properly co-ordinated. The theory is that if the student can make the instrument behave correctly, the craft will fly correctly and this is applicable to the aircraft in the air. An instance of this is where a man who had taken a link course but who had never been in the air was taken on a dual flight and while under the hood flew a splendid course on instruments. Just as soon as the hood was removed, the craft went into a spiral dive and he couldn't get it out of the dive until he was placed under the hood and flew the instruments again.

The original idea of these trainers was evolved as a sideshow entertainment, when the searcher for thrills was enclosed in one of the original contraptions and whirled around at a dime a head.

The present use of these much improved and complicated units is considered so valuable in the training of pilots that a special building is at present under construction here to accommodate eight units and should be completed shortly.

The course of instruction commences with simple straight and level flying and progresses to include homing on beams, by radio, and landings through the overcast or complete darkness, as well as other complicated flying exercises.

CALLING ALL AIRMEN!!

You of this new Station; You with your unbearably silent voice that aches for the warm songs they know how to sing; you with your instruments hidden away; you with your poems; you comics, you budding authors—step forward. Make yourselves known. Get together around the pianos in the Canteen, at your Opera House—don't be afraid to sing! Sing! Sing. And when you hear that there'll be a community sing in the Opera House, get up that good old community spirit and drop in—bring your voices with you.

With the long winter evenings coming soon, when you have no place to go and nothing to do when you get there, some form of entertainment on this station is direly needed. Besides, think of the fun you can have yourself by entertaining others.

A further inducement to come forth and strut your stuff is the many free trips to neighboring towns where concerts will be staged for various charitable purposes. One R.C.A.F. concert party raised, during last winter, over \$5,000 for the Canadian Red Cross and other war services. If they are able to do that, so can we.

Art Hacker's right eager to get that dance band of his under way. All he needs is a couple of trumpets. So, you men with horns, start tootin'! get in that groove!

Come on, No. 16 S.F.T.S'ers, let's hear from you—we're going to get a Glee Club going—and it's going to be the finest in the East. We're free, white—we live in Canada—and by God, we're going to sing.

In passing, a very hearty welcome to our friends from Camp Borden, attached to No. 16 for the moment and apparently enjoying themselves rather well. Keep up the good work, men—and remember, we're all in this thing together.

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WATCH AND JEWELLERY REPAIRS

Headquarters Calling

Hello, again; Headquarters calling—to say that while Airmen come and go—we go on forever. We said good-bye to quite a few lads since the last Albatross left its perch—and a few new lads have been saying "Hello!" too. Toni Schmitter, "Al" Edwards took the road to Trenton, and Major Pete Mazur is now in the Toronto vicinity expecting a doctor to invade his throat very shortly—a couple of tonsils are mixed up in it somewhere, we hear. Good luck, Major! Oh, by the way, if you want to see what the well-dressed man wears in Australia this season, get hold of "Peeby" (Where'd they get that name) Thorne who is getting his accessories and the latest styles direct from the tropic empire. A little personal matter included in the arrangement, mmm, mmm. . . . And just what kind of chickens were aycee's Betts, Wray, Thorne, etc. . . . attending to the other night. . . . Now, boys, it isn't nice to take more than one piece . . . no matter where you are. . . . And are they ever getting Cpl. conscious around Hdqtrs. lately. . . . Why, almost everyone. . . . Well one or two anyway. . . . And here's what our little Fifth Columnist from the Accounts has been picking up about the boys, lately. . . . Honest, Esmerelda, isn't it simply shocking? Oh, you kids . . .

Accounts Section Ramblings

The Accounts Section have been pleased to welcome S/Ldr. Vale recently, as the new Accountant Officer. It is sincerely hoped that he will be with us for a long time. Congrats to Johnny Aiken on that third hook, and to Jerry Allen on his two. We would suggest that flashing neon lights would make them much more impressive! It is rumored that both of them have approached the Works and Building Department to see about having them painted on their raincoats.

KETT'S TAXI

Service
DAY and
NIGHT

PHONE
54

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—and—
8 PRINTS—ALL FOR 30c

G. E. DUSTY

Opposite Commercial Hotel

It was with real regret that we said "so long" to Al Weston last week, when he left for the C.W.-A.A.F. Depot in Toronto. Incidentally, "Romeo" Udeell was rather envious of that posting.

Fashion Note: George English, our fashion expert, tells us that dirty shoes and long beards will be worn on parade this season.

It is rumored that two of our N.C.O.'s are buying a rum distillery on the installment plan. It is also believed that Dave Pite has already applied for the position of chief sampler.

We are wondering if Jerry Allen has forgiven his brand new Mrs. for coming home a day later than he expected, after his long and lonesome week of watch duty.

Sergeant Walt Englert was "among those noticed" at a recent dance in the Sergeant's Mess at No. 6 S.F.T.S., Dunnville. It has been noticed that that new car of his often points its nose towards that town.

Bob Boulden returned from his leave with a badly swollen face, claiming that he had had a tooth out. Bad things, these leaves?

That's all for now, but we are expecting a bit more dirt for the next issue.

EQUIPMENT QUIPS

And Winchell at Equipment (you know, those ones that meander about down No. 5 way . . . says that.

This is a last minute rush, so take it as it is.

First, we must express our regrets at losing F/O McCaghey, a grand chap, who has the best wishes of us all in his new post. Good luck, sir!

It is claimed by some of the equipment personnel that the dawn is breaking and Joe is now starting to get the score. Congrats, on the "hooks" Joe, all the kidding is part of the penalty.

There is a new sign on the Clothing Stores reading thus: "Why do so many wait so long for so little?" Perhaps "No Issue" Brown could answer that one.

People who think Hitler and Musolini talk a lot should hear our "Sandy"; he has them all beaten.

Slim Christie will likely be disappointed because I didn't tell the story of his trip home. Get him alone some night and listen to his Bob Burns drawl.

The "Padre's" rendition of F/S Moore calling the roll is one of the outstanding feats of the station. He should be canvassed for the next amateur night.

We hope a reconciliation will soon be reached by Henry and Cpl. Deegan. This has been going on long enough, boys.

We wonder what Johnny Gates, versatile scribe of the "Sky Liner" of No. 5 S.F.T.S. will think when he sees this column. Hi, John?

Quig, thinks that "Mother Parker" should enter an ad. in the "Albatross" to help cover the expenses.

For you chaps who think the Station is a mess now, we will write, some day, the arrival of the first store-keepers. No bunks, no water, no food, no one to cook if there was, and tents for the guards to sleep in.

The boys all insist that I mention the G.D.'s who wash and wax the office floor every night. They claim they are getting house-maids' knees. After all, boys, "no matter how small your task, etc, etc," remember Manning Depot. We know it wasn't in your lectures, but it doesn't take long to learn.

It's getting very close to press time so, even though there is a lot of "dirt" waiting to be written it will have to wait till the next edition. Cheerio.

And that seems about all for this time, gang. . . . But hold on to your lids, kids.

Love and hisses,
SNOOKS.

BETWEEN "PEGS"

On Saturday last we said good-bye, but not for long (we hope) to four of our Acting Cpls. who are off for Trenton and a course. Lots of luck, fellahs, and the same to the lads who have come in to take their places. . . . Sgt. Haines and Cpl. Smith hope their efforts in organizing an intermediate hockey team have not been in vain—how about some co-op, gang? The first practice will be in the very near future, so watch your D.R.O.'s, be on your toes—and then on your skates. We'll be seeing


you—as friends, we hope). Well, here we are again with a few interesting facts and possibly a few laughs, so hang on, you A.W.L. artists, because there's an awful lot of things that have to be cleaned up around the Guard House. (Ask Sgt. Haines)—Incidentally, if you think our "Gestapo" is a bit hard, let's "Mount Hope" that he don't tangle with the same outfit that one of our Air men did recently. Week-enders are hereby forewarned to mind their P's and J's when treading the streets of Hamilton because those blokes have damned good teamwork.

FOR WHOM THE FLIES BUZZ

"These G— D— flies sure drive me—mad,"
Dear 'Hinkie' is heard to shout;
"What about that gun we had To drive the Bombers out?"
Get the keys and lock the door,
Let's keep the place in shape,
We don't want the —etc.— sore,
And start right down our neck,
The S.P. should be a model man,
and teach the others how—
And the Guard room should be spick and span,
So let's get going now.
Flies are taboo in Guard Room,
For "Hinkie" says, "no like,"
So "Smithy" flits them to their doom
Or Mac nails 'em with a spike.
"Issue this" and "issue that,"
You've got to wear them all,
Or we shall put you on the mat,
And the Gestapo gets a call.

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**Ramblings From
Kohler Security Guard**

Who were the ones who went to a Cayuga restaurant and could not forget about frying their own steaks? A few more?? and they'd have forgotten everything. Funny thing how "steaks" work.

What were you doing in the park at this time of year, and why wear your raincoat in a restaurant? Come on, now—do tell.

What did one young "gentleman" say when an officer asked him what he had enlisted as? Just a slight mistake. P or O means pilot or observer, not pilot officer. We wish him luck, but in the meantime he's P or O on security guard.

Don't talk about it, just use the fire extinguisher next time. That's what its for—or is it? What do you think, Buck?

He is a man on Security Guard, On shoes and buttons he works very hard—

Such blonde wavy hair you never did see

Those rosy-red cheeks—Oh, Who is he?

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HAGERSVILLE, ONT.

NOVEMBER 12 and 13

DENNIS O'KEEFE
BORIS KARIOFF

in

"YOU'LL FIND OUT"
and Kay Kyser and His Band

NOVEMBER 14 and 15

WILLIAM POWELL
MYRNA LOY

in

"LOVE CRAZY"
The Slap-happy Navigators

NOVEMBER 17, 18 and 19

MARLENE DIETRICH
BRUCE COBOT
ANDY DEVINE

in

"THE FLAME OF
NEW ORLEANS"

**OPERATING ROOM
CUTTINGS**

By Hawkeye

Dick positive: Dick negative; Shick positive: Shick negative; sensitive one, sensitive two, inoculatio parades and more inoculation parades, the whole staff busy from morning to night and from night till morning. Scrubbing, waxing, polishing and scrubbing again, the old merry-go-round, no sooner was the hall cleaned, another parade started and more dirt tracked in; but the hospital is really beginning to shine now, thanks to a handfull of civilians and a few much-needed G.D's.

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A M.T. DRIVER**

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because no matter how hard you may try, you can come back to old Hagersville, but your money will always find a nice warm berth in some cash register in Toronto. We're all looking forward to this coming Wings Parada, because it means so much to the lads in the air-crews, and it also means that our folks can come inside the gate and get a better idea of camp life. We of the M.T. section have even decided to wash our trucks. Oh, I know it's a drastic and revolutionary move, but by Gad, it shall be done. Chouinard was pretty mad the day he washed his truck and they sent him on the garbage run. Just for an experiment we washed the Dodge last week, and believe it or not, that's a blue truck. I was always under the impression it was an old army vehicle, painted khaki.

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Headquarters Calling

Hello, again; Headquarters calling—to say that while Airmen come and go—we go on forever. We said good-bye to quite a few lads since the last Albatross left its perch—and a few new lads have been saying "Hello!" to Toni Schmitter. "Al" Edwards took the road to Trenton, and Major Pete Mazur is now in the Toronto vicinity expecting a doctor to invade his throat very shortly—a couple of tonsils are mixed up in it somewhere, we hear. Good luck, Major! Oh, by the way, if you want to see what the well-dressed man wears in Australia this season, get hold of "Peeby" (Where'd they get that name) Thorne who is getting his accessories and the latest styles direct from the tropic empire. A little personal matter included in the arrangement, mmm, mmm. . . . And just what kind of chickens were aycee's Betts, Wray, Thorne, etc. . . . attending to the other night. . . . Now, boys, it isn't nice to take more than one piece . . . no matter where you are. And are they ever getting Cpl. conscious around Hdqters. lately . . . Why, almost everyone. . . . Well one or two anyway. . . . And here's what our little Fifth Columnist from the Accounts has been picking up about the boys, lately. . . . Honest, Esmerelda, isn't it simply shocking? Oh, you kids. . . .

Accounts Section Ramblings

The Accounts Section have been pleased to welcome S/Ldr. Vale recently, as the new Accountant Officer. It is sincerely hoped that he will be with us for a long time. Congrats to Johnny Aiken on that third hook, and to Jerry Allen on his two. We would suggest that flashing neon lights would make them much more impressive! It is rumored that both of them have approached the Works and Building Department to see about having them painted on their raincoats.

KETT'S TAXI

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DAY and
NIGHT

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G. E. DUSTY

Opposite Commercial Hotel

It was with real regret that we said "so long" to Al Weston last week, when he left for the C.W.-A.A.F. Depot in Toronto. Incidentally, "Romeo" Udeell was rather envious of that posting.

Fashion Note: George English, our fashion expert, tells us that dirty shoes and long beards will be worn on parade this season.

It is rumored that two of our N.C.O's are buying a rum distillery on the installment plan. It is also believed that Dave Pite has already applied for the position of chief sampler.

We are wondering if Jerry Allen has forgiven his brand new Mrs. for coming home a day later than he expected, after his long and lonesome week of watch duty.

Sergeant Walt Englert was "among those noticed" at a recent dance in the Sergeant's Mess at No. 6 S.F.T.S., Dunnville. It has been noticed that that new car of his often points its nose towards that town.

Bob Boulden returned from his leave with a badly swollen face, claiming that he had had a tooth out. Bad things, these leaves?

That's all for now, but we are expecting a bit more dirt for the next issue.

EQUIPMENT QUIPS

And Winchell at Equipment (you know, those ones that meander about down No. 5 way . . . says that.

This is a last minute rush, so take it as it is.

First, we must express our regrets at losing F/O McCaghey, a grand chap, who has the best wishes of us all in his new post. Good luck, sir!

It is claimed by some of the equipment personnel that the dawn is breaking and Joe is now starting to get the score. Congrats, on the "hooks" Joe, all the kidding is part of the penalty.

There is a new sign on the Clothing Stores reading thus: "Why do so many wait so long for so little?" Perhaps "No Issue" Brown could answer that one.

People who think Hitler and Musolini talk a lot should hear our "Sandy"; he has them all beaten.

Slim Christie will likely be disappointed because I didn't tell the story of his trip home. Get him alone some night and listen to his Bob Burns drawl.

The "Padre's" rendition of F/S Moore calling the roll is one of the outstanding feats of the station. He should be canvassed for the next amateur night.

We hope a reconciliation will soon be reached by Henry and Cpl. Deegan. This has been going on long enough, boys.

We wonder what Johnny Gates, versatile scribe of the "Sky Liner" of No. 5 S.F.T.S. will think when he sees this column. Hi, John?

Quig, thinks that "Mother Parker" should enter an ad. in the "Albatross" to help cover the expenses.

For you chaps who think the Station is a mess now, we will write, some day, the arrival of the first store-keepers. No bunks, no water, no food, no one to cook if there was, and tents for the guards to sleep in.

The boys all insist that I mention the G.D.'s who wash and wax the office floor every night. They claim they are getting housemaids' knees. After all, boys, "no matter how small your task, etc, etc," remember Manning Depot. We know it wasn't in your lectures, but it doesn't take long to learn.

It's getting very close to press time so, even though there is a lot of "dirt" waiting to be written it will have to wait till the next edition. Cheerio.

And that seems about all for this time, gang. . . . But hold on to your lids, kids.

Love and hisses,
SNOOKS.

BETWEEN "PEGS"

On Saturday last we said good-bye, but not for long (we hope) to four of our Acting Cpls. who are off for Trenton and a course. Lots of luck, fellahs, and the same to the lads who have come in to take their places. . . . Sgt. Haines and Cpl. Smith hope their efforts in organizing an intermediate hockey team have not been in vain—how about some co-op, gang? The first practice will be in the very near future, so watch your D.R.O's, be on your toes—and then on your skates. We'll be seeing

you—(as friends, we hope).

Well, here we are again with a few interesting facts and possibly a few laughs, so hang on, you A.W.L. artists, because there's an awful lot of things that have to be cleaned up around the Guard House. (Ask Sgt. Haines)—Incidentally, if you think our "Gestapo" is a bit hard, let's "Mount Hope" that he don't tangle with the same outfit that one of our Air men did recently. Week-enders are hereby forewarned to mind their P's and J's when treading the streets of Hamilton because those blokes have damned good teamwork.

FOR WHOM THE FLIES BUZZ

"These G— D— flies sure drive me—mad,"

Dear 'Hinkie' is heard to shout; "What about that gun we had To drive the Bombers out?" Get the keys and lock the door, Let's keep the place in shape, We don't want the —etc.— sore, And start right down our neck. The S.P. should be a model man, and teach the others how— And the Guard room should be spick and span, So let's get going now. Flies are taboo in Guard Room, For "Hinkie" says, "no like," So "Smithy" flits them to their doom

Or Mac nails 'em with a spike. "Issue this" and "issue that," You've got to wear them all, Or we shall put you on the mat, And the Gestapo gets a call.

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PHONE 50r2

**Ramblings From
Kohler Security Guard**

Who were the ones who went to a Cayuga restaurant and could not forget about frying their own steaks? A few more? ? and they'd have forgotten everything. Funny thing how "steaks" work.

What were you doing in the park at this time of year, and why wear your raincoat in a restaurant? Come on, now—do tell.

What did one young "gentleman" say when an officer asked him what he had enlisted as? Just a slight mistake. P or O means pilot or observer, not pilot officer. We wish him luck, but in the meantime he's P or O on security guard.

Don't talk about it, just use the fire extinguisher next time. That's what its for—or is it? What do you think, Buck?

He is a man on Security Guard, On shoes and buttons he works very hard—

Such blonde wavy hair you never did see

Those rosy-red cheeks—Oh, Who is he?

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SHOES
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SLIPPERS

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Laces and Polishes

Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports

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HAGERSVILLE, ONT.

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"A" FLIGHT

Who was the certain LAC who came in with the cracks in his wing, and tried to figure out how the ground crew could have done it? . . . Goables, our Radio Engineer, has been taking up a collection for a new tube for his radio. How about it, boys? . . . What Ft. Lieut. has a record of going to Toronto in a little over an hour, and not in an Anson either? Missing—Pilot Officer Clayton's smiling face around "A" Flight. A speedy recovery to you, sir. . . . Sayings around our class-rooms: "When will we get our wings?" . . . "Give us an aircraft and let us fly!" . . . Horizontal Brown, Casanova of class, "What a weekend!" Ted Poulton, "There'll always be an England" McAlpine, "Yes, my dear; yes, my dear!" Dick Irwin (the old soak): "Let's go have a beer, Murray." . . . LAC Graham (the flier and pride of Class 35) is on the verge of marrying the pride of Dauphin, Manitoba. She's a good girl, Graham; all the boys think so! Congrats to Sgt. Goodlet on that big step into matrimony. Here's hoping he returns, rarin' to go. . . . We welcome our new instructor, Pilot Officer Robertson. Don't despair, sir—we will fly some day. . . . Incidentally, anyone having an old pair of wings, please get in touch with LAC Leach . . . he just can't wait.

F. FLIGHT

Since the first issue of The Albatross a new flight has been born. They call it "F." Under the capable leadership of P/O Carscadden and Sgt. Slattery we predict a great future, and with the echoes of "where is that compressor?" "where is that gas truck?" still ringing in our ears, we still have time to wonder—

FROM THE FLIGHTS

When Frank (the little man who's never there) (Ambrosia) is going to take drill lessons from Bobo, and who's the Sergt. that likes dive bombing over Simcoe. Mind the angle of your hat, Sergt. And now that the new system of parking AC's is here to stay, all we need now is a tunnel from No. 3 hangar to F. Flight, or perhaps E. Flight has the answer.

"D" FLIGHT SPEAKS

Well, here is our first contribution to the Albatross. We read the first issue of our paper and enjoyed it very much, and with so many capable scribes on our Station it should be a success. So here's wishing the paper and its contributors a long and successful career.

Best of luck to the O.C. of our flight. The boys are right with you, Sir.

Is it true that LAC Beaver picked up a slightly worn pair of shoes on the reservation and is contemplating returning same to one barefooted squaw?

Flight Sgt. Byers: Oh, hell, I'm going to get married in April. I can't wait any longer.

News of the century: LAC Terwilliger lining up the markers with the flight. Wake up, Terwilli!

LAC Stewart is going to sprout wings. Good luck, Stew.

The boys in D flight are slowly turning into red-skins—no heat.

Does LAC Spence still like riding bicycles?

Chapman: Can I have a reville, Flight?

Pidduck: Do I have to go on drill again?

When did Cpl. Hannafey meet the Indian Chief, "No Man King?"

1. Which Flight talks good co-operation yet never gives any? Slight hint: It's a letter between D and F.

2. Favorite expression of Class 35 when visiting a near-by hotel: "Don't open it—I'm coming through."

3. Who is Class 35 referring to when they say, "Well, Wacky told me to do it that way?"

4. Where did LAC Silver pick up "Double Ugly?"

5. Who is the guy in "D" Flight who came in with a black eye and claimed a door hit him? We think he zigged when he should have zagged, or was talking when he should have been listening.

6. Before closing, we all wish to express our deepest gratitude to our Flight Commander, F/O Elwin, also to our senior N.C.O., F/Sgt. Byers. We promise to give them both our co-operation and shall endeavor to keep D Flight at the top where it belongs.

MAINTENANCE

MELLERDRAMMER

Welcome to Hangar No. 4, where there is more activity than a three-ring circus. But before entering, be sure to get your program. You can't tell a Sergeant from an AC3 without a program. You know it's nice and chummy having the Sgt's in overalls with us. They like it too—especially Sgt. X? who was detailed (?) three times in one day by an LAC to sweep the washrooms.

Not changing the subject, but . . . who was it that said "it's an ill wind that blows no man good"? They never worked in Hangar No. 4 . . . Brrr! Don't the wind blow cold? The S/M. seems to be doing okay with the galloping dominoes. He probably learnt that when he was an AC2. (Eh, Sgt. Brandt?)

The boys up in B.B. 8 have been improvising all types of ear plugs—including cotton batting—since the air has turned blue with the strains of "Annie Laurie" and "Loch Lommond." Jack (Scotty) Harris calls the instrument of torture a "bag-pipe." Never mind, Scotty, we pioneered this Station. I guess we can get used to anything. We have noticed that certain gleam in the eyes of one red-headed Cpl. since news got around from out of the West that his better-half would be home shortly. Welcome home, Mrs. Dow.

Five days pack drill seems a terrific price to pay for a few hours' pleasure. But AC2 (Boss) Gosling must have figured it was worth his while.

The Whoosit Column: Who was the aycee that lost his uniform and landed home with a pocketful of silverware and a head full of headache?

Just who are the Airmen three who seem too fond of chicken-dinners? Nice chicken, boys?

And who was the last crew on "65"—she's still flying, believe it or not—and we're keeping our fingers crossed. In the meantime, this seems au revoir for now. Keep Smiling!

CLASS 38

We welcome the Albatross again, and a chance to get our little chit in the lines. We hope you continue for many, many issues. . . . The hockey season being on our wing-tip or thereabouts, we sure would welcome the chance to get our hockey stick in the fire. We have a good sprinkling of former O.H.A. players with us. . . . There's Presidente of the Fort William gang, Purie from them thar United States, and Tutton, Davies and Hinchcliffe of Toronto. . . . and a host of other lads who are eager to get going on ice almost as eagerly as they were to get in the skies. That's the motto of Class 38—"Whatever it is, let's get going." Yes, sir! "Gone with the wind," quotes J. McCabe, or "Whoops, there goes my window!" . . . Lamour! Lamour! . . . Hangar talk whispers that LAC Clark is that way about "double ugly—Wool! Wool! . . . Better take care, fellows . . . Things we would like to know dept. Why does Sgt. Pilot Bender, the brute, pick on poor litty bitty LAC Hinchcliffe, that 200 lb. 6' 2" hunk of man. . . . We hear he actually uses a whip on the poor kid! Tch! Tch! Courage, my boy, courage. And in closing, just what lemon said "no" to who? PS.—Ky, maybe you have B.O.P.


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HAGERSVILLE

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SPORTS

PARADE

With winter in the offing, bringing snow storms, blizzards below zero weather and what not, the young man's fancy turns, not to love, but winter sports, out or in-doors. Our station, although still in its swaddling clothes, will provide plenty of both. The sports committee is hard at work to furnish pleasant exercise for the rawest recruits as well as for the old sweats. A long list of sports and recreation has been prepared suitable for all and a record turnout is expected.

Borden Ball

This is a new game, but has already found quite a number of supporters and an Intersection League will be formed in the near future. Borden ball is easy to learn, provides plenty of exercise and should prove to become very popular. All interested are requested to attend practice nights at the Drill Hall.

Badminton

Four badminton courts have been laid out in the drill hall and competition will start in the next few days. Here, too, teams from the different sections will fight through to the finals and if time and court space will allow, individual games may be arranged. There are some very fine racketeers on the station, players who have attained high ranking on other stations and in civil life. In this branch of indoor sport competition will be one of the keenest and will provide many a thrill for the spectators.

Basket Ball

Basket ball is increasing in popularity every year and by now has reached the top rank in indoor sports, with more paid admissions than any other sport on this continent.

Here is a sport that, aside from hockey, will provide more excitement and thrills for the on-lookers than any other winter game. Intersectional competition will begin at the earliest possible moment, with the cream of the players to represent the camp in interstation and outside competition. With over 800 men on this station, some good material should be found to make up a representative team. One court has been laid out in the drill hall and practice will start as soon as equipment can be provided.

Bowling

Bowling has started recently, with a team composed of officers representing this station in a Simcoe league. Latest reports indicate they are not doing so good. Well, here is hoping that they soon will hit their stride and turn in some scores in the wincolumn. News has reached us that a bowling alley will be built in Hagersville, providing sport for the followers of the pin game.

SPORTS MEETING

It has been decided to run inter-unit sports by barrack blocks. Each barrack block is asked to appoint an athletic representative who will attend an athletic meeting at the "Y" Office on Wednesday at 1900 hours.

HOCKEY PREVIEW

By all indications the future of our station hockey team seems to be very rosy. About 35 candidates will be fighting for a place on the squad, some of them with well-known past performances in fast company. Everybody is eligible for a try-out and the bigger the competition, the better the final choice of a team the station can be proud of.

Sergeant "Hinkie" R. J. Haines has been proposed as coach. Haines has been connected with sports from an early age, playing hockey in public school. In later years he was a member of various teams of the Manitoba junior and senior leagues, followed by a few seasons as semi-pro in the Pacific Coast league. Donning shoulder pads and shin guards he played football for Sarnia, Hamilton, Detroit and South Bend, Ind., and coached the Chatham Red Devils two years. As a member of four championship swimming teams he gathered a number of individual laurels. The basket ball court also saw "Hinkie" as an outstanding performer and he is well remembered in the New England States as a defensive hockey player. A good man for the position, and with the material at hand, he should do well in forming a winning team.

Corp. R. S. Smith is in line for manager. "Smitty" started his hockey career in 1925 in Toronto interscholastic competition then junior and senior for the Canoe Club. He also is an expert swimmer and an ex-member of the Toronto Life Saving Patrol.

Trainer Corp. Ted Johnson has been training the Port Colborne Sailors, O.H.A. seniors, for the past ten years and knows what it is all about. A member of the Station hospital staff, he is a competent first aid man and has acted in this capacity the greater part of his life. He saw service in the last war, three years as member of the Army Medical Corps, and two years with the Royal Flying Corps.

Probably the team's most outstanding prospect is F/O. Bill Elwin. Coming from the lakehead he saw action with the Port Arthur Bearcats in their fight to hockey supremacy, and helped them achieve their goal in winning the Allan Cup. He is showing keen interest in the team and great hopes are put on his appearance on skates for the squad's future contests.

Flt. Lieut. R. Lowry is another stickhandler who learned his hockey in fast company. Starting out with Calgary he later joined Dauphin in the Manitoba Senior League. A fast man on skates and a good sportsman.

Two more high calibre pucksters are found in left winger Sgt. G. D. Spencer, one of the speediest skaters to don the Ottawa Seniors' colors, and Corp. Sibley, who got his initial experience in the Maritimes as junior with Halifax and as senior in the same city, and later with Dartmouth, turning semi-pro he joined the "Les Canadiens" in Scotland. Two men to be counted on. One of the fastest junior leagues produced another candi-

date in Bob McLean of the St. Boniface Seals. As a senior he played with the Hallock Bombers of the Canadian - American League, and last winter turned out with the Dunnville R.C.A.F. aggregation.

Hector McCaig and Bert Jackson hail both from Northern Manitoba where they did most of their puck-chasing, the first, two years as a junior with the Flin Flon Bombers, and the latter with the Flin Flon Miners in the senior league.

Two Sandersons, R. M. and E. R., the former an Orillia junior and senior, the other from the Toronto Mercantile League, will be candidates for centre and right defence. LAC Allen, G.A.; AC Olly, H. C. and A. C. Davis, R.A., too are products of the Church City Commercial League showing their willingness for a place on the team.

Many more too numerous to mention have entered their names and the team is by no means selected yet. Every man on the station, having played hockey before, is eligible and invited to turn out at practice. By the time this appears in print most of the candidates will have been put through their paces on ice and a more definite conclusion can be formed. Let's apply a V for victory, not only to our great common cause, but also to our hockey team.

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