

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

VOL. 1. NO. 6.

Turn 'Em Out and Keep 'Em F'ying

February 9, 1942

ESTIMATED THOUSAND ATTEND AIRMEN'S SECOND DANCE



Carried off with the same efficiency that marked the first of the Station's dances, approximately six hundred slap-happy AC's and beaming junior N.C.O's danced with some four hundred obviously delighted young ladies from Simcoe, Hamilton and surrounding villages' last Tuesday night. That was the night when No. 16 S.F.T.S., an old hand at this sort of thing by now, held its second Airmen's dance.

Thanks are again due the highly competent dance committee whose arrangements were without a flaw. These gentlemen include Squadron Leader S. Y. Broadbent, Flight Lieut. D. Booker, Flying Officer F. A. Clayton, and Fred Hill, Y.M.C.A. supervisor.

By nine o'clock, the first general promise of a festive evening showed itself, with the arrival of the cars from Simcoe, with the entrance of girls, the majority of them in charming formals. And within the hour, both dancers and band were in full "swing."

For those still distant folk who loved to hum, "I won't Dance," there was a "Paul Jones" done to a perky Berlin medley that coaxed them out, and soon all caught the spirit of the thing and were "jivin' on down."

The snack bar extending across the entire south end of the hall was laden with the most appetizing of appetizers, and no one can deny that the best coffee yet tasted on this Station was discovered frequently at the refreshment hour.

A closed wet canteen and exclusion of officers and N.C.O's were new features of the dance, and approval of both was generally expressed. Girls were present through the courtesy of the I.O.-D.E. and with the assistance of gracious Simcoe matrons, and the Brantford band was in attendance. (Incidentally, where's our band

hiding?)

Dancing, laughter and song continued long after the last bright balloon had burst. And then later, after the cars departed and the young laughter and the tender melody, "The White Cliffs of Dover" was but a distant, happy echo in the dark, empty hall, there were lights in barracks burning the gay night out as pal with pal, they laughed and talked of their night's excitement and boredom—its blonde or brunette.

Then, still later—much later—around one-thirty—the lights were off, and in the dark, friendly rooms, aught but the sound men make in slumber, and out in the still night—the drone of an Anson, and a bright beacon shooting across the heavens—shining and keeping vigil.



Buy THE NEW
VICTORY BONDS



Tweedsmuir Review Well Received

The bright lights of the Opera House shone down on a capacity crowd, who welcomed the Tweedsmuir Revue of London with wild applause. Even standing room was at a premium when the lights dimmed and Mary Bishop Wintour, director and mistress of ceremonies of the show, took the stage and greeted the audience and announced the opening number. The revue, sponsored by the Tweedsmuir Branch (No. 279) of the B.E.S.L., started off with an Irish song and jig by Monica Dodd and the Wintour Girls, followed by Mr. Fudge who proved that a saw can be made to sing and is not only used to cut planks. Wally Herbert then sang two songs in a rich baritone, and Joyceline May took the spectators down Argentine way with a castagnet and tap number.

Little Douglas Lowe, an old trouper despite his youth, livened the scene up with some light comedy songs, and Monica Dodd went into the contortions and gyrations of an acrobatic dance. Mrs. Myrtle Armstrong, a gray-haired lady with a very youthful face and a way with a violin, with some serious music and as an encore went into impersonations that had the audience roaring with laughter. The highlight of the evening and by far the best-received number were Sunny and Jerry, the white and black team of the revue, introducing Sonny Bretherton with his piano accordion and Jerry Slaughter at the traps. Jerry, a youngster in his middle teens, handled the drumsticks like a second Krupa, and was very ably assisted by Sonny. Rolls of applause called the two youngsters back again and again till finally the mistress of ceremonies had to call a halt, with a promise to recall the two performers early in the second half of the program. Betty Porter, in a fine soprano voice rendered a few songs and in her own inimitable way, and the Wintour girls closed the first part

with a tap routine entitled "Top Hat."

The second half opened with Magician Wayne showing the boys how to stretch their pays and make them last longer than for just one week-end, but when he started to manipulate his "Chinese Chopsticks" he really had the lads going (boys its all so easy when you know how). Myrtle Armstrong again pulled at your heart-strings with her violin, followed by Monica Todd and the girls in a song and dance. Mr. Fudge, accompanied by Sonny, brought more music out of his carpenter's tool, and Marion Fitzgerald went into a lovely song and tap routine. Doug Lowe then took over, all dressed up in battle dress, presenting a well-given rendition of "Kiss Me Goodnight, Sergeant Major," with all the trimmings. A toe dance by Jackie May, well executed and well received, was followed by Wally Herbert with more baritone solos.

The black and white combination of Jerry and Sonny again swung their way into the hearts of the audience and as Jerry went to town in a solo, "Break" the drum rolls were equally as good as the expressive roll of his eyes, and it is a small wonder that the boys kept on shouting for more of the same. Betty Porter's soprano smoothed the lads with some lovely songs, and Monica Dodd led in a military tap assisted by the girls bringing us to the grand finale and the introduction of all the cast and the people behind the scenes. The heartiest thanks have to be expressed to Art Mann, business manager; Gib Wintour, the stage manager; Miss Jean Martin, accompanist for the revue, and last but not least to Arnold Say and his orchestra who entertained before the opening and at intermission.

Many thanks to the Tweedsmuir Branch of the Canadian Legion for providing the station with an unforgettable evening.

THE ALBATROSS

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ON GETTING AHEAD

We cannot think of any line of endeavour open to the young man today that offers the same opportunity for advancement, self-improvement, and good fun as does His Majesty's Royal Air Force.

Can you, Dear Reader, think of any job that an average young man can take on in civil life whereby it would be reasonably possible for him to improve his status and knowledge to the extent it is possible for him to do in the Royal Canadian Air Force in the period of one year? We will be greatly surprised if you can.

In the period of a year it is possible, and there are many examples of it on this Station, and every Station, to rise from an Aircraftsman, Second Class, Standard Grouping, to Sergeant, paid, "A" Grouping. During that same year the airman who has accomplished all this has probably been transformed from a man with a very sketchy knowledge of a trade to a first-class competent tradesman. The improvement in his financial status is obvious—and all it calls for is diligence, application, and the ability to get along with other people, and the willingness to help other people.

In your job in civil life you probably found wage increases and promotions either not given or given grudgingly. You are fortunate if you didn't have to contend with cliques, business politics, and the president's son-in-law. In the Royal Canadian Air Force none of these things, but on the contrary, a marvelous system that not only rewards but seeks out merit.

And incidentally, our work is so fairly distributed that everyone has time left over for wholesome fun, sports, and relaxation.

So, there they are before you — Opportunity, Advancement, Enjoyment. Step up and get your share.

—The Editor.

POETS' CORNER

HOME FOR CHRISTMAS

He little knew the sorrow that was in his vacant chair,
He never guessed they'd miss him or he'd surely have been there;

He couldn't see his mother, or the lump that filled her throat,
And he couldn't see his father sitting sorrowful and dumb,
Or he never would have written that he thought he couldn't come.

He little knew the gladness that his presence would have made,

Or the joy it would have given, or he never would have stayed.
He didn't know how hungry had the little mother grown

Once again to see her baby and to claim him for her own;
He didn't guess the meaning of his visit Christmas Day,

Or he never would have written that he couldn't get away.

Did you go home for Christmas, after writing you'd be there?
Home to kiss that little mother and to show her that you care?

Home to meet your dear old father in a way to make him glad?

If not, I hope there'll never come a time you'll wish you had;
In any case, just sit and write a letter to those two
Who will lovingly forgive it, if the absent son was YOU.

With apologies to Edgar A. Guest.

WELL, I CAN DREAM, CAN'T I?

If ever I have cause to grow into a dignified C.O.
I'll give the LAC's a break
And dish out just what they can take.

I'll make their passes good 'til dawn
And when they come in pale and wan
With greenish gills and cloudy eyes

I'll stop to think and realize
That, after all, boys will be boys,
Entitled to their fun and noise.
And when I make a chap C.B.

I'll tuck him in and give him tea
So that his sobs of loneliness
Won't confiscate my happiness.
I'll never yell, or swear or smoke
Or make them laugh at every joke;

But give them privileges galore,
Without the usual C.O.'s roar;
All this I know I'd like to be
... But thank the Lord I'm not
O.C.!

—Dulce MacRae.



Sacrifice: Serve: Save

These three words are vital for Victory. They must be part of our living, as well as our liking. What do they mean? SACRIFICE means "the giving up of a thing for the sake of another that is higher or more urgent." Because gas and rubber are urgently needed to equip motorized units, the general public must forego their usual pleasure and convenience, and do without these things. But why must we associate "sacrifice" only with "things" we would like to keep. We would make a greater sacrifice if we gave up those personal bad habits which make us selfish, ineffective and inefficient. The Good Book says "present your bodies a LIVING sacrifice, holy, acceptable to God, which is your reasonable service." SERVICE is "work done to meet some general need" The great need of today is for men and women who will make their services count in the defeat of Hitlerism. Everyone at No. 16 S.F.T.S. has work to do that contributes to that end. Your Service is not measured by your promotions or clean "crime sheet," but by the diligence, punctuality, and care you put into your particular job. We must beware of trying to measure what we are doing by making comparisons with those who are doing less. This is an "all out" war, and it calls for "all out" service from everyone of us.

SAVE. That means to "rescue, preserve, deliver" anything that will be useful in carrying out our purpose to defeat the enemy—"Save paper," "save scrap," "save money," and "save your soul." There is a terrific waste of things and of people, which if checked might easily mark the turning point in this war. Do any of you who read these words feel challenged to accept responsibility on this station for organizing a "scrap" campaign, or increasing the station's effort in "War Savings Stamps and Certificates?" The more we save, the better we serve. The better we serve, the more we sacrifice.

PADRE



YMCA

Y.M.C.A. War Services at present operate in 437 points in Canada. These include 63 local associations, 77 air stations, 11 naval stations, 25 army camps, 10 huts, 17 red triangle clubs, 2 hostels, 5 interment camp guards, 2 information bureaus and 148 outposts. These figures are constantly increasing.

Overseas 128 permanent centres are operated for Army and Air Force but 'Y' services through the medium of tea cars, mobile libraries, travelling supervisors and supervisors attached to units, reach the troops at some 1200 separate points.

In Canada some 140 supervisors are employed and at least twice this many canteen and other workers. Overseas personnel number 256 supervisors, civilian helpers and other employees. There are, of course, in Canada and Overseas, at least 5,000 voluntary workers.

Every month the Y.M.C.A. uses from fifty to one hundred tons of shipping space for Overseas. This is taken up with athletic equipment and foodstuffs. As an example a monthly shipment of 16,000 dozen chocolate bars goes to the Beaver Club, the only place almost in England where Canadians can get Canadian food and luxuries.

Canteens are operated in some Y.M.C.A. Army Centres in Canada. They are run on strictly non-profit basis, with 5 per cent. of the gross intake going directly into the camp's canteen funds, a small percentage of the remainder allowed the Y.M.C.A. to cover operation cost, and any profit over and above this being returned to the Government.

The Y.M.C.A. operates one canteen only in a R.C.A.F. centre . . . that at Manning Depot No. 1 in Toronto. The same distribution of profits holds good here. In R.A.F. stations, canteens are operated at the express request of the R.A.F. Here the Y.M.C.A. supplies the equipment and personnel, and all profits are turned directly over to the Station C/O.

These are a few of the highlights. Altogether, since September 1939, Y.M.C.A. services amount to some 50 million.

«» SPEAKING CORRECTLY «»

The real winner of any war always had a sense of humor in his packsack. It is therefore gratifying to see this trait burgeon forth not only in headquarters communications but also those of our own jolly old command. The Latin phrase "pro forma" is being tossed around with marvellous abandon.

Most of us used to stand up and recite the prepositions taking the ablative: a, ab, absque, coram, de (I usually got stuck there) Anyway "pro" is one of them and has a lot of uses: "on behalf of," "for the sake of," "in favor of," etc. and "pro forma" is a pretty hackneyed phrase; in fact any dictionary will tell you it means "done for form's sake." In other words some of us wear trousers not because we should otherwise be chilly, but—well, "pro forma." Similarly I hope our graduates will put an extra burst into a Hun machine just "pro forma," and not because

it is really necessary. But listen to our staff humorists . . . "Fill in the attached pro forma." "The necessary pro forma should have been sent on a GII." They are trying to kid us that it is merely a fancy way of saying "form." Think of the paper they waste! We can't put up with this butchery of Mussolini's heritage. We who don't write, but read; who don't talk, but fly; who maybe don't really fly in this weather, but just beggar ahaht,—we suggest that everyone carry this great hocus a lot further. Take "con expensione" for example. You could easily pass this off as a defence player. Consider Lo Presti. (Signed) Orderly room staff.

P.S.—Wallow around in this one, you Latin scholars: The hoary old adverbial phrase "pro tempore" is doubly valuable because it has nice hollow vowel sounds. But don't use it as God left it. Always say "in the pro tem."

Station Team Lose Three Straight

After bowing down to the third place Port Dover Sailors and emerging from the return game at the sport end of a 2-0 score, the Station Hockey team came back strong and defeated the tail-end-er in home and home games 3-2 and 7-2.

Dunnville vs. Hagersville

The first game, played on Dunnville home ice, was closely contested, Hagersville making the trip without their star, Jolly, who was posted overseas. The opposition presented a much stronger team and the outcome was in doubt til the final bell. The Blue Boys took the offensive right from the starting whistle and three long shots from the sticks of Suter, Rasminski and Robertson accounted for that many goals in the first period. Despite the very rough ice the initial period was exceptionally cleanly fought and no penalties had to be imposed. The condition of the ice slowed the game considerably but at times real speed was shown by both teams.

Roughening up a little in the second period, sent three men to the cooler, Robertson and Schwan for Hagersville and Patterson for Dunnville. Although one side or the other playing a man short at times, no goals were scored and the teams went into the third period with Hagersville still leading 3 to 0.

In the last stanza the boys from Dunnville came back strong and for a while the game was in the balance. At the eight minute mark a scramble in front of the Hagersville net and the red light flashed, Patterson having snaked the puck out from between everybody's feet and converted. Rushes from both sides on the opposition came to nought till with only a few minutes to go Fry managed to break loose, draw the defence out and score number two. The last few minutes kept the spectators on their feet, yelling for their favorites, with Dunnville going all out to tie the score, and Hagersville playing a six man defence to keep ahead. Thrills and spills galore, but the game ended with the score unchanged.

Hagersville 7, Dunnville 2

The second game of the series was played on home ice, with the visitors at a disadvantage, arriving at Hagersville with only nine men. Patterson scored the only goal in the first period on a solo dash 2 minutes before the gong. Soft ice hindered the players from showing their best, and the first stanza, outside of occasional rushes, was slow.

In the second period, with only one minute gone, Suter took a pass from Lavigne and scored the equalizer. For the first ten minutes the game was all Hagersville, with the next five minutes in favor of the visitors, and the last quarter wide open. The game speeded up quite a bit and excitement ran high, but the gong rang without further scoring.

The fast pace started to tell on the Dunvillians in the third and last period, lack of reserves tiring the players out, and the Blue Boys had it all their own way. In only three minutes the locals scored three goals, the first at 2:15, Suter from McCaig, Suter unassisted from the face-off, and Schwan from Wilso nand Morton. Again three minutes later Suter scored on a pass from Lavigne, making the count 5-1. Past the halfway mark Reinhart broke through to score for Dunnville.



The second line again put on the pressure and Schwan took another pass from Morton for number six. With only a minutes to go, Rasminsky took a long shot from the blue line which evaded Bourdage for the final score, making it 7-2 for Hagersville.

Hagersville 4, Paris 6

The next three games spelled defeat for the Station team. Having the game practically in the bag, Paris came from behind and with beautiful team work turned defeat into victory.

Paris, unaccustomed to the small ice surface, were slow in getting organized, but managed to keep their net clear for 13 minutes when Scott converted a long shot. The rest of the period was wide open, without further scoring.

Paris pressed hard at the start of the second, but Morton broke through the defence and shot, with Wilson taking the rebound and slipping it past England. After a change of lines, rush after rush converged on the Paris goal and at 7:33 Rasminsky passed to Lavigne, who accounted for number three. Resting on their laurels, the locals gave the visitors a chance to really hit top speed, and the rest of the period was all Paris, with Maggio, Easto and Hayward scoring. Ending the period three all.

In the third Maggio again scored at 3:34 to forge ahead, only to have the score tied once more a minute later by the Wilson-Morton combination. Till the last three minutes, both teams went all out to attain victory, but Paris finally won out, scoring twice in the last two minutes of the game, giving the locals no chance to equalize.

Paris 5, Hagersville 1

The Easto-Martin combine proved again too much for the Blue Boys when they visited Paris to play the return game on by far the best ice of the season to date. The whole game was wide open, but Paris proved to be the better team, winning the game easily in the third period when the Martin to Easto or vice versa scored four goals, giving Paris an unsoiled record.

Martin scored at about the half-way mark of the first period in a wide open battle, and not till after one minute of the second stanza was past was Hagersville able to tie the score—Lavigne from Rasminsky. The game was very fast throughout, with plenty of thrills and spills.

The third period proved fatal for the visitors, when Paris went all out and scored four times to put the game in the bag without giving their opponents a chance. Dunne in the net for the Station team played an outstanding game and much thanks go to him for the score not being much higher.

Port Dover 4, Hagersville 3

With Robertson back in the lineup, having missed the last two games, the Station team journeyed to Port Dover for their third game with this club. The initial period passed scoreless, both

teams playing fast offensive hockey, launching attack after attack on the opposing nets, and both Reid and Dunne were called on many times to make spectacular saves. With about three minutes to go, Rasminsky took a sharp shot from a few feet out, the puck hit Reid in the face, necessitating his removal from the ice. After about an hour's wait the Sailors took the ice again with their sub goalie to replace Reid, whose nose was badly dislocated, needing the attention of a doctor.

Atherton, the new man, donning skates in competition for the first time this season, played a dandy game and helped much toward Dover's victory.

Dover opened the scoring, Roth from Stewart at 2:55. Four minutes later Robertson with his running mate Elwin broke through and Elwin scored, taking Rollies pass in front of the net. Lavigne took a trip to the cooler and with only five men King passed to Suter, who converted to forge ahead. At the halfway mark Roth on a pass from Murphy made the score all even again, and the period ended without further scoring but with both netminders being kept plenty busy.

At 1:30 of the third, Robertson, playing forward, picked up a loose puck, drew the defence away and shot past Atherton for a red light, but only a minute later Dover again equalized, Forrest from Stewart. From this minute on the game was packed with excitement, first one then the other team being on the verge of scoring and only after a hard struggle and a mixup in front of the visitors' net Roth scored the winning and final goal. The last half of that period was wild and woolly, keeping the spectators on their toes, shouting for their favorites, but the final bell rang without Hagersville being able to equalize. Dunne again starred for Hagersville.

SPORTS CONTRIBUTIONS

The small collection which was made for sports purposes is being put to real use. We are getting a real stock of sportsequipment together and this is rapidly being added to.

Sports Fund Balance Sheet

Jan. 1, 42, balance on hand \$ 10.45
Revenue from Airmen (collections) 111.60

January Disbursements

Equipment—
Basketball outfits 26.00
4 deck tennis rings 2.80
1 floor hockey puck 1.25

Expenses—
Hockey Club, meals, etc. 25.20
Badminton repairs 7.00
Telegram37
Badminton birds for sports parades 12.00

Cash balance available \$ 47.53
F. D. NILSSON,
Accountant Officer

INTERSECTIONAL SPORTS

There has been a steady increase in the interest shown in inter-unit sports. Despite counter attractions, a large number of officers and airmen have been turning out Tuesday and Thursday evenings in the Drill Hall for an evening healthy exercise and relaxation. The competition has been very keen and after one round of the schedule there was only a difference of 12 points between the first and last teams. The sports committee wishes to express its appreciation of the work done by the various unit representatives in seeing that their teams turn out as scheduled. At the present time activities have been confined to basketball, volleyball and badminton. However, it is the purpose to introduce floor hockey, Borden ball, deck tennis and indoor baseball in the near future.

The standings as of January 22, 1942, is as follows:

Composite Point Standing

	Hd.	Qtrs.	Equip	No. 1 Squad.	No. 2 Squad.	Maint.
Basketball	24	0	16	24	16	
Volleyball	16	24	8	8	24	
Badminton	6	20	16	20	4	
Total	46	44	40	52	44	

Basketball

	Won	Lost	Tie	Pts.
Headqtrs.	3	1	0	6
Equipment	0	4	0	0
No. 1 Squad.	2	2	0	4
No. 2 Squad.	3	1	0	6
Maintenance	2	2	0	4

Volleyball

	Won	Lost	Tie	Pts.
Headquarters	2	2	0	4
Equipment	3	1	0	6
No. 1 Squad.	1	3	0	2
No. 2 Squad.	1	3	0	2
Maintenance	3	1	0	6

Badminton

	Won	Lost	Tie	Pts.
Headquarters	3	11	0	6
Equipment	10	4	0	20
No. 1 Squad.	8	4	0	16
No. 2 Squad.	10	2	0	20
Maintenance	2	12	0	4

BASKETBALL

In one of the most thrilling games possible, Hagersville defeated Guelph on Wednesday, Feb. 4, by a score of 62 to 61. There was never more than four points separating the teams at any time. Guelph sunk the tying basket just as the full time whistle blew. In the first overtime period, with seconds left to play, Chote coolly sank two penalty shots to again tie it up. In the second overtime period Bourke, Chote and Lake sank three baskets to eke out a one point win. Captain Bourke gave a marvellous display of field generalship in directing his team. Chote and Ross were outstanding on the attack, with Denley, Reid and Lake starring.

Player	On Bks.	Free Throws	Tot.
Boruke (Capt.)	10	1	11
Ross	18	3	21
Chote	18	3	21
Denley	2	0	2
Lake	4	3	7
Reid	0	0	0

Score by Periods

	1st	2nd	3rd	4th	O.T.
Hagersville	11	15	11	12	13
Guelph	10	20	19	9	12

HEADQUARTERS

**NYAL SERVICE
DRUG STORE**
YOUR FILM DEVELOPED
—and—
8 PRINTS — ALL FOR 30c
G. E. DUSTY
Opposite Commercial Hotel

REGAH THEATRE

HAGERSVILLE, ONT.

FEBRUARY 9, 10, 11
DEANNA DURBIN and
CHARLES LAUGHTON
—in—
"IT STARTED
WITH EVE"

FEBRUARY 12, 13, 14
Double Feature
RED SKELTON
ANN RUTHERFORD
VIRGINIA GREY
—in—

"WHISTLING IN
THE DARK"
—and—
TIM HOLT in
"SIX GUN GOLD"

FEBRUARY 16, 17, 18
IRENE DUNNE
ROBERT MONTGOMERY
PRESTON FOSTER
—in—
"UNFINISHED
BUSINESS"

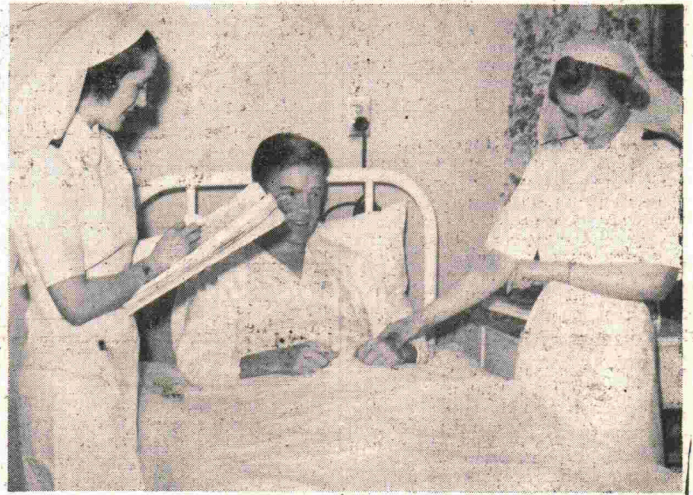
Reminiscences of an M. T. Driver

It's here again. The marriage bug, I mean. This time it has bitten Pete Cassidy and Ralph Chapman. They're both in a more or less highly nervous state of health. Cassidy is so upset he cleaned up the barracks this morning, and Chapman made his own bed. There are only two things that could make such drastic changes in our otherwise tranquil existence here in T.O., and they are either marriage or a revolution, and I haven't heard of any revolution.

Vanheven, Whitham and Wills are all hard at work in the shop to-day: Van is cleaning his lighter; Whitham is using the Simoniz to shine his boots, and Wills is patching his raincoat with the patching outfit. Over on the other side of the wash rack we have Miller, Clapp and Maxwell and Cpl. Cable all hard at work too. Miller is trying to figure out the intricacies of an Alemite grease gun that fell apart in his hands; Clapp is hovering over the stove trying to coax his blood to loosen up and get moving, and Maxwell is standing in the doorway looking both ways before stepping out into the yard. It's so busy around there now that one has to be careful where one walks. Claude North has resigned his position as dispatcher and handed the traces over to Jim Eaddie. If you should ever have occasion to measure the width of one of the mess-hall-type benches, you can do so from the imprint on Eadie's back. You can always find him if you can remember where the bench is, because they're inseparable.

Art Graham, Ken Cable and George Chouinard did a swell job on the floor of the drivers' room in the M.T. this week. They sanded it down till it was perfectly clean and then shellacked it and waxed it till it shone like a nigger's heel. Now we have to wipe our feet six times on the rug on the way in, walk softly, and come in only when necessary. It's just like home.

There is talk of a rumble system being started. If that it is so, then it won't be profitable to enter the section. There is a 10c charge for standing over 3 seconds on the front step, a 15c charge for slamming the door, a 20c charge for



The "Ladies in White" or the "Angels of Mercy," our nursing sisters, who ever since Florence Nightingale have worked to make the suffering of sick and wounded easier, have heroically stayed by their post no matter how dangerous, have tended to their charges day and night, long hours and even days without sleep, we salute you.

For over two months now, two nursing sisters have worked in our station hospital without having been properly introduced to our personnel. Miss Claire Godin (on the left in above picture) hails from London, Ont., where she received her training in the St. Joseph's Hospital. Entering the service, she served first as civilian nurse for three months at the T.T.S., St. Thomas and was

then posted to No. 31 A.N.S., Port Albert, one of the few R.A.F. stations in Canada, and there she received her appointment on the 23rd of May last year. After nine months with the lads from the Motherland, she was transferred to Hagersville as senior nurse.

Miss Helen Burkart saw the light of day in some small town near Regina, and entered training as nurse at Prince Albert, Sask. Joining the service as civilian nurse at Toronto, she was posted to our station, where shortly after her arrival she was gazetted. There is on doubt that after viewing above picture, sick parades will gain in popularity. By the way, the cheerful patient is "Mumps" Casey who has since been discharged from the hospital as completely cured.

EQUIPMENT QUIPS

Congratulations and earnest good wishes are extended in the same sentence to LAC and Mrs. Hugh Jolly. We are sure that Mrs. Jolly will prove as good a trooper as her husband did.

All we can say at present is so-long and happy landings to Bob, Ted, Slim, Hugh, George and Bert, the latter, one of our best friends, "left behind a broken heart." He'll be back, Eleanor!

After hearing what Ken and Charlie think about Clinton, Bala-Bala doesn't sound so bad. Both of these boys have been sadly missed. There is no one left to call us early in the morning. (Charlie Good please note).

Congrats to John Taverner, the short man in the long coat who is really messing up that particular section, they tell me.

There was so much excitement the other day that everyone in Stores forgot about Big Bill's birthday until he reminded us all, about 3.30 the next morning. I'd like to see him finish out that

coughing or talking above an undertone, and a 25c charge for filling you pen from the dispatcher's ink well. No wonder they talk of the high cost of living.

"Paddy" Kearns and "Shorty" Kennedy are away on their 14 days, along with Stan Wilkinson and "Tiny" Melton. Let's hope they have as good a time as Cameron did. He's still sleeping it off. I guess I'd better say so-long for now, because it's 11.30.

war dance. And where did Maurice Robert and Larry Winckler get to the other night?

The boys in clothing stores are getting soft-hearted. A chap went there to get a suit and rather than send him away empty handed, they gave him a pair of laces.

This issue hour business is the smartest move yet made in the section; at last we can get some work cleaned up, instead of wasting time saying, Sorry, we haven't any."

Sisters Godin and Burkart make grand barbers and hairdressers, I know! Its almost a pleasure to go to the hospital now, just to see these fair ladies is a cure in itself.

The men responsible for the present appearance of the Opera House can feel proud of themselves. The only think lacking now is a little more room.

That noise of hammering and sawing is back around the stores again, and we thought our carpenters had all been transferred.

The boys are sorry they didn't go to Toronto that night Mrs. Brown made preparations for a small farewell party off Bert. After all, boys, Bill really tried to get you down there.

Quigey is now worrying about conditions in the east—Peterborough, I think. What a man, Tommy Elliott just coming in from work, in the stores, 10.25 p.m.; this is too much! Cheerio.



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CALLING

S. H. Q.

Those cold, cold winds that are blowing around these parts of late may be indirectly attributed to the feelings at present being felt between certain people around here and a young lady who works down where the planes go up. Weather forecasts, however, say that things will blow over—so that's okay.

Incidentally, talking about winds blowing, this is by way of "Adios" to Flt. Sgt. Spencer who by the time this get out, will be on his way to Brantford, and a new job. Good luck, Spence, it's been fun knowing you.

Orderly room folks are still asking just who it was that insisted on being noticed at the Brant Inn one night recently? Only fell to the floor three times, made love to gobs of women, threw a cigarette case in a wine glass and on top of this insisted that he was the "life of the party." "Oh Johnny, Oh, Johnny, Heavens Above!" Speaking of the Brant Inn, just what on earth at the Brant Inn kept our fair-haired lads out till 5 a.m. the next dawn. Tch! Tch! Those little slips that pass in the night.

We're also wondering how Cpl. Betts got his second uniform. Why Cpl. MacRae was waiting on the corner of James and Main in Hamilton for about two hours? Did she finally show up, Mac? And why "You-know-who" has to be so damnet "Moody" about things. Come on fellah, let's be friendly. It's not such a bad old world.

"What-do-you-hear - from - the mob" Batansky is back in our midst again. He didn't quite make Florida, but Chicago—ah! lucky Chicago, gave him the keys for a gala fortnight. Claims he found it windier than ever. (Chicago, of course). Also out of the west comes Scribe McCreath, who returns from leave via Hospital. States he dislocated his hip on a hill—we'll bet it was a "jill"—and that it didn't happen on a hill either. And, you fortunate folk, Gerrie is back too. So haven't we all so awfully much to be thankful for these days? And just for good measure, Given, our Eskimo boy is leaving us soon for a short while. Yes indeedy. Bye now.

With love and hisses—

IYAM

Accounts Section Ramblings

Herewith our humble apologies for the absence of these "Ramblings" in the last issue, but I guess the Christmas leave was a bit too much for us—at least, that's our alibi, although there are those who think there might possibly be another reason. However, we have made a New Year's resolution, so we should make the deadline after this.

Speaking of "deadlines," you should see the senior N.C.O.'s this morning, after the party last night. Sgt. Aiken has been awarded the prize for the best imitation of a corpse.

Dave Pite has been having a lot of colds lately, and has been curing them in his own inimitable manner. It is rumored that the L.C.B.O. is declaring a dividend this year, thanks to Dave's "colds."

Just for the records, here are a few favorite sayings of some of the Accounts Section:

LAC English—But nobody woke me up!

Sgt. Englert—I want to lodge a complaint.

Cpl. Boulden—Bnr-r-r-rp.

LAC Udell—May I have a pass?

Cpl. Hunt—Anybody want to buy a camera?

LAC Grant—What's the score on this?

Cpt. Allen—Is there any mail for me?

Cpl. Oliver—May I be excused parade?

Cpl. Saunders—I'm the only one who does any work in this section.

Sgt. Aiken—I'm just going down to Stores.

AC2 Monro—I say, it's hot in here.

The Accounts Office looks like Maintenance Hangar now, with all the new "props" around! However, we're glad to see them go up, and hope that there will soon be more promotions to follow them.

Welcome to the three new AC's who have just been added to our staff, namely; Heywood, Gendron and Hambly. Also a very hearty welcome to our new Non-Public Accounts Officer, P/O Nilsson. We hope that you will all be with us for a long time.

Well, that's about all for now, but we'll try to rouse ourselves sufficiently to make the next issue. So long!

WHY DADDY?

There has been a general impression about for some time now that not only should a Station paper keep everyone posted on doin's, and people, etc., but, and rightly so, that the "Albatross" should also be an instrument for the Airmen to express their views on things in general.

And this, dear friends, is the result. A column devoted to things the Airmen would like to know. And believe me, you-all shuh know how to ask dem questions.

For instance, it has been a sore spot with a very small minority (we hope) of Airmen here and abouts, that sergeants and senior N.C.O.'s and Officers should be

represented by a minimum at Airmen's dances. Now, while this may not necessarily be our opinion, the feeling is that if Sergeants' dances are restricted to Sergeants and their friends, and Officers' dances are restricted the same, then Airmen should be able to exercise same right and maintain the same standard of exclusiveness. On the other hand, friends, are we not all Airmen, and surely, if there is one occasion in our busy calendar when Officers, N.C.O.'s and Airmen can get together on an informal basis, would not this dance, by being called a Station dance instead of an Airmen's dance, be that happy occasion.

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How about your opinion on this, fellahs?

And then a lot of us are wondering what became of our Station Orchestra? We heard vague rumors floating about for awhile, even strains of music issuing from the Opera House — but shortly even the rumors weren't heard. And now with a Minstrel Show coming up, this is just the time when we could make use of that same orchestra, and where is it? Yes, a very lot of people are asking about that dance band, and the guy who was going to get it going. Whatsamatter, Bert?

And lastly, just a note reminding you to drop in at the Hostess House one of these nights. How about joining us in a game of Rumoli, or Bridge, or pulling up before the fireplace and just talking? Coffee and toast and cake are served at a nominal fee. So, want to drop down? Swell! Let's get to-

gether there one night real soon, shall we?

That's about all for now, gang. But remember, this is your column. Address your questions or letters and problems to "Snooks" at the Y office, and if the subject or suggestion is worth-while we'll get it in here somewhere. We want to hear from you.

SNOOKS.

A group of mothers, waiting around the doorway of an infant's department to meet their children as they came out of school, were discussing the progress of A.R.P. in their neighborhood. Said one, "Yer know, Mrs. A. 'as got a 'bucket o' sand in 'er 'ouse an' so 'as Mrs. F. They say it's fer them incendiary bombs. Daft, I calls it. I bet if we get any bombs, there's not one in a thousand 'at 'll ever drop in a bucket."

WITH THE FLIGHTS

"A" FLIGHT

We are sorry we haven't had an article in the Albatross for some time now. But we are all set to go again.

The boys have been kept busy with our new Canadian Anson. The inspection of the hydraulic system was carried out by F/S Muir under the instruction of Cpl. Clouston. They were only stopped by the question: "When do we eat?"

Sayings Around the Flight

Flook—When do we go to Toronto?

Bergeron—I want to get married.

Grig—What the h— do you want now?

McLeod—Four more Clancey.

Guertin—Am I Barrack Joe this morning?

Bennet—Who's going to Toronto tonight?

Cpl. Farfanick—They're off—at Rhode Island.

F/Sgt.—Are the planes clean?

Cpl. Clouston—I want a discharge.

Salmon—Where's the tractor?

F/L Brennan—Where is Barry?

Sgt. Goodfellow—Yes, sir; yes, sir; right away, sir!

Greves—Women are all alike.

Kubel—The radio is getting fixed.

Shepherd—Be at the Bright Spot at 3.30.

Reansbury—Let's go home!

Bunker—It flew today—it'll fly tomorrow.

Crosby—Boy! What a dream girl!

We wish to close by wishing AC1 Graham good luck on his posting.

PARACHUTE SECTION

WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW:

If F/S Goulet has "bought" his crown yet.

If Jack Ball dare go back to Caledonia.

If "Vic" Phillips wouldn't get more sleep if he married the girl in Toronto.

If Gib. Strong goes to Toronto any more.

If Jack Todd got hitched up on his 14 days, or would it take longed to talk her into it.

If Collins goes to Hamilton Mountain side now or thinks he had better wait till the weather is warmer.

If "Dopey" Byatt has built the ladder yet for his elopment.

If Morris is still folding his blanket like a parachute in the morning.

Saying of the month in Fabric Section: Strang—"Where the — is Phillips."

NAVIGATION FLIGHT

Introducing the Instructors of the Navigation Section

F/L Haines—Quiet, silent type. . . believes in getting the work done . . . give him the tools and he'll finish the job . . . I said give him the tools.

F/O Bradley—As cold as a well digger . . . advises more Penelope autos . . . they always run, wheels up or down.

P/O McRae—"Now let me see some GOOD logs!"

F/O Trott—"Give them hell!"

Sgt. McCallum—Known as the "Old Goat" . . . favorite pastime is worrying . . . "so he caged his gyro and whipped into a steep turn an' . . ."

Sgt. Hemstock—That red-haired Casanova . . . navigates to Simcoe every night . . . Favorite expression, "Well sure, . . . back to the farm."

Sgt. Chote—"When's my next

DON FLIGHT

Here we are again, with the first contribution of Don Flight for the new year. Lot of water under the bridge since the last time you head from us. And now we're off to a flying start. A brand new location; in fact the one we originally started from. Just watch our smoke with our new Mack 2's and a revitalized ground crew. And we don't mean maybe. Our slogan: "Our aircraft in the air on the dot all the time."

We don't wish to start any hard feelings, or create a state of animosity with other flights, but we hope C Flight can keep up with us.

In the last issue of the Albatross it was noted an article on compulsory sports. We wish to offer congratulations to its author, whoever he may be. He for one has realized that pushing aircraft and pushing a pencil or pounding a typewriter are two far different things. "He said in open type what so many have said off hey."

Yours truly wishes to congratulate AC Stogre in his efforts in helping to organize a boxing club on the station. An ardent worker in his own right in Don Flight and his earnest efforts in trying to organize a boxing club, are noble to say the least. No doubt his boxing lessons which appear in each issue of this paper will be followed by boxing supporters with keen interest.

Heard in Don Flight

AC Stogre—Flight, I've been in the service ten months now, and have my B group; when do I get my AC1?

AC Clausnitzer—I have worked hard this day.

AC Clarke—Okay, Corp.

LAC Stewart—I'm getting my drill test this afternoon. Also, after a recent 48 in London, Ont.: "Oh, love is a great thing."

Cpl. Clarke—Och, I'm fed up; I was happy as an LAC.

AC Chapman—If Russia wins the war in 6 months, I'll turn Communist—I saw the light, I'm going to settle down.

Cpl. Hannify—I'm unserviceable; reason: weak on legs.

"F" FLIGHT

With congratulations and best wishes, we bid adieu to Class 40. Hope to see you again, fellows. It was a pleasure working with you. To the new class (46) we say, welcome and good luck; hope to know you better as we go along.

Flash—Sgt. Slattery becomes F/S Slattery. Bo-Bo Johnstone becomes LAC.

Flicker—Three LAC's get drill test.

Sgt. McRobie—Did the termites eat the wing off 6832, or was D. Flight zigging when they should have been agging.

Sgt. Rathwell—Well, what AC can I have.

Sgt. Anderson—We should fly until dark. (Nice fellow).

F/S Slattery—Smarten up, fellows; I'm after my WO2.

48? . . . likes basketball . . . is Jo for everyone . . . "no gravel!"

Sgt. Grossmith—"When do I get my commission?" Why, I'm almost a man—I'm twenty. Oh boy, oh boy!

Sgt. Bromley—Pot shot Brom'. . . total loot: 3 milk bottles and 2 tin cans (he saw a rabbit once). "Well, when I was in Dunnville we did it this way . . ."

Sgt. Cruickshank—Our newest recruit to the flight . . . and is right in the groove already. Need any compasses swung?

PER ARDUA AD ASTRA

CLASS 42

If you'll gather round we'll tell you of some of the characters in our course. First, we'll take the more distinguished one—distinguished for ground school or flying; then to the mediocre run-of-the-mill stagg, and finally down to me.

We should at this time mention our ground school marvel, old "Dummy Run" Davis. Bill has just acquired the nickname since rumor has it that he's getting married. Personally we can't see the connection.

Let your eye ramble down the line until you see a head sticking out and we have "One Ball" Holmes. His nickname refers to his bowling ability.

Perhaps our next most notorious character is, "Rumble-bum" Commeraford, who it appears will likely spend the rest of the course nursing a housemaid's knee of one kind or another. Inseparably connected with him is that half-pint prodigy, P. K. Chambers, who it is rumored, has done a mean Turkish towel trot in the halls of the Connaught.

Then there are several boys with unplumbed depths in them. Among them we might enumerate Goodall, Ellis, Smale. Goodall is on the surface a pink-cheeked cherub, but under the right conditions inside dwells a philosopher debating on life, real friends and the like. Ellis, the school-mam, hides his shameful past fairly well, and now we can descend on Smale. His unassuming appearance would not lead one to paste upon him the label of him who has the most lurid sex life in the flight. Such, however, is the case, and during wash-out days the flight sits breathlessly enthralled listening to the tales of "the good girl friend" and "the bad girl friend." The subject of girl friends of course brings up Moon and his "bug." Flewelling and his best friends among the Indians.

McBean and Asselstyne are in a class by themselves and actually when trapesing around the runways aren't canvassing for the Red Cross. That's right, Mr. Elwin, isn't it?

Then, too, we have our 2 season herring-chokers whom we can dismiss with a few words. There's O'Neill, Ross, Flemelling, and they'd really like to be home now that the fishing season is over.

We have two Scotchmen with us. One is Mac Wallace and the

other is Andy Harding, and like all Scotchmen they have that dangerous tilt to their kilt. Other odd bits of flossom and jetsom abound in the flight. "Straight and level" Thornton is with us and no one seems to get more kick than he out of seeing Terry Phelan receive his wings. If Phelan keeps on it will actually be in a wheel chair on der tag. Howie Steen is allergic to strong green lights and Peter Gammon finds navigation easy once he finds the Mk II. wind.

Heatherington and Hargreaves hold down the position of being the only two men in the flight with nerve enough to wear moustaches. Of course that moustache effect gives them a Group "A" rating in the Union. Thompson's claim to fame is his instrument take-offs, and Harry Nice is our exhibit "A" in the need for girth control. Both Red Sanford and Larry Sykes are chameleon types. You can never tell when that red thatch will put to boil the water they have on the brain.

If we have omitted anyone we're sorry, but that's all, and probably the last you'll hear from us editorially. We hope to graduate next month.

CLASS 46

It was a cold and bleak day when the latest class, Edition 46, drifted into No. 16 S.F.T.S., headed by Crash Gordon, Windy Hendricks and Brother Clark. They were kept waiting quite a while until a few stragglers from Oshawa collected some flying hours. This class has everything in the line of nationalities, but there is the best of friendship. There are Englishmen (Dick Collishaw), Welshmen (Caseley), Scotchmen (Jock Neil), Irishmen (Cooper) Jewish (Ernie Goodman), Americans (Edie Chapman). From parts of Canada there are Westerners (Blair) and Northerners (Lake and Tubby Everard, and of course your author from the Kingston Penitentiary.

Then there is the one and only Ace Harry Paislow from Westboro, of which Ottawa is a suburb. Harry's education and outlook on life has changed since joining the R.C.A.F., under the careful guidance of Mac Curdy, Ed. Chapman and Ken Blair.

So folks, when the marks at the end of the term are posted they will be not only fair, but good in all department, including flying.

"BLACK MAGIC"

It has been said that it is only the superstitious and uneducated people who believe in magic. How surprising it is to find so many of both classes in a world such as we live in today.

We know that when an aircraft is placed U/S for a crack in a mainplane or a hole in the fuselage, it requires fabric, dope, and various other equipment to correct and repair the damage. The same stands true of the engine or power plant. But when these necessary requirements are not to be had and are not possibly available to us the job cannot be done. But strange as it may seem, due to lack of said equipment and tools, the job is expected to be placed in flying condition and hellsapoppin if it isn't. From the lowest AC2 to the highest senior N.C.O. they catch hell.

Why, therefore, should they be backstop for all the stuff that has

to be passed down from higher up?

As a very great leader of men said, not so long ago, and which we hope will be borne in the minds of everyone whom it may contact or concern, I quote: "Give us the tools and we will finish the job." How near to the truth does this come?

In conclusion I might add, as perhaps the striking moral, "Give us an even break; let them supply the tools and material and we in turn will give the results: keep 'em flying."

A Happening in Maintenance the Other Day:

One of the mechanics (I wonder) broke a screw off, leaving the threaded blank in the hole. He looked blankly at it and was told to go to the maintenance hangar for an easy out, used for the purpose of extracting the same. Upon asking the stores keeper for same he received a blank stare. Apparently he thought it was a fool-proof alibi.

At the Sergeants' Dance



A Good Time Was Had, etc.

FIRST SERGEANT'S MESS

In the first place the Sergeants' Mess had never given a dance or party before. So it seemed that, in keeping with the examples set by the Officers' Mess and the Air-men's Dance, it should be a wizard—and it sho was.

The dance committee: Fl. Sgt. Smith, Sgts. Heard, Laidlaw and Allen, outdid themselves. The main room they arranged so it looked like a club room in a movie with a large draped R.C.-A.F. ensign, ferns and fresh flowers. They turned the mess hall into a ball room with V for victory emblems, balloons and—best of all—Morgan Thomas' eleven-piece band. And what a band.

It was sincerely regretted by everyone that Group Captain G. S. and Mrs. O'Brian were unable to attend. The C/O however,

was well represented by S/L Broadbent and S/L Drynan.

Invitations were sent to the Sergeants' Messes at Jarvis, Brantford, Dunnville and Mt. Hope, and they were well represented.

Of course, brightest and most charming part of the party were the ladies. Smartly gowned sergeants' wives and lovelies from Hagersville, Simcoe, Brantford, Hamilton and Toronto made life very merry and very worth while. And the buffet supper, attractively laid out and served under the direction of Cpl. Davey, was beautiful to look at, and delicious.

All in all, everyone was on the beam and the show was the best the old timers and young have seen in a sergeants' mess.

Some of the senior N.C.O's paid for their sins later.

ALBA-TALKS

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

This old bird's really going to town—and in a big way! Just watch us strut our stuff from now on. We've been hearing things, a-this-a and a-that-a here and around, and we're gradually getting an idea of the kind of paper you really want. And that's an idea we want to get hold of. So as I said, we're going to town!

First of all we're going to tell you about our first big contest that's getting under way—NOW! It's a Camera Contest—so all you cam-fans start clickin', and I just know the contest'll click—but definitely.

Well, kids, we know you're going to really get into this thing big, so we don't have to start urging you to sorta GIVE with the co-op. Anyhow, here's the set-up.

First of all, get out your cameras and a roll of film. That's all you need to be eligible for the fun, and competition, and the rewarding rewards—(more of these later. You shoot the films, and

each issue, and until the end of the contest, we'll print what the judges consider to be the best picture of the month. Each contestant is limited to two entries and the entry fee is a meagre 10c. Each month we'll be going after a different type of portrait. One month, for instance, it'll be "character studies," another month, perhaps, long distance work, and another month "Unusual Pictures," etc.

So you watch the notice boards for the latest dope on it, and next issue of the Albatross for complete, final details, and as I said befoah, you start shootin'. This is the kind of shootin' we like to hear about.

And now that a brand new year has dawned for a weary, old world, let's get that "V" for Victory sign way out in front, and really let it mean something. Let's buckle down to this thing and who knows, tomorrow there may be blue skies over Dover—just like in the song. There's another slogan right now, it wouldn't do any harm thinking about, either. "S" for Sacrifice.

Byeeee!

GET ON THE BEAM

For a treat that revives you, gets your mind off the strain of flying and eases the tension of training, you can bank on our jumbo malteds. We sell your favorite flavour, and its powerhouse energy will rev you up, enable you to "get 'em into the Blue," and "Keep 'em Flying."

ALLEN'S SODA BAR

"THE MOST CONVENIENT PLACE IN TOWN"

ENTERTAINMENT NEWS

FOLLIES WELL ATTENDED

To a near capacity crowd, last Saturday night, a lively troupe of old-time troupers and charming charmers, constituting the Lifebuoy Follies "Tic-Toc" Revue, gave out with a show that had flash, fun and speed.

The show got off to a slow start, but soon picked up its tempo and by mid-time was getting its full quota of laughs and appreciation.

The male members of the show, all old time members of the Dumbbells, famous World War troupe, were headlined by the experienced and hilarious antics of Pat Rafferty, who got his biggest encore for the "Oh, Johnny, Do Be Careful" number. His comedy efforts, together with James Devon's efficient piano playing throughout, were the mainstay of a show that tended to rise and fall. Fortunately, however, the show was above water most of the time.

Loveliest surprise of the evening as the singing of shapely Miss Helen Bruce, whose thrilling voice and easy, friendly manner won her audience completely. Mark our words, Miss Bruce is a lady to watch. Dorothy Merrill's accordion work, and Irene Hughe's smooth dancing rounded out a highly commendable musical evening, while on the comedy line-up, in addition to Pat and Jimmy Devon, there were the au-cous imitations of Mildred Moray and the comedy singing of Sasha Dener. An army-camp skit, "Those Hospital Blues," rounded out a satisfying two-hour revue that it will be hard to top.

The bright costumes were designed by Ronald McRae, and the entire production was under the general supervision of Mr. J. McLaren, producer of the first overseas concert party of the last war.

To the hard-working cast, and their equally hard-working producers, the Lever Brothers Limited, makers of Lifebuoy Health Soap and Lifebuoy Shaving

MINSTRELS ON THE WAY

"Come on along, come on along, To the great Minstrel Show—"

Yes sir! At long last our local thespians and would-be thespians are rousing themselves, combining their resources, and promise us in the not-too-distant something to rival DeMille in lavish splendor, to rival Lubitsch in subtle comedy, to rival Ziegfeld in musical extravaganza.

Nothing definite yet on who's got the stellar parts, as the script is still in formation and no contracts have yet been signed, but rumor has it that the big Kaminski (D.R. O King) will be a big feature of the show. A McCready-Kaminski duet is also promised.

Our Glee Club is busy these nights giving Stephen Foster an eight-to-the-bar, and if you're really interested well, come on over. The more, the better. Of course, you'd better bring your voice along too.

We've heard from certain reliable sources on this Station of ours that there's more talk than action concerning this Minstrel Show affair; so let's get behind this thing, kids! If you can do anything, we want you, we need you. So if you want to get into the show, you just let Fred Hill know, or start tellin' folks about yourself. Things get around, you know.

Yes, if people think we're on-ly talking about this Minstrel Show, they're in for a big surprise. For pretty soon, we're going to start shouting. No definite date yet, but approximately the first week in March, we hear. So, if you think you'd like to have fun, don't just stand there, do something. (Whisper: It may yet turn into a first-rate concert party.)

More about this, next issue.

Cream, again we say "Thanks a million, and we hope you'll come again."

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