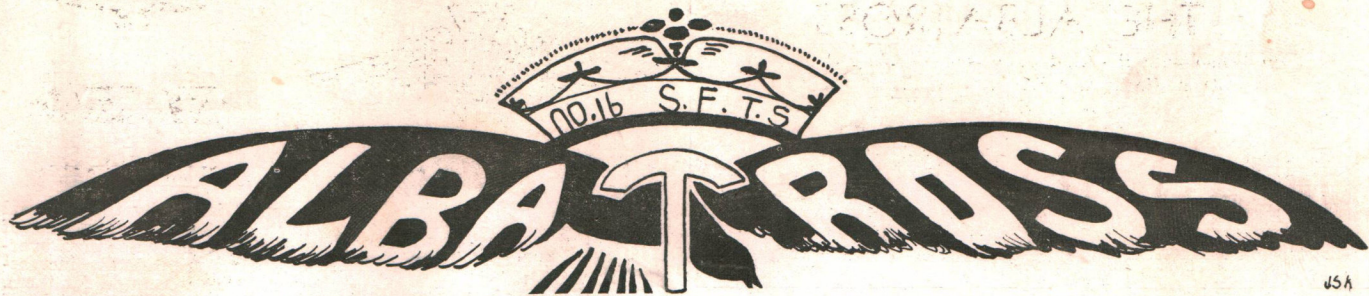


Dedicated To Group Captain G. S. O'Brien, A.F.C.



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

VOL. 1, NO. 8

Turn 'Em Out and Keep 'Em Flying

March 27, 1942



**Group Captain
G. S. O'Brien, A.F.C.,
Relinquishes Command**

Under a canvas of grey and with gusts of wind singing across the parade square, the entire personnel of No. 16 S.F.T.S., officers and men, marched in ceremony Thursday morning as Wing Commander D. A. Harding, A.F.C., assumed command of No. 16 S.F.T.S. from the departing Group Captain G. S. O'Brien, A.F.C., who relinquishes command to assume new duties in the overseas command.

Airmen were formed up in column-of-route in the drill hall and marched to the parade square where the impressive ceremony took place.

At 0945 hours, Group Captain G. S. O'Brien, A.F.C., accompanied by the padre, Flight Lieutenant Jennings, took over the parade from Wing Commander R. L. Burnett, and following the ensign hoisting ceremony and the call to prayer, the Group Captain addressed his men for the last time. "Don't Give Up Ship"

He stressed the importance and necessity of "not letting up" nor "feeling sorry for ourselves," for, he added, "there are difficult days ahead, and while I have no doubt of the outcome, we must put forth every effort without complaint." He expressed his regret at leaving a station where he had "received splendid co-operation." He spoke briefly to the officers.

Wing Commander D. A. Harding, A.F.C., accompanied by Station Adjutant Flight Lieutenant G. B. Mulligan, then appeared on the parade square and the personnel, led by the Group Captain, did a "march past." Following this, the two officers, the old

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FAREWELL MESSAGE

Dear Albatross:

I am suddenly posted, and as I go I salute you. Six months ago I told you that you held up the mirror to the comings and goings of hundreds of strong men. So you do. This station is a strong station, with no nonsense and much brave work. I am leaving here with a heart brimming over. Blessings and good luck to your station.

You and I have seen this place take shape. You will be here in June when the sound of birds will awaken you, and lawn mowers will be heard, and there will be no hurry. It was not given to me to be here then. But I shall remember.

Tell your men to keep on being men, will you? There is no cleaner place than this place, as far as the heart and soul are concerned. Men tell the truth and shame the devil. I am very proud and very humble for having been here at Hagersville.

And now good bye. Hew to the line; let the chips fall where they may. We are not downhearted. We are going to win this war. Our wives and our sons are going to be proud of us. Bless us all, and a soldier's farewell to you.

G. S. O'BRIAN.



**Wing Commander
D. A. Harding, A.F.C.
Assumes Command**

Confident, broad-shouldered, Wing Commander D. A. Harding, A.F.C., arrived at No. 16 S.F.T.S. early last week to assume command. At an impressive Transfer of Command Thursday morning ceremony, the Wing Commander "took over" from Group Captain G. S. O'Brien, A.F.C., who has been called to another command post.

A permanent member of the Royal Canadian Air Force, Wing Commander Harding was a year ago ferrying planes across the Atlantic to England in the Ferry Command. He has since that time been the Commanding Officer of No. 5 I.T.S. at Belleville.

The Wing Commander was at one time an athlete of some note, and was generally considered to be one of the best rugby players in the Dominion. He also played football for Queen's University.

CONGRATULATIONS!

To the following good fellows and competent officers, the Albatross tenders its heartiest felicitations on their recent and well-merited promotions. Keep 'em flying!

Wing Commander R. L. Burnett
Squadron Leader L. J. Williams.
Flight Lieut. J. S. Jordan
Flight Lieut. H. G. Trott
Flight Lieut. L. E. Wetmore
Flight Lieut. R. T. Boyes
F/O R. J. Robertson
F/O I. D. MacKenzie
F/O J. E. Vallance
F/O H. H. Sheppard
F/O G. T. Stewart
F/O F. Johnston

THE AIRMEN'S TRIBUTE

It was over a week ago that you told me you were leaving soon, that you have been called back to that "tight little isle" and that, regardless of self, you must go. You spoke of Wing Commander Harding who is to assume command upon your departure and you told us of his fine record. We place our confidence in him and we shall certainly be behind him, sir, every step of the way.

But, sir, in these last precious hours of a very happy journey that began in a wilderness last July, I should like to tell you, if I may, (and I promise to stop the minute I start dripping sentiment or oratory), just what it has meant to us, all of us on this great station, to have you with us in the months since this station was opened.

You came here when the place was yet that menace of trees, bog, sand and flies, and I recall the first time we saw you was one August evening at sunset. We were just pulling out for our nightly swim down at the quarries, and you were standing surveying the dismal landscape. And as we passed you raised your hand and waved and your smile was direct and friendly. From that moment on, sir, we knew we

were going to like you. We have learned to do much more than that in the months since then. We have learned to admire you.

Always a highlight of our weeks here, were those cozy, cheering little talks of yours those early Thursdays on the tarmac (for we had no parade-square.) And then there was always a route march, out along the newly-completed runways, the crisp autumn air brisk on our cheeks, and the sun growing warm out of the mists. Sometimes we'd sing and sometimes not. Sometimes just marching was enough. The endless columns of blues, the straight lines, the warm camaraderie, and you leading us—and being a part of it all. And we had faith.

And then there was New Year's day. The tables bright and festive, and laughter and Yuletide cheer all about, and once again, you, sir, there, determined to make the dinner a success, and it was. Determined to be a part of it—and you were.

And then there were your separate dealings with us, sir. Some of us with little right to be called good airmen. And yet you were always just and considerate, keen

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THE ALBATROSS

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D. A. Harding, A.F.C., Commanding Officer,
by the Hagersville Press.

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TO A GREAT GENTLEMAN

Somebody once enunciated the truism which, over the years has become a classic: "Any successful institution is but the lengthened shadow of one man."

Today No. 16 S.F.T.S. is an outstanding example of what a Service Flying Training School should be in its eighth month. And all this from a beginning that was several degrees less than humble. And all this due to the leadership and working example, personality and vision of one man—Group Captain G. S. O'Brian, A.F.C.

Think back, you Hagersville old-timers, of last July and lend an ear, you more recent arrivals.

No. 16 S.F.T.S., July, 1941—A sea of mud by rain and a miniature Sahara by sun—latrine facilities which wouldn't have passed the local Board of Health in the slums back of the slums—meals that required soda bicarb. for dessert—not even a navigable road from the front gate to the administration building, and none elsewhere—no bathing facilities for weeks on end—drinking water that could have been bottled straight as Castoria—flies more vicious than hornets—no entertainment facilities. One could elaborate.

All of these things paled into insignificance under the influence of the smiling, fighting, "never-licked" O'Brian personality. When a job had to be done, our Commanding Officer always led the way—and with his coat off and his sleeves rolled up—when required, literally as well as figuratively. His winning smile here, an earned pat on the back there, now a helping lift at this point, constructive criticism on that job, mature, kindly advice on this problem. And so the job was done—and well ahead of time.

No one on this station needs to be reminded when he enters the best Officers' Mess in the service, or reads the station's splendid flying record, or marvels at the picture the station will be this spring, or is engulfed in the greatest station "esprit de corps" in the service, or considers the accomplishment of the best station hockey team in the Command—that all these things are a living, growing monument to the Commanding Officer to whom we say "Good-bye for a while," with a tell-tale tear in our collective eye, a catch in the concerted voice, and a mighty tug at the heart of that vital living entity which is No. 16 S.F.T.S., Hagersville.

And so, Group Captain G. S. O'Brian, as you take your leave of us, we can best say our farewell in two of your most used, familiar phrases: "Good for you" and "God bless you!"

THE EDITOR.

« POETS' CORNER »

BON VOYAGE

His course is plotted straight and true once more,
And though it takes him from the ones he knew
And sends him to a friendly stranger's door,
He'll still seem close, whatever we may do.
For over all the station falls the rays
That give us comfort as each day goes by . . .
That spread the echoes of his friendly ways
. . . A guiding comfort to the men who fly.

His words of counsel to each Wings Parade
Still ring their wisdom to all listening ears.
They sent those boys in blue out unafraid,
With strength and courage for the coming years.
And though our loss is gallant England's gain,
A credit to the noble British Lion;
In every heart at home he will remain.
. . . God speed you, Group Captain Jeff O'Brian.
DULCE McRAE.



A Challenge

The following is taken from a devotional manual called the "Upper Room" and contains a challenging thought:

"I am a man of unclean lips, and I dwell in the midst of a people of unclean lips." Isaiah 6:5.

"Know thyself," said a great teacher. To know myself I must have a standard of measurement. It cannot be myself. It cannot be other people. It must be the highest; it must be God. Isaiah faced God and found himself.

Face God. See your unholy self against the holiness of God. Face your failures. Where do you fail and why? Get rid of alibis.

Face your success. Bring your plans and ambitions into the presence of God and test them.

Face your family. Are those relationships right?

Face your friends. Do they make or break you?

Face your foes. Can you face them as Jesus faced Judas and say "Friend"? Can you love them?

Face your finance. What story does your bank book tell—love of God or love of self?

Face your fears. Why fear? Perfect love casteth out fear."

Face your future. Is there anxiety or trust?

THOUGHT FOR THE DAY:

"When man listens God speaks,
When man obeys, God works."

PADRE

ALBA TALKS

With March winds ushering in that old uncertain feeling, there is much ado about the station, and young men's fancies seem to be acting up the way biologists insist they must this time of year. Well, by the way, we hear there will be much to take a fancy to within the next fortnight.

Restraint will be used — restraint in the form of discipline. But all the same, it will be refreshing to have the feminine touch about again. This Foreign Legion stuff's okay for bitter, senile, old men with a "chip" in their past, but for the young, vibrant, vigorous (?) young "Adoni" who adorn No. 16 S.F.T.S., just a mere feminine presence is inspiring and one smile will justify all these months of labor. But more of this anon.

So as we said before, with the hay nonny nonny and an ooh-la-la, this is spring. And it will be many moons before we are again a part of so touching and memorable a ceremony as was performed in the parade square last Thursday morning at the "Changing of Command" ceremonies.

Well, we did get our twelve-page edition out after all, didn't we? But not thanks to you. We didn't get much of that co-operation we were talking about. How about it? Don't you want to see your sections represented in your paper? Must your editorial staff write your whole paper for you? How about it, next time?

And just what is going to come of our pseudo minstrel show,



YMCA

Activities

A report issued by the National Council of the War Services of the Y.M.C.A. indicate that overseas services are steadily increasing with the need found for them. During the year 1941 a total of 34,805 sports events ranging from horseshoe tournaments, through hockey, soccer and softball, to athletic meets, were arranged by the Canadian Y.M.C.A. overseas for Canada's armed forces abroad. Dances for Canadian troops in Great Britain have been a popular feature of the Y.M.C.A. recreational program. During the year 872 such dances were held and were attended by more than one hundred and seventy-five thousand Canadian soldiers and airmen. During the past two years tours to points of historic or scenic interest in England have become exceptionally popular with Canadian troops overseas. More than 230 such tours were arranged by the Canadian Y.M.C.A. in Great Britain and were taken advantage of by nearly 8,000 Canadians anxious to visit London Tower, Windsor Castle, the City of Winchester, Stonehenge, and other English beauty spots. Small games such as table tennis, checkers, cards and the like are a popular recreation with Canadian troops overseas. Such games are a part of the stock of all Y.M.C.A. Centres in Great Britain and during 1941 a total of 928 organized Games Nights and Tournaments were held with three hundred and seven thousand men taking part. During the year 1941 the Canadian Y.M.C.A. in Great Britain presented for the men of Canada's armed forces a total of 6,774 moving picture shows, concerts, quiz programs and sing-songs which were attended by one million, one hundred and thirty-five thousand sailors, soldiers and airmen.

even I dare not predict. But most of you, I suppose are keeping your fingers crossed. Incidentally, crossed fingers don't produce a musical show. At the moment I can think of nothing that crossed-fingers do produce. But I won't give up. Maybe there's an answer. But for the present—"Bye now.

The ladder of life is full of splinters but they always prick the hardest when we're sliding down.
—William Brownell.

It is no time to swap horses when you are crossing the stream.
—Abraham Lincoln.



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Wentworth Mineral
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HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Ante Room Officers' Mess



OFFICERS HOLD FAREWELL DINNER

In the beautifully appointed ante room of the mess, the officers of No. 16 S.F.T.S. congregated for the last mess dinner to be presided over by Group Captain O'Brian, A.F.C. Every officer of the station, some even curtailing their leaves, was present to pay their respects to their beloved O.C.

Later, in the dining room, after a well-served, delightful supper, Wing Commander Burnett, O.C. Flying, gave the presentation address and tendered the C.O. a handsome parting gift, on behalf of the officers. He expressed his deepest regret that G.C. O'Brian was leaving, and voiced the feelings of every man on the station when he told the guest of honor: "We've not only got to know him, we've got to love him. No one could have a better C.O. He combined unusual ability with amazing personality and he befriended everyone from the newest AC2 to the highest ranking officer."

Wing Commander Burnett also paid the highest tribute to Mrs.

O'Brian, who soon will have a husband and two sons serving overseas. He further remarked that it would be a great thing for democracy if every woman would be willing to make sacrifices similar to hers.

Group Captain O'Brian, in his farewell address, thanked the officers for their gifts. He was deeply moved and spoke with regret at his parting from this station where he made so many friends. He acknowledged the wonderful support given him and thanked the officers for their loyalty to him and the cause.

Introducing S/L Anderson, the new O.C. No. 1 Squadron, he assured him of the co-operation of his staff and impressed on the officers the importance of maintaining the station on the same high standard and quality in the instruction of the air crew.

Well-wishers crowded around the guest of honor before the party broke up, to bid farewell and once more shake the hand of a man who has been a friend and served as a model to all.

Keep 'em flying.

Airmen Help Hagersville Over the Top

We can be justly proud of our station's efforts in the recent Victory Loan campaign. The 201 new subscribers showed their willingness to not only help fight and win this war, but also to help in paying for it.

Aside from the regular monthly purchases of War Savings Certificates, the personnel of this station subscribed for a total of \$15,400.00 in the second Victory Loan, far exceeding any other station of the same size, and forthwith contributing a great deal towards boosting Hagersville over the top to reach second place in the county.

Great credit has to be given to the officers, acting as salesmen, in their untiring efforts in attaining this marvellous amount. A special pat on the back also to the N.C.O.'s and airmen of the air-

men's mess who came to the fore one hundred per cent.

The final results of this campaign have now been computed. The results by flights and sections are as follows:

Maintenance Squadron	\$8600.00
No. 1 and No. 2 Squadron	2050.00
Civilian Personnel	1700.00
Airmen's Mess and Kitchen	1050.00
Headquarters	500.00
Accounts and Pay	400.00
Equipment Section	300.00
Link Trainers	300.00
Hospital	200.00
Officers' Mess, Kitchen and bar	200.00
Motor Transport	50.00
Dental Clinic	50.00
Total amount	\$15,400.00
Total subscribers	201.

SINGAPORE - AND - THE CRITICS

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

All right . . . All right . . . Yes, I read Cecil Brown, and so did Goebbles. He's quoting him all over the place. Yes, I know the show at Singapore was not so good. Yes, I know about the complacency . . . Yes, I know they didn't follow a scorched earth policy. Yes—you can't feel worse about it than I did. I know what it means. Maybe I know what it means better than you do—the fall of Singapore.

* * *

Just the same I can't stand the cackling. Who's calling whom names? Is this war in the Far East the fault of the British? We talked a year and a half—Ham Fish with a German agent in his office, the America First Committee riddled with Nazi agents—about whether this was our war. The British supported us in the Far East, not we the British. Do you remember Pearl Harbor? Were we so hot at Pearl Harbor?

Listen, brothers: This is a war against Japan and Nazi Germany. Get this straight: The British are our allies.

* * *

I read all the interviews with the American citizens who came from Penang. The British didn't evacuate the Americans properly. The British didn't have anti-aircraft guns. The British didn't this, and the British didn't that. The lady with the Siamese cat had plenty to say, as I remember.

Listen, sister: You got home all right, didn't you—you and the Siamese cat? Ever occur to you to offer one prayer of gratitude to God? If you weren't properly protected, what have you ever done to protect anybody else? Listen, sister: You get busy and join the air-raid precaution service. Get busy. There's a lot to do right here. And if things don't go well right here, whom will you blame—the British?

The British didn't have to have a war with Japan and they didn't have to have a war with Hitler. Do you know that? They could have tossed the continent to the winds and made a deal with both our enemies—against us. A military deal, a financial deal, a trade deal. All they had to do was go Nazi. All they had to do was agree about spheres of influence in the Western Hemisphere and the East. Hitler's still moaning that they didn't do it.

Did you ever look at the map? There are seventy-odd million Anglo-Saxon members of the English-speaking world outside the United States and they are scattered from Land's End to hell and gone. Not quite two years ago they had the Germans at the Channel and there weren't any anti-aircraft guns in Britain, either. Fortyseven million people on a little island and they could starve in a fortnight. And for a year and a half they held the world at bay alone. That doesn't make any impression on you? Fifty thousand of them died—right in England. I can't remember that anybody whimpered.

When the King of the Belgians made a separate peace, Paul Reynaud cried, "Treason." Churchill said, "We reserve judgment."

Did you ever read Lincoln's second inaugural address? Take a look at it again: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

Listen to the Vichyites in New York: "Britain let us down." Not one mumbling word about the France that handed over everything to Hitler. Not a word. Only faith in France—when even France didn't have any.

* * *

You'd think to listen to some of you that you want Britain to lose. Careful, careful, be quiet and pray.

It took Britons and Hollanders, Frenchmen and Americans hundreds of years to open this globe for white men. Japan, since Perry, is eighty-eight years old. And in a few weeks hundreds of years may be swept into the ashcan, and the Japs have a straight open line from India to Suez.

You don't think much of the British Empire? No?

Well, brother, if Britain goes, write finis over Western civilization. Or do you think perhaps that America can carry it alone?

You don't know what England means, my friend! England is very tired, and England is old. Yet, though it slay me, I tel you this: England is the last refuge of the civilized soul. Pray for England. I say England. England, so proud, and England who knows humility.

* * *

Have you heard the British say a word against the Americans? Did they crow over Pearl Harbor? Did they rush into print to talk of our smugness and complacency?

Did you ever have an Englishman or an English woman for a friend? Did that friend ever let you down?

* * *

In the hour of her greatest distress, her greatest disaster, I, an American, write these lines to England: In spite of Singapore, I sing with you: "Land of Hope and Glory, Mother of the Free." And I sing with you: "There'll Always Be An England, and England Will Be Free." And I ask you to sing with me the great songs of America: "Sweet Land of Liberty," and "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," and "Mine Eyes Have Seen the Glory." Songs written in the world's greatest language—the great language of resistance.

There's a line in "The Star-Spangled Banner": "Stars through the perilous fight."

There are stars, England. And don't believe the lady with the Siamese cat is America.

America knows where she is going—an dshe knows who's going with her. Holland and Norway and Russia, China and India. Yes, India.

And by and by the whole round globe.

And with you, Great Britain.

HEADQUARTERS CALLING

Accounts Section Ramblings

The most recent casualty in the Accounts Section is Corporal Hunt, better known as "Cliff the Killer" who returned from London last evening with a super-duper "shiner." Wrestling, he says!! What kind? There are no reports, as yet, on the condition of Mrs. Hunt, but it is understood that her knuckles will soon be back to normal.

Things we would like to know: When is somebody going to strangle "Snooks"? The idea is just too, too divine.

Udell returned from his leave the other day with his usual collection of new pictures of the girl friend. As is his custom, half of them were of the final "clinch" variety. We are wondering if he shows these pictures to those girls down in Hamilton. It's a pretty safe bet that the little girl in London won't see this copy of the Albatross.

It is reliably reported that the M.O. is very worried about the condition of George English. George has been hearing "Reveille" these days, so it's a sure thing that something is drastically wrong.

Jerry Allen had a moustache for the other day, but he (?) decided to shave it off, after his wife had had a look at it. It's too bad that some of the other members of the Accounts Section haven't got wives to guide them in such matters.

Our Super Victory Bond salesman, P.O. Nilsson, is reported to be resting comfortably after his whirlwind sales campaign.

A little worm was feeling lonely, so he popped out and looked about for some one to play with.

At last he noticed another little worm and said, "Will you come and play."

The other little worm replied, "Don't be daft. I'm your other end."

Mickey Terney

THE STAFF BARBER

Two Chairs at Your Service

Open from
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NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE

HIGHEST QUALITY

—and—

LOWEST PRICES

G. E. DUSTY, Phm.B.

Opposite Commercial Hotel

Equipment Quips

A welcome is extended to Sgt. Butler, the man who has to fill the shoes of Sgt. White. He's O.K., and doing a pretty good job with the above assignment.

The chap in seven "em," who used to rise at reveille every morning before his marriage, is now having trouble getting up in time for parade. What's the trouble, Al?

It's been spoken of in the Equipment section, so no doubt other chaps are also wondering, why no word of thanks is said to visiting artists while they are still on the stage. It's supposed to be an Airman's show, and even though we have on chance of entertaining the girls (and boys, when here), after the show, it would be some satisfaction to see them thanked for their trouble.

"Tyrone" Taylor has left this district for other fields. There are many happy memories of "Ty" which we will not forget. There are also a few broken hearts in Hamilton. Good luck, Les.

Johnny Grant swears he would now be inter-varsity champ, if he had ever hit Johnny Risk. The only trouble was Risk wouldn't leave our John alone long enough for him to get the punch in. All joking aside, it was a grand gesture on the "General's" part to take on such a young opponent, just for the sake of our sports program.

Fred Porter says its a long way to walk, even in good weather, but its worth it. Do you think so the next day, Freddie?

A farewell message will undoubtedly be written by someone better qualified than yours truly to the finest C.O. possible. No doubt we will get a good man in his place, but none better.

It's time someone ran a bus service from the station to Simcoe on Saturday evenings. It's getting quite a popular place. Just ask Chick, Larry and Ernie.

By the time this is published we'll likely be saying "Yes ma'am, no, ma'am," and all that sort of thing. Oh well, no doubt we'll get used to it.

Two more boys have gone from the section, Hornby and Bebbington. They were chased around for quite a time without getting anywhere, but now they will have a chance to blow their own trumpets with the St. Thomas T.T.S. band. Good luck, boys.

The "Charge of the Light Brigade" had nothing on the threatened "charge" of the Equipment section, which almost took place. The final results were equally applauded.

Tom Elliott's 271 single and 217 average gives the rest of our bowlers something to shoot at. Hank has all the lawn bowling style so often seen outside, but rarely seen at inside bowling.

That compliment about the room was very gratifying to the boys. After all the work and the care that has been taken to keep it that way, it's nice to know that some notice was taken. Thank you, sir.

I'm two days late with the column now, so maybe this will get thrown in the consulting editor's waste basket. So it should, did you say? CHEERIO.

BETWEEN PEGS

Our guard house, like the rest of the world, is undergoing numerous alterations more ways than one. (ask the man who has stayed there). Between painting and carpentry, etc., we can certainly keep our guests busy, and have room for a few more (we can keep you busy). Our worthy O.C. F.O. Gilbert is proving himself even as a "A" group carpenter; Sgt. "Cooky" Carder is getting used to this double yoke around his neck, and "Slim" Edwards is expecting something in the near future. (we haven't lost a father yet). Cpl. Rinty is still on his annual leave; he must be having a good time as we haven't heard from him yet, and "Deacon" Crujckshanks is on his way out west (what's that?) to bring one of our lambs back to the fold. "Rabbi" Ayres takes his 48's on week days now and has had to give up travelling with "Detective" Beale. Our "Blond Bomber" Manion is thinking of a big event with a little wee girl over in Simcoe ("Good luck, Roy."

"Benny" Bennett has returned from counting his chickens up in Aylmer. "Colonel" Bogle seems to have trouble getting past Caledonia when he travels on No. 6. We wonder why "Lanky". Scott is still dreaming of two pips. Smitty was over in Chicago brushing up on his dialect and we notice the change. And not to forget "Printy" Simmons, why he is away on a week-end 48? Pretty Artful, and that just about cleans up all the news and rumors from ye old guard house.

PEGGY.

Here They Are!

THE C.W.A.A.F. MOVE IN

To start with—it was spring! And everyone had that "super" feeling. So it was just the day for the much heralded arrival of a very much heralded "Beauty Battalion," the first contingent of a gallant army of women who have arrived to take over many ground-crew duties that will release many men for other more useful and urgent positions.

Nigh four-score constituted the first pioneer unit, and they arrived fresh from a course at Havergeral College, Toronto, ready, willing and able to start work here immediately. Their barracks were in readiness for them, as was their mess, which for the present will be located in the same building a sthat of the Airmen's.

One officer and one sergeant had preceded the girls earlier in the previous week.

(See pictures and story next issue).

"We are now passing the most famous brewery in Canada!" explained the guide.

"We are not," replied the tourist, as he hopped off the bus.



GUESS WHO?

NO PRIZES GIVEN
FOR CORRECT ANSWERS

50,000 Flights in Year by Convoy Patrols

For five months, the industrial activity of the wide area around Lille has been curtailed often by as much as fifty per cent. on account of damage to power plants.

During the British fighter offensive sweeps over Europe in the last twelve months, the R.A.F. destroyed 823 enemy fighters against a loss of 537. This contrasts with German experience in the Battle of Britain when the Luftwaffe losses were vastly heavier than those inflicted.

The U-boats have been driven right out of the western approaches to the British east coast, and convoys have been so well protected by aircraft between Harwich and Newhaven, that they come through with clock-work regularity.

The Fighter Command has flown over 50,000 sorties in the last twelve months in protective patrols over convoys and shipping. In the six months preceding November, the Royal Air Force and naval aircraft sank some 175,000 tons of enemy shipping in the Mediterranean.

Squadrons of the Army Co-operation Command, whose primary role is to train with military formations, are to be given an increased measure of reconnaissance activity over enemy territory across the Channel.

Despite considerable increase in German defences, the rate of loss in the R.A.F. (Bomber Command) was lower in December, January and February than during the preceding three months. The heaviest types of bomber have proved less vulnerable than the Wellingtons, Whitneys and Hampdens.

The new and heavier British bombers are faster than the old and should be able to maintain a consistent and continuous offensive on the centres of German industry far into the summer.

Becoming prominent isn't always enviable. Ask any fat man.

It's so dry in Kansas, according to confidential reports, that the trees are going to the dogs.

Reminiscences of an M.T. Driver

The "new era" has arrived! It comes in the form of F/S Walker, our new boss, and a going concern if there ever was one. He's about 5' 6" of dynamite, and really knows his business. Before coming to Hagersville he was stationed at Mountainview, and if he was the same Walker there that he is here, and you may rest assured he was, Mountainview lost a good man. Doug Miller found out how efficient he was the other day. Doug was running a tractor around the yard when the Flight spotted him. "You like riding that, don't you?" the Flight said. Doug colored up a little and said "Sure." "Then drive it over the wash rack and give it a bath" hollered the Flight, while Doug very slowly and crestfallen, drove over the rack and gave the tractor its "Saturday Nighter."

We are pretty shorthanded in the section now, pending the arrival of the women folk, but when Graham, Wills, Swales, Shaughnessy and Baker get back from their leave we will be a little better off. We're even short one of our pups now. The one that had over-extension of the tail (remedied by the hospital staff in conjunction with a meat block and cleaver) has disappeared and any information as to his whereabouts will be very much appreciated by the M.T. boys.

The food here was good enough to bring Alf. Lyon back from 14 days, so maybe the dog will come back. We hope.

Weiss has come back from his trip back West on his 14 days and he has the biggest line of boloney I ever heard. He says they had a snow storm out there and a farmer had to walk ahead of his horse to break a path. He was trudging along, cursing the elements, when suddenly a warm Chinook wind blew over the Rockies into his face. You may not believe this, but Weiss swears it's true; he says that the farmer was plowing through the snow, the front wheels of his wagon were in the slush, the rear wheels were in mud, and his dog was kicking up dust behind him. Now, if that's not pure, unadulterated bunk, I never heard any.

If you want to get things all

backward or get hold of the latest rumor, just go and see our very dear friend "Balloon" Pollitt. He can start a rumor faster, and keep it going longer than anyone I ever met. The "Whistling Baritone" has his number, though. "Tone" just says "Phooey" right to the little fellow's face every time he says anything. They're really funny when they get going, both trying to outshout one another. Bob Baer, Jim Eadie and myself went down to Cayuga for night flying the other night and were entertained by a darling little fellow from the Bahamas. He was saying his girl-friend never saw snow, so I told him to fill an airtight box with some and take it home. When we left to come back "home" he had the box half full.

Ask Walkerley what he thinks of a certain LAC who asked him to wash his truck after coming back off the ration run. Sorry Walkerley, but those were my orders. Since I was put in charge of the cleanliness of all vehicles I've noticed there's a tendency for the hose to flick my way "accidentally" whenever I go near the wash rack. Of course, men, you realize this must be stopped. But definitely, you can't have your sub-junior N.C.O. going around soaking wet. Oh, no. 'Tis vurry, vurry humiliating. Well, I hear a draft being called for Cayuga, so I guess I'd better go disappear somewhere till they've got their quota. See you next Albatross time. "CRASH" IVENS.

"NUTS TO YOU"

It is said that the above, being purely historical, comes from the Middle Ages when people apparently felt that actions spoke louder than words.

When a medieval chap wanted to wed, he'd invite himself to dinner, which was the same as a proposal. If the girl was willing, she'd really go to town on filling the feed bag, and put on a fancy spread. But if she was cool to the proposition, she'd serve him only a bowl of nuts, indicating he could look elsewhere for his chow and his ball and chain. Hence, the phrase, "Nuts to you!"



A lorry-load of German North Afrika Corps panzer prisoners captured by the British in Libya moving off to a concentration camp.

Tower Flashes

My goodness! And what a bright, merry place it is these days, what with promotions and folks dashing off on leaves, and what not. Of course, we have to take the good with the not-so-good, and the not-so-good is the fact that our own Miss Lena Anderson of the old-time team of Anderson and Parsons, typists extraordinaire, is no longer one of the bright sights of the tower. It happened one Friday afternoon, with fair warning mind you, when the gang sorta got together and came out with it. A lovely silver locket; so she said "Thanks a lot," and looked grateful, and that was that. She knew we'd miss her very much, but as they say in the nursery books, "There are times and tides for everything." And speaking of times and tides, this was certainly no time for "Red" Wright to up and get the mumps on us. We well for you, fellah! Had 'em ourselves, let's see, must be nigh on ten years ago.

But Ruth, the irreplaceable, the indispensable, the faithful (as much to the Coca-Cola Company of Canada, as to ourselves), is doing a fine job, however, and if we'd let her would probably be doing our running for us as well.

Now that the Mrs. is picking up, THE Sgt. Hunt is once again his very own self—jolly and competent as ever.

And now to first of all, two very fine gentlemen and generous personalities, and secondly to two superbly efficient officers, we extend our congratulations, with it, our own happiness at their recent, well-earned promotions. We speak of Wing Commander Burnett and Flight Lieutenant Boyes. Wing Commander Burnett's stern adherence to duty and his disciplined mind have well-qualified him for the difficult position of Chief Instructor on this Station, and Flight Lieutenant Boyes' enthusiastic management of the Station hockey team, the Station paper, and any other worth-while local effort that needs spirited support is an object lesson to every one of us. Were every one of us as eager to pitch in and do the job, whatever it may be, with as little regard for self as these officers have shown in the months that they have been at No. 16 S.F.T.S., we would indeed have a Station as well as a community here that would be the envy of, and an example to all other Stations of the R.C.A.F.

MAINTENANCE RUMBLES

We have just returned from the Commanding Officer's Parade. Brrrr!! Much as we hate to say it, we've arrived at the unhappy conclusion that the weatherman frowns upon this station. Couldn't we cross him up just once, Sir, and have your parade on some other morning but Thursday?

Aside to Group Captain O'Brian: We know that you would not be posted unless you would be more useful to the Air Force elsewhere, but that does not lessen the feeling of regret that was felt when you announced your posting. May we take this opportunity of wishing you the very best of luck and happy landing, Sir.

Duck, fellows, here comes Flying Officer (Have You Bought Your Victory Bonds Yet?) Stevens. Maintenance Squadron came to the front, as usual, in the number of bonds purchased.

This column would like to express its sincere thanks to LAC Parry of B Flight for the manner in which he landed 8405. If we

had more landings like that one when anything went wrong we might possibly get a day off now and then. (We said might, didn't we?)

Anytime Maintenance doesn't feel like flooring a full team of five men for a basketball game it doesn't make any difference in the score. We win regardless. There is no other team in league that we enjoy defeating quite so much as Equipment and when this happens when Maintenance is playing one man short. Ah! Victory is sweet.

In the last issue of the Albatross the matter of the disposal of revenue from the Rumble Club was discussed, and all personnel of this Squadron were invited to submit suggestions as to how this money was to be spent. The personnel of Maintenance Squadron, from the lowliest AC2 to the senior N.C.O.'s are to be commended for the interest they show in this club. To date the number of suggestions submitted is "Nil." M. H. DAVISON, Cpl.

G. & C. KETT

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SOCKS, TIES, SWEATERS FOR THE BOYS

MEMORIES OF BUFFALO

By Cpl. Balderer

Vene, Vidi, Vici: We came, saw and conquered. That's the story of the friendly invasion of the No. 16 S.F.T.S. into Buffalo. But it wasn't all as easy as that. First the preparations. Visas, pictures, fingerprints, letters, consulate, visas, pictures . . . a lot of red tape. A trip to Hamilton. A visit to the American Consulate. Answering questions for nearly an hour, 66 fingerprints, 3 pictures, a few seals and signatures, more questions, and finally the coveted visa.

We are all set; the bus is chartered, there is still room; who wants to come along? A few stragglers, happily in the possession of a passport and Sunday morning arrive.

Up at Reveille, shave, wash, polishing buttons and shining boots, a quick breakfast. Time is getting short, a last look in the mirror, everything is fine, the cap is at the right angle. Now gloves on and down to the guard house, the famous meeting place.

The sky is overcast, ceiling and visibility zero, but nothing could dampen the spirits of the happy travellers.

Out of the fog the bus arrives. The equipment is loaded: sticks, pads, skates and all the whatnots. A check: is everybody here? Schwan is missing. No! he is here! Where is Morton? He couldn't make it.

King, where the h— is King? He's missing, everybody else is accounted for.

A quick trip to the canteen for chocolates, cigarettes, matches, and we're off. Officers and men a happy crew, more or less excited.

First stop in Hagersville, to pick up F/O Robertson (congrats), the mainstay and bullwark of the team. Again we're off. Some are congregating in the rear of the bus around an improvised card-table, to while away the time with a deck of cards. Some are reading, a few singing and one or two are glancing at the dreary landscape.

Nelles Corner, Cayuga, Dunnville, and at last Fort Erie and the border. A stop at the Canadian Customs. Official question: "Anybody here got more than five dollars?" This the day before pay day.

A short walk around to stretch the legs, and back aboard. Over the Peace Bridge and here we are in the good old U.S.A.

All out, papers checked by the Immigration Officers. You're an alien now (even if a friendly one); more questions; sign your name, don't crowd, you all get your turn.

A black cat walks sedately across the office floor. Is it a sign of good luck? Some seem to think so.

All formalities over, back into our conveyance and "Buffalo, here we are." A stop at the Terminal, pile out!

When do we eat? Oh, a swell restaurant is spotted right across the streets. Over troops the small cavalcade and all fall too. Yum! yum! What a meal. But then comes the check; Wow!

Back in the bus once more. A drive through gaily decorated and crowded streets. The "Stars and Stripes" on every flagstaff, on building fronts and rooftops, but not a single "Union Jack." Is all this for us? We arrive at the imposing structure of the Memorial Auditorium. The whole police force, complete with motorcycle and traffic squad, thousands of people line the streets. In the building a band is playing, all



BACK ROW: F/Lt. Boyes, coach; Pte. Morton, LAC McCaig, G/Cpt. G. S. O'Brian, F/O Robertson, LAC Rasminsky, F/O Elwin Cpl. Balderer.
FRONT ROW: Sgt. Sibley, LAC King, LAC Dunne, LAC Lavigne, LAC Suter.

Station Team Defeats Buffalo All-Stars

dressed up in green top hats and green buttonieres. Again we ask? All this for us? Wrong guess, boys, it's a St. Patrick's Day parade and not a reception committee.

But we are expected. A guide leads us through corridors, up and down ramps, along halls, upstairs and finally through more halls to a dressing room, and then into the arena proper. Boy, what a building; seating about eight thousand.

A hockey game is in progress, a final game of the season. Our boys play next, as a feature attraction. A look at the programme; yes, all our players' names are there, all nine of them, a full team, with three spares. But look! What's that? The opposing team, the Buffalo All Stars, a team of six, and let's count, one, two, three . . . twenty-one alternates, or over four full teams. But our boys are undaunted, and after watching part of the first game our hopes rise. Somebody discovered the cocktail bar just around a few corners in the main lobby, and our spirits soar.

Game time, the boys are in fine fettle, raring to go. Our small crew of rooters are in the best of "spirits" and willing to cheer the boys to victory.

The teams line up and are introduced one by one to the spectators via the public address system. More than a thousand people fill the two centre sections, greeting the visitors with wild applause.

There goes the whistle and the game is on, and here we quote the Buffalo Courier-Express:

The final curtain was dropped on the Frontier Hockey League's 1941-42 amateur season yesterday afternoon at Memorial Auditorium when an R.C.A.F. sextet from Hagersville, Ont., scored a 3 to 0 triumph over an All-Star aggregation of local players. In the preliminary contest, the Mangs of Niagara Falls sewed up second place in the NFHA final standings.

Rolly Robertson, hard-checking defenseman, and Goalie Tommy Dunne formed an unbeatable com-

bination for the Canadians in the feature game. Robertson stopped three-quarters of the All-Star rushes with a punishing body check and on the few occasions he missed Dunne easily smothered the shots.

Swan Gets First Goal

Robertson also set up the play for the opening score, intercepting a pass at his own blue line and carrying through the defense to lay a perfect pass on Frank Swan's Stick. Swan's hard shot caught the corner of the cage as Bob Mang was unable to move fast enough to cover the opening.

Frank Sutter, who was part of the first period show of fisticuffs with Sal Graziani, accounted for the second tally, in the second period, and completed the scoring with another in the third period, each against a different goalie. Sam Rasminsky split the defense and gave Sutter a clean shot on Jim Bondgren for second goal, but Sutter soloed the length of the rink for the third.

The few scoring opportunities afforded the All-Stars were picked out of the air by Dunne or missed the cage entirely. The Lorenzo line of Wright, Haywood and Murdock had chances in the first and third periods. Desmond had a clean shot in the third as did Beauvais. In the second period Bow Lawler, Ed Lennon and Al Leous of Bowmans had chances, and Johnny Lock and Jim Breuil of Frontiers also were in on goal.

All-Stars (0)	(3) R.C.A.F.
B. Mang, g	g. Dunne
Boles, rd	rd, Robertson
Kramer, ld	ld, Scott
Haywood, c	c, Sutter
Murdock, rw	rw, Rasminsky
Wright, lw	lw, Schwan

All-Star alternates: Ferguson, Desmond, House, Irish, Marshall, Krell, Pasch, lint, Ries, Delaney, G. Bondgren, Weglewski, Graziani, San Jule, Leous, Lawler, Lennon, Belsler, Kerrvish, Brueil, Lock, Aschebacher, Murchie, J. Bondgren, Price, Stockton, Melbrod, Leverence. R.C.A.F. alter-

nates, Sibley, Harber, McCaig, Referee, Whitey Fields; linesman, Don Havlish.

First period scoring: Schwan, (Robertson), 2.36. Penalties, Boles, Graziani (major), Sutter, (minor).

Second period scoring: Sutter (Rasminsky), 2.56. Penalties, none.

Third period scoring: Sutter (un-assisted), 7.28. Penalty, Delaney. Boys, it was a swell game, the Station team played inspired hockey and seemed untiring. Everyone played a stellar game and the final outcome was never in doubt. Just to keep everything serene they scored one goal in each period, and against each of the three opposing goal keepers.

Ovation after ovation soared to the rafters, about five storeys above the rink, and the spectators were heard to remark, "This was one of the finest exhibitions of hockey played in Buffalo for a long time."

With the game over and in the bag the travellers dispersed. The players adjourned to Lorenzo's, one of the finest restaurants in Buffalo, where they were royally entertained at supper. The rest had to fend for themselves. Some accompanied the team, others received invitations to private homes and some just disappeared.

One of the boys had a hard time tearing himself loose from some female entanglement.

In the evening there was dancing at the U.S.O. (United Service Organization.) A few went to see another hockey game and rumors reach the writer that a few went to a burlesque show (tch! tch!).

Everywhere courtesy and hospitality, maybe even a little too much of the latter, but, Oh! boy! what a swell time!

Midnight came all too soon, and with it the call to part. In twos and threes the boys came wandering back to the bus terminal to board the chariot for the return journey. A hard parting for some (fast workers). Well, even the best of things come to an end, and the best of friends will have to part.

Again over the Peace Bridge and back on Canadian soil once more. Only a short stop this time at the border. Homeward bound most are sleeping and the landscape flashes by unnoticed.

Three a.m. and home safely, a tired but happy crew. Unloading was quickly accomplished, and then a well-earned rest.



Substantially proportioned lady: "Young man, I am a physical culture instructor. I want to buy a pair of bloomers to wear around my gymnasium."

New Clerk: "Yes, ma'am, how big is your gymnasium?"

SPORTS

PARADE

Hockey Team Takes Three Straight Games

JARVIS DEFEATED 12 - 4 — BRANTFORD WHITE-WASHED IN FINAL

After defeating Jarvis 12 to 4, the station hockey team travelled to Hamilton to take the Brantford team into camp and hand Tommy Dunn his first shut-out of the season.

The game started a little slow and was somewhat disorganized at the start, but the boys soon got going and after about seven minutes of play Rasminsky scored the first counter on a pass from Robertson, who carried the puck the whole length of the ice and passed beautifully for the score. Again a few minutes later he broke through, taking a hard shot which Appleton barely cleared, Sibley taking the rebound and converting. Before the end of the period Suter scored twice more, with Rasminsky getting an assist on each.

In the second period Robertson

again came from behind his own blue line, evading the defence, passed to Sibley and took the return pass for score number five. Rasminsky, from behind his own net, went through the whole opposing team, packed a hard shot and again Appleton was helpless.

In the last stanza Rasminsky, who seemed unbeatable and untiring, scored twice more, one assist going to Suter and the other to Schwan.

F/O Chant acted as referee, and despite lack of practice blew a swell whistle.

Hagersville: Dunne, Robertson, Elwin, Suter, Rasminsky, Schwan, Sibley, McCaig and Harber.

Brantford: Appleton,* Bryson, Slack, Mosley, McGinnis, Brownfield, Yorth, Shortt, Wagman, Judd and Liscombe.

Assault Team Shows Well at Western "U"

"GRUNT AND GROAN" BOYS AND BOXERS MAKE EXCELLENT SHOWING AGAINST COLLEGE TEAM

On Tuesday evening, March 10, a boxing and wrestling team from No. 16 S.F.T.S. gave a good account of themselves against a better trained team from the University of Western Ontario in London. There were four boxing bouts and four wrestling bouts, and the University defaulted a boxing bout in the 160 lb. class, much to the disappointment of A. Storge from the Station who is without doubt one of our finest boxers and practically a certain winner.

The meet started off with a heavyweight wrestling bout between C. Hunt from the Station and D. Cree from Western. Cliff, a veteran wrestler, put up a strong fight but found a disadvantage of 35 lbs. a little too great for him, and was finally defeated by two falls.

The second bout proved the best encounter of the evening, with Joe Barboise of the R.C.A.F. giving Gus Collucci a tough go before Collucci got the only fall in 8.58. Previous to this it appeared that Barboise would win the bout, but Collucci had too much experience and a little more condition, which proved to be the deciding factors.

Dick Freeman, in the 155 lb. class, gave Jack Gunn of Western several anxious minutes, but lacked experience and finally was defeated by two falls. Red Cummings of the R.C.A.F. took the only bout from Western, defeat-

ing Charlie Crewe on a decision. Both wrestlers were very cautious and appeared frightened to get in close.

Welter Gerow Wins
In the 145 lb. class in boxing Bill Gerow of the R.C.A.F. quite easily disposed of Max Kaminsky. Both boys put up a great fight but Kaminsky couldn't cope with Gerow's hard left, which found his jaw on many occasions. Max Axford, of Western, scored the only knockout of the evening, flooring Mac McLellan of the Air Force, in the second round. The fight opened cautiously but late in the first round Axford counted with a straight right to floor McLellan for the count of nine. In the second round he counted again with two rights to knock McLellan out.

L. George, of the R.C.A.F., defeated Jack Young of Western, in the 135 lb. class. The two boys were evenly matched but George proved the more aggressive of the two and won a close decision by his aggressiveness and willingness to mix it up.

The feature boxing attraction of the evening, Risk v. Grant, was a great setto right from the start. Risk, the younger man, was in splendid condition and managed to keep the veteran Grant on the defensive for most of the bout, and finally won by a close decision. Both fighters were strong defensively and covered up well in the clinches.

Inter-Unit BOWLING

The inter-unit bowling league is now well under way and shields for the winners should be on display at the alleys by the time this paper is published. Starting from the week March 9 shields will be given each week for the high single game score, the high three game average, and a hidden score average. Shields will also be presented to the high scorer for the season, and high three-game average for the season, and the team winning the league. The high single game up to date is held by A. Jennings of No. 2 Squadron with 326, and the high three-game average by T. Forrest or No. 2 Squadron with 249. The team standing to the week ending March 14 is as follows:

	Won.	Lost	Def.	Pts.
Headquarters	13	2	0	31
No. 2 Squad.	12	3	0	28
No. 1 Maint.	11	4	0	23
Officers	6	6	3	14
Equipment	5	7	3	11
No. 2 Maint.	4	5	6	10
No. 1 Squadron	4	5	6	9
Pay and Accts.	2	7	6	5

Usher at the Granada: How far down do you wish to sit, lady?
Lady: all the way, of course.

REGAH THEATRE

HAGERSVILLE, ONT.

MARCH 30, 31, APRIL 1
ALICE FAYE,
CARMEN MIRANDA
JOHN PAYNE
—in—

"WEEK END IN HAVANA"

APRIL 2, 3, 4
GEORGE FORMBY
and DOROTHY HEPSON
—in—

"ON THE BEAT"

APRIL 6, 7, 8
Double Feature
"DUMBO"

Newest: WALT DISNEY Work and
JOHNNY DOWNS
MARIA MONTEZ
MERRY MACS
—in—

"MOONLIGHT IN HAWAII"

APRIL 9, 10, 11
"INTERNATIONAL SQUADRON"
Starring RONALD REAGAN
as the Reckless Eagle

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We Specialize with Our Kitchen

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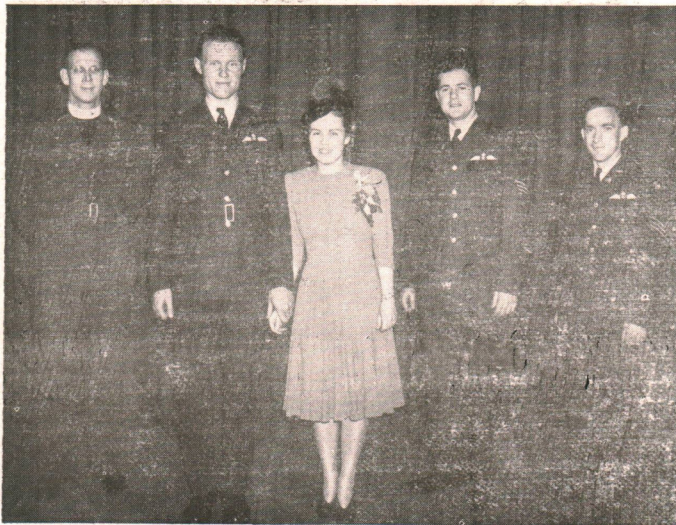
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PHONE 38r2



First Airman's Wedding Solemnized at Station

Friday, February 27, was an eventful day in the history of No. 16 S.F.T.S. Yes! It was the day that Group Captain G. S. O'Brian pinned the wings on the chests of Class 42. Little did we think at that time it was to be his last as C.O. of the station. But that Wings Parade is memorable for other reasons too. Cupid seems to have been very busy with a number of the lads in this course sometime earlier in their career, and Wings Parade was the signal for a rush with marriage licenses. We don't know exactly how many, but several of the class shyly asked and received permission from the C.O. to take to themselves a new responsibility in the form of a wife. William Howard Davis was the one who made history for the station, by refusing to wait more than an hour after the Wings Parade to have the Gordian knot tied right here on the station. He is the first airman to have started the matrimonial venture from the steps of the opera house chapel. This he did by marrying a charming young lady in the person of

Miss Ella Monica St. Jean, who hails from the western part of Canada. The only witnesses to the event were two classmates of Davis, namely L. P. Commerford and P. K. Chambers. Nevertheless the job was quickly and neatly done by the station padre, and the accompanying picture is evidence that the young couple started off happily on their wedding trip to the West. We will be able to keep an eye on them for a time at least, since Davis was fortunate enough to draw a commission. He will be posted at Dunnville following his honeymoon, and we hope that bride and groom will come back to No. 16 S.F.T.S. as often as possible.

It's funny, but an awful lot of couples who burn the candle at both ends sit in the dark.

TOO, TOO TRUE!

It is said that the original lie detector was made out of the rib of a man.

Personality Parade

Flight Lieutenant Brennan

He was sitting perkily attired in a "teddy-bear" at his office desk the day I interviewed him, looking less like the alert, conscientious, brisk young officer whom I had seen on other occasions than anything I can now think of—(Flight Lieut. Brennan, supervising night flying, into the cold winter dawns as Ansons flew overhead and the same Brennan, early the next morning, without an ounce of sleep, in the flight rooms making arrangements for the morning flights)—and when I suggested that we would like to get a little bit about him for our next issue, he smiled ingratiatingly, "Shucks, you haven't got anything to write about me"; and in his ever word there was that quality of self-effacement and modesty that are the true traits of a genuine leader and a sincere personality. It was soon easy to comprehend the high esteem in which he has been held both among the officers and men, over the past months he has been on this Station.

Born in Summerside, P.E.I., in 1916, "Art" claims he "inherited an ambition" which as it happened was in the photography business. He said that he was never "mildly interested in the Air Force until the fall of 1939," at which time he went to Moncton, N.B., to enlist, as there was no recruiting centre on the island. Previous to enlistment, he had waited for his own regiment, the P.E.I. Light-Horse Cavalry, to mobilize, but as nothing came of it, and he was determined to be in there at the start, the Air logically followed.

Training at Trenton in the spring of 1940, he was under the command of the then Squadron Leader G. S. O'Brian, A.F.C., soon to become Wing Commander, and at present Group Captain and, incidentally, Commanding Officer of No. 16 S.F.T.S. On getting his wings, at Trenton, Charles Arthur Brennan was appointed to the rank of Pilot Officer. Months of instructing followed at such name stations as Camp Borden, Brantford, and finally Hagersville. As a matter of fact he was one of the inveterate pioneers on this Station, coming here when it was but a wilderness in early August of '41.

New Horizons

And now he is off again, to a new and greater wilderness. He told us he had high hopes for this Station, and was very proud to have at one time been a part of it. Both his brothers are overseas, Bob, a Sergeant Pilot and Bill a Flying Officer.

His immediate plans, of course, constitute getting this thing over with, and as for future plans, he states he'd like to continue flying but "doesn't plan on it."

As I rose to go, he was queried on his hobbies, and he laughed. "Living," he said. And I think that's a pretty big hobby, don't you?"

A man we know neglected his account with his laundress for months. Finally he found this note among his clean clothes:

"Dear Sir: You have owed me six dollars for four months. If you do not pay the whole by next week, I will put too much starch in your collars. Cordially, Mrs. Smith."

Group Captain G. S. O'Brian Relinquishes Command

(Continued from Page One)

and the new commanding officers, shook hands and signed the proper transfer of command papers.

Wing Commander Harding's first act as the new commanding officer of No. 16 S.F.T.S. was to lead the entire personnel in a hearty "three cheers" for Group Captain O'Brian. With this, the group captain left the parade square, and Wing Commander Harding spoke briefly in his first talk to the officers and men. He said, "This great station is Group Captain O'Brian's 'baby,' and he is very proud of it. I am determined that he shall always feel that way, no matter where he is. With your co-operation, we shall achieve this end."

The ceremony was all but at an end. The officers had left the parade square, and then the men. The shouting and the ceremony had died, but one thing yet remained to do. Later in the day Group Captain O'Brian's flag was lowered from the parade square and Wing Commander Harding's flag raised. And a rite, both touching and brilliant, touching in its significance and brilliant in its ceremony, was at an end. Officially, there was much that had been done. But to each man alone but one thing had been done. He had bid farewell to one great leader, and at the same instant welcomed another.

Airmen's Tribute

(Continued from Page 1)

and appreciative, alert and knowing.

And so wherever and whenever it was, whatever the occasion or place, you were in there pitching. Always doing much more than the big demanded and turning all things, however high the obstacle, into a success.

In these trying days, you have been a great example and inspiration to us, sir. For we have not been with discouragements, nor, and particularly we of the ground trades, without our long hours of boredom and longing for the thing to be at an end.

And now Group Captain O'Brian, this is "So long" for now. Your last parade is now another warm memory, and by the time this reaches print you may be far along the way to your new destination and your new command. But before our parting salute we'd like to express ourselves in the words of one young airman who, the day he heard you were leaving, said: "It always seemed that as long as he was here, you felt there was someone in the crowd pulling for you, and caring just a little what you did." And we think he's summed up our feelings pretty well.

Bon Voyage, Sir! And good luck, until we meet again.

AN AIRMAN.

The tramp approached the door marked "Dr. Roberts" and knocked. A lady answered the summons and he inquired politely: "Has the Doc an old pair of pants or two, that he could let me have, misses?"

"No," the lady answered sweetly, they wouldn't fit you."

"Are you sure?" he questioned.

"Quite sure," was the reply.

"I'm the doctor."

Nothing is as helpless as a fat girl in a rumble seat, unless it's the airman with her.

McColl's Rexall Drug Store

AIR FORCE STATIONERY, NOTE BOOKS, ETC.

Unique Photo Finishng

Opposite Market —PHONE 69— Hagersville

McCOLL'S SODA BAR

Next to McColl's Drug Store
COFFEE AND DOUGHNUTS

—OR—
HOT CHOCOLATE AND WAFERS

Come One! Come All!

NEW CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENTS

"CAM-GLAM" CONTEST

Hear ye! Hear ye! This is the thing we've been telling you about. So get out those cameras. We're calling it a "Cam-Glam" Contest so that you'll get an idea of the kind of pictures we want. What kind? Any kind! You shoot. We print. Here are the rules. So on your mark, get set —CLICK!

1. The contest opens April 1st, 1942, and will continue for the next four issues—approximately two months, and one picture will be chosen every two weeks for publication in the semi-monthly issue.
2. Entry fee will be ten (10) cents, and entrants are limited to entering one picture for each two weeks that the contest runs.
3. Deadline for Series One will be Thursday, April 3, 1942. On that date, of the snaps you have had developed, we will choose one to run in the next issue of the Albatross. We will pay for the developing and printing of the picture chosen.

4. All other entries will be put on exhibit in the Station Opera House.
5. All entries must be submitted to Fred Hill at the Y.M.C.A. office.
6. At the conclusion of the contest a grand prize will be offered by the Albatross to the prize-winning picture of the pictures published.
7. Another grand prize will be given to the picture judged best by the Airmen in a vote by ballot, of those on exhibition in the Opera House.
8. All pictures must be taken off the Station. There is a law against taking any pictures on this station.
9. Further information may be obtained from Fred Hill at the "Y" office daily, or from LAC McCreath in the Control Tower Orderly Room.
10. Let's get really interested in this thing, kids. And quickly. It'll be deadline time before you know it. Let's all be "Cam-Glammers."



AXIS PARTNER

Missing Letter Contest

Beginning with this issue the editors and advertising manager of the Albatross are innovating a missing letter contest. Prizes will be given each week for the winning solutions. Neatness and novelty will count, and the decision of the judges will be final.

Rules

1. Each week the judges will select the name of one advertiser.
2. In some of the ads, a letter will be missing, e.g., "Phone might be misspelled "Pone," so the missing letter is "h." All the missing letters together will form the name of a designated

advertiser.
 3. Entries must reach the Y office not later than Thursday, April 2.
 Entries must describe in what advertisement the letters were missing. For instance: "h" out of Phone in Kett's Taxi ad, etc.
 The name selected for this issue is:
GRANT'S GRILL
 Two full course meals at the above restaurant will be the prize for the lucky winner of the first contest. Just think! A full course meal for two, with everything from Soup to Nuts included.

ATTENTION AIRMEN:

Grants Grill and Soda Bar

FULL COURSE MEALS OR TASTY LUNCHES

Remember Your Mother's Cooking

OPEN FOR THE IGH T HAWKS

WATCH THE MISSING LETTER COMPETITION

PHONE 67

KING STREET WEST

WINGER'S JEWELRY STORE

— HAGERSVILLE —

EVERYTHING IN JEWELRY GIFTS

WATCHES, DIAMOND AND WEDDING RINGS

Expert Watch and Jewelry Repairin

C. E. WINGER, Manager

A bachelor is a man who never got around to marrying in his youth and has got around it ever since.

She was only a gearmaker's daughter but she could outstrip them all.

Family Affair

"How's your father?"
 "Oh, him alright."
 "How's your mother?"
 "Oh hers alright."
 "Dear me! Your grammer is terribly bad."
 "Yes, rheumatics."

When she first met him she thought he was just what the doctor ordered. "Yeah! now she thinks he is just a pill."

Post Mortem

"So your husband's death was due to a broken heart?"
 "Yes, if he hadn't broken mine I wouldn't have shot him."

Elderly lady (about to go up for an airplane ride).

"Oh, Mr. Pilot, you will bring me back alright, won't you?"
 Pilot: "Yes indeed, madam. I've never left anybody up there yet."

Get Behind Me

Mother: "What are you doing in the pantry, Tommy?"
 Tommy: "Fighting temptation, mother."

The promotion manager of radio station WWL in New Orleans addressed a beautifully simple letter to delinquent clients:

"Dear Mr. —: Will you please send us the name of a good lawyer in your community? We may have to sue you. Yours very truly . . ."

Air Force recruit: "Say, look at the horrible insignia on the side of that plane."

Old timer: "Shh, not so loud. That's the Squadron Leader looking out the window."

The Best Form

"My missus is forever talking about race horses."
 "Well, that's not the worst form of nagging."

Don't Insult the Police

A man in an automobile, who was stopped by a policeman for speeding, became very angry and called the cop an ass. After he paid his fine, the judge reproved him for what he had said to the officer.

"Then I mustn't call a policeman an ass," he said.

"Certainly not," said the judge. You must not insult the police."
 "But you wouldn't mind if I called an ass a policeman, would you?"

"Why, no, if it gives you any satisfaction," answered the judge with a slight smile.

The motorist turned to the policeman who had arrested him and said, "Good day, policeman."

As snug as a bug in a rug—
 A common expression, you mug;
 But a bug in a rug
 Is never so snug
 As a lad and a lass in a hug.

The pompous judge glared over his spectacles at the tattered prisoner, who had been dragged before the bar of justice on a charge of vagrancy.

"Have you ever earned a dollar in your life?" asked the judge.
 "Yes, yer 'oner," was the quick response, "I voted for you at the

It's A Great Life!

Dear Friend,

I am very enthusiastic about army life. We lie in bed every morning till 5 o'clock. This, of course, gives us plenty of time to get washed, dressed, make our bunks, etc. by 5:10. At 5:15 we stand outside and shiver while somebody blows a bugle. After we are reasonably chilled we grope our way through the darkness to the mess hall. Here we have a hearty breakfast consisting of an unidentified liquid and a choice of white or rye crusts. . . . After gorging ourselves with this delicious repast we waddle our way slowly back to the tents. We have nothing to do until 7:30 so we just sit around and scrub toilets, mop the floors, wash the windows, and pick up all the cigarette butts within 200 feet of the tents.

Soon the Sergeant says, "Come out in the sun kids," so we go out and bask in the wonderful Missouri sunshine—of course we stand in six inches of mud. To limber up we do a few simple calisthenics like touching our toes with both feet off the ground and grabbing yourself by the hair and holding yourself out at arms length.

At 8 o'clock we put on our light packs and start walking toward the hills. The light packs include a gun, bayonet, canteen, fork, knife, spoon, and meat can, cup, shaving kit, fire extinguisher, ten pins, pup tent, rain coats, cartridge belt, first aid kit, rope, tent pole, hand axe, small spade, and a few other negligible items. Carrying my light pack I weigh 297½ lbs. (I weighed 165 when I left home). So you see how easy it is to romp and play in the mountains.

An observation car follows as we climb the mountains and picks up the fellows who faint. The boys who fall out in the mountain climbing are treated very nice. They are given 6 months in the guard house, but do not have to face a court martial.

At 12 o'clock those who can limp to the Infirmary (At the Infirmary patients are divided into two classes, those who have athlete's foot and those who have colds). If you have a cold they paint your throat with iodine and those who have athlete's foot they paint your feet with iodine. Anyone who claims he has neither a cold or athlete's foot is sent to the guard house for impersonating an Officer.

I am very popular at the Infirmary. I tell them I have both a cold and athlete's foot. What I really have is gastric ulcers, but I know when to keep my mouth shut.

Well, that is all I have time to write. I've got to rush to the mess hall. We're having hominy tonight. Oh Boy!

Best regards,
(unsigned)

Let the farmer forever be honored in his calling; for they who labor in the earth are the chosen people of God.

—Thomas Jefferson.

Forty is the old age of youth; fifty is the youth of old age.

—Victor Hugo.

However dull a woman may be, she will understand all there is in love; however intelligent a man may be, he will never know but half of it. —Madame Fee.

BRITAIN'S WOMEN'S AUXILIARY AIR FORCE TECHNICIANS



At camp in the West of England, a section of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force personnel are undergoing a course of training to qualify them as electricians. This work is of a very intricate nature and the girls are proving themselves very skilful on the job.

In this photograph, British sailors and members of the W.A. A.F. train side by side as electricians.

SOLDIER'S WIFE

By ONE OF THEM

At first it had been exciting. The dear familiar face above the strange new uniform, yet with a subtle sternness of expression—purposeful, perhaps.

You had felt a certain pride; a pleasant conspicuousness in public places together those early months, when people still turned to look at a uniform. Once you had secretly thought people stole a second glance at you. Now glamor had suddenly descended on your husband, but reflected glory proved stimulating too.

With orders to live in barracks your carefree married existence ceased. Meals together at home took on a new significance. You planned special menus, laid out your best china and linen, lit candles, and made a memory. Every moment together must be perfect, for the shadow of separation was lengthening. How poignant to be aware of happiness at the time and how unique.

Two weeks leave after six months of service. The blessed reprieve from thoughts of war, in a strange and beautiful setting. A second honeymoon, a breathing space and then—off to camp.

For you, a rented room in a nearby town alive with soldiers. A friendly town whose people helped pass pleasantly the days which stretched into weeks, almost two months. It was like engagement days again. You listened for a phone call, met for dinner, parted on the doorstep, but with heartfelt gratitude that you could still meet.

Each week end might be the last. You noticed the sky, the trees, the flowers. Your senses seemed turned to beauty, as though there would be no loveliness when you were alone. The last week-end was a dream. You were gay, you laughed. The next to the last day you blessed each other and made promises. The last day, you choose to forget.

Back home, or was it home, the days were long, the nights were endless. A personal feeling developed toward the postman. A familiar envelope, and he was a friend; no letter, and you unjustly felt that he was to blame. Three months alone with the past was enough, then back to the welcoming arms of your parents.

It was a wrench to break up your first home with its associations—the memory of friends gathered around your fireside—that last week end when there had been toasts and tears. Now you were with loved ones who would do anything in the world for your happiness, but your happiness is across the sea.

You knit, you sew for the Red Cross, you listen avidly to the news, and you write innumerable letters, cheerful letters because you are so proud of him and promised to be brave. It seems like a futile existence. You are living in a vacuum, but you keep on living because some day, some day, life will begin again.—Chate-laine, January, 1942.

Just because your wife kisses you every time you get home, don't think that's affection. That's investigation.

What's the trouble, lady?"

"They say I have a short haircut? Well, can you lengthen it while I wait?"

Bill Jones' Sandwich Shop

HAGERSVILLE BRIGHT SPOT

We Extend Our Welcome to the Air Women of the R.C.A.F. Division

Meals, Lunches Neilson's Ice Cream

YOU WILL ENJOY OUR SUNDAES OR
MALTED MILKS

Courteous Service Pleasant Surroundings

NO PERSON EMPLOYED IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT
LIABLE TO MILITARY SERVICE

BILL JONES, Proprietor

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ESTABLISHED 8 YEARS

NATURELE PERMANENTS, \$3.50 AND \$5.00

Finger Waving, Shampooing, Haircutting

Phone 33 for Appointment

Next Door to Bill Jones Sandwich Shop

A TYPICAL WORKING DAY

An eerie sound wails through the barracks; electric lights and human eyes blink open almost simultaneously. Pleasant cursing and gentle mutterings are heard as the early party happily vacates the bunks.

Everywhere merry "Good morning" greetings are thrown. One can readily see the sheer anxiety of the crew to get to work.

After a hasty breakfast and moru-parade, there is a mad scramble for the hangar. Doors are flung open and the planes move out with greased lightning efficiency, propelled mainly by that human dynamo, Jackson.

After they are all out on the line, Rosenblat starts every one, without exception. The air crew take over and the bombers roar away.

Instantaneously there is a cloud of dust and we find a group of coverall technicians huddled together in a cubby hole. The conversation naturally drifts into a rather delicate, and sensitive subject: Women.

Fritz Crespan eyes the group dangerously as he croaks, "Cut the subject, fellows, what do you know Cheetaks?"

Hoffman answers his cue stating, "opening the throttle of an aircraft didn't aid starting." He stresses the importance of conserving energy for emergencies, and that the extra effort in pushing throttle ahead would sap the much-needed energy.

Hill, the red-headed cowboy, can be heard shouting wildly at Wood and Richer about the grand civilization of the Golden West. Wood yaps his disapproval and claims the east is the best. Richer calls them both mad fools, claiming the north country, where red-blooded men on snow shoes run behind dog teams uttering the cultured words of "Mush, mush" the far superior to the other two.

Their conversation is interrupted by the hound of Baskerville. His soulful eyes seemed to suggest a sensitive, poetic violin lover—who in reality is a bristling, ferocious specimen of electrified manhood. In his hand is a birthday gift for Tallant. Tallant unwraps the parcel. His eyes suddenly go wild with joy. He momentarily becomes hysterical, quivering with great happiness. Tears of gratitude stream down his face as he gazes with admiration at a beautiful Prince Edward Island herring.

Amid the excitement a bomber taxis into sight. Burnette, Hoffman and Jackson whirl towards it, tending to its care.

Handforth removes a mirror from his pocket and smiles into it with loving adoration. "Gee, I'm good looking and intelligent." Then he proceeds to prove that perpetual motion has been discovered by babbling steadily, without taking time out for breath.

Daylight turns into night. A brown puff of smoke dramatically appears, signifying that flying is washed out for the day.

Again the perfect co-operation is noted. Every technician working with skill and daring perform their different duties. Some are perched atop dangerously high heights of the Anson's wings, filling the gas tanks of the thirsty birds. Others are rolling the bombers back to the hangar for their nightly rest. Doors are closed, daily inspections are done and L14 are signed.

Corporal Galbraith walks around and smiles at each man individually. That is all the reward they ask, as they line up to be marched back.

There is a slight delay as LAC B.O. B.O. Johnstone battles it out with LAC Newby about who was going to be the marker for the squad. Both hotly claim leadership of flight and modestly admit that F Flight would collapse without their valuable assistance.

But the courageous corporal parts the two men and flings them back into line. Orders are given to march off and the men sing at the top of their voices, expressing sheer happiness as they move into the stillness of the night.

LOUIS ROSENBLAT

FLIGHT TALK

Here's a little intelligence test for you, and when completed you can find your I.Q. rating. If its below 40 per cent. we'll have to ship you down to A flight. Well, the idea is this: by reading a spot of conversation as might be heard in the flight, you are to identify the speaker. The first prize will be a lifetime meal ticket to the air-men's mess, second prize, a sight-seeing trip around the runways, and consolation prize, a permanent 10.15 pass. 1. "Oh, yes, Sergeant. I'll go to to the canteen." 2. "Now matrimony has its good points." 3. "I had to come down because I had (a) one engine, (b) no gas, (c) no flaps, (d) it was Mk. 111 anyhow." 4. "Some of my best friends are Indians." 5. "Ah don't really say, but there go mha chances foah a commission. Ah'll get married, anyhaow, to mah little bug, not naming no names, and we'll raise ochre and children." 6. "Make mine rum and coke." 4. "I want three men to volunteer. You, you and you."

THE

Roving Reporter

CHEERFULNESS

BIG NOTE IN ENGLAND

He was resting after the evening meal, and he simply couldn't understand why anyone would want to interview him. He hadn't much to tell.

But we got talking nevertheless. His name is Ben Galfskiy, and he was born in Leeds, Yorkshire, in 1917, and hopes to graduate with Class 46 sometime next month. He likes Canada very much, but misses the homeland.

But these were conventional questions. Now about the personal angle? What had he worked at in England, what was England like now, what impressed him most about Canada? This was why I had come to Galfskiy for an interview. And after a while the barriers of politeness broke down and we were chatting, amiably about a million things.

Ben worked in the Air Ministry before joining His Majesty's forces—as an instrument tester in technical photography.

He has only praise for his countrymen and admits that we have

made a few mistakes. "But they are human, aren't they?" he added. He had special praise for the youngsters of Britain whose fortitude and courage through the most terrifying of "blitz nights" was an inspiration to many of the older ones.

The "cinemas" are once again going full time, after a long period of no night performances, and "Gone With the Wind," Ben claims is still running to packed houses. Big song hit of the winter season in England was "I Don't Want to Set the World On Fire," and numerous other ditties, which Ben says we never hear over here.

A former American movie star, Bebe Daniels, and her hubby, Ben Lyon, are two musical-comedy favorites in England at the moment, along with, of course, the inimitable, beloved "Gracie."

Canada Apathetic?

Ben is impressed by the lack of interest in the war shown by the general public in Canada, but his confidence in the ultimate outcome is very definite and very brief. He thinks there are hard times still ahead but that an offensive of great magnitude is something that cannot be scoffed at in the almost immediate future.

He thinks Canadian girls care more for "dress" than English girls, and therefore are nicer-appearing. He thinks they are more friendly, too. His favorite pastime is fishing. But not that kind

of fishing, girls. Ben is married, and incidentally can hardly wait for the day that will let him get back 'ome.

We all look to that day, Ben, and with God's blessing and our own determination, that day will not be too far off.

KETT'S TAXI
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DAY and
NIGHT
PHONE
54

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BOXING LESSONS

Well, how are the Jack Dempseys and Gene Tunneys progressing with last week's lessons? Now that you have acquired the fundamentals of boxing, we will now go right ahead and get into it a little deeper.

FOOTWORK I consider is one of the most important assets to a boxer; no boxer is complete without a sound knowledge of footwork.

TO ADVANCE—move quickly forward with the left foot (but of course if you are a natural southpaw you would reverse the lead, that applies to all instructions) bringing the right foot up with a sharp One! Two! Practice this until the barest fraction of a second elapses between putting down the left and following with the right foot.

TO RETIRE—Reverse the advance movement by letting the right foot go back with the left following as quickly as possible. It is important to remember here that whilst footwork is in progress the hands must be kept up in a fighting position, with balance equally distributed on each foot.

SIDE STEPPING—This is rather difficult to perform at the right time but must be practiced a great deal. This movement is carried out in order to make a rushing opponent miss badly, and is simply an easy move to the left or right. To move to the left, let the left foot go to the left, with the right foot following; a slight turn of the body assists in this movement. By this movement an opponent has not only been evaded but has also been put on the blind side of the mover.

To sidestep to the right, reverse the order of the movement described. It must be remembered that whichever foot leads first the other must follow immediately. Any amount of time spent on footwork is not wasted. It must be mastered, because once it is thoroughly learnt the other technique of boxing is much more easily mastered. Devote a great deal of time to footwork.

Now that you have acquired the proper stance, moving around, footwork and side-stepping, we will go into our first lesson in punching.

Straight left is the most important punch, and the most difficult to master. This movement is more of a point scorer than a knockout blow, but it is the first punch the pupil must learn.

Step in quickly, at the same time sending out a stinging left-hand punch at the opponent. The right hand should be protecting the chin and the right side of the body, with the chin tucked well down into the shoulder. When the punch is landed the left arm should be straight from the shoulder with all the weight behind it. The impact of the punch

is taken with the knuckle part of the glove. The glove of the right hand is now slightly open, to be ever ready to block.

When sending out the straight left straighten the right leg and push of the ball of the right foot, but the feet must not be lifted off the floor.

After having landed the punch, step back immediately. Or if opponent is off balance from the punch, carry several more short left jabs and try to work in a hard right cross or straight right hand punch. The common faults when making this punch are: Over-reaching, putting the head down, taking the eyes off the opponent and not keeping the right elbow close to the right side.

These punches are best practised on a heavy punching bag or sand bag. A fast bag comes to a great advantage by developing speed of punching, timing, and keen eyesight.

I am pleased to see so many turn out, and after watching the performance of you lads, why I can see a lot of championship performers. But don't get discouraged. If you feel a little sore at the muscle the next day the best thing to do is go back again and work it off. Do not let yourself get stale; staleness makes one lazy and lose interest.

To prevent staleness, finish off with light exercise after a workout, do not let yourself cool off; get right in and have a good shower and keep warm for the rest of the night. I am sure you will sleep like a kitten, and feel great the next morning.

Keep up the good work, lads, and as soon as we get more equipment we will get into the pink of condition and put on our first station boxing show in the near future. By and by a visiting team will be welcome. Keep fit always.

TO CLASS 42

To Bill, and Tom and Rick and Ernie and Ralph, and the rest of you, we're missing you a heck of a lot and carrying on. Hoping you miss No. 16 just a little bit too, fellahs, an also hoping that someday, somewhere we'll be able to get together again.

Wherever you are and whoever you are, happy landing and a stiff upper lip.

We know that you will keep up the tradition of No. 16 S.F.T.S. and whether on active service or as instructor, give a good account count of yourself.

You worked hard to achieve your coveted wings and the whole station is proud of you.

Good luck to you all, and "Keep 'em flying."

TOUGH ON NO. 575

An English soldier wrote home: They put me in barracks; they took away my clothes and put me in khaki; they took away my name and made me No. 575; they took me to church, where I'd never been before, and they made me listen to a sermon for forty-five minutes. Then the minister opened his hymn book and said, "No. 575—Art Thou weary, Art Thou Languid?" and I got seven days in the guard house because I answered that I certainly was.

The Beauty Bar

Welcomes

THE C.W.A.A.F.

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AS YOUR UNIFORM

Phone 199 for Appointments

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