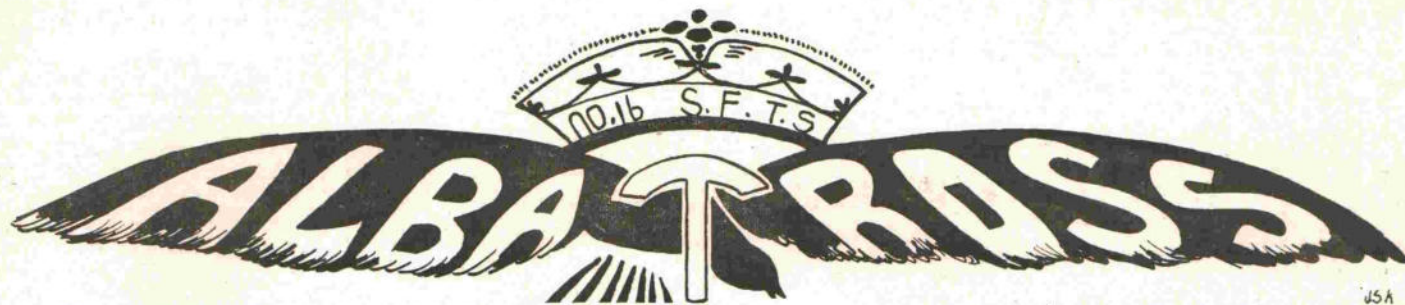


Dedicated To Wing Com. D. A. Harding, A.F.C.



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

VOL. 1, NO. 9.

Turn 'Em Out and Keep 'Em Flying

May 4, 1942

Our New C.O.



W/C D. A. HARDING, A.F.C.

By LAC J. T. McCreath

We still wonder how we made the interview for this issue. Naturally, we felt that it was only fitting if we were dedicating the issue to our new Commanding Officer, to get an interview with him. As a matter of fact, we anticipated it, by waiting for the C.O. to recover from his recent illness, by holding the press, and over a series of visits we were at long last able to get the interview for this paper.

Adventure has been the keynote of Wing Commander D. A. Harding's life, and he is a man of action rather than words. We mean to say, he gets things done. His entire career is indicative of this, and through a career that has held a set course through dynamic events, two great interests have dominated his life—physical fitness and modern technical progress, particularly in the aviation branch.

Born in Petrolia, Ontario, at the turn of the century, the Wing Commander enlisted in the Canadian Army in 1915, at the age of sixteen, going overseas as a sergeant and training there as a pilot in 1916. And so he got his "Wings" when most lads had not yet learned to drive a car. Commissioned in the summer of 1917, Wing Commander Harding flew with the R.A.F. under the gallant Col. Lawrence of Arabic fame.

He returned to Canada at the cessation of hostilities, in the fall of 1919, at which time he took a

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"OUR LOSS IS YOUR GAIN" Is Message From Belleville

Belleville, Ont., April 16, 1942.

No. 16 S.F.T.S.,
Hagersville, Ontario.

1. Wing Commander "Dave" Harding has gone but is not forgotten by remaining personnel at No. 5 I.T.S. Nor is it likely that he will forget the heavy responsibilities placed on him, nor the shortness of time allowed to establish an Initial Training School in the property previously occupied by the Ontario School for the Deaf, at Belleville, Ontario.

2. It is of great credit to him that on August 11, 1941, just eight days after the arrival of the advance party, the School was so organized as to permit the holding of regular classes in accordance with the syllabus of training, for the first entry which had reported in, four days earlier.

3. As a Canadian athlete of outstanding ability, much of his time was spent in the development of this side of the training at No. 5 I.T.S., as he knew from his own war service experiences in this and the last war, how dependent the fighting pilot, and all personnel of the long range bomber are, on their own strength, to meet and withstand the demands placed on them in the carrying out of their respective duties. With his backing, the initiative of his staff produced many new and advanced methods of instruction, training and organization which in no small measure have contributed to the enviable record set by No. 5 I.T.S.

4. We know that Wing Commander Harding's heart is in the flying end of training, and with his record this is only natural. Our loss, therefore, is No. 16 S.F.T.S. gain, and the best wishes for his continued success in the service go forward from all of No. 5 I.T.S. to the new Commanding Officer of the R.C.A.F. Station at Hagersville.

Commanding Officer

No. 5 I.T.S., Belleville, Ont.

Personality Parade



W/C R. BURNETT

Behind him is a career that spans three continents. A life that began in Bristol at the beginning of the century and is reaching its climax in Canada at the height of the greatest world conflict the world has ever known.

Interviewed in his office at the control tower recently, Wing Commander Robert Burnett, Chief Instructor at No. 16 S.F.T.S., Hagersville, stated quite modestly that he thought there was very little in his career that would possibly interest the reader. And yet the merest outline of his life, which seems to have just begun, causes the imagination to hunger for adventure and the "inner eye" to become alert for even a portion of the breathless tales he must be able to tell.

From his earliest years, there was a yearning for the speed and invention of our amazing 20th Century. For his first interests when he set himself on the destiny trail were motorcycle racing and engineering.

He was twenty when he joined the R.A.F. with the rank of Pilot Officer. It was the peaceful autumn of 1924, and he flew Mono Avros, Rotarys and Bristol Fighters—"and loved it from the start." Working together with the Army Co-Operational Squadrons, he was in England until the spring of 1926,

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THE ALBATROSS

Published with the kind permission of Wing Commander
D. A. Harding, A.F.C., Commanding Officer,
by the Hagersville Press.

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ARE YOU HAVIN' ANY FUN?

"Are you havin' any fun?

What cha gettin' out of livin'?"

These few lines of a recently popular song have been rolling around in what passes for our brain for quite a few days now. It kept up to the point where we did a little philosophizing along this train of thought.

The first conclusion we came to was that life—the time measured in minutes, hours, days, years that a person spends on this planet—had very little to do with the question of living. One individual can spend seventy years to all intents and purposes alive, but actually do very little living, while another individual can shuffle off what Shakespeare terms "This mortal coil," at twenty-one or two years and during that time have done a "heap" of living.

Perhaps living can be measured better by the number of experiences one has been through, rather than by the length of time one's heart has kept beating.

Then we thought of something else. Up until a few years ago, the average person's opportunities to participate in a variety of activities and experiences were very limited, but due to the recent easy availability of good books, good movies, educational radio programs and the advance of the motor-car, and fast, cheap railway travel all this has changed, particularly the first three things.

Today a person can go all over the world and take part in its major events by travelling no further than his own easy chair, and by going to no greater exertion than turning the dials of his radio or flipping the pages of a magazine. A visit to a movie-house once every week or so will, in the course of a year take him on greater voyages of discovery than Magellan or Columbus ever dreamed. Then, too, the world is just jammed with people whose lives have contained a variety of experiences which couldn't possibly be crowded into a dozen individual lives. How often have you talked or listened to them? They write books; they speak on radio programs; they talk either formally or informally at meetings of one form or another. Some of them live with you.

Then, too, if you want to get some breadth into your life, get to know some people with tastes, talents and abilities different than your own. You will learn a lot and be a much broader and better-informed individual for it, and so will they.

Remember, most of your pleasure in life comes through your brain. The brain is a muscle. Muscles don't break down through hard work. They get bigger and stronger.

So you'd like to do some living? Well, then, put a



CO-OPERATION

Co-operation means "working together to the same end." We need constant reminder that there is not a man or woman on this station who has any right to think of his own pet likes or dislikes, his or her own ambitions, aims or desires. We are not here to cater to our own ends, but to help win the the War. The War-effort will be advanced or retarded as we take this truth into our work in every section. We all know that every airport is made up of a great many sections, whose jobs are all directed towards the one end of training pilots for the difficult job they have ahead of them. But there must be first of all a complete harmony within the unit. If there is anything wrong where your work is, then don't criticize but DO something about setting it right. There must be that co-operation between the individuals and the unit itself. Then there must be a further harmony between the different units. Without that co-operation there will be bottle-necks, hard feelings, hard words, and inefficiency. The best way to overcome any lack of co-operation is by trying to understand the other fellow's difficulties and just how his work ties in with yours. Don't use a magnifying glass on the other fellow's faults and ignore your own. If we are all doing as much as we can and the best we can to make our jobs 100 per cent. efficient there will be little time left to pass judgment on what others are not doing. We hate Hitlerism regimentation, but the only way we can overcome it is by pulling all our weight in our own unit, and all units pulling together in REAL CO-OPERATION.

PADRE.

CONTRIBUTORS

All contributions and letters to the Albatross have to be signed, although in some instances names will only be used with the writer's permission.

A letter reached our office, with the writer daring us to print his epistle, but as he preferred to remain anonymous, we could not help but put his letter in the proper place, the waste basket.

The Albatross is for everybody on the station, and the editorial board will print anything of interest or articles of criticism, but all submissions have to be signed by the contributor.

THE EDITOR.

"Are you the man who cut my hair last time?"

"I don't think so, sir—I've only been here four months."



Y.M.C.A.

TEAM WORK

Some folks make life a Marathon,
That hard and lonely race,
The first man that attempted it
Died from the gruelling pace.
Don't make your life a Marathon,
Though you may reach the goal,
You won't be fit to welcome it;
Weigh well its awful toll.

And some make life a Hundred
Yards,
A race so quickly done,
That runners brest the finish tape,
so fast they beat the gun.
Don't make your life a Hundred
Yards,
Life has so much to give,
For you will find there is a kind
Of race you ought to live.

Just make your life a Relay Race,
Where others run with you,
You start, another takes the pace
You set, and carries through.
For life is not a Hundred Yards,
A Dash or Marathon,
The best race run is when each
one
Has helped his team along.
W. J. HOLLIDAY

TO OUR BOMBER CREWS

They roar across the flat green
field,
Then soar aloft to the blue above;
Behind is left the human soul,
It's joys, it's sorrows and it's love.
The man-made birds to their
whims do yield,
As they streak across our trem-
bling world.
They steel themselves to the tasks
ahead,
So the flags of freedom may be
unfurled;
They think of the living and re-
member the dead.
No longer are they men of flesh
and blood,
But rather savage minions of the
relentless Mars.
Discarded for the none their nor-
mal lives, bad or good.
Men with minds of monsters fly-
ing amid the scattered stars,
Destroyers, murderers, they de-
liver death unto the foe.
Our birdmen, like hawks and
eagles do their prey,
Disembowel the foreign strand
below;
Their eyes red rimmed as in their
hearts they say
A last farewell to comrades whose
blood trails thick across the
war-torn sky;
Some of them return: bloody, bat-
tered, but somehow conscious
of our approaching victory
For which so many have to serve
and die.
—By Rod. "Gunner" Buxton.

little work into it. Make a point of reading a good book now and again. Broaden out your radio listening beyond a steady diet of swing-band programs. Take in the four or five star movies whether you think you are going to like them or not. Develop the gentle art of social intercourse. Above all, realize that you have something to learn from the humblest individual you know. With a couple of months practice along these lines, you'll be having more fun than you ever thought possible.

And brother, you'll be living!

THE EDITOR

OUR NEW O.C.

(Continued from Page 1)



ALBA AD MAN
DOUGLAS GRANT

They'll only have to post a couple more good men from this station and we won't have a newspaper to write of. Latest postee is our aggressive, busy Advertising Manager, who in a way is perhaps most responsible for you getting your paper. He gets the advertising that pays for the paper. The more advertising he gets, the bigger the paper can become. Thus: no advertising, no paper. You see, it all revolves around him.

Doug Grant, of Pay and Accounts, was our advertising man—had been ever since the paper started six months ago. That is up until three weeks ago when D.A.P.S. (bless 'em) decided he was getting homesick and posted him nearer his old home town. About eight miles nearer. He is posted to Ottawa and the home-stead's somewhere around Peterborough. Wrong again. Ottawa was the home town. Lived there until he was eight, THEN he moved to Peterborough. But he's a Peterborough boy.

When Doug entered the business world he entered as book-keeper for the Goodwin Machine and Tool Company, where he worked for three years, and ended up by being general manager. Prior to enlistment he was employed in an accountant capacity with the Universal Milkery Supply of Peterborough.

He joined the R.C.A.F. May 16, 1941 and his tour of duty while it has not been large, has not been dull. From Toronto to Fingal to St. Thomas to Hagersville—incidentally, one of the pioneers here, coming in July, and now he's off to Ottawa, No. 17 Equipment Unit, Victoria Island, Ottawa, to be exact.

Likes Fishing

Doug's favorite sport, skating, took him to Hagersville many times during the winter season and made him a popular fellow with the village belles. He also canoes, fishes and hunts—he wouldn't tell us what.

Another aggressive young man Ross Hambley, also from Pay and Accounts, is taking over Doug's job. And he's digging right in there with the same confidence that Doug had and that the job required. To those swell fellows, on assuming new responsibilities, good luck, and may all your books balance, always.

LAC McCREATH

position with the Imperial Oil Company, being actively interested in the sporting faculties of the East at that time. It was in 1921 that he was enrolled at Queens University, studying Arts, Medicine. But the call of the skies was irresistible and he returned to the R.A.F. in 1924. Before leaving Queens, however, he had identified himself as a name that will always be associated in a football legend that recalls such names as Evans and Gladstone.

Two places stand out at the start as the focal points of the Wing Commander's career just as two interests have dominated his life, and the locales are Ottawa and Camp Borden. For it was at Ottawa that he again joined the Air Force in 1924, and from there he went to Camp Borden as a Flying Instructor in 1928.

Wing Commander Harding was responsible for introducing organized sport into the Air Force curriculum at Camp Borden that year, and at that time instituting a policy that he has continued to uphold down the years... and that is the policy based on the old motto of a "fit mind in a fit body." But more of that later.

Tour of Europe

Leaving Borden in 1928, the W/C went to England where he took a course at Central Flying School, and at this time sports, which have so completely complemented his Air Force career, again came to the fore when he became a member of the brilliant English hockey team that toured Europe so successfully in 1928 and '29.

It was in Berlin that Harding was given an opportunity to witness the results of the great Youth Movement that had sprung up in that country under the guidance of one Adolph Hitler. He was tremendously impressed by the physical fitness of the men, and their high standard of efficiency, but he sensed even at that distant day the preparedness and stamina in that country that would inevitably lead to aggression and conquest. The seed of Nazism was already planted in that great body of organized efficiency and technical progress.

It was to Camp Borden once more that the Wing Commander returned in 1930. Flying was still playing a subordinate roll in the Canadian scene of the early "thirties," and it was almost directly due to the unflinching faith and hard driving force of men in the R.C.A.F. like W/C Harding that the Air Service was carried on at all. For there was no thought of preparedness, and any talk of such things was but a voice in the wilderness.

Years in West

Then came the North-Western chapter in the Wing Commander's history. In 1930 he was a member of the famed Cessna group that made an epoch name for itself flying at the Cleveland Air Races. From Cleveland, there was a Canadian tour on stunt-flying, then Pacific Coastal Patrols, and once again Ottawa. This time he was attached to the Canadian Government Air Operational Branch and in this work the W/C was given an opportunity to do a great variety of flying jobs that were of immense value to a young man eager to learn the everything of flying. There was photographic survey work in the Arctic, air-mail and forest-fire patrols in the north country and a season or two sta-

(continued on page twelve)

Entertainment News

By Cpl. Balderer

Amateur Concert Unearths Some Excellent Talent

Thanks to the untiring efforts of LAC J. T. McCreath the audience at the opera house was presented with a rare treat, our own concert party.

Just to prove that there is untold talent on this station, a mere handful of boys and girls took the initiative and the result was entertainment plus.

Each act was received with wild acclaim and the applause was louder and longer than any visiting revue ever received.

Harry Harrison opened the program with a clever piano recital and vocal number followed by that dynamic bundle of personality, "Tiny" Reynolds, the pride of the airmen's mess, singing "Maria Allina" in a clear voice.

Baritone Dick Freeman rendered "Waterboy" and was called back for two encores.

Introducing variety into the show, "Kitty" Lincoln danced on to the stage in a streamlined tap routine to the acclaim of the spectators. Only years of training can produce a pair of nimble feet like Kitty's.

From the motherland, via "Class 52" rose the tenor voice of "Tiny" Anset accompanying himself at the piano.

Sam C. Cox, the hospital's con-

tribution to fame, went to town with a couple of comedy songs, aside from M.C.'ing the show in his inimitable way.

Peace River's (Alberta) gift to posterity, Florence Gardiner, with a mellow soprano voice, contributed much to the evening's entertainment, and London, Ont., may will be proud of their representative, Marie Lou O'Brien, whose rendition of "The Rosary" was well executed and very pleasing.

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous, Mary Ryerse, who by the way hails from our neighboring Simcoe, teamed with "Tiny" Anset for the final number of the program, a parody of "Annie Laurie" and "Coming Through the Rye," one of the highlights of the show, combining good voices with equally good comedy.

A mystery note entered during the evening, where from all the beautiful gowns? Are they W.D. issue?

A wonderful evening's entertainment, which could not be improved on, but much enlarged if more of the hidden talent of this station would come to the fore instead of hiding under a bushel.

Harry May was the accompanist and also merits much praise for his turn at the ivories.

"Scandals of '42" Big Hit

COLORFUL STREAMLINED REVUE

Featuring the Scandalettes of the Toronto Skating Club and a number of soloists, Sergt. Donn Hudson presented the personnel of this station with an evening of fun, frolic and entertainment with a capital "E." Adding more laurels to the already widely acclaimed popularity of the "Scandals of 42" in their 41st performance.

Donn himself a versatile master-showman, headlined the program with his nimble feet and hands, proving himself a dancer, comedian, magician and M.C. without peer.

The whole show was a streamlined revue, with vocals, accordion, guitar and violin solos interspersed with dance routines cleverly executed by the "Scandalettes," figure skating stars of the Toronto ice carnival.

A well-chosen menu, seriousness well spiced with comedy, a table d'hote of variety and versatility, a highlight of entertainment vitamins.

A show long remembered and not easily forgotten, swift moving and well staged.

The rhythmic feet of Norma Boe, the accordion playing of Nancy McCaig, Daphne MacFarlane's guitar and vocal solos, the violin and comedy of Dave Emery, all helped to make the evening a great success.

Although the revue was staged with an abbreviated cast, it was a full evening's entertainment and we agree with S/L Smith in his own words of thanks to the troupe: "The best seen here yet."

ANNOYING

Private Jones had been in the Army a week when the sergeant asked: What do you think of the Army so far?

"I may like it after awhile," replied Jones, "but just now there's too much drilling and fussing about between meals."

Social Worker: Did your husband appreciate the scarf we sent him?

Reliever: Oh, yes, it came in very handy—he used it to hang himself.

NEW ALWARD HOTEL

"A HOME AWAY FROM HOME"

We Specialize with Our Kitchen

Station Team Defeats Cathedral Collegiate

In one of the keenest fought games witnessed on the station, No. 16 S.F.T.S. basketball squad came from behind to defeat a brilliant young squad from Cathedral Collegiate, Hamilton, by a score of 40-33.

The game was played in the drill hall Tuesday, April 4, before an enthusiastic crowd of both airmen and airwomen.

Entering the second half a few points down after a hectic opening session, the Air Force team turned on the pressure and took their youthful opponents into camp. It was a close match, however, from start to finish and it took the Air Force boys every trick to win from the youthful team which holds the Hamilton Roman Catholic High School title.

Tall Crowley was the main reason for the S.F.T.S. win as he played inspired ball, scoring over half of his squad's points. His speed and keen eye kept the Collegiate boys always on his heels, but many times he scored after working his way through the whole squad in amazing fashion. Crowley, however, was backed up by the whole squad, particularly good assistance being given by P/O Don Bourke and Flt. Lt. Dick Stayner.

A smart aggregation on the Hamilton squad consisted of Mullen, Mullen and Patzalek who swarmed in time and again on the Air Force basket in successful plays. Mullen was especially keen during the first half, while Walsh took over top scoring honors in the latter half.

No. 16 S.F.T.S.: Bourke 2, Stayner 2, Crowley 22, Lake 6, Denley 6, Westerman 2, Living, McCaig. Cathedral Collegiate: Kennedy 4, Patzalek 8, Mullen 9, Walsh 8, Curtis 4, DiFilippo, Flaherty, Connolly 1.

BOXING

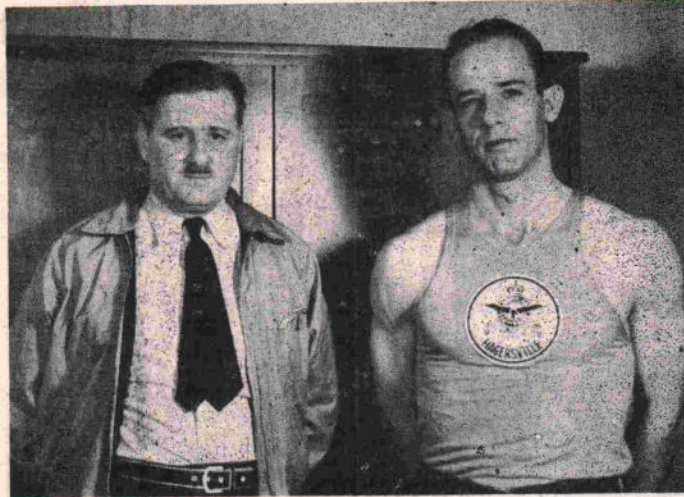
By Al. Stogre

By the looks of things one would think that there weren't any boxing artists at all on this station but there are. Enough material is here to make a top notch boxing team, in most of the weights. Don't give up yet, lads. In the near future we will flourish with activities in our squared circle, and the punching bags will need blowers to keep them cool. Equipment is all we need, and there is no doubt that it will be used for the benefit of all concerned, and entertainment of the station.

We are being offered meets at different places, but what do we do; postpone, or give some excuse that we are not ready. That should not be so. We should be proud of our station, and ready at all times.

I am not going to continue with the boxing lessons for the time being, but will carry on with them when we have the ring set up, and something to work with. For the present I would suggest road work—easy at first and increase it a little every day. Road work is half the battle of getting in condition. Just try and see.

"Have you had much experience with sailors?"
"Oh, gobs and gobs."



Two of the Station's most enthusiastic sports supporters are Flight Lieutenant "Bob" Boyes, Control Tower Adjutant, and Flying Officer "Don" Bourke, Officer Commanding "E" Flight.

Mr. Boyes provided efficient and tireless leadership for the Station Hockey Team this past winter, and Mr. Bourke had the pleasure of leading his Station team to a score of 40-34 in the recent stout basketball competition with the team of Hamilton Cathedral Collegiate, Hamilton district champions.

BOWLING WINDUP

After a very successful and enjoyable season the inter-unit bowling league drew to a close with Headquarters, No. 1 Maintenance, No. 2 Maintenance and No. 2 Squadron in the play-offs. No. 2 Squadron won the regular league but lost to No. 1 Maintenance in the play-offs. No. 2 Maintenance also lost, leaving Headquarters and No. 1 Maintenance to battle it out for the championship. With an excited group of spectators watching, Headquarters defeated No. 1 Maintenance to win the shield, with a 305 point lead. Both teams were a little off stride in the final game, but with Guild, Graham and Jane surpassing their own scores, Headquarters won out. The members of the two games in the finals were:

Headquarters: Graham, Guild, Mazur, McRae, Jane, Lee and Miller.

No. 1 Maintenance: Halpin, La-Croix, Suter, Davis, Schwalm, Golding, LaRue and Shevlin.

The following is the standing of teams at the end of the league, and a list of the prize-winners:

High Scores	
Guild	301
Patterson	278
Rasminski	269
Hrysko	290
Watts	259
Oliver	279
Mazur	291

High 3-Game Average	
Guild	237
Forrest	249
Rasminski	213
Halpin	229
Miller	227
Davis	237
Otway	201

Hidden Average	
Freestone	126
Dennee	133
Butler	163
Udell	143
Suter	183
Patterson	153
Penny	173

Highest single game, A. Jennings, 326.
Highest 3-game average, W. Guild, 258.

	Won.	Lost.	Def.	Pts.
No. 2 Squad.	24	9	0	57
Headquarters	22	11	0	52
No. 1 Maint.	21	12	0	50
No. 2 Maint.	17	10	6	40
Officers	14	13	6	32
Equipment	13	17	3	29
No. 1 Squad.	11	13	9	27
Pay and Accts.	10	20	3	24

I.S. SPORTS LEAGUE

The final standing of the inter-unit sports league is shown below. Maintenance Squadron lead the parade with 17 points and will thereby become holders of the inter-unit trophy till the completion of the summer sports schedule.

Composite Point Standing

	Maintenance	Equipment	No. 2 Squadron	Headquarters	No. 1 Squadron
Basketball	.72	32	48	56	16
Volleyball	80	64	16	32	16
Badminton	10	20	30	8	24
Floor Hockey	8	32	16	0	24
Total	170	148	110	96	56

Final Team Standing

	Headquarters	Equipment	No. 1 Squadron	No. 2 Squadron	Maintenance
Basketball					
Won	7	4	2	6	9
Lost	4	8	9	4	3
Pts.	14	8	4	12	16
Volleyball					
Won	4	8	2	2	10
Lost	6	4	8	7	2
Pts.	8	16	4	4	20
Badminton					
Won	4	10	12	15	5
Lost	13	10	2	4	15
Pts.	8	20	24	30	10
Floor Hockey					
Won	0	4	0	2	1
Lost	3	0	1	1	1
Pts.	0	8	0	4	2

To declare team champions in the various sports, semi-finals and final games were played, Mon., April 6 and Wed., April 8. In the semi-finals, Headquarters defeated No. 2 Squadron in basketball, Equipment were victorious over Headquarters in volleyball, while Maintenance won their floor hockey game by default. The finals games were bitterly contested. Headquarters, composed principally of P or O lads from Security Guard, proved too strong for maintenance, winning 29-8. In a last hard-played floor hockey game Maintenance eked a 3-2 win from Equipment. The tit-bit of the evening was provided in the volleyball finals between Maintenance and Equipment, the latter finally emerging winners: 19-21, 21-16, 21-18.

The sports committee has been pleased to see the large number of personnel availing themselves of the facilities in the drill hall the last two or three weeks. Possibly the feminine influence has something to do with this. A summer sports schedule is being drawn up and we hope that a large number will take part in the activities arranged.

Sports Fund

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

March 1-31, 1942

RECEIPTS	
Balance on hand, 1/3/42	\$172.40
Previous cheque cancelled	1.15
Officers' contribution, Feb. 1942	22.55
Airmen's canteen, equipment held	79.45
Airmen's contribution, March	111.00
Total revenue	\$386.55

EXPENDITURES	
Hockey Club:	
Photos of games	\$ 3.37
Bus to Buffalo	75.00
Meals for team	21.00
Phone expenses	6.18
General:	\$105.53
Phone expense	4.08
Equipment	79.45
Repairs to rackets	7.10
Total expenditures	\$196.18
Balance on hand, Mar. 31, 1942	\$190.17

BOYES PRESIDES OVER NEW SPORTS GROUP

More co-ordinated effort and action in inter-station sports is augured with the recent formation of a No. 1 Training Command Central Sports Group. At a recent meeting Flight Lieutenant R. T. Boyes, popular sports organizer on this station, was elected president of the group.

Competitions will embrace both men's and women's sports and general outline for the spring and summer sports season includes plans for inter-station softball, soccer and basketball competitions.

Stations represented in the sports group are Dunnville, Jarvis, Mount Hope, Brantford, Hagersville and Guelph.

Lady: You look strong enough to work and earn your living.

Tramp: Yes, ma'am, I know it; and you look beautiful enough to go on the stage, but we both prefer the quiet, happy home life.

Little Girl: What does Santa Claus do after he gives out all his presents?

Big Sister: He's left holding the bag.

UNIT DANCES

With the advent of spring, the new semi-monthly Unit dances have "gone over big" with a great majority of an amazingly and recently rejuvenated station.

With a minimum 25c per person charged, the dances are being well attended and proving themselves to be much preferred to the more formal, station dances. With a smaller floor, less people, and less reserve, it is expected that these pleasant little entertainments will continue throughout the season.

Headquarters started the fad over a fortnight ago when they brought Deryl Coons band down from Hamilton, stated there would be no stag line, brought on the women and said, "Let's dance!" Food was served buffet style in the airmen's canteen and the rainy spring night was not an incentive to the politely ravenous young appetites. And the gay gossip and merry little affairs that sprouted in the days that followed well - stated the fact that all had got well acquainted.

Maintenance followed two weeks hence with just as bright and pleasant an affair. Our maintenance reporter covered it for us, so let's give an ear, shall we?

Maintenance Dance

Maintenance Squadron held their first at-home dance and it was a huge success. Soft lights, smooth floor, good music and a charming partner made it an enjoyable evening, long to be remembered by all.

On entering the door the usual mercenary shylocks collected the filthy lucre and Corporal Ball placed the mark of Zorro on all entrants. (We rather think he enjoys holding hands.) Until eleven o'clock there was waltzing, jitterbugging and boogie-woogie enough to satisfy everyone. Prizes were given for spot-dances and also door prizes.

At eleven the dancers repaired to the airmen's mess to partake of a very sumptuous lunch. Light beverages were also obtainable for those who desired. At twelve sharp there was a floor show by the personnel of No. 16 S.F.T.S. The singing, tap dancing and accordion playing were of the very best and we extend our hearty thanks to the performers.

Flight Lieutenant Moore spoke and remarked how glad he was to see so many smiling faces, but his last words were the best of all: "On with the dance!"

(I hear a certain Flying Officer is to be rumbled for walking into the Mess Hall without removing his hat. Is that correct?)

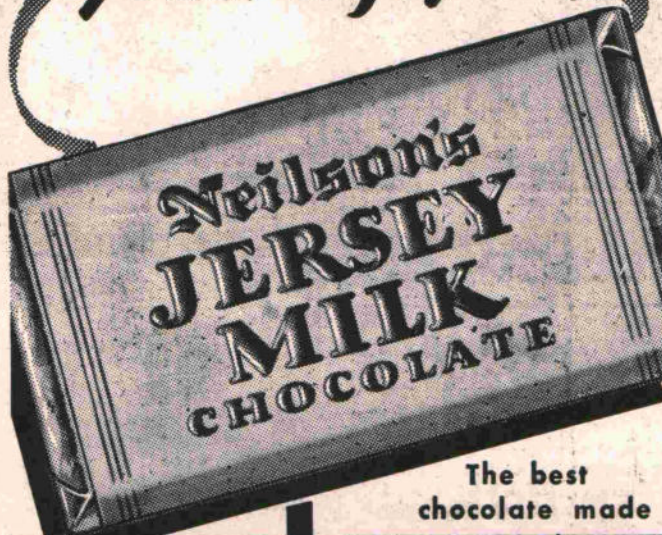
Step forward, yo uNo. 1 and No. 2 Squadrons, it's your turn next. On second thought, recalling a not too distant squadron stag, we're wondering to what radical extents your conceptions of such a frolic might develop. But that was a party, wasn't it? Come on now, confess!

"Why do you look so gloomy?"
"If I look gloomy enough nobody tells me his troubles."

If your roommate keeps talking in his sleep we're going to send him home to mutter.

"I'd like to buy a nice soft hat."
Here's a nice soft felt."
"No, I want something more tender—I have to eat it."

You just **KNOW**
you'll enjoy —



Neilson's

Missing Letter Contest

Beginning with last issue the editors and advertising manager of the Albatross started 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 May 15, 1942.
4. Entries must describe in what advertisement the letters were missing. For instance, "h" out of phone in Kett's Taxi ad., etc.

5. The contest is open to all readers of the Albatross.

The name selected for this issue is **Bill Jones' Sandwich Shop.** 100 CIGARETTES WILL BE THE PRIZE for the lucky winner.

The last contest brought in quite a response but the judges expect to be flooded with entries for this issue. The more entries the bigger the prizes.

Winner of last month's contest, LAC Frank Suter.

"I understand you have your divorce, Mandy. Do you get any alimony?"

"No, Mrs. Jones, but mah husband done give me a fust-class reference."

"You told me he was one of the landed gentry."

"Er—well, he had just been married."

"Oh, doctor, I'm so sick; if I could only die."

"I'll do the best I can for you."

Bill Hobbs' Men's Wear

King St. W., Hagersville, Ont.

SHIRTS, SOCKS, TIES, BRAID, ETC.

AIR FORCE UNIFORMS Made-to-Measure
y Fashion Craft

Veteran of "Last Time" Carries On.

Another "old-timer" of "Twicer" as they of the last war now taking part in this one are known, has recently been taken on the strength of this station. His name is LAC "Sam" Cox, and he is a radiographer.

Sam was born in Launceston, Tasmania, and was educated in England and Continental Europe, and, incidentally, happens to be the son of the pioneer manufacturer of British made "X-Ray" apparatus. Since his very early years, Sam has been employed in "X Ray work in England, Continental Europe, Canada and the United States.

His first association with service life was in 1915 when he enlisted with the Fourth Battalion of the Canadian Expeditionary Force and did duty in France and Belgium until rendered a casualty at Passchendaele in 1917. Later he was appointed as a technical tutor of the Radiological Section of the C.A.M.C. and worked in this capacity until 1919.

With demobilization he was, for a number of years, employed in a technical capacity with the Department of Pensions and the Ontario Department of Public Health.

An All-Out Effort

Sam has a domestic army of his own. His eldest son is on the strength of the Royal Canadian Engineers, his second son is a motorcycle despatch rider with the Royal Canadian Regiment at present in England, and his youngest son is in the Navy. And just to top it off his wife and mother of the boys is an N.C.O. in the Army Women's Division. This is a record to be proud of.

Nor do his war efforts and talents cease here. For since joining up, he has been a continuous and very popular contributor to variety shows throughout the east. His singing of the old "Red" New-man songs and his cartoon artistry have been widely applauded whenever and wherever they have been presented.

Carry on the good work, Sam. The Air Force needs men of your calibre. Men with a willingness to "pitch in and help" at no matter what it is.

NYAL SERVICE DRUG STORE

HIGHEST QUALITY

—and—

LOWEST PRICES

G. E. DUSTY, Phm.B.

Opposite Commercial Hotel

Mickey Terney

THE STAFF BARBER

Two Chairs at Your Service

Open from
1000 hrs. to 1930 hrs.

HEADQUARTERS CALLING

After a long absence from the Albatross, Headquarters personnel would like to know:

1. Why a certain corporal visits Headquarters orderly room office so often? He is from the Disciplinarians' Office? Could it be a certain brunette in the Records Office? Too bad he's been posted.

2. What girl sits in sadness all day long because she has been posted from Headquarters orderly room? Maybe she has a "Gerrie" good reason.

3. Paulin and McCreath are going steady. Nights you may find them running on the runways. Aw me, Spring has come.

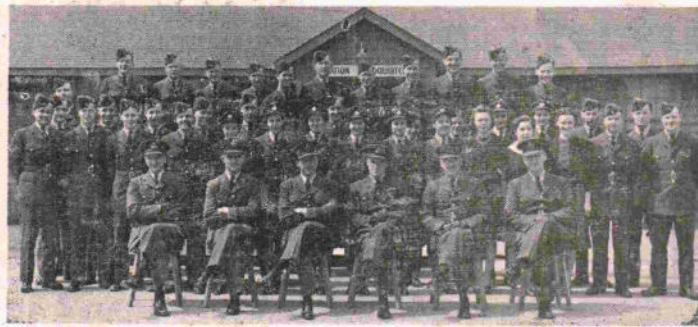
4. Why have Henderson and Kaminsky, King and Queen of D.R.O.'s, always got their heads together. Good work if you can get it.

Very good dancing Lincoln, at Maintenance dance. We are proud of you.

BETWEEN PEGS

Since our last meeting we have had further changes around the Guard House. We have a semi-private ward for four guests, or if you prefer to be private we will give you a blue room, painted blue and guaranteed to give you the blues at no extra cost. So if you don't want to be blue, well, keep yourself in the pink at all times.

Hats off to F/O Gilbert who has stepped the guard house and its inhabitants up to the last word in efficiency. "Cooky" Carder is getting that certain look now (it don't take long) and "Deacon" Cruickshanks actually looks happy these days. (That trip out west may have wrought this miracle). "Detective" Beale and "Colonel" Bogle have returned from a real holiday in New York city, and according to the "Colonel," Beale is quite a pile-it, but they both agree that the American people are "tops." "Rabbit" Ayres has acquired a new money belt. It looks real comfy, and our "Blond Bomber" Manion is saving his nickels fer sumthin'. "Smithy" has returned to normal after his sojourn in the Windy City, and "Tanky" Scott is away on leave again—no yet. "Printz" Semmons has the old bizness well in hand, and "Rinty" apparently had a good time at the dance. We told him so anyway. "Slim" Edwards and "Benny" Bennett have been posted and we welcome "Curly" Hollingdale and "Pop" Heffern to our station. Also we have two new rookies, "Jo" Shephard and "Mo" Nore, so we have no more until next time. Bye now, PEGGY.



HEADQUARTERS PERSONNEL

Around the Station Headquarters

And here they are, ladies and gents! The one and only's—the Headquarters gang! They'll pay you and post you; then put you on charge. And that's a fact! They're pretty much responsible for whatever you do. And they'll even tell you what to wear and when to wear it.

Now Headquarters—Station Headquarters that is, is divided into three sections: the Administrative End of the building; the Disciplinarians' Office, and last but far from least, Pay and Accounts Office. We'll start at the Admin. end.

Presiding over this section is our Station Adjutant, Flight Lieutenant George B. Mulligan, and you'll find him seated third from the left in the front row. Everything from D.R.O.'s to letters on Secret Postings pass through his highly competent hands daily and it is his business to attend to each and assign responsibility for the taking of necessary action on these things toute de suite. Putting it frankly, the adjutant's job is no bed of roses and Flight Lieutenant Mulligan manages with great tact and efficiency to attend to the thorns. Two seats on the right of Flight Lieutenant Mulligan is Squadron Leader Harold Smith, who hails from Hamilton. The squadron leader is pretty much responsible for the letting of all station contracts, employment and distribution of civilian personnel. It's a job demanding the utmost in good business-sense and S/L Smith is really "up on his toes." Assisting these two officers in their respective duties are F/O Hugh Long and F/O Reid, as well as a large staff of orderly room and central registry clerks and stenographers.

Filling responsible positions in the orderly room are the following: F/Sgt. Watling, N.C.O. in charge, Cpl. Lorne Wray, in charge of records, and Cpl. "Guy" Poulin, in charge of postings and personnel. Stenographer personnel includes Cpl. Jack Betts, AW2 "Kit" Lincoln, AW2 Roberts and Jessie Docherty. Central Registry, too, is a pretty important place. Its personnel look after all incoming and outgoing correspondence . . . and don't think they don't look after it. Sgt. Major "Pete" Mazur holds sway at the registry and serving in lesser capacities are LAC "Herb" Barrett, A W 2

White, and AC2 McCreedy. Of course D.R.O. King is Cpl. Kaminski.

Down the hall a bit, is the Disciplinarians office where sits the Station Sergeant Major—Sgt. Major Martin—so watch out! But you are "on the beam" when you head that-away, aren't you? Assisting at this strategic position are Cpl's McCrae and Arsenault—(Lordy! Nothing but N.C.O.'s in these parts are there?)

Then there's Pay and Accounts . . . everybody knows that! They may not know a damn thing about what the A/O does or who Central Registry is . . . but heaven help the so-and-so who doesn't know where Pay and Accounts is . . . Squadron Leader Vale is the popular Senior Accountant Officer, with Flight Lieutenant Wetmore and Pilot Officer Nilsson serving in similar capacity. N.C.O. in charge is dynamic Flight Sgt. Freestone. A lot of other nice people here too, but just picking at random there's Cpl. (Pardon me) Boulden, Cpl. Oliver, Cpl. (I wanna take pictures) Hunt, Sgt. Englert, Cpl. Saunders, Sgt. Burns, Cpl. English, Sgt. Freestone, etc.

And there you have 'em, Station Headquarters. You mayn't like them. That doesn't matter. But Heaven help you, if they don't like you . . . All kidding aside, there a swell bunch of boys and girls. They're doing a big job, and turning out a good show. So let's give them a big hand, shall we?

"Did you tell her when you proposed that you were unworthy of her? That always makes a hit."

"Well, I was going to, but she 'beat me to it."

"How was the house dance last night?"

"The lighting defects were wonderful."

Waitress: We have just about everything on the menu today, sir.
Diner: So I see—How about a clean one?

Marine: Want me to dig you up a girl?
Sailor: No, thanks, I'd rather have a live one.

Mary: What do you think would go well with my purple and green socks?
Big Brother: Boots.

Equipment Quips

What amusement it caused when the drill hall rang (?) with that high pitched "here," a few weeks ago, and now we are almost able to get along with the fair maidens without too much complaint.

We wish to extend our deepest sympathy to Bill Brown at losing a fellow's best pal, his dad.

The "Padre" and Al Burnell have left us. There was some regret at losing Al, but I'm afraid the same can't be said about Gene; at least not like there would have been a couple of months ago.

The headquarters dance was quite an affair, with "Chick" Jacobi being swept off his feet by the Barrack Stores Cyclone, Corporal Dennee, whispering sweet nothing in the ear of A. W. Lennox. "Hank" swinging A. W. Gardener in the Lambeth Walk (and looking after his wife in between times). Tom Elliott looking on and wishing he had taken up dancing. Sgt. Butler and Cpl. Dillon saying "If we can't dance with her we won't dance with anybody. Who was 'her'? Yours truly stepping all over his wife's feet. F/L Guest doing quite well too with all the girls. A. W. Coe, the demon reporter, and A. W. Beaton, along with others too numerous to mention, also added color and fun to the party.

Girls, did you know we have a teacup reader in the gang. I understand its a corporal; why not look him up.

Then there is a corporal who is studying "What a young man should know." And the A.W. who figures that the higher they come, the easier they fall, for her. And the other one who is afraid to smile for fear of pleasing someone. And the girl who made out a demand for aeroplane "drift."

If that glee club ever gets going, I mean the men's, headed by the "general" it will put this station on the map; maybe not for good, but at least for all-time.

There was a regular "war dance" in town the other night which I think is best not to comment on too much. There were a few scalps lifted and a few new chiefs elected.

It is hoped that the mistake of having an outside show here on pay night will not be repeated. Also that the M.C. and cast of "Sophistaswings" will not judge the station by the actions of two or three chaps who thought they were expected to put on the performance.

"CHEERTO"

KEN'S TAXI

DAY and NIGHT SERVICE

Phone Hagersville 36

SPECIAL RATES TO HAMILTON

Two Seven-Passenger Cars

Convenient Waiting Room at Office on Driveway Behind Bank of Commerce.

G. H. BECKETT

HAGERSVILLE MODER GROCERY

FRESH FRUITS,

VEGETABLES

COOKED MEATS

Phone 44. We Deliver.

Reminiscences of an M.T. Driver

"There she goes!" This is an all-familiar cry in the M.T. section now since we have been blessed with five brand new women drivers. They're a great bunch of girls, and they work pretty hard at their jobs, which consist of diving the pie wagons, the panel and the staff car. AW2 McCoy and AW2 Harding drive the pie wagons. The C.O.'s car is driven by AW2 Barr. At present Barr is sporting a shiner which she claims she got from playing basketball, but we know better, she bumped into a door.

Jim Eadie has been sent down to Cayuga for a while and Oshaughnessy has come back here. Vanluven and Wills went down to Kingston on a 48 and dropped Van's wife off down there. I know, because all Van's "port to town and back" customers are my customers now, and are members of the great fraternity of "Riders of the Star."

Doctors claim that fresh air is the greatest health element known to man, in which case those who ride in "Ye Olde Star" will be a race of supermen. Chouinard's old Model T is still perking right along, even if a wheel does come off now and then.

Slim Cornck can be found any day of the week, all rolled up in the front seat of the ambulance. It's quite a job but he manages to get his whole body in, all but his legs. When Slim wants to stand up he sends a command down through his spine to his hips, (3 1/4 miles), from his hips to his knees (1 mile), and from his knees to his ankles (1 1/4 miles), so you see it's safe to call him a name and then stand around for a few minutes, because by the time he has got standing up he has forgotten what he got up for and he sits down again.

Doug Miller is in charge of the stock room now and he has a very willing and cheerful helper in AW2 St. Germaine, who is learning the stock room business so

Doug can go back to bed and not have to worry about it. Joe Maxwell has a car now, for the time being at any rate. It used to belong to Peggy in the cook house, but he liked Joe so he gave Joe his car. That's Joe's story. Here's mine: Joe and Peggy were playing African golf and Peggy lost.

This section has turned into a whirlpool of action in the last while. Dusty Miller has really been dusting, and that's no lie. He's been to Toronto and Hamilton so many times on L.P.O. runs that the pie wagon does as old milk horses do, follows the route itself. He's been hauling so many parts back that we've had to conscript F/S Walker to help in the shop. He's that fellow with a sledge-hammer who is putting a Ford distributor together again over on the far bench.

Claude North was on his back under the crash tender for three hours the other day and when he came out he found he was equipped with vacuum brakes, probably because he laid so still somebody thought he was part of the truck. Baker and Weiss are hard at work wielding paint brushes on the under side of 2818. They're using black paint and my guess is that when they come out they'll be able to put on a good minstrel show. Well, it's nearly 8.30 and it's way past my bed-time so I'll have to say good-bye till next Albatross time.

Yours very afecshunately,
"CRASH" IVENS.

Judge: This is a very serious crime you are accused of. Have you no counsel to represent you?
Prisoner: No, Your Honor, but don't worry about it. I have some very good friends on the jury.

"I want a silk sweater."
"I'm afraid we don't carry them, sir; must it be silk?"
"Yes, I'm tired of pulling the wool over my eyes."

H. M. COURTNAGE

PHONE 74

QUICK LUNCH SODA BAR, TOBACCO ACCESSORIES

NEILSON'S ICE CREAM AND BOX CHOCOLATES

Largest Stock of Pipes, Papers and Magazines in the District

DINE AND DANCE

AIRMEN—MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT COURTNAGE'S

FILMS AND FILM DEVELOPING

Canada Coach Bus Stop and Ticket Office

LIDLAW'S GARAGE

PLYMOUTH and CHRYSLER DEALERS

MAKE YOUR CAR LAST LONGER—

IT MAY BE YOUR LAST FOR LONG

Let us give you car a Spring Check-ovr and Shell Lubrication

HAGERSVILLE

PHONE 38r2

WILFRED WILLIS

WESTINGHOUSE EXCLUSIVE DEALER

FIRST CLASS RADIO SERVICE

ON ALL MAKES

—Work Guranteed—

PHONE 188

HAGERSVILLE

Ida V. Bousfield, Phm. B.

REMEMBER MOTHER ON

MOTHER'S DAY

Sunday, May 10th

MOTHER'S DAY CARDS

BOX CHOCOLATES

CUT FLOWERS

and Other Appropriate Gifts

IDA V. BOUSFIELD, Phm. B.

CHEMIST—DRUGGIST

King Street West

Phone 81

HAGERSVILLE

UNFINISHED BUSINESS

Hi!
This is the old story of a show that didn't open, a tale that didn't finish, an idea that didn't survive. It was something that happened one springtime at No. 16 S.F.T.S., when the young men's fancies are usually turning somewhere.

It started about four weeks ago on a Thursday night when a few "enthusiastics" got together and asked, "Why can't we put on a revue? On a station this size there ought to be enough talent—it stands to reason—in the law of averages—there must be enough talent." so the show was begun.

The first thing to happen was a calling together of willing talent who would work on said show. Then to get the show on paper. One man working a "48" on this—getting in that time, a script—continuity and songs for a show that could run two hours even with a minimum of talent. True, the script was no Noel Coward piece and the music and lyrics weren't by Berlin, but much worse excuses for a revue have been presented and on this station too.

Anyway, a cast was chosen, specialists spotted and rehearsals got under way. We got a place to rehearse and a piano—so that helped. Then things started happening—(of course, I was apprehensive from the start—)

First, there was our girl chorus which started out by being eight. Last heard from, there were four of the original line-up still on the station. Our blonde glamour-girl role for the "Broadcast" which finale-d Part I, was twice replaced because of postings, and at present we have just a character in search of a personality. Things continued in this hodge-podge manner for a week or so with each night a new girl being posted or a boy going on night maintenance, or a boy playing at bowling or a girl just playing (?) And so,

my dears, that's where the "Good Companions" of Hagersville were last heard from. Struggling against posting obstacles, increasing night work difficulties and other relevant discouragements.

We had a meeting. "Did we have time to put it on in three weeks? Was everyone willing to come out five nights a week, for the next three weeks? ... Could it be done and well? ... For we were determined that the show would be done well or not at all. After all, was this not to be the first revue on the station and the first Airmen's-Airwomen's revue in the Dominion? But, what was two weeks' effort and time? So it folded. So what, so it folded. It wouldn't be the first show to close before it opened. Anyhow, it was the wrong time of year for a show of this sort. Perhaps next fall ... we'd have an orchestra then ... and ... yeh, next fall, then.....

But Gee Whiz, kids You can't put over anything, no matter what, whether it be a revue, a play, a newspaper or even a variety show, if it's going to be successful, unless you sacrifice your every evening, your spare time, your dates, your sports, your everything—no matter how hard the going be. You can't just dream up a show and put it over. And no matter what the obstacles, if you work hard enough and your heart's in it, you can still put on a show. It mightn't be the very best show, but it wouldn't be a show to be ashamed of. You would have at least tried.

And who am I? Oh, I'm only an idea—I live if you give me support if you work to keep me alive, if you work to make me a fact. If not, I die. But, chins up, I still think this Airmen's and W.D. revue is a piece of unfinished business. Someone else, sometime will take up the torch and carry on where we left off. I'm certain of that.

Don Flight

D.R.R.: DAILY ROUTINE RUMORS

Comes once in a lifetime a chance to assert oneself. We of Don Flight have that chance now.

Here then, are our ideas, our peevs, our bouquets and brickbats. We (Course 50) are a flight of long association and close friendships. Together with A Flight we've all come through the whole training scheme as a unit. During that time we've added to our flights some very good friends who have come from all parts of the Allied Nations. During our course together we've been taught that one virtue of unestimable worth, that oneness of spirit we call "esprit de corps."

If war has a virtue, it is that of creating within all concerned a common purpose, a unity of thought and action that is the essence of team work, so necessary to concerted action.

In passing, here is a toast to the most efficient ground crew on the station. There is never a day passes that teamwork and co-operative spirit is not shown time and again.

Beems the observer's seat of an Anson is as expensive as a box at the opening of the Metropolitan Opera. If you are dubious, ask Giles and McLean.

Subtle suggestions: Why the students flying at night are so noisy when they come in? Let's all be considerate of the other fellow, shall we?

Valedictory On Course 46

By LAC Williams

At last the long and weary 'bind' is over and it is surprising how popular the Canadian beer has become in the last few days.

Our heartfelt sympathies go to LAC's Smith and Ginone who are apparently going to take a visit to the Rockies while we give our congratulations to "scroungers" Cook and Cooper.

We also extend our heartiest greetings and best wishes to LAC Snow and we trust all his troubles will be "little-uns." It would appear that he gets along O.K. without a black-out (?)

There are quite a number in our midst who are going about these days with puckered brows — no names, no pack drill! — but one comes from a place just north of England where the inhabitants roll their "r's" in a very musical fashion. He may take the plunge any time. "She's the sweetest little thing in the whole worrrld." Wish you could hear him.

Instructors Tops

Well now that we have reached the great day we should like to express our thanks to our instructors and trust that we have not been the cause of too many grey hairs. We also extend our sincerest thanks to the ground crew. Best of luck, boys. We hope they are not too disappointed that we got our "Charlady's 'A' Group," but we always told them we were niftier "vascers" than they. Keep at it, lads, you'll be as good as us some day.

Last but not least, thanks, Canada, for a pleasant stay. A number of us hope to return some day when things are quieter and "Saurekraut Schicklegruber" is no more.

Au revoir, Canada.

FLIGHT TALK

FLASHES FROM THE TOWER

Nothing in the way of a "scoop" from the tower this month, but the usual "Business as Usual," which we think is never half so "usual" as the rest of the station would like to think it is.

Well, of course there was that superb paint job Works and Buildings did on the place—top to bottom—a two-tone green. And then the main corridors, a buff and brown. Keep up the good work, W. and B.

We begin to understand what they mean when they call it a "Woman's World" now. Of course first thing in the morning you don't notice it. At first there's just an effervescent streak of femininity in off the morning parades, and whisking down the corridors. I know that. They haven't had time to powder their noses yet, before parade. So that must be done before anyone glimpses their precious "physogs." Then, with a flutter and a buzzing, back to their respective rooms to discuss last night's "most important engagement. Who said Air Force routine was dull? Well, there have been some changes made.

Hardly the same old tower now with so many of the old timers gone — Sgt. Hunt, LAC Moore, LAC Wright, ex-LAC Len Jones, Lena Anderson—Nope, it sure don't look the same.

Pardon us, some tower flashes. We're wondering: What "Biggs" airman at Headquarters is simply "Wylie" about whom at the tower; and there's another interest at Accounts besides the semi-monthly pay cheque that comes from P. and A., isn't there Pickering?

And no sooner is it "Hello" than it must be "Good-bye" again to a very swell young lady. But that's the Air Force for you. Smooth sailing, Toddy, it's been fun knowing you.

And now by the hands of our clock and the ensign newly up, we learn that another busy day is under way. Looks like another grand day for flying, too. Be seein' you!

MAINTENANCE RUMBLES

Congratulations to the winners of the inter-unit sports league. From the view of this column, the better teams won.

Idle Musings: Theme song of clerks, transport drivers, telephone operators, etc., with the advent of the R.C.A.F. (Women's Division): "Somebody Else is Taking My Place!"

According to a recent newscast seven persons died during a blackout in the Los Angeles region. Of course this would lead one to believe that the Japanazis are employing a new angle in killing people: scaring them to death.

Aside to Cpl. Deverell: Don't forget us when handing out the cigars, Dev.

May we suggest to ACI Lascelles that he fastens elastics to his tools so that they snap back into his box. It is said that LAC McCleary is getting rather tired of picking them up.

After a great deal of hawkshawing and keyhole-peeping this column reports that the new way to spell Casanova is WO.2 Warner.

Perhaps it would be a good idea to take WO 2 Halpin's bowling team out and teach them how to bowl. They certainly don't know the proper method now, as witness the result when they came up against No. 2 Maintenance team. However, in Sgt. Maj. Halpin's words, "just wait."

This column was told that Sgts. Craig and McLean talk a good good game. Izzatso?

Seen staggering across the Holy Ground (parade square to youse) one day: A bicycle. The driver? A certain chubby WO.2.

Hello to: Cpl. Don Ingram. A discip's job is never easy, Don.

Goodbye to: AW2 Audrey Yule. Lots of luck in your new job. We know some people that are missing you.

AC1 Ted Osier. "Remustered" to a civilian.

Congratulations to Flight Lieut "Tom" Harris on his recent appointment. It couldn't happen to a nicer guy.

IN MEMORIAM

A pause amid the scurry that precedes all student pilots, as we pay tribute to a gallant lad who "got his wings the hard way," wings that time cannot tarnish nor memory dull.

So "Nicky" is gone. The first of the old gang who had to go, and he went as he lived, cheerfully and unafraid.

So a toast to a good sport, a good friend, and we hurry on, thankful that we knew him, confident in his ultimate destiny, "Per ardua ad astra."

THE CAUSE FOR VICTORY

'Neath the azure sky of Spring-time,
'Neath the droning planes on high—
Proud, courageous, dauntless, daring,

Victors of the unconquered sky;
Staunch, erect, all faces beameth,
Filled with pride; as one by one
Marcheth forth—their wings receive—
Proud to be a fighting son.

Beams of pride and cheers from mother,
As each marcheth to the front,
Smiled—saluteth—mother's guidance

Proved itself so resolute.
Far across the misty ocean,
In the thickest of the fray—
Mother's son wingeth forth unflinching
In the cause for Victory.

A.W. MEISSNER, M.K.

"The trouble with you is that you have a one-track mind."
"Well?"
"It's a dirt track."



Bottled by
Wentworth Mineral
Water Co. Ltd.
HAMILTON, ONTARIO

Navigation Flight

Night cross-countries have been underway lately and the radio keeps booming, "Hello Abcess!" We wonder who they mean. Surely not us. One of the wireless section operators was observed tuning in on our aircraft. He had a combination of an ordinary portable radio, a pair of scissors and a hair-pin. Just how he figured out the frequency is one on us. Nevertheless, with this weird combination, he could receive the aircraft calling. Maybe the faces he was making had something to do with it. I don't know.

Our flight has just had its interior decorated, with various shades of green paint. Sounds disgusting, but looks rather lovely now that it's finished.

And so, until our next transmission, "Listening out."

"My uncle gets exclamatory rheumatism."

"You mean inflammatory."

"No, exclamatory—every time he moves he shouts and curses."

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A WARNING TO THE GIRLS

By Flt. Sgt. W. B. Watling
Beware the boys in Air Force
blue,
Yes, and beware of those in khaki
too—
They'll tell you they love you—it
won't mean a thing;
They never follow it up with a
ring.
They'll call you up and ask you
to go
To a thrilling dance, or maybe a
show,
But when the time comes, it is
sad to relate,
They phone up again and cancel
the date.
They'll tell you that Duty always
comes first,
And to keep them tied down "Duty
Watch" is the worst.
But don't let them kid you—it's
only a stall,
They don't have to go on "duty
watch" at all.
As a matter of fact, they are out
on a bender
With some pretty thing of the op-
posite gender.
They have forgotten you for the
moment it seems;
You are no longer the girl of

their dreams.
Or maybe they'll take you to
some swell affair,
Tell you that you're grand, admire
your hair;
But just as you're thinking,
"Home was never like this,"
They have to inspect the Guard,
and leave with a kiss.
They'll tell you their O.C. is the
meanest of men;
He has told them they have to
report back at ten,
But it's the some old line—they
don't want to be late
For "Duty Watch?"—No: some
other date.

SECRECY

Little airmen off the station,
You can cause a mild sensation.
Friends, acquaintances and such,
Will ask questions over much.
Goodness what a chance to show,
All creation what you know.
May this be the epic sum.
Just to let them think you dumb.
Aircraft, signals, navigation,
Let your mind have constipation.
Engines, tappet rods and cams,
Save that knowledge for exams.

If you take your girl to dances,
Talk of dresses, hats and pantes.
Flying has no thrills like these,
So stick to romance, airman,
please.

FOLKS

I like those folks who always try
To look you squarely in the eye.
Whose hand-clasp always seems to
say,
"I'm mighty glad I passed this
way."
I like those folks who play the
game,
And win or lose it's just the
same,
Who always smile, and say, "Well
done!
It really was a lot of fun."

I like those folks who always grin,
And take their troubles on the
chin,
Then, when you're down, they un-
derstand,
And come and lend a helping
hand.

A SOLDIER'S MOTHER

(By Sam Harris, in the Hamilton
Spectator)
While passing a gun-pit
The other day,
I heard a young voice
As though trying to pray;
There, in the shadows,
His hat in his hand,
Stood a lad in his twenties,
A very brave man.

"Dear God, bless my mother,
You can if You will,
While I'm over here fighting
She prays for me still."
I stood there and listened,
A tear on my cheek,
And bowed my head slowly,
And felt very meek.

He stood still a moment,
Brushed his hand o'er his eyes,
Then drew out a picture,
Turned his face to the skies.
"Please keep her in safety
I love her a lot;
My mother, God bless her,
She's all that I've got."

W/C R. BURNETT

(Continued from Page One)
at which time he went to India
working in conjunction with the
No. 28 Squadron Operational Units
both at Quetta and Ambala.

The Years in India

The Wing Commander insists
there was little to tell of these
years and yet the bristling thought
of tents camped deep in the Indian
jungle, where the army was ex-
perimenting on new manoeuvres—
the Afghanistan battles—Indian
nights—Ah Halliburton! How you
would have packed that setting
with exquisite terror. But then
you were a story-teller, weren't
you?

In 1930, W/C Burnett went into
the Reserve and in early 1931, with
the rank of Flight Lieutenant, he
retired for a brief while into the
comparative quiet of a civilian
occupation in an England at peace.
From '31 to '37 he was employed
in an engineering capacity with
the Ford Motor Company in Eng-
land, but in 1937 the vast, strange
freedom of the skies possessed him
and he must be off once more.
First a refresher course at C.F.S.
Uphaven on Salisbury Plain and
then in 1939, as a Flight Com-
mander and Instructor, all set for
a man's battles—the kind of stuff
he wanted—danger, comradeship
of the skies, the thing that had to
come sometime—far better than
waiting, this—better to be in there
at long last fighting for something
and with determination and valor,
and the help of God, something
well worth-while won in the end.

During the Battle of Britain, the
Wing Commander served as an in-
structor and became a squadron
leader in October 1941, sometimes
instructing as long as 36 hours at
a stretch. Flying, he says, was
done on twenty-four hour a day
shifts in those desperate, rushing
months, and ground-crews finish-
ing their shift would frequently go
into the shelter about midnight
until five in the morning and then
without sleep or adequate rest, be
back on the job.
In his early years, his favorite
sports were rugby and cricket—
when he had time for them. But
today flying is his life and the
clean, unearthly challenge of the
heavens has no competitor for any
man.

The wing commander has one
brother in the army and one
brother engaged in civilian engin-
eering in England.
He likes Canada very much and

"I'm afraid you have what is
known" as "clergyman's sore
throat."

"The h — — you say!"
"Of course I might be wrong.
I'll make a more thorough exam-
ination."

Lady: Goodness you've certain-
ly been everywhere, haven't you?
You must know a lot about geo-
graphy.

Sailor (quickly): Well, not a
great deal, ma'am. We put in port
for coal there once, but I never
went ashore.

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HAGERSVILLE, ONT.

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MAY 11, 12, 13
"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON"
ERROL FLYNN and
OLIVIA de HAVILAND

MAY 14, 15, 16
"REMEMBER THE DAY"
CLAUDETTE COLBERT
and JOHN PAYNE

MAY 18, 19, 20
"THIS WOMAN IS MINE"
FLANCHOT TONE
OHN CARROLL
WALTER BRENNAN
CAROL BRUCE

thinks it is better for training pur-
poses, in time of war. He came to
Canada in late 1940, instructing
first at No. 6 S.F.T.S., Dunnville,
and arriving here last July—the
"backwoods" life of our station
just a mild incident to a man
whose life has been one bit of ad-
venture after another. But he looks
to the day when he, his wife and
family can return to the home-
land.

His home—he hopes—is in East
Grinstead, Sussex, but at present
he and the family: his wife, a girl
and baby boy, are living in Hag-
ersville. It was within the last
two weeks of February that his
wife presented him with a young
son who is pretty much the "C.O."
at the Burnett home at present.
But he'll have to do some fast
travelling to keep up with you,
sir.

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HAGERSVILLE

» CANADA ON PARADE «

Canada on parade—the Women's Division here at Hagersville easily answers to this title. From east and west of Canada they have come. The Pacific Coast and the Atlantic seaboard, the prairie provinces, the Maritimes and the mid east all have their representatives.

A month has gone by since their arrival so there is no need of formal introductions. However, there are quite a few details of interest which can be revealed about the group.

Our first two feminine officers were an attractive addition to the station. Actually in charge of 115 airwomen was Assistant Section Officer Betty Bacque of Toronto. She entered with a fine record of Red Cross Corps work to her credit. In that organization she had advanced to the rank of Sergeant of the M.T. section. The youthful Ontario girl is an excellent badminton player and takes a keen interest in practically all sports. She comes from a service family and is following very well in the footsteps of her father who served with the Royal Flying Corps during the last war. Hardly had she arrived than we bid adieu to this Toronto officer. She was retailed to her home city.

Soon after her departure we lost our other officer, ASO Katherine Goddard of Ottawa who likewise left for home territories.

The dark haired officer had the distinction of being the first feminine sergeant on any Canadian Air Force station. Since that initiation at Uplands Miss Goddard gained her commission.

Replacing Miss Bacque and Miss Goddard is a Vancouverite, ASO Mary Jackson, who has worked her way up from corporal to the commissioned rank. Prior to enlisting Miss Jackson was very active with the Canadian Women's Training Corps. In this organization she was a captain.

Three very capable N.C.O.'s are aiding the officers in their duties. The lone sergeant is Beth Ferguson of Winnipeg who, before joining up, had considerable experience in women's corp work. A graduate of the University of Manitoba, Sgt. Ferguson has always combined educational and recreational activities very well. She is a golfer of no mean ability, as well as having a first hand knowledge of many other branches of athletics.

Corporal Mary Long is one of the two American girls serving at Hagersville. Her previous occupations made her well suited for N.C.O. work. She served as a police woman at the New York World's Fair and later as a matron of a New York detention home. Miss Long also has high educational qualifications, having attended Yale University.

The newest of our corporals is Eleanor Flint who enlisted from the northerly town of Flin Flou, Manitoba. Cpl. Flint is undoubtedly the most air-minded airwoman on the station. She took a two-years course in aeronautics at the University of Los Angeles. Also to her credit is the thrill of parachuting from an airplane. Her jump was from 5,300 feet.

Petit blonde Katherine Hunter of Vancouver is the other corporal. She too entered with a background of Women's Auxiliary Corps work. A sport enthusiast, having excelled in grass hockey, badminton and track and field, Cpl. Hunter is doing a splendid job organizing the girls' sports.



Among the airwomen there are many interesting personages. Especially noteworthy is Dorothy West, who works in Maintenance Squadron. She was born in Simla, India, and lived there for 15 years. Hundustanic became a second language to her. From India she went to England and then to Strathroy, Ontario, from where she enlisted.

Another lass born far from Canada is Catherine Lincoln. Her birth place was Edinburgh, Scotland. Another distinction of Catherine's is her tap dancing.

Another Scottish-born airwoman is Mary Sinclair, who, however, has lived in Canada for the past score years.

From United States came Helen Harding, who is one of that unique crowd of newspaper women. Five years on a Newark, N.J., paper has made her proficient in the art of writing. Sports reporting was her speciality. Now, however, she is a transport driver.

Outstanding of the Canadian recruits is Dorothy Montour, the first full-blooded Indian girl to join the Air Force. She was born on the Six Nations Indian Reservation at Brantford. Her mother is from the Mohawk tribe, while her father was from the Delaware tribe. He answered the call to colors in the last war, and now Dorothy's family is again doing their duty. Already Dorothy has about twenty cousins in uniform.

In the coast to coast hook-up there is Lila Weste who wears the Newfoundland tab on her shoulder, while from the other side of the Dominion there is Doris Henderson who enlisted from Vancouver.

Well over half the girls had auxiliary corps experience before enlisting. Most of them have relatives or close friends who are overseas and have perhaps been

prompted by their example to offer their services as well. One particular example is that attractive M.T. driver, Mrs. Mustard. Her husband is a lieutenant in the 12th Field Artillery, now overseas.

Oddly enough very few of the girls have had actual airplane or flying experience. One girl who is very proud of her flying time is Inez White of Windsor. It is not very long, only two and a half hours, but still she cherishes it and hopes to get many more hours in.

Everywhere on the station, whether it be in the hangars, the control tower or in H.Q., the airwomen are proving to be very capable workers. They are fitting into Air Force life and routine amazingly fast, not over looking either the social side of it.

The first H.Q. dance was proof of the latter, and another very definite piece of evidence is the diamond ring one of the airwomen is wearing, a token from a Hagersville airman. Paging and congratulating A.W. 2 Fullerton.

All in all the R.C.A.F. Women's Division is doing an excellent piece of work at No. 16 S.F.T.S., Hagersville.

In any large group there is bound to be a wide variation of talents and here is no exception for the girls range from the artistic to the athletic type.

In the artistic field there are such girls as Doreen Morch, Phoebe Ann Freeman, Irene Walker. Morch, a native of London, England, is a cartoonist and artist. She was a member of the Camouflage Club in Toronto. The Air Force is a natural unit for her to join as her father is both a manufacturer and designer of aircraft. Then, too, Doreen has an extra special interest in one Norwegian Air Force boy.

Contact Club

A club very little known on the station, but one which is flourishing rapidly, is the Contact Club. Formed of airmen's wives, the club is intent on war work. The membership now totals twenty-five and is steadily increasing as the knowledge of its organization spreads.

Meetings are held every second Wednesday in the Hostess House, while on the alternate Wednesday the women bowl in Hagersville.

The group is headed by Mrs. W. A. Halpin and has as its honorary president Mrs. R. L. Burnett, wife of Wing Commander Burnett.

Mrs. Halpin has been ably assisted by an executive which includes Mrs. D. A. Dow, Mrs. White and Mrs. Oliver.

At a recent meeting a very interesting talk was given by Mrs. J. F. McCracken, wife of Dr. McCracken of Hagersville. She chose as her topic "Health and Child Welfare."

A cordial invitation is extended to any airman's wife. The club is open to all of them and they will be most welcome.

Phoebe Ann Freeman, one of the few telephonists, combines drawing and song writing, as does blonde Irene Walker of Niagara. Irene also adds singing to the list. She has had three songs published—perhaps you've heard them—"I've Fallen in Love," "Sunset Lane" and "Manhattan Melody."

Top athletic honors are divided between a westerner and an eastern girl, Winnie Fullerton of Winnipeg and Toronto's Bette Varr. Both girls have been on championship teams galore. Winnie was a member of various Western Canadian hockey title squads, top softball and winning basketball squads. Bette likewise played on champion hockey and basketball teams with Eastern Canadian titles to their credit. Besides these team sports, Bette excelled in skiing, winning the Toronto Ski Club slalom and downhill championship a few years ago.

Besides this pair, there are an undisclosed number of girls who perform well—just wait and see. Ethel McCoy, Marion Patterson, and Mary Sinclair are a trio who stand out.

Last minute addition: Since the first preparation of this story, numerous girls have been posted to other stations. Congratulations are in order for AW1 Freeman, Morch, Mustard, James and Barr who went back to Toronto to take the N.C.O.'s course at Old Haver-gal.

The Beauty Bar

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NO MANS LAND OF SPORT

To help counteract the stiches and also to keep our hand in, the following programme re sports was suggested at our first sports meeting. I, as N.C.O. in charge of sports, submit the results of our first sports meeting and trust it will meet with the approval of all concerned.

We hope to line up a first and second team for baseball for the inter-station basketball league which is being formed with neighboring stations. We hope we have some good batters in the line-up as we want to "keep 'em flying" for No. 16 S.F.T.S. AW2 Morch and AW2 Ryerse will be the managers of these two teams.

A sports evening once a week for the women's division will get under way as soon as we will get under way as soon as we get the necessary equipment and the playing field rolled sufficiently so that we don't lose any participants underground. These sports evenings will finish off with light refreshments in the canteen. The games played will, of course, vary with the seasons. Thinking of baseball again, what about each row in the barrack block i.e., A, B C. and D, forming a team so that we can have a little competition? It has been suggested baseball teams representing various sections on the station be formed—more competition—more fun, and it looks like more baseball.

Later on when the water in the quarry gets warmer, we plan organized swimming parties to said quarry for all W.D. interested.

A field day, to include relays, 100-yd. and 50-yd. dashes (if we don't collapse at the end—or the beginning!) broad and high jumping, obstacle races, etc., in which ALL personnel of No. 16 S.F.T.S. will take part, or have the opportunity to take part, if they wish. We hope the women's division will make a good showing.

The aforesaid sums up our plans for sports so far. Any further suggestions may be handed in to a membe of the sports committee, R.C.A.F. (W.D.)

K. W. HUNTER, Cpl.

A very auspicious start was made in sporting activities of the Women's Division when the gals turned in a smart, fast and enjoyable basketball game on Tuesday, April 14.

Despite the fact that the girls had never played together before, both squads displayed neat and well carried out plays. The game was occasionally rough and tumble but never lacked color.

The Blues came out on top, earning 28 points to the Reds 12. For the winning squad there was a trio which clicked marvellously for the first time together. All three have been standouts in their own city leagues, Bette Barr playing for numerous Toronto champion squads, Winnie Fullerton performing in Winnipeg, and Evelyn Hicks in Windsor.

On the Red squad individual honors were divided between Jean Fowler and A.W.2 Friedel. They scored all the baskets between them, sinking some nice shots after smart play.

The only injury of the game was Bette Barr who sustained a colorful black eye.

Blues: Barr 3, Fullerton 8, Hicks, E. A. 11, Sery, Ryerse, McDowell, Wright 2, Crisp 2.

Reds: Roswell, Fowler 6, Friedel 6, Murdoch, Olson and Powell.

First... Impressions

It is a month now since No. 16 S.F.T.S. was invaded by the R.C.A.F. Women's Division, and during that month we have been shown consideration and co-operation enough to overwhelm even the most optimistic amongst us.

I think I can safely admit, now, that both Sgt. Ferguson and myself were very dubious and apprehensive during the first rainy week that we were here alone: you all spoke a language that was almost foreign to us, for as you know, you can be in the service for a long time without ever being on a station or catching sight of an aircraft. We listened to talk about G.T.S. control towers, wash-out days and (at first we thought this something to do with laundry), we heard all about Mark Two's, being "rumbled," and shooting up the deck, and wondered if we would ever be able to understand what was meant by these two terms. We thought that a flight was the equivalent of an army platoon, and that prop wash was something that comes in gallon cans, but in spite of all our ignorance we were made to feel at home almost immediately.

It was comforting to note that your attitude towards the W.D. was one of reserved judgment, rather than pre-formed opinion. This gave us every chance to show what we could do, without first having to overcome any prejudice.

A war as far-reaching as this one throws many people into strange and un-natural circumstances, particularly service personnel. Prior to October 23, 1941, a Canadian woman's place was in the home, but owing to a shameful and alarming lack of enlistment on the part of the men, it was found necessary to recruit women as ground personnel in the Air Force. Fighting has been a man's business since the beginning of time, but now in these changed days we find women doing many service jobs previously done by men. I think that we shall now have to change the motto to "A woman's place is on the ground."

Sometimes we think regretfully of the privacy and comfort of homes we have left, and often we look with disgust at our grey cotton legs, but all this is made worthwhile by the increasing number of Airmen proceeding to "an East Coast Canadian Port" with Canada on their shoulders.

Any effort or sacrifice on our part has been made doubly worth while by the gratitude and co-operation shown to this very young service, by the R.C.A.F. Our ambition on this station is to live up to your standards in every way, and to your very high standards in every way, and this will be no easy task.

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Cam-Glam Contest



And where are you? Bet you haven't even dug out that old snap-album yet, have you? Well, come on, watcha waitin' for? Somewhere in this issue you'll find the snap we took to be the "Shot of the Month"—but competition was far from strong. Only two other contributions. So, how about it, gang? Remember, the snap you pick doesn't have to be new. No, siree. It can be ten years old—and if its good enough it may turn into the "Shot of the Month." Now here are the latest rules:

1. Contest is divided into three series.
2. Deadline for Series II, which is next issue, will be May 15th.
3. What do you do? Submit your favorite shot, taken by yourself, to the "Y" Office before this date. Maximum that any one person can submit for each issue is TWO (2) shots. Entrance fee, 10c. That's all!
4. We publish what we consider to be the best "SHOT OF THE MONTH" and for the cuts we print, we pay.
5. At the end of the 3rd issue, we choose what we consider to be the best picture submitted during the contest, print it, and for it and the next two best pictures, prizes will be offered.
6. See next issue for free prizes!
7. Come on, dig in that ALBUM! Let's see those prize shots! We print the best!
8. Remember the May 15th DEADLINE.

THE EDITORS.

P.S. This month's contribution is from Cpl. R. Boulden of Pay and Accounts and its publication has made Cpl. Boulden eligible for the Grand Prize. Only a picture that has been printed is eligible for the grand prize but any picture submitted may be entered for the 2nd and 3rd prizes.

MOVIE SCHEDULE

Wed., May 6: Boys from Syracuse, Allen Jones, Martha Raye, Joe Penner. Short, Naughty Nineties.
 Fri., May 8: Fit for a King, Joe E. Brown comedy. Shorts; Cartoon.
 Wed., May 13: Convoy, Clive Brook.

OUR NEW C.O.

(continued from page 3)
 tional flying at Lac La Bonnet in Northern Manitoba, where he was connected with the relief camps being set up at that time. He climaxed the North-Western chapter in 1935 when, playing with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, they won the championship.

Ottawa again in 1936 working with the Test and Development Branch of the Service, and it was that year the W/C entered a sports team in the inter-city league. The "wiseacres" said that he was crazy—that they had little equipment, no support—what could they expect to do? Last season, Wing Commander Harding "had the last laugh" when the team he started six years ago walked off with the Allan Cup. . . . 1938 was Trenton, not yet a C.F.S., and back to Borden again just prior to hostilities, where he engaged in the organization of the J.A.P.T. that was to make Camp Borden the No. 1 Service Flying Training School. In 1939, at Malton, he saw the E.F.T. schools successfully coordinated with commercial flying.

Bermuda Venture

But new adventures were yet ahead, and early in the winter of 1940-41 the W/C was off to Bermuda as a Ferry Pilot in a job that took him many times in the course of the next eight months from Bermuda to London and back. The circuit was Bermuda to London to Halifax, to Montreal to Toronto to Bermuda, and the maximum time was usually four days.

In England, he caught the tail end of a "blitz" and made an extensive survey of conditions and the general progress of the war, particularly in flying achievements. Those Ferry trips were pungent with dangers and hazards and more than once he was forced down somewhere in the Atlantic, once off the north coast of Ireland.

They needed a good man to open up the new I.T.S. at Belleville so W/C Harding was sent, and a splendid job he did too. And now he is with us, and already many of his excellent policies regarding training of young Airmen are already showing results. Three things, he believes, are necessary and dependant on each other in relation to healthy men, and these things are physical fitness, good food and medical efficiency.

The W/C has high hopes for this Station, and with every one of us behind him, there's no reason why every one of those high hopes can't become a reality.

Believe me, we're behind you, sir! Every step of the way.

Shorts.
 Fri., May 15: Fifth Avenue Girl, Ginger Rogers, Walter Connolly. Shorts. In Love at Forty, Edgar Kennedy.
 Wed., May 20: Flame of New Orleans, comedy drama, Marlene Dietrich, Bruce Cabot. Shorts. Willy Weasel cartoon.

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Hewitt & West End Dairy

Pasteurized Milk and Cream

DRINK MILK FOR HEALTH

DAILY DELIVERIES

Phone 141g

HAGERSVILLE

Phone 841

KETT MOTOR SALES

DODGE AND DE SOTO DEALER

GENERAL REPAIRS

ELECTRIC AND ACETYLENE WELDING
 FIRESTONE TIRES

Ne and Used Cars

PHONE 32r2

HAGERSVILLE

ROY SIMINGTON

BRITISH-AMERICAN GASOLINE AND OIL

Goodyear Tires and Exide Batteries

PONTIAC AND BUICK SALES AND SERVICE

Phone 113

Hagersville

PHONE 67 KING STREET WEST
WINGER'S JEWELRY STORE

— HAGERSVILLE —

Remember **M O T H E R** May 10th

Gifts just what Mother would like: Something in Cups and Saucers, Wings, Brooches, Locketts or Silverware by 1847 Rogers

This Store Closes at 12 Noon Each Thursday