

A. D.

PORT
ALBERT,
ONTARIO



No. 2

May-June

1944

YOUR COMMITTEES

WELFARE CO-ORDINATING COMMITTEE

S/Ldr. Davey
Sgt. Edey
AC. Puryer
S/Ldr. Scott Morton
F/Lt. Lewis
F/Lt. Davies
F/Lt. Wharton
P/O Jenkins
F/O. Kent
F/Lt. Nisbet
F/O. Morgan
Mr. Cliff Britton
W/O. Shaw
Cpl. Storey
LAC. Pritchard

To be named

Cpl. Seabourne
AC. Smith
LAC. Spencer

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Secretary
Assist. Sec.
Padre—Domestic Problems
Education
Officers Mess
Entertainments
M. T. and Wet Canteen
Messing
Dance Band
Sports
Y.M.C.A.
Sergeants Mess
Accounts
Equipment
Signals
G. I. S.
Trainee
Maintenance
Maintenance
Servicing

P S. I. COMMITTEE

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Cpl. Peer	Accounts
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LAC. Winter	Signals
LAC. Williams	Trainee
AC.1 Webber	Maintenance
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F/Sgt. Hignett	Sgts. Mess
Mr. Cliff Britton	Y.M.C.A.
LAC. Scaldwell	S. H. Q.
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LAC. Ackroyd	Librarian
LAC. Baxter	Librarian
Mr. Cliff Britton	Y. M. C. A.

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S/Ldr. Davey	Cinema
S/Ldr. Davey	Magazine
F/Lt. Morey	Fencing
F/O. Morgan	Boxing
F/Lt. Mackie	Badminton
F/Lt. Lewis (liaison)	Canadian Committee
F/O. Roberts	Corporals Club
F/Lt. Napier	Small Bore Rifle Club



A. D.
FOR AFTER DUTY

VOL. II No. 2

PORT ALBERT, ONT.

MAY-JUNE, 1944

Commanding Officer's Representative
S/Ldr. R. C. Davey

Editor

P/O. W. W. R. Dawes

Committee

Mr. Cliff Britton

Sgt. K. Edey

Contributors

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F/O. F. J. L. Morgan
Mr. Cliff Britton

F/Sgt. K. Illingworth
F/Sgt. G. Brewster
Cpl. D. Rose

Cpl. Greene
LAC. T. S. Pritchard
LAC. McNaughton

EDITORIAL

May brought us sunshine, and with the advent of June we are able to state without fear of contradiction that Summer has arrived, since most of us have already doffed our blue and taken to khaki. Doubtless in England the village green once more echoes the sound of leather meeting willow, and pre-war flannels show white against the grass. For us, however, custom is reversed; our soccer season is beginning instead of drawing to a close, though it is hoped that cricket will be played concurrently with the "winter" game.

The ice which covered the shores of the lake seems a thing of the distant past; now we see the station's swimmers disporting themselves in the water, or sunbathing on the all too scanty beaches. George is selling his quota of ice cream far ahead of schedule, and many a June bug is meeting sud-

den death for attacking our piece of pie. In fact after its period of winter hibernation, the station is again a scene of activity out of doors.

Yet we are compelled to disturb the scene of domestic bliss with our usual moan; it cannot fail to be noticed that this month's issue of the mag. is minus a number of pages, and we offer no prize to anyone who may guess the reason. One of our consistent contributors attributes it to a feeling of apathy commensurate with the season and grapevine rumours. Whether that be true or not, the necessity for an increase in the number of contributions to A.D. is most urgent if it is to survive until the final boat, as we hope it will. No one can fail to recognise that warm summer evenings are scarcely conducive to literary endeavours with either typewriter or pen, but there must be some of us sufficiently

versatile to sunbathe and write together. Perhaps some of the Kincairdine wolves will let us hear about their hunting experiences, and why they must go there so often.

It has been truly said that each man is a world in himself; why not draw us a map of yourself, if other inspiration fails. We want to hear from you and about you. We know you will not let us down.

Cinema Notes

The total attendance at the Station Cinema for the month of May was 3,500. This represented an average attendance of 234 per performance. The five most popular films shown during the period under review were:

1. "Andy Hardy's Blonde Trouble."
2. "Up in Arms."
3. "Passage to Marseilles."
4. "Up in Mabel's Room."
5. "North Star."

The most unpopular film was "Voice in the Wind." Although quite a good picture, it did not appeal to our cinemagoers, and as the attendance and reception at the first performance was poor it was not shown on the second night.

For the latter part of the month of June we are showing two brand new M.G.M. pictures. On the 22nd and 23rd, "Three Men in White" with Lionel Barrymore, and on 26th and 27th, "Two Girls and a Sailor," with Van Johnson, Jane Allyson, Gloria De Haven,

Jose Sturbe, Sunny Durante, Gracie Allen, Lena Horne plus two bands and a host of other stars.

On the 19th and 20th, we have "Gaslight" with Charles Boyer, and Ingrid Bergman. A taut, intense, fascinating murder drama of a man who deliberately tries to drive his wife insane so as to reap the benefits of a murder he committed years before.

We also hope to have first run of R.K.O.'s "Show Business" with Eddie Cantor, George Murphy, Joan Davis, Nancy Kelly. However, at the time of writing, this is subject to confirmation. Also subject to confirmation are "Once upon a time" a fantasy with Cary Grant and "The Yellow Canary," an adventure with Richard Greene, Anna Neagle and Nova Pilbeam.

For July we have, among others, "Uninvited," and "Lady in the Dark." The former a spine chiller with Ray Milland, Ruth Hussey, Cornelia Otis Skinner and Gail Russell; the latter a technicolor fantasy with Ginger Rogers, Ray Milland, and Warner Baxter.

Week-end at Niagara Falls

Now that the countryside is swept with the warm healthy glow of a Canadian summer and the trek across the fields to the cool refreshing waters of the Lake becomes an almost daily habit may I suggest a week-end visit to the famous Niagara Falls and enjoy the wealth of beauty and magnificent panoramas which the Falls alone can offer.

A glance at the map and railway timetables presents a much more complicated system of approach than the trip to Detroit but let me suggest the most interesting and economical route.

Leaving Goderich on the afternoon train you travel on the C.N.R. to Guelph. Change here but instead of making the journey to Hamilton by rail there is a bus which meets the train and runs through some delightful scenery and across the Dundas valley to Hamilton. The journey takes about an hour by bus and the rail ticket is valid with no extra charge. The last stage of the trip to Niagara is made through the fruit-growing section of Ontario and as you travel eastward you will pass mile after mile of peach, apple, cherry, grape, and pear

orchards that extend from the Lake shore back to the Hamilton plateau. There are three excellent routes to the Falls the best being the grand drive along the Queen Elizabeth Highway which is undoubtedly Canada's finest trunk road. It is designed for fast traffic although the speed limit is 40 miles per hour. There are twin tracks for east and west bound traffic and all the major feeder roads join the main highway by an elaborate system of clover leaf crossings. You should travel this highway if you wish to conjure up memories of the Great West Road or the East Lancashire Road. The Highway bypasses all the towns along the peninsula so if you want to see the Main streets of Winona, Grimsby, Stoney Creek, Vineland and St. Catharines then take the Greyhound Coach from Hamilton to the Falls. The third route is by rail but its only advantage is that it is cheaper. The journey by bus or rail takes about two hours.

At Niagara Falls you can stay at the General Brock or the Fox Head Inn, two of Niagara's best hotels. Both offer excellent views of the Falls and the bird's-eye view from the Pent House on the top of the General Brock Hotel is par-

ticularly attractive. Both these hotels are expensive so I would suggest a visit to the Active Service Club where you will find a friendly hostess ready to shower you with the hospitality of the city.

I have visited the Falls on many occasions in all variety of weather and I am always impressed with their grandeur and can always find many reasons for a further visit. The most impressive panorama is from the beautifully flower decked promenade on the Canadian bank of the river. But your most awe inspiring spectacle is from Prospect Point on the edge of the American Falls where you look down over the precipitous cliff and fill your ears with the roar of the torrent as it sweeps 167 feet down into the gorge. The whole area of the Falls is filled with many interesting views and excursions that are all very pleasant to describe but must really be seen to be appreciated and enjoyed. There is the thrilling journey in the "Maid of the Mist" which bobs like a cork as it noses its way into the cauldron of the Horseshoe Falls; the precarious crossing of the Whirlpool in a wire cage; the grand drive down the river to Queenston—the striking effect of brilliantly coloured rainbows breaking through the clouds of

mist that rise from the Falls; but I suggest you step out yourself and explore the Falls. You cannot fail to be impressed and if you first see them in summer do not forget to return in the Fall when the maples and birches put on their mantle of deep red and russet browns and the Falls then present a beautifully technicoloured landscape for your enjoyment. In winter the Falls do not freeze up entirely but everywhere you will find fantastic ice formations and the whole scene is swathed in a muffled hush. You will like the mid January aspect of the Falls.

In conclusion I have listed below the essential train schedules from Goderich to Niagara. Don't worry about taking a border pass with you on your first visit because there is enough interest on the Canadian side alone to take care of your week-end and it is the Canadian bank that is the more attractive.

An interesting excursion operating in the summer season is the cruise from Toronto to Queenston and thence by bus to Niagara. I recommend this trip as an excellent restorer of "sea legs" to you lucky people who are awaiting the "Boat."

Don't forget your camera.

TRAIN SCHEDULES GODERICH and NIAGARA FALLS

Leave Goderich	14.35 hours	Leave Niagara Falls	16.15 hours
Arr Guelph	18.11	Arr Hamilton	17.45
Leave Guelph	18.14	Leave Hamilton	19.05
Arr Hamilton	20.05	Arr London	21.14
Leave Hamilton	20.20	Leave London	21.40
Arr Niagara Falls	21.35	Arr Goderich	00.20

Service Return Fare—Goderich to Niagara Falls\$4.50

Service Return Fare—Goderich to Hamilton\$3.20



Centennial of the Y.M.C.A.

On the 6th of June this year we salute the one hundredth birthday of the Y.M.C.A. As we do so we also commemorate the inspiration of a young man by the name of George Williams, a twenty-two year old draper's clerk of London, England, who with twelve other young men, began a work which to-day has spread into sixty-six nations and numbers as members some 2,000,000 persons. The Y.M.C.A. since its inception, has left the imprint of Christian service and fellowship wherever it has gone. It is a spiritual movement and has never hesitated to make that fact known. Its membership cards read: "It is a world fellowship of men and boys united by a common loyalty to Jesus Christ for the purpose of developing Christian persons and a Christian society."

The Y.M.C.A. began very simp-

ly, but life was simple in those days. The large urban industrial centres were just beginning. With the problems of large industrial growth came all the companion social and recreational problems. In the social sphere the gaming room, the cock fighting pit, and the pub were the only places outside the home where men assembled. Transportation was also in its infancy. Even the steam ship was a novelty. Electric lights were unknown; telephones were not thought of; Schools at the best were limited to a select few. So when the Y.M.C.A. came into being in 1844 as a moral, Christian force to help young men face the issues of life it was an event of historical significance, even though conceived in small dimensions. Out of the very humble beginning have come developments which have surpassed anything that might have been dreamed of by the pro-

phets of that day.

The idea that the "young man" was body, mind, and spirit broadened the scope of Y.M.C.A. activity into every phase of the "young man's" life. The one "young man" became a young man anywhere which prevented the Y.M.C.A. from becoming a selective club and started it around the world. The idea of mutual help predominates in the Y.M.C.A. It is not an organization where a few spend their time telling others what to do. It is an educational institution. It is a social, group-work agency expressing itself in community, co-operative action. The characteristics which have made the Y.M.C.A. the success it has been is its deep interest in persons . . . its adaptability . . . its mobility . . . its leadership . . . its pioneering qualities.

The Y.M.C.A.'s record with the Armed Forces dates back to the year 1864 when it followed Canada's volunteers who enlisted to repulse the Fenians. From 1874 the Y.M.C.A. has had a place in the permanent militia camps in Canada. In the Boer War "Y" representatives went with the Canadian contingent. In the Great War (Mk.1) the Canadian Y.M.C.A. worked with the troops in Canada, later with the troops in England in conjunction with the British Y.M.C.A. In France its field of activity was constantly growing. The highest commendation of Canadian field officers appreciation of the "Y" has been officially recorded. With that record of service behind them the Y.M.C.A. was quick to offer themselves to the government at the outbreak of war in 1939. The offer

was gladly accepted and the year 1943 finds the "Y" serving the Armed Forces, in Canada, Newfoundland, Labrador, and Alaska at 834 different locations. Overseas in the United Kingdom service is given in 2115 separate locations, including 14 hostels and town centres, 921 regular "Y" centres 1170 forts and outposts and 10 hospitals. In North Africa, Sicily, Italy and Iceland the "Y" worked at 590 locations. The Geneva Convention of 1929 gave to the World Alliance of the Y.M.C.A. the right to send "Y" secretaries into Prisoners of War Camps to provide for the educational, recreational and religious needs of men. In this centennial year ninety-three secretaries are engaged in war prisoners work in twenty-eight countries, including Germany, Japan, Hong-Kong, Canada and France.

Together with the war service rendered by the Y.M.C.A. they are also carrying on their regular Association work with badly depleted staffs. The work programme with boys must be kept up to standard; the work with young men should not suffer; the community work must go on as a basis for post-war planning. Throughout Canada any man in uniform has free use of "Y" privileges with all that this implies . . . free swims . . . free shows and free Sunday teas. In short the Y.M.C.A. building means a home away from home.

In the words of President Roosevelt, "We trust that this Centenary of the Y.M.C.A. will witness an increase in good works, a renewal of dedication, and a strengthening of hands for service in the years to come."

Plugs and Sockets

This gen is for the May issue, but it is believed might yet have to contain scenes of snow.

Well, we have had great changes in the W/T. section, both outgoing and incoming. Paddy Leonard has left the station, some were sorry to see him go. He left on a special train, and with an escort. What is the service coming to these days?

Cpl. Lines and Sergeant Harris left our floor hockey much the weaker, in support of Beaufighter. They played very keenly right through. We shall not have "Babes in the Wood" for the next pantomime, Bednall being posted, hence one of the Babes short. We have since had a letter, saying that he had applied for a posting to a Polish Squadron and has since had it. They are nice fellows, not a bit rough like Beaufighter, he doesn't like men that fight.

Welcome to all the new comers. They are a great set of lads and we hope they will help our good name to remain. Leach, Cox and Pool are always keen to do room orderlies, and wanted \$100 bonds, until they were informed that they are not issued with their flying kit.

Several week-ends have passed in April, therefore offering more scope on the dope on week-end scandal. Oh yes, Cpl. Green had a birthday in April so had Hitler, but the Cpl's was a day after, so he has at least the satisfaction of knowing that De Feurer was crazy a day before. Week-

ending 30th April. a subscriber to the A.D. saw MacKay (who had just completed 14 days' leave) on the London station. Were you really on crutches Mac, after that REST you spoke of in Regina?

Stones has found a new home in the country, quite local. I didn't know gardening was the attraction. Weren't you complaining of backache last week? Now don't over DO IT, after all GARDENING is hard work. Attack new hobbies bit by bit, don't rush AT IT.

Football. Having decided to put the coils away in Beaufighter, staff W.Ops. have once more decided to do some real ground work on the station soccer pitch. Platt, who always does a lot of "filling in" will stay solid in the goal mouth. Briggs, who was attempting a transfer to the Navy (launch) will, I am afraid have to stay put . . . big fellows are scarce these days. Cpl. Green fancied outside, left or right, so they gave him "left right outside," and is now linesman . . . he needn't worry about post war occupations. I believe there is some really good football material on the camp, so Beaufighter will have to keep their "socks" up (with due co-operation from the sports store).

If our efforts on the field touch those shown in the "6th Victory Loan" we have TOPPED the league already. For the benefit of Manchester, where the outlook is very unsettled, we have raised \$2,750 against a target of \$400 which all must agree is very credit-

able, and not without a lot of blood and sweat. I myself had to do room orderlies each day (except Tuesday) or the boys threatened to boycott the "Bond business." We had some deep digs, Wilson giving \$150 cash, and also bought a \$50 bond on the H.P. system. The following obtained \$100 bonds: Cpl. Wright, Cpl. Claydon, Wynne, Kilburn, Prior, Stone, Platt, Snowden, Haigh. The remainder bought \$50 bonds, and those who haven't yet, offered me such as "I have 8 children to keep," "Two wives to support," "an aunt in some mad house," etc. The drive has not finished to date, but we offer some worthy results. Whether the pennant remains in Beaufighter or not, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we flew high over Berlin once. I sincerely hope that the outlook in Manchester lightens up because at present they are somewhere over the channel, having lost touch with base.

Decorations. Five of the Signals have received decorations for being active in some war zone or other. They all say that they have enjoyed every minute of their stay in Canada. Thomas 1 said he wants a medal too. He had better make it snappy, as all the boats are wanted for the invasion. P.S. I told him he is due for something pretty soon, for contacting base (one of these days)! Gillies came back after an absence of 3 days. "Where did you get the medal," Johnson asked? "Oh, we stopped over night at Centralia." "But where did you get the bar?" "That was issued with my Form H!" They tell me W.O. Kennedy got a gong for active service in Kitchener. **Note.** The Mayfair Hotel is still out of bounds.

Promotions. Congratulations to Cpls. Wright, Winters and Dickens, on graduation to that rank.

Wanted. Beer coupons. Apply Tel. 36 or the Sergeants' Mess.

D.R.O.'s. In future, Tuesday morning details will fall in 12 to a dinghy (4 when in full pack). P.S. Officers will sign for their own launches. P.P.S. This does not apply to fine weather. During the sailpast the C.O. will stand on the pier to take the salute of the skippers. Fishing tackle is NOT allowed during working hours. All non-swimmers excused this parade. Watch further D.R.O.'s for further sailing orders.

Ex-Aircrew . . . for taking a star shot on a glow worm, and taking a drift on a rotating beacon.

Who thought the 1081 was a Transmitter?

Name the following:

1. Hostess Honies.
2. Good morning Cpl.
What's our total now.
3. Good morning Sir.
Oh, about 2,000.

Accident. The Port Albert Cafe was broken into by a "smash and grab" raid. The driver had not time to grab, he was too busy adjusting his brakes and picking apple pie off his radiator.

Well, I guess that's all for now, blokes. So long till next time.

Sincerely yours,

SPARKS.

2 Hangar, ring 23. Gen.

Who is the W.O.P. who goes to Toronto to better Anglo/Chinese public relations, who also refuses

to make his so-called relations public?

It is thought that the N.C.O. i/c carpenters shop, is applying to have Sgt. Fenwick on the strength of his section.

Notice to U/T's. Have you had the finger print taken. If not Y not!

The Mechs are genning up on Q.R.S. (Does it mean you are sending too fast?).

Cpl. Denovan is still searching for his Gremlin in the new Geep, in spite of the lots of help from the many newcomers (Finger trouble).

A certain W.E.M. (not on D. Is. or duty W.E.M.) knows we may find him in S.D.R.T. asleep perhaps, or in the tank . . . asleep again.

Some fellows have pencils that just won't write when a voucher is presented. Inferiority complex . . . maybe, or WHAT is it?

Who's the W.E.M. that thinks a 160 hour inspection takes 160 hours. Int DIM maybe.

Some guy at 23 thinks that the glass round an electric lamp bulb is for the protection of flies.

It is true that Cpl. Comell, walking around with a natural air addresses all his men with "my son."

There should be lots of talent for a ventriloquist show, judging by the sights on working parade.

Who said "put Detroit out of bounds until "War bond drive" is over."

A W.E.M. was nearly airborne last night. The pilot asked what he was doing asleep, and he replied that "he was waiting for a ground check." Alarms are to be fitted to the clocks.

How the Artist Sent in His Bill

An artist employed in repair-

ing the properties of an old church was refused payment in a lump sum, and was asked for details. He sent in his bill as follows:

	£	s	d
Corrected the 10 Commandments	1	10	
Embellished Pontius Pilate and put a new ribbon on his bonnet	8	1	
Put a new tail on the rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb		12	
Washed the servant of the high Priest and put carmine on his cheek		1	
Renewed heaven, adjusted the stars and cleaned the moon	1	16	
Revived the flames of hell, put a new tail on the devil, mended his left hoof	1	16	
Rebordering the robe of Herod and re-adjusting his wig	7	3	
Put new spotted dashes on the sun of Fobias and dressing on the sack	7	6	
Cleaned the ear of Balaam's Ass	9		
Put Earrings in the ear of Sarah	9	2	
Put a new stone in David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath, and extended his legs	8	8	
Decorated Noah's Ark	17	6	
Mended the skirt of the Prodigal Son, and washed his ears	15	3	

Still 2 Hangar Ring 23

Thomas II still looks sleepy, the chaps at 31 don't. Why? Now someone in 2 hangar rather thinks he is missing the North Battleford Bus in which he sleeps.

That's all.

. 2 Hangar, Ring 23.

The Fire Section

Recently this Section has seen unheard of upheavals in the otherwise Utopian tranquillity of its normal existence.

At one fell swoop, so to speak, we have been deprived of our popular Fire Officer, P/O. Jenkins, and, as if this were not enough, another few days will mark the departure for Dartmoor—sorry—Dartmouth, Nova Scotia, of W/O. "Tiny" Allison, our Fire Chief.

It should go without saying that we wish P/O. Jenkins a safe voyage home, and every success in whatever job he may find himself doing back in the U.K. He did a lot for the Section during his all-too-short stay with us, and, in a way, the Section did a lot for him. After all, we got him married, didn't we?

And following the age-old rule "The King is dead. Long live the King," we take the opportunity to extend to his successor, F/O. Eales-Johnson, a very warm welcome, and the sincere wish that his stay with us will be a happy one.

This is not altogether flannelling either, because if he's happy, he'll sleep well at nights, and if he sleeps well at nights he'll be less inclined to walk around the camp pulling fire alarm boxes at three o'clock in the morning. (We hope!)

With regard to the projected departure of our Fire Chief, I'm sure we all wish him every success and a pleasant and very long (or vice versa) stay in Dartmoor—sorry, wishful thinking again—Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. We can't, I fear, claim to have got Mr. Alli-

son married, during his stay with us, but at least we did the next best thing, we got him divorced!

F/Sgt. Wheland, the new Fire Chief, has already joined us and although, from all reports, his opinion of P.A. generally, at present is lower than a snake's—er—stomach, we can but extend to him the same hearty welcome, and hope that as time goes by he'll find it's not so bad.

It's unfortunate that, arriving now as he has, the smiles of welcome of some of the personnel here may have seemed a trifle ersatz, due to the latest "gen" on D.R. O.'s regarding future boatlists—or, to be more precise, the absence of same—but for all that, we can but hope, that, even as we shall in time become resigned to a "boatlistless" future, so will our new Fire Chief settle down, more or less happily with us.

These events leave little space for the mention of any other of the Section's activities, which is lucky in a way because, as usual, very little else has happened—but wait—one thing should be recorded, sad as it may seem. Even as I write, I see before me, a tour-expired airman (pleasant phrase), moist of eye, reluctantly dragging from the depths of his kit-bag, a soiled and much-creased bundle of khaki, for yet another summer's wear.

You might shrug your shoulders and say, "Such is life." "C'est la guerre." "Quien Sabe," or even, "So what?"—but not me. I say "Roll on the boat," for I must join this airman and drag my khaki out too.

The Equipment Section

Yes, I know that we are only Store-bashers (glorified A.C.H.'s) but the R.A.F. is entirely responsible for this magniloquent name which has been bestowed upon our section, so don't blame me—I only "work" here.

It is, of course, quite true that we have an ample number of customers (both of them), so we are not really in need of this publicity in the Station Magazine. However, we are not to be outdone by the Fire Section (they are all wet anyway), so here goes.

Probably the main item of interest is the fact that we are now operating under new management. Our new boss, S/Ldr. Raynor, occupying a rather lofty position (Corn—S.E.O.), who, having given his assurance that we would not be required to do more than to file all sectional demands in the waste paper basket, has been welcomed with open arms (No, not palms). This a very unorthodox procedure for Store-bashers.

Last week our Sgt. Hammond, with his unsatiable thirst for registers, decided that a P.Y.F.O. Register should be kept, but I hear that Scaldwell of the Stationery Stores is beginning to clamp down. Seemingly, five complete books have already been filled.

I know that most of you will be simply itching to hear some news of the Clothing Stores. Well gentlemen (I am not obliged to address you so because we have many more Store-bashers on this unit than suits of blue in stock), I have the greatest of pleasure in announcing that this vast emporium of airmen's habiliments will be

closed for stocktaking for only three weeks and four days in the coming month. So come early three weeks next Thursday morning. Come at the crack of dawn (around about 11.15 hours tea mashing time) and avoid the rush. We would, of course, offer you light refreshment whilst you wait in the queue, but I am afraid that our colleague, Wally Hobbs, might give you the boot (come around and see me sometime—I'll give you the "gen" on that one).

To continue, I am told that the Barrack Stores is running well—thanks to Mr. Labatt—sorry—I mean supervision (synonymous with lookin-on) of F/Sgt. Atkinson.

The Technical Stores is probably the hardest working and most efficient branch of our section (this is where you will find yours truly). Here, if you come between 10.00 hours and 12.00 hours on any day of the week between Monday and Thursday provided, that you have placed a "voocher" in THE BOX three weeks before hand, that the item required is in stock, that you know precisely what it looks like and where it is to be found, that you can quote the regulation which entitles you to it, and that you can induce Harry Allison to keep both hands operating under their own steam, then you will be able to obtain almost anything from an Anson to a fishing hook. However, if you are unable to abide by any of these very simple conditions, in the words of the Store-bashers adage "you will have to come back in ten days time." In other words "we 'aven't got none your size, chum."

Works and Buildings Gen

April showers bring May flowers, income tax bills and baseball. Works and Buildings staff have no time (!) for the first, no money for the second but the third certainly limbers up unused muscles, and well we know it now. Definite signs of spring were seen around the section a few weeks ago. First sign was a robin, next day we saw a "Mosquito," then we all knew that it was here when we saw our genial "Cap" Cook popping Fly's in the compound during one lunch hour.

All the staff take turns to emulate Babe Ruth, and we hope, in a few weeks to field a team worthy of a challenge from anyone. The first day's workout seemed to be the hardest as we are told that the most embarrassing question around certain homes in Goderich that evening was "where is the liniment." We all had a good time, and a few points cropped up requiring investigation, one being the fact that Jimmie Gorman's right arm is absolutely out of condition. The reason, we are told, is that Jimmie hasn't quite lost his childhood attraction for nurses. Better practice on some baseball curves for a change Jimmie. We wonder at the nationality of Jimmie "Paddy" Doherty as he was heard to say "Shure and bejabbers Oi played that in Oireland when Oi was a kid, but we called it rounders." We all believed that Jimmie was a Canadian? Is Jock McLeod really a Canadian as he claims to be. If so, why did he ask which end of the bat did he hold in his hands. Did Eddie Morgan take time off taping wires to tape his

stomach after it had stopped all those grounders. He was seen to tighten his belt later. Dick Buchanan gave a brilliant display of batting, and seemed to be in the pink of condition, yet the next day he was excused at the drill period. Explain yourself Dick. After a few days practice Coach Freddy Barwell asked that he be quoted as follows: "Boys, after watching you workout, I believe we can field a team worthy of the name Works and Bricks, and I hereby challenge any team whether R.A.F. or R.C.A.F. any time they wish." So how about it fellahs, who will accept the challenge. Perhaps if the C.N.T. Link boys would forget about that super secret building of theirs they may condescend to wander over to ours and accept. Or do they know more about P-Z-X curves than the baseball variety. You must be rested now after your strenuous basket ball season, Sgt. Kennedy. Why not let us show the R.A.F. lads the modern version of Rounders.

Before we sign off, may we extend a hearty welcome to Jack Ford, R.C.A.F. in S.S.Q. In the short time he has been here, he is already attaining the popularity of his predecessor Tommy Clark who has gone to a west coast posting. Also goodbye to Harry Lewis, and welcome to Sgt. Varey and Cpl. Bennett all of the Dental Corps, the only section that really know all about drilling. Perhaps our own Sgt. Duckworth had better contact them about drill. We would like to find out the circumstances which caused "Ducky" to upset the paste-pot. Better smarten up "Ducky."

POLITICAL SIDELIGHTS OF 100 YEARS AGO

The early political history of the district of Huron had its beginnings about the year 1835. The chief topic of the day were the reforms advocated by Wm. Lyon Mackenzie (grandfather of the present prime minister). These reforms were diametrically opposed to the prevailing customs and interests of the "Family Compact." There were turbulent times from 1831-1838 and this district was directly involved. In the election of 1835 Capt. Robert Dunlop was elected to represent the Conservatives. His opponent at this election was Colonel Anthony Van Egmond, who is deserving of more than passing notice, not only as an advocate of reform but because he was one of the early settlers and also a man whose exploits had won him considerable military distinction, and whose efforts in behalf of reform were to win for the average Canadian a degree of civil liberty not then enjoyed in any other nation.

Colonel Van Egmond was born in Holland toward the close of the eighteenth century—a lineal descendant of Count Van Egmond who was one of the leading spirits in the overthrow of the Dutch Republic. The Colonel retained in his noble lineage a military enthusiasm which found him holding a commission in the line when Holland was invaded by Napoleon. He was included in the contingent of troops that Holland was forced

to furnish Napoleon after its subjugation. As a result he accompanied Napoleon on his disastrous campaign in Russia and the memorable retreat from Moscow. Colonel Van Egmond was one of the few to survive the rigors of the Russian winter and the Russian guerillas.

Following this episode he obtained his release from the French army and immediately gave his allegiance to the Allied cause and operated with Blucher in the battle of Waterloo where he was severely wounded.

After the fall of Napoleon he emigrated to America and settled in Pennsylvania. He resided here for eight years before he came to Canada to settle near the present city of Kitchener. While here he contracted to survey what is now known as the Huron Road from Hamilton to Goderich. Further he contracted to build three hostels on the road to facilitate travelling and to open up the huge block of land controlled by the Canada Company. The Company gave him £40, £50 and £60 respectively for these hostels with the provision that he charge no more than the regular prices paid in older settlements. He liked the appearance of the Huron Tract so well that he moved into the last built of the hostels, three miles west of Seaford, and resided there until his death. The Colonel's support of the Reform Party led him into difficulties. As time passed the griev-

ances of the Reformers were multiplied instead of being reduced under the guidance and duplicity of the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Frances Head. It soon became evident that the only recourse left to the Reformers was open revolt. Because of his knowledge of military matters and his adherence to the doctrines of the Reform party Colonel Van Egmond was one of the first to respond to the call of his leader Wm. Lyon Mackenzie. There was some confusion as to the plan of concerted rebel descent on York (now Toronto) and a skirmish resulted between the militia and the rebels at Montgomery's Tavern, north of Toronto in which the rebels were bested. Consequent upon this skirmish the Colonel was captured and thrown into jail in Toronto to await trial for treason. It was reported that he took poison voluntarily rather than face the

sentence of death passed on those convicted of harbouring liberal sentiments. The bitter hate of his enemies did not cease with his death for while his remains were being brought home for burial by his friends his casket was twice broken open by armed groups under the pretense of searching for arms.

"Colonel Van Egmond was a gallant soldier, an enterprising pioneer, a generous friend and an educated gentleman." He was a personal friend of Sir John Colborne, who also served the Allied cause at Waterloo, and although he died in jail with a charge of treason hanging over him, he gave his life for the sacred liberties and rights of the people. Though long denied, agitation was successful in bringing about new liberty and the fall of the tyranny of the Family Compact under old-time Canadian Toryism.

POST-WAR TRAINING

A song which enjoyed wide popularity in the Services towards the end of the last war began with the words "When the bloomin' war is over;" no doubt most of you are familiar with its sentiments. Unfortunately, like many other pleasures in life, the satisfaction derived from telling the Flight Sergeant how to dispose of his leave passes, though momentarily intense, will nevertheless be short-lived. For the problems of Service life will be substituted those of our return to civvy street. Consequently, as sensible men, while not in any way

neglecting the primary duty of getting on with the war and finishing it, we must however think of, and in our leisure time prepare for the day when our present task shall have been accomplished and we must set our hands to other work. Can we get our old jobs back, or new ones if we want them? Realizing that success in ordinary life depends on our possession of marketable skill, how can those who have been devoting to military service the years in which we normally acquire such skills make up for these lost years? What facilities for training will be offered after the war,

and will provision be made for dependents? These and like questions are one which, very properly, are exercising the minds of thinking men in the Services. Little information has so far reached us as to how the government means to tackle these questions; it is known however that problems of demobilizing and re-habilitation are being carefully studied by experts in Great Britain and large scale schemes are being drafted. A scheme for further education and training was outlined last Summer and at the time the Education Officer drew attention to it. As many of you have not been on the Unit very long, and as perhaps this scheme is not so widely known as it ought to be, it may be as well to outline its main proposals.

Persons Eligible to Benefit Under the Scheme

A prime condition will be proof of a period of full time effective service in work of national importance during the war. An applicant must show that by reason of this service he has been unable to start training, or has suffered interruption of training for a career, or is unable to resume or continue a career, or requires a refresher course. The candidate must show capabilities, or potentialities sufficient to suggest that his training would justify expenditure of public money. An applicant will have to state what business or profession for which he wishes to train or the course which he wishes to take; the type of training will not however be left to undirected choice. The absorptive capacity of the profession chosen must be taken into consideration, and the candidate may sometimes, if he shows pro-

mise, be advised to train for some other profession. Expert advice on this matter will be forthcoming from Lord Hankey's Committee, set up by the government for this purpose.

University and Technical College Courses

It is proposed to meet the needs of candidates by providing (1) courses at university or technical colleges designed to equip them for professional careers (2) refresher courses mainly for the older groups. The award to a successful applicant will be in the form of a grant enabling him to take the full course of training he needs. Its amount will be determined in the case of a university student, by an assessment committee of the university in question, and the needs of married candidates will receive special consideration. Courses may be taken at Dominions or other overseas universities.

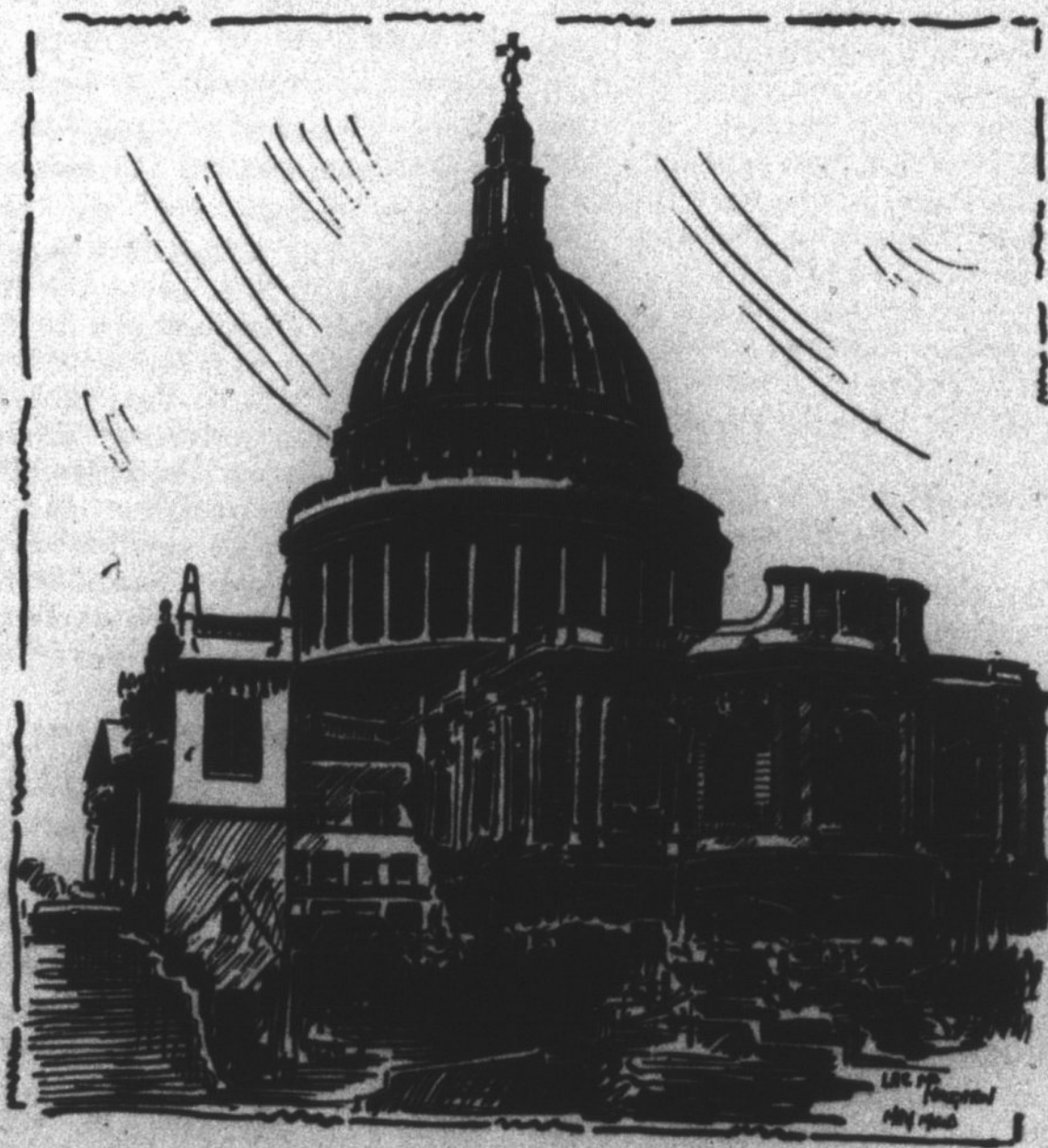
Practical Type Courses

Where the training desired and approved is of a practical type, involving attendance at and work in an office or other place of business, the period covered by the grant must be a period of real training capable of and designed for fitting the trainee for a post of responsibility. The larger firms have been invited to submit schemes of training, but no details of these plans have yet been received. It will be clear that the scheme cannot come into operation until general demobilization begins, and only those who have been discharged from war service through disablement or on medical grounds can at present apply for consideration.

ST. PAUL'S OF LONDON

St. Paul's Cathedral has always been the pride of London. To Londoners during the blitz, it became something more—a symbol

blown in, but still serene and dominant. When seen from Blackfriars, the view with the river in the foreground conjures up in



The unscathed dome consoles us for the desolation in the foreground. Thanks to the blitz, we can now see the East End of the Cathedral. The unfortunate church is St. Benet's.

of defiance and endurance, something almost personal. Today, it stands amidst the ruins of the City, with its Eastern windows

one's mind the words of Tennyson, "Under the Cross that shines golden over City and river." It still shines there today but over

humble houses with boarded windows, sombre warehouses blackened with fire, and sailing barges whose cargo is the rubbish and refuse of the blitzed City. The Cathedral's unscathed dome consoles the Londoner for the ruins by which it is surrounded. Seen from Cheapside, it appears as if a sea of destruction flowed right up to the Cathedral—and then turned back, merely having splashed its walls. The dome and clock towers, the latter as level and placid as fire-dogs, are visible from all parts of the City, but on certain nights of the blitz, they

were obscured, even from the churchyard itself, by fire clouds. On the night of December 29th, 1941, that fateful night when the City burned, history repeated itself, as in the words of Samuel Pepys, (describing the Great Fire of 1666)—“in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horried, malicious, bloody flame.” In 1941 we Londoners feared for our lives, we also feared for St. Paul's. But Wren's masterpiece is still there, a proud defiant symbol of a free nation in its fight against evil.

MOTHER TONGUE

English, they say, is the language
most used,
Most spoken, most written, most
cruelly abused.
The plural of box we all know is
boxes,
Yet, the plural of ox is oxen, not
oxes.
A goose is a goose, but two are
called geese,
But why isn't more than one moose
quoted meese?
A mouse and his family are men-
tioned as mice,
But the plural of house is houses,
not hiee.
The plural of brother is brothers
or brethren,
And yet we say mothers, but never
say methren.
The plural of man? The answer
is men.
The plural of pan? Who'd dare
to say pen?
If more than one tooth, we desig-
nate teeth,

Then why isn't more than one
booth called beeth?
If one thing is that and three
things are those,
Then why do we swear at the cats
and not cose?
A cow in the plural is sometimes
the kine,
But who ever spoke about two
vows as vine?
You can readily double a foot and
have feet,
But try as you might, you can't
make root—reet.
If this in my hand were two,
'twould be these,
And yet is the plural of kiss ever
kese?
We classify pronouns as he, his,
and him,
But never, it's certain, as she,
shis, and shim.
No wonder, then, so many nearly
go mad,
And speak our good English
atrociously bad!

The Bear Truth

Paddy has always been such a pigheaded cuss. I've been spending my forty-eights with him for nearly two years now, and each time I go with him something happens. And he always works it out that it's my fault. That makes me mad as hell, and yet there's something about him that I can't seem to stay mad with him for long. Maybe it's the way he's got of parting up with his last fag with the air of a man who's still got about three cartons in his locker. Or how he'll throw his last dime to you in such a careless, unconcerned manner that you'd never suspect that he wasn't another Mr. Rothschild.

Oh, I guess he's alright. It's just these little things that happen when we go out. Look at last week-end for instance. We went to Detroit and had a whale of a time, and on the way back I was congratulating myself that we hadn't had our usual dust-up. But I was a bit early I guess. I should have known better.

We were hitch-hiking see, and things were going O.K. until some chap dumped us out of a car miles from any sign of civilisation, except for one house standing hidden by the trees behind us. We'd left it a bit late leaving Detroit, and by this time it was just getting dusk.

Paddy was binding like the clappers.

"Of all the god-forsaken places to stand" he was mattering, "Might just as well be in the middle of the Rockies, or somewhere."

"Except that there's no grizzly

bears, or mooses or anything," I said helpfully.

"Well even that wouldn't surprise me" he grumbled. "Only wants a blinking grizzly bear or a gopher or something to complete the party."

It was nearly dark now. In the distance, here and there, a flickering light could be seen, but along the road, stretching straight as a die for about fifty miles in each direction, there was not the remotest sign of a car. It was quiet too, except for an occasional faint rustle, caused by the wind stirring the trees behind us.

We stood for about fifteen or twenty minutes smoking a cigarette and getting pretty cheesed. Occasionally Paddy would break the silence with a stream of choice profanity directed chiefly at the entirely innocent and unwitting owner of the car which should be travelling along this particular road at this particular time—but wasn't!

Suddenly, though he sniffed, at the same time giving me a suspicious stare.

"What's up," I said in some surprise, "What have I done now?"

He continued to favor me with a glare pregnant with accusation.

"I dunno, what you've done," he said pointedly, "but I can smell something."

You see what I mean now about him blaming me all the time? But on this occasion I must admit he had at least some justification.

I sniffed. There certainly was a bad smell about somewhere. I

looked around. Or at least, I started to look around. Actually I had only just turned my head when I saw it. Standing about six feet behind Paddy it was. A full-size, large as life—grizzly bear!

Now we'd had quite a lot to drink over the week-end, and although I'd never had any ill effects before, I knew that some people had been known to see pink elephants, so why not grizzly bears? In Canada grizzly bears seem more appropriate than pink elephants somehow.

So, for the moment, I didn't mention it to Paddy for fear of starting anything. But in spite of myself I must have backed away a little for he was still staring.

"What's the matter with you?" he demanded irritably.

"I—er—no—it—who me?" I stammered.

The bear was moving closer now, and I was at last convinced that it was no delusion. The smell was increasing in strength too, in proportion to the proximity of the bear. That bear certainly never heard of Lifebuoy.

Paddy was getting definitely peeved too.

He scowled at me.

"What are you standing there for? Come over here and help me get a ride, and let's get away from this smell. Must be a drain or something."

I was in a flat spin now. I didn't know what to say or do. I'd read somewhere that you shouldn't show fear with bears—or maybe it was lions, I wasn't sure at the time—and so, although I was pretty sure that in sheer blue funk I could have covered the hundred yards in record time right then, I had enough sense left to realise that I couldn't keep on doing it indefinitely, as would have been

necessary had I started nipping up that road.

And Paddy still hadn't seen the bear even though it was right behind him, staring with intense concentration at the back of his neck with its beady blood-shot eyes. For some reason it didn't pay any attention to me, and as I hadn't worked out any plan of campaign yet, I decided that the longer I could prevent Paddy from noticing the bear, the better it would be, because I shuddered to think what his reaction would be when he did.

So with this idea in mind I forced myself, against my better judgment, to move closer to him again.

"Is that a car coming?" I said playing for time. There wasn't even the suspicion of a light but it served to distract his attention and he turned his head to stare up the road. I turned my head to stare at the bear, and the bear continued to stare, with the same fascinated leer, at the back of Paddy's neck.

"Here comes a car," Paddy exclaimed suddenly. Then in irritation. "What do you want?"

"What do I want?" I said in surprise. "Nothing, why?"

"Well, if you don't want anything, stop tapping me on the shoulder."

"Tapping you on the shoulder? I'm not. . . ." I stopped. Of course I wasn't tapping him on the shoulder. But the bear was!

For a few seconds, Paddy's concentration remained on the road until suddenly the portent of my last remark struck him and his head whipped round.

"What do you mean, you didn't tap me? If you didn't, who did then?"

I tried to keep calm.

"The—the—er—bear, I guess Paddy," I said gently, trying to instil into him some of the self-assurance that I would liked to have felt myself.

He smiled sarcastically.

"Oh I see," he said nastily, "The bear, eh?" He still didn't believe me! I pointed weakly.

"Yes, the one behind you."

He put his hands on his hips and glared at me with ill-concealed exasperation.

"Look Ginge" he said, "This is definitely the last time you go out drinking with me. If you can't take your beer better than this you'd better stick to coke or something."

"But Paddy. . . ."

"Shut up," he growled. "Bears of all things! What in heavens name will you be seeing next? I suppose it's a grizzly bear isn't it? About seven feet tall with blood-shot eyes, long black claws and big yellow fangs, eh?"

"Yes," I murmured weakly.

"Exactly like that." I gave up. I'd done my best.

He guffawed rudely. "Exactly like that," he mimicked. Then savagely, "You make me sick! What would a grizzly bear be doing here? You must think I'm. . . ." He stopped. He turned white and then a sickly green. The bear was tapping him again and as I was about ten feet away and getting farther all the time he could see it wasn't me. In spite of my own panic I felt a certain satisfaction in the deepening green of Paddy's gills.

"Well, I guess you believe me now," I said. "Now try to keep cool. Don't show fear."

For a moment he said nothing. He was staring straight ahead like a stricken cow. I think he wanted to look round but rigor mortis

seemed to have set in. He rolled his eyes wildly in frantic endeavours to make his paralyzed vocal cords function. At last he succeeded—partially.

"Ugh," he said.

"That's the idea chum, don't lose your head," I encouraged, "Just pretend you don't notice anything."

I was aware that this advice was easier to give than to take, because by now the bear had one arm around his neck and was affectionately licking his ear.

I was about twenty feet away, still offering advice, but with one eye on the road. There was a car in the distance.

"See, it wants to be friends," I told Paddy. "Try and make some bear noises."

Actually I'd already given him up for lost, because I had an idea that this display of fondness on the bear's part was merely a prelude. Most animals toy with their prey, so I felt that the most I could do was to try and keep his spirits up till the last.

"Can you throw me your pass," I shouted. "I can tell the S.P.'s then where you are—or were." I was a fair way away by then, but the glare of vicious frustration Paddy gave me was sufficient to tell me that at the moment his pass was not his chief concern. I was beginning to suspect also that his larynx had gone completely U/S. until the bear lifted him up like a baby and started to make off with him into the trees. Then he seemed to find his voice all of a sudden.

"Ginge! Ginge! My pal! Save me!" He screamed hoarsely. There was such helpless and pathetic appeal in his voice that I have often wondered since whether I would have tried to save him or

not. Actually, I had half moved towards him in indecision when the interruption came.

"Gertrude! Gertrude! Where are you!"

It was a woman's voice and it came from the direction of the house behind the trees.

The affect on the bear was electrical though. It stopped in its tracks and cocked its head in the direction of the voice, dropping Paddy like a hot brick onto the deck, where he sat legs astride and arms outstretched, panting like a tortured frog, but not moving.

"Gertie dear, where are you?"

The voice was nearer now and with a queer rumbling growl the bear left Paddy and lumbered to meet the woman who appeared through the trees, torch in hand. For a moment she paused, taking in the whole scene, then she laughed and turned to the bear.

"Oh you naughty, naughty girl," she chided. "You've been playing with the soldiers again."

She turned to where I was helping Paddy to his feet.

"Gertie is like all the girls," she smiled patting the bear fondly on the muzzle. "She just can't resist a uniform. She's such a baby too. So full of mischief. I hope she didn't scare you?" She looked questionly at us. We looked at each other.

"No ma'am," Paddy said at last with commendable restraint, "She . . . she didn't scare us at all."

We stood in silence as the woman and the bear disappeared arm in arm through the trees. Then Paddy, without looking at me, said "C'mon, here comes a car."

Things haven't been quite the same with us since then. Paddy hasn't said much, but in his heart, I think he blames me for this as well.

A DREAM OF HOME

By AC. Hadfield, Fire Section

I fell asleep, a lovely dream I dreamed,
This world of ours was sane again it seemed,
And you were home my darling safe and sound,
And then indeed did glory shine around.

The look upon your face was good to see,
As there you stood with arms outstretched to me,
And in my sleep my eager fingers sought,
To clasp your own, but seeking they found nought.

Then I awoke and cried aloud your name,
And tears fell as the realization came,
That it was just a dream, but dreams come true,
And so I pray Dear Lord, this one will too.



THE OFFICIAL FRENCH WAR NEWS COMMUNIQUE

It has been reported that the Germans have taken Castoria. The Minister of Information doubts their ability to hold it. A later bulletin states that the strain upon their rear is tremendous, and that they are evacuating all along the lines. The German High Command tried their best to suppress the report but it leaked out, and the British got wind of it. Germans now realize the value of a "Scrap of Paper."

The Evolution of Canada

Three hundred and fifty years ago there were no white people in Canada. The land was a vast wilderness unknown to the peoples of Europe. Its human population consisted of only a thin scattering of dark skinned, nomadic natives subsequently called "Indians."

The French were the first people to establish settlements around the year 1600. The English came close upon their heels. There were several purposes behind these settlements: (1) Expansion of Empire. (2) Trade in furs. (3) Conversion of the Indians to the Christian faith. (4) Search for a short cut to India and China. (5) Establishment of new homes, and (6) Adventure.

French settlement and expansion prospered in Eastern Canada and reached far into the West; and the country was a French community until 1763. The Peace of Paris, ending the English-French Seven Years War, then brought the territory under the British Crown.

At the time of the American Colonies War of Independence, 1776, large numbers of "United Empire Loyalists" migrated northward to Canada. They settled mainly in what is now known as Ontario.

In 1867 the British Parliament passed the "British North American Act" which provided for the Federation of the Colonies of Prince Edward Island, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Quebec, Ontario and British Columbia. In 1870 the territory of Manitoba

was added to the Federation. It was not until the year 1905 that the territories of Alberta and Saskatchewan were added, which completed the East-West expanse of the Dominion of Canada.

In the latter part of the 19th Century and the early years of the present Century, great numbers of immigrant settlers poured into Canada (mainly the West) from the British Isles and Continental Europe.

Canada's evolution from a Colony under the British Crown ruled from Westminster to a self-governing Dominion under the British Crown ruled from Ottawa was gradual, but inevitable. The Statute of Westminster 1931 clarified the position of the Dominion within the framework of the British Commonwealth recognising the Crown as the only legal link binding Canada to the United Kingdom and the other Dominions. The British North America Act is still the basic Constitutional document in Canada. It is an Imperial Statute and can be amended only by the Parliament at Westminster. However, it is fully recognised that this arrangement is one of choice by Canadians and may be terminated at any time upon the request of the Canadian nation.

Since the World War of 1914-1918 Canada's relationship with other countries have developed rapidly and she has now assumed a share of the responsibilities formerly delegated exclusively to the older established nations.

Under the terms of the British

North America Act the functions of State within Canada are divided between the National Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures. The Provinces jealously preserve their Constitutional right to exercise exclusive control over such matters as education, the sale of

liquor, property transfers and marriage rites. This sometimes results in (1) Quarrels between the Federal and Provincial authorities and, (2) differences in the law between Province and Province—all very confusing to the non-Canadian observer.

Church Notes

The Fellowship held a very successful meeting on the evening of Tuesday, 9 May, when the Baptist Young People's Union were invited to take part. The music included hymns, some rousing choruses and a quartet. The discussion method of Bible study, led by LAC. Eddie Lendon of 91 A.N., went over extremely well. One gem, speaking of the vivid prison experience of Paul and Silas: "The earthquake shook the prison, but their witness shook the prisoners."

It is hoped to arrange a visit to the Clinton R.C.A.F. Station Fellowship in the near future.

An open invitation for questions to be treated in sermons in the Station Church has been issued. The original wording stated there would be no guarantee of 100% answer, a guarantee would be given of a good try.

The Army has got in ahead of the R.A.F. in this matter, with a regular Padre's Hour in training time. Apparently they get the padre out of his pulpit, in a genuine man-to-man discussion, and really go to town. The idea was introduced by the Air-Borne Division, and is now adopted throughout the Army. Sample questions:

"Is religion the 'opium of the masses'?"

"Can a man live without religion?"

"Has not modern knowledge destroyed the old belief in God?"

"Was Jesus 'God on earth'?"

"Why do Nazis persecute the Churches?"

"How can human nature be changed?"

Certain topics, if suitable, may be taken up with courses in G.I.S., when they relate to questions of the hour and are appropriate in the Current Events period. But for the Station as a whole initial treatment in an address in Church, and follow-up in the Fellowship or elsewhere, seems the best way open to us at the moment.

If you are on the boat, look out in the U.K. for C. S. Lewis, popular broadcaster, who spends time on R.A.F. stations dealing with this type of question and lecture. He is an extremely sound, and humorous Oxford don, who was led in middle life to an active Christian faith. If you are not on the boat, read his books in the Station library, "The Screwtape Letters" and "Christian Behaviour."

GEN PAGE

TRAIN SCHEDULES

Canadian National Railways— Week-days

Ex. Goderich Arrive Toronto
06.15 11.05

Connections at Guelph for Hamilton and Niagara.

Ex. Goderich Arrive Toronto
14.40 19.50

Connections at Clinton for London, arriving at 17.25.

Ex. Toronto	Ex. London	Arrive Goderich
07.30	09.00	12.10

(Change Clinton)

17.55	18.30	23.00
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(Change Stratford)

Sundays Only—

Ex. London	Ex. Clinton	Arrive Goderich
21.40	23.55	00.20

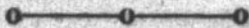
Canadian Pacific Railway—

Ex. Goderich Arrive Toronto
16.35 21.45

Connections at Hamilton for Niagara.

Ex. Toronto Arrive Goderich
08.50 13.00

For further information apply to the Goderich Ticket Office or to Cliff Britton, Y.M.C.A. Office.



BUS TIMES

Leave Goderich	Leave Port Albert
07.30	08.00
13.00 Fri., Sat., Sun.	13.30
16.45	17.15
18.00	18.30
21.30 Fri., Sat., only	22.00
22.30	23.00
23.30	Midnight

Flowers may now be cabled to any part of Canada, U.S.A., Great Britain, Northern Ireland. Full particulars may be obtained from the Y.M.C.A. office.

BARBER'S SHOP

Next to the Canteen

09.00-12.00 Hrs.

13.00-16.00 Hrs.

17.00-19.00 Hrs.

Daily, including Saturdays and Sundays.

09.00-12.00 Tuesdays | Officers and

13.00-16.00 Thursdays | Senior

17.00-19.00 Thursdays | N.C.O.'s Only

In view of personnel difficulties these times may not be able to be adhered to.

SPORTS STORE

Daily week-days until 22.00 hrs.
Saturday and Sunday until 17.00 hours.

BILLIARD ROOM

In Airmen's Mess.

Weekdays and Sunday—14.00—21.30 hours.

Saturday—14.00—17.00 hours.

RECREATION LIBRARY

Next to the Canteen.

Open during the following hours:

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday 17.30-20.00 hours

Thursday

Friday

Saturday and Sunday—Closed.

CANTEENS

WET

18.30-21.30

DRY

10.00-11.00

12.00-12.30 (for tea only)

12.30-13.30

17.30-21.30

READING ROOM

09.00-23.45