

AIRMAN'S POST

NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT, BRANDON, MANITOBA



APRIL 1941: SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY EDITION

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THE AIRMAN'S POST

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY EDITION

Vol. 1, No. 5

No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba

April, 1941.

NUMBER TWO MANNING DEPOT MARKS FIRST ANNIVERSARY ON APRIL 29th

The following description of this station appeared in the February-March issue of "The Airman's Post" and as this month marks the first anniversary of No. 2 Manning Depot, the editors consider it appropriate to reprint the information in this special issue.

The establishment of No. 2 Manning Depot in Brandon, Manitoba under the British Commonwealth Air Training plan is now complete. Today the depot is functioning along the lines intended in the Empire scheme and celebrates its first anniversary this month.

Wing Commander R. M. Smith, who has been here from the outset of the plan, and who has supervised the completion of the program, commands a project that is second to none in Canada. The Winter Fair Buildings, which house the depot, are ideally fitted for the purpose to which they are now put. Persons who have inspected the building declare that it is a credit to the Air Force and those who planned its setup.

Negotiations for the use of the Winter Fair Buildings started early last spring, and the Brandon live-stock and Winter Fair Association as the holding company for the structure came forward and voluntarily offered the unit for the Empire Service.

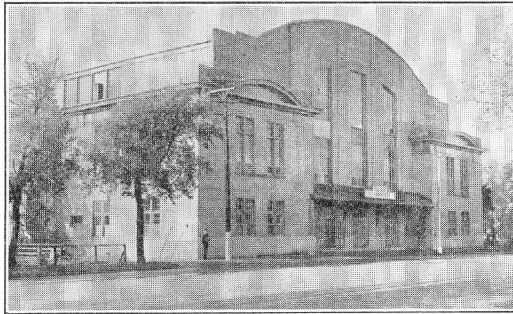
Alterations of the Winter Fair buildings were soon under way: hundreds of men were employed in the task of conversion. Old fixtures in the building were taken out, in short the building was completely gutted and practically re-built to plans drawn up for billeting the establishment of No. 2 Manning Depot which was soon to take a most important part in the initial training of thousands of airmen.

Thousands of dollars were spent in plumbing and fixtures; sanitary accommodations have been installed, refrigeration space built in, living quarters for non-commissioned officers constructed; recreation rooms made, store-rooms arranged, and a hundred other features attended to under the able supervision of Major Chivers of Winnipeg. It was a big job, and one that took weeks of patient detail work to carry out. Today the building is a credit to the air training scheme and commands warm appreciation from those privileged to see it. The establishment is complete to the very last detail.

The commodious drill floor in the arena building that was formerly the playing surface for hockey clubs, is now the indoor parade ground for the R.C.A.F. The enclosure has been floored and when weather conditions do not permit outdoor drill and exercise, the men are trained here.

The arena building proper houses the Administrative offices in the north end of the building. The original office space has been greatly enlarged to take care of the ever-increasing staff. The Dental clinic under Captain Beldon, and the Pay Office under Flight-Lieutenant McLean are situated under the north end gallery seats directly above the Administrative offices.

Great store-rooms are placed under the east gallery, from where equip-



NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE, BRANDON, MANITOBA

ment is issued to the personnel. Under the west gallery we have the detention rooms and our C class stores, while to the south end of the arena are a barber shop, blanket stores, and the tailor shop. At the rear of the arena building is the M.T. section where all mechanical equipment is maintained.

Both the bottom and the top floors of the former live-stock buildings provide sleeping accommodations for the men, with double-tier steel beds and modern mattresses, the latest word in military comfort. The walls and floors have all been re-decorated and along the east wall of each floor are wash-rooms, shower baths, and laboratories. On the ground floor we have also a modern post office, comprising nine wickets, which is operated by the airmen themselves. On the same floor we have a wet and dry canteen. The recreation room is situated on the second floor, directly above the canteen. It is well equipped with billiard, snooker and ping-pong tables, numerous easy chairs, a piano, library, and tables for the airmen's convenience. The Sergeant's Mess is located

immediately back of the library and recreation room. The dining-hall on the second floor is immediately over the M.T. section and can accommodate 450 men at one sitting. The meals are served cafeteria style. Modern steam cookers, up-to-date refrigeration, and well-inspected meals make the dining room the most popular spot in the entire lay-out.

The technical school situated at the corner of 11th and McTavish directly behind the Winter Fair Building is now a modern hospital, under the able supervision of Flight-Lieutenant J. D. Sinclair. This hospital can accommodate forty patients. The unit is complete in every detail; sick parade room, isolation ward, quarters for two nurses, and everything one can find in a hospital.

Enlisted men from all parts of Canada have already passed through the depot. The Manning Depot takes care of equipment, classification and other initial details, and day by day the system is becoming more perfect. As the program permitted, the personnel has enlarged so that today the Brandon depot is up to the full war strength originally set for it.

All over the city the airmen conduct their training in small groups under competent instructors, and their appearance everywhere has commanded attention. The "men in blue" have a snap and swing all their own, and their marching and general discipline has been of a very high character.

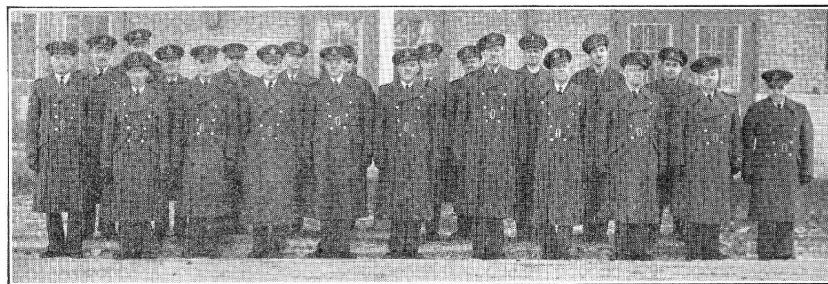
Wing Commander R. M. Smith has had fine co-operation from the second in command, Squadron Leader L. A. Sewell; the adjutant Flight Lieutenant A. R. Knight, and the splendid body of officers and non-commissioned officers who have shouldered the bulk of the work in getting the manning depot under way.

—Editor.



WING COMMANDER R. M. SMITH,
Officer Commanding No. 2 Manning
Depot

OFFICERS OF NO. 2 MANNING DEPOT



Front Row: Flying Officer James, Flying Officer Gagne, Flying Officer Sutton, Flight-Lieutenant Sinclair, Flight-Lieutenant Knight, Wing Commander R. M. Smith, C.O., Squadron Leader Sewell, Flying Officer Webb, Flight-Lieutenant McLean, Flying Officer Thompson, Flying Officer Nicholson.
Back Row: Flying Officer Monkhouse, Flying Officer Bradley, Flying Officer Coleman, Lieutenant Brown, Flying Officer Hunter, Captain McLatchie, Flying Officer Avery, Flight-Lieutenant James, Flight-Lieutenant Norris, Lieutenant Warner, Captain Beldon.

THE AIRMAN'S POST

Published Monthly at R.C.A.F. No. 2 Manning Depot
Brandon, Manitoba

Cpl. G. P. McMaster Editor-in-Chief
Cpl. G. Ling Assistant Editor

Printed by The Sun Publishing Company Limited
24 Tenth Street, Brandon, Manitoba

IN APPRECIATION

The Editor of this issue of the Airman's Post extends greetings to all officers, N.C.O.'s and airmen of the No. 2 Manning Depot, upon this, the first anniversary of our station.

To all who have assisted with this month's Post, we extend hearty thanks.

To the Advertisers who have made this issue possible, we extend a deep and sincere appreciation, and we trust that this publication will bring some measure of enjoyment to all our readers.

As I will not be editing the "Airman's Post" after this issue, I wish to take this opportunity, along with the assistant Editor who has thanked the readers and advertisers personally in the sports column, to express my profound thanks for the grand way that everyone helped in making "Airman's Post" a station magazine to be proud of and I only hope that whoever takes it over will receive the same amount of co-operation and enjoyment that was extended to me.

Corporal G. P. McMaster,
Editor.

THE EDITOR CHATS

As members of the R.C.A.F. we look with pride upon the exploits of men in our branch of the Service as well as the Army and the Navy, in our fight for Liberty. We feel that Canadian fighting men can tackle any job they come up against, and can fight through to success. We know they are second to none in this respect. The Motherland and all her Dominions and Possessions, forming this mighty Commonwealth of Nations, each have the same pride in their own fighting men, the same confidence in their prowess, which forms a splendid spirit of rivalry. We Canadians can fight through to a successful finish but only if you at the home front are prepared to help us all you can in supplying the much needed weapons of war. No matter our valor, or fine physique; we can accomplish nothing without an ever growing supply of war equipment that will enable us to meet the enemy on more even terms. The question is no longer, "How can you supply this equipment?" but, "When can you sup-

ply this equipment?" The answer is up to you. We have the plants, raw materials, and workers, but we need money to keep them going. That money must come from both you at home and the boys in the Service as after all it is a surprisingly small contribution considered on the basis of a future democratic peace in this country's war effort.

Let us not wait for others, or for governments to set the example. Let us start now, if we have not already done so, to save regularly through War Savings Certificates or Stamps.

Savings now loaned to our country mean an immediate flow of much needed money to our war chest and a post-war flow of money to our pockets at a time when peace-time spending will do much to prevent or at least alleviate, the depression that so many are predicting.

BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES

Corporal G. P. McMaster,
Editor.

A Drinker's Last Request

Under the shade of a juniper tree
Please bury me good and deep,
And let the juice from a silo of corn
Trickle down to where I sleep.
Wrap me around with a gin-soaked sheet
And splash the coffin with rye;
Lay a cocktail shaker under my head,
Near my hand some "extra dry,"
Put a poultice of mash upon my chest
And a sackful of hops near my feet,
And soak the ground where is my grave
With a barrel of whiskey, neat.
And close to my head place a barrel
of wine,
At my feet a barrel of beer.
And I will sleep with a smile on
my face,
Year after pickled year.

One on the Sergeant

'Twas meal time in the mess shack
And the boys were gathered there,
Partaking of the pork and beans
And other army fare.
In walked the stern Ft.-Sgt.,
And he leaned upon the shelf,
And said, "Let's have a drill, boys,"
Said we, "Go chase yourself."

This angered the Ft.-Sgt.,
And his face grew cold and dark,
Said he, "You'll all get details now
For that last rude remark."
And then up spoke the privates
With a wild contemptuous root;
"We're all on leave, take your details
And stick them in your boot."



CORPORAL G. P. McMASTER,
Editor-in-Chief



CORPORAL G. LING
Assistant Editor

**Further Reminiscences of Ru the Scribe:
"Carpenters of the Teeth"**

Now it did come to pass that those who are responsible for the writing of this paper did come unto Ru, the Scribe, and they did say as follows: "Oh, Ru, truly we have fallen upon evil ways; for here we have a paper and we can persuade none to write the wherewithal to fill it. Yes, verily, we do desire to have many pages in the forthcoming issue, but whence it cometh we know not, nay tho we have beseeched many give us script, yet it is not forthcoming. So therefore, O Ru, as a last resort we have come unto thee, and here and now, even upon our bended knees do we entreat thee to give us copy, we do ask also that thou wilt make it voluminous, for even poor copy filleth space!" Now Ru did ponder much upon these words and while he did consider that they did not justice to his talent; yet was ne of a forgiving nature and in the end he decided that he might condescend to write for them a few lines. Thereafter he did follow many weary days while Ru did consider the various subjects upon which he might write—until at last he arrived at the conclusion that he could do no better than to write of the "Carpenters of the Teeth."

In order that all things may be in the proper order of the minds of those who may perchance read, let it be known that when Ru did first enter the R.C.A.F. the M.O. did look longingly at the teeth of Ru, and did make motions suggestive of the using of a hard rock drill, tho he did say merely unto those present, "These be surely great mounds of metal!" Then did Ru become afraid that he might be refused entry because of the poor condition of his teeth. But no! apparently his charm transcended even his teeth, and he was finally admitted into the Air Force, as he hath previously stated. Upon his arrival at the Manning Depot, they did make a map of his mouth, and marked carefully thereon all the reefs, and paid particular at-

tention to the places wherein one might find each of the many minerals which went into the makeup of Ru's gastric economy. At the time nothing further was done.

Upon a day toward the end of the ninth month of the Year of Our Lord one thousand and nine hundreds and two score, Ru, becoming tired of the work in the office of "A" Squadron, decided that he would go hence unto the workshops of the Carpenters of the Teeth, and there would request an audience. He did, and after being entered into the private sanctum, did be seated upon a contraption of tubular steel rods, which same did feel mightily insecure unto Ru, who hath much experience with this sort of thing.

In time the Carpenter did come, and with a bored expression did request that Ru "open wider, please." Suddenly the look of boredom vanished, and he did shake his head with that pleased expression which one associateth with a cat before a bowl of cream creeping over his countenance. Then did he smile benignly upon Ru, and spake as follows: "O Ru, I fear that thou must resign thyself to the losing of many of thy tusks—yea, verily, methinks there do be but one or two that thou mayest keep. But wait! I shall go forth in search of expert assistance to corroborate my opinion."

And it was even so. The D.O. did go forth, to return presently with yet another Carpenter, and they did both crawl around inside the mouth of Ru. After strolling around for some time they at length came to the conclusion that there was nothing more for them to see, and so they emerged and the second Carpenter did say unto Ru with evident pleasure: "Know ye, O Ru, that I do concur heartily with the opinion of my confrere, and while methinks there are several of thy teeth that might be worth working upon, yet it is my studied opinion that the rest must go."

(Continued on Page 6)

Pte. M. Ghitlerman, 2321, 3rd C.C.S., C.A.M.F.C.
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Atlantic Air Ferry

(From "The Aeroplane")

It is no longer regarded as "on the secret list" that for some little time American bombers built for the R.A.F. have been flown across the Atlantic to Great Britain. Such a course was the natural corollary to a steadily increasing rate of production, and it was largely a matter of making the necessary arrangements in the matter of available pilots to undertake this special duty.

At present four types are being brought over under their own power. They are the Lockheed Hudson long-range reconnaissance-bomber, the four-engined Boeing B-17 (popularly known as the Flying Fortress), the Lockheed Vega Centura, which is really a bigger and faster version of the Hudson, and the Consolidated 28-5 twin-engined flying-boat. Eventually other types which can be given sufficient range by the temporary addition of extra fuel-tanks will also be ferried across the ocean, including the four-engined Consolidated (land-plane) bomber.

Contrary to popular belief, speed in delivery is not the primary advantage in flying these urgently needed aircraft from their American birthplace to this country. Indeed it is doubtful, when all the factors involved are taken into consideration, if delivery by this means is actually an appreciable time-saver, for it must be remembered that extra time is absorbed in fitting additional tankage and certain special transatlantic navigational equipment, all of which has to be removed again, when the machines get here, before they can be fitted out for their operational duties. If this is set against the saving in time on both sides of the Atlantic, when machines are crated for shipment immediately on structural completion at the factories and assembled and equipped on arrival here without first having to remove their special transatlantic flying gear, then the hours saved on the actual trip are probably just about absorbed by the extra work involved.

What certainly is a very big advantage, however, is the saving in valuable shipping-space and the elimination of the risk of loss by enemy action in transit. In addition, the flight itself constitutes a very thorough test of the machines.

American volunteers as well as Canadian and British pilots are engaged in this transatlantic ferry service, and later return in parties by boat to the American continent to bring over the next batch of machines ready for delivery. Already some excellent times have been put up for the West-to-East crossing, and a new record has, it is reported, recently been created by Capt. Pat Eves, a British Airways pilot loaned to the Ministry of Aircraft Production, though which particular type of American aircraft he was flying

"A" SQUADRON DISCIPLINARIANS



Front Row: Flt./Sgt. Robinson, Flying Officer Thompson, Sgt. Mavaut.
Back Row: A. Cpl. Armour, Cpl. Hollingsworth, Cpl. McKinley, Cpl. Girvan, Cpl. Hutton.

has not been disclosed at the time of writing. Neither is it permitted to give Capt. Eves' new record figures, nor to reveal his points of departure and landing.

The record previously stood at 10 hours 33 minutes, however, and was set up in September, 1937, by the (then) Imperial Airways flying-boat Cambria during an experimental flight from Botwood to Foynes.

Capt. Eves' time, however, must have been extraordinarily good if it is true, as reported in The Times, that he had breakfast before starting and arrived at his English destination in time for tea, especially when one remembers that when it is departure time in America it is already lunch-time over there!

Journey of a Dollar Bill

(From "The Toronto Star")

(By A. M. Haston)

I am a one-dollar bill. I was once quite a handsome fellow, clean and crisp and made a loud rustle wherever I went. Now I am old and worn, with ragged dog-eared corners, and I can no longer make my presence known, for I have lost my voice. But I am proud of my worn condition, for it proves that I have been around, fulfilling my mission in life. However, it is not of my early life that I would like to tell you, but rather of the last few months only.

One day, not so long ago, I found myself travelling along the street in the pocket of a man who had received me in his pay envelope. He met a friend who said, "Come on, Charlie, let's go have a few beers." But my new owner replied: "No, Bill, I have something important to do this afternoon and besides I have a new use for my spare nickels and dimes."

So he kept on going, and presently he turned in at the Post-Office. Here he pulled me out of his pocket and handed me to the man behind the wicket. The man gave him four War Savings Stamps, which he pasted in a little folder. As he left the wicket I heard him say: "Only four more and that will be another one completed." He seemed to be very happy about it all.

As I now belonged to the Government, I soon found myself along with a lot of my brothers, going to a small machine-shop as payment for some tools and dies. Here I was again placed in a pay envelope and given to one of the tool-makers in payment for an hour or so of his highly skilled time. In that hour this tool-maker had just completed a very complicated gauge for testing shells, so that, in a way, part of me was now on the way to a munitions plant. The tool-maker took me home to his wife and she used me to pay for some groceries at the corner store. The storekeeper passed me on to a farmer, from whom he had purchased a few bags of potatoes.

I was now out in the country, away from the noise and bustle of the city, but I was still doing my job. The farmer gave me to his hired man as part of his wages for helping him to produce the foodstuffs so necessary at all times and more especially at times like these. The hired man spent me at the general store in the village, where he bought a new pair of overalls. The village merchant gave me in change to a passing motorist who had stopped at his gasoline pump, and again I was on my way.

When the motorist reached home, in a Northern Ontario town, he used me to help pay for a ton of coal and the coal dealer deposited me in the bank. From the bank I travelled to a mining company's office as part of the payroll, and once more I was in a pay envelope. A miner received me for his labor, far down in the earth, turning out the ore from which nickel, copper and gold are extracted. The results of his work would soon be playing their part in winning the war. I felt rather proud that I had been used for this purpose. The miner turned me over to a shoe store when he bought a new pair of boots. From the shoe store I went to a cartage agent and from there to a garage.

The garage owner made a trip to the city and used me as part of his fare, and the ticket agent passed me out as change to a man who was going to the Pacific Coast. I liked it very much out there and after much travelling around in hotels, stores, lumber camps and fishing boats I at last found myself in the pocket of an officer in the R.C.A.F., who was returning for a short furlough to his home in the East.

When he got home he gave me to his little girl as a present. Like any other little girl, there were a lot of things she would have liked to buy with me. But she was also a very wise little girl. She was very proud of her daddy and she knew if he was to do his bit and return safely to them he would need the best equipment possible. She realized that she couldn't buy this equipment herself, but she did know of a way she could help to buy it. So she bought four more War Savings Stamps for her book and once more I was on my way, helping to keep things moving, helping to win the war.

I won't tell you where I am now, but if you'll reach in your pocket maybe that rumpled bit of paper you pull out will be me. If it is, won't you please start me on my way again, because I still have a lot to do.

A certain young man, and a corporal at that,

Unaware that his badge was upturned

on his hat,

Found this fault was displayed at his morning parade, And was told that his brains were disturbed when he sat.

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From the Sports Editor

For the fourth consecutive time, the Airman's Post goes to press with another sports page. Also, for the first time, the Sports Editor looks back over the past months to see just what changes have been made in and around the Sports and Recreation section of the No. 2 Manning Depot. When this section first opened, it was under the control of Flying Officer Webb, and the total equipment amounted to six softballs and bats. From that beginning, came the elaborate system of amusements and athletics which we are now able to enjoy.

In June 1940, Flight Sergeant Morley was in charge of the Sports of the station, under F/O. Webb. On Wednesday afternoons we had baseball games either in the Arena, or in the ball park on Eighteenth street. Usually there were twelve men playing ball, and the rest of the station looking on. Then we managed to obtain, through various war services organizations such a wealth of material, that for a long time, we didn't know what to do with it. Gradually, we were able to develop a system whereby each Squadron held its own sports meet on Wednesday afternoon while there was a group taken from the Manning Depot as a whole to go to the Y.M.C.A. for a work out in the gymnasium, and another group went to the exhibition grounds for track and field work. In the Arena on these afternoons, we had volley ball, and boxing meets which were conducted by qualified N.C.O.'s. As the cold weather set in, these sports activities had to be discontinued, and the time was then spent in actual training purposes—or had you noticed?

When Mr. Webb ceased to act on the sports committee, F/O. Sutton took over—then came F/O. Booth—and then F/O. James who is still in charge.

So far, I have neglected to mention that we have a boxing ring, and two basketball courts on the Arena floor. So far, these two activities have been administered (that is, this winter) by A.C.2 Davey Peters, and Corporal Fogel whose efforts have certainly borne fruit—and I don't mean tomatoes and eggs either—nor raspberries.

At the present time, we are all waiting for the summertime when we can get ourselves outside and play some baseball and football etc. Of course, we can't tell whether or not there will be sufficient time to spare to sacri-

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SPORTS AND RECREATION SCHEDULE

Sundays:

Basketball, Volleyball, and Badminton at anytime Airmen want to play, providing games do not interfere with drafts or Church Parades.

13:00—Curling, Officers, N.C.O.'s, and Airmen at the Brandon Curling Club, 18th St. and Victoria.

17:30—Hymn sing in the recreation room.

20:15—Social evenings in four churches.

Mondays:

17:45—Table Tennis tournament, Recreation room.

18:00—Boxing lessons. Basketball practice.

18:30—Hockey (Airmen) at Kinsmen's rink.

19:00—Swim at Y.M.C.A. Pool.

20:00—Musical session in Recreation room.

Tuesdays:

12:00—Invitations to homes given out by the Chaplain.

18:30—Hockey (H.Q. Staff).

19:30—League basketball game in Arena. (A few civilians.)

Wednesdays:

18:00—Boxing lessons.

19:00—Y.M.C.A. movies in Arena.

20:30—Learn to dance lessons at Y.M.C.A. (Oh my!).

Thursdays:

17:45—Table Tennis tournament, in recreation room.

18:30—Hockey (Airmen).

19:00—Bridge tournament in Recreation room. Swim at Y.M.C.A. Pool.

20:00—Boxing card in Arena.

21:00—Bowling, R.C.A.F. team in City league.

Fridays:

18:00—Boxing lessons.

18:30—Hockey (H.Q. Staff).

19:00—Y.M.C.A. movies in the Arena.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening

12:00—Invitation to homes given out by the Chaplain in the recreation room.

Basketball, Volleyball and Badminton at any time Airmen want to play, provided that the games do not interfere with other organized station activities.

... an afternoon per week in addition to the Saturday afternoon.

To my mind, the man who has done most for the cause of the amusement for you chaps, is the man who devotes his whole time to your entertainment—the Y man, Mr. Youmans. He has organized practically all the entertainment in the building apart from the actual athletics. Among the things he has organized are—tournaments in ping-pong, bridge, and aboard the pool tables. He has introduced the weekly movie, and worked with the chaplain in arranging dinner dates for airmen. If I really wanted to go into detail—Gad!

Now, as to the future—it is proposed, this summer, to organize a soccer team for competition purposes in Brandon leagues. There will also, of course, be the City baseball league. At the moment, I can't state anything else which may happen, but we can be sure that for those who take an interest in these games and organizations, there will be some trips to surrounding stations for the purpose of showing off the talent which turns up at the Manning Depot in Brandon. You can be fairly certain that there will be some very good competitions in soccer with the R.A.F. station at Carberry. Rugby (American style) will also be in the list of games played too; because we have some very good equipment here—that is, of course we have some balls. After all, that is the most important part of the equipment required—or am I a little misinformed?

Then too, we have to find some talent for use in the sing-songs held every Sunday in the park here. Most of you chaps will be gone from this station by the time those affairs take place, but there will be some of us on the station then, and I don't think that a little reminder at this time can do a great deal of harm.

Well, the time has arrived, as all times do arrive, that this particular sports editor must bid adieu to those who have had patience sufficient to permit them to labor through this meandering column. For the past four months it has been my privilege to hold the exalted position of sports editor for the Airman's Post. There have been a good many head-aches for some people, some little fun for others, and a wonderful opportunity for criticism for a good many others. To those of you who read this writing, and find it difficult, I offer my commiserations, and an opportunity to do better. To those who read and find pleasure, I must say that you are very easily satisfied. My sincerest felicitations to you.

Be that as it may, the fact remains that as sports editor, and assistant editor to the Airman's Post, I'm quitting—or should I say, I am retiring on my laurels, or tomatoes, or eggs, or whatever objects may have been cast in my direction for my feeble efforts. Anyway, Good Luck—and happy landings.

Very sincerely,

G. R. Ling, Sports Editor.

A Dream

Give me a paper that's wholesome and clean;

That never prints news of anything mean.

Give me a newspaper that firearms don't clutter on, causing some poor victim's lifeblood to splatter on

My trousers, the carpet, the chair where I sit.

Give me some reading that's wholesome and fit.

Pages where slander is never discussed,

And where the Commandments don't ever go bust;

Where murder and mayhem don't ever run riot;

Where all news is good news, real peaceful and quiet.

And never by anything odorous marred.

With vice and vile gossip and greediness barred.

Give me that paper—again I repeat—

A wholesome, respectable, family sheet

That contains none of these—and downtown I'll buzz

And quickly procure me a paper that does!

—C. M. ANDREWS.

ENGLAND'S FIRST LINE OF DEFENSE

Within the next three months Adolf Hitler is expected to let loose against England the mightiest military machine ever assembled. Whatever happens, this is certain: The battle first will be fought between Germany's Luftwaffe and the R.A.F.

Newest and least hidebound of Britain's fighting services, the R.A.F. has become a legend the world over. Fighting under tremendous handicaps of distance and numerical inferiority, its record—over 1,400 raids into Germany and 4,400 Axis planes downed—has given Britons confidence and courage. Earth-bound civilians are inspired by boyish fighter pilots who fly out to meet death between games of darts, and by bomber crews who argue about soccer and fishing during their long night-time raids into Germany and Italy. Winston Churchill spoke for the nation when he said of the R.A.F.: "Never in the field of human conflict has so much been owed by so many to so few." In the hard time to come, Britain will realize, even more than now, the truth of those words.

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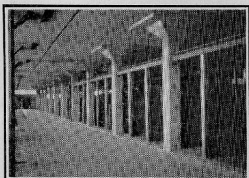
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Before



"A" SQUADRON

Hitler's Dream

I'll tell you a story, though strange it may seem,
Herr Hitler, the Nazi, had a terrible dream;
Stretched out in his coffin lying in state
His little moustache frozen with hate,
While lying there he found, to his cost,
His plans for the next world and passport were lost.

So right up to Heaven, Hitler went straight
And proudly he goose-stepped to the golden gate,
But the look-out Angel in a voice loud and clear
Said, "On your way, Hitler, you can't come in here."
Then Hitler replied, "At least, you are civil;
I suppose that means I can go to the devil."

Said Satan, "Boys, I am giving you warning;
I'm expecting Herr Hitler, the Nazi, this morning,
So get this straight—get this clear:
We're too darn good for Hitler down here!"
"Oh Satan! Oh Satan! Herr Hitler replied,
"I heard what you said while waiting outside."

"Please give me a corner, I've no place to go!"
And Satan replied, "No, a thousand times no!"
And to Hitler these words were a terrible blow.
He was still in his bed all covered with sweat;
"Oh doctor! Oh doctor! it's the worst dream yet!
To Heaven I can't go, I know it quite well,
But it's an awful thing to be kicked out of H...."

Judge: Who was driving when you collided with that car?
Flight-Sergeant X (triumphantly): None of us, we were all in the back seat.

After



BARRACK ROOM

Ten Things to Remember

Marshall Field named these as the ten things to remember: The value of time; the success of perseverance; the pleasure of working; the worth of character; the dignity of simplicity; the improvement of talent; the joy of originating; the virtue of patience; the wisdom of economy; and the power of kindness.

\$100,000.00 Example

"GORE DISTRICT MUTUEL gives \$100,000.00 to aid Canada's War Effort", was a newspaper headline that caught our eye last week, not because the GORE stands alone as a donor, for it does not, was the headline so noticeable, but because the gift is a very substantial amount to come from even the largest business concerns in this country. The GORE is one of the oldest insurance companies in the Fire Insurance Field in Canada, as well as one of the largest, and has long been noted for its active British patriotism. In the last Great War its donations amounted to a sizeable sum.

The reason for this latest gift is interesting. Not content with subscribing to Canada's war effort through purchase of Government securities, through staff subscriptions to War Savings Certificates and through other means that most if not all other Canadian companies are adopting at this time, the Gore wanted to do the next best thing to turning out war materials itself. It gave \$100,000.00 to the Government to be used in whatever manner the Government deemed most effective. The company considered that as it could not participate in the production of war materials or munitions, a direct gift was the most effective way in which it could help at the present time.

Canada's Wings

(From "The Toronto Star")

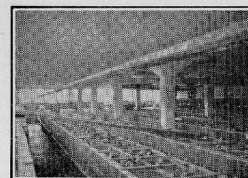
More and more, the war is moving into the air, spreading afield across Europe. For Britain, the battles in Egypt, the daylight bombing attacks on the invasion ports, the night raiders ranging across the Alps and deep into Germany's heart, are the slow expansion of pressure toward a mighty climax that will see Nazism crumbling in terror to extinction.

For Germany the air war is an anti-climax, devastating and brutally efficient, but nevertheless a war that was supposed to have ended with Britain crashing in ruins under the onslaught last August.

Slim as its advantage was, the R.A.F. was able to call the turn in the weeks when the Luftwaffe was licking its wounds after the daylight siege of London. The people of Britain came quickly out of the paralysis of the first shock and learned with awe what the R.A.F. had been through and accomplished. But the words of Churchill: "Never . . . has so much been owed by so many to so few," were meant to be more than an ending to an indelible page of history. They were a summons to increase the "few" until they became a phalanx, capable of defending Britain at home, increasing the offensive on the continent and covering the Navy until British sea power should be restored to its impregnable position of the past.

The task has been taken up. The Air Training scheme in Canada is beginning to roll along under its own weight. Detachments of trained crews are moving to Britain at increasingly shorter intervals. This is the beginning of the new scheme. In Canada's mind it is the vital feature of the war effort. Forgotten at times, in the contemplation of its size and significance, have been the efforts of those Can-

Before



"B" SQUADRON

adians who didn't wait for war to start. They have been serving anonymously in the R.A.F. since the beginning of the struggle. They were at Dunkirk and London, with the naval air arm over the Mediterranean, and nightly, with the bomber crews, they have been in the first rank of the battle of Germany.

Ode to the LACs

Oh, the LACs like to grumble
'Bout the work they've got to do,
And to tell the other humble
Airmen a caustic thing or two
On the way the place is running
To the how-wow's fast, he thinks,
While the A.O.C. is sunning
His old belly on what's the links.
They can tell you what's the matter
Why the R.C.A.F. can't make the grade,
And can give you bits of chatter
On who's being overpaid;
They'll discuss their job and hit it
With a torrent of abuse;
But if they were asked to quit,
Why, you couldn't pry them loose!
Oh, the LACs like to chatter
How they've got the harder part;
But in things that really matter,
Why they love it to the heart.
And they pass the months complain-
ing,
Tellin' how it should be done;
When it's fair, they want it rainin';
When it rains, they want the sun,
Till there comes a time when parting
Takes them from their home and folk,
And they feel their eyelids smarting.
While their throat's about to choke.
Then the past seems mighty kindly
And the path ahead seems black,
And they realize finally
That they want the old job back.

A certain Disciplinarian with three stripes and a crown,
Whose main claim to fame was a perpetual frown
For no really good reason
Charged an Airman with Treason,
Now we wonder who really was acting the clown.

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"RU THE SCRIBE"

(Continued from Page 2)

Then sayeth the First Carpenter, "perhaps it would be better if thou hadst a day upon which to speculate as to that which we are about to do unto thee. For this reason, do thou come back upon the morrow, and then we shall commence operations. Also I beg of thee that thou wilt recommend me to thy friends, so that they also will come unto me, and in this way I shall have much practice in my art!" Now this did seem unto Ru an attempt to put him at his ease, so he did smile dutifully, the somewhat apprehensively, for he remembereth well the words of the poet—

'Full loud they laughed with counterfeted glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he'

Also Ru did recall the days when he did be a Scribe in authority, and how he did feel irritated if no one laughed at his jokes, even unto the third and fourth telling!

And so it came to pass on the following day that Ru, with lagging footsteps once again appeared at the office of the Carpenter, and did have two of his teeth removed. This doth he state the case but mildly, as Ru hath no clear recollection of the procedure after the D.O. climbed upon his chest brandishing tools in both hands! After what seemed a long period of obscurity, Ru was at last informed that he was free to go, and this he did, albeit with somewhat weaving tread.

After about a week to recover he again returned to the Office of the Carpenter of the Teeth. Once again did he sit in the chair, and submit to the pulling of teeth. Now this time the D.O. had even more trouble than he had had the first time—so much so that about half way through he backed up from Ru, and said unto him,—"O Ru, why must thou do these things unto me?" For truly, Ru doth be of the opinion that his teeth do be attached to his collar bone or somewhere in that region. Consequently he was not surprised to see the Carpenter climb up on his chest, brace one foot firmly on his lower jaw, hook on to the tooth which was his immediate prey, and

then start trying to turn Ru inside out. In this he nearly succeeded!

In these two sessions Ru had all his back teeth removed and so was forced to do all his eating with front teeth. This always caused him to think of rodents of various sorts, in particular rabbits. Ru hath always detested rabbits. Following this there did be a lull of some three months, and then once again we find Ru knocking on the door of the D.O.'s workshop—but, feeling in an pensive mood, it was with but little repudiation; which was a mistake!

Know ye that Ru had no sooner seated himself in the chair in the inner sanctum than he began to worry—there was something distinctly too pleasant about the way in which the new D.O. looked upon him. Ru, having had experience with many Carpenters, informed him gratuitously that he had had much work done upon his tusks, and that all previous Carpenters had told him that his teeth did be very hard to remove. At once a gleam of interest lighted the eye of the D.O., and he hastened to look into the maw of Ru, who groaned inwardly in that he had apparently placed ideas into the head of the D.O. He knew that the D.O. would have no trouble finding excuses to pull his teeth, if he so desired, and moreover he was certain that no excuses would be required. And it was even so. The Carpenter merely glanced inside and then reached for his Hypodermic, meantime making the pleasant remark to Ru that he hoped that Ru would not mind going around without teeth for a time. Ru sighed (again still inwardly), and hoping to make a good impression, remarked that it would have to come at some time; so it might as well be at once. As there seemed no doubt that he was going to have to in any case he thought that he might as well consent immediately.

Ru will pass over the gruesome details of the next couple of hours and relate only the more humorous side of events. For know ye that Ru by now cultivated that sense of detachment which all Carpenters of the Teeth require of their patients. Consequently, when after hanging on to one of Ru's teeth for some

AUSTRALIAN COUSINS



Front Row: LAC Cadden, LAC Waldie, LAC Soden, LAC Gray-Buchanan.
Back Row: LAC Robinson, LAC Cory, LAC Fairley, LAC Moller, LAC Stewart.

time, and swinging backwards and forwards in an effort to dislodge it, the only result was that it broke off and precipitated the D.O. in a heap on the floor. Ru was more in a position to be amused than was the D.O. Ru will admit, however, that he did not feel exactly comfortable, when at last in desperation the D.O. had one of the Orderlies hold Ru's head, while he braced both feet firmly against the midsection of Ru, and then started to straighten out. Nor did the suggestion that as his teeth seemed to be set in concrete, it might be a good idea to use dynamite, meet with his full approval! When finally the task was completed, Ru was, to put the case mildly, relieved, and so apparently, was the Carpenter. It seemed that the Carpenter had on his day received his first set of inoculations, and he thought that perhaps he was receiving a shade too much exercise for the same day!

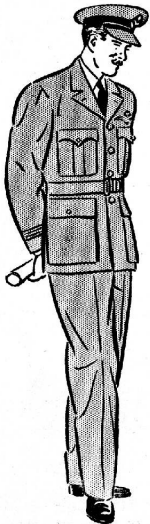
Thereafter for some days Ru had a great deal of trouble with his articulation, the one thing that bothered him the most being the fact that he lisped. Indeed, he had never realized before how many times during the day it was necessary to use the letter "s" in order to conduct an intelligent conversation—suffice it to say, that for this reason he found that he conducted fewer intelligent conversations!

After a short period for convalescence, Ru made arrangements to have the remainder of his teeth removed, for in a consultation which several of the Carpenters had over him they had decided that now he had none which did be worth saving. Ru decided that it would be best if he could have the job done by about the time to cease work on the sixth day of the week, that he would have no work to do on the remainder of that day, and then he could secure

a pass for the last day of the week, and for the first day of the following week, and in that way he would have two whole days in which he would have no work to do, and could lie around and feel sorry for himself. Due to some misunderstanding tho, this became impossible, and so the operation did be postponed until the second day of the following day of the week.

This one proved to be much more rapid than his previous one due to the fact that the Carpenter by now had an idea of what to expect and so prepared to counteract it to the best of his ability. Let Ru remark here that he hath an exceeding respect for the ability of this same Carpenter to counteract! While Ru did be waiting for proceedings to proceed, the Carpenter laid out his plan of action for Ru to inspect, and presumably, to try and pick flaws in. Ru though, was stunned by the plan of action as outlined and could at the moment only murmur an assent and await action. He got it! Roughly the plan of action was as follows: If all surrounding matter which made the teeth so hard to extract should be removed, then there ought to be but little trouble in the actual extraction! This proved to be the case, much to the surprise of Ru, and the evident delight of the Carpenter.

Ru thinketh that he might for the moment be serious, and while in this vein he wisheth to lay tribute at the feet of the Carpenters of the Teeth with whom he hath had experience at the No. 2 Manning Depot. During a long and varied experience with Carpenters at different times and in many places, he can cheerfully say that he hath found none that were the equal of these that he hath met here. He sayeth this not with the idea that these words may cause the Carpenter Trade to treat him more carefully than they have, for as far as they are concerned he



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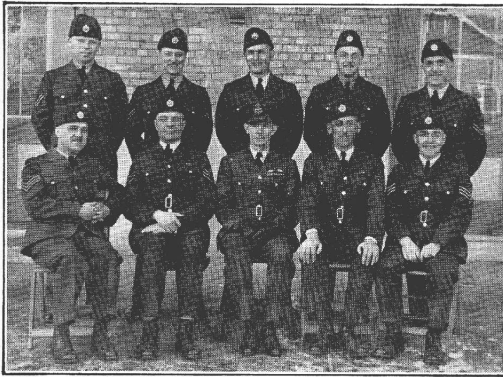
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"B" SQUADRON DISCIPLINARIANS



Front Row: Sgt. Hatfield, Flt./Sgt. Williamson, Flying Officer Gosling, Sgt. Kibbler, Sgt. McLean.
Back Row: Cpl. Dunn, Cpl. Thornybrooke, Cpl. McMaster, Cpl. Neill, Cpl. Ewington.

hath nothing more to lose! Nay, rather he maketh the remark as a heartfelt tribute to what is probably one of the most feared, and least envied, but most necessary trades connected to the R.C.A.F.

And tho for thith time Ru oneth again biddeth all who may have taken the trouble to read thith far, "Farewell, and the Beth of Luck."

Daffynitions

- KNAPSACK—Sleeping bag.
- UNAWARE—Clothing worn next to the skin.
- CREEK—Restaurant proprietor.
- YELLOW—Swedish name for a gelatine.
- ENAMEL—A four-footed creature.
- FATE—Remain: like "Fate for me."
- HINDER—inside of: like "It's hinder bag."
- ZOO—"To demand legal settlement.
- GRADE—Superficial: like "That's a grade idea."
- MARGIN—Moving in a body: like "We're margin to Camp Borden."
- NIBCB—Joints of the leg.

The sergeant-instructor was taking a class of backward recruits in musketry drill. "AC2 Jones!" he said wrathfully. "I just told you to take a fine sight and you at once did the opposite."

"Did I, Sergeant?" murmured Jones nervously.
"Yes, you did!" snapped the Sergeant. "You ought to know by now what a fine sight is. What is a fine sight, anyway?"

The recruit looked thoughtful. "A very large ship full of sergeant-instructors sinking in the middle of the Atlantic," he returned.

Airman: Yes, the bullet struck my head, went careening into space, and—
She: How terrible! Did they get it out?

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How To Go On The Wagon

By Sergeant Watson

I had 12 bottles of whiskey in my cellar and my wife told me to empty them—Or Else.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED

I pulled the cork from the first bottle—poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and emptied the good old booze down the sink except one glass, which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the third sink and poured the bottle down the glass, which I drank.

I poured one bottle from the cork of the next drink and drank one sink out of it and poured the rest down the glass.

I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle and drank the glass.

I pulled the next cork out of my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank another glass. Then I corked the sink with the glass and bottled the drink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottle and corks which added up to 29.

To be sure, I counted them again as they came by—and this time I had 74.

And as the house came by, I counted them the third time and finally I had all the houses, bottles, corks and glasses, except one house and one bottle which I drank. It was all my wife's fault.

Ft.-Sgt. Spratt: What do you take for a headache

Ft.-Sgt. Blundell: Rum and honey on the night before.

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America's Use of Motor Industry

(From "The Aeroplane")

For her aircraft production programme America is to make extensive use of her motor car industry. Exactly how it is to be done is a matter to be decided by a survey now taking place. According to our New York contemporary, Aviation, planning has gone farthest in the matter of bombers, and it is likely that a four-engined heavy bomber will be included. It is thought that its design will probably be based on the Consolidated B-24, and there are to be 4,000 of these. Some 8,000 twin-engined bombers resembling the Martin B-27 are to be built in addition. It is believed that 3,000 fighters will be included in the programme, but the type to be adopted is still in doubt. Of these 20,000 aeroplanes Great Britain is, according to Aviation, to receive approximately 12,000, equally divided between bombers and fighters.

The intention is that the American automobile industry is to produce parts for these aircraft, and sub-assemblies up to tail and wing portion size. The general idea is that the American automobile industry can make available a number of general-purpose machine tools by working three shifts on its remaining tools. It is not thought that production of dies will present a serious difficulty, as the tool and die shops in Detroit, with some 10,000 workers, are at a low level of activity at the moment.

Final assembly cannot be done at the automobile factories, so that special factories are to be built for assembly. These will be paid for by British and American funds. The assembly plants will have to be managed by experts drawn from the aircraft industry, and our contemporary points out that "the industry's executive and supervisory forces are already spread out so thin as to have an adverse effect on production. If the programme is treated as an emergency programme, for immediate production, the methods in use in the aircraft factories will be duplicated. On the other hand, if a long-term policy is decided

upon, special tools would have to be produced, and it would take longer to get going, although ultimately a greater production might be achieved.

Ships That Pass

(With apologies to Kipling)

"O where are you going to, all you big warships,
Clothed in your smoke-screen and scattering foam?"

"We sighta da Breetish, we scramma like blaze,

Viva Italia—but viva at home!"

"But why do you flee from them, all you big warships?

Must you retire without trying to fight?

Have you no guns or no sailors to man them?"

"No speaka da Eenglish, we go now, good night."

—The Passer-by.

Be a Good Forgetter. Life is too short to remember that which prevents one from doing his best. The successful man forgets. He knows the past is irrevocable. He lets the dead past bury its dead. He is running a race. His eye is on the winning post. Be a good forgetter. Business dictates it, and success demands it.

—News Bulletin.

The Spartan mother's advice to her son who feared that his sword was too short, was: "Add a step to it."

"To thine ownself be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou cans't not then be false to any man."

The doctor's five-year-old daughter answered the phone and explained that her daddy was not at home nor at the office.

"Have you any idea when he will be back?" inquired the caller.

"No, ma'am, but I think he will be gone a long time. He told mama he was going out on an eternity case."

STORES PERSONNEL



Front Row: Cpl. Hector, Sgt. Daze, WO2 McKnight, Flying Officer Monkhouse, Flying Officer Gagne, Ft./Sgt. Racine, Sgt. Murray, Sgt. Stewart.

Back Row: Cpl. Randall, ACI Goldie, LAC Wells, LAC Asetline, LAC Perpetuya, LAC McMillan, LAC Voget, LAC Harbottle, Cpl. Fowler, ACI Thornton, LAC McBride, LAC Brown, ACI Gauley, ACI Scott, ACI Stone, LAC Gooderham, ACI Owens, ACI Bull, LAC Brown, Cpl. Wilkins, Cpl. Belanger.

Physical Training in The Air Force

In the past the physical training in the services has conformed more or less with the old army discipline and the expression "Physical jerks" is most expressive of its characteristics. It was recognized that physical exercise other than that obtained in drill manoeuvres, etc., had a value in keeping the body fit. Even in very ancient times where a very sturdy body was necessary and to put brawn at the disposal of the brain was of first importance devices other than mere physical jerks were utilized. The body had to be well developed to endure long marches and other fatiguing conditions and disciplined to perform under excruciating circumstances.

In the modern army here the accent is on mechanized fighting, brawn is not so important perhaps as muscular response to the brain and the speed with which these responses are made. When one contemplates the thought of piloting a plane, the guiding of a tank, manipulation of the machine guns and all the other highly specialized activities associated with mechanization, the truth of this statement becomes obvious. The added mental strain of fighting at such an increased tempo must not be overlooked. The human body with its intricate and amazing actions, willed and reflex, is after all not beyond breaking down. Even though man in the excitement and passion of combat can and often does super human feats yet there is a limit beyond which no human mechanism can function. This limit is affected enormously by the physical and psychological make up of the man concerned.

Now in air fighting where the aggregate of strain, perception, muscular response and endurance is brought to its highest pitch only the most superbly built human machines will withstand the demands made upon it. It is obviously human endurance and performance which will, in spite of all the mechanical excellence of fighting machines, be of great significance in

the outcome of individual engagements as well as the total situation. When a man is made responsible for a machine costing thousands of dollars and in the most precarious positions it is of paramount importance that his mental, nervous and muscular coordination be at its highest peak of perfection.

The truth of the foregoing I am quite sure will be readily accepted by any individual of average mentality. What bearing then does or should this have on physical training required by airmen. We must, in our attitude toward physical training, broaden our perspective so that we include as well as muscular development that part played by the nervous, circulatory, respiratory systems and their harmonious development. It becomes apparent then that the efficacy of physical training depends on one of two things; first that the instructor should have considerable knowledge of the functions of the human body or secondly his conception of physical training be obtained from one who does have that knowledge.

In the consideration of this very broad question there is first the matter of material. The men coming to us are from many different occupations and from the ages eighteen to the late twenties. Some will already have developed a co-ordinated muscular physique from their school and sports program, others are clumsy and slow in action and reaction, sensory nerves dull in response as a consequence retarded. Much, in the immediate past, has been left to the individual's native ability and to his own efforts to adjust himself to the specialized art of air fighting, as excellent as is the young manhood offering itself in this service I am firmly convinced that many of the men could be considerably improved by a well considered plan of physical training and at least some expensive washouts could be avoided.

Our aim first and foremost is co-ordination of brain and muscle, hence movement then balance and poise which is a direct product of well toned muscular and nervous systems. To obtain these two involves in many cases the breaking down of occupational stiffness acquired by sitting at a desk or working at a daily job which keeps the hands in front of the body; or in many cases lack of continued use of many muscles and tendons in the body. Of tremendous importance and yet a secondary result is that mental glow, a feeling of confidence and efficiency which is partly psychological and partly the result of a pepped up circulatory and respiratory system that is obtained from a well balanced physical training period. The whole aim then is to have sturdy, alert airmen with fine confident postures, well nourished muscles consisting of fine fibres, muscles that respond to a sharpened nervous system instantly and with the strength of tempered steel. The mind then harbored in this physique will be sound and tuned to the task at hand. This is not an imaginary result idealistic only and not obtainable. I have watched it happen. The procedure is simple enough only it must be rationally planned step by step, the trainees themselves the guide for each succeeding step, and cannot be successful if personal grudges and animosity are to enter in. Physical training must not be used as punishment. Discipline of precise rigid movement and position can be obtained in drill without its being projected into the short time allowed for physical training. Does it seem too much to ask that tired muscles be not forced to hold a rigid position until the instructor gives the order for another rigid position. Apparatus is not necessary nor is it advisable at least for the beginning. Weight lifting and strenuous static exercises develop coarse muscle fibres inadequately supplied with nourishment from the blood

and slow to respond to the nervous impulse. Muscles that may give the bearer the lifeguard appearance but are about as useless to the airmen as the equivalent in concrete. Sensory nerves are muffled and much less active than they could and should be. My contention is that movement originating in the right place, carried out rhythmically and repeated with little fatigue because of alternating effort and relaxation is vastly more valuable than an exhausting muscle punishing and strenuous movement that leaves the muscle aching worn out and later stiff. A continuous rhythmic exercise develops fine muscle fibre, pliable, responsive and strong.

Corrective exercises intelligently applied will break down the clumsy stiffness of shoulders, arms, trunk and legs.

The program then will provide for the change from one set of muscles to another, avoiding exhaustion. It will aim at coordinated muscles of arms, legs and body to develop graceful, rhythmic controlled movement. It will develop muscles of the body harmoniously by exercising them all in varying amounts, depending on their function. With muscular development as described, balance and poise result because of responsive muscles and toned up sensory nerves having their origin in the muscles. The alternation of relaxation and effort in the performance of an exercise is of prime importance in continuous movement. The rigid, tense student exhausts himself in the cockpit as does the same individual behind the controls of a car and where balance, relaxation, and co-ordinated movement are so essential. Without them he stands little chance of success. Strenuous and exacting exercises are most certainly used but their position in the program is carefully considered and they are only done when the whole system is functioning at a higher pitch and hence ready for greater effort.

Introductory and initial training must include this kind of physical preparation if it is to be as efficacious as desired. During the elementary training where students are thrust into their only opportunity to fly, there is much ground study, anticipation of flying, misgivings as to their ability to do the same and then the actual flying all rolled together in varying proportions, according to the individual, weather and routine of the school involved. Along with these elements is the instructor pupil relationship, all of which are an influence in making the body tense, rigid and hence slow, or perhaps incapable to respond properly. The pupil is too much occupied coping with this situation to get the feel of the plane or assimilate the instruction given him. To succeed under the stepped up Air Plan a student must be entirely free from any mental or body sluggishness that will impair perception or response. To keep the physical condition at such a pitch an intelligent and consistent program of physical training is absolutely essential.

Not only is a program of physical training valuable to air crew. Much restlessness and dissatisfaction can be eliminated by a suitable program. Any physical instructor knows this fact as

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it has been demonstrated time after time. A program of sports is also very important. This does not mean there is to be one team representing a station or school. After all the emphasis should not be on the quality of the game, rather the criterion should be how many play. To relieve the mind of worry and reduce nerve strain and fatigue brought on by hours of concentrated work, no better tonic has been devised than enthusiastic team games. The equipment does not have to be elaborate and expensive, a little applied ingenuity will readily provide the necessary material. Most students will be anxious enough to play but the interest can be whipped up by providing for play-offs by the winning teams from each flight, squadron and finally schools or stations.

Unfortunately very little explanation for the need and few arguments concerning the value of a physical training program of the suggested type can be put forth here. Canada as a whole has always side-stepped the issue of physical training because its value has been underestimated with the result that its importance is not yet appreciated and we are hampered because of this weak link. There is

much room for improvements in our methods and if the concentrated efforts were made in this direction that are being made on other phases to make the Air Scheme perfect there is much that could be accomplished.

News Items from "Flight"

Canadian Aviation News

Two new aircraft plants are being built in Canada, one near London, Ontario, to cost about \$3,000,000, being built by the Canadian Government for a Government-owned company, and the other at Vancouver, being built at a cost of \$1,355,000 to be operated by Boeing Aircraft of Canada. What types are to be built at these two plants has not yet been announced.

Exclusive manufacturing rights have been obtained by the Canadian Government for the manufacture in Canada of aeroplanes using the Vidal plastic process. Two aeroplanes are now undergoing tests at Ottawa, and, if

successful, aircraft with plastic fuselages, wings and tail assemblies will be produced in Canada, according to Ralph Bell, Canadian Government director-general of aircraft production. The exclusive rights for Canadian production were obtained after Dean C. J. Mackenzie and J. H. Larkin, acting president and director respectively of the Canadian National Research Council, reported to the Government on the Vidal process.

Canadian civil aviation during the first nine months of 1940, according to a report issued by the Department of Transport, Ottawa, showed 737 private pilots with licenses in force, 147 commercial pilots, 261 limited commercial pilots, 146 transport pilots, 782 air engineers, and 36 airport traffic control officers. There were at September 30, 1940, 69 private planes licensed for service, 460 commercial aircraft, and 113 airports. International traffic at Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver checked 1,450 Canadian aircraft in and out, 4,800 United States aircraft, 34,600 passengers, 22,000lb. of freight and 168,000lb. of mail in and out. Air mail carried during the first half of 1940 is reported on 52

services amounting to 1,350,000lb. Flying clubs during the first nine months of 1940 flew a total of 36,470 hours, training 171 for their private pilot licenses, and 53 for commercial. During the first two quarters of the year the clubs had 104 aircraft in use, but during the third quarter only 55. Similarly, membership dropped from nearly 2,700 during the first three months to just under 1,600 during the summer months, due to some of the clubs suspending civilian activities for the duration of the war.

New international mail and passenger runs starting early in the New Year as a result of agreements between Ottawa and Washington include routes starting in February by Trans-Canada Air Lines from Toronto to New York and from Detroit to Canadian points. United States airlines will run new routes from Bangor, Maine, to Moncton, New Brunswick, to be operated by Northeast Airways, from Buffalo to Toronto, from Windsor, Ontario, to United States points, and from Great Falls, Montana, to Lethbridge, Alberta. For these last three routes no company has yet been named.

Plastics in U.S.A.

The U.S. Naval Aircraft Factory has been requested to investigate the use of various plastic materials in aircraft construction. Tests will be made on wing panels and other structures of wood bonded with synthetic resins in order to compare them with metal components. And over in California the students of Aero Industries Technical Institute have built a low-wing monoplane trainer of Plexiglas construction, known as the Model CT-6A. The construction of the wings, fuselage and tail surfaces consists of "wrapped strips of spruce around laminated bulkheads." Then a covering of fabric is applied to the outside. This two-seat open-cockpit machine with fixed undercarriage has clean lines, and with its Continental A-76 engine, developing 76 h.p., has a maximum speed of 135 m.p.h. at sea level and a rate of climb of 800ft./min. The aerofoil section is NACA 2415 at the root, varying to NACA 2409 at the tip.

New Gasket Material

The Engineer reports that a new gasket material has been developed in Germany to take the place of asbestos. This consists of three layers of synthetic buna rubber and two layers of steel wire gauze, placed with the wires of each at 45 deg. to each other. All the layers are vulcanized into one and the material is resistant to water and oil up to 350 deg. C. and to glycol and leaded petrol. It is reported that the new gasket serves its purpose better than previous materials.

Origin of the Me110

In a technical description of the German Messerschmitt Me110, which was published recently in "Flight" magazine, the author is full of praise on the designing of the fuselage of this machine. He even seems surprised "that the nation which brought Fascism to its full ugliness can produce a flying machine which is very pleasing, in fact beautiful, to the eye." We feel that the author, and your readers, will admire the fuselage of the 110 more readily when they learn that it is merely an exact copy of the fuselage of the French plane, Potex 63, and that it was constructed from plans of this plane stolen in France by the Germans.

The only differences are the utilisation of 1,150 h.p. water cooled engines instead of 700 h.p. air-cooled ones and the fitting of a more powerful armament in the fuselage instead of placing it in the wings.

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Going Indian



By ANSEL E. TALBERT
New York
(From "The Toronto Star")

American warplane types known customarily in the U.S. by the drab alphabetic and numerical designations assigned them by procurement officers of the army and navy are receiving picturesque designations in Great Britain.

The Royal Air Force, used to a tradition of Hurricane and Spitfire pursuits which have lived up to their names in dogfights with the German Luftwaffe, has dubbed the types among the American planes which reached Britain last year with titles its pilots thought were worthy of their fighting qualities. It has even looked ahead and tagged new planes being built here.

Apparently the Indian and wild west days of American history are recalled in England as well as in the U.S., for a large number of the warplane sobriquets suggest that source.

Indian Names

The Curtiss P.36, powered with a 1,100-horsepower Pratt and Whitney radial air-cooled engine, large numbers of which saw active service with the French Air Force and some of which are still used by the British, is known, for example, as the Mohawk. Its much faster descendant, the Allison-powered Curtiss P.40, now the best standard pursuit of the American Army Air Corps, is termed the Tomahawk.

A tubby, squat-nosed single-seater fighter made by the Brewster Company of Long Island City, Queens, and Newark, has been called the Buffalo by British squadrons which have them, and a new North American pursuit-interceptor, powered by a 1,150-horsepower Allison liquid-cooled motor, will be known as the Mustang after deliveries start.

The Allison-powered Alracobra, or P-39 pursuit, one of the few U.S. planes widely known in the nation that built it by a name rather than a number, is already being referred to by R.A.F. pilots.

The twin-engined Allison-powered Lockheed P-38 pursuit, a single-seater plane, which flew across the U.S. in 1939 to a speed record, now is known in Britain as the Lightning. The Vulture Vanguard pursuit powered with one of the liquid-cooled "pancake" engines built by Lycoming as an experiment, is the Vengeance abroad, but apparently nobody in Britain has yet thought up a better name for the twin-engined Grumman Skyrocket fighter earmarked for the Fleet Air Arm of the Royal Navy.

Two American-built North American trainers take on a collective air in Britain. The one having a 600-horsepower Pratt and Whitney engine is known as the Harvard, while the one with the Wright 450-horsepower engine is the Yale.

The Martin medium bomber, designed and manufactured at Middle River, Md., specifically for the French government and all unfilled orders for which were taken over by the Brit-

ish, is known as the Maryland. A newer and improved version will be called the Baltimore. The huge new Army Air Corps B-24 bomber built by the Consolidated Co. with four radial engines and sold to the British for a long-range bomber, has taken on the title of Liberator.

A Minefield is Laid

(From "The Aeroplane")

When the Germans surprised the world, but apparently not "Naval Intelligence," by rushing into Norway by ship and aeroplane in April last, the British Navy sprang a counter-surprise a few days afterwards. They mined the Baltic, the Skagerrak, the Cattegat, and the Danish harbors from which the German troop transports and supply ships were bound to start, and all the waters through which they had to pass.

One morning, without preliminary warning, all the newspapers came out with maps showing our freshly sown minefields, as warnings to neutral shipping as to what they should avoid. Hardened sea-dogs gasped, and asked how His Majesty's mine-laying trawlers and submarines had managed to penetrate so far up the Baltic without being sunk or captured by the German fleet or bombed by German aeroplanes.

The man-in-the-street said: "Thank Gawd we've got a navy."

He was right, but nobody except those on the job knew, or was allowed to know, how the mines were laid. Months afterwards I came across naval and R.A.F. folk who still thought that submarines and trawlers had done it all. They had done a lot, but they had not been active up the Baltic and its narrow approaches.

"Skua" at Work

That was the work of the Fleet Air Arm. It was, in fact, the Fleet Air Arm's first big job of work since it was taken away from the Royal Air Force and made into a branch of the Royal Navy early in 1939.

Some of the Blackburn "Skua" dive bombers of the Fleet Air Arm had been operating over the North Sea early in the war against German shipping, but nothing much was said about them.

And when the Fleet Air Arm did this astonishing job of mine laying nothing at all was said about it. Although the Admiralty wanted the world, especially Germany, to know how far the arm of the British Navy could reach, the last thing it wanted known was how the mines got there.

The Germans found quickly enough, to their cost, that the mines were there and that the Admiralty's elegant map was not merely a threat or a promise or a bluff.

I happened to be in luck, because I was staying with a friend at one of the Coastal Command stations from which the mine-laying aeroplanes were operating. The night I got there I met a bunch of naval officers in the mess.

Some of them were regular R.N. Some were R.N.R. And a lot of them wore the wavy navy stripes of the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve, showing that they had come into the navy "off the street."

But most of them came from aerodromes, where some of them had been quite famous aviators in civil life. All of them wore the gold "A" for aviator, in the executive curl of the gold lace on their cuffs.

That was at dinner-time. But they had just come down to breakfast, for theirs was essentially an all-night job, and, one might imagine, most unpleasant.

Lethal Loads

Later I saw their aeroplanes. Anybody concerned with flying who saw them without warming would either

have laughed or wept to think that such things could exist in A.D. 1940. And yet, when one knew what it was all about one recognized that they fitted the job very well, considering that aeroplanes could be used at all for that job.

The Fairey "Swordfish" is a big tractor biplane with a single Bristol "Pegasus" motor of some 800 h.p. (a most reliable piece of machinery) in its nose. It was designed as a torpedo-bomber-reconnaissance machine to work with the fleet at sea. Consequently it had to carry a big weight a long way taking a long time.

When one is dealing with mere ships which think that they are hurrying at thirty-five knots, an aeroplane which cruises at 120 miles an hour (say 100 knots) seems quite fast—this is about the speed of the "swordfish."

If it carried a torpedo it carried a pilot, who was also the torpedo dropper, and a gunner-navigator-radio man behind. If it went out on reconnaissance it carried a pilot who did as he was told, a naval officer navigator skilled in the recognition of ships and in judging fleet movements in the middle, and a gunner-radio man aft to protect the tail of the machine. And it carried masses of petrol.

For all that work it had to be a big aeroplane, but, because all Fleet Air Arm machines have to go down the lifts in the flying-decks of the aircraft carriers to the storage space below—which the navy, loyal to air tradition, call the hangars—the wings of these aeroplanes have to fold.

Long wings take a lot of floor space, even when folded, so the navy agreed to have two wings, one on top of the other, making the machine a biplane which in general aspect looks like a very big version of the aircraft which we used in the war of 1914-18.

But the plane did the job for which it was intended, admirably. And when it was improvised as a minelayer it did that equally well.

For this work, to keep the machine in the air long enough to get to its objective and back, it carried only a pilot in front and a gunner-navigator-radio man in the back seat.

Its war load was a full-size magnetic mine, a huge cylinder with flat ends, bigger than the normal torpedo. Now, figure to yourselves the cold courage which was needed to start off an hour or two before midnight in one of those machines, crawling along at ninety m.p.h. in the dark over miles of sea, and perhaps miles of enemy country where one was liable to be caught by enemy searchlights and guns, or by night-flying fighters.

The "Swordfish" would have been a sitting bird compared with the 300-m.p.h. night raiders.

And think of the loneliness of sitting there for hours at a stretch—nothing to see, except the dim outline of coasts against the sea, and nobody to whom one could speak, except one's companion in trouble on the other end of the intercommunication telephone, forbidden to use one's radio, except in an emergency, or for a final check on one's position, for fear lest enemy listeners should pick up one's whereabouts.

Yet those lads did the job night after night, and though their eyes were beginning to show the strain, they kept it up till there was no more Norway to be protected from invasion.

Since then the lot of the mine-layer has improved. Today he uses the Fairey "Albacore" if he is in the Fleet Air Arm, or the Handley Page "Hampden" heavy bomber if in the R.A.F.

The "Albacore" is very like the "Swordfish" at first sight. It is a big biplane with a fixed undercarriage which hangs down permanently below the machine. It looks old-fashioned nowadays.

But the "Albacore" has a cleaner shape generally, and more power. It is, in fact, much faster than the

"swordfish." It has done grand work as a torpedo carrier against the Italian fleet, as well as laying mines in the Baltic and the Adriatic.

Norway Danger

Meantime the Germans go on sending and relieving troops to and from Norway. We still have our chances of cutting them off on the way.

Most of that work now seems to be done by Handley Page "Hampdens" of the R.A.F. This is one of the best big bombers ever built—and fortunately there are plenty.

If there is an aeroplane which on the same power (two Bristol "Pegasus" motors of about 960 h.p. each) carries as much weight as fast or as far for a given amount of gasoline, I should like to hear of it.

The "Hampden" is a not very big monoplane of rather curious shape. The main part of the body is rather like a suitcase standing on one edge. The pilot sits in the top front corner. The bomb-aimer lies or sits below him. He also deals with navigation problems.

The aft gunner, who is the radio man, is also in the upper corner behind. His guns run on rails which deflect them out of harm's way when they would otherwise blow the rudders off their machine. Below is another gunner who can shoot down wards and sideways. So the "Hampden" is well able to take care of itself against anything it is likely to meet at night.

It is fast. Its speed is more than 200 m.p.h., so although the big mines slow its regular speed, it is still able to get there and back between dusk and dawn, when the nights are much shorter than they are now.

Although the great cylindrical mine with its flat ends makes an ugly bump in the normally neat shape of the "Hampdens," it has only itself to set up an obstruction. It does not get its own air wave involved with those of the undercarriage, as with the fixed undercarriages of the "Swordfish" and "Albacore," for the undercarriage of the "Hampden" tucks right up.

Laying mines is a tricky business. Naturally, one must not say too much about our own mines and methods. But one can give an indication of the problems by recalling what the Germans had to do.

Menace of Mines

Their magnetic mines were a bit touchy about rough treatment. If dropped from 100 feet or so to the water they were apt to go off on impact, instead of waiting for some unhappy iron ship to attract their magnetic exploder. So the Germans let them down gently by parachute.

Dropping a mine, or a bomb, by parachute is more a matter of luck than is dropping a bomb with the help of accurate bomb sights. A variation of a few miles an hour in the speed of the wind makes little difference to a naked bomb. But when a parachute is used the wind will carry the thing a long way off its course if the wind speed is misjudged.

Methods were found of dealing with the magnetic mines, so they ceased to be worth the trouble of laying. The Germans went back to a modernized version of the floating mines which go off if anything hits their projecting horns.

Mines of that sort are also preferably laid by parachute, because if dropped naked, the impact of the horns on the water would probably set them off, unless they fell absolutely flat on their bottoms. So the parachutes are big enough to assure their alighting right side up.

As the war area has extended all the way from North Norway to the Spanish and French frontier on the Bay of Biscay, and now into the Eastern Mediterranean, there has been more and more mine laying to do.

Every fiord, bay, creek, or harbor is a possible base for German or Italian submarines or invasion flotillas. So every inlet and outlet has to be mined as well as bombed.

On the whole, mine laying is today one of our most flourishing industries.

Canadian Aeronautical Laboratory

(From "The Aeroplane")

The buildings for Canada's new aeronautical research centre are being built about three miles outside Ottawa. Standing in a property of one hundred acres, the first three buildings were nearing completion at the end of last year, and the plan provides ultimately for another three. Large and small wind tunnels and a 600ft. tank with a width of 25ft. will be included among the equipment. There will also be a vertical spinning tunnel. The engine laboratory will have two test beds, for 500 and 1,000 h.p. engines, and the mechanical testing laboratory will be equipped to test full-sized aircraft components. Other scientific work in addition to aeronautical will be carried on at the centre, which will have hydraulic, electrical and acoustical sections.

Prayer

The following prayer was left by an unknown worshipper in the old Cathedral at Chester, England. A tablet with the words engraved on it hangs on the Cathedral wall near the pew in which it was found.

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest,
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best.
Give me a healthy mind, Good Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which, seeing sin, is not appalled,
But finds a way to set it right.
Give me a mind that is not bored;
That does not whimper, whine, or sigh.

Don't let me worry overmuch, about
the fussy thing called I.
Give me a sense of humor, Lord;
Give me the grace to see a joke—
To get some happiness from Life,
And pass it on to other folk.

'Ten Shun

"Any complaints?" asked the orderly officer.

"Yessir," replied AC2 Smith promptly. "These sausages."

"What's the matter with them?"

AC2 Smith picked up a sausage gingerly with a fork.

"Smell it, sir," he said.

The orderly officer did so.

"Not very much wrong with it," he remarked. "May be just on the turn, that's all."

AC2 Smith was a racing enthusiast. "On the turn, sir; why, it's 'arf down the ——— stretch!"

DIRECTION

Nervous recruit (about to take first flight): "Is this plane perfectly safe?"

"Safest on earth," answered the instructor.

The twins had been brought to be christened.

"What names?" asked the clergyman.

"Steak and Kidney," the father answered.

"Bill, you fool," cried the mother, "it's Kate and Sidney!"

HE TEACHES THE WORLD TO FLY

(Condensed from The Commentator)

There was a time when you had to go up in the air to learn to fly. Now, thanks to a device invented by a young New York barnstormer named Ed Link, you can learn to operate the controls and get the actual feel of flying in a miniature airplane on the ground.

Cradled on a chamber of compressed air controlled by powerful bellows, the Link Trainer does everything a free, powered plane does—except fly. By means of automatic devices, it accurately mimics hazards of flight, such as ice-encrusted wings and bumpy air. You may lose altitude or go into a spin precisely as you would in a big plane. And an incautious operator who allows his motor to stall long enough is roughed about so realistically that veteran pilots have been helped out of the cockpit totally airsick.

The public knows little of the Link Trainer, but it is standard equipment with the U.S. Bureau of Air Commerce, the Army, which owns 25, and the Navy. European and American commercial lines educate their pilots to instrument flying in the Trainer and use it to subject them to periodic checkups.

Link built his first model in a corner of his father's organ factory, adapting pneumatic methods used in the bellows system of a cottage organ. He now manufactures Trainers in plants at Binghamton, N.Y., and Ganouogone, Ontario. The pressure of world-wide orders required him, last January, to quadruple his Binghamton capacity. His Canadian factory is now working on a \$1,250,000 order for British Empire customers. Trainers sell at from \$6000 to \$10,000 each, and Link, at 35, is well on the road to his first million.

The inventor received no technical training in school, but he took it in through the pores at the family shop. The making of organs rests on a form of power foreign to most industrial processes, namely, compressed air. Every aspect of compressed air power fascinated Ed as a boy.

When he was 23 he took up flying in the rhapsodic hubbub that followed Lindbergh's hop to Paris. Soon he was teaching others to fly. But however exciting a flight might be to the student, the thing quickly works itself into a routine for the teacher. To a man of Link's drive, it was drudgery, and he sought a way to reproduce on the ground the experience of flight. He spent the next winter, 1927-28, experimenting in the organ factory with bellows, wind vents, the sustaining power of air.

By spring he had the problem solved: a training machine that could be made to behave as a plane in flight. Ed founded a flying school guaranteeing to qualify all comers who showed promise for a flat fee of \$85. By 1931 the school had 150 students. Then in 1932 the depression caught up with Ed, his classes diminishing until the school showed a loss.

Meanwhile he had not been able to sell his Trainer in sufficient volume to keep up a production schedule. A few had been sold to transport lines, the British had picked up several, others had gone elsewhere in Europe; in 1931, the Navy bought one, in 1932 the Army ordered six.

The principal revenue, however, had come from amusement parks. Ed and his brother George displayed the Trainer at all air shows. At one, George was pestered by sightseers who insisted on climbing into the cockpit and having a go at the controls. Ed suggested that they turn this curiosity into cash, whereupon they offered a "flight" in the Trainer for a quarter. The crowds ate it up, and thereafter the side show admission helped keep the factory going.

In 1934, cancellation of the air mail contracts and the disaster that befell the Army air corps on its unsought attempt to fly the mail stunned the aviation world into a realization of the necessity of instrument training—and at once. Link had the answer and overnight he was swamped with inquiries. From the end of 1934, he has been on a steady production schedule.

When you enter the cockpit of a Link Trainer you take off as you would in any plane. As you "climb," the instruments read precisely as would those in an ascending ship. Once in the air, you pick your altitude and level off. Being cushioned on air and unstabilized, you have all the sensations of flying except the forward motion. If a wing drops, the pilot is at once conscious of it and the artificial horizon indicator reminds him further. He gains and loses altitude, turns, banks and pulls out of banks.

Without the Trainer, it took eight to ten hours, all in the air, to qualify a solo pupil; with the Trainer, the time is cut in half. And only one hour in the air—or less. George Link, the Trainer's first pupil back in 1928, got his solo wings after only 42 minutes aloft.

The demand today is for pilots who can read their course by radio signals through fog, and land through ceiling zero. Learning to fly by instruments, blind except for the eyes supplied by radio beams, calls for thorough, intensive drilling. It is here that the Trainer most justifies itself. Usually a pilot may be advanced to instrument flying only after 50 hours in the air. Twenty hours in the Link and only five in the air will now turn the same trick.

The Trainer complete for instrument instruction has a second unit—an instructor's table and means of communicating with the mock plane. From this table go radio range signals, as well as telephonic instructions, from the mythical airport where the student is landing. Atop the table is an inked indicator that automatically reproduces the plane's course.

In the cabin, the pilot, on his own, must rely on instruments and earphones. He mounts to 4000 feet on a hypothetical flight to Pittsburgh, say, settles to his cruising speed, keeps her leveled off and listens for the signals. His radio course map lies before him.

After a time, his earphones catch the dot-dash of a beam. He follows it by means of the phones and visual radio compass, until it grows loud, then suddenly fades. He knows now that he is in the cone of silence, directly above the radio tower. He overshoots the airport, following another beam, losing altitude, turns and heads for the field. Meantime, he has obtained from the instructor the altitude lane at which he is to come in.

At a distance of 1000 feet from the field's runway, a marker beacon's signals reach him. Speed is kept at 80 miles an hour, wings and nose held at proper landing altitudes by reference to an instrument tuned to a ground transmitter. A second marker beacon impulse directs the pilot to set down on the runway.

Indelibly traced by the inked indicator, his course confronts him as he steps from the cockpit. A record to be studied at leisure, it forms the basis for further instructions.

The swiftness with which the Link can advance even tyros to instrument proficiency renders it very valuable to the military. Great Britain, profiting by her frightful loss of imperfectly trained pilots in the last war, has 250 Trainers scattered about the empire. The Reich, the Soviet Union, Italy, Japan, all train military pilots on the Link. The pilots who flew Chamberlain to Berchtesgaden and Munich were weaned on Links; as

Our Genial Duty Fit./Sgt. Blundell



were the German pilots escorting him. Link-trained Chinese combat pilots oppose Link-trained Japanese over the Yangtze. It has been the same in Spain.

Link recoils from the lethal implications of his Trainer's use. But he has something that the modern world wants and needs. It has marked military value—yes. But there is every reason why, with the current expansion of air transport and the coming boom in amateur aviation, his marvel may perform a service for safety as well as destruction.

Three for One

The man was being shaved when the barber cut a considerable gash in his cheek. He was all apologies, of course, but had trouble in stopping the flow of blood. Finally he put a piece of tissue-paper over the cut to give the blood a chance to coagulate.

The barber wasn't expecting a tip, so when the customer gave him an extra quarter he was surprised. "That's all right," explained the customer. "I don't often get shaved by a man expert in three trades—barber, butcher and paperhanger."

Barrack Barber

Airman: "Stop! Why do you insist upon telling me these horrible, blood-curdling stories?"

Jack Taylor: "I'm sorry chum, but when I tell stories like that, the hair stands up on end, and makes it much easier to cut."

Corporal Ling was out of town with a draft, and for his wife's birthday he sent her a check for a million kisses as a present. The wife, a little annoyed at his thrift, sent back a post card: "Dear Gordie: Thanks for the perfectly lovely birthday check. The milkman cashed it this morning!"

The foreman of an electrical repair shop was interviewing a bright boy applying for a position.

"Do you know anything at all about electrical apparatus?" asked the foreman.

"Yes, sir," was the prompt reply. "Well, what is an armature?" interrogated the foreman.

"It's a guy who sings for Major Bowes."—The Lookout

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Initial Flying Training

(Condensed from "Flight")

If the number of applications at R.A.F. recruiting offices from would-be R.C.A.F. pilots can be taken as an indication, there would seem to be no falling off of glamour so far as flying is concerned. At the moment there are thousands of young men undergoing initial training or hoping to be among the next batch to go to one of the E.F.T.S.'s dotted all over the country. We are practically mass-producing pilots for the first time in our history. In the last war a man became a pilot by gift and good modicum of luck which gave him time to complete his flying training while on actual service. This time a pilot who has passed through elementary, intermediate and advanced schools—every R.C.A.F. pilot must do this—and has sampled squadron work, can call himself experienced and ready to meet the enemy on rather better than even terms.

It has been said many times, and truthfully, that a pilot is made or otherwise in his first 50 hours. During that critical period his mental attitude as well as his ability for flying are created. It is unlikely that anyone who is unsuitable for active service will get past the elementary stage. Every opportunity is, however, given to each pupil. If he is slow to learn or unable to reach solo standard in normal time, then a change in instructor may help. It is usually easy to decide at an early stage whether the temperament of either pupil or instructor is the cause of retarded progress or if a pupil is one who will never make a pilot. Should the measure mentioned above fail to produce an improvement in a pupil's flying, a final test by an instructor chosen for his special ability and experience will decide the future of the pupil. He may either be suspended or given a further period to make good.

Flying is not the simple matter it used to be for several reasons which need no more than a mention. The vastly improved performance and the complexity of the modern service aircraft are the main factors to contend with. From the word "go," ground instruction is a branch of training at least as important as the actual flying. What use would a man be who could cope with the controls of most aeroplanes but was quite unable to solve the attendant problems of navigation, interception, or gunnery? To make the best use of a modern aircraft the pilot must understand its structure and principle, and the like.

Under the present R.C.A.F. training scheme, flying and ground training must advance side by side. Pupils may be, and often are, rejected from both for failure in one. The sooner an unsuitable "pilot" is turned over to some other branch of national service for which he has more ability, the less money and time is wasted. The cost to the country of even initial flying training can be reckoned at well over \$25 per pilot-hour. Advanced training must cost more than twice this figure.

The First Stage

The normal course of events for an R.C.A.F. recruit who has passed the Medical Board and has been taught his drill and discipline is to commence as soon as possible on an initial period of 50 hours' flying and the parallel ground training. In 50 hours (of reasonably hard work) in the air a pupil should have learnt to execute all normal flying manoeuvres in a light training aeroplane. The types in general use at present are the D. H. Tiger Moth (biplane) and the Fleet Finch (biplane).

It may appear strange that pupils are trained for the most part on biplanes when, with very few exceptions, the R.C.A.F. is equipped with monoplanes. There will no doubt always be some controversy about this

THAT 10:30 DEADLINE



—Cartoon by R. A. Fear

subject. However, we may assume that this matter has not in practice proved worth the name of problem. It is true that many pilots of not more than 250 hours' experience on biplanes of, say, Tiger and Hawker Hart types, took safely to Spitfires and Hurricanes after about two hours' conversion on Harvards, Avros and Battles. Many hours are necessary before such a pilot could truthfully claim himself to be thoroughly conversant with our modern fighters.

Plenty to Learn

Biplanes versus monoplane of more modern conception is again brought to mind if one consults the latest C.F.S. instruction patter. Sentences referring to flaps and brakes have no application to a Tiger Moth, which is not equipped with either. On the whole, pupils have plenty to occupy their minds during their first 50 hours in the air, and it may reasonably be argued that instruction in the use of flaps can well be left until a later stage. To a pupil who specifically asks about flaps, v.p. aircrews, and the like, a chat on the ground is probably the best course because an attempt in the air to explain or demonstrate the possible effects of these devices on a Tiger Moth would most probably prove very confusing to a pupil.

During the 50 hours initial flying allotted to a pupil he must complete five hours under the hood (flying by instruments only), five hours navigation, included in a solo cross-country flight, and at least 26 hours of the whole must be dual. The usual proportion seems to be 20-22 solo. This flying and the ground training corresponding with it are completed in eight to twelve weeks, depending upon the time of the year. The sequence of instruction and the exercises learnt are as follows:

1. Air experience.
2. Familiarity with cockpit layout.
3. Effects of controls.
4. Taxi-ing.
5. Straight and level flight.
6. Climbing, gliding and stalling.
7. Medium turns.
8. Taking off into wind.
9. Powered approach and landing.
- 9a. Gliding, approach and landing.
10. Spinning.
11. First solo.
12. Side-slipping.
13. Precautionary landings.

14. Low flying (with instructor only).
15. Steep turns.
16. Climbing turns.
17. Forced landings.
18. Action in event of fire.
- 18a. Abandoning aircraft.
19. Instrument flying.
20. Taking off and landing out of wind.
21. Restarting engine in flight.
22. Aerobatics.

Most pupils get off solo between eight and ten hours, but those who take twelve have no need to worry.

Flying and ground instruction occupy roughly half the working day each. At this time of the year a pupil who flies during a period, say, 8.30 a.m. to 10 a.m., will attend ground lectures between 10.30 a.m. and 12 mid-day, a break between sections being allowed. Half the course, or one of the courses if there are two, keeps to these times, while the others have lectures first, then flying. Similar 90-minute periods are observed in the afternoon. The actual flying periods may be devoted to a short dual and solo flight or, say, a longer dual period in the morning followed by solo in the afternoon. In any case, a pupil has regular dual trips between solo, the longest time for solo without dual being 2½ hours (in one or several flights).

A pupil's main object during his eight-twelve weeks under training is to satisfy the examiners in ground subjects and prepare for the various flying tests after about 50 hours. For success in these tests one must make sure above all of accurate flying. The C.F.I. who generally does quite a lot of the testing, must help to keep the instructors in close touch with current practice as dictated by C.F.S.

A pupil who does not climb and glide at the correct speed or who uses too much or too little throttle for his steep or climbing turns has only himself to blame. These speeds will have been drilled into him quite enough in 50 hours, and failure to observe them is simply a case of slack flying. It is the instructor's job to see that he has plenty of practice in keeping his turns steady, maintaining the aircraft's nose in a correct position with relation to the horizon and so on. All these are the simpler points.

Because the monoplane types in which a pupil will eventually find himself have relatively high wing loading, it has recently been the practice

to spend more time on approaches to landings with engine (rumble landings) as opposed to the glide approach, which was at one time in regular use. A pupil still makes a large number of glide approaches to improve his judgment and help in making forced landings, but must also have regular practice in the engine approach.

The old technique for forced landing approaches ("S" turns on the downward side of the field) is not altogether applicable to modern types. One learns this method on training types, but the important point which is stressed is to manoeuvre the aeroplane into such a position down wind of the chosen field that a last turn across wind is made at about 1,000 ft. and a final medium turn into wind at about 500 ft. The distance from the field depends, of course, upon the strength of the wind. On a Tiger side-slipping is used to absorb excess height where flaps and straight glide might be used on, say, a Battle.

Spinning

A lot has been said about spinning during the past year, particularly by the non-flying public who can hardly know what it is all about. One of the early lessons in flying is in how to recover from a spin (having purposely got into it). From the safety point of view, which is most important in a trainer, the Tiger Moth, representative of biplane trainers, is ideal in this respect. A Tiger will, in fact, recover from a spin unaided—certainly it is sufficient on all occasions to centralize controls. This method is not, however, suitable for getting the majority of monoplanes out of a spin. It is essential, if the practice is to be valuable, at least to hold on sharply full opposite rudder and then ease the control column well forward to dive the aeroplane to full flying speed. This practice seems rather to trouble pupils, and only with the greatest difficulty can they be persuaded to put on more rudder than is required for recovery on the Tiger. Spinning is considered important enough to be a compulsory practice each week, and is the only manoeuvre outside straight-forward flying which is taught previous to a first solo. Later at a Service F.T.S. pupils are taught either or extra movements to facilitate recovery from spins. These include the use of throttle.

Aerobatics constitute another important part of training and are taught at an early stage. Their use is twofold. (1) They help a pupil to have confidence and full control of his machine whichever way up he may find himself. (2) They are most important for aerial combat. Great, perhaps too great, importance can be attached to slow rolls which are the least important manoeuvres from the practical point of view. Though giving good practice in the use of controls and looking pretty when well executed, they are worthless in combat.

Precautionary landings are a fairly new arrival in the syllabus, and are used as the name suggests when weather or loss of position makes a landing advisable or necessary. Unlike forced landings, however, the pilot has engine(s) to help him and sufficient petrol to find a really suitable field in which to land. The practice is in how best to find and prove your field, and how to make a safe approach and landing with the engine, at a minimum safe speed (to reduce landing run). This entails at least one "dummy run."

Instrument Flying

One of the biggest changes in early training during the last year or two is the concentration on instrument flying. The standard of blind flying has been raised considerably, thanks partly to the Link Trainer which is now to be found at least singly and often severally at all R.C.A.F. stations. A definite Link syllabus is carried out at the same time as ground and flying

training. As aeroplanes improve and radio methods of aerodrome control advance, the use of instrument flying will, of course, extend even beyond its present stages. Already it is possible to fly in almost any weather and but for the need to preserve a good name and avoid all undue risks, airlines could operate an unbroken schedule for the full twelve months of every year. In bad weather this would entail flying blind most of the time. The Link Trainer can be used for almost all blind flying practices, including Lorenz approaches (and landings). There would, however, seem to be only very limited use for a "Visual Link" as an aid to control of an aeroplane in the early stages of instruction.

Conditions of entry of pilots into the R.C.A.F. are similar to those for air crews generally. Pilots, observers, wireless operators and air gunners are all drawn from recruits who enlist in the first instance for training as "aircraft crew." They must pass a special medical examination, and must be adjudged as suitable by a selection board.

The age limits for enlistment are 18 to 32 for airman pilots and 18 to 40 for other members of the air crew. When he enlists a man may state his preference for the job of pilot, observer or other of the air crew trades. Those unsuitable for enlistment as members of air crews may be given an opportunity to remuster for ground duties.

All recruits are enlisted for the duration of the war.

Recruits selected as suitable for air crews are first mustered as Aircraftmen 2nd Class, during training. Pilots are then mustered and reclassified as Leading Aircraftmen. Air Observers under training are also reclassified as L.A.C. Other members of air crews remain A.C.'s during training.

When their training is complete airmen are remustered and reclassified or promoted according to the percentage of marks they obtain on passing out of training.

Disciplinarians

There's a certain man in this outfit grand,
Who commands obedience with an iron hand.
'Tis true that he is no-Aryan,
But even worse he's a disciplinarian.

There was a time we thought him grand,
He seemed to us the best in the land.
Then we thought him quite a lad,
To see him strut would make us glad.

With all the rookies he doesn't rate,
The day he's abolished, we'll celebrate.
To protest to him is not much use,
You're only subject to more abuse.

It starts at the top with the W.O. one,
He's not such a bad old son-of-a-gun
He thinks he's doing just his job,
Wonder how he'd do without his mob?

The mainstay of the mob is always the Flight,
Blundell, Robinson, Williamson and McKnight,
To put them in charge was quite a mistake
There's never a day without a break.

The first one mentioned is, without a doubt
Not the type inclined to pout.
He makes his way with courage strong
It's very seldom you'll find him wrong.

The second mentioned did lose his reason
Had a rookie up for treason,
I imagine his face was rather red,
After he'd heard what the Old Man said.

McKnight's all right, this I know,
Williamson, too, is in the know,

About these two, much to their luck
So little is known, they're not in the muck.

Sergeant Hatfield saw a form in bed
With blankets pulled up over its head.
He ripped them off, near went insane,
W.S.C. had scored again!

Let's look in on those that are left.
The unfortunate ones of brains derect.
The Corporals are the ones I mean
The poor dears are almost worried lean.

They've passed the buck from those above,
'Tween rookie and Corporal, no loss of love.
Service Police and Corporals in a class
A beast of burden is the ass.

Corporal McKinley, whom everyone knows
Is now growing alfalfa under his nose,
In it he puts some coffee grounds,
Drinks hot water and lives within bounds.

Strutting Miller, 'tis quite evident
Must be expecting a blessed event.
His stomach bulges, his back's concave.
After reading this I hope he'll not rave.

Hutton and Armour sleep together,
There must be some truth about birds of a feather.
K.R. Air, they should read when they're lonely
They'll find out a batman's for an officer only.

In case, for this poem there's any kick-back,
I'd better put all upon the right track.
McMaster's the lad who suggested to me
That I write a poem about all of thee.

Perhaps then he thought I'd give him break
And under the coals I would not him rake.
I'll speak of him as I did of the rest,
And not all of it will be in jest.

He should deserve some sympathy,
For he is not as I and thee,
Double-harness is now his style

It Doesn't Take Much

Every man and woman dreams of doing some great good deed that will make others happy—leading a crusade, giving an address, writing a book. We dream of the big things and often fail to do the little things. We let slip by hundreds of little opportunities to spread happiness and cheer.

In an inspiring poem, Lois Snelling suggests some of the little things we can do each day to make this world a more joyous place to live in.

He stopped to pat a small dog's head—
A tiny thing to do;
And yet the dog, remembering,
Was glad the whole day through.
He gave a rose into the hand
Of one who loved it much;
'Twas just a rose—but, oh, the joy
That lay in its soft touch!
He spoke a word so tenderly—
A word's a wee, small thing;
And yet it stirred a weary heart
To hope again, and sing!
—The Silver Lining.

Do you like short skirts, Mike
Now, they get lipstick on me shoot
when I dance wit them.

Galoshes: are something which if your feet are dry you haven't walked in the snow without.

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Bombers to Britain

(From "Flight")

From American aircraft factories to Canada, to Newfoundland to somewhere in Great Britain. That's the routine of the greatest secret mass flying going on during the present war; or at least that is the impression you get when you go after information concerning the delivery of American-made bombers to the Royal Air Force of England. Actually, while a very deep silence is maintained in this country and in Canada about these operations, it is an open secret that Germany knows of every flight of planes moving east from Botwood. That they are not intercepted by long-range German fighters is due to the speed of these American bombers, their heavy armament and the plan that has been worked out for their protection, a plan that even though known is a hard one to beat.

Some time ago I talked with a German acquaintance of mine in New York who I knew to be as violently pro-Nazi as I am pro-British. He was citing instances of how the Germans always seem to know things beforehand.

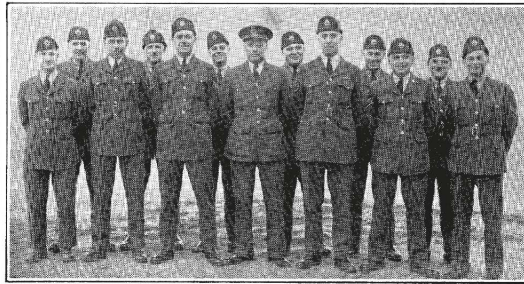
"You seem so well posted on this espionage business," I said to him. "Perhaps you can tell me if it is a fact that the British are flying American-made bombers across the Atlantic to England."

"Don't be silly," he joshed. "Of course they are, and doing a mighty good job of it, too." He grinned wryly. "Remember, I am an American citizen but I was born in Germany and naturally my sympathies are with them, but it is one of the great jokes that although the German spies report the departure of every single bombing plane from Botwood, the Nazi interceptor planes have never been able to get to the meeting place at the right time. The British are not dumb all the time."

What's it like, piloting one of the big bombers in a flight of them eastward across the Atlantic? One American pilot I talked with describes the trip across as "jittery." "You hunt for tail winds to save gas. You worry about ice conditions. Three-quarters of the time it is impossible to see past the tips of your wings and you wonder what would happen if for any reason you had to come down. What would you find—a British convoy, British or Canadian destroyers, or a German sub or surface raider? Perhaps worst of all just a bleak expanse of white-capped waves trying to prove to an American pilot the futility of his tiny efforts.

"You're wondering all the time if the navigator can really get a star to shoot for location, or would they have to call for a beam when they got somewhere in the approximate XX Golley two Bombers to Britain—ow, position—somewhere off the British Isles. Worst of all," he said, "was the idea of calling for a beam to guide the flight in. It not only reflected on the ability of the pilot and of the navigator, but it gave the German submarines the chance to pick up your message and send out word to their long-

"C" SQUADRON DISCIPLINARIANS



Front Row: Sgt. Rosa, Sgt. O'Neill, Flt./Sgt. Ing, Flying Officer James, Flt./Sgt. Morley, Sgt. Watson, Cpl. McFayden.
Back Row: Cpl. Goucher, Cpl. Gilmour, Cpl. Fraser, Cpl. Ling, Cpl. Martin, Cpl. Tracy.

range interceptor planes, and after that God knew what."

The people charged with the responsibility of transporting these planes from the United States to England have thought of all of these things and have done everything in their power to circumvent their happening. The contract for delivering these American-built planes is being handled by one of the Canadian railway companies. Although they work in close harmony with the naval and military forces, the aerial job of making the transfer is made by fliers hired by the railway company. Most of these fliers are Americans who by taking on this job relieve a British combat pilot for bombing duty against Germany. Actually, navigators are harder to get than pilots.

As to the success responsible in getting these American-built planes to England there are many factors. First of all they have a well-trained crew, not always the same, but as a rule consisting of pilot, copilot—who also acts as navigator—radio operator and a gunner. In some instances they do not carry a gunner, both navigator and radio operator being trained in these duties. The planes themselves are equipped with every known aid to flying and navigation, from landing flares to automatic pilots.

All members of the crew wear lifebelts that can be inflated instantly by puncturing a small tube of compressed gas that is a part of each belt. Large tanks of the compressed gas are carried in the plane itself, hooked up to lines running to inflation bags in the wings. In case they are forced to alight on the water the gas is turned into the wings, the gasoline is dumped, the life raft is inflated, and they have a fifty-fifty chance of being picked up before their plane goes down.

These rubber rafts are built in sections so that in case of damage to one section, such as bullets from an enemy machine gun, the rest will remain intact and inflated. That these rafts are adequate is proven by the fact that one of the bombers lost on this transatlantic crossing floated for a full day and for two days more the crew drifted on their life raft until picked up by a destroyer.

The powers back of transporting the American-made bombers know well that the Germans would do almost anything to sever their flow to augment the air forces of Great Britain. They also know that it is next to impossible to keep the Germans from obtaining accurate information of their departure from eastern Canadian ports. Spies can and do report from land points. Submarines lying well out to sea can report their passing, time and direction of flight. Probably the best method developed so far to defeat the efforts of these Axis spies is built up from the old adage that if a person cries wolf often enough no one will believe him.

Every day, every night, flights of bombing planes take to the air and wing their way out over the waters of the Atlantic. Some of these are practice flights, training for pilots, navigators and radio men, but not all of them. All planes leaving on these flights are fully equipped to make the overseas trip, from ammunition for their machine guns to landing flares and food. Every flight commander carries a sealed envelope containing secret orders. This envelope is opened at a predetermined position known only to the navigator, usually several hundred miles out to sea, out of sight of any spies and usually too high to be seen by enemy submarines. When he opens the envelope and reads the secret orders, and not until then, does the flight commander know whether he is to pass the word by radio to the remainder of his flight to follow him out and out until they set themselves down somewhere in England or turn back and call it just another practice flight.

One out of every four such flights makes the dash across the fog-wreathed Atlantic. The other three turn back, are joined by patrol bombers of the Canadian Air Force, and when they return to their base the best German spies will be at a loss to determine accurately whether or not any of the bombers have actually left the base for the transatlantic hop. If they report every flight that goes out, only to have most of them return to their base the Nazi headquarters will soon discredit their reports or at best they

will be so confused their reports will be valueless. This is the almost perfect system, according to well-established authority, that accounts for the failure of the Germans to do any damage to these transatlantic flights—so far.

This air route from Newfoundland to the British Isles is notoriously bad, especially during the winter months when fog and rain close in and visibility drops down to an almost constant zero. Blind flying is often the rule. However, just in case the Germans pull a fast one, or weather conditions become impossible, an alternate route has already been chosen—From South America across the South Atlantic to Africa. Undoubtedly most of the planes flown across by this southern route will be assigned to duty in the Mediterranean sphere of action.

Night Fighters

(From "Flight")

Quite recently Air Ministry reports have begun to mention the destruction of German bombers by our night patrols, and two pilots have been decorated for their work as night fighters. It has been mentioned also that the Defiant was being adapted for night-fighting work.

Although the number of German bombers so far destroyed by night fighters has not yet been large, the above-mentioned facts show that some progress has been made on this side of the Channel in dealing with this very difficult problem. What the devices may be which enable the fighter to intercept the bomber at night have naturally been kept a close secret, but it is clear that the pilot must have some help. In pre-war days the defense authorities used to say frankly that without the help of searchlights there could be no interceptions by night. The searchlights are now outranged by the height at which the bombers fly. For a fighter to search for a bomber in the dark without some help would be a very hopeless task, especially at the speed of modern aircraft. The bursts of A.A. shells will sometimes be a guide of sorts, but if the gunners were fairly certain of the whereabouts of the raider, there would be the less need for the help of fighters. It is a natural deduction that the fighter pilots are getting help of some kind, and once a start has been made science is usually able to improve on the original method. We may hope for better things, though we may not get them soon.

It is obvious that the Germans, too, are at work on the same problem. Our night bombers catch glimpses of German fighters by night more often than they used to do. We should expect the enemy to be on the search for an antidote to the night bomber, but the probability is that his researches have so far been less fruitful than ours.

Flight-Sergeant Robinson: I run things at my house. (He may mean the washing-machine and the furnace).

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A LIST OF TARGETS IN GERMANY BOMBED BY THE ROYAL AIR FORCE UP TO JANUARY 1st, 1941

(From "The Aeroplane")

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <p>Aachen (8).
Ahaus (1).
Alderkerk (1).
Alt-Gaarz (1).
Altona (4).
Amrum (1).
Angermunde (1).
Arsbeck (1).
Aschersleben (1).
Augsburg (2).
Aurich (1).</p> <p>Baden (1).
Bad Rheinfelden (1).
Barge (2).
Barman (1).
Barnstorf (1).
Bassenheim (1).
Berlin (36).
Bernburg (2).
Bielefeld (2).
Bitterfeld (3).
Black Forest (5).
Böblingen (1).
Bochum (1).
Bolhen (2).
Bonnitz (2).
Bonn (5).
Bonnighardt (1).
Borkum (16).
Bottrop (7).
Bremen (52).
Bremerhaven (5).
Brunsbüttel (4).
Brunswick (1).
Buer (2).</p> <p>Celle (3).
Coblenz (11).
Cologne (55).
Cuxhaven (11).</p> <p>Danzig (1).
Darmstadt (2).
Deichshausen (5).
Delmenhorst (2).
Dessau (4).
Diepholz (8).
Distelrath (1).
Dollgergen (1).
Dormagen (1).
Dorsten (2).
Dortmund (20).
Dortmund-Ems Canal (15).
Dresden (2).
Duisburg-Ruhrort (35).
Dulmen (1).
Dummer (1).
Duren (3).
Dusseldorf (19).</p> <p>Ehrang (13).
Elbe Estuary (1).
Emden (27).
Emmerich (11).
Erkelenz (1).
Eschwege (5).
Eschweiler (1).
Essen (31).
Euskirchen (3).
Eyestrup (1).</p> <p>Fehmarn Island (1).
Finkenheerd (1).
Flensburg (1).
Frankfurt-Am-Main (17).
Frankfurt-Am-Oder (1).
Freiburg (1).
Fürstenau (1).</p> | <p>Geldern (5).
Gelsenkirchen (40).
Gescke (1).
Gifhorn (2).
Goch (1).
Gotha (3).
Gottingen (3).
Gremburg (8).
Grevenbroich (5).
Griesheim (2).
Gross-Korbetha (1).</p> <p>Hage (2).
Halberstadt (1).
Halle (3).
Haltern (3).
Hamborn (4).
Hamburg (61).
Hamm (82).
Hanau (2).
Handorf (2).
Hanover (29).
Harburg (4).
Hattingen (1).
Heerdt (1).
Heide (1).
Heidelberg (1).
Heilbronn (1).
Heligoland (3).
Heligoland Bight (7).
Herdecke (2).
Herlingen (3).
Hildesheim (3).
Hitzacker (1).
Hochst (3).
Holtelnau (2).
Hornum (17).
Hornum (4).
Hoya (1).
Hunflosen (2).
Husten (1).
Husum (4).</p> <p>Ickern (1).</p> <p>Jagel (1).
Jena (1).
Jever (1).
Juist (1).
Julich (2).</p> <p>Kamen (6).
Karlsruhe (1).
Kassel (8).
Kastrop-Rauxel (4).
Kelsterbach (1).
Kerkrade (1).
Kiel (32).
Kloppenburg (2).
Knapsack (2).
Kochem (1).
Kollada (1).
Konigshofen (1).
Krefeld (20).
Kreuzburg (1).</p> <p>Langenhagen (1).
Langeoog (1).
Lastrup (4).
Lauta (1).
Lehe (1).
Leipzig (6).
Lemförde (1).
Leuna (10).
Leverkusen (4).
Lingen (5).
Lintorf (1).
Lippstadt (2).
Lohausen (1).
Lubeck (4).
Ludwigshafen (16).</p> | <p>Lunen (10).
Lutzen (1).</p> <p>Magdeburg (19).
Mainz (3).
Mannheim (34).
Mannheim (1).
Mecklenburg (1).
Meiderich (1).
Merseburg (1).
Merzig (1).
Metelen (1).
Midlum (1).
Misburg (7).
Monheim (11).
Mors (2).
Mulhausen (2).
Mulheim (3).
München-Gladbach (7).
Munich (2).
Münster (14).
Mutterstadt (1).</p> <p>Nackarau (1).
Neheim (1).
Neuhaldensleben (3).
Neumünster (1).
Neuss (2).
Nienburg (1).
Nohra (1).
Nordenham (2).
Norderney (18).
Nordhausen (3).
Nordhorn (1).
Nuremberg (2).</p> <p>Oberharz Mountains (3).
Oberhausen (2).
Oberndorf (1).
Ohrtermesche (1).
Oldenburg (5).
Osnabrück (34).
Osterfeld (2).
Ostermoor (3).
Ostheim (1).
Ottersberg (1).</p> <p>Paderborn (5).
Pilsen (2).
Poltz (6).
Pretzsch (1).</p> <p>Quakenbrück (3).</p> <p>Rantum Bay (1).
Rebstock (1).
Rathenow (1).
Recklinghausen (2).
Rees (1).
Regensburg (1).
Reisholz (9).
Rendsburg (1).
Rheinberg (1).
Rheine (8).
Rheydt (6).
Riesenbeck (1).
Rotha (1).
Rothenburg (4).
Rudersdorf (1).
Rügen Island (1).
Ruhland (2).</p> <p>Saarbrücken (1).
Salzbergen (5).
Salzhof (1).
Schildau (1).
Schlebusch (1).
Schönebeck (1).
Schwerte (13).
Siedenburg (1).</p> <p>Sieburg (1).
Soest (35).
Solingen (1).
Sollau (1).
Speyer (1).
Spich (1).
Stade (3).
Stendal (1).
Sterkrade (6).
Stettin (1).
Stockum (1).
Stralsund (1).
Stuttgart (5).
Sundern (1).
Sylt (8).</p> <p>Thuringen Forest (2).
Torgan (2).
Trier (3).
Türbingen (1).</p> <p>Überlingen (1).
Ulm (1).</p> <p>Varel (3).
Vechta (1).
Vegasack (1).</p> <p>Waldeck (1).
Waldshut (1).
Wangerooge (2).
Wanne Eickel (5).
Warendorf (1).
Warnemünde (2).
Wedau (1).
Wenzendorf (6).
Werl (1).
Wernigerode (1).
Wesel (15).
Wesermünde (5).
Wessling (4).
Westerholt (1).
Westerland (3).
Westhofen (1).
Wilhelmshaven (36).
Wismar (9).
Witten (1).
Wittenburg (1).
Wunstorf (2).
Wurzburg (1).</p> <p>Zschornowitz (1).
Zweibrücken (1).
Zwischenhan (2).</p> |
|--|---|--|

NOTICE TO FAST DRIVERS

A live man pays 25 cents for a shave. It costs \$5.00 to shave a dead man in the morgue.

A woollen overcoat costs \$40.00.

A wooden one costs \$400.00.

A taxi to the theatre costs \$1.00 for a round trip.

But one to the cemetery costs \$10.00 for one way.

Stay alive and save your money. It's easy—Drive Carefully.

A small boy leading a donkey was passing by, and Ft.-Sgt. Blundell and Ft.-Sgt. Robinson decided to have some fun with the lad.

"What are you holding onto your brother so tight for, sonny?" one of the happy fellows asked.

"To keep him from joining your squadrons," the youngster replied without blinking an eye.

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Right now is a good time to consider outfitting your teams for Football, Cricket, Softball and Baseball Uniforms and other necessary equipment so that it may be on hand when Spring rolls around. We will gladly furnish estimates on any and all sports equipment.

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The Testing of Pilots

Contrary to popular belief you do not have to be a "superman" to become a pilot or a member of a bomber crew.

Just how a man who has never been higher than a ten-storey building will react to an altitude of 25,000 feet is a vital question in the selection of prospective pilots, air observers and wireless operator air gunners for the Royal Canadian Air Force. Guess work will not do, so the Clinical Investigation Unit of the National Defense Department has set its hand to the problem in No. 1 Training Command, Toronto.

The research work of the unit in this new branch of medical science has aroused the admiration of military doctors and scientists all over the world. More important, however, is the practical effect upon selective recruiting for the R.C.A.F. It doesn't eliminate men so much as it selects the good men. It works positively, not negatively.

Canada requires thousands of physically fit young men to man the fighting and bombing aircraft of the air force when they have completed their intensive training under the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan. This research ensures that the selection system for this mass production will be as sound as is humanly possible.

The Medical Selection Boards eliminate men who have certain physical conditions which from past experience are known to be a handicap to an airman. But these physical conditions are not apparent in the ordinary medical examination and so the Clinical Investigation Unit has created equipment in its laboratory which precisely simulates conditions at any altitude desired and at any degree of speed.

The Heart

Special attention is paid to see if recruits have any heart damage which might be resultant from mild or perhaps unnoticed rheumatic fever in childhood. The young man with this condition might never become aware of it if he leads a normal life on the ground. But once he encounters abnormal conditions in the air the results might well be fatal. The Investigation Unit seeks out these cases not only to save a human life but in the knowledge that a failure of that life under certain conditions might well mean the loss of a \$250,000 bomber, the loss of the \$50,000 or so that was necessary to train a full bomber crew and the loss of the four or five highly trained members of the crew. The first class athlete with a potential cardiac condition might well succumb to the lack of oxygen he would encounter at 1,000 feet.

Ordinary clinical means will not always discover these relatively mild weaknesses of the heart but the Investigation unit employs the electrocardiogram which produces a graphic record of the electrical activities of the heart.

Air Sickness

Work is being done in a similar manner to find those airmen who may not be able to accustom themselves to the drastic changes in position which their air duties impose. Some

GUARDS AND DISCIPLINE



Front Row: Cpl. Chip Kerr, V.C., Flying Officer Webb, M.M., Sgt. Ballam, Cpl. Van Brunt.
Back Row: Cpl. Bonang, Cpl. Sutherland, Cpl. Buckley.

take to the air, others only under bad conditions. Certain of these are so sensitive and experience such nausea and feebleness that their efficiency is dangerously impaired despite the fact that their courage would have them carry on.

The Investigation Unit is using equipment which closely simulates changes in position and thus enables authorities to weed out those who would otherwise ultimately prove unsuitable. In this way a great amount of time and money that would be spent in training these men for air duties is saved and the men are directed into different classes of work.

The Brain

The brain as well as the heart is being studied by the Investigation Unit and much work is being done in defining the characteristics which best fit the man to be either a pilot or a gunner or an observer.

A relatively new science, electroencephalography, has been utilized to learn about the "brain waves" of the young aircraftman. The brain, like all nervous tissue of the body, gives rise to electrical potentials which can be "lead off" from the scalp by means of silver electrodes and amplified through vacuum tubes and recorded on moving paper by ink-writing pens attached to an oscillograph.

The electroencephalograph, in general, is to the brain what the electrocardiograph is to the heart.

This type of study is being correlated with the practical work of the gunners, observers and pilots as they go through their courses of training.

The Lungs

Records are also taken of the "breathing pattern" of each individual. This is done by using a simple spirometer which records the rate and depth of respiration as well as the

regularity of the breathing. Specific correlations have been made on airline pilots, and it is also known that people become air sick every time they certain types of breathing are associated with various psychological and emotional states.

This information is of value, not only at the present time but also in the future because it must be admitted that a certain number of aircrew are going to break down physically and mentally as a result of the severe strain of active service. If, in a few months time, correlation of practical results with these investigation results can be made, the service will be in a position to regulate the activities of the men suspected of future breakdowns. Of course, such results would be of importance to the Department of Pensions and National Health — and any saving made by adequate selection will result in the saving of lives and pensions at a later date.

The Low Pressure Chamber

Every aircraftman who goes through the No. 1 Initial Training School of the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan and consequently through No. 1 Clinical Investigation Unit (Research) gets experience and training in the low pressure chamber. This chamber can be evacuated so as to simulate the pressure changes corresponding to any altitude. It is primarily a training unit but at the same time certain clinical information is obtained on each person.

The aircraftmen, with oxygen masks fitted to their faces, enter the chamber with a trained "observer" (who is always taking oxygen). Inside the chamber they sit on padded seats and go through many of the sensations of flying. These are created by an operator outside who varies the pressure in the chamber up to 25,000 feet, who can "fly" them into ascents and

descents. During the testing they are given practical demonstrations of when to use and when not to use oxygen. Under certain conditions their vision is decreased, their hearing affected, the co-ordination of their movements made sluggish. It all becomes very real to them. The reactions of each one of them are recorded by the operator from beginning to end.

A Scientific Study

By such means the recruits are taught (1) why and how to keep their ears clear. (2) How to use oxygen equipment. (3) The effects of lack of oxygen. (4) The improvement in human performance and the increased altitudes as a result of using oxygen. (5) The effects of diminishing atmospheric pressure. (6) The effects of various lengths of exposure at various altitudes. (7) Recommendations re altitude at which to use oxygen and (8) in selected cases, practice in rapid rate of ascent and descent.

It is not the purpose to attempt, as a result of these various types of investigation, to disqualify men from flying duties. It is an attempt to select suitable men for flying duties.

The results of these investigations are correlated with the reports of the psychologists who have also made studies on the same men at the various Training Schools, particularly in respect to those who have had to "cease training," those showing proneness to flying accidents, slowness in training, etc. These correlation studies may soon make it possible to place the work on a practical basis for selection purposes.

It is recognized that there is another aspect of this which may be of importance. The R.C.A.F. personnel records obtained at this time will be invaluable not only to the Department of Pensions and National Health but to cardiologists who will be able to follow many of these young men through the progressive age groups. Nowhere in the world will there be so much information about cardiac conditions, normal and abnormal in the young adult. Such information may be the key to a better appreciation of the conditions as seen in middle age, an important advance in the broader realm of science and medicine.

THE RECORD!

Come-to-Grief Airman: "I was trying to make a record."

Farmer: "Well, you've made it. You be the first man in these parts who climbed down a tree without having to climb up it first!"

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THE VICTORIA CROSS

Highest decoration His Majesty can bestow, the Victoria Cross is a simple bronze cross, suspended from a crimson ribbon, instituted by Queen Victoria in 1856, it has since been awarded to 1,101 heroic soldiers, sailors and airmen for "conspicuous bravery".



THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER

Awarded to commissioned officers of the Army, Navy and Air Force for "individual instances of meritorious or distinguished service in war", the D.S.O. is a gold and white enamel cross suspended from a crimson and gold ribbon.



THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS

Instituted on June 3, 1918, by King George V and awarded to officers and warrant officers of the Air Force for valour, or devotion to duty in active operations against the enemy. The cross of silver is suspended from a distinctive blue and white diagonal striped ribbon.



THE AIR FORCE CROSS

Instituted on June 3, 1918, by King George V and awarded to officers of the Air Force for "acts of valour, courage, or devotion to duty whilst flying, though not in active operations against the enemy". The cross is suspended from a red and white diagonally striped ribbon.

AIR FORCE AWARDS

His Majesty the King has approved the following awards in recognition of gallantry in flying operations against the enemy and for gallantry and devotion to duty during air operations:

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE Awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross

Sqn. Ldr. Ernest McNab of Regina, Sask.
F/O Rod McGregor of Montreal, Que.
F/O Dahl Russell of Montreal, Que.

ROYAL AIR FORCE Awarded the Victoria Cross

Act. Flt. Lt. Roderick Alastair Brook Learoyd
Sgt. John Hannah

Awarded a Second Bar to the Distinguished Service Order Wing Cdr. Basil Edward Embry

Appointed a Companion of the Distinguished Service Order

Act. Sqn. Ldr. Michael Nicholson Crossley
Act. Sqn. Ldr. Charles John French Kydd, D.F.C.
Act. Wing Cdr. Walter Charles Sheen
Act. Wing Cdr. Laurence Frank Sinclair
Act. Sqn. Ldr. Douglas Robert Stewart Bader

Act. Flt. Lt. James Anderson Pitcairn-Hill, D.F.C.
Act. Sqn. Ldr. Michael Nicholson Crossley

Awarded a Bar to the Distinguished Flying Cross

Act. Flt. Lt. Adrian Hope Boyd
Act. Flt. Lt. Roy Gilbert Dutton
P/O Alexander Webster, D.F.C.

Awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross

Act. Flt. Lt. Jack Sylvester Adams
Wing Cdr. John Edward Wymer Bowles

Act. Wing Cdr. John Clayton Sisson Sqn. Ldr. Kenneth Brian Boyd Cross Sqn. Ldr. William Norman Gibson, Royal Australian Air Force

Sqn. Ldr. Desmond Patrick Hanafin
Sqn. Ldr. Roland Gustave Harman

Act. Sqn. Ldr. Frank Andrew Willan
Flt. Lt. Aubrey Arthur Minnis Breckon, Royal New Zealand Air Force

Flt. Lt. George Frederick Chater
Flt. Lt. Julius Allan Cohen, Royal Australian Air Force

Act. Flt. Lt. Ian Richard Gleed
Act. Flt. Lt. Cyril Alexander Baskett

Act. Flt. Lt. Thomas Henry Boylan
Act. Flt. Lt. William Weir Campbell

Act. Flt. Lt. William Duncan Corr
Act. Flt. Lt. Benedict Oliver Dias

Act. Flt. Lt. Charles Stuart Pemberton Russell

Act. Flt. Lt. Francis Edwin Eustace
F/O Ian Kingston Pembroke Cross

Flt. Lt. Gerald Richmond Edge
F/O Douglas Anthony Fordham

F/O Augustus Rodney Gibbs
F/O Donald Herbert Jacklin

F/O Ronald Lloyd
F/O Reginald George Peacock

F/O Reginald Wilfred Reynolds
F/O George Richard Taylor
F/O George Henry Wherry
F/O Robert William Ayres

P/O Philip Valentine Arderne
P/O Richard Remer Banker

P/O Colin Granville Birch
P/O Frederick John Curtis

P/O George Kemp Gilroy
P/O John Charles Hall

P/O George Denis Lyster
P/O George Black Murray

P/O William Edward Nicholas
P/O Richard Martin North

P/O Edward Frederick James Odore
P/O Charles Darwen Stenner

P/O Francis Joseph Watson
Act. Flt. Lt. Allen Roy Mulligan

Act. Flt. Lt. Stanley Charles Norris
P/O Dudley Hamilton Davis

P/O Kenneth Jones
P/O Peter Morrice de Mestre

P/O Nigel Bicknell
P/O Alexander Herbert Gould

Flt. Lt. Archibald Ashmore McKellar
Act. Flt. Lt. Peter Malan Brothers

Act. Flt. Lt. Sidney Robert Gibbs
F/O Gordon Neil Spencer Cleaver,

Auxiliary Air Force
Sqn. Ldr. John Vincent Clarence Badger

Sqn. Ldr. Aeneas Ronald Donald MacDonell

Awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross

Sqn. Ldr. John Marlow Thompson
Flt. Lt. Thomas Frederick Dalton Morgan

P/O James Arthur Walker
P/O Charles Anthony Woods-Scawen

Act. Sqn. Ldr. John David Drought Collier

F/O Carl Raymond Davis
F/O Anthony Eyre

F/O Richard Maxwell Milne
P/O James Eric Storrar

P/O Archibald Nigel Charles Weir
Act. Flt. Lt. Patrick Windsor Lynch-Blosse

Act. Flt. Lt. Edward Brian Bretherton Smith

Act. Flt. Lt. John Terrace Webster
F/O John Bernard William Humpherson

F/O Rupert Frederick Smythe
P/O Peter Melvill Gardner

P/O John Albert Axel Gibson
P/O Charles Raymond Hattersley

Act. Wing Cdr. David Wilson Reid
Sqn. Ldr. David Alwyne Pemberton

Act. Sqn. Ldr. Alexander Vallance Riddiford Johnstone, Auxiliary Air Force

Act. Flt. Lt. George Eric Ball
F/O Count Manfred Beckett Czernin

F/O Geoffrey Allard, D.F.M.
P/O Peter Victor Boot

P/O William Henry Millington
Flt. Lt. Robert Findlay Boyd

Act. Flt. Lt. Charles Gordon Chaloner Olive

F/O Harold Arthur Cooper Bird-Wilson

F/O Brian John George Carbury
P/O Michael James Herrick
P/O James Joseph O'Meara
P/O Donald Stuart Scott

Flt. Lt. Edward John Gracie
Act. Flt. Lt. Percy Stevenson Weaver

F/O Herbert John Woodward
P/O Gavin John Lyness

F/O Jack Stuart Simson
Wing Cdr. John Goodough Elton, A.F.C.

Sqn. Ldr. Jack Cuthbert Larking
Sqn. Ldr. Anthony Dunkerton Selway

Act. Flt. Lt. Lionel Manley Gauce
P/O Peter Collard (since reporting missing)

P/O Petrus Hendrik Hugo
Flt. Lt. Charles Douglas Griffiths.

F/O George Patterson Christie
F/O Charles Timothy Victor Craxton

P/O James McGill Talman
P/O Hugh Vernon Matthews

F/O Colin Falkland Gray
P/O John Keswick Ullick Blake McGrath

P/O Harbourne Mackay Stephen
Act. Flt. Lt. Patrick Windsor Lynch-Blosse

Act. Flt. Lt. Edward Brian Bretherton Smith

Act. Flt. Lt. John Terrace Webster
F/O John Bernard William Humpherson

F/O John Bernard William Humpherson

F/O Rupert Frederick Smythe
P/O Peter Melvill Gardner

P/O John Albert Axel Gibson
P/O Charles Raymond Hattersley

Awarded the Distinguished Flying Medal

Sgt. Donald Windle, 580928
Sgt. George Smythe, 565977

Sgt. Eric Knowles, 524661
Sgt. Clifford Whitehead, 565662

Sgt. John Teasdale Craig
Sgt. William Lawrence Dymond

Sgt. Herbert James Lempriere Hal-lowes

Sgt. Ronald Fairfax Hamlyn, 580244
Sgt. William Broughton Gincell

Sgt. John Fleming Cowan, 743018
Sgt. Richard Bonson, 635808

Flt. Sgt. John Frederick Clayton, 561329

Sgt. John Christopher Chesters, 563523
Sgt. Oswald Arthur Dupee, 700102

Sgt. Thomas Henry Banister, 517215
Act. Sgt. John Blai, 550006

Flt. Sgt. Robert Thomas Langton, 564787

Flt. Sgt. Johnston Bolton Robertson, 560189

Sgt. Geoffrey Ashmore, 612204
Sgt. Bernard Bardega, 580633

Sgt. George Leonard Barker, 517937
Sgt. Augustus Spencer Beby, 629952

Sgt. Alfred Joseph Box, 580568
Sgt. John Maurice Winnington Briggs, 551321

Sgt. Fred Garland Crook, 580633
Sgt. Norman Wilson Brown, 518807

Sgt. James Russell Caister, 358860
Sgt. Colin Wellwood Cowan, 560382
Sgt. Andred Bertram Cox, 560925
Sgt. Edward Paul Davidson, 611365
Sgt. Charles Esbith Armour Dunlop, 625118

Sgt. Stanley Glazebrook, 610545
Sgt. William Thomas Gray, 580652

Sgt. Kenneth Howard Harrison, 551276
Sgt. William Frederic Horner, 529821

Sgt. Albert Johnson, 552480
Sgt. Donald MacKay, 532942

Sgt. Leonard John Maidment, 535745
Sgt. Norman Plaxton, 567185

Sgt. James Walter Potter, 562858
Sgt. Sidney Charles Redhead, 563392

Sgt. George Raymond Roscoe, 546616
Sgt. Harold Shields, 561905

Sgt. Henry Silverwood, 561373
Sgt. Nicholas Palmer Simmons, 580676

Sgt. Alfred Fulford Skelton, 564369
Sgt. Harold Smith, 628540

Sgt. Maurice George Percy Stretton, 590560

Sgt. David Alan Templeton, 580708
Sgt. Cecil Edward Vince, 566889

Sgt. John Wells, 580721
Sgt. Kenneth Wynn Wright, 566088

L/a Norman Delighton, 525808
Flt. Sgt. Bertram James Thomas

Flt. Sgt. Adrien Francis Laws, 514143
Sgt. Ernest Edward Collins, 565510

Sgt. Robert Steen Ayton, 526730
Sgt. Josef Frantisek—Polish Squadron

Sgt. Basil Ewart Patrick Whall, 740484
Sgt. James Harry Lacey

Sgt. Leslie Stuart Millen
Sgt. Richard Hayes Carr

Flt. Sgt. Frederick George Berry
Sgt. Arthur Victor Clowes

Sgt. Robert Henley Burrows
Leading Aircraftman Robert James

Utteridge
Sgt. Donald Windle

Sgt. George Smythe

Awarded a Bar to the Distinguished Flying Medal

Sgt. Geoffrey Allard, D.F.M., 563859
Sgt. Herbert James Lempriere Hal-lowes, D.F.M.

AWARDS

The King has been graciously pleased to approve the following awards, in recognition of gallantry in flying operations against the enemy:—

Distinguished Flying Cross

F/O P. H. Watts.—In January, 1941, this officer carried out a most successful reconnaissance of Brest in the face of intense anti-aircraft fire. F/O Watts has completed at least 45 operational missions and, by his keenness, thoroughness in preparation, and determination, has always obtained excellent results.

P/O J. Dickinson, R.A.F.V.R., No. 110 Squadron. (See citation below.)

(Continued on Page 23)

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FLT./SGT. ING



SGT. O'NEILL

NEWS ITEMS FROM "FLIGHT"

Buick-built Aero Engines

Pratt & Whitney aircraft engines may begin to flow from the Buick plant as well as from the Ford works. Latest news is that the necessary negotiations between the two firms are practically complete. A new plant is to be erected at the Buick factory and the initial order is expected to be for some 5,000 engines.

Aircraft Industry to Australia?

An ambitious scheme to transfer to Australia the greater part of Great Britain's aircraft production, complete with plant and workers, and possibly their families, has been discussed by the War Council. Such a plan would, if put into effect, have the two-fold advantage of preventing interference by enemy activity and of easing the home food-supply situation. A message from Canberra, recently published in The Times adds that it is hoped that, should this transfer take place, many of the workmen would remain in Australia after the war.

Australia is working on the production of three types of aircraft at present and the suggested scheme, it is pointed out, would enable her to produce a much greater range, concentrating on the heavier types, which would be flown to England.

The Empire Scheme

The Canadian Deputy Minister for Air announced recently that the Empire Air Training Scheme is now so far ahead of schedule that at the end of December there were 25 per cent more men on the staff, trained, or in training, twice the number of air crews under instruction, and twice the number of pilots actually graduated than was contemplated under the original plan. The scheme, he said, was now in a position to send overseas tens of thousands of airmen this year and next. Owing to the rapid construction of aerodromes and other establishments, the scheme had been able to accommodate the R.A.F. schools as soon as Britain was ready to transfer them.

Mr. Duncan added that unless it was decided to enlarge the scheme, it would reach by September, 1941, the full development which was originally fixed for the spring of 1942. Mr. Duncan has been obliged to return to private life, having now taken up the presidency of the Massey Harris company. Mr. Mackenzie King has issued a statement in which he pays high tribute to Mr. Duncan's services as one of the chief organisers of the Commonwealth Air Training Scheme.

Expansion of S. Africa Air Force

It was announced officially in Pretoria recently that the South African Air Force is to undergo considerable expansion. Several thousand pilots are required, and the conditions of service of air pupils have been broadened, which should result in immediate requirements being very quickly recruited.

Co-operation

Air Chief Marshal Sir Charles Burnett, Chief of the Australian Air Staff, arrived at Singapore towards the end of January. There he discussed matters of mutual interest with the C-in-C of the Far East, Air Chief Marshal Sir Robert Brooke-Popham. During his stay Sir Charles Burnett is visiting units of the Royal Australian Air Force at present stationed at Singapore.

Instrument Panel Lighting

To reduce glare and eye-strain when looking at the instrument panel, a system of lighting has been devised for the U.S. Army Air Corps which operates by means of fluorescent paint on the figures of the dials. Light which

is invisible to the eye and so does not dazzle, activates the paint and causes it to fluoresce with a soft glow which is easy to look at.

The Airman's Hymn

When the last long flight is over,
And happy landings are past,
When my altimeter tells me
That the crack-up comes at last,
I'll point her nose at the ceiling
And I'll give my crate the gun,
And I'll open her up and let her zoom
To the Airport of the Sun.

And I think that the God of flying men
Will smile at me kind and slow,
As I stow my crate in the hangar
On the field where flyers go.
And I'll look on his face as He greets me
The Almighty Flying Boss,
Whose wingspread fills the heavens
From Orion to the Cross.

Then I'll look all around me in wonder
As their greetings fall on my ears,
Those who passed unafraid to the twilight,
In the midst of forgotten years.
From the battle-shocked airways of Flanders,
From the ocean's cold, merciless breast,
From the pole, or the glare of the southlands,
Flyers voices bidding me rest.

There'll be Hinchcliffe, Nungesser and Coli,
And brave little Eva McKay,
Who flew to the west in the sunshine
Of a sleeping yesterday,
There'll be Richthofen chatting with Barker,
With young Roosevelt and Ball standing by,
And they'll welcome me home in the morning
To the Airport of the Sky.

There'll be others who'll wave me a greeting,
Maybe Alcock or Hawks, who's just gone,
Perhaps Amelia who says, "Hello Flyer!"
As I stand in the glorious dawn,
Kingsford-Smith, with McCudden and Andres,
Will be laughing o'er days that are past,
And they'll give me the wave "Happy Landing!"
When I come to the crack-up at last.

There'll be Amundsen, Post, and Will Rogers,
There'll be hangars that will glitter like gold,
There'll be hangars where grease never enters,
There'll be motors that never grow cold,
There'll be ships there for Ed. Rick-enbacker,
And for Bishop when day's work is done,
And I'll join in the welcome we'll give them
To the Airport of the Sun.

—G. BLACKSTONE FIELD,
Captain, Canadian Engineers,
Saskatoon, Sask.

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SUPERIOR FOOTWEAR

Youngest V.C. of War

To a young Scotsman, Sergt. John Hannah, of the R.A.F.—age 18—belongs the high honour of being the first Scottish V.C.—and the youngest recipient of the War. He was a salesman for a boot company before joining the R.A.F. in 1939, and was promoted Sergeant in 1940. Almost blinded, and with ammunition exploding all around him, he single-handedly fought a blaze which engulfed the bomber of which he was a wireless operator-gunner. He could have escaped from the inferno, but instead he remained after two colleagues had had to bale out, and was responsible for saving the pilot and the machine.

The details of the heroic action which won the distinction are told in "The Bulletin" of Glasgow as follows:

Sergeant Hannah's plane was attacking enemy barge concentrations at Antwerp when it received a direct hit from an enemy projectile of an explosive and incendiary nature which apparently burst inside the bomb compartment.

A fire started, and it quickly enveloped the wireless operator's and rear gunner's cockpits and, as both the port and starboard petrol tanks had been pierced, there was grave risk of the fire spreading.

Sergeant Hannah forced his way through the fire to obtain two fire extinguishers and discovered that the rear gunner had had to leave the aircraft.

He could have acted likewise through the bottom escape hatch, or forward through the navigator's hatch, but remained and fought the fire for ten minutes with extinguishers, beating the flames with his log book when they were emptied.

During this time thousands of rounds of ammunition exploded in all directions, and he was almost blinded by the intense heat and fumes, but had the presence of mind to obtain relief by turning on his oxygen supply.

Air admitted through the large holes caused by the projectiles made the bomb compartment an inferno, and all the aluminum sheet metal on the floor of the cockpit was melted away, leaving only the cross bearers.

Working under these conditions, which caused burns to his face and eyes, Sergeant Hannah succeeded in extinguishing the fire.

He then crawled forward, ascertained that the navigator had left the aircraft, and passed the latter's log and maps to the pilot.

He displayed courage, coolness, and devotion to duty of the highest order, says the official announcement of the award, and by his action in remaining and successfully extinguishing the fire under conditions of the greatest danger and difficulty enabled the pilot to bring the aircraft safely to its base.

Widow writing a testimonial for a life insurance company:

"On August 9th my husband took out a policy. In less than a month he was drowned. I consider insurance is a good investment."

Men

(Written by an Old Maid)

Men are what women marry. They are divided into three classes:

- (1) Husbands.
- (2) Bachelors.
- (3) Widowers.

A bachelor is a man whose mind is filled with obstinacy, and whose soul is filled with suspicion.

Husbands are of three varieties:

- (1) Prizes.
- (2) Surprises.
- (3) Consolation Prizes.

Making a husband out of a man is one of the highest arts known to civilization. It requires science, patience, persistence, faith, hope and charity.

If you flatter a man, you frighten him to death; if you don't, you bore him to death.

If you permit him to make love to you, he gets tired of you in the end; if you don't, he gets tired of you in the beginning.

If you believe all he tells you, he thinks you are foolish; and if you don't, he thinks you are cynical.

If you wear gay colors, rouge, and a startling hat, he hesitates to take you out; if you wear a little brown turban and a tailor-made suit, he takes you out, and stares all evening at women in gay colors, rouge and startling hats.

If you are drinking and smoking, he says you are driving him to destruction; if you don't approve, he vows that you are snobbish.

If you do not reply to a meaningful thrust from others, he thinks you are guilty; if you reply to a cutting remark, he thinks you are a cat.

If you are the clinging vine type, he doubts whether you have any brains; and if you are a modern, advanced and intelligent woman, he wonders if you have a heart.

If you speak freely to his friends, he thinks you are a flirt; and if you speak reservedly, he thinks you are snooty.

If you are silly, he longs for a bright mate; if you are intelligent, he longs for a playmate.

Most men are little worms; they wriggle about in the grass until some chicken grabs them.

Pessimist

Villager, home on leave, relating his army experiences:

"They takes me from home and they puts me into barracks. They takes away me clothes and they puts me into Khaki. They takes away me name and they gives me a number — 535. They takes me to church on Sunday and the parson gets up and says: 'Him 535. Art thou weary, Art thou languid?' I gets up and I says: 'Yes, sir,' and I gets 14 days C. B. for giving a civil answer."

ODE TO PEGGY

Now this story relates to a certain young lass

Who by merit alone was a bowler of class

Now there is no need to tell

How she slipped and she fell

Well—the last line we'll just let it pass.

—ANON.

Canadian Production

(From "The Aeroplane")

Production of the aircraft factories in Canada during 1939 increased in value by \$5,711,366 over the figure for 1938, the Dominion Bureau of Statistics reports. Production in 1939 was valued at \$12,638,470, compared with nearly \$7,000,000 the previous year. The figures include the value of 252 completed aircraft (\$4,177,555) manufactured in that year. Imports of aircraft and parts, with the exception of engines, were valued at \$5,550,320 during 1939, and exports were at \$439,359. Imports of aero engines and engine parts were worth \$2,192,767. The aircraft factories employed 3,596 persons during 1939, paying \$4,651,615 in salaries and wages. Of the 13 factories mentioned, seven were in Ontario, three in Quebec, two in Manitoba, and one in British Columbia. Three of the factories were engaged only in making parts or doing repairs.

SYMPATHETIC

They were very much in love, but rather shy about it.

He longed to kiss her, but always there were people about. Then they had an inspiration.

Taking her into the railway terminus they waited till a train was about to start, then he gave her a fond embrace. It worked so well that they repeated the performance on several platforms.

Then a sympathetic porter strolled up and whispered to the young soldier:

"Take her along to the bus stop, mate. They go every three minutes from there."

BOTH DOING WELL

A young officer returning from leave abroad was about to take his place in an airliner, when a girl ran up and asked the passengers if one of them would be kind enough to sell her their seat as her mother was dangerously ill and the liner was full up.

The young officer gave up his seat to her, and wired his C.O. thus:

"Given berth to girl. Returning by next 'plane."

The reply he received ran: "Congratulations. Your next confinement will be in barracks."

This war business seems to be a lot of Greek to Mussolini's legions. Will history finally designate Mussolini the heel in the Italian "Boot" . . .

One on F Sgt. Ing.

Dawn Ing: "Mama, what happens to a car when it gets too old to run?"

Mrs. Ing: "Some one sells it to your father, darling."

It was the sixth time he was in court for bigamy. The judge said: "Why on earth have you gone and married seven women?"

"Well," this chap said, "I was just trying to find a good one."

To the modern girl everything is bleaches and creams!

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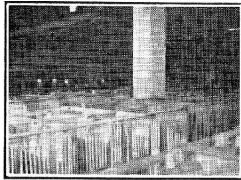
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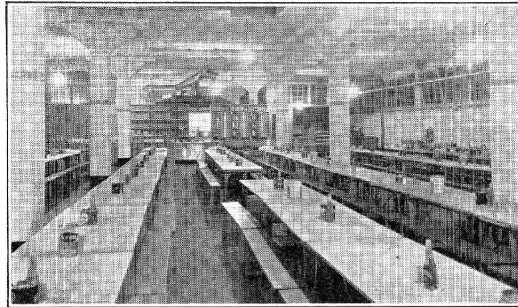
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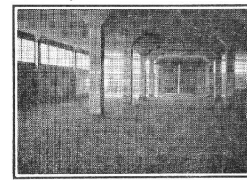


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Brandon, Manitoba

**R.C.A.F. Camera
Club**

On March 13 the first meeting of the R.C.A.F. Camera Club, No. 2 Manning Depot, was held at the Y.M.C.A. Officers were elected as follows: President, Cpl. Ewington; vice-president, J. J. Johnstone; secretary-treasurer, Cpl. Bryan.

After the election of officers, business of the club was discussed. Following this Vice-President Johnstone gave a short talk on elementary photography.

There were eighteen members present at the first meeting with more expecting to join shortly. Arrangements are being made through Mr. Youmans to secure the use of a dark-room from the Y.M.C.A.

There are two former professional photographers in the club as well as several advanced amateurs so that those with less experience will have ample opportunity to secure expert instruction.

The next meeting of the Camera Club will be held on Tuesday, March 18, at 6 p.m. in the Y.M.C.A. All those who are interested in photography, whether experienced or not, are cordially invited to attend.

If any of our readers have any photographic equipment that is of no further use to them, we are sure the new Camera Club would greatly appreciate having it. Anyone wishing to send material or equipment, please address same to Camera Club, R.C.A.F. Brandon, in care of the Editor of the Airman's Post, Box 360, Brandon, Man.

"So your wife is like an old stove?"
"Yes, she's always needing a new lid!"

"The missus has just discovered that the woman across the street has got a hat exactly the same as the new one she bought last week."

"So now you'll have to buy her another, I suppose?"
"Well, it's cheaper than moving."

APPRECIATION
Most of the photographs used in this issue of "The Airman's Post" were furnished through the kind cooperation of R. M. Coleman, well-known Free Lance Photographer of Brandon, and the Editors desire to express their appreciation of Mr. Coleman's work at this time.

**Things We Would
Like to Know**

Who is the enterprising young corporal who stole a certain Sergt's. girl friend even though he was direly threatened with being put on charge if he should attempt such a thing. For after all cutting in on a senior N.C.O. is a very serious offense to their way of thinking.

We also understand that said corporal has a further supper date with the Sergt's. girl friend. "How's that for peanuts Sergt."

Now Sergeant Spence with his bowling team included the Cup in their fancy scheme. But the Maths with their score Promptly showed him once more That it's useless, indeed, to rely on a dream.

CORRECTION!

Several articles appearing in this issue of The Post have been credited to "The Aeroplane" in error. These include Atlantic Air Ferry, America's Use of Motor Industry, List of Bombings by the R.A.F., Canadian Production, Canadian Aeronautical Laboratory, and A Minefield is Laid, which should be credited to "Flight", the popular English aviation weekly.

Air Screws Corner

A certain young guard who was up on his toes Practiced salutes to obtain faultness pose

And with no thought in mind Of who strode up behind Felt his hand slap an officer right on the nose.

The Scotsman called in Maggie, the maid, and said:

"Maggie, ye've sairved us faithfully for 20 years, and from noo on we'll regard ye as a member of the family."

"Oh, thank ye, sir."
"And as such, ye'll receive no wages."

Very late one night two chaps who had been imbibing too freely were sitting on the pavement with their feet in the gutter. One was heard to say to the other: "What does your wife shay when you shtay out late like thish?"

"Haven't got a wife," the other replied.
"Then why do you shtay out late like thish?"

An old darky approaching the minister:

"Painson, suh," he said. "Ah wants you all to pray for me."

"Well, Rastus, what's wrong?"
"Suh, Ah's got a floatin' kidney, suh."

"But Rastus," replied the minister, "I can't pray for physical things like that; I only pray for spiritual things."

"You all can't deny pray for a floatin' kidney? Den how come you all prayed last Sunday fo' the loose liv-ahs?"

A man who's very absent-minded arrived home the other evening, and his missus said, "Where's the car?"

"Car? Did I drive it into town this morning?"

"Of course you did."
"That accounts for it."
"For what?"

"When I got out of the car this morning, I turned around to thank the chap for giving me a lift, and he'd gone."

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BRANDON

AIR FORCE AWARDS—(Continued from Page 19)

Distinguished Flying Medal

Sgt. G. G. Thompson, R.A.F.V.R., No. 110 Squadron.—P/O Dickinson and Sgt. Thompson were the pilot and air gunner respectively of an aircraft detailed to attack a target at Gelsenkirchen. Owing to adverse weather conditions they were unable to locate their primary objective but successfully bombed a factory at Recklinghausen as an alternative.

After passing Eindhoven, on the return journey, an illuminated dummy flare path was observed. P/O Dickinson thereupon altered course for Gilze-Rijssen aerodrome, where two hostile aircraft, showing navigation lights, were seen flying in a westerly direction. Pursuing one of these for about 30 miles, P/O Dickinson skilfully manoeuvred his aircraft and enabled Sgt. Thompson to engage and eventually shoot down the enemy. P/O Dickinson and Sgt. Thompson showed great courage and initiative throughout the operation.

**Order of the British Empire
(Military Division)**

F/O. J. H. Laughlin.

P/O. J. Coggins.

In September, 1940, an aircraft carrying a full load of bombs, crashed among other aircraft and burst into flames. F/O. Laughlin, P/O. Coggins, and another officer immediately ran to these aircraft, started the engines and taxied them away. During this time two bombs on the burning plane had exploded. The action showed complete disregard for personal safety, in the face of the greatest danger, and owing to the officers' promptness three aircraft were taken to safety without damage and a fourth with only minor damage.

Order of the British Empire, for Meritorious Service (Military Division)
Sgt. F. J. Blackwood—This airman has displayed courage of a high order in ten successive raids and has energetically assisted in raising the morale of the station by his example.

Cpl. J. G. M. Davis.

A/C.1 T. McCann.

During September, 1940, these airman approached a burning aircraft and succeeded in detaching Vickers guns and magazines of ammunition and removing them to a place of safety. Both displaying conspicuous gallantry in disregarding imminent personal danger from exploding ammunition and the likelihood that the petrol tanks might explode.

Cpl. H. Spencer.

A/C.2 S. Ward.

During a night in September, 1940, these airman were members of the fire tender crew on duty when an aircraft crashed on taking off and burst into flames. Though fully aware that the aircraft was carrying a full load of bombs and ammunition, Cpl. Spencer rushed into the fire and endeavoured to extricate the injured observer who was lying under the port wing.

A/C. Ward, also knowing the aircraft was loaded, went to his assistance, and they were able to carry the

injured man to safety. Cpl. Spencer then returned to the fire in an attempt to rescue other members of the crew. One of the two 250 lb. bombs exploded and threw him to the ground ten yards away but without causing him serious injury. Both these airman displayed a complete disregard for their personal safety, and the injured observer undoubtedly owes his life to their gallantry.

George Cross

Wing Cdr. L. F. Sinclair, D.S.O.—During a night in September, 1940, an aircraft burst into flames while taking off. Wing Cdr. Sinclair immediately went to the scene to render assistance, but two 250 lb. bombs exploded before he reached it. Undeterred, and knowing that two more bombs were in the aircraft, he pressed on, and dashing into the fire he succeeded in dragging the air gunner to a safe distance. In this act this officer displayed the most complete disregard for his own safety. Unfortunately the rescued air gunner has since died of his injuries.

Act. Flt. Lt. W. H. Charlton.—Flt. Lt. Charlton is responsible for all work in connection with enemy bombs in an area comprising the greater part of two counties. Both by day and night, during recent months, he has dealt with some 200 unexploded bombs. The manner in which this Flight Lieutenant carried out his extremely dangerous duties called for personal courage of an exceptional order. Flt. Lt. Charlton has successfully undertaken many dangerous missions with undaunted and unflinching courage.

A/C.1 V. Hollowday.—One night in July, 1940, when returning to camp, this airman observed an aircraft crash and burst into flames near Cranfield Village. He immediately proceeded to the wreckage and made his way through the burning debris which was scattered over a wide area by the force of the impact. He found the pilot whose clothing was on fire, and put out the flames with his bare hands. Had the pilot not been killed instantly in the crash this action would, in all probability, have saved his life.

During August, 1940, this airman was again returning through Cranfield to the camp when an aircraft suddenly spun to the ground and exploded. He immediately went to the crash and a second explosion occurred. Ammunition was exploding all the time, out, despite this, he borrowed a gas mask, wrapped two sacks over himself and spent some time in the flames, making four attempts before he succeeded in releasing the first occupant. He then re-entered the burning wreckage and successfully removed the second. All three occupants, however, were already dead. A/C. Hollowday displayed amazing courage and initiative on both occasions.

George Medal

P/O. J. J. P. Dudley, R.A.F.V.R.—One morning in October, 1940, a hangar had been badly damaged by incendiary bombs. Although he knew that there were unexploded bombs in the hangar, Pilot Officer Dudley led the fire fighting party with such skill and gallantry that the fire was prevented

from spreading and three aircraft were saved.

When this station was again attacked one evening later in the month, he rallied the fire fighters, removed an aircraft from a burning Bessoneau, and then fought the fire, which he brought under control with amazing speed.

W/O. E. G. Alford.—This warrant officer has displayed great gallantry and skill in disposing of a large number of unexploded bombs, never hesitating to deal with them immediately if he considered their presence was affecting the operational efficiency of the station.

W/O. E. G. Hunt.—This warrant officer has dealt with unexploded bombs after six enemy bombing attacks on the aerodrome. On one occasion, while assisting an officer he was blown 20 yards, but in spite of this he has continued to show a complete disregard for his own safety and his gallant actions have been instrumental in keeping the aerodrome operationally serviceable.

W/O. J. V. Saunders.—This warrant officer has been in charge of parties dealing with the many unexploded bombs which have fallen on the aerodrome. He has carried out his duties often in very difficult circumstances, and has shown high courage and devotion to duty.

Sgt. D. F. Allen, R.A.F.V.R.—In September, 1940, this airman was the turret gunner of an aircraft which crashed in dense mist; he was dazed by a heavy blow on the head and his parachute harness was entangled with the seat. Although the compartment door was jammed, Sgt. Allen succeeded in forcing his way out of the wreckage, and, in spite of the fact that the aircraft was on fire, he proceeded with great energy and resolution to extricate the unconscious bodies of three of the crew at the risk of his own life.

Undeterred by the increasing intensity of the heat and fumes from the burning wreckage, and amid exploding ammunition, he then endeavoured to find the pilot, but was unsuccessful. Unaware, owing to the dense mist, that the crash had occurred on the aerodrome, Sgt. Allen removed the unconscious men to a safe distance from the flames before assistance arrived. It was due to his efforts that the three members of the crew were not burnt with the aircraft, though, unfortunately, they subsequently died from injuries sustained during the crash.

Sgt. K. Lythgoe.

A/C.2 R. Nicholson.

A/C.2 A. Simpson.

These airman, as members of a demolition party, handled enemy bombs with great courage and disregard for their personal safety, on various dates during July, August and September, 1940.

LA/C. R. J. Farley.

A/C.1 T. W. Coop.

In September, 1940, an aircraft crashed on an aerodrome and immediately burst into flames. A/C. Coop promptly ran to the burning aircraft and endeavoured to extricate the pilot. In spite of the flames, and regardless of the additional danger from exploding ammunition, LA/C. Farley unhesitatingly ran to his assistance and,

plunging his arms into the blazing cockpit, released the legs of the pilot, who was apparently stunned and whose clothes were in flames.

Between them the airman carried him to a safe distance, thereby saving him from certain death. In spite of superficial burns on arms and legs, LA/C. Farley returned to his normal duties. By their action these two airman showed great courage and complete disregard for their personal safety. Unfortunately, the pilot later succumbed to his injuries.

LA/C. R. S. Prior.—In August, 1940, this airman, while on leave in London, showed conspicuous bravery by entering an aircraft which had crashed and caught fire in a street of houses after the pilot had descended by parachute. One gun was firing to the danger of the people in the vicinity, and ammunition in the aircraft was exploding. Despite the danger of the petrol tank exploding at any moment and the fact that he sustained burns to his hands and arms in the process, which necessitated subsequent medical attention, LA/C. Prior succeeded in gaining access to the gun and removing the back plate in an endeavour to arrest the continued functioning of the gun.

An average person is one who knows he can't beat a slot machine, but doesn't believe it!

The man who would control others must first master himself.

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Corner of 11th and Rosser

FROM ELBERT HUBBARD'S SCRAPBOOK

Your own comes to you if you hold the right thoughts and hustle.

So long as we love, we serve. So long as we are loved by others I would almost say we are indispensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend.

Drudgery is as necessary to call out the treasures of the mind as harrowing and planting those of the earth.

Man is the merriest species of the creation; all above or below him are serious.

Great spenders are bad lenders. I would rather be sick than idle. Doubt whom you will, but never yourself.

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

Whoever serves his country well has no need of ancestors.

Co-operation is not a sentiment—it is an economic necessity.

You can not believe in honor until you have achieved it. Better keep yourself clean and bright; you are the window through which you must see the world.

Fear is lack of faith. Lack of faith is ignorance. Fear can only be cured by vision.

Give the world eyes. It will see. Give it ears. It will hear. Give it a right arm. It will act.

Man needs time and room. Man needs soil, sunshine and rain. Needs a chance.

Open all your doors and windows. Let everything pass freely in and out, and in. Even the evil. Let it pass out and in, and out.

No man hates the truth. But most men are afraid of the truth.

Make the truth easier than a lie. Make the truth welcomer than its counterfeit.

Then men will no longer be afraid.

Being afraid is being ignorant. Being ignorant is being without faith.

Let us endeavor so to live that when we come to die even the undertaker will be sorry.

There is but one straight road to success, and that is merit. The man who is successful is the man who is useful. Capacity never lacks opportunity. It can not remain undiscovered, because it is sought by too many anxious to use it.

Bed is a bundle of paradoxes; we go to it with reluctance, yet we quit it with regret; we make up our minds every night to leave it early, but we make up our bodies every morning to keep it late.

Patience is bitter, but its fruit sweet.

Every man is a volume, if you know how to read him.

Lord Nelson: "When I don't know whether to fight or not, I always fight."

Lord Nelson: "I owe all my success in life to having been always a quarter of an hour beforehand."

No man is worth his salt who is not ready at all times to risk his body, to risk his well-being, to risk his life, in a great cause.

The men who try to do something and fail are infinitely better than those who try to do nothing and succeed.

Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your life and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead. Fill their lives with sweetness. Speak approving, cheering words while their ears can hear them and while their hearts can be thrilled by them.

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

If you wish to appear agreeable in society, you must consent to be taught many things which you know already.

The tree of liberty must be refreshed from time to time with the blood of patriots and tyrants.

Man cannot degrade woman without falling into degradation; he can not elevate her without at the same time elevating himself.

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

The courage we desire and prize is not the courage to die decently, but to live manfully.

Next to knowing when to seize an opportunity, the most important thing in life is to know when to forego an advantage.

The art of conversation is to be prompt without being stubborn, to refute without argument, and to clothe great matters in a motley garb.

Anybody can cut prices, but it takes brains to make a better article.

Affection can withstand very severe storms of vigor, but not a long polar frost of indifference.

When one begins to turn in bed it is time to turn out.

The chief difference between a wise man and an ignorant one is, not that the first is acquainted with regions invisible to the second, away from common sight and interest, but that he understands the common things which the second only sees.

IS IT ANYBODY'S BUSINESS?

Is it anybody's business
If a gentleman should choose
To call upon a Lady—
If the Lady don't refuse?
Or to speak a little plainer,
That the meaning all may know—
Is it anybody's business
If a Lady has a bean?

Is it anybody's business
When the gentleman does call?
Or when he leaves the lady?
Or if he comes at all?
Or is it necessary
That the curtain should be drawn,
To save from further trouble,
From outside lookers-on?

Is it anybody's business—
But the Lady's—if her beau
Rides out with other Ladies
And doesn't let her know?
Is it anybody's business—
But the gentleman's—if she
Should accept another's escort
Where he doesn't chance to be?

If a person's on the sidewalk,
If he'd mind his own concern,
Whether great, or whether small,
Is it anybody's business
Where that person means to call?
And if you see a person,
And he's calling anywhere
Is it anybody's business
What his business may be there?

The substance of our query,
Simply stated, would be this:
Is it anybody's business
What another's business is?
Or if it is, or if it isn't,
We would really like to know
For we're certain, if it isn't,
There are some that make it so.

If it is, we'll join the rabble,
And act the noble part
Of the tattlers and defamers
Who throng the public mart;
If it's not, we'll act the teacher,
Until each meddler learns
'Twould be better in the future
If he'd mind his own concern.



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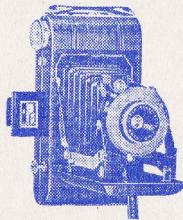
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