

# British Commonwealth Air Training Plan—Part I

The rhythmic "clomp-clomp" of stiff new service boots replaces the hub-bub of fair crowds in the Coliseum building at Toronto's Exhibition Park, for the cavernous fair building has been taken over by the Royal Canadian Air Force as a receiving station for the thousands of recruits pouring in from the 18 recruiting centres across the country.

This No. 1 Manning Depot is the reservoir of raw material from which air training units will draw "students" to be made into pilots, air gunners, observers, and technical men of various sorts. It is the first step in the training of the empire's expanding air force.

The coliseum which formerly housed the largest indoor fair in the Dominion now gives shelter to a constant population of some 2,000 eager young men getting used to their air force blue and the terse bark of military command. They may wait several days or several weeks before they are drafted to an initial training school for a more formal and more detailed introduction to air force life.

The depot's name describes its purpose: manning, the air force. The story goes that one proud mother remarked to her fortunate son, after his inclusion in the depot, that she wished they had called that place by some other name like Bishop Depot because nobody seemed to ever have heard of this person "Manning."

Suppose we follow young Tom Brown as he arrives. Tom first walked into one of the recruiting centres scattered across Canada, said he wanted to enlist, passed through the most rigorous and searching examination of the whole armed forces.

Briefly, he negotiated his way through a rigid medical test, presented documentary proof of his educational standing, submitted a birth certificate, had long chat with friendly officer. This last was important, even if he didn't know it, because he was tested during that talk for "appearance, personality and manner."

A few days later he was called up. He was provided with fare to Toronto, where he was met at the train by an R.C.A.F. truck. He was driven out to the Exhibition Park, and disembarked in front of the big stone building. Chances were he wasn't alone, because from 30 to 60 young fellows like him arrive every day. He took his place in a line of these lads and filed into the building.

Inside, strung in a long line down the lobby, were tables behind which sat young men in the famous blue uniform of the R.C.A.F. Officers in front of them, and as Tom passed in front of one of these tables, he presented his credentials. The clerk promptly began pounding out a file on "Brown, Thomas AC2." Tom then learned that everybody—embryo ace and cook, an AC2 (Air Craftsman Second-class) when he first arrives. When questions are all answered, and the file completed, Tom passed along to a wicket. Here he gave his name and regimental number, which was to be home until he was drafted, days or weeks later, to some other training unit.

Now officially in the Depot, Tom was directed to the stores branch. One of many recruits, he entered a long room through which ran a counter, where he got his equipment. At different wickets he got tools, uniform, cap, socks and shoes. As he emerged from the other end, lugging a duffle-bag stuffed with underthings and struggling with his load of clothing, he was directed to another counter where a man with metal dies and a hammer was busy stamping regimental numbers on boots. Tom got his stamped and then he was steered upstairs to a huge room where he hunted for the bunk which bore the number of his tag.

In this room were sleep bags, or groups of several hundred bunks arranged in areas. Bunks were double-deckers. Each double-decker was enclosed on one side and both ends by a plywood partition, permitting privacy for the two occupants, but more particularly providing protection from draughts when windows were open. The partitions also provide a place to hang clothing. At one end of the room was an ablution table, a long, potless clean metal trough with inverted basins along both sides. Tom quickly learned that after a wash-up, each man must wash out his basin and turn it upside down to dry. Two hundred men could wash at one time. At his bunk, Tom changed his clothes. His civilian kit he made into a bundle, took it downstairs to the stores department where he wrote out a tag with his mother's name and address. The bundle would be shipped home for him. Then he clomped in his stiff new boots over to the doctor's office, where he was examined. Even though he had passed his stiff recruiting examination the R.C.A.F. takes no chances that he might have picked up a cold or flu before he arrived at the Depot. And while he was at the Doctor's he got his first shot of vaccine and inoculation serum.

Finally, with the rest of the new arrivals, Tom assembled in the big mess-hall. A sergeant lined up the new recruits, told them they were now in No. 6 Squadron and then a voice through a loudspeaker welcomed them, reminding them that the service expected them to be gentlemen at all times, never to act or speak in any manner that would bring disgrace on their fellows, always to remember that co-operation and fair play were expected of them, always to take pride in personal appearance and

and off parade. Then Tom and his fellow recruits were dismissed.

The period after that first dismissal is an important period in the lives of boys like Tom. For 48 hours he was not recalled to duty, but was permitted to find his way around the place, to watch other men and to recover from any effects of the inoculation. But it was important because it let Tom watch the wheels go round. He had freedom to watch men at work, to talk to other recruits to ask questions and digest the answers.

In the meantime, Tom didn't see behind the scenes at the Depot. He passed doors with red labels on them "Out of Bounds," and he learned only that these indicated the "offices." Behind these doors, however, crews of young men work in a system that is a marvel of precision and detail. Within a few days of Tom's arrival, they learned more about Tom than he would believe even his mother knew. They checked with the recruiting centre where he enlisted, and corroborated the two letters of recommendation which Tom had to present before he was accepted. And on the day of his arrival, Daily Routine Order No. 50—So carried his name, every detail about himself, his religion and educational standing, and was forwarded to headquarters in Ottawa.

Though Tom hadn't realized it, he had become a definite factor in a machine which would finally turn him out a polished, perfectly fitted unit to fit into a niche somewhere. When he enlisted, in his application form he stated he wanted to become either a member of an aircraft crew (pilot, observer, gunner, wireless operator) or a member of the ground service. But he also outlined his qualifications for any particular post, i.e., he knows motor mechanics or navigation or radio or any of countless vocations. Depot offices knew this. It had his application form and attestation papers. So into the records he went as a man knowing a particular trade or vocation. Cross-indexing lists him in many ways, under a file of a certain trade, under religion, etc. In less than one minute, Depot office could tell you about any man of the thousands who have passed through in recent months. But it won't because it carefully guards its secrets, regarding such things as something to be shared only by the man and the officers who must know about him.

Forty-eight hours after his arrival, Tom was called for physical training when he got up in the morning. He did an hour of jerks and ate a hearty breakfast of cereal, bacon and eggs, bread and jam and tea, coffee or milk. Then he paraded with his squadron and started his first drill. As a newcomer, he got his first fatigue, put on haphazard sweeping floors or polishing brass, and during the ensuing days, he drilled more and more, got a preliminary idea of what a machine shop is like, saw motors pulled down and repaired, had a chance to look over motor transport equipment and be told what functions it serves and why it is constructed along certain lines.

As days passed he learned discipline. He was checked up for leaving his tunic unbuttoned, his boots unpolished, he learned precision in drill and gradually developed a sense of pride in his squad was a bit smarter than another. He soon got special jobs such as sentry before a door. If he misbehaved by staying out too late, he got confinement to barracks or even kitchen police. But all this time he still was AC2, only one man in a big unit learning military life. His hours were fairly easy, up early (6.45) and off duty at 4.30. He could leave barracks if he was in by 10.30. When he left he had to pass the wicket in the lobby where he originally got his bunk number, and there he picked up his little brass tag with the number on it. When he came in the left tag, and thus it was known if he failed to get in on time. Sometimes he tried to leave, only to be refused a tag because a coloured celluloid clip attached to it indicating that he had been confined to barracks for some misdemeanor.

Then one night he applied for his tag and the uniformed buddy on duty said: "Sorry, Tom, your tag is clipped for draft." Tom stared at the tag. Yellow and red clips indicated that his name had been included in the draft. Tom galloped through the building to the office, was told that he must see the adjutant or commanding officer about release from barracks because he was included in a draft leaving soon for Initial Training School from which he would proceed later to schools for Air Observers, Air Gunners or Pilots.

Tom got his leave all right, after he was told of the significance of his move and reminded that the office would like to keep closely in touch with him. Usually the men get a few days notice, so they can clean up personal affairs, say good-bye to friends, get laundry back from the Depot laundry office. Then, one day,

# War Victims Safe in Canada



—Canadian Pacific Photo.

Innocent victims of a war in which their fathers are playing a noble part, these youthful evacuees from England arrived unaccompanied in Montreal after an uneventful journey by Canadian Pacific services. In Windsor Station, Montreal, the young Britons showed deep interest in the railway's War Memorial commemorating the death of Canadian Pacific soldiers of a generation ago—many of them fathers of the Canadian Pacific employees who are today bringing the youth of England safe by land and sea from the horrors of Hun air raids.

## IN OUR MAIL BAG

THANK YOU, MRS. BROOKE

Answering our request for a file copy of the June 28th issue of the Herald, Mrs. F. W. Brooke took the trouble to mail one in to us from Oshawa. Although several thoughtful subscribers had already volunteered their copies, we are still grateful to Mrs. Brooke for going to this trouble.

Quoting in part from her letter: "May I take this opportunity to express my appreciation of Mr. Moore's successor's handling of the Herald publication. I was impressed with Mrs. Moore's tribute of appreciation of the new editor, and the manner in which the staff had 'carried on' during Mr. Moore's illness, and your own expressed appreciation of the staff and intention to maintain a high standard of principles that has characterized the Herald. I am glad to see some added features of interest, especially The Editor's Corner, with its bits of wit and wisdom, also the comments on radio personalities and quotations from contemporary publications."

It is hard to picture the Herald Office without Mr. Moore in the editor's chair—he was a good friend and most worthy citizen. I should be often in Georgetown, but have not been able to make a "personal appearance" for some time past, owing to an illness that has kept me very much at home here.

Thank you, Mrs. Brooke, and we hope you will soon be able to pay that visit to Georgetown.

## Wood for Sale

Choice Beech and Maple at \$3.00 a load; Mixed Rafts \$2.50 a load; Mixed Wood \$2.85 a load. Phone 2833 — Georgetown J. BRANDFORD

### There is no other tobacco JUST LIKE OLD CHUM

Help us to do a better job for you — send your subscription today.

## REMINISCENCES OF GEORGETOWN

We continue from our last issue "The Reminiscences of Georgetown by G. W. Young, a native son, and written for this paper back in 1920:—

### THE OLD POST OFFICE

When I first remember the Georgetown post office it was in a detached building east of Travis' on the north side of main street. The postmaster was an English gentleman named Sumpter, with a head of bushy white hair. I think that Frank Barclay was postmaster afterwards, the post office being along-side of the office. W. Goodnow had charge of the office. Jim Galbraith was the oldest watchmaker, a young man named T. J. Wheeler coming from Toronto to be his assistant. After the death of Mr. Galbraith, Mr. Wheeler married his widow and conducted the business for many years.

Thomas Young kept a small hardware store nearly opposite the Galbraith shop. He lived on Mill Street, a block and a half from Main Street, and right up against the bush. His office being along-side of the watchmaker's shop east of Galbraith. He was an Irishman, an enthusiastic Orangeman and a leading member of the choir of St. George's.

James Young, as before stated, had a general store on one corner and a hardware store on the other corner of the block, originally settled by him. Many young men had their first experience of mercantile life in Mr. Young's emporium. Among them I remember David McKinnon from the Scotch Block, David went to Worcester, and settled there, and his cousin, Finlay McKinnon, founded the wholesale dry-goods house of S. F. McKinnon & Co., Toronto. There was a clerk of Mr. Young's — Charley Dolson — who went to Portland, Oregon, which was near the end of the world, and settled there. Joseph Griffin, a son of Michael Griffin, of the township of Esquesing, near Ashgrove, was another clerk in the Young store. He afterwards went to St. Thomas, where he established a packing house, and later was the head of a large concern in the same line in Winnipeg; his sons being associated with him.

Douglass Reid came to Georgetown as a Highland laddie and was book-keeper in Mr. Young's hardware store. Afterwards he conducted a hardware of his own on Main Street.

### TEAMSTERS

A much-valued and highly-esteemed member of the official family (so to speak) of the Young establishment was Alexander Anderson (Sandy) head teamster and stable boss, no head responsibility in view of the large number of horses and men employed in the busy days of flour and grain shipping. According to my recollection Sandy was what the Scotch call an extensive department store, which few flourishes under the name of G. R. Anderson's sons.

Successors to Sandy Anderson as teamsters were John Hanley, John Bollman, Bill Kelly, and a good many others. Bollman was one of several families of Swedish or German emigrants who settled in Georgetown, they were known as Dutch. Geer is the only other name I remember of the foreigners. Bollman settled on a farm belonging to Mr. Young in Chincagouay. Bill Kelly was a rattling, roaring Irish blade, with a great fund of songs and stories, which used to delight the boys, though most of them would hardly pass muster in polite circles.

John Long was the village cooper with a shop diagonally opposite the old Methodist Church near the upper pond.

### A GAY FISHERMAN

Hugh MacKay was a genial Scot, and a keen angler, alive with the traditions of fishing in the old land. He kept a grocery on Main Street and as I remember sold the first coal oil lamp that was seen in the village, which was either had to struggle with the tallow dip, the more convenient and cheaper wax candle, or the lard oil abominations, which usually filled the room with foul-smelling smoke or the reek of burning fat. Mr. MacKay also gave the villagers a taste of their first bananas, selling them at threepence each, which was not so much, all things considered. He could always be depended upon for any delicacies that were to be had in the Toronto market. Mr. MacKay and Mr. Barclay were among the first to reside on the newly opened square. The MacKay house was built by Mr. MacKay's brother, Walter, a master carpenter. Edith Street was named by James Young, who had it opened up as a short cut to Stewart-town for his sister-in-law, Miss Edith Phillips.

East of Mr. MacKay on Main Street was a brick store and dwelling adjoin-

## Special Train Service FOR TORONTO CIVIC HOLIDAY

Train Times—Eastern Standard

**SATURDAY, AUGUST 3rd**  
Toronto-Georgetown — Guelph  
Palmerston — Owen Sound —  
Southampton — Kincairdine.  
Leave Toronto 5.30 p.m., Georgetown 6.45 p.m., arrive Guelph 7.20 p.m., continuing on regular schedule to points north of Palmerston—see handbills for intermediate stops.

**CHANGE IN TIME TABLE—MON., AUG. 5th ONLY**  
KINGABDINE—PALMERSTON GUELPH—TORONTO

Train No. 332 will leave Kincairdine 11.45 a.m., leave Palmerston 4.30 p.m., leave Guelph 5.50 p.m., arrive Toronto 7.30 p.m., Mon., August 5th, only.  
All regular trains will carry extra equipment and additional sections will be operated where required.

**Attractive Holiday Week-End Fares**  
Consult Agents for Details T202C

## CANADIAN NATIONAL

ing built by Henry Wright. His son, Dr. Adam Wright, has long been one of Toronto's best known physicians. James Barber's first residence was the house furthest east on the Main Street. He afterwards built a brick residence on a hill overlooking the paper mill. The original James Barber house was afterwards the rectory for St. George's Church, being occupied by Rev. Mr. MacKenzie, Rev. Dr. O'Meara, Rev. H. E. Webb and possibly other clergymen. If I mistake not, John R. Barber built a residence there in later years. Joseph Barber lived at the foot of the hill, and William Barber on Main Street, a short distance from Main Street.

Samuel Phillips was a conveyancer and real estate agent, living in a cottage at the rear of James Young's block, and was the first man in the village to learn to operate the telegraph instrument, being agent of the Montreal Telegraph Company, having an office in rear of the hardware store. Excepting for the calls, he never learned to read fluently by sound, depending on the paper tape on which were registered the messages in the Morse alphabet.

Mr. Ruston came to Georgetown as a bachelor, from England and established a drug store on the south side of Main Street. In course of time he married an English lady, but whether he wedded her or she came out to the wedded, I do not remember. At any rate she proved a charming addition to the small social circle, and was a general favorite. A brother, William Ruston, came out to clerk for his brother, and subsequently was employed by the firm of Northrop & Brown, who had a large drug store near the St. Lawrence market, Toronto.

### DOCTORS AND LAWYERS

The old Doctor, whom everybody depended upon, was Dr. McCullough, who lived on the road west of the Grand Trunk Railway connecting the Eighth and Seventh lines. There was also Dr. Cunningham, of Norval, who shared with Dr. McCullough the task of bringing most of the children of the village into the world.

Dr. Ranney came later. Dr. Freeman came from Milton and was for many years a popular practitioner. On retiring from practice, he settled out west, in Wyoming. I think, Dr. Herod, of Guelph, made occasional professional visits, his office in Georgetown being kept by a student, Dr. Lewellyn Brock.

Were there any lawyers? Possibly several; but the first I remember were T. Chisholm Livingstone, Gilbert Wettenhall and Robert Forsythe. This last man married Miss Hope, a niece of James Barber. George Goodwill was years after them.

Benjamin Thompson built a large new brick hotel at the upper end of the village, nearly opposite the residence of W. W. Roe, still kept good house. Possibly it is still standing. (Continued next week)



When the hot Summer days arrive, you need not dash away on your vacation in haste and confusion. Plan now to give yourself a happy, carefree holiday.

From "Vacation Tours" you can choose just the holiday to meet your fancy—week-end trips or nine-day tours with the privilege of stop-over arrangements to suit your convenience.

Restful Lake and Highway Tours, round trip from Toronto, including steamer accommodation and meals—2 Days, Muskoka Lakes, \$15.15; 2 Days, Georgian Bay, \$13.05; 6 Days, Georgian Bay and Lake Superior, \$44.50.

These and many other attractive holiday outings are completely described in the Illustrated folder "Vacation Tours". Telephone or write for your copy today. All Has Travel Information at W. H. LONG — Phone 89