

The British Commonwealth Air Training Plan

One of a series of articles written specially for Weekly Newspapers by Hugh Tompkin, Editor of the Fergus News-Record

INITIAL TRAINING SCHOOL FULL OF SCIENTIFIC MARVELS

Fourth in a series of articles on the Royal Canadian Air Force, written specially for the Weekly Papers of Ontario.

"Were you planning to visit the Initial Training School at Eglington?" asked Flying Officer Nicol, our guide whose duty for the time being was to get us past the sentries and the barrier gates and explain what the Royal Canadian Air Force was doing. I said I hadn't thought of it; my desire was to get on to the camps where there was actual flying just as quickly as possible.

Flying Officer Nicol thought that would be a mistake. In his opinion, the Initial Training School was the most interesting place of them all. It was customary to take distinguished American visitors up to Eglington just to let them look around and see for themselves that there were certain things in Canada which Uncle Sam's Air Force didn't have. Walter Lippmann, the columnist, had been there just a few days earlier.

My guide was right, as usual. If I had missed the Number One Initial Training School, I would never have

nerves entered the brain. The one on the car was just a ground wire. By using a complicated electric machine, it was possible to measure the brain waves of the man who now looked like something that had wandered out of a cartoon comedy.

The young airman was told to enter a small room and lie quietly on a bed. The wires were attached to binding posts on the wall. He was told that he wasn't to think of anything exciting, such as an evening with his best girl, but to try to come as near as possible to thinking about nothing at all.

Up in the next room, the Flight Lieutenant touched a switch. A broad ribbon of white paper began to creep over a table. On it were four wavy lines, drawn by pens actuated by the wires from the head of the man whom I could see through the window, lying peacefully on the bed.

This patient was normal. The wavy lines had no sudden variations. His electro-encephalogram showed that he had passed one more test.

A few are abnormal. Suddenly the black line takes a turn to one side. An aircraftman with a record like that may take a fit up in the air some day. He won't be rejected on that test alone, but the chances are that

"As We See It"

By J. A. Strang

BACK IN 1867, an Act was passed by our Dominion Government, which made the game of Lacrosse our national game. The Act has never been repealed. The game itself dates back to the 17th century when the Indians played it and at that time they would have as many as 500 players on each side and the game would last for weeks.

The game has had its ups and downs in popularity. At no time has it attained popularity across the Dominion like the winter game of hockey. It is difficult to understand why it hasn't as it is a smart game, in fact it is the only smart summer game that we have. The game as played today looks rough although it isn't as rough as hockey and lacrosse players seldom get hurt or have any bones broken like hockey players quite often do. Up until 1934, we think it was the game played in the field and at that time the officials did at times allow the game to become rather rough. However, since the introduction of box lacrosse the game has been kept comparatively clean.

Usually box lacrosse is played inside although some towns have built outside cushions footed. The modern game has been quite an asset for those towns that have teams and that also have up-to-date skating rinks. Often the summer game would bring in more funds for the rink than would the combined receipts from hockey, skating and curling during the winter months. In this way rinks have been kept out of the red in lacrosse towns.

Lacrosse like hockey has its juvenile series, also its junior, intermediate and senior series, in fact it has also a senior B series. However, the senior series is the only one that gets any publicity and even it gets very little, especially compared to the publicity given baseball for instance. Since the introduction of box lacrosse there have only been about six teams each year here in Ontario and the mention of the senior groups brings to mind the teams that would represent Orillia, St. Catharines, Mimico, Hamilton, Brampton and Fergus.

You will recall that Orillia won the senior title several years in a row and then the St. Catharines team did the same thing. This winning the title several years in succession is not the best either for the team winning the title nor for the game itself. Lacrosse lovers everywhere would have quite a respect for the village of Fergus attempting to floor a team competing with the above named much larger towns and cities. While it is true that the Fergus team never won the title since the introduction of box lacrosse, yet they were often in the playoffs and usually were able to give quite a good account of themselves. Sometimes the teams that represented some of the larger cities and towns failed to draw large enough crowds and these teams sometimes folded up in the middle of a series, but Fergus always finished the season. This year owing to war conditions perhaps, Fergus did not enter a team in the senior series nor did the town of Orillia. The latter town, though, did enter a team in the senior B series and recently we notice where they have failed to attract profitable crowds and as a result they have folded up for the season. Orillia have had a team as long as we can remember and it looks bad.

We mentioned above that the St. Catharines team also won the title several years in succession. If we are not mistaken they won it in 1938-39 and 40. They had a great team and lacrosse seemed to boom in the Garden City. But as stated before these wins year after year don't do the game any good and St. Catharines seemed to get the idea that they were able to do just as they liked. This year they didn't seem to hit their stride right off the bat at the first of the season and the team from Mimico took the spotlight. St. Catharines "couldn't take it" and when the officials of the lacrosse association made a ruling that wasn't to their liking about a certain player that both Hamilton and St. Catharines wanted, St. Catharines folded up for the balance of the season. Their action, in this case, was no credit to that City.

In our youth we scarcely knew that there was any other game but lacrosse. While we did have a stick, we were never fast enough to get anywhere in that strenuous game, but we did like it. We still do, and we would like to see the game of lacrosse become just as popular across the Dominion as is the present day game of hockey. Unlike many other games though lacrosse has to be played from one's youth up; in other words very few ever become star players that commence the game in later years.

One thing about the game is the love that one had for it right down through life if the game was played in one's youth. In fact there is no other game that can compare with it in smartness. We have often noticed that you hear more cheering in one minute at a lacrosse game than we would during a nine-inning ball game. It may have its spills but it also has its thrills.

It has been truly said—"Take advantage of the little opportunities and you won't need to wait for a big one."

artificial wind blew continually. Dr. Stewart pointed to a thermometer, which registered 43 degrees below zero, a temperature encountered four or five miles above the earth. It is possible to exhaust the air from this chamber also.

We did not stay long. As we came out again through the various chamber even zero temperature felt warm.

Next Week—The Link Trainer

Former Local Resident Died at Tottenham

Death came suddenly to a respected resident of Tottenham, Ralph Ira McCabe, at 6 o'clock on Thursday morning, July 13rd. Although he had not been well for a week, it was thought his condition was slightly improved, when suddenly the end came, coronary thrombosis being the cause.

Mr. McCabe was a resident of Georgetown for a short time, where he operated a grocery business in the store now occupied by Bradley Brothers.

Mr. McCabe was born in the township of Albion in 1879, a son of the late

Henry McCabe and the late Elizabeth Stewart, and came to Tottenham to live when eighteen years of age. As a young man, he worked on the old Canada-Atlantic-Riv. and in the early days of the mining boom in the Cobalt district he was in business in Halleybury. In 1908, he started a planing mill in Tottenham and carried on business until 1930, his late brother John joining him in 1914 as partner. He was a first-class mechanic, and they built many houses in the town and surrounding district. Of late years, he had spent the summer months working in Timmins. He was a public spirited citizen and served on the council and school board, was village clerk for a time, also assessor. He was active in political affairs, being

president of the Tottenham Conservative Association for some years. He was a member of Tottenham Band and was identified with other community organizations. He leaves, to mourn his death, his wife and two sons, Lloyd, of Malton, and Edgar, of Timmins, and a daughter, Margaret, at home, also a sister, Mrs. (Mrs.) Stinson, of Smiths Falls. The funeral was held on Saturday, July 13th, and was largely attended. Service was held at his late residence, and was conducted by Rev. G. H. Purchase, pastor of Tottenham United Church. Interment was made in Mt. Tegar Cemetery. Six nephews acted as pallbearers.

We print nifty Letterheads, etc.

I'm in the Dog-House!



and just because I thought I'd be nice to the wife and give her a good time.

"Here's fifty bucks," I says, "Go on down to the city and get yourself a few new duds and a permanent."

"To the city," she says, "a fine idea. I suppose you think that just because we haven't as MANY stores, or as BIG stores here in Georgetown, that I can't get just as nice dresses and just as nice a hair-do as anywhere."

"Now, dear" I began, but if you know the wife, that "dear" stuff doesn't get me anywhere.

"To the city," she sniffed . . . "I suppose when you want the car fixed you take it to one of those city garages, or when you had the roof repaired last year you called in a building firm from the city."

Well you know I'd never looked at it that way before. Of course I'd always bought my things in town, but I thought women were different. Which just goes to show where a man can get when he thinks he's doing the little woman a favour.

Take it from me, boys, never mention "city" to the wife when you're talking about shopping.

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Aircraftmen undergoing tests in the low pressure chamber at the Initial Training School at Toronto.
—Royal Canadian Air Force Photograph.

realized just how thorough is the early testing of the young men who are destined to become fighting pilots and observers.

Carrying on Sir Frederick's Work
It is generally known that when Sir Frederick Banting died in a plane crash in Newfoundland, he was on his way to England to carry on his scientific work for the Air Force. His death did not stop that work. It began at the Banting Institute at the University of Toronto, and since last November, it has been continued in the buildings which formerly belonged to the Eglington Hunt Club in North Toronto.

The Eglington Hunt Club used to be a favorite resort of Toronto society, and the kind of place where a village editor would hardly expect to find himself. Inside the main building is a big arena, large enough for a game of polo and ideal now, since the seats have been taken out, as an indoor drill ground. There are class-rooms where dance floors used to be, for the students at the Initial Training School are already studying a stiff course of higher mathematics, armanent, signals, sanitation and navigation. It is easy to see why matriculation standing or better is a necessity for every aspiring pilot.

I looked over the lay-out admiringly. Even though it had been toned down to make it useful rather than beautiful, signs of its former magnificence were apparent. "This must have been a swanky place in the old days," I suggested. Flying Officer Nicol used to be another working newspaper man. "I wouldn't know," he said, "My dues in the Hunt Club weren't kept up very well."

When the land and buildings were purchased, there were questions in Parliament and suggestions that they had been bought to help out on organization which was about to pass out of existence. I don't know anything about the truth or otherwise, but the people who built the old Hunt Club never dreamed of the scientific wonders it would one day contain.

Testing Brain Waves
After a brief call at the office of Squadron Leader McPherson, officer in command at No. 1 I.T.S., I went to the office of Flight Lieutenant O. B. Stewart. This brilliant young doctor, a graduate of Dalhousie University in the Maritimes, is carrying on Dr. Banting's work, but he took time off to guide me personally through the building where the aircraftmen are tested, mentally and physically, to see whether they will be able to stand the strain of flying and fighting five miles above the earth.

As we started down the hall, we met a young man whose appearance was starting. He looked as though he had just come from the hands of an electrician. Five long wires hung down from his head. Two of them seemed to be soldered to the top of his head, in among his hair, two more were attached to the back of his neck and one hung from his left ear. Little patches of hair had been shaved off and the wires attached at important points. Dr. Stewart explained that the two in front were over the parts of the brain controlling muscular coordination and the two on the neck indicated the place where the optic

time and expense of training him would be wasted, so when he shows other symptoms as well, he is finished as a pilot.

Low Pressures and Oxygen
In the next room, a large cylindrical structure stood in the centre of the room. It looked like the bottom of a silo. The outside was reinforced with steel and planking and large metal pipes ran around it. A porthole of heavy glass was built on one side and there was a desk with a microphone near the window.

Dr. Stewart opened a door and we entered a circular room, lined with burlap. Seats for ten persons ran around the sides and in the centre was a table with a chair where the doctor sat.

This strange room is used to test the ability to stand high altitudes where air gets thin and oxygen scarce. Usually a class of ten takes the test at once, with a doctor keeping watch through the window from outside and giving instructions through a loud-speaker, while another doctor sits at the centre table. The officer on the outside manipulates valves and the air is similar to that inside the circular room, 5,000 feet above sea level, 10,000 feet, 15,000 or more.

There is no particular sensation felt by the person inside the tank, but above 10,000 feet, or two miles, the nails turn a bluish tinge, which is also apparent in the lips. The brain seems unimpaired, but that is an illusion. To prove this, the aircraftmen are given simple little problems to do—change a sentence into a common code, or something of the kind. Like a car driver with a few drinks, who thinks he can drive as well as ever, they don't know they are making mistakes. As the air is exhausted, the margin of error rises. A rubber oxygen mask is fitted over the nose and mouth. A tube hangs down from it and the end of this is plugged into a small pipe which runs around the inside of the wall. With a supply of oxygen available, the tests show normal brain operation; no matter how high the pilot may "fly." It is an impressive lesson, thoroughly taught.

43 Degrees Below Zero
I wondered what would happen next as Dr. Stewart led me into another room. Young men were climbing out of flying suits of various types, and hanging them on hooks along the wall. Equipment, as well as men, must stand the tests.

The Flight Lieutenant opened a door similar to those on large refrigerators and we entered a cold chamber. The temperature there was said to be 20 above zero but we didn't stay long, going on into a second and a third, through large insulated doors each time. The second refrigerator chamber was kept about zero and the third at 20 below. In ordinary summer clothes, it began to feel chilly, but such temperatures are encountered in high flying.

In the third refrigerator room, there was a metal chamber, somewhat like a large concrete mixer, coated outside with an asbestos compound. My guide unscrewed a circular door like a big porthole and the two of us climbed inside. There was only room for two at a time there, and a cold