

SECOND CLASS IN ONE MONTH GRADUATED

Group Captain Bonham-Carter Guest—Awards Presented

The second graduation in the month was held Aug. 26th, when another fine course was farewelled to further training. The party followed the usual pattern with a banquet and dance.

Special guest at the banquet was Group Capt. Bonham-Carter, who had come from Winnipeg for the wings parade and graduation. The group captain gave an informal address following the banquet, an address closely followed and heartily applauded.

The awards were then presented to the graduates. LAC. M. P. Laycock received the Garfield Madore Trophy for general proficiency in the course, LAC. J. M. Walton received the most promising pupil pilot trophy, the Gerald Murphy Memorial Award, and the Murphy Ground School Award was won by LAC. Brownlee. Mr. J. R. Morgan, managing director of the station, and Mr. E. Stefanon, chief of the ground school instructors, presented the trophies with suitable addresses of congratulations.

A short program followed under the supervision of Sergt. Younger, flight senior and one of the graduates. Taking part were LAC. Moen, Webb, Blackfoot and Manson, the latter being in a recently arrived course.

LAC. Partridge made an excellent chairman for the banquet.

The party was closed with another highly successful dance in the recreation room.

LAC. Lorne Moffat, formerly a member of the station staff, was one of the graduates. Best wishes of the school go with him and his course members.

WINGS PARADE, No. 19 FLYING INSTRUCTORS

Group Captain Bonham-Carter Presents Wings to Flying Instructors King and Angus

In a simple but fitting ceremony in the station hangar Aug. 26th, Group Captain Bonham-Carter of No. 2 command, Winnipeg, presented wings to two No. 19 E.F.T.S. flying instructors, R. S. Angus and W. A. King. The two instructors had qualified previously on special service school courses.

Group Capt. Bonham-Carter on his arrival was welcomed by Mr. J. R. Morgan, managing director of Virden Flying Training School, and Flight-Lieut. E. R. McGill, C.S.O., who escorted the distinguished visitor to the parade floor.

The wings were presented in a hollow square formed by flying instructors, supervisory staff, students and hangar staff. The students paraded under Flight-Lieut. W. L. Algate with PO. Airey and FO. McLeod in charge of flights; supervisory officers were Flight-Lieuts. Dooley and Guest, and Cpl. Turner was acting sergt.-major. Flight Comander Crosby and Chief Engineer T. Caddock were in charge of the instructors and the hangar personnel. LAC. Manson provided martial music with his bagpipes for the parade.

Group Captain Bonham-Carter, after the presentation, made a brief speech, in which he congratulated the instructors, and took the salute in the march past.

Flying Instructor Angus hails from Vancouver and has had his commercial license for about eight years. He got his early flying instruction from Group Captain Hal Wilson, now at Dauphin. Mr. Angus came to Virden in June.

Flying Instructor King also has had a number of years experience. Formerly instructing at the elementary school at Portage la Prairie, he also came here in June of this year.

Distinguished Visitor

Air Vice-Marshal A. B. Shearer, A.O.C. No. 2 command, Winnipeg, paid an official visit to the station Thursday. He was welcomed by Mr. J. R. Morgan, managing director, and Flight-Lieut. McGill and members of the supervisory staff.

The Air Vice-Marshal was accompanied by his aide, Squadron Leader W. G. McLellan.

"Heads Up," Says the Instructor



There's something symbolic about that last look at the sky just as he slips into his seat and rolls down the runway toward a take-off. It says, "Here we come . . . look out!" The R.C.A.F. flier in this photo is an instructor, whose pupils are fighting the Luftwaffe in every theatre of war where Canucks are participating. In Harvard planes like the one above thousands of pilots have been trained under the British Commonwealth Joint Air Training Program. —R.C.A.F. photo

Thorborn Ingaldson Dies In Winnipeg Aug. 22nd

The death occurred in Winnipeg on August 22nd, of Thorborn Ingaldson, instructor in airmanship at No. 19 E.F.T.S. Mr. Ingaldson entered hospital late in March and remained there, with the exception of a few short periods, until his death.

The funeral was held August 25 and burial was made in Brookside Cemetery. Instructor G. H. Read, representing No. 19 E.F.T.S., was one of the pallbearers.

Thor Ingaldson, who came to the station in January of this year, was the son of Mr. and Mrs. Inedmar Ingaldson of Winnipeg. His father is a former member of the Manitoba Legislature.

Air Cadet League Has Splendid Magazine

The editor of The Tiger Rag received a number of back copies of the Air Cadet League of Canada monthly magazine and was quite taken with the nature of the publication. Expecting it to be more interesting to younger people, it was instead very readable and interesting to one at least beyond his teens in age if not in actions.

Furthermore the editor, Bruce Keith, has kindly offered to loan The Rag some "cuts" in his past issue. Anyone wishing to see the magazines inquire at link room.



HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN, who has contributed much to the morale of the boys "over there."

No. 19 GRADS TOPS AT BRANDON, YORKTON

Graduates of the Virden Flying Training School have been doing very well at other schools, and it is gratifying to the school, but the fact that the top ten students in a recent wings parade at No. 11 S.F.T.S., Yorkton, were all students who trained here really underlined the school motto, "More Pilots, Better Pilots," and sends a glow of justifiable pride through those responsible for their training here.

P.O. R. H. Freer, Jr., led the class at Yorkton. Freer, who is from Baltimore, Maryland, U.S.A., received his wings with his father in attendance. His father is Brigadier General R. H. Freer of the U.S. Army.

Another Virden graduate, P.O. Don Ewing won the highest award at the last wings parade at No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon. Ewing is also an American, coming from Wichita, Kansas.

Perhaps the most pleased man on the station when hearing the news was Flying Instructor "Bud" Middleton, as both trophy winners were his students while here.

Staff Changes at No. 19 During Past Month

Three of the station's popular young men left for other services during the past month and another is leaving during this month. Already away are R. B. Evans, J. K. Friesen and Len Sveinson, and George Tompkins intends leaving later in the month. The station regrets losing these popular fellows, but wishes them every success in their new branches.

Dick Evans left early in the month for his home in Toronto and will later start service with the merchant marine. Dick was in the parachute packing division for a time and lately acted as a time-keeper. He had been on the staff just a few days short of a year.

John Friesen was the next to leave, two weeks ago, after being accepted for aircrew. John, who came to No. 19 ground school instruction staff nearly four months ago, hopes to get through as an observer. He is now at Edmonton. Len Sveinson, popular assistant to Crew Chief Whittington, is now going through for aircrew in the service, leaving two weeks ago. Len, who came from Wymyard, Sask., came to No. 19 May 1st, 1941 from the No. 6 E.F.T.S. at Prince Albert.

George Tompkins leaves on the 17th for Toronto from where he expects to go to Fort Benning, in Georgia, U.S.A., with the Canadian Active force. Parachute Division, as a parachute jump instructor. George, who has been head of the parachute department here, has a commercial parachute jumping license and has made quite a number of jumps, at one time testing for a parachute firm.

New Students From Many Distant Points

During the past month courses have come and others have gone from Virden Flying Training School. All these classes have a variety of men as regards their homes, although as to the type of man there appears little difference—all are fine examples of that type which will win this war for the United Nations.

Particularly interesting was the large amount of territory covered by the last two courses to arrive for their elementary flying training.

The large class to arrive at No. 19 three weeks ago can really be said to be a cross section of the continent and the British Isles. In fact the course could almost serve for one of those "cross section of national opinion" Gallup polls.

The home towns of the trainees reach from south of the border as far as Virginia and west to California; north to Dauphin, Manitoba, and west in Canada to Trail, B.C., and east across the drink to England, Scotland and Wales. Although the majority are westerners (numerous Manitobans), there are a number of Americans, some Englishmen, a Welshman and a Scot.

Major G. Killam Dies In Winnipeg Wednesday

Word reached the station Thursday of the death of Major George K. Killam, D.S.O. Major Killam was one of the first members of Virden Flying Training School staff and organized the Civilian Guard at the station, remaining in charge of this unit until his admission to Deer Lodge Hospital several months ago.

Mr. J. R. Morgan, managing director of the station, acted as pallbearer at the funeral yesterday. Also attending from here were Flight-Lieut. A. F. Madore and Flying Instructors McFadden and Sklar.

The following is taken from Friday's Winnipeg Tribune:

George Knight Killam, 64, prominent in military circles, and a member of headquarters staff in France during the last war, died Wednesday night in Deer Lodge hospital. He was formerly associated with Allan, Killam & McKay.

Mr. Killam was born in Winnipeg, July 4, 1878, and was the only son of the late Hon. A. C. Killam, former chief justice of Manitoba and former chairman of the Railway commission. He was educated in Winnipeg institutions and finished his education in law at the University of Manitoba.

He went overseas in the First Great War as a Quartermaster, and was wounded near the close of the war. He received the D.S.O. and held the rank of major.

He was a former member of the Manitoba and St. Charles Country clubs. Interested in various sporting activities, he was especially active in shooting and fishing. Before going into hospital in January of this year, he had been stationed in Virden.

A single man, Mr. Killam is survived by a niece, Mrs. Rodney Johnston, Toronto. A sister, Mrs. R. S. K. Seay, died in 1906, his father, in 1930, and his mother in 1924.

The funeral service will be held Friday at 2.30 p.m., in All Saints Church, with burial in the family plot in St. John's cemetery. Canon R. S. K. Seay, officiate, and H. Hugh Bancroft will be at the organ.

Commando Training At Station Is Organized

A part of the training given to commandos, the modern art of overpowering an opponent, is being given the supervisory staff at No. 19. Flying Instructor Harry Sklar has undertaken the instruction in the methods of defence used in commando training. Harry likes to refer to it more as training in methods of overpowering an attacker in the fastest way and putting him out of action.

Mr. Sklar certainly knows his job. He gained his experience as wrestling instructor for the past few years at various clubs in Toronto.

Just at present the class is mainly supervisory staff, but it may branch out later.

ian Active force, Parachute Division, as a parachute jump instructor. George, who has been head of the parachute department here, has a commercial parachute jumping license and has made quite a number of jumps, at one time testing for a parachute firm.

One of the Englishman, Sergt. J. Donaghy, R.A.F., has seen 15 years in that service. During that time he served as a fitter in Iraq, India, Syria and Malta, and has been in England during the present war until coming to Canada. Incidentally he recognized Group Captain Bonham-Carter, having seen him in Iraq, and the group captain was quite delighted. Sergt. Donaghy says he likes Canada but of course his big objective is to return to England to do his bit—but after its over he would like to bring his wife to Canada and make his home here.

Among the Manitobans, besides Winnipeggers, are the following: R. A. G. De Pape, Swan Lake; R. C. Fleming, Dauphin; C. G. Gorrie, Wawanesa (whose brother, incidentally, has just received a commission in the R.C.A.F.); C. M. King, Fairfax; G. R. G. Kite, of Pettipiece; D. D. Law, Darrington; J. S. L. Teulon, M. A. McNair, Swan River; E. Ramsbottom, Brandon; R. C. Ridge, Anusville (who lived in Virden for four years); K. H. Robson, Delehar; R. D. Sutcliffe, Belmont; J. H. Warrentin; Beausejour.

Junior Course

The different places in the world that have furnished trainees to make up our junior course shows the scope of the British Air Training Plan. There are a trainee from as close to Virden as seventeen miles, a few half way across the globe, and one who has travelled half way round the world before reaching Virden. There is an officer and four air gunners also included in this latest course of potential pilots, which is as usual out here, composed of a majority of western boys, with a few easterners as well as some from England.

LAC. H. J. E. Symms of the R. A.F. tops the boys for travel in the service, being from the Island of Martinique. He is situated close to Madagascar, LAC. I. O. Horn heads the list as being the closest to home, coming from Lenore.

Also in this course is LAC. Alex Lindsay, a member of the Winnipeg Blue Bombers' rugby football team and also holder of Manitoba's middle weight and light heavy weight amateur boxing titles.

The commissioned officer is PO. W. J. Creary, of Toronto, who was in the accountancy branch before re-mustering to aircrew.

Among the trainees from points in Manitoba are: K. Crawford, of Dauphin; O. A. Hodberg, The Pas; H. L. Johnston, Deloraine; J. H. Kennette, Fairfax; T. J. McKeenace, Basswood; R. S. Middleton, Killarney, and K. R. Spratt, Brandon.

C.F.I. and C.S.O. Receive Promotions to Flt-Lts.

Word of the promotions of our chief flying instructor, Group Captain Madore, and chief supervisor-instructor, FO E. R. McGill, to flight-lieutenants was enthusiastically received at No. 19.

Flight-Lieut. Madore has been with the school since its opening and his work has won marked recognition. Flight-Lieut. McGill has during his shorter period here, earned the respect of all. Congratulations are extended.

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The Tiger Rag

Published in the interests of
No. 19 E.F.T.S.
Managing Editor . . . R. S. Evans
Associate Editor . . . Cpl. Sanderson
Staff Editors
R. Alexander, W. H. Armstrong,
H. H. Douce, C. Harvey, O. Hine,
G. Sudaby, W. D. Stevens
Printed monthly at the office of
The Empire Publishing Co., Virden
SATURDAY, SEPT. 5, 1942

Flight News

It is hoped that by the next issue of The Tiger Rag (which will be in another month's time, first Saturday in October) that we will be able to fill this column up with interesting news from the different flights. Contributions so far for this department have been light—in fact so light you could see right through them. But there is plenty of news being made every day by each flight that would be of interest to all members of No. 19 E.F.T.S. Why not give us the news and we will print it. Items like the following would be of great value and interest to the trainees staff and civilian employees alike: "Words of wisdom directed to a trainee by his instructor after a particularly heavy landing." "Experiences by trainees having service in England during the present war." "Interesting personalities among the trainees." In fact, everything and anything. Drop in on Corporal Sanderson in the orderly room or Ray Evans in the link room and give them the news. Show us you have the liveliest and best damn flight on the station! How about it, flight seniors?

The Air Gunner

If I must be a gunner. Then please, Lord, give me grace. That I may leave this station With a smile upon my face. I may have wished to be a pilot. And you, along with me; But if we all were pilots, Where would the Air Force be? It takes guts to be a gunner. To sit out in the tail. When Messerschmitts are coming And the slugs begin to wail. The pilot's just a chauffeur. It's his job to fly the plane. But it's we who do the fighting. Tho' we may not get the fame. But we're here to win a war. And until this job is done; Let's forget our personal feelings And get behind the gun. If we must all be gunners, Then let us make this bet: We'll be the best damn gunners That have left this station yet! —"Gunner" G.H.H.

Thanks Extended

Congratulations to the Canadian Legion for the most successful dance on Thursday, Aug. 13, at the Armouries. It was appreciated by all and I'm sure everyone thoroughly enjoyed themselves. Another word for the Canadian Legion. They are always ready to help a worthy cause, especially for the trainees who go through this station, and personally I would like to take this opportunity of thanking Mr. R. Glass, who so kindly offered to stage the dance for us. It will never be forgotten by those who participated.—W. M. Halladay.

STATION TO BE IN ON TRACK AND FIELD MEET

No. 19 E.F.T.S. will be represented at the services' field and track meet to be held at Brandon on September 16th. A group of 15 athletes, mostly trainees, is busy getting in shape for the event under the watchful eyes of Flying Instructor Jack Muir and Corporal Turner. The boys have the entire school pulling for them.

Air Force Hospitals

Just To Remind You That the Hospitals Are Rather Good Things to Have Around — In Spite of The Idle Chatter . . .
By FLT.-LIEUT. DOOLEY

If one was to ask LAC. Knucklehead just what use a hospital is from the depths of his adolescent bosom he would probably answer: "I dunno, brother, exactly—but I guess you gotta have 'em, just like sergeants." All of which shows that one of the marvels of modern science is coming to be regarded as a commonplace fixture to the present generation.

It wasn't that way with LAC. Knucklehead's great grandfather, and probably not with his grandfather. To them a hospital was something to stay away from unless you wanted to die away from home. Even though the word hospital is a derivative of the Latin word, "Hospitalis," (meaning—a guest), Grandpaw Schnazzy still didn't want to have anything to do with one of "them dang pest houses." When his turn came to cash in his cheques he preferred to die at home as becoming a man who didn't require to be supported by charity.

What has brought about the change in attitude, so that today hospitals no longer hold the horrors they once did for everyone? It would be quite reasonable to say that this change has occurred because medical science has progressed by leaps and bounds, and the general public has come to accept the benefits of these advances — thereby throwing off the cloak of mysticism that once surrounded both medicine and hospitals.

First and foremost among these advances in medical science has been the elimination, by means of preventive medicine, of the great epidemics of "pest diseases" like smallpox, typhoid fever and diphtheria. How long is it since you recall having heard of an epidemic of smallpox or diphtheria? Both of which once filled hospitals to overflowing. Advances such as these have left hospitals free to look after other conditions, conditions which previously people accepted as a burden to be borne as part of the price of merely being alive. Nowadays people with just those conditions form the greatest portion of a hospital population.

Another great advance has been in the widespread practical application of scientific discoveries. The modern hospital of any size is a highly organized scientific centre making use of such modern discoveries as radiology, biochemistry, bacteriology and physiology and has incorporated new features into such fields as pathology, medicine and surgery. Today when a physician suggests that his patient might benefit by a few days in hospital for purposes of investigation, that patient becomes a focal point for all such scientific aids once unknown. Not all hospitals are so fully equipped, but when neither was Rome built in a day.

What about our Station Hospital? From the nature of things we are dealing with a group of individuals who are essentially healthy on joining the Service, so it follows that our best contribution is to keep them that way. (Make no mistake, the "pest diseases" like smallpox, typhoid fever and diphtheria, have not disappeared—they are merely under control and would re-appear instantly that control were relaxed.) At this unit because it is comparatively small, our facilities are correspondingly small, but we have easy and ready access to larger and more extensively equipped service and civilian hospitals.

Want to spend a few weeks sampling our service? We guarantee nothing, except that you can be sure you won't be frightened or put in a straight jacket, or experimented on, or be operated on without an anaesthetic, or left to die all alone—all the things that people used to think went on inside hospital walls.

ATTENTION!

For the past year I have endeavored to operate a bus service to meet all requirements. I wish to thank all those that have used this means of transportation. Owing to the fact that so few are using the bus, I must reduce the number of runs per day to about half.

The new schedule will appear in the next issue of this paper. Your support, folks, would keep the present schedule in force. "Save gas and rubber, travel by bus." 3 rides for 25c, 14 rides for \$1.00, or \$3.00 per month, for two rides per day.
READ'S BUS SERVICE
Dave Read

SANDY'S STAFF STUFF

In between posting graduates away from No. 19 there comes the odd posting for members of the staff, and during the past two months two of these have cropped up. Pilot Officer R. J. McLeod going down east to a flying instructors' school, and Corporal W. H. Wilson being posted to Brandon. Cpl. Wilson, being from Montreal, has been trying for an eastern posting for over a year now, and has finally succeeded. At this rate he will be in Montreal for Christmas (1950). Members of the supervisory staff were sorry to see them go, but unite in wishing them good luck at their new stations, and hope that promotions are in line for them.

Welcome is extended to Corporal Stevenson, who is filling the place vacated by Cpl. Wilson.

The supervisory staff wish to congratulate Flight Lieutenant E. R. McGUI and Flight Lieutenant A. Madore on their recent promotions.

Newspapers the world over at different times come out with pictures and news of how the troops are helping out in the fields, harvesting in particular, but to really see them in action you don't have to go very far. Lately different members of the staff have tried their hand at stooking. This needless to say, is something new to them, but by the time threshing is underway they should be competent stookers (or stoopers).

Donations are coming in fast for a pair of rubber soled slippers (very valuable) for a certain senior N.C.O. who has a bad habit of walking through the quarters at all hours of the night with an extra heavy pair of boots. Unfortunately these did no good, so it is hoped the slippers will.

It is nice to see Cpl. Turner back at work after his two weeks as station sergeant major. LAC. Docking returned from 14 days leave spent in Neepawa, and reports he had a good time. Apparently Neepawa salt must be very expensive because "Doc" failed to bring back any of his oft-mentioned product of his hometown.

Sergt. Phipps started a much-earned leave Sept. 4th, being the only member of the supervisory staff without a "48" since Christmas. (So he says).

Flight Sgts. Mike Harrison, who was formerly in charge of the orderly room staff here, returned on Sunday with a draft from Saskatoon. Unfortunately Mike returned to Saskatoon the next morning. It was nice seeing him again. During his stay he was pretty busy reuniting old acquaintances, especially female. Mike says he is going to give us the sports dope on any students posted here from Saskatoon. He states the western manning depot has plans laid already for the hockey season—and we'll see Mike himself in rags to go.

Mr. Sklar, flying instructor, also ex self defence instructor, has a class in jiu jitsu for the supervisory staff. Information comes from the hospital that casts are now at a premium. (Take it easy, Mr. Sklar!)

If sleeping is a heavy point-maker in the Brandon sports and field meet on Sept. 16th, certain members of the orderly room staff should be able to gather up quite a few points if entered. Just ask the station disciplinarians. This item is put in by numerous

(Continued on page 8.)

D Flight Instructors' Notes — By "Steve"

During the past month the instructional staff of "D" flight has increased by the addition of Bill Curry, who was formerly with the E.F.T.S. at Edmonton, and Stan Moore, who came from the E.F.T.S. at St. Eugene. We were glad to see them in more ways than one, and hope that they find life at this station to their liking.

Several days ago Bill Dobbs headed for Vancouver, on leave, with his side kick, Ronnie Angus of "C" Flight, and judging from preparations made, the boys intend to squeeze the last possible drop of enjoyment out of the trip. We hope they have a good time and a pleasant trip back. Reg Witt is going around with a gleam in his eyes these days, which could be caused by anticipation of 10 days leave which is in the offing. There seems to be no doubt but that he is going to Vancouver.

The "powers that be" have just published a little booklet entitled, "How's Your Voice?"—to which inquiry we could say, "Terrible!" that is what forty-two or three times twenty sequences to seven and nine seems to suggest. But all joking aside, time spent reading it is not wasted.

ON GOING TO CHURCH
"Why don't you attend church?"
"Well, I've only been in church twice, and both times they treated me rough."

"How did that happen?"
"Well, the first time they threw water on me, and the second time they married me to a woman for life."

"That's a pity," answered the padre. "And the next time you come we shall probably throw a shovelful of dirt in your face."

Moral—Don't wait till that happens.

Maxie Cohen joined the navy. While out in a launch one day the boat capsized. As they were milling around in the water a life-guard approached Maxie and cried out: "Can you float alone?" "Yes," replied Max, "but is this the time to talk business?"

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Ray's SPORT RYLS

The tang of autumn fills the air
 (wonder where friend wife has
 stored the red flannels) . . . dead
 leaves in their dress of glorio-
 hue blow hither and yon . . . the
 wild duck is on the wing . . . (wonder
 could I borrow Art or Perce's
 \$3.98 gun?) . . . Oh, oh—just re-
 membered this is supposed (apt
 word) to be a sport column, not
 the poet's corner. (For poets we
 refer you to George Brandon—and
 his poetry).

Ah yes autumn . . . wonder if
 Charlie Butchart's hockey reminis-
 cences a few days back brought
 on this fall feeling?

Just close your eyes . . . (figu-
 ratively speaking—someone might
 plant you otherwise) . . . when you
 are alone . . . lean back in a cosy
 chair . . . (still alone . . .)

NOW . . . can't you hear the
 smack of reinforced toe against
 the ozone filled epidermis of the
 lowly swine? . . . One can almost
 smell the liniment and alcohol
 (rubbing) . . . the sweat laden air
 of the dressing room after the
 game . . . ah . . . specially that alk-
 y . . . I wonder . . . nope . . . nothing
 downstairs.

Which reminds me—did I ever
 tell you about my first rugby foot-
 ball game?

It so happened that I went into
 my first rugby game greener than
 a week old apple. Just in from a
 whack at fall farming I find that
 school has started. Odd how it es-
 caped my mind then that school
 usually started in September. At
 any rate I have practically decid-
 ed school is better than farming as
 the hours are shorter. The col-
 legiate has taken up the many
 game of grunt and groans—rugby
 football to you. They are right in
 the middle of a series with a
 tough team.

The next home game I get into
 it. One of the "regulars" (a regular
 because he has played in all the
 games—both of them) has to stay
 home and dig potatoes. So being
 fresh from farming and supposed-
 ly toughened up, yours truly is el-
 ected by acclamation to fill the
 breach. Anyway the only other
 fellow left in the class wears
 glasses.

Our coach, manager, trainer, et al
 (one guy, folks) tells me to go
 in at tackle. Well, I go in—but
 come right back out. Those other
 guys shove something terrible! I
 go in again and as soon as play
 starts come out again backwards.
 I think maybe someone's cows are
 in the wrong pasture, and have
 come my way quick like . . .

Apparently I know what end of
 the business as they shift me to
 flying wing. Well, I try flying
 twice (there are no Tigmenschmitts
 then days) but the coach decides
 perhaps I can run better. Which
 also suits me if they let me kick
 my own compass heading. How-
 ever I'm told to carry the ball on
 a line buck—which said buck goes

way off the gold standard and
 pays about ten cents on the dollar.
 After excavating four layers of
 arms, legs, etc, they reach me at
 the bottom. I guess I show signs
 as they tell me to carry the ball
 again on an end run. After some
 guy makes a heck of a mess of
 oral addition I start the run. At
 least I take three steps. Then the
 thundering herd turns up again
 and old terra firma comes up and
 hits me right in the face verra
 firma—and I have picked a young
 rock garden to kiss.

I figure this ball carrying is like
 waving a red flag at the stock-
 yards so I go in as fullback. This
 is easy—for awhile. Until some
 mug comes tearing down the field
 with the ball under one arm and
 the other hand out towards me
 like he wants to shake hands. I
 give him a cool nod as I haven't
 met him formally. Besides I don't
 think I like the look in his eye.
 Finally it dawns on me from var-
 ious things I hear that I am sup-
 posed to stop the guy. I say 'stop'
 very loudly and firmly and hold up
 my hand like the cops used to on
 the corner. He doesn't hear me or
 something and I end up as flat as
 the proverbial pancake—in fact
 some fellow starts home for an
 egg lifter.

Well . . . I have played quarter-
 back, halfback and full back, so I
 go up to the coach and ask if he
 will let me play way back. Well . . .
 he makes some cutting remark
 about me being a good draw back
 —so I quit.

BUT SAY! There's an idea!!
 How about a rugby football or-
 ganization for No. 19, with prac-
 tices, schedule, etc.? 'I'll coach!

Ode To Wet Paint

Mr. Joe, I got complaint,
 About one can of ten cent paint,
 My wife she buy from your damn
 store;

And now, by gar, I'm good an'
 so!

You can see last week the Spring
 she come

An' everything is on the bum;
 Da wall, da floor, da window too,
 Is dirty lak hell. Sacre, Mon Dieu!

Now my wife, she's clean an' neat,
 So she buy paint for toilet seat;

An' one whole week we watch
 with eye.

But goldam paint she no get dry!
 My wife ain't tall, she's kinda fat,
 Now you should see jus' where she
 sat;

She's got a ring around complete
 Where she sit down on toilet seat.
 I say to her, Serves you right!
 To try to be so gosh darn tight!

That ten cent paint he's no damn
 good,

He won't dry on no damn wood.
 My daughter too, she's got ring
 roun'

When on toilet seat she go sit
 down.

For one whole week, by gar, we
 wait

Till now we all-got constipate.
 By gar, we don't know wat to do,
 You got to eat an' some go 'tru;
 My wife she cry, an' cry, an' cry,
 But goldam paint she no get dry.
 An' she got sister, Evangus.

Who live all tam in house wit us:
 Last night I look where she sit
 down.

Hell, she so fat she almos' roun'.
 I'm try wipe off wit turpentine—
 She howl like wolf, she lose her
 mind!

I'm scared like hell for half a day,
 De skin come off, de paint he stay.
 I live long tam but never see,
 A man what got so mad like me.

When I think about da paint—
 By gar, I'm mad, I almost faint.

Now, Mr. Joe, I'm asking you,
 Just wat the hell we going to do?
 For how can house be nice an'
 neat.

When paint don't dry on toilet
 seat? —That Guy Anon.

How would you pay for a mid-
 get's coffin? Why a cheque for a
 short bier.

LAC. Dionne Maybe!
 An airman proudly displayed a
 telegram received from his wife:
 "Just had twins—more by mail.
 Love, Mary."

**Smells From the Cook
 House Door—By Heck**

Mike's benign smile beams
 broader every day as he wactices
 the elbows bend as the boys stow
 away their meals, and acts like a
 happy fatner every time one of
 his waitresses makes a date with
 a man in blue.

Little Steve is gradually losing
 his appetite, so he says. Why, we
 wonder? Is it love; or just plain
 cussedness. Every day he strikes
 the door with a surge grin, which
 gradually disappears as he walks
 down the dining room. Things
 may change—don't give up hope,
 Steve.

Wonder why Jim didn't like the
 flowers in the gals' hair—was he
 jealous? Did he want to wear one?

When the dinner gong sounds
 and the tramp of feet is heard at
 the mess hall door, the beat of
 the girls' hearts increases in tem-
 po. For a few minutes there's a
 mad rush to get this little thing
 for George and that for Pat, and
 a voice is heard to quer: Have
 you had enough, boys, or can I
 get anything for you? This is the
 song of the mess hall.

What waitress has a new neph-
 ew and wishes it to be named
 Allan?

Seems that the most lonesome
 waitress—D.D.—isn't so lonesome
 any more. She seems to have a
 second best.

What two waitresses came to
 work slightly bow-legged from
 horseback riding? And why did
 they stand up all day? Ask Ina
 and Bernice if they have any idea.

We don't (it's the gals speak-
 ing) want any more married air-
 men going round breaking the
 hearts of our waitresses! In the
 future this will be heavily penaliz-
 ed.

And are some of our waitresses
 catty when one of the girls man-
 ages to grab off a nice boy friend!

Take warning, boys, take warn-
 ing, and do not talk too loud or
 long as the rules and regulations
 are slightly changed—being: No
 unnecessary chatter in the mess.

Our very charming waitress in
 the civilian dining hall has really
 had to put on speed as the number
 of guests has greatly increased.
 But she has a sparkle in her eye,
 a flush on her cheeks and a swing
 to the hips that can't be beat, and
 we don't mean maybe.

By the way—we promise a fol-
 low up each month, and we won't
 spare anyone!

The Maintenance Men

We're not romantic looking,
 No neat flying togs we wear;

We sometimes may need shaving,
 Grease and oil get in our hair.

Our pant seats don't get polished
 And we sure ain't got the time
 To manicure our finger nails

And shoot a heavy line.
 We don't get pretty pins and stars
 And other apple sauce.

We just turn out a decent job
 Or get hell from the boss.

Publicity don't mention us,
 Our pictures would not do
 To show the civvy public—
 We're just the hangar crew.

Next time you hear a pilot brag
 About how he is hot,
 At keeping schedules rain or shine

He's Johnny on the spot,
 Why you just kinda grin at him
 And bet your bottom dime,
 That it's the good old mainten-
 ance gang

That gets him there on time.
 Written for No. 4 S.F.T.S., Sas-
 katoon "Reconnaissance" paper by
 Walsh, Overhaul Flight.

**Air Port Tiger Reds
 Take Creamery Crew**

On Tuesday, Aug. 18, the Tiger
 Reds and Virden Creamery met in
 a softball game at the exhibition
 grounds. The Reds opened up with
 all their best tricks and swamped
 the Creamery 25-8. Both sides
 pulled some smart plays. "Myrt."
 on second for the creamery, was a
 star with some smart catches—
 and a lot of bumps.

The match was a play-off as
 the Tigers had one in the bag and
 another contest was a tie.

The station team used W. Arm-
 strong, M. Egerton, W. Warren,
 F. Rodgers, M. Bell, E. Eles, J.
 Joseph, A. Janaway.

"Something Good"

How would it help in the work of
 the day.

As we pass by, on the busy high-
 way.

To have some one say, without
 much ado.

You know, "I heard something
 good about you."

When you've bestowed comfort to
 those in pain.

Or cheered one who's lost, to take
 heart again.

It helps when you're weary to
 hear some one say—

"I heard something good about
 you today."

When you have suffered the unde-
 served kick,

And harsh words around you fall
 fast and thick.

A friend comes and says, when
 you're sure feeling blue,

"You know, I heard something
 good about you."

And when I have covered the last
 rugged mile,

I know there is One who will give
 me the smile,

And say from a heart so kindly
 and true.

"Come in, I know something good
 about you."

—William Barnes Lower.

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 invite your inspection.

Seventh Avenue Virden, Man.

PERTH'S

Winnipeg

LAUNDERERS DRY CLEANERS

Personnel of No. 19 E.F.T.S. may turn in Laundry and Dry Cleaning
 to Station Stores on Mondays and Thursday and it will be returned
 in four days to Station Stores - - No Transportation Costs

COURSE FAREWELLED AT PARTY, AUG. 15th

No. 19 E.F.T.S. bade farewell to another course of pilot students on August 15th, and feted them in the usual manner with a banquet de luxe.

Sergeant E. C. Walley acted as chairman, and after Father Lynch said grace the banquet officially got underway with silence showing better than words the hearty appreciation that is felt towards the species of "grub" provided at these banquets.

When the last plate had been cleaned, "The King" was toasted and presentations were made.

Sergeant Walley received the Gerald Murphy Memorial Award for being "the most promising" pupil pilot of the course, the presentation being made by Flight-Lieut. A. Madore. Mr. J. R. Morgan presented LAC. P. G. W. Walker with the Garfield Madore Trophy, for being "the most generally proficient" airman. LAC. J. A. Bollen, who had the highest average in ground school, received the Murphy Ground School Award from Mr. B. J. Stefansson. Congratulations were bestowed on the graduates by Flight-Lieut. E. R. McGill on behalf of the R.C.A.F. LAC. J. Godwin, one of the American boys in the course, thanked the personnel of Virden Flying Training School and the R.C.A.F. staff of No. 1 for the treatment and interest given the

students during their period of training.

A few highly comical skits were presented by members of the graduation class, after which the banquet was dispersed and the boys proceeded downtown, where they enjoyed an evening of dancing to the music generously provided by the Virden Nite Hawks.

The following ladies were guests at the dance: Misses Nina McLean, Dorothy McMillan, Bernice Luff, May Wilson, Annie Jessiman, Phyllis Gardner, May Gardner, Phyllis McDougall, Florence Sinclair, Louise Newby, Donna Newby, Sheila Sinclair, Hazel Stamm, Margaret Sinclair, Mary Fitzpatrick, J. Fox, Helen Sinclair, Dorothy Dodds, Louise Ready, Joyce Hartley, June Beerman, Kathleen Beerman, Ruth Featherstone, Helen Middleton, Minnie Bennett, Jessie Eley, Dorothy Cook, Thelma Cheavins, Marion Whiteford, Jean Ready, Clara Dilts, M. McDwen, M. Caldwell, N. Williams, Olive Miller, Mildred Kendrick, Ada Read, Ruth Gabel, Kay Davis, G. H. Meyers, Margaret Harkness, June Robinson and Misses Staples, Wright, Campbell, Savage, Sharnles and Beck. Mrs. Scorey and Mrs. W. McDonald.

Determination And Pluck Win Again

We have received a tale of determination and pluck from Cpl. Link Instructor Frank Madore, the tale that glowingly illustrates the saying that you may be down but need not be out. In the hope that young men on the station may take a lesson from it, here is his story:

"It was with deep regret that I read in the last issue of 'The Tiger Rag' of Ray's unsuccessful attempt to get his name in headlines and lights as a rasser. I realize how our Ray must have felt. But much better not to have made the glorious headlines than to be and then meet your doom.

"Let me relate my experiences as a high diver. Unlike my rasser friend, Ray, I once had my name shining all over this America of ours... high headlines... theatres... news reels... What a feat I pulled off. I dove from a 50 foot tower into a 10 foot circular pool five feet deep. The world was at my feet. For two years I led the life of a singer... wine... women and song. Ah, dear readers, what a time.

"But, alas, came my downfall. One day there appeared another name in the headlines. A mere female had dived from an 80 foot tower into a five foot pool, two feet deep! Overnight myackle public went against me... down came my name. Imagine how I felt, walking around friendless... bedraggled... barefooted... but need I go further... watching my picture torn from billboards, etc. Oh, much better to have been like Ray, who never tasted all the heady glory!

BUT—I was not beaten—not I. For once having slipped from the sweetened cup I was determined to come back... this time I would show them... fame once more would be mine.

"And what a feat in high diving I pulled. Yes, sir! I dived off the Empire State Building into a damp rag."

Lincoln's Famous Letter

Here is that letter of President Abraham Lincoln to Mrs. Bixby of Boston. The letter is a gem that does not go amiss:

"I have been shown in the files of the war department a statement that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom."

B Flight Hangar Crew Comment — By G.S.

As the paper goes to press, your wide awake reporter goes to work.

Members of B flight staged a stag farewell for Len Sveinson before his departure. Len enlisted for air crew and has by now begun his training.

The party got underway with a short session at the Alex. then to Mr. Whittington's suite, where the boys (single, married, etc.) let themselves out.

Soon after arriving in comes Mr. Sveinson, who had been taking his 20-hour test with Mr. Crosby. At this point, Mr. Clark presented Len with a Gladstone bag on behalf of the boys of B flight and the gas truck crew. A toast to the honored guest was made by Mr. Whittington, to which the recipient replied suitably and feelingly.

The gathering was honored by the presence of Mr. T. Caddick, chief engineer; Mr. W. Thompson C flight crew chief, and Mr. M. Bellamy and his repair department crew.

Your reporter could go to no end on the party, but time and space is limited. So, on behalf of all the boys at No. 19 E.F.T.S., we wish Len "Happy Landings."

Hoot Owl Department

Who is the man who sat on the floor with a bottle of rye?

Who was the bartender that served depth charges?

Who was the crew chief that had a ride in a basonette?

Who was the crew chief that told of his double parachute jump (at Brandon)?

Who was the engineer that had a drink out of a pitcher?

Who was the apprentice that went "Indian" after the party?

Who was the gas truck driver that made a mistake on the way home?

For the answers to these various riddles see the following page.

Our Country Cousin

Dear Cousin—Your Uncle has a job at last, the first time he has worked in over 40 years. We are rich now—\$17.25 every week. So we rote to one of them there big stores for one of them there new bathroom like you rich folks have. It came and we had her put up all rite. You should see it.

Over on one side of the room is a big long white troff like the pigs drink out of, only you kin take a bath all over at onot. Over on the other side of the room is a white gadget hanging on the wall called a Zink. This is for light washing, like hands and face. They also sent us a roll of writing paper but its kinda cheap I think — it rips easy and has holes acrost it wich seem to make it tear easier.

But over in the corner—wow! They got a thing there you can put one foot in it and scrub it till it gets clean and then you pull a chain and git fresh water for the other foot. Two lids came on the dang thing but they kep falling down and hitting grandpaw on the knees so now Ma is using one for a bread board and we framed Aunt Martha's pitcher in the other. Yours truly, Cousin Abner.

It's easy to tell when a girl is a peach—the tighter you squeeze her the mushier she gets.

"A" Flight Blabber

Suffering from one of the worst blitzes that ever hit any one flight of men. A flight of the last course to graduate—torn, cut and scared—managed (under the leadership of its popular "Sarg", to pull themselves together for the graduation party.

Regardless of the heavy casualty list the fellows did a good job all around, and have a record to be proud of.

The graduation banquet was a huge success and we believe every fellow enjoyed himself. The entertainment (supervised by "Sarg" Younger) and in my opinion more professional than amateur, was tops. A couple of snappy pieces by LAC. Blackfoot on the "88"... LAC. Manson, who played swing on the bagpipes—and maybe that wasn't something—and the highlight: A musical drama of "An Airman's Adventures at Virden," by LAC. Moen and LAC. Webb. Maybe Mrs. Webb didn't know how well her airman could entertain—or did she? The boys were rewarded by the tremendous applause for all the items.

Congrats to LAC. Brownlee of A flight, who won the M.G.S. award, and to LAC. Walton, also of A flight, who won the G.M.M. trophy. LAC. Walton was called home unexpectedly and was unable to be present at the graduation party.

The members of A flight wish to take this opportunity of publicly wishing LACs. Moen, Olson and Walton all the success and luck in the world at Uplands. Keep those Harvard's humming fellows—and watch out for the Cessnas when they breeze past.

And so it's goodbye to No. 19. Thanks a lot everybody from everybody in A.—LAC. Adams.

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Personal Notes

During the month Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brimacombe had as their guests, the latter's sister-in-law, Mrs. W. G. Riddell, and daughters Beverly and Sandra, and Miss Marion Riddell, Victoria, B.C., who is Mrs. Brimacombe's sister.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Bellamy and sons are on a two week holiday.

Sgt. and Mrs. S. Shead spent a 14-day furlough at Stonewall with friends.

Mrs. E. G. Lindston and daughter left last week for a holiday visit with the former's parents in Winnipeg.

Norman Delmonica, Vancouver, spent a few days here last month visiting Flying Instructor Bert Price. Mr. Delmonica was en route to Winnipeg to take tests for his commercial flying license.

Mr. John Smith, Charleswood, visited his son, H. J. Smith, and Mrs. Smith recently. Mr. Smith is hale and hearty at 82 years, still leading an active life, enjoying his gardening in particular. In his younger days in England he knew Mary Ann Evans Cross (better known as George Eliott—The Mill on the Floss, and other works).

Mr. Smith was born in the same parish, Chivers Cotton, Warwickshire, and at one time worked for George Eliott's nephew on the farm that was the locale for The Mill on the Floss.

Kart and Harold Thorsteinson spent their holidays visiting at Wynyard, Sask.

Cpt. G. L. Turner returned the middle of last month from two weeks spent in Winnipeg.

W. P. Carmichael, secretary-treasurer of the school, spent a week in Winnipeg last month.

Mrs. E. Palmer returned to her home in Winnipeg last week after visiting Mr. and Mrs. Reg. Palmer.

Flying Instructor Reg Sudaby, who commutes to his Souris home in the Pietenpole ship built by himself and others at Souris, says he uses such big landing wheels because they make landing in the bumpy cow pastures much more comfortable. By the way, Reg—how do you prevent slip or skid?

Mr. and Mrs. Bob Macaulay returned last week from their holiday, spent at Winnipeg and Winnipeg Beach.

W. A. Smith, i.e. guards, spent an enjoyable ten day holiday with his family at Kenora.

David Shearer, young son of Air Vice-Marshal Shearer, A.O.C. No. 2 Command, Winnipeg, visited Mr. Chas. Goulding for a time last month. During David's stay he assisted in the stores department.

LAC. Ivan Scott, who was formerly on No. 19's hangar staff and who later took his elementary training here, landed his Cessna training plane here recently for a brief visit. Ivan was on a routine training flight from No. 10 S. F. T.S., Dauphin.

Mrs. Ray Evans left last week to visit her parents at Morden, Man.

Bill Carefoot and Ed Garlick have been posted to No. 19 E.F. T.S. on indefinite leave for hangar duty after enlisting last month in the R.C.A.F.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Penny and son left Thursday for a short visit to Winnipeg.

Mrs. C. Goulding spent the past two weeks visiting her mother in Winnipeg.

Mr. and Mrs. Reg Ronald and Mary leave today on a two week vacation trip, heading first for Winnipeg.

Mrs. J. P. Moore spent a two week holiday with her parents in Brandon, returning to Virden last week.

Who is that striking gentleman in the department at the west end of the hangar? Well, the secret is out—it's none other than Merle Edgerton. He has bowled the high five pin score at Victory Bowling alley. Merle chalked up 378, the best to date.

Dripping Diving Drama

A Story in Two Parts
The scene opens with fun loving airman frolics around the edge of our beautiful open air swimming pool, when into their midst strode one who did not frolic, one who did not share in their mad gallops around the pool, and who did not raise his voice in a mad Indian war whoop. But he was one who was noticed by them. "Could it be," said they, "that this airman silently makes fun of our way of banishing the worries and cares of this world? Let us forcefully make him one of us." Thereupon these thoughtful airman immediately proceeded to carry out their plans and, without warning what-so-ever, threw the now not so silent airman into the beautiful open air pool. When the airman came to the top not a word was spoken by him as he silently threshed the water. How were these laughing, yelling pushers-inners to know that his mouth was full of water when he didn't tell them? Feebler and feebler grew his struggles until finally:

(Don't miss the gripping finale of this two part drama on page 8.)

Weddings of Interest to Personnel of School

Williamson-Haskett

The United Church manse, Virden, was the scene of a pretty wedding at 10 a.m. Friday, Aug. 21st, when Violet Jane, second youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas James, of Springdale district, became the bride of Mr. William Ellis Williamson, only son of Mrs. W. R. Williamson and the late Mr. Williamson of Winnipeg.

The bride was most charming in a dress of beige crepe with hat and accessories to match and a corsage of lovely bridal roses and gladioli.

Miss Doreen Haskett, her sister's bridesmaid, wore a suit of striped beige with brown accessories; her corsage was of roses and sweet peas.

The bridegroom was attended by his stepbrother, Mr. F. Williamson, of Detroit, Mich. Rev. W. A. Osborne of St. Paul's United Church officiated.

Among those at the ceremony were Mrs. W. R. Williamson, the bridegroom's mother; Mrs. T. Haskett, mother of the bride; Mrs. F. Williamson, of Detroit, and Mr. J. Haskett, brother of the bride.

Following the service a bridal breakfast was served at the home of the bride's parents, where congratulations were extended. The happy couple left immediately for Winnipeg Beach. They will live in Virden.—Empire Advance, Virden.

Layman-Rammell

A wedding of much interest to pioneer families of British Columbia took place in Stella Maris Church, White Rock, on Wednesday, Aug. 5th, when Jacqueline Kijlin, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Rammell, of Aldergrove, was united in marriage to Flying Instructor Thomas Lawrence Layman, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Layman of Bradner, Rev. Fr. Kennedy officiated.

The bride was attired in a floor-length gown of blue sheer trimmed in blue, with shirred waist band giving a dirndl effect. Her shoulder length veil was petal shaped and surmounted by a coronet of deeper blue leaves outlined in silver and she carried a bouquet of pink rosebuds.

The bridesmaids were Miss Barbara Perry of Lacombe, Arm and Miss Madeline Cleri of Victoria, both first cousins of the bride. They wore gowns of pink and aqua, floor length, and carried bouquets of sweet peas and gardenias. Mr. Leslie MacDonald of Bradner acted as best man.

After the ceremony a buffet breakfast was served in the garden at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jack Barr, Marine Drive, White Rock.

Mr. and Mrs. Layman later left for a short honeymoon at Banff en route to Virden, Man. where the bridegroom is stationed.—B.C. paper.

Warning to the Gals!

As the old story goes, when dog bites man it is just an unfortunate common occurrence. But when man bites dog—well-l, all the town turns out. We have a bit of news just as astounding as the latter.

The other day a certain gentleman (claimed by all and sundry to be a woman-hater) fell for a certain lady. (Oh, Curly, the polka on those floors!—or was it good old Johnson's wax?). Anyway, he fell, but whether his vision was of wedding bells or stars, time alone can tell—certainly we never shall!

Now, who is this "strong, silent man," and who the lady? Ah, my gentle reader, you'll never guess!

It all started over an orange—that pleasant tasting, unoffensive fruit so much enjoyed by most of us—and was climaxed by a debate on what made more noise going under a fence than a pig. We do agree that there is little or no connection between the subject of oranges and pigs, nevertheless, these are the facts: G.R. suggested two pigs made more noise than one but the lady in question suggested that G.R. made more noise than the pigs. Well, friends, that wrote the finale to the argument. G.R. rushed the lady (out of the canteen), and he fell, yes, and fell hard, too.

Ah, G.R., you should watch your step—such technique as yours is hard to surpass! Look out you gals!

Whoot Owl Dent. Answers.
Owing to the war military secrets are barred for the duration.

Traditionally, North Americans enjoy razzing British humor. An American says, "He who laughs last is an Englishman." Forget that there's six hours difference in time.

Station Stores Slander

Storekeeper's Paradise, a place where: A humble stove bolt is as good as an aircraft bolt anyway; they do not use bed linen; priority ratings are not known; vouchers are a thing of the past; they can issue equipment without worrying about getting it back; there is no laundry; there is no stores.

It was noticed that two days after the Auditor General's staff left the station the two members of Virden detachment of the R.C.M. police appeared on the station. Can it be that Charlie Gouling and his staff have mislaid some of His Majesty's property. Or were they checking up on our Kitchen Mike for carrying extra passengers on his unmatured motor . . . (you name it, we can't?)

Help Wanted

With the winter in the offing the usual share of grief for the maintenance department will soon make its appearance. Will all the members of the station staff who understand and know so much about the operation of the space heaters, better than the firemen who maintain them, please apply to the maintenance superintendent, who will welcome the help and will result in less broken parts when the stokers are in operation.

Soon Bill McFee, our genial assistant C.F.L., will be calling for loads of Grade A Glare Breaker Upper for the field. Will any person knowing the whereabouts of a quantity of this scarce product please communicate with Bill, but remember it must be Grade A. (Members of A flight hangar crew need not apply for distribution positions).

We notice that the Mezzanine Floor in the hangar is being extended and it is rumored that the extension is to be used for a tea room with the crew chiefs pouring tea from 3 to 4 p.m. daily. Proceeds to be used for heavy winter underwear for Lindop's kittens.

HARD WORKING MAN GETS A REPRIMAND

There's one flight commander who is the source of worry to all concerned at No. 19 E.F.T.S. This man's chief offense is working after hours. In this country as well as others, civil wars have occurred to rid itself of this evil . . . particularly when its starts to effect your dinner hour, your plans, the date you have with your gal, and even the bath tub has to be forgotten . . . just because a man wants to do a few more circuits (after flying has been w.o.) that are definitely no use to anyone except tire manufacturers.

Please consider the doctor, the gas tender, driver, the control tower officer, the ground crew, the time-keepers, the ambulance driver, and many others who would like to get away from the job on TIME . . . even if YOU don't.

Guard Room Gossip

Overheard in the guard room: Guard showing visitors through the guard house—This is the room where the Service Police sleep. Visitor—Oh, this is where Sergt. Gall sleeps, then. Guard—Yes, when he is on duty.

Heard at the hangar one dark night: Guard outside—If you hear anybody walk outside the hangar you will know it's me. Guard, inside the hangar—If you hear anybody shoot, you'll know it's me.

The proud mother was walking down the avenue with her son, LAC. Smith. Puzzled, she asked: "Eddie, is it only the officers who have to salute you?"

Ladies!!

The way you look affects so many people — your family, your friends. To them a woman's beauty stands for courage, serenity, a gallant heart . . . so the time spent in the Nu-Art Beauty Salon isn't selfish or frivolous. It is part of your job of morale — it is a woman's way of saying: We won't be beaten. So make your appointment at the

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Here are two men who should provide personnel of the station with an odd bit of news now and then of their home towns. They are R. D. Colquett, CBC's genial Neighbourly News commentator, and his friendly announcer, Maurice Burchell. They are on the air Sunday mornings at 9.45 C.D.S.T., and give tit-bits of news gleaned from the weekly newspapers of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. You may hear something from your old home town.

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SANDY'S STAFF STUFF
 (Continued from page 2)

requests: "There is a certain custom in the R.C.A.F. known as 'Hook-wetting'." NOTE, all those concerned.

Additions by "Hen"

Cpl. Sanderson was not the most anxious person in the world to attend the semi-monthly banquet in honor of the graduating class, but let it be said that our delinquent hero was fully as eager as the next person to get his mitts into the soft white meat of a turkey breast.

Now, as fate would have it, our poor unfortunate hero had the rare bad luck to choose a seat at the banquet table immediately opposite that well known baritone, Mr. H. J. Smith. Needless to say, before even the inertia starter had been served Messrs. Sanderson and Smith were fighting furiously over the tasty bits of coolant which littered the table. It soon looked as if the sneers and boos of the two were going to lead to actual dispute. However, the arrival of the ballast and wing loading (main course) prevented such a disastrous turn of events. Let us leave our two ravenous friends to the sound of much chop smacking and licking of lips.

Looking around the huge banquet hall, our eye is naturally drawn to the lean and spare figure of the chairman. One ponders the matter for some minutes, wondering what Mother Nature is coming to a Partridge eating a turkey!

Guest of honor is Group Captain Bonham-Carter. He sits at the head of the table next to L.A.C. Partridge. The Group Captain is trying vainly to unconcernedly eat his way through a big plate of turkey and dressing. However this is to all intents and purposes, utterly impossible, for no sooner does he lift his eyes from his plate than everyone tries to get his attention and pretend previous acquaintance.

Fuel having been rationed out, the King was toasted.

Youngest among the big shots seated at the head of the table, and given the doubtful honor of addressing us, the other ranks, was Flight Lieut. McGill, our present chief supervisor officer, who has so efficiently filled the gap left when Flight Lieut. Woods was called away on temporary duty. This was the man, then, that Chairman Partridge called upon to speak first. Being keen, conscientious and kanable, our young fliet

Louie made short work of his speech, ending by introducing the one and only Group Capt. Bonham-Carter. The Group Captain rose in some consternation, nodding with his chair and hopping around first on one foot, then the other. One was almost led to believe that the dread Gestapo was indeed on the renowned group captain's trail? Our fears were ended, light was shed upon the puzzle and the reason for the queer antics was soon forthcoming. It would seem that the gentleman in question had arrived unprepared for a speech—deeming it wise to depend upon a friend, said friend having a far larger repertoire of parlor tricks. This friend was now some time overdue, and seeing the situation lost, the group captain grabbed the bull by the horns, and pulling the rabbit out of that hat, came forth with one of the best informal talks ever to echo in the old banquet hall.

During the presentations and program everyone had the general attitude of stalling for time, and of having one ear cocked for the drone of the Cessna, the sign of the return of the C.F.I. and the group captain's stooge. However, this event did not occur until the banquet broke up in order that arrangements for the dance might be made. Thus the students were the losers, for Squadron Leader Nichols could have told them many things of both technical and personal interest.

A soldier was being rushed across Canada by air. At Dorval a yellow truck rushed up and refueled the airship. At Ft. William up sped a yellow truck and again the plane was gassed. The same at Virden. Another yellow truck at Moesbank, and another as they landed at the coast. Said the pilot to his army passenger, "Have you ever seen anything go as fast as this plane across country?" Said the passenger: "Say, buddy, that yellow truck didn't do so bad!"

Fiftieth Anniversary

St. Mary's Anglican Church extends a welcome to all airmen and personnel of No. 19 E.F.T.S. to attend the special services commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the church. The services will be held Sunday, Sept. 6th.

Rev. Canon G. W. Findlay, M.A., of the parish of St. James, Winnipeg, will be the celebrant at 8 a.m. Choral Communion, will preach at the 11 a.m. Morning Prayer, and again at a special Masonic service at 3 p.m. Rev. Canon W. J. Finch, rural dean, will be the preacher at 7 p.m. Evensong.

In celebration of the anniversary, the Women's Auxiliary of St. Mary's will hold their annual Fall Supper in the Parish Hall on Monday, Sept. 7th, from 5.30 to 8 p.m. This will be followed by an hour of entertainment, which will include a one act play and musical numbers, featuring several No. 19 artists. Everyone is cordially invited to attend. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Freda Smith, at the airman's mess, or Miss Mary Davis, administration office.—Rev. A. H. Cummings, rector, St. Mary's Anglican Church.

DRIPPING DIVING DRAMA
 (Part Two)

In the midst of frolics was one who through many years of swimming had gained a reputation that was whispered by all the great swimming stars, but whose fame was unknown in this obscure part of the hemisphere. The wailing struggles of the vanishing Canadian did not go unnoticed by our hero, and into the water dived Dozar.

Yes! Dozar the Demon Diver! Down, down, down dived Dozar. Down, deep down into the dark, deep, dangerous, dull, dour, doubtful water dived Dozar the Demon Diver, doubly distinguished diver, doing duty deliberately in divine descent, until into his husky arms he held our hapless airman.

The moral of this story is: Never go in the water unless you have someone near you like Dozar (God bless him), even though the water is only four feet deep.

Author Unknown, by request

Anyone interested in buying a second-hand tooth brush see Cliff.

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'Twas the night before pay day,
 And all through my jeans,
 I hunted in vain
 For the price of some beans.
 Not a nickle was stirring,
 Not even a bit;
 The times were off duty,
 The pennies had quit.
 Oh, forward, turn forward,
 Oh Time, in thy flight,
 And make it tomorrow—
 Just for tonight.

—Author Unknown

READ THE TIGER RAG REGULARLY - PREVENT THAT THINKING FEELING

If it's tea cup reading you want, visit the Duchess (alias Gracie), in the kitchen.

Apprentice's definition of a bolt and nut: A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal, such as iron, with a square bunch at one end, and a lot of scratchings wound around the other. A nut is similar to a bolt, only just the opposite, being a hole in a chunk of iron, sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole.

Rastus broke camp and was soon challenged by a sentry: "Halt, or I'll fill y' full of lead!" replied Rastus. "So does I," replied the sentry. "I mean business." "So does I," replied Rastus. "I've got a mother in hebban, a father in de udder place, an' I's got a gal in Harlem—and I means to see one ob dem tonight."

The torpedoeed ship was sinking and a sailor found himself floating near the padre. "I wish I had been a better man," sputtered the sailor. "Yes," said the padre, thoughtfully, "I wish I had been a better swimmer."

Mr. Tully: "I want some salivas this side of the walk. What do you think we should put over there?"
 Scotty: "Maybe it would be a good idea to put in spittoonias."

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