

4.  
10. Where is it, if the truth were told,  
Our thoughts will turn like sheep to fold?  
I'll tell you, it will be the old  
H/O.

\* \* \* \* \*

A practise cross-country run was held on Saturday, the 22nd. Thirteen cadets assembled at Taylors Laundry, Kilmore Street, and set sail from there at approximately 2.45 on an enjoyable canter round Hagley. The only discomfort suffered was that caused by the rush of wind past their ears as they headed down the home stretch, back to home base where they were entertained at afternoon tea by Mr. C. Taylor.

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The gymnasts are busy practising for the Y.M.C.A. Annual Display which will be held at the end of September in the Radiant Hall. Casualties have been very light in these classes, an odd bruise here and there, mostly there, is all that has been suffered to date, but we have hopes of collecting something a little more advanced before the end of the season.

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Arrangements have been made for a Fitter Instructor from an R.N.Z.A.F. Station to hold a class for the purpose of tearing our Moth into little pieces. The classes will be held on Tuesday evenings from 1900-2100 hours, commencing on September the 1st. It is not thought necessary to hold these classes over an extended period as the fundamentals are soon learned, and then the fun begins. Cadets will provide their own hammers and saws, and it is hoped that there will be enough pieces left over to build the Wing's very own glider.

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### "HIGH FLIGHT"

This poem "High Flight" has been chosen by officials of the Library of Congress in Washington, U.S.A., to rank with the poetic masterpieces of the last war. It was written by John Gillespie Magee before he was killed in action with the Royal Canadian Air Force in December last, and permission has been granted for it to be posted in all pilot-training centres of the British Empire. In a recent exhibition at the Congress Library "High Flight" shared a case with Rupert Brooke's "The Soldier" and John McCrae's "In Flanders Field."

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings,  
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth  
Of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things  
You have not dreamed of -  
wheeled and soared and swung  
High in the sunlight silence. Hov'ring there  
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung  
My eager craft through footless halls of air.

P.T.O.