MTB MESSAGE TO BASE

APRIL, 1944 VOLUME 1, No. 9



Our Easter Honey

No. 1 C. N. S. RIVERS, MAN.

"Buy A Bond"

F/O A. W. JOHNSON, *Training Wing Adjutant*

YOU'D give a lot to take a shot,
At Schickklegrubber 'cross the pond.
Well, here's your chance to kick the pants
Of all his gang. Just buy a bond.

You spend hard cash each night you dash
Out gaily with that snappy blond,
When next you meet, why not "Dutch treat"?
So sorry, please. Must buy a bond.

Buy with a smile. It's quite the style,
Get into step with "tout le mond,"
You speed the blitz to wash out Fritz,
Each time you dig to buy a bond.

The victory can never be,
Thro' wishful thought or magic wand,
The men that fight need tools that bite,
So dig down deep and buy a bond.

Let no man say that on the day,
When asked to buy, you merely yawned,
You failed to heed the urgent need,
And said you could not buy a bond.

But rather that you went to bat,
With all you had and even pawned,
Your shirt for dough to make it so,
That you could proudly buy a bond.



M. T. B.

By kind permission of GROUP CAPTAIN W. A. MURRAY

Editor-in-Chief—F/O D. A. RITCHIE

EDITORIAL STAFF

Assistant Editors ..... SGT. R. FERGUSON, S/O K. FULMER

Sports Editor ..... F/S HAROLD BOUGHEN

Artists ..... P/O D. A. WRIGHT, LAC J. SMITH

Photographers ..... F/S ED. GREY, CPL. MONTAGUE

Business Manager ..... F/S CHAS. DOW

Circulation Manager ..... F/S R. LANDRY

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VOLUME 1, No. 9 APRIL, 1944

EDITOR'S CORNER

ONE of the most welcome feelings we experience is the one that sweeps over us as we note signs of approaching spring. This year sure fire indications are more welcome than ever before, heralding as they do, the termination of a winter that never did develop as such. A soft touch, indeed. And how do we know that spring is in the offing? Because not many days ago a whole busload of Riverites spotted a crow and a crow's judgment is good enough for us anytime. At any rate it's a happy thought.

Life at Rivers in March was highlighted by several occasions of interest. Possibly the most noteworthy one was the three day splurge for our ski enthusiasts on the banks of the Minnedosa. Several casualties developed but that's all part of the sport. At least the skiers had three days of fun before the slopes resumed their exasperating bareness.

Entertainment par excellence was to the fore when "Swing Time" invaded No. 1 C.N.S. the 3rd week in March. A troupe of professional entertainers, eight in number and all male, made their presence felt by everyone on the station. Giving generously of their time and abilities, they performed twice at the Recreation Hall, once at the Drill Hall, at the Airmen's Dance, and at the W.D.'s Spring Tea. They also put on a clever floor show during intermission at the Officer's Dance on the Saturday nite and gave a special showing for hospital patients on Sunday afternoon. So everyone was given ample opportunity to see them and enjoyed their novel antics immensely. Certainly an early return will be welcomed by all.

Speaking of troupes brings to mind our approaching treat on Saturday, April 29th, when we are scheduled to have the Great-West Life gang from Winnipeg. They are rated the very best in Manitoba and after trying for four months to book them, our efforts have finally been rewarded. Make a note of the date because you won't be disappointed.

The W.D. Spring Tea on Saturday, March 25th proved outstandingly successful. It was the first of its kind and judging from the number who attended from town, it will not be the last. Congratulations, Women's Division, especially the Committee in charge, for your initiative and splendid results.

The second Sports Nite was held in mid-March and like the first one, thoroughly enjoyed by everyone in attendance. These evenings are planned for once a month and are becoming increasingly popular. Just one big happy family is the spirit of the party with fun for all. Watch for announcement of the next one in the near future.

This month M.T.B. is featuring our Station hospital. Normally, unpleasant memories are part and parcel at the very mention of the place, but not so at Rivers. Just ask anyone who has ever been admitted their opinion for the same old story "Their staff treat you marvellously, the food is super and the whole building is spotless." It is a real pleasure, this month, to introduce this popular section to M.T.B. readers.

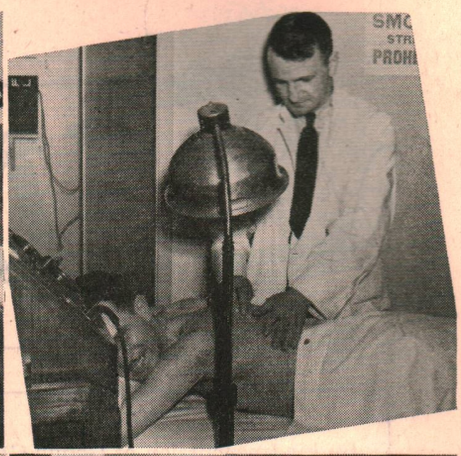
During his short 2½ months as Features Editor, P/O Bruce Keith left his indelible mark on the pages of M.T.B., and especially with all who knew him. His many friends will be pleased to hear that Bruce is now hard at work in the Air Training Directorate, A.F.H.Q., busily engaged in the monthly despatch of training pamphlets. He wrote to say that the next "Mentioned in Despatches" to reach Rivers will be his "baby."

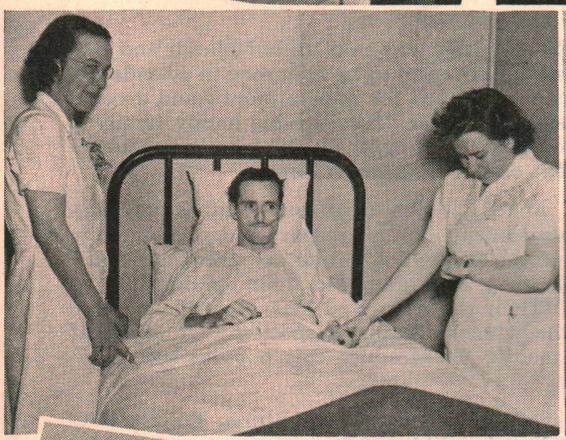
Our popular photographer, Flying Officer Bill Grand, received his overseas posting in early March and departed on embarkation leave but quickly. He went out of here wreathed in smiles at the prospects of seeing his new six weeks old son in Vancouver before proceding overseas. Oh yes, and his wife! It is impossible to express in so many words our indebtedness to Bill for his pictorial contributions to M.T.B. since its inception last August. He set a standard that will keep us busy to maintain. Fortunately F/S Ed Grey has been close to the job for the past two or three months and was able to take complete charge immediately as this issue proves beyond all doubt. He will be assisted in future by Cpl. Montague, Photo Section.

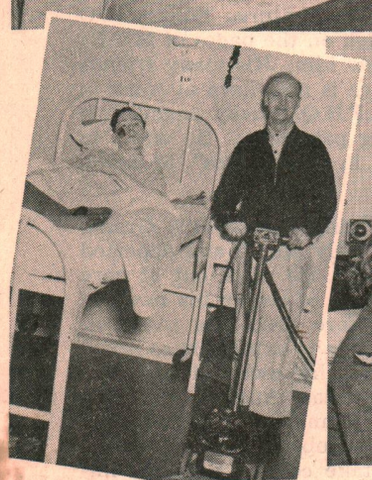


The timing of this issue almost coincides with that of the 6th Victory Loan which challenges every Canadian to do his or her part and do it well. While we shall be eyeing the over-all progress of the Drive, our focus of attention will be on our own objective — $125,000. Everyone will be given an opportunity to invest in victory this month and we can do no better than to adopt the nationwide slogan—Victory First! Surely victory ranks first and foremost above all else today so let's show Hitler, to a man, that we at 1 C.N.S. really mean business this year.

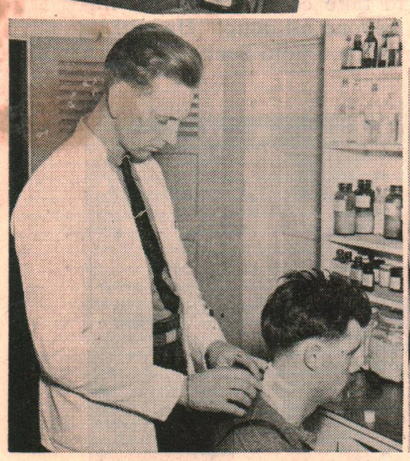
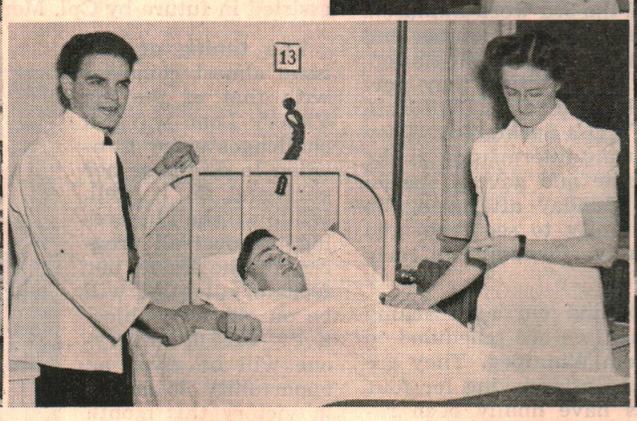










Top Row (left to right): ORDERLY ROOM STAFF—Cpl. Vera Bathgate, LAW Pat Jackson, Flight Seargent McDonald, and Cpl. Andy Anderson. MEDICAL STAFF—F/L "Connie" Riddell, F/L Jack Baldwin, N.S. Simpson, N.S. Whatley, N.S. Barr, F/L C. S. Allen, S/L T. C. Wilson (S.M.O.). MASSAGE AND DIATHERMY—Cpl. "Scotty" Stewart, Masseur, and LAC Millan.

2nd Row: WARD STAFF—LAW "Brownie" McLean and LAW Marion Dickson; Cpl. Montague (patient). WARD STAFF—AW2 Dottie Brett and AW1 Mary Ball (patient). KITCHEN STAFF—Cpl. Anne Rusnak, Mrs. Hill (Civ.), AW1 Isobel Hystead, and Sgt. Jack Onders, N.C.O. in charge.

3rd Row: OUR SPIT-AND-POLISH TEAM—LAC George Heads and that indefatigable dust-chaser with his beloved electric polisher, "Pop" Fearns. X-RAY DEPARTMENT—AW1 Nancy Braschuk (Radiagrapher) and AW Harrison (patient). PHARMACY AND LABORATORY PERSONNEL—WO1 Jim Stewart and Cpl. Jackie Kenyon. NURSES QUARTERS—N.S. McCrae and N. S. Anderson.

4th Row—MEDICAL INSPECTION ROOM—LAC "Stef" Stefanson with patient. WARD STAFF— LAC "Vic" Peever and LAW "Vi" Heinrich and LAC Randle (patient). FIRST AID LECTURE ROOM —Sgt. Carl Berg (patient) and Sgt. Jack Sutton, administering.

Station Hospital

This month's issue we are featuring 'close-ups' in action of the various departments in our hospital wards, orderly room, kitchen, operating theatre, dispensary, and first aid lecture room.

S/L Tom Wilson is our senior medical officer. Tom hails from Iroquois Falls, Ontario. Grad of Queens.

F/L W. G. Connie Riddell is more than busy in Op. M.I.R. wards and his hobby of instructing classes in St. John Ambulance First Aid. Grad of U. of M.

F/L Cam Allen, our surgeon, hails from Winnipeg. Cam in his younger days at university was in the line-up of Winnipeg's Varsity Junior Hockey team. Cam is Univ. Manitoba grad.

F/L Jack Baldwin calls Moncton, N.B. his home base. Jack is a Dalhousie grad with a yen for Air Force medical work, and P.T. on the side, with his daily run of M-2, medical boards or what have you.

N/S Frankie Anderson, our senior i/c nurse, claims Winnipeg as home. Grad of Wpg. General hospital. Frankie has been around since joining the service, at Gander, Nfld., and many other points. Her pet dream is air ambulance evacuation nursing work.

N/S Patricia Whatley hails from Kindersley, Sask., graduating from Regina General Hospital. Pat acts as assistant general to Sister Anderson, and is really kept busy on the wards.

N/S Agnes Barr, of Renfrew, Ontario, a graduate of Corwall General Hospital, likes western Canada very much, especially River's Sunny Clime. Agnes is on ward duty and often isolation ward supervision.

N/S Bobbie McRae, of Sintaluta, Sask., a grad of Winnipeg General Hospital, keeps herself more than busy on ward duty.

N/S Muriel Simpson hailing from Saskatoon is a graduate of St. Boniface Hospital. Muriel holds sway in the operating theatre as Mr. Allen's chief assistant nurse.

The Hospital Orderly Room is now controlled efficiently by F/S George MacDonald of Winnipeg. George has a most efficient and conscientious staff of W.D.'s. Cpl. Margaret Anderson, Owen Sound; Cpl. Vera Bathgate, of Winnipeg, and LAW Pat Jackson, of Sault St. Marie, and Kay Kronbauer, of Kelowna, B.C.

The Hospital Dispensary and Lab is run by WO1 Jimmy Stewart of Winnipeg, and his able assistant, Corporal "Jackie" Kenyon of Hamilton, Ontario.

Accounts Section—Sgt. Carl Berg, of Bromhead, Sask., is all by himself in the hospital diets, accounting and rationing supply.

The X-Ray and Phyotherapy department is efficiently and well handled by Cpl. "Scotty" Stewart, our masseur "de luxe" (and is so busy taking out muscle and joint kinks from P.T.), and LAW Nancy Broschuk, our X-Ray technician and trouble shooter. Scotty hails from Saskatoon, and Nancy from Regina.

The M.I.R. is capably handled by our experienced Sgt. Jack Sutton who hails from Winnipeg. Jack's sideline hobby and profession is teacher of pianoforte.

The Kitchen Dietetics staff supervised capably by Sgt. Jack Onder. His helpers are Cpl. Ann Rusnak of Edmonton, LAW Evelyn Shcultz of Whitemouth, Man., and AW Isobel Hysted of Kimberly, B.C.

Ward Hospital Assistants—

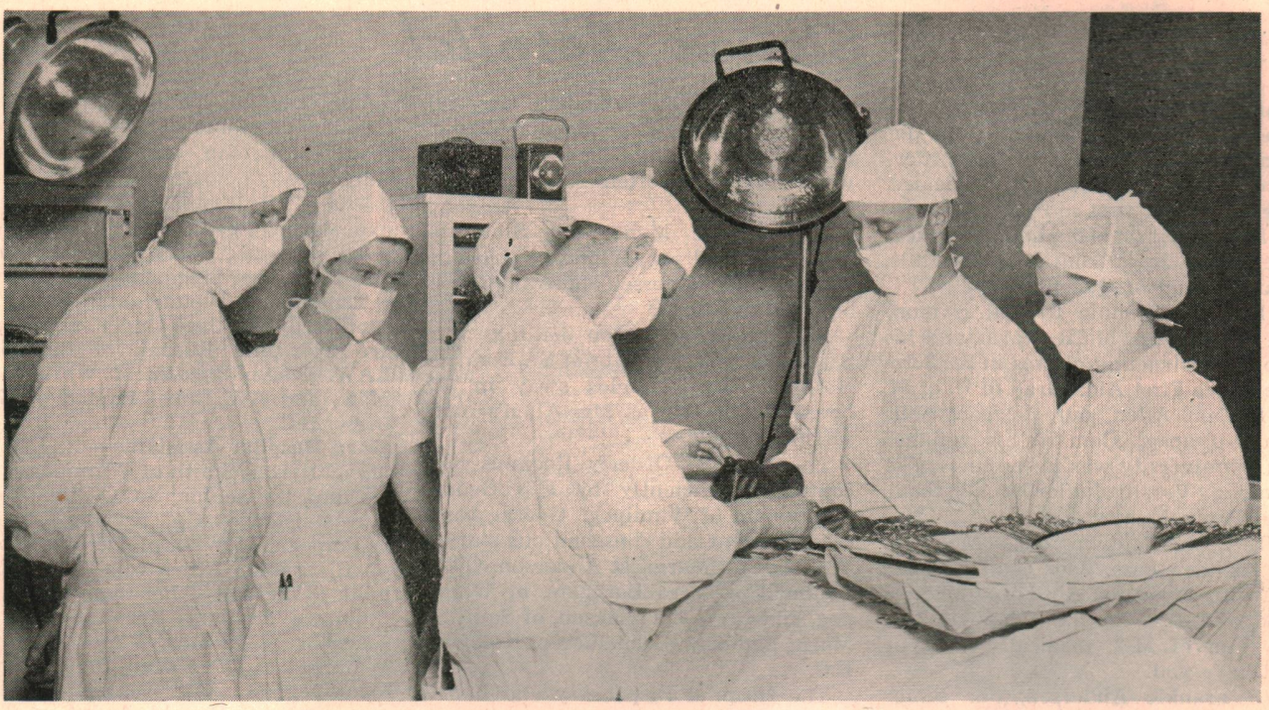
F/S Harold Smith of Winnipeg is our wardmaster senior N.C.O. i/c. He is ably assisted by Cpl. Kasmir Kruch of Winnipeg, and WD Cpl. Dorothy Kotow of Crossfield, Alta., who incidentally holds basketball as her main hobby.

On our Airmen's Hospital Assistants roster we have LAC Victor Peever of Winnipeg, LAC Stefan Stefvasson of Winnipeg, AC John Kasdorf of Winnipeg, and AC Donald Arlint of Trail, B.C.

Our W.D. Hospital Assistants are LAW Viola Heinrich of Davidson, Sask., LAW Antoinette Tinant of Arborfield, Sask., LAW "Brownie" McLean of Strathclair, LAW Catherine Stokes of Edmonton, LAW "Dot" Stacey of Midland, Ont., LAW Dot Brett of Winnipeg, LAW Helen Brennon of Langham, Sask., and last but not least, our two sisters, LAW's Marion and Doris Dickson of Lacombe, Alta.



OUR DENTAL CLINIC GANG. Top Row (left to right): Captain Ken Galvin and Assistant Sgt. J. McKeown go to work on a patient; Sgt. Al Olin, technician; Pte. Jim Thompson, o/c records; Sgt. Glen Storms, senior technician. Bottom Row: Captain F. W. Jones and Assist, Sgt. Eleanor Bagg decides the net step à la drill; the "torture" staff themselves.



OPERATING THEATRE—Removal of an appendix—N/S Muriel Simpson, Instrument Nurse; Surgeon F/L Cam Allen; Asst. Surgeon S/L Tommy Wilson; Sponge Nurse N/S "Bobbie" McCrae; Chief interested Looker-oner F/O Dave Ritchie; (partly hidden) as Asst. Helper, LAW Nancy Braschuk.

"Mercy" Plane in Action

OUR new Norseman ambulance plane, flown to Rivers in March, was hardly installed before two emergency cases in No. 2 Training Command arose to send it skywards on mercy flights. Inside of three days two telephone calls were received at No. 1 C.N.S., one from Saskatoon and another from Virden. S/L Bell was the mercy pilot in both cases and did an outstanding job in getting the patients into the safekeeping of waiting hospital attendants in record time. Because the first patient was flown to Winnipeg direct and the second one to Rivers, let us turn to the latter case for the inside story.

On Wednesday noon, March 22nd, within one hour of a telephone call from No. 19 E.F.T.S., Virden, LAC R. Robertson from Toronto was admitted to Rivers Hospital for an emergency appendix operation.

By kind permission of S/L Wilson, senior medical officer, and performing surgeon F/L Allen, M.T.B.'s editor was given admission into the inner sanctum of the operating room. It was an experience which he will remember for many years to come. The preliminaries to the operation were most impressive, especially the care exercised by everyone in attendance and the meticulous precautions that guaranteed cleanliness. The attending doctors must have spent at least twenty minutes in the small ante-room washing and rewashing before donning their rubber gloves.

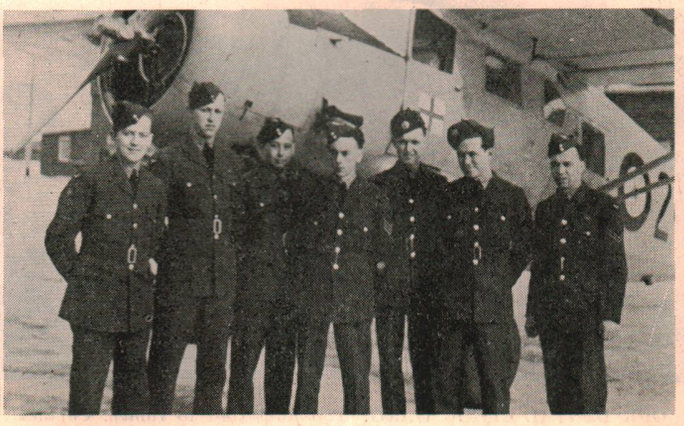
The nurses are to be congratulated for their efficiency throughout the entire performance. By the time the doctors were ready the patient had been brought in, properly positioned on the operating table, equipment was at hand, the lights were focused and the scene was set. It was comparable to watching preparations for any stage setting. There were weird shaped instruments of all sorts, knives, scalpels, forceps, needles that reminded one of the dreaded annual Tetanus innoculation, plus bottles of iodine, rubbing alcohol and gauze galore. In fact, in waiting for the operation to commence, some 87 different instruments were counted.

S/L Wilson first appeared on the scene to administer the spinal anaesthetic. It is difficult to say whether or not this was a gruelling session for the patient, but certainly for the observer it was a test of intestinal fortitude. One needle must easily have been 8 inches long and if you don't think watching it disappear slowly into the patient's back was a sight to be remembered, just try it some time.



F/L Jewitt, F/L Wright, S/L Bell, S/L Upson, F/O Spring.

"THEY FLY THE KITE"



"Robbie" Robertson, Gerry Gingras, "Slim" Cox, Sgt. "Bob" Ferguson, LAC Innes, "Tommy" Thompson, Cpl. Fields.

"THEY KEEP IT FLYING"

The entire performance touches the observer's sympathetic chords and the tendency is to react to every injection, as you think the patient should be doing. Side glances at his face, however, reassures you that all is well for him. Dr. Wilson explained that spinal or local anaesthetics are used exclusively at our hospital because they require the attendance of only two doctors. General anaesthetics require three. Spinals or locals are also much easier on the patient immediately following the operation and eliminate the necessity of being under the constant care of a trained nurse for a minimum of 24 hours.

Everything was now in readiness for the surgeon. Not wishing to go into the gory details in case any readers just finished a healthy dinner, it will be left with the individual to imagine exactly what went on during the next half hour. All eyes were focused on "the" spot which was cleverly accentuated with numerous cloths laid in such a manner as to leave a 4-inch square revealed. Scarcely 3 words were spoken throughout. Possibly this was the most outstanding feature of the whole operation, because it necessitated teamwork between the doctors and nurses that was well nigh incredible. Every 10 seconds or less the surgeon's hand would go out and the appropriate instrument selected among so many would be placed immediately in his hand. Only three times did he actually request a specific instrument. Equally outstanding was the smooth, cool deliberation so evident in our young surgeon's work. How he could remain so cool under the obvious tension and strain which certainly the inexperienced observer felt, still remains a mystery. Speaking of strain, everyone was draped from head to foot in Rinso white smocks, masks, and caps, and as the room is kept at approximately 85 degrees F. the temperature inside one of those masks must have been around 120 degrees F. Anyway, it was plenty hot.

If anyone is meditating taking a medical course after the war, it might be a good idea to start doing the odd bit of needlework. Try darning socks for a start. Before the operation was complete, Dr. Allen showed plenty of prowess on the business end of a needle until about one yard of cat gut (believe me, that is exactly what it is called) must have been used up as layers of muscle and tissue were cleverly mended. No less than five layers were painstakingly sown in the process. It was not realized before just how much dressmakers and doctors have in common.

The patient was an ideal one and took it all very well (not that he had any choice). He had just completed 6 hours and 40 minutes of his Air Training at Virden when he was rushed away. It is hoped that he will have a speedy recovery and will soon be back to the big job ahead of him.

And that is the story of how our "Mercy" Norseman performs in action. It is on 24-hour call from any station in Command, ready to transport emergency cases to our hospital or to Deer Lodge in Winnipeg at a moment's notice. Congratulations to our flying squadron and hospital staffs who are making possible one more benefit for personnel of the R.C.A.F.

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The Dawn Patrol

H. J. Boughen

A FEW years ago we all heard of the motion picture featuring the dare-devil hell cats who formed the Dawn Patrol in the last war. Their exceptional feats were brought to the silver screen as they eagerly pursued Baron Riechthofen, German ace, and his men. At the crack of dawn the patrol of meagre aircraft went out looking for adventure. Today, at No. 1 C.N.S., we have a few men who look for excitement at dawn each morning, but they have chosen a safer mode of travel. This story is respectfully dedicated to a famous machine, and to all the men who by pushing and pulling have helped it across the prairies.

Some two and a half years ago Al Dick, former automotive mechanic, electrician, and steam engineer, went to market to buy a car. A 1926 Willys-Knight sedan was shown him and for the moderate fee of fifteen dollars Mr. Dick owned some rolling stock. Al's home was in Rapid City, a village of four or five hundred souls which settles north-east of Rivers. A twenty-mile hike to Rivers, it is noted for its swimming facilities. Patrons of Clear Lake, Manitoba's best summer playground, will spot it instantly on a map. Over bumpy gravel roads that would have some of our recent model cars panting, Al figured his big war-horse could stand the strain of daily service.

At this time the housing situation in Rivers was becoming conjested. Bids for accommodation were mounting, and many of the boys wanted to bring their families where they could dry the dishes after supper and see the kids grow. Lord only knows where the chaps lived who journeyed on the Elliot Bros. bus to Rivers at five o'clock each evening. Andy Carll, automotive mechanic from New Brunswick, commenced the migration by securing a dwelling at Rapid City to join Al Dick. Others followed his example until the Willy's-Knight, over four thousand pounds of metal, empty, was hauling thirteen passengers to and fro from Rapid City. Winter came and modifications became necessary. The car had an oil dilution system, special fittings on the carberator, and fresh dry air ventilation installed. Each morning something different happened to the car which provided the meal tickets for our Rapid City brethren. Each morning the Willy's met the challenge of the elements, and when the dawn broke over the Eastern horizon the Dawn Patrol was underway.

On through winter blizzards, summer dust storms, and torrential downpours came the Willy's. During the winter of 1942 a big snowfall bogged the jalopy down, the only five days it has been missing from the parking line outside our main gate. Once it came to an abrupt stop by a telephone pole and disengaged the front end; another time it side-slipped into a ditch, but neither condition forced the men to miss work. The scarcity of gas for a year caused the owner to revert to distillate for fuel. The net results were, satisfatcory performance, continuous service and an increased exhaust smoke.

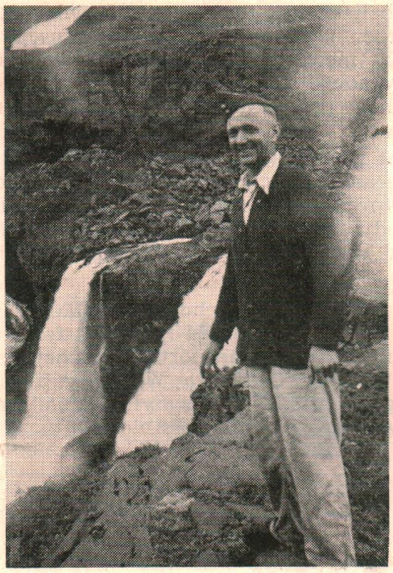
With each new day, someone looks at the big cumbersome car wondering how it keeps stealing life from Father Time. Al Dick and Andy Carll hold the answer by continually tuning up the mechanism. So, by keeping a shovel and brawn ever handy for emergencies, the Dawn Patrol sets out for Rivers knowing they have never yet been let down on the road.



Left to right: LAC McCollum, Walt Greenhalgh, Ted Bratton, Alan Dick (driver), Ches Shopff, Sgt. Lee, Dave Maze.

Aleutian Adventure

NOT a tree or a twig or a stick can be found; the wind is often 90 m.p.h.; the sun only shines for a little while on about half the days. Yet Sgt. Wilf Burkett enjoyed his tour of duty as a cook in the Aleutian Islands and wouldn't have traded his experiences for a posting to Miami.



SGT. WILF BURKETT

Wilf is now a cook in the airmen's mess. He has pictures of himself mountain climbing through semi-active volcanoes, getting an undesired steam bath from the outpourings of underground lava beds, and standing beside the half-barrel-style Quonset hut in which all personnel slept.

In his words his adventure went something like this:

'I spent about 15 months in Alaska. Part of this was at Anchorage on the mainland, then on Kodiak Is., and finally on Umnak Island which is part way along the Aleutian chain.

"I think all the boys are back from those posts now since the Japs have been chased right out of the Aleutians. Fighter and bomber squadrons used to work on a shuttle system—half at a time going away out to Adak Is., or Amchitka, near the end of the chain. There they were right close to the Japs on Kiska and could watch their movements and bomb and strafe the runways periodically.

"In one day our Fighter Squadron boys shot down four Zeros. It was a big thrill for them, because most of the time our planes kept the Jap runways so bombed up that the enemy planes couldn't take off. That meant they didn't get much actual combat.

"It was last August 16 that the Canadian soldiers landed on Kiska and found the Japs gone. They must have skipped away in a hurry. The air attacks of our boys and the Americans were too much for them.

"Of the three places Umnak was by far the bleakest. There was nothing but rock and volcanic ash. Here and there we might find a few little blades of grass, but not many.

"When I first cooked there we had gas burning field ranges. They were horrible. We were using some kind of gasoline with lead in it, and it plugged up the holes of the gas jets. The stoves would work about an hour at a time, and then we would have to drag out our tools and take them all apart and scrape and punch all the lead off.

"Later we got oil burner stoves which weren't so bad. All the fuel had to be brought in by ship since there wasn't a scrap of anything on the island to burn.

"Up there the Met. Man could predict fog almost any day of the week and be correct. For only a few hours on about half the days did we have weather in which the boys could fly. On one occasion we did see the sun for five days in a row and everybody thought it was wonderful.

"The Williwaw winds were the real freakish occurrences on Umnak. They would blow from any direction at all. Sometimes they seemed to be going straight up or straight down. And they were usually strong enough to blow a man off his feet, often hitting speeds of 90 m.p.h.

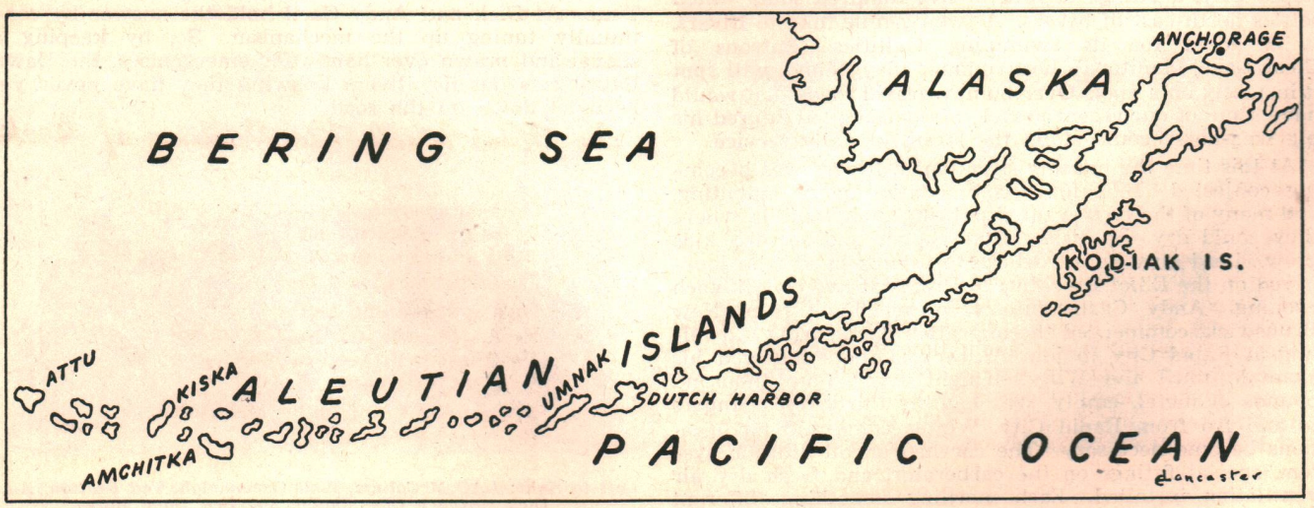
"All we had for the planes were nose-hangars that were mainly used for working on the engine or warming the machine up in the morning. They often got blown around in the Williwaw.

"Whenever a plane was on the ground the maintenance crew had to tie the wings and tail to the runway with big ropes. Even then they got battered around some.

"Once an American plane had just landed when a Williwaw came up. There wasn't time to get it tied down. It was a big machine, too—a Douglas plane. It was blown right across the field and piled into a Ventura that was held in place on one edge of the runway. Both machines were badly smashed.

"On Umnak several of us explored the interior of a volcano crater. It was hard going because most of the rock is broken and jagged.

"This volcano is near the centre of Umnak. It blew up 40 years ago and covered most of the Aleutians with ashes



and debris. Even Amchitka which is 1,500 miles away has a foot of ash over its surface.

"The crater still spouts a little now and then and gives off steam. We got inside the floor of the crater which is several miles across. Over in the middle we saw a raised cone from which steam was coming. We started over to look into it. We had gone about half way when the ground got hot and steam started shooting up all around us from little holes in the ground. We went back the way we had come without wasting time. Later we learned that pressure is built up down below and about once a day steam bursts up through the ground in the crater like that."

Not many cooks have been where Wilf's journeys have taken him, especially into an outdoor cooking pot like the Umnak crater. That will make a good story to tell his grandchildren, and he has pictures to prove it, too.

Sgt. Burkett's home is in Erickson, Man. Before the war he cooked in Riding Mountain National Park. After the war he'll probably go back to the same job. He enjoyed the novelty of life in the Aleutians, but he has no wish at all to settle down there.



. . . A Quonset hut was Wilf's home.

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Crew Co-operation Most Important

CREW co-operation, according to S/L Bill Langstaff, D.F.C. and Bar, is without a doubt the most essential requisite in operations. There must be complete harmony between the crew if they are to operate with maximum efficiency and maximum safety. That requisite, plus rigid adherence to briefing instructions, maintaining track and being on time, is the closest that any operational crew can come to guaranteeing return to base. And if anyone is qualified to give advice it is our own Bill Langstaff who completed two tours over the continent.



S/L Langstaff navigated Wellingtons and Lancasters over every conceivable German target with the exception of Berlin, as well as Milan, Turin, and Genoa in Italy. He also made three low-level trips over Paris. In the early days of the war, navigation was tough. Radio reception was poor in comparison to radio aids of today, so that it was necessary to concentrate on D.R. navigation and astro, the latter particularly on targets such as Munich, Pilsen, Nurnberg, and Stettin. The toughest targets in those days were Hamburg first and Brest second. Map reading at night at an altitude of 20,000 feet was particularly difficult.

It was then and is now an important responsibility of the navigator to spend a lot of time in coaching the rest of the crew in the art of accurate pin pointing. Because so much depends on it, too many hours cannot possibly be devoted to this phase of navigation either during training periods or in actual operations.

To punch home the importance of all this, S/L Langstaff singled out his fourth operational trip as an object lesson for all air crew trainees. The target for the night was Kiel and orders were to cut across Denmark, go down the Kattegat and attack. Due to his inexperienced crew the pilot decided to map read down to the target and it was no time until they were hopelessly lost in the maze of islands off the Danish coast. It was then decided to make a series of square searches, all to no avail. Finally the pilot decided it was about time to check on fuel and discovered that barely enough remained to make home base. A more experienced crew would never have made that mistake. The question of D.R. position then came up and was argued loud and long. The second pilot, an ex-Army co-op. pilot and therefore usually a very reliable map reader, insisted they were over Holland. Langstaff, on the strength of astro shots alone, finally convinced the crew that they were over Denmark and gave the pilot the course for home. They landed with almost a dry tank. The average navigator would have been eager to accept an experienced map reader's pin point, but Langstaff elected to have confidence in himself and his astro shots.

It was on a later raid that S/L Langstaff won his Distinguished Flying Cross. Cologne was their primary target, Essen their secondary. Not long after takeoff their radio equipment went dead, so that they did not receive a message to return to base and went on to bomb their objective. Coming back the weather closed in and severe icing clogged the pitot head, making the pressure instruments u/s. The loss of power of one engine completed their plight so that they could not climb above the clouds, but were forced to fly a circuitous route around the clouds. Against so many odds the pilot's and navigator's jobs were exceedingly difficult. Finally reaching the English coast their relief was short-lived when they discovered that the standard beam approach had packed in. Instead of bailing out they flew around for one hour and forty minutes, found a hole and landed just inside the border of Wales with less than ten minutes fuel remaining.

S/L Langstaff made an equally impressive showing during his second tour, especially on one trip over Milan when he won his Bar to the D.F.C., but could not be prevailed upon to give us the details. In winding up his story he wished especially to have air crew trainees reminded of their great responsibilities to one another and to develop a keenness to do their respective jobs well. The most outstanding trait about Bill Langstaff was his determination to complete his assignments in, as he put it, his line of duty. That meant for him, to reach his target and drop his bombs, come what may. For his final word of advice he selected the original motto of his Con. Unit—"Don't be proud, stick with the crowd."

★

In Time With The Falling of Arches

LAURELAN HARDY

Only an airman in column of route,
In a slow, ragged pace—
With an old sergeant of doubtful repute
That shoots off his face.

Only a scowl and a curse,
From the scorned, jogging mass—
Yet these will keep on getting worse
Tho' N.C.O.'s pass.

Yonder the Commander and Aide,
Shout confusion adept,
But the Reich will have bogged and decayed
Ere the wing gets in step.



F/L ARRON, F/O MURDOCH, F/O ANDERSON

F/L CARMICHAEL, D.F.C., F/L WEBSTER, D.F.C.

F/L RAMSAY, F/L MANSON, F/L SMITH

Ops. Boys Invade Rivers

EIGHT observers, fresh from operations, landed at Rivers during March, to take instruction on the art of passing "gen" along to air crew under training. They are assigned to Class 42 SNINS. Two of the group wear the coveted Distinguished Flying Cross. They are F/L Al Webster and F/L Dunc Carmichael, both of Vancouver. The remainder of the Ops. boys include F/L Jack Arron, F/L John Smith, F/L George Ramsay, F/L Douglas Manson, F/O Errol Anderson, and F/O Jim Murdoch. Some of these boys came up with extremely interesting stories.

Doug. Manson, who gave his home as Hamilton, Ontario, in a broad Scotch accent, was attached to Coastal Command in England. He is one of a few fellows who can boast of being a member of a crew credited with the sinking of a German U boat. The way it happened was the pay-off. Out on a routine patrol in a Catalina flying boat; Doug. suddenly spotted what proved to be a lone enemy sub, but it sighted them almost simultaneously and promptly submerged. Radioing position immediately, the crew decided to do a square search and hope for the best. It was broad daylight and the sun was up shining brightly. After searching for an hour and a half she was sighted once again. Wisely deciding to take advantage of the sun's position, the skipper swung the aircraft into line and came in at the sub flying down sun. They were 16 miles away when they sighted the enemy and were not spotted until they were a bare quarter mile away. By this time Jerry's number was up, six depth charges quickly putting an end to her destruction. The skipper was awarded the D.F.C.

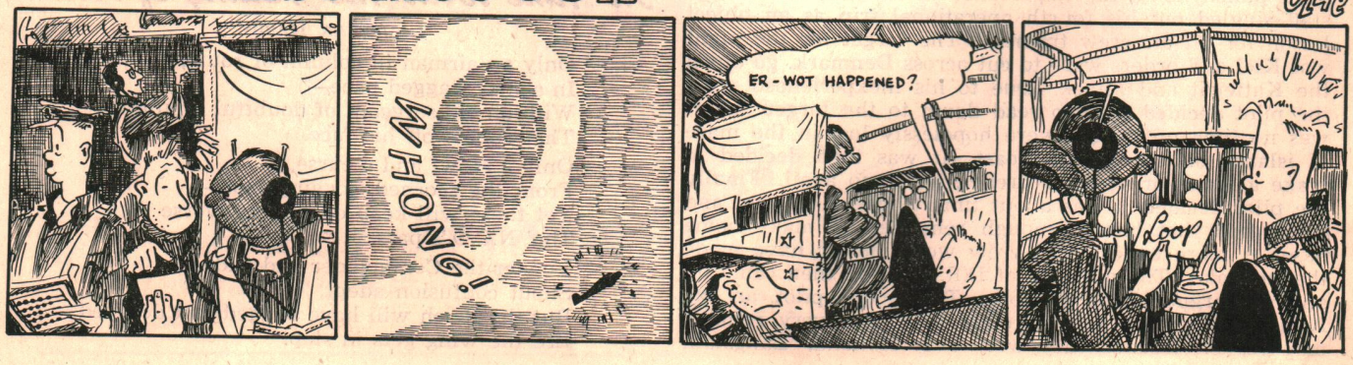
Normal patrols, which include convoy escorting, reconnaisance and anti-sub work, average about 18 hours. Doug's longest stretch lasted for 24 hours. He was also on another big show when his crew was one of many who escorted the American fleet into Casablanca.

Jack Arron, of Ottawa, flew Wimpies over Burmese territory and said he would not have missed for anything the chance of telling his grandchildren all about it some day. Conditions are pretty grim, but bearable. The Monsoon period, which lasts as a rule from April to September, is extremely trying, making flying conditions almost impossible. The area over which he was flying has never been thoroughly explored and maps covering the area, therefore, were not too reliable, but they have been improved much of late. Astro navigation was fairly difficult over the mountain regions and they relied mainly on D.R. navigation. Radio reception was practically nil. The winds were fairly constant and during any moon period, ground features, especially water, were very prominent. The Ganges, with its maze of estuaries, does not provide very practical pinpoints. The Irriwaddy, on the other hand, is an excellent landmark at all times. One interesting aspect of flying was the effect on a plane's efficiency brought on by the intense heat. Loss of altitude is often experienced and on one occasion Jack's crew were obliged to drop a load of eggs on a mountain top to maintain sufficient altitude. One of the most anticipated occasions was a three week session in the mountains insisted upon by medical authorities. This was prescribed ever so often to enable the boys to "cool off." Jack returned from the Indian front in August 1943.

F/O Jim Murdoch, of Regina, returned to Canada after 30 operational trips over Northern France, Belgium, and Holland and sporting an English wife. He flew low and high level bombing sorties exclusively in Bostons, and you should hear him talk up a Boston aircraft. The trips were mostly daylight, low level attacks. Asked if low level meant about 50 feet, he laughed and said, "Are you kidding?" so it would appear that just sufficient clearance for the landing gear was allowed. Apparently low level attacks are much safer and thorough (if you call ten feet above enemy flak being safe) because fast, low flying aircraft present difficult targets for gun crews and fly right underneath enemy radio detectors. In fact, low level flying plays such havoc with radio that on one occasion

CLEWLESS McGOON

by OLLIE



enemy fighters were dispersed 100 miles away in the wrong direction.

Al Webster is credited with 36 successful trips over the continent. He has been on raids over Hamburg, Essen, Dusseldorf, Cologne, Frankfurt, Mannheim, Stuttgart, Munich, Pilsen, as well as over Berlin. Italian targets included La Spezia, Turin, and Milan. Munich and Pilsen, he explained, were possibly the toughest targets, being furthest inland. Berlin was not so tough as made out to be, according to Al. Most difficult obstacles were German night fighters, especially JU-88's, day or night. He was selected as a member of one of four original special-duty squadrons and later served on the Reselection Repatriation Board as the first Canadian officer. Al is looking forward to his next lap of Air Force life. Immediately following his graduation at Rivers he will be posted to the Rockcliffe mail run, which will enable him once again to contact his buddies "back over there." He cleverly sidetracked any reference to his D.F.C. citation, but we can be sure it was for very outstanding devotion to duty.

Dunc Carmichael completed 58 trips in Bomber Command in the Middle East and is credited with two complete tours. He was based at Malta and can really give you the inside gen on the hardships on that little island. The toughest phase of his operational trips were experienced during landings and take-offs from his own base at Malta. Jerry never gave them a moment's peace. Navigation, he explained, was comparatively simple because they attacked mainly coastal targets such as Bizerte, Bengasi and Tobruk. Night fighter opposition in the Middle East was not very tough but flak was particularly heavy over the targets.

Errol Anderson from Edmonton flew Newfoundland based Hudsons and Venturis in Eastern Canadian Coastal Command. Astro navigation is strongly favored by these navigators while radio reception is poor. Track plots are kept on all trips with constant course and drift checks being made, most trips beginning at dawn and lasting for 6 to 8 hours. The greatest hazard in their work is the weather, fog and icing being especially troublesome. Flying in zero visibility is routine for these boys.

That completes the monthly roundup of our operational men. These stories are looked forward to each month and their readiness to comply with MTB requests is much appreciated.

★

The Flying Medicine Man

Personality of the Month

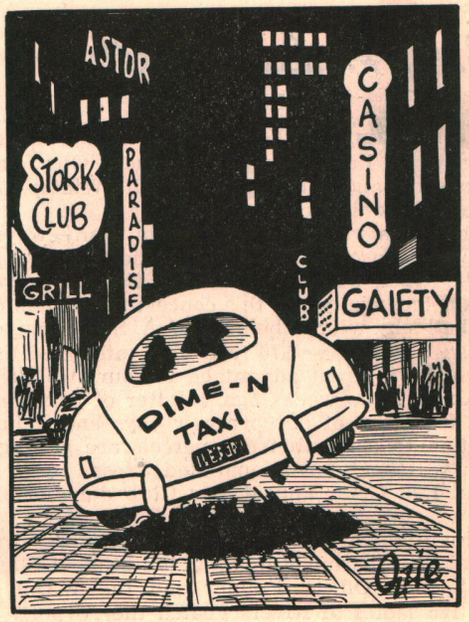
"CONNIE" Riddell, the flying Medico! Dr. W. G. Riddell, one of Rivers' popular M.O.'s, got his nickname in his favorite sport, baseball. . . Following his Dad, who was nicknamed for the famous Connie Mack of baseball fame, Dr. Riddell early in his school years became "Connie the Second" and the name has stuck. . . Known as a physician in Hartney, Deloraine, Beausejour, Manitoba, and Kenora, Ontario, Dr. Riddell (Flight Lieutenant Riddell) went overseas in the spring of 1941 and spent 1½ years there attached to two Canadian Fighter Squadrons . . . has made two "trips" as an air gunner, and can tell many interesting tales of the "sweeps" over Germany in those interesting weeks in 1941 and 1942. . . Dr. Riddell's time with the Fighter Squadrons was during the time that they were building up to their peak and when they were really beginning to "kick back" against Germany after the Blitz. . . Dr. Riddell was in the "Dieppe Show" in August, 1942, with his own squadron—he was in a patrol boat (Motor Torpedo Boat) picking up boys who had bailed out and considers that period one of the most interesting of his life.



F/L Riddell has experienced the sublime and the ridiculous in crossing the turbulent Atlantic . . . he went over on a small Norwegian ship . . . without benefit of convoy . . . took twelve days in crossing, and on the eighth day out the little Norwegian ship had a run-in with a German submarine, rammed it and sank it. . . F/L Riddell says "we were in a fog and came upon it suddenly, it's hard to say who were more surprised, Jerry or us, but our Captain gave the order "full steam ahead" and though their fire took some of our superstructure and bashed in our bow plates, nobody on our ship was hurt badly and we were able to slow down and pick up survivors of the sub. . . " Dr. Riddell returned from overseas on the beautiful ship Queen Mary . . . docking on a Saturday afternoon in New York after having had no less than 17 submarine alerts the night before.

Dr. Riddell practised medicine for 12 years in Beausejour, Mantoba, which practise dealt with new Canadians —Polish, Ukrainian and German—to a large extent, which adds up to the fact that this doctor knows the Central European and his problems (in Canada) very well. He is familiar with medical terminology in German, Polish and Ukrainian . . . has a pretty wife and two daguhters in Rivers, the daughters being Beverly Ann and Sandra Joan. His after the war plans? . . . uncertain, perhaps Kenora, perhaps, Manitoba . . . but certain it is that this popular doctor will have R.C.A.F. friends *wherever* he goes for the rest of his life.

THIS AIN'T RIVERS!











"At Home"

FOR the first time since their arrival on this station, the W.D.'s were "at home" to the civilian women of Rivers. The affair was held on Saturday afternoon, March 25th, and one hundred and ten women representing all the organizations of Rivers, were guests of the Women's Division.

As they came through the gate they were directed first to the Hostess House where they were welcomed by Flight Officer Ward, on behalf of the Commanding Officer and staff, and then divided into small groups and escorted by willing W.D.'s, they were sent out to visit various sections of the Station. The ladies said that they were MOST interested in seeing around this station which is almost "part and parcel" of the town of Rivers. They called in at No. 5 Hangar, at the Station Hospital, the W.D. barrack block, the Airmen's Mess, the Drill Hall (where they saw the Library and Snack Bar and Bowling Alleys), they were in G.I.S., getting a small introduction to the mysteries of Synthetic Dead Reckoning Trainers, in the Control Tower for a brief expedition, in the Parachute Section, the Photographic Section, and then to the W.D. Canteen where tea was served before a blazing fire.

Members of the Women's Division were hostesses, assisted by Mrs. Dick and Miss Thompson, and presiding at the tea table were Mrs. W. A. Murray, wife of our Commanding Officer (top, left), and Mrs. Grant, wife of the Mayor of Rivers (bottom, right). Mrs. Hugh Murray, wife of S/L H. Murray, also assisted at the tea table.

★

R.C.A.F. Ladies' Club

KAY RIDDELL

IT'S April again, and how happy we are to know that "Spring" is just around the corner. Our entire cold weather, snow and winds, that we call "Winter" seemed to have been packed into last month.

March was a very busy month in many ways for our Club. We sponsored a Variety Concert and Lecture in aid of the Rivers Blood Clinic, which Concert proved highly successful financially. At this concert the afghan draw was made, the lucky winner being Miss A. Stevenson, of Rivers. We realized well over $70 from this raffle and this money will be used to great advantage for our two Prisoners of War. About three weeks ago, a letter of acknowledgment arrived from one of our prisoner boys and it has been a satisfaction to learn that our parcels are getting through to them via the International Red Cross. Incidentally, in this past Red Cross appeal, our Club donated $25 to the drive.

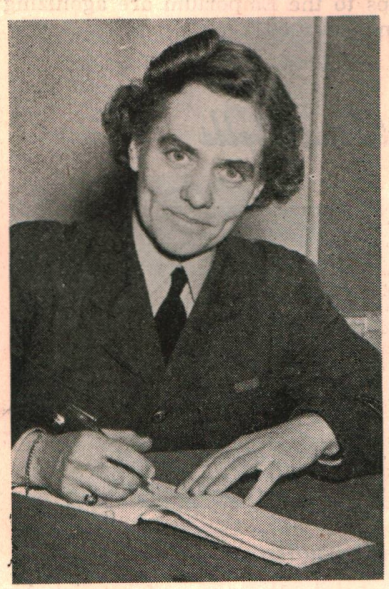
The highlight of the past month's activities was a visit to the Airport. Through the kind invitation of Flight Officer Ward, Section Officer Fulmer and the W.D.'s, approximately 120 ladies of Rivers visited the Airport. We were welcomed at the Hostess House by Flight Officer Ward, S/O Fulmer, Mrs. Dick and Miss Thompson. Divided into groups of twelve, the respective groups were escorted through the various sections by two Airforce girls. The Officer or N.C.O. in charge of each sub-unit visited, described and demonstrated in detail the workings and machinations of their respective departments. Intense interest was shown in the Link Trainer, mapping room, navigational instruments, parachute packing, control tower, wireless control room, maintenance and servicing hangers, photographic section, station hospital and messes.

To wind up a busy and delightful afternoon, we were received in the very cozy W.D. Canteen. Tea was served from a most attractive table, centred with spring flowers, matching tapers and presided over by Mrs. W. A. Murray, Mrs. Hugh Murray and later Mrs. Grant, of Rivers. Several fine musical selections were rendered during the tea hour, and one and all returned to Rivers feeling that a most educative and pleasant afternoon had been spent.

On behalf of the Airforce Club and ladies of Rivers I wish to extend our sincere thanks and appreciation to the Commanding Officer, Group Captain W. A. Murray, through whose kind permission our visit was made possible, and to all W.D. Officers and Airforce girls who so splendidly escorted and entertained us.

Flight Officer Ward

INTRODUCING . . . Flight Officer E. M. Ward, the new senior W.D. Officer at No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers . . . and don't be misled by those wide-open blue eyes and those most intriguing dimples . . . those blue eyes have watched . . . and controlled the basic training program of . . . some fifteen thousand W.D.'s in Canada . . . those dimples, too, do show in spite of all efforts to control them . . . even when this very personable and likeable little Flight Officer is commanding the movements of a Wing on a parade square!



Born in England, a teacher in a private family in Toronto, FL/O Eileen Ward was one of the first women in Toronto to be interviewed by the Selection Board when the very first 150 CWAAF were being selected as the nucleus of the entire division now known as W.D. Graduating not far from the top of her class A/S/O Ward was first in charge of equipment in the first depot at Old Havergal, Toronto, then she was sent to "break in" the W.D.'s at St. Thomas (or vice versa) and after four months at T.T.S. she was sent to No. 7 M. Depot at Rockcliffe as O.C. Training . . . it was through this Manning depot that the countless thousands of eager W.D.'s passed, and it was there that they learned the RIGHT R.C.A.F. way to do things! During this period of time (some twenty months in all) FL/O Ward saw many new trades being opened for W.D., (including the School of Fighter Control for training clerks operational), she saw the first W.D. Band organized, saw three Precision Squads have their beginnings and many, many other interesting phases of W.D. training.

Though still claiming Southbourne, England, as "home," we believe that FL/O Ward is a bit partial to Toronto and its environs, though she claims that the most interesting part of her life in Canada during the past ten years, was an eleven-day riding trip through the Rockies from Brule to Mt. Robson, which included a snowstorm in mid-July.

Her hobbies are riding and dogs . . . she excells in tennis and badminton and in "spectator sports" likes cricket and basketball. . . She likes flying (as do all W.D.'s) and enjoyed a trip from Rockcliffe to Moncton on the "Blueberry."

Did I say that FL/O Ward liked dogs????? She has a co-ownership in a small, white, dog-with-a-personality in Rockcliffe known as "Bonnie" . . . and so important is Bonnie down at No. 7 M. depot that she recently was mentioned in the station D.R.O's.

New to Rivers, Flight Officer Ward joins many of the rest of us in her pet wish . . . an overseas posting . . . but with more reason because her home is there.

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Our Y.W.C.A. Hostesses

A KEEN SPORTS WOMAN

Miss Thora Thompson, "Tommy" to her many friends . . . started her "hostessing" career right here at No. 1 C.N.S. . . she hails from Innisfail, Alberta, though she was born in Duluth in the land of the Stars and Stripes . . . she likes sports and "once upon a time," says she, "I played baseball and was active in skating, swimming and riding" . . . if you are looking for a kind word and a friendly smile . . . just look for "Miss Thompson."

Y.W.C.A. HOSTESSES



MISS T. THOMPSON and MRS. J. DICK

A Lady of Experience

MRS. DICK, a name that is known to hundreds and hundreds of Air Force lads and lassies, particularly the lads, because Mrs. Dick has been Y.W.C.A. Hostess at Rivers for three years . . . she was here, established in the hearts of many lads, two years before the arrival of the W.D.'s. . . The cups of tea which Mrs. Dick has served in the last three years of dispensing Hostess House hospitality would reach from here to where the tea grows, we're sure! . . . The words of comfort, the friendly advice, the cheery letters, the buttons sewn on, the brand-new wings attached to newly-pressed tunics . . . these and many other things are the "good deeds" done by our Mrs. Dick since she came to this Station. Mrs. Dick has a son in the Navy, somewhere on the other side of the broad Atlantic, and a son-in-law who is an M.O. overseas. The name, "Mrs. Dick," is synonymous with kindness, cheerfulness and helpfulness.



"Jitterbugs Perform at Airmen's Dance"

Here 'n' There

KAY FULMER

ALL over this, and other, stations, the air has been filled with innuendo regarding the number of marriages and engagements and the fact that this is Leap Year! . . . but at the moment we have heard of at least one young man who did the right thing . . . he was proposed to by two young ladies (both attractive and both c h a r m i n g) and, somehow or other, he made the choice, then promptly went out and bought the disappointed one a dress . . . according to the usual custom of Leap Year . . . the fact that the dress was only a size to fit a gal age three didn't alter the charm of the old, respected custom . . . now then, you chaps who are kept busy refusing proposals of marriage (according to YOUR stories) remember that the polite way to refuse is to buy the lady a dress, and quickly!



Speaking of clothes, did you know that red was being worn this year in the attention area? It seems that we have a certain attractive, dark-eyed gal, whose business makes the wearing of an apron rather imperative and she has a favorite red one . . . so one day she was striding along toward the admin building when, just as she whipped up a salute to the ensign . . . the wind blew her great coat open a bit, disclosing a dashing red apron . . . need we say that the gal's face matched the apron when she arrived at the admin building??????

And speaking of saluting, there was the time when a certain W.D. officer was walking along at dusk and suddenly saw "Sarge" (the little dog who wore his hooks on his harness). In a genuinely friendly manner (and certainly in a far-from-regimental manner) the officer said "Hello Sarge"!!!! and to her surprise, and considerable embarrassment, a passing sergeant saluted and said "Good-evening Ma'am"!!!!!!

The recent snow storm (remember the ones we had 'way back last month??) provided a brand new kind of sport for the "young-ones" of the station . . . one night when the wind was blowing drifts all over the place, the W.D.'s decided that (in case of fire) the snow should be cleaned from the fire-escapes, so they dressed up in their snow-suits and spent the evening sliding down the fire-escapes, landing (up to their eyes) in snow in the big drifts at the bottom . . . while the drifts were still soft, though not so high, we also saw some N.C.O.'s using the fire-escapes as the quickest route by which to leave the station theatre! . . . it ceased, however, when one lad landed, more or less vertical but upside-down!

With the visit of the Swingtime Troup, during the week of March 22nd, the jitter-bugs really had a field day!!! the night of the airmen's dance, March 24th, Jitterbugs Lamontia (Joe) and Mac (Macdonald) really gave out. . . Joe found a partner in a khaki uniform and Kay Dawson (WD) was right in there representing the home station!!!!!

Broken fingers, broken teeth, aching backs, stiff muscles, groaning joints . . . no, all this is not from hard work, but from a little bit of fun down in the J. R. B. Dick Emporium known as "P.T." . . . as one chap said, "it stands for "Pretty Terrible" . . . "Plenty Terrific" . . . "Painful Tumbling" . . . "Pure Torture" . . . ad nauseum, but "Oh boy, it's good for us! ! ! !" eventually we all admit that it helps us, but the first few trips to the Emporium are agonizing reminders of muscles long unusued.

★

Wedding Bells



CURRIE-THOMSON

Rivers' Anglican Church was the scene of a quiet Air Force wedding on Monday, March 27th, when LAW Julia Ruth Thomson became the bride of LAC Wilbert Styn Currie. F/L Dale Jones, Senior Protestant Chaplain of No. 1 CNS, performed the ceremony. The church was decorated with sunset roses, daffodils, tulips and iris.

LAW Edna Drinkwater was bridesmaid and Corporal Wm. Lethbridge acted as best man. The bride was given in marriage by WO2 Lawrence.

Following the wedding a reception was held at the home of WO2 and Mrs. Lawrence, in Rivers, and the toast to the bride was proposed by F/L Dale Jones.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Currie are members of the M.T. Section of No. 1 CNS.

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Elsewhere in this issue is an article by a young man who wears the D.F.C. . . . recently he was guest speaker at a meeting in Rivers and . . . while his audience waited breathlessly . . . he said he would tell them what he got it for . . . he did . . . he said that "once upon a time a tin of strawberry jam was found in England . . . and he was decorated for being the man who was able to get the jam for the Officers' Mess!

Interesting highlight of a recent wings parade was the arrival of Mr. and Mrs. Shields of Barranquilla, Columbia, South America. Mr. Shields pinned the N wing on his son and Mrs. Shields was a proud onlooker.

★

Enlist Your Dollars for Victory

One type of instalment buying the Government does encourage is purchasing VICTORY BONDS by monthly payments through our banks. After we have paid cash for at least one $100 bond, let's buy another—on time.

★

The money we put into the VIth VICTORY LOAN is double money. It helps NOW to win hte war and helps LATER, when we spend it, to win the peace for ourselves and our families.

SPORTS PARADE

H. J. BOUGHEN

FLASH! Command introduces a new scheme to brighten the sports outlook for R.C.A.F. personnel. Big things have been offered to players who are chosen to represent their station in hockey, basketball, badminton and boxing.

During this past winter R.C.A.F. headquarters turned thumbs down on the continuance of Provincial competitive teams in all sports. Teams with experienced players disbanded and leagues were confined to communities. This new ruling means the leading teams in four districts in No. 2 Training Command will play - off with the finalists meeting in Winnipeg for the Command title. These post-season games take place after each district has completed their schedule.



By inaugurating this scheme our station teams will have a further objective. Should they be knocked out of the B.D.S.A.A. competition they can train their sights on Command play. To say that it was disappointing to learn Larry Linton was unable to take our hockey club to Weyburn for the first round of the new scheme due to transportation difficulties is putting it mildly. The game was a defaulted win for Weyburn, coming at a time when Linton's crew were hot. Our basketball team took a defaulted win over Carberry in the first round and now wait for the next round challenger. Bob Arn coached this team to twelve wins and four losses this season. Provided postings do not upset his combinations the opposition in the current command tournament will find the No. 1 C.N.S. basketball club a hard nut to crack.

In a recent conversation at the Maintenance hangar the subject turned to hardball. The question was asked, "Why didn't we have an inter-section hardball league last year?" The answer was, "lack of interest and players caused the baseball organizers to concentrate on a station team only." Roy James, all-star basketball guard, has the maintenance members talking baseball. He was speaking for a group, claiming his squadron could put two teams into action. A further suggestion had an inter-section round-robin series being played early this spring, the best men being picked for the station team. Last year our station hardball club played in the B.D.S.A.A. finals, a good start in this sport. This year we hope to see more fellows playing and better interest shown in this good pastime.

One sport, softball, has topped all others on the station for popular appeal. It may be because you do not need to don extra equipment to play, or that you can run around outdoors comfortably in shirt sleeves. At any rate softball entertains the largest number of people. This year a men's station team, a W.D.'s station team, and the men's inter-section league will undoubtedly be successful. In other words, anyone who likes to toss a ball around or swing a bat will have a chance to play on a team. If all the people in this sizeable village would get into a game, then the t me spent on organizing, and the money spent for equipment, would be to every one's advantage.

★

Our Crusading Priest

HAVE you ever met a person who, within a few breaths makes you believe he is a real friend? A few people have that indescribable something which reflects their personal ty automatically.

Such a person may be found in an office on the mezzanine floor of the Drill Hall, H/F/L Thomson, our R.C. Chaplain, combines a varied interest to give acquaintances a feeling of understanding.

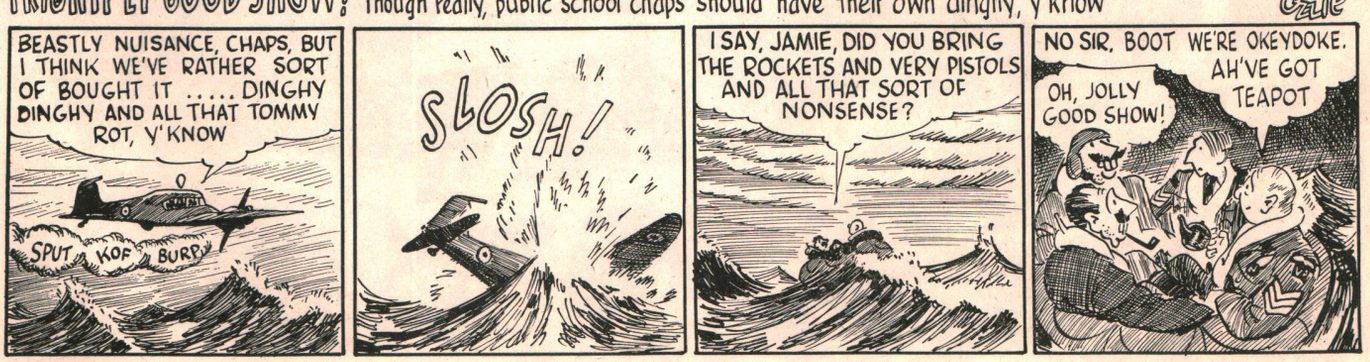
In Toronto, in the (? It's a secret) year, our present chaplain first saw the light of day. He was brought up in the Queen City and ordained to the Priesthood there. St. Michael's College, a well-known part of the University of Toronto, was attended by F/L Thomson as a student and teacher. St. Mikes is well known for its athletic teams, and young Thomson took an active part in all sports. Following graduation from college, he became athletic director and principal of St. Michael's High School. His specialty was coaching midget and juvenile teams. Proudly he speaks of one midget club he tutored, starring Bobby Bauer, late of Boston Bruins, and Nick Metz.

In 1933, Father Thomson journeyed west to Calgary for the position of principle of St. Mary's High School. Ten years went by, and the sports loving priest coached rugby and hockey teams of young boys each year. This gentleman has had much pleasure in helping young lads get started in sports.

Last year, Father Thomson decided to join the blue-clad officers, and after the usual training course, came to No. 1 C.N.S. Great interest in his work is cast upon you on a visit to his office. By teaching boys, playing and coaching sports, he has spent his life. Oddly enough, an added hobby is horticulture. If you want a special treat shake hands someday with F/L Thomson.

FRIGHTF'LY GOOD SHOW! Though really, public school chaps should have their own dinghy, y'know

by Ozzie



Looking at Sports

SOLLIE FOX

SPORT NITE HUGE SUCCESS

STRIKING the fancy of all sports-minded personnel, the second sports night was a complete success in every sense of the word and as in the case of the first one a repeat is in order. The committee in charge was host to many Airmen and Airwomen who were anxious to get away from the hum-drum existence on the station. And they certainly weren't disappointed. There was a variety of sports to keep the throng on the go right through the whole eventful evening. Volleyball, tumbling, bowling, Bingo, dodgeball, etc., were the order of the day—a sing-song and refreshments rounded out a perfect evening. Outstanding in its absence was the sight of blue. Everyone was in sports clothes and there was a free and easy air prevailing. There's room for everyone at these gatherings, and those who haven't participated as yet, are really missing a good time.

BASKETBALL COMES TO LIFE

About a month, you lucky people who read Hoopla chatter, may have noticed that I wrote the Swan Song as far as station basketball was concerned. But at the moment of writing this column, I've been told that basketball has been given a new lease on life and our team has been entered in the Command Championship Playoffs. This means playing against other R.C.A.F. stations in No. 2 Training Command in sudden death playoffs. At present we have one win to our credit through Carberry's default and are now waiting to meet the winner of the No. 12—Weyburn game in the second round. The winner will eventually go to Winnipeg for the grand finals. As things stand, our chances aren't too dim. We have most of the boys who played all season plus Busher Jackson who played with some great B.C. teams. Of course, one man can't make a team, but he can certainly help a lot.

STRONG MAN STUFF

Among the most under publicized, yet one of the greatest body building sports known to mankind, is a sport, as yet appreciated by too few on this station, called weightlifting. For many months, a little man, no more than 5 ft. 2 inches in heels, had been imparting to me the virtues and healthful characteristics of this indoor sport. In fact, to goad me on he even said that he could lift 190 pounds or so whereas I wouldn't be able to budge my own weight. At last I went down to a little room, hidden in back of the Drill Hall, just to look on and get the hang of things. What I saw amazed me. First of all I noticed a weight lying on the floor. They told me it was just 125 pounds. Then I saw a long, lean, gent bend over, and, with terrific strain and much work, finally press it over his head. Then up steps this little man, Slutchuk, by name, and, with astounding ease and perfect relaxation, he pressed this weight not once but five times and finished off by suspending the weight on his shoulders and doing the deep knee bend 15 or 16 times. When he was all through, he apologized and said he could do much more but he was out of condition. I then tried doing the same thing, found my muscles just wouldn't stand the strain of a measly 125 pounds. I had to start way down at 75 pounds, which still isn't too light. But I'll be back for more and I'm sure you would if you'd just go down, look around and give your muscles a chance to really work.

STRAY FACTS

From Saskatoon comes word that Mottishaw and Hayward, former C.N.S. basketball stars, are really burning up the city league. A15 Shilo took the Brandon District Championship by decisively beating a strong No. 12 S.F. T.S. team two games out of three. Softball is just around the corner and with it comes news that we should have a real team, in fact it should be good enough to win out once more . . . one of the new men now on the station is Staynor, from Toronto, who comes to us with a colorful background. Yep! I can just see that big, not so soft apple floating around and the umpire yelling "Play ball." Now if the weather would just realize it's April and take its clue from there.

TEN PIN BOWLING LEAGUE STANDING

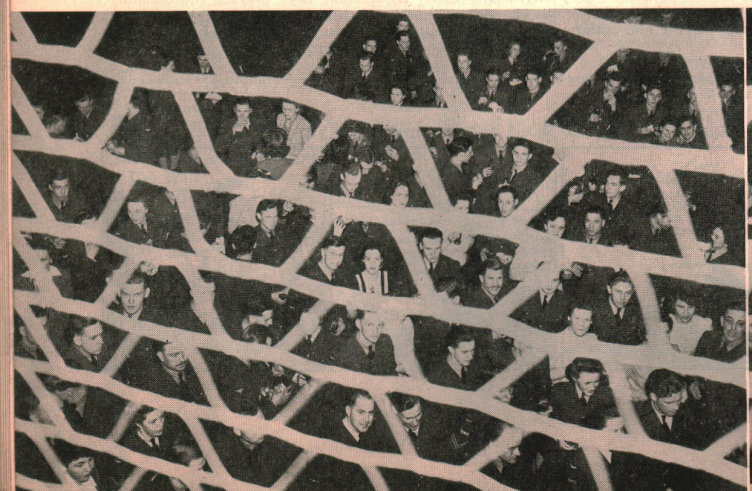
	W.	L.
Block Busters	19	5
Short Circuits	16	8
Timber Wolves	12	12
Accounts	5	9
Headquarters	5	11
Wee Meegers	3	13
Hot Shots	2	10
Fabric Workers	0	4

Team High Single—Short Circuits, 838; Timber Wolves 836.

Team High Three—Short Circuits, 2324; Timber Wolves, 2287.

Individual High Average — Moir (Timber Wolves), 164; Moir (Short Circuits), 161.

"THROUGH THE ROPE SCREEN AT OUR LAST STATION DANCE IN MARCH"







No. 1 C.N.S. HOCKEY CLUB—1943-44

Back Row (insets) left to right: Doug. McCaig, Alex. Jamieson, Geo. Terreault, and Roy Wilson. Middle Row: Stew Johnson, J. Wennie, "Scotty" McPherson (captain), Larry Linton (manager), Bill Haddon, Ralph Heather, and Wally Nicholson. Front Row: "Bud" McDonald, Mike Petasky, "Bub" Jewitt, and Bob Henry.

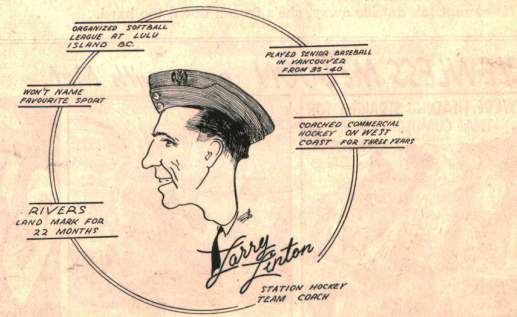
Hockey Finale

LARRY LINTON

IT has been my honor to manage one of the best intermediate Service Hockey teams that I've seen in action in three seasons as a coach and manager in No. 2 Training Command. We had such players as Joe Fisher and Doug McCaig, of Detroit Red Wings; Scotty McPherson, Brooklyn American; Wally Nicholson, Quebec Aces; Bert Paxton, former goal tender from Alberta where he was rated the best in '42-'43; "Mac" MacFee, former centre and still outstanding defence player of Prince Albert Mintos; Dinnie, a coming defenceman, formerly of Oshawa Generals Junior Champs; Barney Jones, well-known to all from St. John, New Brunswick Juniors; Stu Johnstone of Winnipeg, who can really handle himself and can produce solid checking; Gordie Harley from Winnipeg Senior ranks and hard to beat on any play; MacKenzie, former Brandon Elk, a real smoothie with the black rubber pellet and Petasky, the skating whiz who hails from Edmonton Junior teams and Saskatoon R.C.A.F. team. Timmins, Ontario, supplied us with Terreault, a heady right winger with lots of pep and good hockey brains. Bud MacDonald, all-round athlete, is keeping Windsor, the automotive city, up in the local hockey circles. Bub Jewitt from New Brunswick of legs and arms fame kept pitching either sticks or encouraging words to the team. Ray Wilson has a sound knowledge of hockey, which comes through hard work and exertion. His ability with a puck proved this theory during the past season. Another Winnipeg boy is strong-hearted 'Duffy" Dufault. This lad and Henry from Prince Albert, with a little more experience, will be showing the class of hockey we all dream of but seldom see. Our reserve goalie "Red Light" Clarke, stopped, kicked, blocked, and caught rubber from all directions. He guarded our goal many games this season, doing a job of which all players were proud. You just can't see all the rubber when facing a snowstorm, can you Jimmy?

Three of our boys, McCaig, MacKenzie and Petasky, recently played with a Brandon all-star team against Winnipeg Airforce Bombers in a Red Cross drive game at Virden. The Rivers trio were largely responsible for defeating the Bombers by an 8-4 score. MacKenzie scored two goals and assisted in three others, Petasky had a goal and an assist, and McCaig, fired a goal with two assists to his credit. Against the talented Bombers it was a fine showing. The club played eleven games through the season, winning nine games and losing two. There you have it in a nut shell. Obviously you can see why I said they were a good team. Only two losses this season, a fine record for any station team to hold. In conclusion I do not want to forget our one and only Alex Jamieson. This tiny man is not only a splendid referee but was good-will ambassador extraordinary for the club.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The author of this column has delved into every sport we play at Rivers. Larry Linton has no peer as a backer of our station teams. When the boards were nailed together for the rink this year it was he who hauled out the hose so that his team could play hockey. A real fellow on and off the field, we can use more Larry Lintons.



C.N.S. Curling Club News

THE curling season has now drawn to a close, with a busy and active season behind us, and memories of many splendid games in ye olde Bonspiels. Competition games for the inter-stations trophy shield were keenly fought, with Rivers taking it away from Virden who put up this shield originally (this being on Virden ice). Virden returned on challenge the following week with two rinks (one officers and one N.C.O. as called for in the rules) but after two closely-contested games were forced to leave the shield with 1-C.N.S. Shilo thereupon put in their challenge from A-3, and with a power house N.C.O.'s rink piled up sufficient long points to take home the bacon on the total count of points of both games — one high-light of the officer's game, skipped by Capt. Ings, of A-3 vs. F/L Riddell, Rivers, was Connie's chalking up a 7-ender (a curler's dream) in the 10th end, to put -1C.N.S. coming from behind well in the lead for the last two ends to win. Our boys returned to Shilo the following week to try to lift the shield from A-3, but despite the officers' 5-point lead, the total long-sided score run up by the aforementioned Shilo-Dynamiters N.C.O.'s rink, swung the balance back in favor of A-3, where the shield now reposes until next winter's re-opening of play. One and all of our clubs have really enjoyed their curling on most excellent ice this winter and look forward to next winter again bringing on the "besom and stane." The final wind-up banquet and presentation of Bonspiel prizes to the various winning rinks is being held in the Community Hall in Rivers, April 14th, which affair will thusly polish off a splendid season.

Now to close our curling news reports until next fall I would like to finish up with a little poem depicting the way LAC ————, one of our French-Canadian airmen on this station summed up the game. He had never seen the game called "Curling" nor a "Bonspiel" before, and the following is his "Bateese" accented impressions of this grand old game:

"BATEESE AT DE BONSPIEL"

(With Apologies to William Drummond Hay)

De noder day a frien' of mine, he say "Bateese," to me,
Wy don' you go upon de rink for see Bonspiel, says he,
D'eres plentee chair for sit upon, de place she's nice and warm,
An' so at las' I teenk I go, she cannot do much harm.

Wal dat is de mos' foolish game I never yet did see,
For all de men dey yell so loud, I tink de go crazee.
Dey have de stone lika beeg spitoon, and shove it wit de hand,
But wy de get so much excite, I cannot understan'.

De man down at de nodder end is put his broom down—so,
And de he yell, "now tak dat ice"—Hah! Dam foolish don' you know.
He cannot tak dat ice away, she's frozen down too hard.
But still he yell, "Yas tak her out, I do not want zee guard."

An' see dem feller sweep de broom, for wy I cannot tell,
Dere is no dirt upon de ice—an den some feller yell,
"Yas, hold her up"—Say wot he mean?
Madames not dere at all, and de W.D. in de ante room,
I do not see her fall.

All sorts of feller play dat game, dere's some dat's thin an long,
An some dat's maybe short and stout, and some dats purty strong.
But, wen de yell "De stout man's wide," and man dat's long and thin
He's "narrow sure"—she's insult, I do not tink stan for dat at all.

I wonder wat dat name she mean? Well, "Bon" in Franch she's "Good,"
And "Spiel" is Scotch for de big talk—Dat's wat I understan'.
I spose she's sort of half breed game—I spik de way I feel.
I watch dat game for two, tree night—Hah!
I "Tink she's mostly Spiel."

"PERSONALITY PLUS"



CPL. DOT RIDDELL

CLEWLESS McGOON copes with Met.

by Ozzie





ymca



CHUCK CROCKER

AGAIN we announce changes in personnel: Bruce O'Connor, whose remuster to aircrew came through after a long wait, is now further west training as an air gunner. "Best of luck, Bruce!" Margaret Gray is the official steno. for the Drill Hall with headquarters in the "Y" office. Thelma Cronkite has recently been posted to the East and Kay Dawson now graces the seat in front of the teletype. Hope you're with us for a long time, Marg. and Kay.



Several things are in the offing. One of these is a big indoor track meet which will likely be held about the middle of April. I understand the winners will have a chance to compete in a district meet and if they win they will get a crack at the Command championship in Winnipeg. Command meets are also planned for basketball, volleyball, hockey and badminton, and it is hoped that our teams will come out on top in one or two of the events. YOU can help by getting out and cheering for Rivers whenever there is a game here. It's really wonderful the uplift a team can get when they feel and hear that their fellow men are backing them up in their endeavours. On the other hand, it is heart breaking when only a handful of spectators come out to watch a game. Don't let your teams down, gang—get in there and root for them!

Our girls' basketball team defeated Shilo in the best of a two out of three series, thus claiming second place in their league. Nice going gals, we knew you could do it. Now let's see you take the crown from No. 12. We're all betting on you.

The Station Variety Show is receiving immediate attention. Likely several of you will be asked to take part in it. There are numerous back stage jobs to be done so all you guys and gals with any experience in this line let us have your names as we shall need lots of assistance and assistants. We have excellent prospects for presenting one of the best shows anyone, anywhere, has ever seen.

Before long, greatcoats will be stored away and out will come baseball mitts, golf clubs, tennis racquets, and the like. I heard that there was an outstanding hardball team at Rivers last year and I hope we shall be able to field a team equally as good this coming season. I don't imagine we shall have much trouble fielding the best team in this Command as far as soccer is concerned because our friends from "over there" are always ready and eager to help out as much as they can. Some of them have been practicing "headers" ever since they have been here and we can look for big things from them.

Just received word that the Great West Life Travelling Show will be here on April 29th. This is purported to be the best troupe travelling from Winnipeg, so plan now to be there.

★

"Between The Bookends"

F/L T. DALE JONES

TO browse around the station library at No. 1 C.N.S. is one of the greatest forms of relaxation one could wish to have. On the shelves are books of every kind to satisfy every taste—whether it be a western, a detective, satire, or poetical—the reader hasn't far to go. During an average day 75 books are issued, indicating how well and much appreciated is our library. Each month we are able to add a considerable number of new volumes of present-day best sellers through the grant received from Station Funds. Such books as "The Apostle," by Sholem Asch, and "The Robe," by Lloyd Douglass, should be read by all. In a lighter vein, "Our Hearts Were Young and Gay," by C. O. Skinner, will cause any tired person to relax and enjoy a laugh. One of the best stories written for some time and one with plenty of action is "Frenchman's Creek," by Daphne du Maurier. The complete works of Robert Burns have been added for those of more solid poetical taste. Anyone seeking a possible solution of the present-day upheaval should read "Pillars of Security," by Sir William Beveridge.



Through a special offer made by Collier & Son of Canada, we have been able to add second editions of such famous writers as Zane Grey, S. T. Van Dine, Mark Twain, Lowell Thomas, Pearl Buck, Edna Ferber, John Steinbeck, Sinclair Lewis, Agatha Christie and Louis Bromfield.

The library is open daily from 0900 hours to 2200 hours and books may be retained for seven days. If not renewed, a small fine of 2 cents a day is imposed. If at any time you find that your favourite book is not included on the shelves, kindly write the name and author on a piece of paper and hand it to the librarian in charge. It is a pleasure to satisfy you and our aim is to serve.

★

Taking Photographs

F/O D. L. AIKEN

I will arise and go now, and in an Anson fly,
And a small photo take there of a target point, I hope;
And if I take a wing tip I wish that I may die
With a small stone above me with one word "Dope."

Tut I'll be taking photographs, the things they do be calling,
The hand held obliques, and a queer name it's being,
And I must hold my camera so that it be not falling,
Or the head men and I would be after disagreeing.

I must arise and go now, for it says in K.R. (Air)
That the airman disobeying shall take a mighty pounding;
So I shall up in the blue sky, if there's a plane to spare,
And my ears shall be filled with the Anson's gentle sounding.



Sergeants Mess



SGT. INEZ DANGERFIELD

LET'S drop in at the Sergeants' Mess at any noon hour, any day in the month. First, we shall take you to the "Blue Room" to see such notable figures sitting around "beering" as WO1 Crawford; the one and only disciplinarian, Hutchinson; our mighty Atlas "Red" Stevenson, and our Mess President, WO Siefred, "who thinks that ale is part of his well balanced diet."



Moving into the games room, we find the more energetic type. What type did we say? There are Sgt's McNeilly, Potter and WO2 Simpson, who are our top snooker players and we aren't kidding! Off in a corner you will find the "Three Sharps," Rocky, Lucky and Robbie. What are they playing? We won't tell, but just drop in and see for yourself!

Now out to our peaceful lounge room, and we find none other than our friends WO Palmer, Sgt. Hammond and Bob Dixon, with their heads in a book. Our homey types. This is the type you have been looking for, girls!

Our Mess Staff have always looked smart, but within the last two weeks their new uniforms have lent an air of elegance to our surroundings.

There have been a lot of good-byes this past month, and we wish all the fellows loads of luck on their new stations, and a safe journey across the pond—WO2 Fairleigh, MacKenzie, Ainsworth, Connal, et al. One thing, since Bill Cook left, the beer ration lasts until nine o'clock now. Congratulations to Bill Scrimgeour on his recent commission. We miss you around the mess, Bill.

One tall, handsome, blonde sergeant seemed to enjoy his duty of escorting a CWAC "wolverine" around the station the night of the Shilo-Rivers basketball game. He certainly appears to be a very willing worker!

April 1st was the night of our "April Fools Dance" which was a great success. We were supplied with lovely hostesses from Brandon, and music by the "Ansonnaires." The chefs stood by, as usual, and served a scrumptuous lunch. Our monthly dances have become a great success and we hope they may continue throughout the summer.

The most unfortunate people on the station are the senior N.C.O.'s because, as yet, the P.T. and D. department have been unable to find time for them on their schedule. Time will tell! After all, we do not want our N.C.O.'s to be left out of anything.

Some of our boys have been the stars of our station basketball and hockey teams. Such snazzy figures on ice as Doug. McCaigh—that boy from down east, MacKenzie and Petasky, were part of the all-star team that played against the Air Force Bombers at Virden, and came out victorious with a score 8-4. This all-star combination scored four goals and gave three assists. "Congratulations, boys, we are really proud of you." And we have not forgotten our hockey manager, Larry Linton, liked by all. Larry has given his all to managing our team and did a good job of it.

Three of our Sgts. have been outstanding in our station basketball team, namely, Hoffman, Dulmadge and Jones. Nice going boys! Keep on scoring, especially in the Command meet.

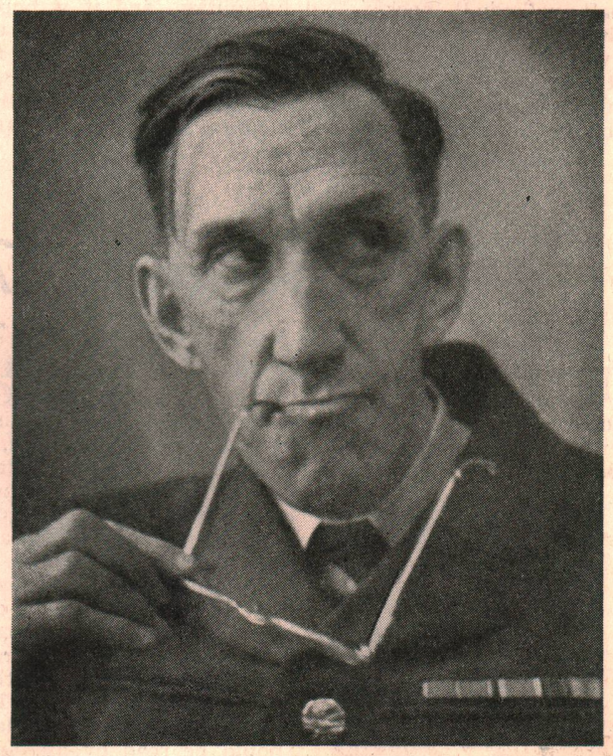
With Spring just around the corner, the male species are beginning to come to life once again, and, undoubtedly, by next month there will be some dandy new romances budding.

★

Wing Commander A. H. S. Gillson Departs

SO he's leaving us! . . . this man of distinction—this whimsical fellow whose very word is "law" in Navigation!

One of the "fathers of Navigation" in aviation in Canada, W/C Gillson was formerly Dean of Mathematics at McGill University, and, during the last war, was involved in navigating on the seven seas, including considerable action in the Battle of Jutland.



Headquarters of Navigation Visiting Flight, of which W/C Albert Henry Stewart Gillson is the head, is now in the East and the many friends of this popular and much-quoted officer will now see him only as he visits this station on one of his scheduled trips.

We are grateful to have this excellent portrait to remember him by, though he will always be remembered for his delightful wit, his amazing capacity for work and his helpful advice.

REHABILITATION — *Things We Want To Know*

Q. Has Canada any concrete plans for the re-establishment in civil life of personnel in the Armed Forces?

A. Canada not only has concrete plans but it also has legislation and orders-in-council in effect and operating. Under the orders-in-council and legislation, up until the end of 1943, approximately 6,500 veterans of this war had received cash benefits and grants in addition to mustering-out pay and allowances to assist in their re-establishment. More than 6,000 veterans of this war are in receipt of pensions. Hundreds are receiving vocational training and a number are completing education at Canadian Universities. Those in need of medical and dental treatment are receiving that care.

Q. Does the programme apply to men and women alike?

A. Except for a few reasonable modifications with reference to women in the Service, ex-service women and ex-service men benefit equally under the programme set up.

Q. In its broad features what does Canada's rehabilitation policy do..

A. It provides assistance to those ex-service personnel who are prepared to help themselves. It provides, where practicable, for return with seniority, to former civil employment to bona fide employees who wish to return to their former positions. It provides the facilities and finances for acquiring necessary trade skills. It enables those who interrupted their education to enlist to continue that education through grants and payment of fees. It provides financial benefits during the period ex-service personnel, fit and available for work, and for whom no suitable work is available, are seeking employment. It gives financial assistance while they are awaiting returns to those who embark on private enterprise. For those temporarily incapacitated but whose health is not so badly impaired as to necessitate hospitalization, there is financial assistance while rebuilding health. The pensions plan for those disabled as a result of service is fully operative while free treatment facilities are available for those whom departmental doctors find require treatment and hospitalization.

Q. What is the period during which grants and benefits are operative?

A. In the main these apply for a maximum of twelve months or the period of service, whichever is less.

Q. What is the scale of grants and benefits?

A. Single men receive $10.20 weekly and married men, with their wives, $14.40 weekly. In addition there are allowances for children and other dependents on approximately the same scale as paid by the Dependents' Allowance Board.

Q. What about ex-service personnel who wish to establish themselves on the farm?

A. The Veterans' Land Act, passed in 1941, takes care of this. Complete details of this Act will be given in a later issue but in general it gives the veteran, as a grant from the government, a substantial equity in his farm from the outset, conditional on his fulfiilling his obligations for ten years.

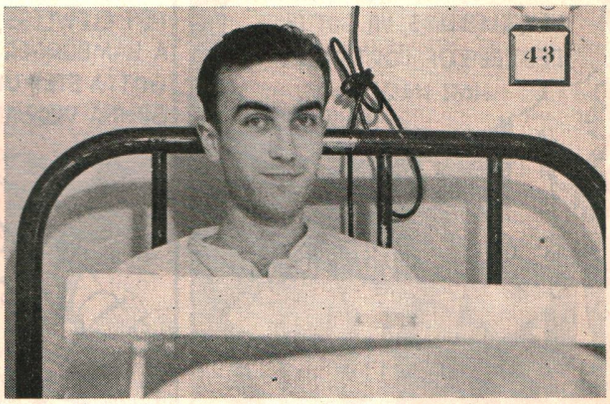
Q. Is there any similar home-owning benefit for the urban worker?

A. At present there is no such provision for an urban community, but ex-service personnel can receive similar assistance under the Veterans' Land Act if they wish a home with a small land holding within reach of their employment but outside the high taxation area. Similarily, commercial fishermen who return to that occupation after discharge from the Armed Services can receive help in establishing a home on small holdings near their fishing grounds and in purchasing their fishing equipment.

(The next instalment of this feature will deal with procedure on discharge.)

★

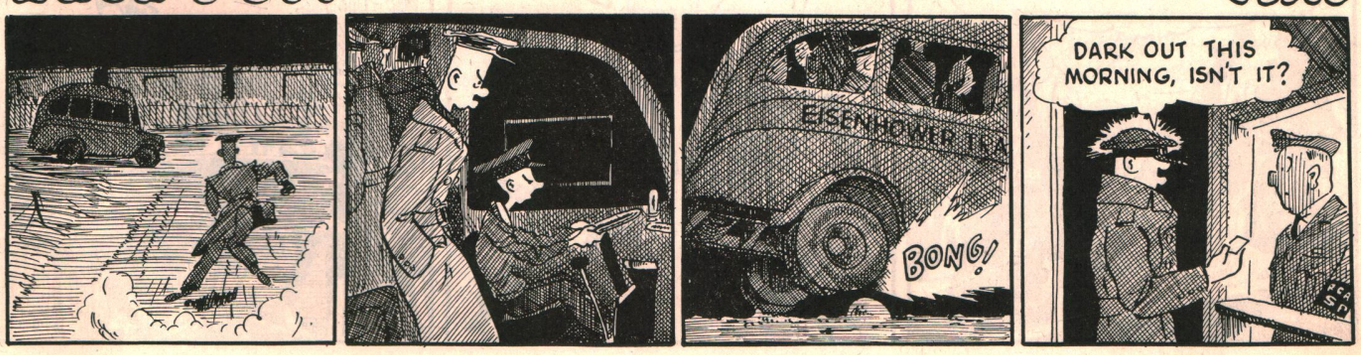
"OZZIE" IN ACTION



Our Cartoonist "Cartoons" in hospital.

Mack Doff

by Ozzie

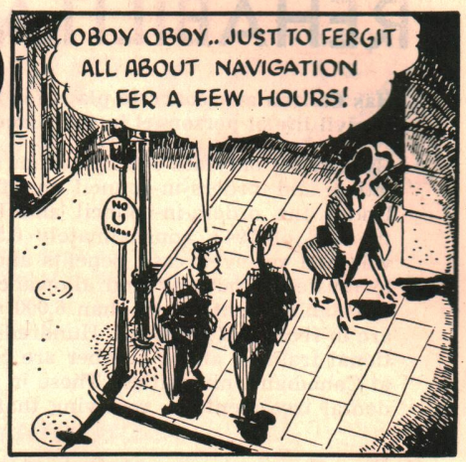


CLEWLESS McGOON

COPES WITH CIVILIZATION

by Ozzie





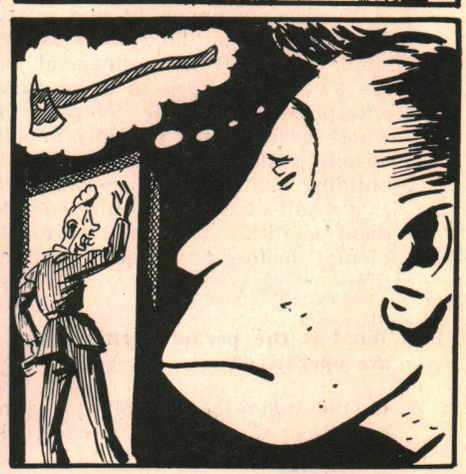




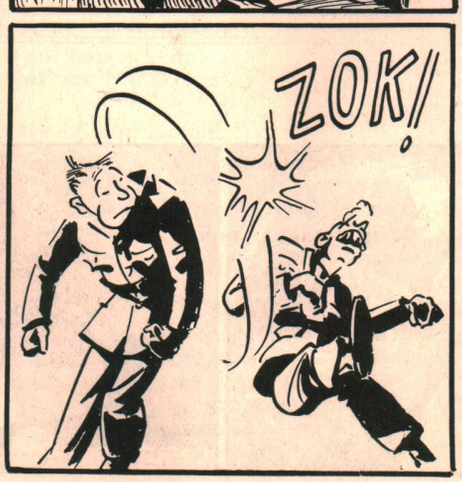














Section Shots

Training Wing Orderly Room

AW1 Attwood

Sgt. Albert is his name,
Rivers is his station;
He's the head of the Orderly Room
And the cause of our elation.

Pennie knows the whole routine
And gives out information,
A favorite in G. I. S.,
And with the population.

June Edmondson, a steno bright,
And it's a big temptation,
To mention that we have observed
A sergeant's (?) admiration.

Enid Searles keeps the time
For flying operations,
She's at the wicket all the time,
Hence the congregations.

Ann Ennis has a pretty face,
Put in your application,
If you want to meet her
We'll arrange the situation.

Mac's a pleasant natured Scot,
And there's no obligation,
If you ask her for your flying pay,
'Cos that's her occupation.

Dot's an energetic gal,
And it's a consolation
To know her flying sched's each day
Are the finest in creation.

There's another in this room
Who works with concentration,
Has anybody here seen Kelly,
She's here for the duration.

Lila Murray's in here, too,
She causes a sensation—
Red-heads always do, you know,
But she's on her vacation.

Black-haired Joey's one of us,
There's every indication
That she's a favorite with the R.A.F.'s,
She is their inspiration.

Instructors rushing in with haste
With an examination,
Will find that "Golly" types them out
Without an hesitation.

Grace Laurens is a new girl here
And in our estimation
She'll help us finish our work on time
And keep our good reputation.

If this conglomeration
Causes your exasperation
And you gaze with stupefication
At the horrible formation,
Just use your imagination.
You'll receive a stimulation
At the grand alliteration,
Gaze at me with adoration
Or 'twill be my degradation
For I made no preparation
And I've had no education,
So I pray for publication
Of this miserable oration.

★

Flying Squadron

F/O Webster

"In like a lion and out like a lion," seems to be expressive of the weather through this month of March, but in spite of many "wash out" days and nights our pilots have done their best and flown through some pretty bad weather in an endeavor to keep flying up to schedule.

Since the last issue of M.T.B. our small select group of pilots has been considerably augmented by a steady influx of new blood and we must now be classed as a large select group.

It is truly amazing the way our ranks have swelled and it makes one think that perhaps the rumor that we are going to get "Lancasters" on the station might be true for, of course, we shall have to carry pilot and co-pilot.

Incidentally, speaking of these mighty ships brings to mind circuits and their length, and it should be stressed to the new blood that the down wind leg for runway 26 does not or rather should not extend to Brandon. For the sake of your fellow pilots and the three grey-haired gentlemen of the Control Tower, please keep them (the circuits we mean) fairly tight.

Congratulations are in order again this month, for the "tall story" we mentioned last month came true. Best of luck from us all to you and your better half, Bill, and make sure that all your troubles, if any, are (f) light ones.

We were sorry to lose our friend F/O "Mike" Graham, of Instruction Flight, this month, but our best wishes go with him overseas.

How strange it is these days to see so many of our pilots (yours truly included) hobbling round the station with a stiff ungainly walk; this, of course, is due to our newly inaugurated body building (?) physical training, coupled with a pleasant five minutes of seeing if it is possible for ones legs to snap off at the knees in the "Harvard" step test. The only thing wrong with the latter is that it got out of Harvard. It would have been better had it stopped there for a few more terms to acquire more gentlemanly manners.

Have you noticed the look of fiendish delight on the face of a certain M.O. whilst this test is in progress? It seems as if he is trying to compete with the Station Sergeant Major for his "get 'em up" certainly does him credit. Rumor has it that this same M.O. was quite embarrassed when he tried to dress after taking his test.

Well, I am afraid this monthly effort is pretty poor, but it can be blamed on these last mentioned items.

If I am still living and can get some kind soul to push my "wheel chair" close enough to a table on which I can write, I shall endeavor to do better work next month. Until then "keep a stiff upper lip" and I really wouldn't be at all surprised if even that part of one's anatomy were really stiff by then.

★

At The Barrier

Cpl. Stevenson

Quite a number of changes have been made in the Gestappy Gang since we saw you last month. Several new members have joined forces with us and some of the older ones have shaken off the dust of Rivers for the final time. Cpl. Monaghan and Cpl. Hildebrand (alias Dusty) left on March 16th, both on overseas posting. The former was senior Corporal in the gang and had been on this station almost three years. He was probably the best known S.P. in the unit (excepting Grandpappy Snoose, of course). Dusty had been with us a year and his activities (S.P. and otherwise) will long be remembered. Good luck to you both, wherever you may be sent. And, for the love of Pete, wear both pairs of pants on the way across, Dusty, my boy, because you won't always have an investigator around to tell you where they are!

Cpl. MacGarva has rejoined us after having spent some time on temporary duty at No. 2 T.C. Mac wants to know who was responsible for having him sent away just when the big Bonspiel was getting under way. He had his eye on Page and Cpl. McMillan was all set to sweep him into it, too.

Our two latest additions are Cpl.'s Kirton and Grenzowski, both posted here from Trenton and both with Canada badges acquired at Gander Bay. Their favorite indoor sport seems to be telling LAC Grandy about the time the fog got so thick it ran the rain off and two codfish swam through the guardhouse door.

Cpl. Baxter left for Winnipeg recently with a face longer than a Freedman 48. He didn't come back that way though. The reason? A 7½ pound boy, he tells us. Congratulations, chum!

Uncle Sam Sorenson is back from Trenton full of wim, wigor and witality. He says they would have made him an Air Marshall if he hadn't missed writing the last exam. We suspect that he had his feet up on the table and his fountain pen wouldn't reach that far.

So you think the bowling alleys look pretty slick after their recent touching up? Well, brother, you should see the Guardhouse after Sgt. Giroux and his

midnight minions have had a go at it. Don't struggle when we pick you up, fellows—one shove at the front door and you slide right into the bull-pen.

"Little Willie" Mathers' many friends were glad to see him on his recent visit to Rivers. He was on embarkation leave and was all excited about going over with Monaghan and Dusty. Bill says he is coming back West after the war, too—Millie must like it our here?

See you in the first cell to the left next month.

★

Dear Old Central Registry

LAC A. H. WHITNEY

Sgt. Art Manton who was with us last time is now working in S.O.R., taking Sgt. Stan Weinfield's place. Stan—the lucky stiff—was posted to No. 2 T.C., Winnipeg.

Now we have F/S Kirby with us in C.R. The new "boss" is swell—formerly a resident of Vancouver before joining the R.C.A.F.

AW1 Grace Trotter is also a newcomer to C.R. Cpl. "Red" Cameron is still as busy as ever with AW1 Hazel Tuffin, and AW1 Clare Bartley assisting. "Red" has been here the longest of our staff.

Since last we met, AC1 Orvil May was posted overseas. May was a good runner and we all hope he likes it "over there." LAC Cebula is in the hospital, this time with tonsilitis, and we have AW1 Evelyn Parker as "Chief King's Printer," with your truly assisting when possible.

★

Headquarters

With April comes spring, and we see many changes take place. We haven't decided yet if it is the coming of April or spring but the Station Orderly Room has surely seen its share of changes during the past two or three weeks.

Sgt. (Stan) Weinfield, who took over from Sgt. Albert, has left for No. 2 T.C.H.Q., Winnipeg, where he hopes to take up the quiet life of a bachelor.

The new additions to our staff are: F/Sgt. G. L. Kirby, recently from No. 10 Repair Depot, Calgary; Sgt. A. C. Malloy, from No. 1 Port Transit Unit, Halifax; AW1 Shearer, from No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon (and does she like Brandon!) Another new W.D. on the staff is LAW M. Parsonage, from No. 12A Recruiting Centre, Kingston. She is the girl in charge of D.R.O.'s and says she will do her best to get today's D.R.O.'s out tomorrow. (By the way, in case no one knows it, she is or will be a great painter before long. Red is her favorite color.)

LAW K. Dawson and AW1 Laurens, the old stand-bys for D.R.O.'s, have been transferred to the "Y" and T.W. Orderly Room.

We did have with us on D.R.O.'s LAW T. Conkite, who was here for two weeks and is now posted to No. 5 Radio School, Clinton, Ontario. Good luck to you, LAW Conkite.

Just before leaving I would like to pass a word to the wise (W.D.'s). F/Sgts. are bad for the working hours of the War Effort.

★

Armament

STAN MCKINNON



The response to the request for blood donors has been very good from this section, with 38 volunteering. Most of these have already given their pint, a few going in each Wednesday. The Red Cross appeal was met in the same spirit.

Best wishes for a speedy recovery are sent to Jimmy Baugh, who is in hospital suffering form burns. Tough luck, Jim.

We are gradually getting to know everybody on the station. The latest arrivals are AC1's Knox, Forsyth, Swan, Penn, and Jacobson, all bomb armorers; and AC1 Latta, a gun armorer. "Tiny" Jacobson isn't staying with us long, as he is being remustered to civilian.

PERSONALITIES

What would our section do without Cec Mooney to brighten our days? "Moon's" the only man who can argue both ends against the middle and win on all three counts . . . The great enduring debate is, of course, East versus West. And every once in a while herring chokers like Ray Baker and Jim Gould want to secede from Confederation.

Elmer Kampen is so lucky at cards that after the war he's going to work the river boats down South . . . Our big time operator, though, is Jack Myles, the jockey of the galloping dominos.

The Crossley rating of Leo Georget is right up on top, for he's the lad who knows all the W.D.'s on the station. Newcomers Moore, Skalenda, and Gosnell are doing alright for themselves, we notice . . . Wouldn't it be tragic if the mailman should fail to deliver those daily letters from the gal back home for Cliff Wilson? Tabor is another fellow who has postage stamps on his heart.

We have a dark suspicion that Cpl. Duke Schofield's dapper moustache is just to make him feel at home over in that R.A.F. barrack he's in charge of now . . . And speaking of facial trimmings, why is it that nearly every armorer who goes out to the bombing range for ten days breaks out in a moustache?

Among those volunteering to give their blood is Barney Bjarnason, but he's so pale all the time that we think he ought to get a transfusion instead.

Several of the boys took part in the curling this year, with Eric Lee, the Carberry flash, on the rink which won the Hammond competition . . . Sometimes we wonder how Doc Henwood, the shorty of the gang, manages to throw those great big heavy rocks around. And he curls a neat game, too . . . The armorers rather took the instr uctors into camp recently in a volleyball game. The score? Well, we wouldn't like to embarrass the sergeants, so we won't tell. A return game is in the offing.

★

Motor Transport

CPL. MANSFIELD

All from this section wish LAC and Mrs. Styan Currie (née LAW Thompson) heartiest congratulations and good wishes. Tough luck, Styan, that you were posted away on a course at such a crucial time. Good luck on your course and be sure to come back to No. 1 C.N.S., M.T. section.

Our usual postings have been coming and going. We now have with us Cpl. Tom Colvin from Regina—an M.M. M.T. We have said au revoir to LAC's Parker, Morley, and Jim Stewart; also to Cpl. Jack Reid who has remustered to aircrew. Jim and Jack are a couple of Pennfield boys who have been with this section for a couple of years. We have also said good-bye to LAC King who was just with us long enough to get acquainted — spending nearly a month down East on a course. We wish all these boys the very best of luck wherever they may be sent. Fly back and see us sometime, Jack.

An airman went before the Commanding Officer to ask permission to get married. The C.O. said: "Come back in a year and I will grant you permission." In a year's time the airman came back and asked permission again to get married. The C.O. gave his permission and said, "You must love this girl very much." The airman said, "Yes, I do, Sir, very much." Then he added, "It is not the same girl, sir!"

Electrical Section

"Steve Georges"

Any day now we expect our sergeant to take up a collection for a new tie. Why? It seems that a couple of comely lassies from the Orderly Room are bent on having it. By dint of superhuman effort he staved them off once, but he can't win all the time.

Yes! The women are really getting in the electrician's hair, even "Irish" has his troubles—reason—the new girl in Maintenance. She also works in the Orderly Room. If you've forgotten how the colors of the rainbow look like, you should see his face when he has to walk in there on some errand.

I guess every individual in our section is noted for something, famous or infamous, mostly the latter. Some favorite expressions of a few of the boys follow:

Fox—"Hurry up, Tolley, let's go."

Lockert—"Ichel, Smitchel, Tichel."

Wirt—"Now I think the bowling averages should be figured this way."

Segal—"The battery room, I love it."

Doyle—"I guess its time to go and eat."

Wain—(Censored).

Bourque—"Let me try this hold on you."

Miller—"I've got a good job for you."

MacLeod—"If you could only have seen her."

Whallen—"How be you fetch me that."

Smith—"My furlough can't get here too soon." (I wonder why?)

Slutchuk—"I played badminton with a couple of W.D.'s." (Now officially our "W.D. Man").

Douse—"Who's got me gloves?"

Watt—"Now, where did I put that ticket?"

In our barrack block, if we miss a show, we don't mind too much. All we've got to do is stay awake after lights out and listen to our erestwhile sleep talker. You can have your Walt Disney cartoons—this beats them all, the way he jabbers along in his sleep between snores. He says all he's got to do before falling asleep is to repeat to himself: "I'm not going to talk, I'm not going to talk," and he won't say a word during the whole night. "Turning his mind off," he calls it—he's got to prove it first—I mean that he's got a mind to turn off.

Tommy Tompkins, our Link Trainer Wizard, better known as "the walking lamp-post," is going around in a bit of a fog since the other evening. We held a bowling meeting and by the time we finished reshuffling teams, schedules and averages he was ready to remuster to a jig-saw puzzle artist. He's a hard worker, though, and is doing a fine job taking care of the bowling league—and that's a job and a half, believe me!

Meteorological Section



LAW M. Carey

Every month at the top of the article on the Met Section you have seen a black and white cut of our crest, but how many of you have ever thought that it has a history and a meaning?

Some two years ago, while persuing an aviation magazine, Sgt. Simpson came across a cartoon of a forecaster, which had been drawn for one of the U.S. Met Services of the U.S.A.A.F. by Walt Disney. The cartoon so impressed the sergeant that he decided it would work into a very nice crest for the Met. Section of No. 1 C.N.S. Therefore, with a border and the name of the station and section added, it has become the present day Met. Section crest.

The little fellow on the cloud in the centre represents the forecaster who, popular belief has it, sticks his hand out of the window to determine the weather (the truth is, however, he lets the observer do it). The reason for the rain is not that it is a well known type of weather, but that a forecaster, or weather observer, is often called a "Rainy Joe."

At the beginning of February we had an all Met. Section wedding when one of the observers, Iren Menu, was married to one of the forecasters, Ray Walkden, in Winnipeg. The Met Section wishes them all the best throughout the coming years.

At the end of January four of our five trainees were sent down to Toronto for a further course in Met. (the only Torontonian in the bunch, Dick Beyens, being the one left here) and at its completion, Matt Bourgeois was sent back to us at a Met. C., so that we are now up to strength for a change. Of the other three, Carmen Eckmier went to Aylmer, Ont., and Harry Braun and Jerry Giroux went way out to Newfoundland.

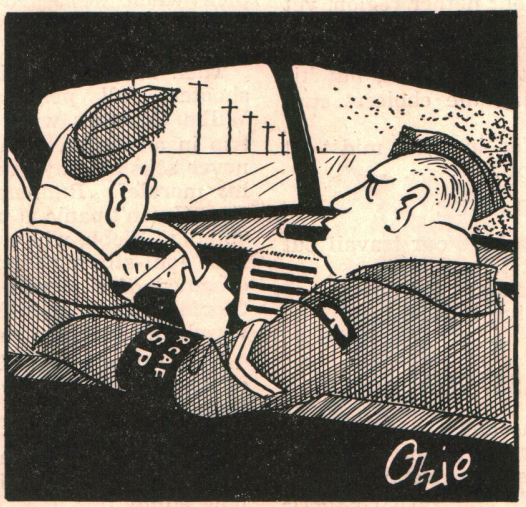
A TRIBUTE TO "ANNIE"

She hasn't got a Spitfires' speed,
Or graceful lines of that Lockheed;
But in '39 when things looked bad,
Coastal Command were mighty glad
They had the "Annie" on the coast
To check that German U-boat boast.

Remustered now to O.T.U.
She carries but a U/T crew,
From hence may come, some months ahead,
A pilot whom the Huns will dread,
For "Annie" trains the bomber teams
Who show those Jerries what war means.

So don't look up at her in scorn,
Remember that from her was born
The Lancasters, which nightly drone
O'er Berlin, Hamburg and Cologne,
And think of what she's done for us,
For Anson is as Anson does.

—LAC J. WEDWELL, from "Airman."



Dat last guy ya hit was an airman, Joe . . . lookit dem beans on da windshield!

Classroom Highlights



CLASS 96A

PROLOGUE

With humility we make our bow among
more practiced scribes.
And introduce ourselves to you though
we fear some rude jibes.
A detailed list we shall withhold to
spare our colleagues shame.
And in these verses flattery shall make
us its fair game.

Along the front row and the next the
"Big five" rest on their laurels.
United still they stand, it seems, in spite
of verbose quarrels.
One other of their membership lan-
guishes in dock just now.
'This feared that to our presence he has
made his final bow.

Alone and scorning lesser men, our
proud Lancastian sits:
Whilst at his rear three Heavenly
Twins, complete with brilliant wits!
Imbibe knowledge without trying, or
so the instructor hopes,
One more cut of this unholy band is
also "on the ropes."

Our wearer of the green, with con-
federate adorn, with languid indo-
lence.
London's twang with Mancun clip at
their side does vie.
Though unlike tongues they are, 'tis
true, the same rude sparks do fly.

Next sits our band with partner, the
long and short, 'tis said;
'Tis noted that his smile has fled his
bloody, embowed head.
Against his flank reside two more yeo-
men of the West,
Whose frequent pleas for knowledge
give instructors little rest.

We come now to our nether region, yet
'tis not lost in sloth.
Two dauntless coppers here exist, a fact
that one is loth to publish, but 'tis
known some day the choicest cups
reveal,
All is not lost, for in their midst sit
two lads full of zeal.

EPILOGUE

Two other heroes share our travail but
more I cannot tell,
Since both are wonders, if I'm rude,
I'm sure they'd give me H-LL.

★

CLASS 90A

Feeling that the delicate art of line shooting has not received the study and recognition it deserves, we propose to draw on our wide and varied experience (line!) to fill in this gap in erratic literature. In order that our readers and ourselves may know just what we are burbling about, here is the definition: A line is any statement in words that constitutes a danger to navigation. As research material we have compiled a Line Book, and any so-called navigator who shoots a line in the presence of two witnesses finds his words inscribed in the register. As a safety precaution, we add that if he can prove his line no line, begorrah, his "witnesses" stand him a pint of Black Horse. But this clause has yet to be invoked. Brother Harbord nearly won his pint, however, for he claimed he was in the habit of going down by parachute to ascertain position, which was recorded in the Black Book. Then it was found that Navigator Harbord did in fact land in a field for that purpose. But he foolishly pretended it was engine failure, and thus forfeited his well-earned drink.

The most blatant lines belong to the Munchhausen school. Junior swears he gets his best pinpoints when the Anson flies upside down; Wilkie used Capella for taking drifts, Jackson of 90B thaws his carburetors out with a blow lamp in flight. Our Willie solemnly included in a reconnaissance report "Wills' Gold Flake sold in local store"; to which Instructor Mac added "What, no coca-cola?" Our erstwhile instructor, however, takes the leather medal, for reporting that the West Coast of Europe can be pin-pointed above the overcast by the flak through the clouds.

A frequent cause of linear propulsion is that curious vanity arising from a year or two of service. Witness dear departed Frank Arnolds "I've done more work in the service than Peter Dash did before he joined." Perhaps Bernie had the same superiority complex when he asked a Wing-Commander, "Are you the spare bomb-aimer?"

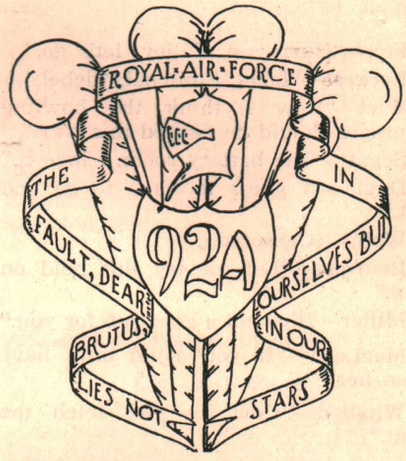
Then there are the introspective line shooters, all personal and soulful. Willie Coombes wins first prize for a trip in an Anson with "The Instructor never asks me any questions; it lowers his morale." Runners-up are Frank Guy (I don't panic at meal-times") and "binder" Webb, who was heard to utter the soul-stirring moan, "I haven't dreamed of a woman for two years." Clorfears gave us a fine example: "It wasn't me that got lost, but the pilot."

In last month's M.T.B. we were guilty of the line that P.T. was of less benefit than washing our singlets, and the P.T. wallahs suitably pointed our our error. The vibrations from our groans started another front at Swift Current. We now admit that P.T. is quite as energetic as washing singlets, but we still think the latter more interesting.

When M.T.B. next appears we shall, we hope, to be on our way to more warlike establishments, where opportunities to cast the old line are thicker than Air Flight blue pencils. Imagine us, where flak knocks so many holes in your kite that you don't even cast a shadow; where Jerry fighters are so dense that you fly by instruments and bomb on E.T.A. Just imagine us—for we can't.

★

CLASS 92A



Here you see the crew of us,
An exceedingly dim view of us
Is taken by one and all,
We calculate all sorts of things
Excepting cabbages and Kings,
And go on forty-eights most weary,
Returning rather bevy
To sextant shots and precise plots,
And observations of the moon.
We charge along unheeding with the
endless syllabus
The dwindling few of us
Will be fewer very soon
Room twenty-six assembled
Will surely consternate
Any student lecturer
Who tries to demonstrate
With a stiff upper lip
That doesn't drip
From weight of hairy broom,
We'll bind on to graduate at Rivers.

Here you see the class of us,
This rather dubious mass of us,
Navs u/t who must succeed,
Our eyes survey extensive views
Of navigational "don'ts and do's"
Though how we use our information
Defies an explanation
As did the trip when gen was duff
"Say where the hell is this Oak
Bluff!"
We are the inmates of a room bath
warm and healthy
Now bursting wealthy

With oodles of gen to read,
Room twenty-six in session
Is really quite unique,
For (there's a small confession)
We're mostly up the creek,
And so it goes
Until (who knows)
We yet may graduate
Then straight for the homely state
of England.

★

CLASS 93B

Woe is me for I am all undone! As the b—— I beg your pardon, patrons, what I am endeavouring to say is that once again the hand has written on the blackboard "last call for M.T.B. and once again I find myself totally unprepared to meet its immediate demands.

93B has certainly had a month of strange and varied happenings. First of all we re-extend our congratulations to F/O Giesbrecht for it appears that he was instrumental in bringing a fine bouncing baby into the world. In all sincerity we do congratulate him and moreover raise a pious prayer that he will succeed in retaining some 24 bedraggled navigators (?) in this same world with some vestige of sanity.

However, all has not been so pleasant for it would appear that we must bid farewell to Dan Macrae, Doug Bowman and Allen Turnhill, who are all languishing in hospital and wont be returning to our class. We send them our best wishes for very speedy recovery.

They were all notable members of our class. Rumour has it that a medal is being prepared for all who have jumped from heights exceeding eighteen inches. Had Don jumped from anywhere but Rivers he would have been allowed to sport dandelions' leaves upon it. Hard luck, Don!

Doug Bowman's work at Rivers has not lapsed by his absence, for I hear that others are Bent on carrying on the good work.

Allen Turnbull has made the return journey to Base via air ambulance. I have spent considerable time looking over his log and am trying to think of some really funny remarks to put on it in order to imitate certain other well known gentlemen. I won't if I find it difficult—perhaps it is because I haven't the time to spare.

Now for a few brief jottings. Considerable consternation and commotion came at the closing of the canteen to cadets. Crackers, wasn't it!

Those who have no fear of the hereafter should make a point of taking a trip with MacDonald West. Why he hasn't gone West is a puzzling matter. His partner in crime has nothing to Carol about either.

A certain blonde baby has received a proposal of marriage by post. Read the whole of this article thoroughly, young man, and be warned.

To all it may concern, Kenny has now got it.

CLASS 94B



'Tis said of ancient China that her tortures were, and are to this day, taken as the highest standard of really nice merciless past times, reached by mankind.

Confuscious say!

But surely even confuscious in all his Oriental glory, having the misfortune to stumble across No. L STALAG would immediately tear from the emaciated hands of the Orient such a distraction and, after working out innumerable 50 degrees drifts, 100K winds and unbelievable L.H.A.'s jettison it with unerring accuracy on this little "brave flower."

Confuscious say!

Going from the sublime to the ridiculous, it must be noted that our beloved class, altho' to our regret, considerably depleted, has now weathered the quasast font, storms of the weeks out here 'mong mountain and shady glen.

Many are the fertive questions projected skywards whilst some people sleep, and many are the questions unanswered.

F'rinstance!

Who, but a navigator could have the physical strength and mental weekness to trudge upwards of six statute miles under the midnight moon on a 48, all of no avail.

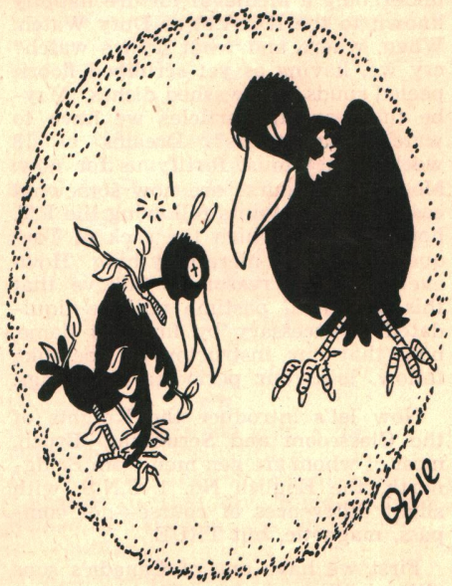
Who but navigators could have the moral courage to direct WOG pilots thro' danger areas, just to see what ops will be like.

And lastly, who but navigators could possibly reduce themselves to such low-lend acrobatics, in their many and ceaseless attempts to make sure they haven't had it.

Now Rinder senior and his junior partner are full swing with their now infamous but nonetheless timeless signative time, "light out" fellows, eh!! and I must get me back to polishing my computor with bags of "Duraglit" to the accompaniment of indescribably phrases of respect, love and devotion for aye.

CLASS 93A

Once more we must bring our journalistic mind to bear on the problem of inflicting on the readers of M.T.B., the activities of class 93A—pushing into the background the impending doom in the shape of twelfth week exams. The most important event during the month has been the loss, to us but not to 1 C.N.S., of our instructor, F/L Solin. His mathematical brain has now to contend with those weird people known as S.N.'s. He is one of the best instructors any of us have known and a decent type. We shall all of us miss him and his wise counsel. We welcome to the fold F/L Scott, whose duty is to teach us Navigation, —although we cannot guarantee his retaining his nervous system. Accustomed now to Canada and Canadians, to Ansons and Prairie, we are able to understand the intricacies of Navigation, Met, Compasses, and what have you? Two more of our members have found themselves unable to cope and it is with regret that we see them go. Good luck to them—their time here has not been wasted. Our lives are now regulated by 48's in Winnipeg and weather. Our class seems to be a jinx to the Met., man. To date we have had three trips scrubbed because of weather. There are some, however, who look out to see a blizzard raging, low cloud, dirty nights, etc., and exclaim—"What a lovely day"! One of the more lighthearted of our members had has instigated a "Line Shoot Book" which somewhat alternates the distress of DR'ing ahead. They have proved amusing if not enlightening Examples—SDRT—Can you get me a Pinpoint?! "Just wait until I've finished this sentence," and I wasn't map reading — I just looked out on E.T.A. and there it was." And so—as another great diarist so aptly put it—to bed.



Junior! You were low flying again!

CLASS 89A

"Courses come and courses go but Rivers goes on forever" (with apologies to Longfellow) and now it is our turn to say goodbye MTB and goodbye Rivers.

With the acquisition of the Senior Course Banner yet another phase of our existence here is passed and we look forward to the only remaining incident that we consider important—no need to name it!

I will not say that as we pass through the portals of the camp for the last time tears will drop from our eyes—but certainly something will go POP!! inside when we realize that all our Rivers Connections (please be broad-minded) are left behind for good and all!

We have recently acquired two comrades from 88 Course who were unfortunately sick. So we have among the many farewells two welcomes to make to Kendall and Sampson.

With a final burst the whole 20 of us wish all the very best of luck to instructors, parachute girls, pilots, maintenance people and even Air Flight without any one of which we realize we would have been sunk.

A special farewell and our sincere appreciations to Flight Lieutenant Arn whose efforts on our behalf only have to be referred to our success in passing.

★

CLASS 97A

In this our 2nd week at Rivers we are slowly recovering from the shock of tumbling off the Wheatlands bus and finding ourselves in a land of spacious grandeur, an area of plentious beauty, of space and skies, where men were men and now are u/t Nav's. But to make sure that return to normal does not come too quickly we find ourselves undergoing a Medieval torture happily known to the R.C.A.F. as Duty Watch. When, where and what do we watch? cry we, having as yet scrubbed floors, peeled spuds, and washed dishes. Maybe these are the articles we have to watch, who knows? Dreams of 18 weeks hence must fortify us for now. Most of the course are now somewhat easier in their joints following the P.T. hours, against which the rack of Torquedance was a mere plaything. However we have reason to believe that this delightful pastime will be liquidated if necessary by fire and flame, now that our instructor or poet-like fellow, joins our periodical creakings.

Now let's introduce the Knights of the Classroom and Scrubbing Brush, most of whom are gen men from Bridgnorth, the English No. 1 C.N.S. with slight differences of course—not compass, magnetic, but TRUE.

First we have one of Canada's sons "Winnie" Furness from Winnipeg. London is well represented by Tommy (Up the Hammens) Allen, Fred Barstow, Charlie "Beam" Campbell, Alec "Guardsman of the North" Day, Willie "Genman" Duff, Johnny Fenn, Moxie Hageman and George "Humph not Oomph," Humphrey. Then our four Manchester lads are Les Britain, John "Donnie" Donegan, Geoff "Sinatra" Hiscock and Shortie Quornan. Of course we must not forget Scotland and they weigh in with Eric Blackwood, Willy "Airdrie" Deans, Gus "Two dollar no Joe," Guthrie and Chicky Bulmer. Ireland is with us in the person of Paddy Houston from Erie, and then comes Glamour Pants Allen from Wells, Frankie Barrett from Wigan, no cracks about the pier, a Lancashire lad named Roy Brindle, Charlie Carter from Hereford, Geogie Dewar "u/t Husband" Shrewbury, Ernie Dewhurst (Hyde), "Drummer Boy" Marshall (Derbyshire), Nobby Clark, Betford, and the aristocrat of the party, Frankie Franklin from Ashley-de-la-Fouch, not forgetting the edition, Roy Gles, of Exiten.

★

CLASS 95A



The sixth week exams have arrived and we're still here—much to our surprise. More amazing still, we have each acted as first Navigator and brought a plane back to base—a feat we would have deemed impossible two weeks back. Of course, there were one or two irregularities. In the words of one of our members "We were going along O.K. but something went wrong with the wind," another chap decided to get his "48" the quick way and landed in Winnipeg. (Of course it was engine trouble, officially).

Aerial photography is one of the many subjects we have feebly attempted to master. As a result of our first "hand-held obliques" exercise, three photographs of aircraft window-sills were submitted to the Winnipeg Art Exhibition (No reply has been received yet).

However, don't get the impression that we are still green. We are long past the stage of doing "Press-ups" in our sleep. But the best indication of the depth of our experience is our newly acquired ability to deal with Air Flight. We are very proud of this ability. Even very senior courses are often found not to have discovered the secret of bargaining with these fellows. Of course, we had a few setbacks in the beginning, when our technique was still in the experimental stage. For instance, there was the class martyr who told Air Flight they were wrong. Frontal attacks of this sort we have found to be a failure. The navigator in question had P.P. — marked on his log. Since we cannot believe that Air Flight possess the same vocabulary as we do, we are still wondering what was meant.

Another stage in the development of our present technique was the Infiltration method. The navigator would first fix the interrogation with a beaming smile, next he would lean across the table and enquire after his children. Unfortunately, our emissary bungled the matter. When he switched on the charm, the interrogation officer asked him if he still felt sick. And when he made the scheduled domestic enquiries, Air Flight reported him to our Flight Officer for flying while under the influence of drink.

After many such failures, we have discovered that the best approach is what might be termed a flanking movement. At the first mistake, the navigator assumes an expression of righteous indignation and declares in a loud voice. "But our Flight Officer told us to do it that way" (This is a cunning trap) when the interrogation officer maintains that the method is nevertheless wrong, the navigator plays his trump card and expresses the heartfelt desire that Air Flight and the navigation Instructor get together on the matter. This shakes them. It never fails. They all have a secret dread of having to explain their personal log idiosyncrasies to their colleagues. The last morning our class went flying, five Air Flight Officers went special sick in the afternoon. Nerve trouble, it is rumored.

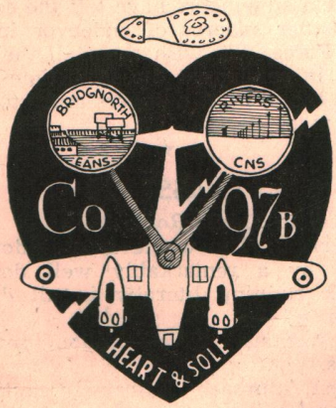
★

CLASS 97B

Greetings Rivers! Three months ago the majority of our class had successfully negotiated—by various means—the E.A.N.S. course in England and were looking forward with boyish enthusiasm to fourteen weeks' flying at A.O.S. and to winning the much-coveted "brevet." But the "powers that be" decreed otherwise and here we are in Rivers where we have been hailed as alleged "Gen Men"—a point still apparently doubted by our instructor. We are not trying to shoot a line here, folks, but as some of our I.T.S. pals are now sporting "brevet" we offer this explanation as to why we are still "humble plonks."

Conditions here vary considerably from those at Bridgworth and when old hands inquire how we like Rivers tired voices may be heard moaning . . . "We had 57 pubs there, anyway!" Our thoughts do not dwell on that subject

entirely, however,—even though some members wear the Bridgworth medal awarded for efficiency and devotion to duty in "The Vine"—and we're certain that the staff here in Rivers, which has already impressed us with its enthusiasm, ability, keenness and co-operation, will do its utmost to make us efficient navigators.



One of our lads was so keen to fly that in his first exercise he baled out before he took off with the resultant penalty of one dollar.

Overheard in the Canteen:

Two Scotchmen conversing with a W.D. "Yes they've made progress already." Chap with refrained broad Scots accent, "Can you understand what my pal is saying?" W.S.: "No, I have difficulty at times." Chap with refrained Scots accent, "WELL, you'll understand me because I believe I speak like a Canadian."

We are quite a motley collection ranging from B.Sc's to professional footballers and from coppers to ex-brats but we thank the editor of M.T.B. for this opportunity to introduce ourselves.

Here folks is our class lineup: As you will see we are a mixed bunch—Scots, Irish, English, India, and even Welsh! Scotsmen however are predominant, worst luck, — or is it??

Anyway, here goes — introducing:

From Bonny Scotland: Milby "Bert", Glasgow. Favorite song "Three o'clock in the morning." EX Balloon/Op. Still flying his kite, Kitchener, Robert. We have not discovered whether he is Scotch or Irish, maybe he is taking refuge in a foreign country!

Anyway he hails from Glasgow again.

McAinsh "Mac" — A.B.S.c also the "BRIDGNORTH BAR" for elbow lifting. Still on the bottle. From CLACKMANNANSHIRE ORR "JOCK Scottish International Rugby Trialist. Also knows a bit of naive. From EDINBURG EX. policeman.

STEPHEN—FRANK The only man, we understand, who volunteered for fatigues in the cookhouse, — why? Also a GLASGOW man. WILL "SANDY" Professional footballer. From the town where no Jew can make a livelihood—ABERDEEN.

WYLIE "GLAMOUR" The flight accents no responsibility for lines he shoots—a Scotsman (naturally) from ROSS SHIRE.

From LONDON: Cpl. Poole, Jack—Ex fitter. Having due respect to corporals, we offer no comments. From ABBEY WOOD—Cpk. Sandoe, "Sandy" Hails from CHARLTON. No comments again. MYHILL "TEX" and EXATC Sergeant, who swears blind he was offered a commission in the A.T.C. From FINSBURY PARK, member of the Hugo Club. WILKES, Gerry—used to dabble in photography but it's no use asking him for any "good ones" as he never worked for "Health and Efficiency." EDGWARE is his home. WILLIAMS, John—and an EX 94B bloke, from PLAISTOW. Part designer of our crest!!? TAYLOR "TUBBY" the biggest chap in the class. Spent first week here in hospital. An ex-policeman from WIMBLEDON.

FROM N. ENGLAND:

LLEWELLY, John. A Lancashire lad from WARRINGTON. In dock, speedy recovery JOHN. MAUGHAN "Ron" another ex-policeman, looks like one too! They say that the brevet, he keeps in his pocket is getting very soiled now. Hails from SUNDERLAND. RUSHTON "Trev" from CHESTER. Out P.T. field. In dock also, hurry up our "Trev." TOMPSON "ted" also from CHESHIRE. The bloke with the "Horse laugh." Yours Truly. WAKEFIELD "Johnny" soon found out, that one can keep very warm on a sleighing party. Cheshire again. Co-reporter.

From the Midlands:

PLATTS, Arthur from famous COVENTRY. PAYNE, Ronald Arnold Everett Scott Fortescue, Phew!! what a name, and what a man! Girls look out! From NOTTS. STANTON, "Bob" from BRUM. A Gen Man, also secretary of the "HOgo ClubQ. SANSON "Sammy" a Serving Airman ('Nuff said) Hails from STOURBRIDGE. Smith "Smitty," home town BICESTER, OXON. The titch of the class. A member of Bob Stanton's "Hogo Club."

From Wales "Sure to Goodness" RIDING "Stan" Hails from NEWPORT, here's a good tale about Stan: At a dance in Bridgnorth, a girl dancing with him (He is a Jitterbug) said "You speak good English for a foreigner" Says Stan, I'm no foreigner I'm WELSH.

IRISH:

LEYDON, Dominic — lives in Lancashire now though. A southern Irishman. AND FROM FAR AWAY INDIA —SANTANA, Kershasp—the only guy who wants to be posted there! FINALLY TWO LADS FROM W. ENGLAND—POPE, Roy—Hails from glorious DEVON. Says he prefers Devon Cyder to a "Coke" an ex., 96B lad. TRULL, Bert — and yet another ex-policeman, we thought we would end here with him, to make it "legal." From GLOUCESTER.

CLASS 89B

By the time this issue of M.T.B. appears, 89B will be but an unpleasant memory for the instructors at Rivers. However, we should like to thank all those who helped us on the course and to wish our friends that we leave behind all the very best of luck.

Now we are going, we have drawn up a lettle "gen" book for the use of new intakes such as was issued to us all at Heaton Park. Here it is.

SNACK BAR

If at any time you are in urgent need of a quick snack, catch the first bus to Rivers and go to one of the Snack bars there. N.B. There is an excellent Snack bar on the station but most of the time it is out of bounds to cadets and the rest of the time it is quicker to go to Rivers.

PARADE

It must never be thought that morning parades are held to keep cadets up to "Scratch." They are merely held to help the officers up to the mark.

ASTRO SHOTS

There is no such thing as sextant equality.

AIR FLIGHT

This is a section of officers who show you how to cook your future logs.

LEISURE

There is no definition of this word in AP 1234 and it must therefore be considered obsolete.

48 HOURS PASS

An oasis in the desert of Rivers.

FOG

Permanent mental state of cadets.

u/t NAVIGATORS

The people necessary to give pilots an excuse for flying Ansons.

LOGS

These should always be completed before briefing as Air Flight require them on landing.

T 57

This form should on no account be completed until after landing or some small detail may be missed.

Goodbye, everybody, and thanks again.

★

CLASS 90B

Not much done,
As you can see;
Pretty deadly M.T.B.
But when your mind is in a fog,
Dreamin' of a Pennant log
And you the dregs of luck have struck
'Cause astro fixes have come unstuck;
Remember, friends, the thing that
counts
Is quality—and not amounts.

This excuse I give to thee
For discrepancy in M.T.B.

THE GOOD TYPE

When the reckoning day is nigh,
When all the glasses are drained quite dry
And I appear before He who waits
On the mat outside the Pearly Gates;
When I am asked what I have done
To make my presence a welcome one,
I'll say aloud in a voice of pride:
Oh, Master, what have I to hide!
My work on earth is plain to see—
I was once a member of 90B.

THE OTHER TYPE

A navigator stood at the golden gate,
His face was haggard and old;
He stood before the man of Fate
For admission to the fold.
What have you done, St. Peter said,
To gain admission here?
I've been a navvie at 1 C.N.S.
For many and many a year.
The golden gate swung open wide,
St. Peter touched the bell:
Come in, he said, and choose your harp,
You've had your share of hell.

★

CLASS 96A

Introducing ourselves rather belatedly to the readers of M.T.B., we would like to deny that the delay is due to our anibility to read and write, the trouble is pure laziness.

By now we have recovered from the first shock of landing at Rivers, and in between smoking, snoozing and eating in G.I.S., have acquired a moderate acquaintance with navigation; in fact, the more intelligent among us can now rate their watches and consequently are never late on parade.

Here is our nominal roll:

Allsop Walsall—Brazier Derbyshire; the terrible twins, cultural, brainy and beautiful.

Brown London—Expert at weighing winds. Family motto: "I don't understand it."

Bulmer Gateshead — Gets in more sleeping hours per day than any other man on the station.

Burdon Lovelon—London pride; a shy little flower. Navigator by the East-West beams.

Call Little Waltham—Is trying to sell hand held obliques of the Anson tailplane.

Chisnale St. Helens—Words fail me.

Cliffe Warrington—Known as 2-pint Cliffe.

Craig Scotland—A wild man from our Northern wastes; considered "guid lookin'."

Dull Scotland—Spends his 48 cementing Anglo-Ukrainian friendship.

Douglas Beston on Trent—Bows from the beer-drinker paradise; very homesick. Learning to speak Canadian.

Feest Worthing—Lovely English accent; like a mouthful of hot potatoes, smoking himself to death.

Fursell Bristol—Makes love to shop girls to get cheap pyjamas.

Gallie Beihenhead—His motto must have been frightened by Bing Crosby.

Gambler Cuclworth — Intellectual type.

Leever—Birmingham; makes noises like a trombone at the slightest excuse.

Lee—Wigan; his father was her barmaster there.

Lockett Macclesfield—Worried man. Spends all his time writing to his creditors.

O'nions — Liverpool; wants the P.T.I.'s to know he is no vegetable.

Pearson Leinestershire left us for some time to see a nurse.

Porter Heben-upon-Tyre (the centre of the world) "I may not always be right, but I'm never wrong.

Quinn Southampton Ex-policeman. Gradedely of us all.

Reid Sursea—Artist Drewour crest. Inventor too, quite mad.

Stephen Scotland—Speaks no English has visited Minneapolis. They have not yet recovered.

Straher Yorkshire—Would like to deny that he was airsick on a Winnipeg street car.

Also our best wishes to those who have left us for the good of their health — Shorty Norman the biggest little man in Manchester, and Jack Marshall.

Since the time of first writing we hear that F/O McIntyre is leaving us, so let us once more express our appreciation of all he has done, and wish him all the luck in the world at his new job.

★

CLASS 91B

Six weeks to go and "books" have been started at varying odds on various aspects of the finals—percentage marks, commissions, number of days leave, etc. It is whispered that several members are already discussing plans as to the best method of spending four weeks in Minneapolis, as if we did not know, already.

A.T.A.'s at G.I.S. are fairly accurate these days and gone are the days when men were careless of such things.

Our low level trip has been completed during which invaluable experience of climbing on track was acquired. It is thought that one or two may have lost faith in the accuracy of the Kollsman sensitive altimeter due to the fact they were over country showing an elevation of 1500 feet. Perhaps the maps are incorrect.

Since our last contribution two of our class members have left the course for other spheres of endeavor in the Air Force. We wish them all the best and, in passing, at the same time hope that the present numbers are intact at the flight party.

★

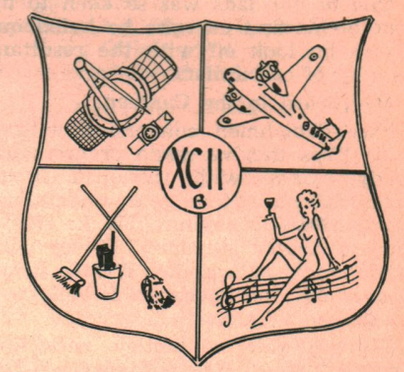
CLASS 92B

Region: G.I.S., Room 32.

Terrain: The whole area is dominated by a remarkably well defined creek running literally in all directions.

Objections: Five million sextant shots.

Best Approach: Extremely cautiously, preferably not at all.



Synoptic Situation: Occasional masses of heavy air, but generally placid, with a definite tendency to facetiousness in the greatest Robertson Region.

Weather: Squalls.

Visibility: Generally dim.

General Observation:

With this the gist and sum of it
What earthly good can come of it?



. . . So I kick opposite rudder . . .

Promotions

F/L Hugh G. Murray to S/L (NAV).

★

Marriages

Sgt. D. F. Downey, married to LAW M. B. Crawford on Feb. 22, 1944, at Rivers, Man.

LAC B. Bailey, married to Yvonne Lapointe on March 6, 1944, at Winnipeg, Man.

P/O P. M. Gallpen, married to Pte. Merna Marie Conrad on March 5, 1944, at Kimberley, B.C.

P/O S. G. Cooper, married to Goldie Edith Zahler on Feb. 29, 1944, at Montreal, P.Q.

★

Births

To Cpl. and Mrs. A. Harrison, born a son, Kenneth David, on Dec. 30, 1943.

To LAC and Mrs. W. C. Hughes, born a son, Charles Reinhold, on Feb. 17, 1944.

To AC1 and Mrs. W. C. Bayne, born a daughter, Gail Louise, on March 2, 1944.

To Cpl. and Mrs. O. J. E. Baxter, born a son, Thomas James Bruce, on March 13, 1944.

To P/O and Mrs. W. A. McDuffe, born a son, Brian Douglas, on March 14, 1944.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

CONVENIENT FAST TRAIN SERVICE

To WINNIPEG AND EAST

From CENTRAL NAVIGATION SCHOOL	DAILY	DAILY	DAILY	DAILY	DAILY
By Bus					
Lv SCHOOL	11.45 a.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
Ar BRANDON	1.00 p.m.	2.15 p.m.	2.15 p.m.	7.15 p.m.	7.15 p.m.
By TRAIN	FRI. ONLY	No. 4	No. 8	DLY. Ex. SUN.	No. 2
Lv BRANDON	3.00 p.m.	3.50 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	5.30 p.m.	5.25 a.m.
Ar WINNIPEG	5.50 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	8.45 a.m.
Lv WINNIPEG	- - - -	7.30 p.m.	8.30 p.m.	- - - -	10.00 a.m.
Ar TORONTO 2nd morning	- - - -	7.10 a.m.	- - - -	- - - -	6.45 a.m.
Ar MONTREAL 2nd morning	- - - -	- - - -	11.15 a.m.	- - - -	6.45 a.m.
Ar SAINT JOHN 2nd morning	- - - -	- - - -	6.45 a.m.	- - - -	6.45 a.m.
Ar MONCTON 2nd morning	- - - -	- - - -	10.15 a.m.	- - - -	10.15 a.m.
Ar SUMMERSIDE 4th morning	- - - -	- - - -	6.10 p.m.	- - - -	6.10 p.m.
Ar CHARLOTTETOWN 4th morning	- - - -	- - - -	6.35 p.m.	- - - -	6.35 p.m.
Ar HALIFAX 4th morning	- - - -	- - - -	6.30 p.m.	- - - -	6.30 p.m.

On Sundays Arr. Moncton 2.00 p.m. — On Sundays Arr. Halifax 9.40 p.m. — Daily except Sundays.

RETURNING from WINNIPEG

	SUNDAY ONLY	DAILY Ex. SUN.	No. 3 DAILY	No. 7 DAILY	No. 1 DAILY
By TRAIN					
Lv WINNIPEG	10.50 p.m.	9.00 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	11.10 a.m.	9.00 p.m.
Ar BRANDON	1.50 a.m.	1.05 p.m.	1.35 p.m.	2.15 p.m.	12.40 a.m.
By BUS	DAILY—BUS	DAILY—BUS	DAILY—BUS	DAILY—BUS	DAILY—BUS
Lv BRANDON	6.45 a.m.	3.45 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	3.45 p.m.	1.00 a.m.
Ar SCHOOL	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	2.15 a.m.

DAILY SERVICE WESTBOUND

	DAILY—BUS	DAILY—BUS	DAILY—BUS
Leave NAVIGATION SCHOOL	11.45 a.m.	1.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
Arrive BRANDON	1.00 p.m.	2.15 p.m.	7.15 p.m.

Leave BRANDON at 1.50 p.m., 2.30 p.m. or 1.00 a.m. for Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Banff and Vancouver.

Travel Information and Reservations from Ticket Agent, Wheatland, Phone 4R Ring 3, or write W. Harder, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg, Man.

Canadian National Railways

The Direct and Fast Service. Effective June 27th, 1943

To WINNIPEG AND EAST; SASKATOON, EDMONTON, JASPER PARK, VANCOUVER.

EASTBOUND **DAILY FROM RIVERS** "The Continental Ltd."

Lv. RIVERS 3.30 p.m. (Toronto Section) - - Ar. WINNIPEG 6.45 p.m.
Lv. RIVERS 4.35 p.m. (Montreal Section) - - Ar. WINNIPEG 7.45 p.m.
Ar. TORONTO 7.20 a.m. (second morning)
Ar. MONTREAL 11.15 a.m. (second morning)

Lv. RIVERS 6.10 a.m. to Winnipeg only. Ar. WINNIPEG 9.55 a.m.

WESTBOUND **DAILY FROM WINNIPEG** "The Continental Ltd."

Lv. WINNIPEG 10.15 a.m. (Toronto Section) Ar. RIVERS 1.40 p.m.
Lv. WINNIPEG 11.20 a.m. (Montreal Section) Ar. RIVERS 2.50 p.m.

Lv. WINNIPEG 6.15 p.m. from Winnipeg only. Ar. RIVERS 10.20 p.m.

WESTBOUND **DAILY FROM RIVERS**

Lv. RIVERS 1.50 p.m. and 3.00 p.m. "The Continental Ltd." for Saskatoon, Edmonton, Jasper Park and Vancouver.

Lv. RIVERS 10.30 p.m. for Saskatoon, Prince Albert and Edmonton.

Air Conditioned Cars and Dining Car Service on all Trains.

Berth Reservations, Fares, etc., from Ticket Agent, Rivers. Telephone 30

For Travel Information, write

M. J. DUPUIS, District Passenger Agent, Winnipeg — W. E. DOBBS, General Passenger Agent.

MOVIES OF THE MONTH

Thurs. & Fri.—April 6-7
"THE PURPLE HEART"
Dana Andrews, Richard Conte

Sat. & Sun.—April 8-9
"THE LODGER"
Merle Oberon, Geo. Sanders

Mon. & Tues.—April 10-11
"JANE EYRE"
Orson Wells, Joan Fontaine

Thurs. & Fri.—April 13-14
"IN OUR TIME"
Ida Lupino, Paul Henreid

Sat. & Sun.—April 15-16
"SHINE ON HARVEST MOON"
Ann Sheridan. Dennis Morgan

Mon. & Tues.—April 17-18
"COVER GIRL"
Rita Hayworth, Gene Kelly

Thurs. & Fri.—April 20-21
"FRISCO KID"

Sat. & Sun.—April 22-23
"MIRACLE OF MORGAN'S CREEK"
Eddie Bracken, Betty Hutton

Mon. & Tues.—April 24-25
"HOUR BEFORE DAWN"
Franchot Tone, Veronica Lake

Thurs. & Fri.—April 27-28
"LADY, LET'S DANCE"

Sat. & Sun.—April 29-30
"SEE HERE, PRIVATE HARGROVE"
Robert Walker, Donna Reed

MacArthur Transportation Co. Ltd.
Brandon

BUS SCHEDULE
No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers

Leaving Rivers	Leaving Airport
6.30 a.m.	6.45 a.m.
7.00 a.m.	7.15 a.m.
7.40 a.m.	8.00 a.m.
8.45 a.m.	9.00 a.m.
9.30 a.m.	9.45 a.m.
12.40 p.m.	1.00 p.m.
2.00 p.m.	2.15 p.m.
4.00 p.m.	4.30 p.m.
4.45 p.m.	5.15 p.m.
5.30 p.m.	6.00 p.m.
6.30 p.m.	7.00 p.m.
7.20 p.m.	8.00 p.m.
9.30 p.m.	10.00 p.m.
10.30 p.m.	11.00 p.m.
11.30 p.m.	12.00 p.m.
12.30 a.m. (Sat. Night Only)	

Phone - Rivers 45

LAKE OF THE WOODS — TRAIN SERVICE, 1943

EASTBOUND—READ DOWN — WESTBOUND—READ UP

No. 8 Daily	No. 4 Daily	No. 2 Daily	STATIONS	No. 3 Daily	No. 7 Daily	No. 1 Daily
PM	PM	AM		AM	AM	PM
8.30	7.30	10.00	Lv.....WINNIPEG.....Ar	9.30	10.05	7.45
....	f 9.44	12.23	.....Ingolf.....	....	*7.56	5.11
....	f10.17	12.56	.....Laclu.....	....	*7.25	4.37
11.30	10.30	1.15	.....Keewatin.....	6.40	7.15	4.25
11.40	10.40	1.25	Ar.....KENORA.....Lv	6.30	7.05	4.15
PM	PM	PM		AM	AM	PM

(f) No. 4 will stop to detrain passengers at Ingolf and Laclu on Fridays and Saturdays.

(*) No. 7 will stop at Laclu and Ingolf each Monday for passengers to Winnipeg and beyond.

LAKE WINNIPEG RESORTS — TRAIN SERVICE, 1943

NORTHBOUND—READ DOWN — Note Dates of Operation Shown Each Column — SOUTHBOUND—READ UP

117 Daily Ex. Sun. Mon.	115 Daily Ex. Sun.	111 Sun. Wed. Sat.	111 Daily	STATIONS	116 Daily Ex. Sun.	130 Sun. Only	114 Wed. Sat.	112 Daily	118 Daily Ex. Sun. Mon.
PM	PM	PM	AM		AM	PM	PM	PM	AM
9.55	3.30	1.15	10.00	Lv.....WINNIPEG.....Ar	5.20	3.20	9.10	10.00	1.05
7.13	1.00	10.32	7.32	Selkirk	7.42	5.12		8.15	12.34
.....	2.05	11.30	8.30	Gunnlaugson	6.45	4.15		9.15	.....
.....	2.30	11.55	8.55	Petersfield	6.20	3.50		9.40	.....
.....	2.55	12.20	9.20	Netley	5.55	3.25		10.05	.....
.....	3.20	12.45	9.45	Matlock	5.30	3.00		10.30	.....
7.40	3.40	1.05	10.00	Whytewold	5.10	2.40		10.50	11.52
.....	3.50	1.15	10.10	Poplarfield	5.00	2.30		11.00	.....
7.55	4.05	1.30	10.25	Ar WINNIPEG BEACH Lv	4.45	2.15		11.15	11.40
.....	4.15	1.40	10.35	Boundary Park	4.35	2.05		11.25	.....
.....	4.25	1.50	10.45	Riverdale	4.25	1.55		11.35	.....
.....	4.35	2.00	10.55	Sandy Hook	4.15	1.45		11.45	.....
.....	4.45	2.10	11.05	Naosota	4.05	1.35		11.55	.....
.....	4.55	2.20	11.15	GIMLI	3.55	1.25		12.05	.....
.....	5.05	2.30	11.25	Loni Beach	3.45	1.15		12.15	.....
.....	5.15	2.40	11.35	McIlmoyle	3.35	1.05		12.25	.....
.....	5.25	2.50	11.45	Camp Morton	3.25	12.55		12.35	.....
.....	5.35	3.00	11.55	Arnes	3.15	12.45		12.45	.....
.....	5.45	3.10	12.05	Moosup	3.05	12.35		12.55	.....
8.40	6.00	3.25	12.20	Ar.....Riverton.....Lv	2.50	12.20		1.10	.....
PM	PM	PM	PM		AM	PM	PM	PM	PM

(g) Trains 118 and 130 will stop at Chandlerson, Petersfield and Netley to and including June 23, also on and after Aug. 22. Effective June 24 will stop at Petersfield on flag for inbound passengers. (f) Stops on flag signal. (e) Stops to detrain passengers from Winnipeg. (d) Stops to entrain passengers for Winnipeg.

(Subject to withdrawal on 10 days notice.)

Canadian Pacific
Transport Co.
BUS SERVICE
between
AIR NAVIGATION SCHOOL
WHEATLAND - BRANDON

EASTBOUND	Daily A.M.	Daily P.M.	Daily P.M.
Lv. AIR SCHOOL	11.45	1.00	6.00
RIVERS (Alexandra Hotel)	11.58	1.13	6.13
Ar. BRANDON (C.P.R. Station)	1.00 P.M.	2.15 P.M.	7.15 P.M.
WESTBOUND	Daily A.M.	Daily P.M.	Daily A.M.
Lv. BRANDON (C.P.R. Station)	6.45	3.45	1.00
RIVERS (Alexandra Hotel)	7.42	4.42	1.57
Ar. AIR SCHOOL	8.00 A.M.	5.00 P.M.	2.15 A.M.

Passengers not carried locally between Air School Wheatland and Rivers unless space available

CONNECTIONS AT BRANDON WITH C.P.R. TRAINS

EASTBOUND	Arrives	Departs
Train 2 Daily	5.05 a.m.	5.25 a.m.
Train 4 "	3.35 p.m.	3.50 p.m.
Train 8 "	4.30 p.m.	4.45 p.m.
Train 54 Ex. Sun	(To Winnipeg only)	5.30 p.m.
WESTBOUND	Arrives	Departs
Train 1 Daily	12.40 a.m.	1.00 a.m.
Train 53 Ex. Sun.	1.05 p.m.	(From Winnipeg only)
Train 3 Daily	1.35 p.m.	1.50 p.m.
Train 7 "	2.15 p.m.	2.30 p.m.

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