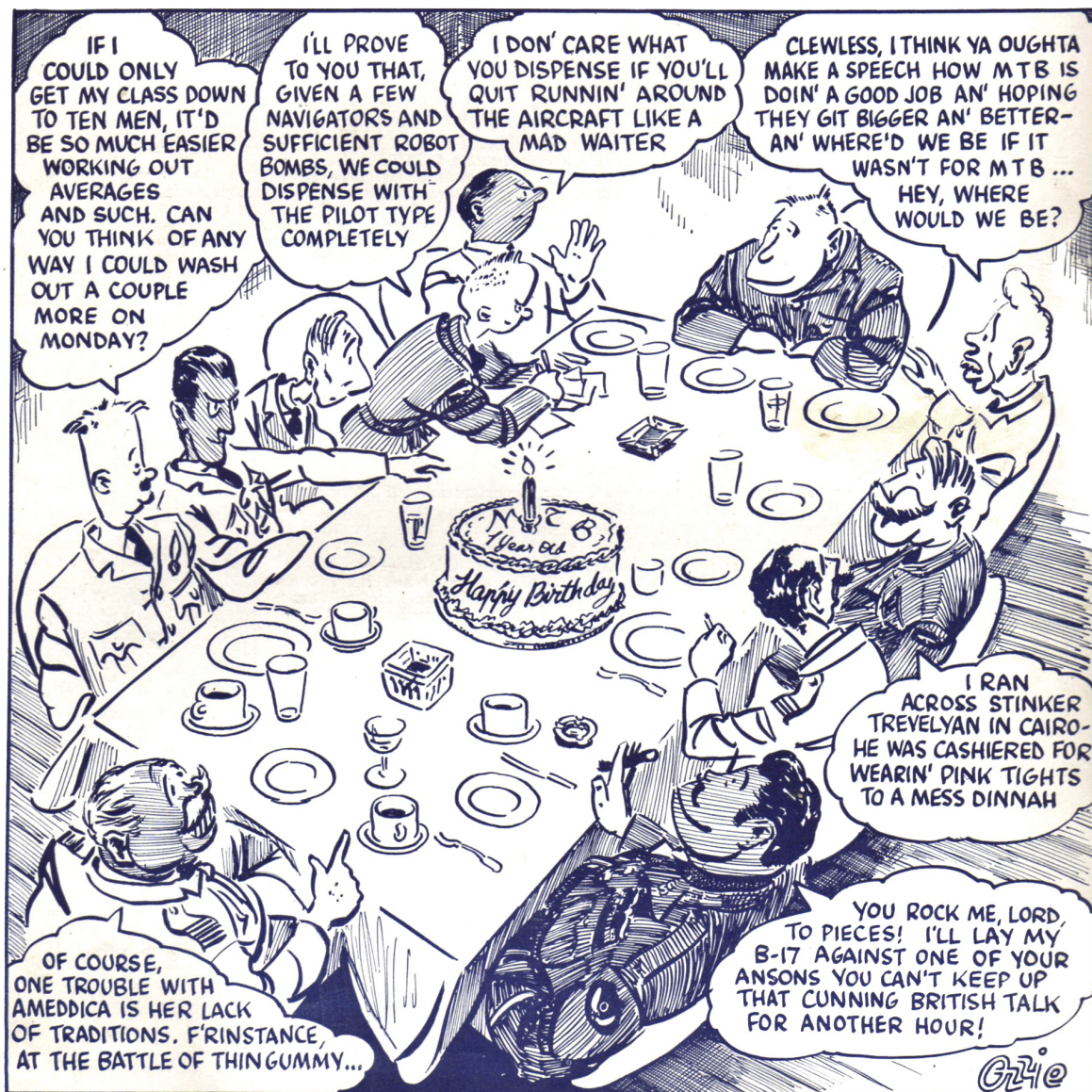


Message to Base

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

AUGUST, 1944

VOL. 2, No. 1



Anniversary Issue

Commanding Officer's Message

I am particularly pleased at this time to extend my personal congratulations to M.T.B. on the occasion of its first anniversary. It is evident from the interest shown in M.T.B. that it is achieving widespread popularity. Also the sale of the magazine, while not as great as it might be, has been maintained month after month, indicating that regular subscribers consider the purchase well worth while.

The magazine has made an outstanding contribution in helping to knit closely together the many sections of our station. Through it, we have learned something of the station background, interesting personalities, and at the same time have been kept well informed of station activities.

The Editor and staff are to be congratulated on producing what is considered the best magazine of its kind in Canada. This achievement is quite evident from congratulatory letters concerning mailed-out copies, from the Battle Fronts themselves and from many parts of Canada.

The success of any publication is in direct proportion to the effort put into it and the unqualified success of M.T.B. is sure indication of the untiring efforts of all contributors and staff.

For the future, the very best for M.T.B. May the coming year prove even more successful than the triumph of the first twelve issues.

W. A. MURRAY, G/C.



G/C W. A. MURRAY

Message for M. T. B.

One year ago there crept into the fold at No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers, a lusty infant, endowed with the mystical name of M.T.B.

Like the child of the Nativity, Message To Base came from the East, through the heavens, from a direction known in advance and through a course plotted with mathematical precision, the advent fulfilling a long anticipated prophecy. In the prodigy born on that eventful day was contained the essence of the wisdom of the Wise Men, garnered through the years by patient study and close application in the heavenly chariot or the C.N.T.

In the intervening months it has been a delight to witness the growth and development of our offspring; each month has added to its stature and to the number of its followers.

To those who have given of themselves to ensure a successful fruition is extended a feeling of gratitude and of pride. May the future unfold even greater triumphs and no summit be ever unsurpassable. Send forth the word, in sincerity, truthfulness and with justice.

"Sic itur ad astra; in hoc signo vinces."

J. MORTON, S/L.



S/L MORTON

A Birthday Message

May I extend congratulations to the Editor, reporters and all members of the M.T.B. staff on its first birthday.

M.T.B. during its first year of production has gained a wide reputation throughout all R.C.A.F. Units in Canada.

A great share of credit for the outstanding success of this magazine goes to our very popular and efficient Editor, F/O Dave Ditchie and his able lieutenant, F/O Ozzie Wright whose cartoons have gained nation-wide reputation, not forgetting "Smitty" who so ably depicts the feminine beauty. The magazine of course would not be complete without the column "Here 'n' There" written by S/O Kay Fulmer.

All members of the M.T.B. staff are to be congratulated on the production of such an excellent magazine, with special mention of the work done by the Photographic Section.

Keep up the good work, Pay Day would not be Pay Day without M.T.B.

W. P. WENSLEY, S/L.



S/L W. P. WENSLEY

Birthday Message

Having observed the growth of M.T.B. since its introduction to our section one year ago, I take pleasure in extending heartiest congratulations to the Editorial staff on this auspicious occasion, M.T.B.'s first birthday.

The magazine was an ambitious project from the beginning, warranting its immediate success on the station. It has served its purpose admirably not only here at Rivers but in promoting the station's interests throughout Canada. During the past twelve months no single factor on this station has done more to build station spirit, and all of us have taken genuine pride in its monthly presentation.

On behalf of the entire Training Wing I wish every success to M.T.B.'s staff in their forthcoming year of publications, with the special hope that their magazine will prove more acceptable than ever before.

HUGH MURRAY, S/L.



S/L HUGH MURRAY



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
Features Editor F/O D. COLLYER
Assistant Features Editor LAC B. O'CALLAGHAN
Sports Editor F/S HAROLD BOUGHEN
Artists { F/O D. A. WRIGHT
LAC J. SMITH
LAC W. ARGAN
Photographer F/S MELROSE

Material for publication must reach the Editor's office by the 25th of each month. Contributors are urged to sign all contributions.

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303 Kennedy St., Winnipeg

Volume II, No. 1

AUGUST, 1944

EDITOR'S CORNER

THIS anniversary issue of M.T.B. marks a major milestone in the history of our station magazine and it is with heartfelt pride that the Editorial Staff presents Volume II, Number 1. The congratulatory messages and genuine interest on the part of our readers have more than repaid us for the time and work put into its creation. Born one year ago this month, M.T.B. has far surpassed our expectations in popularity for which the Staff is humbly grateful.

What has helped M.T.B. to its present position? Without a doubt if it has been successful the lion's share of the credit goes to Ozzie and his wizard pen whose cartoons have won nation-wide renown. For his generous contributions we thank him most sincerely. To Smitty and Argan, both outstanding artists, we also direct our appreciation. Smitty's "Varga" girls are terrific!

The other equally important department of M.T.B. is photography and certainly we have been served admirably by a host of experts in the last twelve months. We pause now in special praise of the past quality of pictures by F/O Bill Grand, F/S Ed Grey, Sgt. Tommy Morrell and the current quality by F/S Melrose and the Photo Section girls.

Old faithfuls are F/S Harold Boughen and Sgt. Bob Ferguson, both of whom have been on the job since M.T.B.'s introduction to station life. "Bough" has handled the Sports Section beyond criticism while "Fergie" has been a real asset in rounding up "Section Shots" each month.

As for Feature Editors, we have been lucky indeed. First of all came F/O Bruce Keith and there is no need to dwell here on the lift he gave M.T.B. during his too short association. He was followed later by WO2 Pat Patterson who stepped in with much enthusiasm for the job before his posting to Command. And now, happily, we have F/O Don Collyer, ably assisted by LAC Brendan O'Callaghan, both of whom are to be heartily commended for their work on this anniversary issue. Don has done free-lance writing for the Vancouver Province while O'Callaghan was

a free-lance journalist in England for many years. Their assistance during the last two weeks of July, while your Editor was on leave, was chiefly responsible for this issue being published on time.

An increasingly popular department, Current Events, has been capably handled by our dynamic F/L Jack Kelshall. A keen political student, Jack has introduced a series of thought-provoking articles on any number of interesting topics.

Over 60% of our entire personnel buy M.T.B. regularly, about 80% of our permanent staff. While not as high as we would like, nevertheless this steady sale reflects continued station interest from month to month. The magazine costs each purchaser 25c per copy, the remainder of the cost (over 10c per copy) being borne by the Station Fund.

In our first editorial we made the following statement: "A monthly publication can and we hope will, serve as a medium in bringing about a closer relationship between all sections and a common knowledge of station affairs." If we have succeeded in doing no more than this in the past twelve months, our efforts have been amply repaid. The birthday messages on the facing page would indicate we have.

And so we start another volume of the Battle of Rivers not with the trepidation, uncertainty of a year ago but with a background to ease the way and an earnest desire to serve better than ever before.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

As a result of several requests, it has been decided to let John Reader air his views to the Editor and commencing with our September issue a page will be given over to "Letters to the Editor." Criticism of articles, current problems, station grievances or what have you may be submitted to the Editorial Office, Room 19, G.I.S. All contributions must be signed but will be printed anonymously if requested.

Works and Buildings Personnel



Introducing Works and Buildings

BRENDAN O'CALLAGHAN

The prosaic name "Works and Buildings" does not exactly encourage a further interest in the Section. Yet it is one of the most important on the Station and embraces in some form or other all parts. Being ubiquitous, it is not noticed, but when something goes wrong a clamour for its help goes up and rings the telephone off its hook. Service is their motto and business.

We had a vague idea of what its functions entailed and being inquisitive, we went to find out more about them. As everyone knows, the large spread-out block of buildings opposite the Guardroom is its location. We went in to look around. Behind the Administrative offices lies the various workshops and sheds which house all types of modern equipment from tractors to snow ploughs.

F/L H. F. Peters is the Officer in Charge. A native of Winnipeg, Manitoba, he lives at Brandon and was responsible for the building of No. 12 S.F.T.S., from whence he came six months ago. With this background it should be easy for him to keep the station up to its present high standard of technical efficiency. He speaks very highly of his staff which he thinks possesses a superior skill in all departments. His sister is a captain in the R.A.M.C. overseas.

F/S Price is Works Foreman and in this capacity acts as superintendent of all departments, being immediately responsible to F/L Peters. Both his wife and he come from Cardiff in Wales. Mrs. Price is well known as an active member of the R.C.A.F. Ladies' Club at the Hostess House and their son is in the Rivers Air Cadets. As a mine of information regarding the station, F/S Price is invaluable. Water and sanitation are his pet interests. The daily consumption of water is over 100,000 gallons, all of which is obtained from six wells on the station site. Before coming here, a year ago, he was at No. 38 S.F.T.S., Estevan, where he had the pleasant experience of making the grade from civilian to sergeant in one day. Formerly he was town engineer at Estevan.

F/S Collins is responsible for the heating of No. 1 C.N.S. Starting life in West Hartlepool, England, he was educated in Winnipeg and has been here since 1941. Winter brings headaches to this department but as most of the cooking is done by steam a watchful eye has to be kept on the cookhouses and hospital all the year round. Specialization to a high degree is necessary when dealing with a heating problem as presented by a large aerodrome but the experience gained by F/S Collins with the Manitoba Power Commission makes him master of his job. We regret to say that before this appears in print he will have gone to No. 18 S.F.T.S., Gimli, Manitoba. His brother is a P/O Navigator and is overseas now.

Also on the Heating Section are Sgt. Roberts and Sgt. Wagner. The former is a native of Bowsman River, Manitoba. His brother is overseas. Sgt. Wagner arrived here in 1943 from Western Air Command. He has had an adven-

turous life and wears decorations of the U.S. Army in which he served. His daughter is a Sergeant W.D. at No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon, and his son is in the Air Force at Quebec.

The Electrical section is under F/S Fraser. A newcomer, the camp layout presents him with a geographical problem. It goes without saying that a station of this size keeps both his staff and himself fully occupied.

F/S Inkster, i/c Tractor Operators, looks on No. 1 C.N.S. through paternal eyes. Along with F/L Walley (now at Gimli) he saw it grow up. Almost four years ago he arrived here as an AC2 and followed the fortunes of Works and Buildings from No. 2 Hangar through the Curling Rink and Central Bakery to its present site. His home is in Winnipeg but he holds Rivers and its people in high esteem.

Another old-timer is Sgt. McConnell, 59 years old, who by trade is a carpenter. His one ambition, after the war, is to visit his 91 years old mother in Ontario, where she still continues with her normal work. His son is a F/O awaiting posting overseas.

Mr. Cecil White and Sgt. Twigg, Fitters General, describe their work as embracing "All the Joe Jobs." Well even Joe Jobs take a lot of doing at times and a tremendous amount of patience!

The painting of No. 1 C.N.S. is left to Cpl. Taylor and his staff. We wonder whether they agree with wooden buildings. Here again patience is a virtue.

The two W.D.'s attached to W. & B. are LAW Pearl Anderson, clerk steno., and LAW May Whammond, clerk general. Pearl comes from Saskatoon and has a brother a F/O overseas. He was trained at Rivers. May is a native of Camrose, Alberta. Both are happy with their life on the station.

Mr. Charles Webster is the senior civilian carpenter. He helped build the station in the first place and feels a proprietary interest in it. His son is at No. 10 S.F.T.S., Dauphin.

Another carpenter, Sgt. McCullough, is in hospital at the moment. We wish him a speedy recovery and hope he will soon be able to continue his good work.



Rumor: After the war there are going to be some remarkable new developments in dairy farming.

Top Row, Left: Tractors, LAC Peters, LAC Simpson, Col. Lethbridge, F/S Inkster, LAC Duvenaud; Centre: F/L Peters and his steno., LAW Pearl Anderson; Right: Officers and N.C.O.'s, Sgt. Twigg, Sgt. McConnell, F/S Fraser, F/S Inkster, Mr. E. Hunt, F/S Collins, F/Lt. Peters, F/S Price.

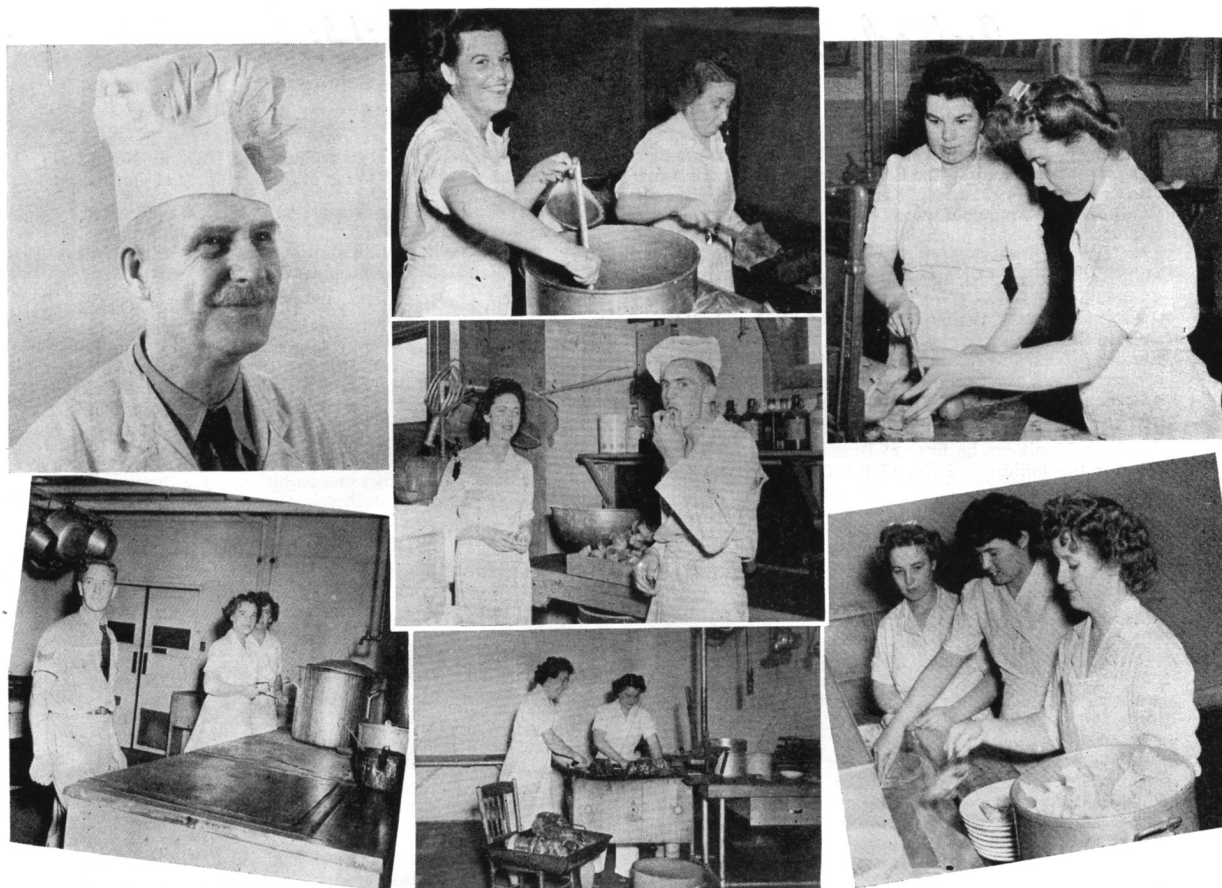
Second Row, Left: Carpenters, Messrs. Cluff, Goethe, Webster, Mills, LAC Kornos, F/S Price, Sgt. McConnell, LAC McCord; Centre, Central Heating Plant; Right, Electrical Dept., Cpl. Brandon, LAC Trithard, Cpl. Lee, F/S Price, LAC Brodie, F/S Fraser, Cpl. Bateman.

Third Row: W. & B. yard.

Fourth Row, Left: Central Heating Plant—Standing: Messrs. Gudmunsen, Milray, Granger, Mills, Cpl. Chapman, Cpl. Conway, LAC Newitt, Clark, Farmer, Morrison, Duke, Stephenson, Reynolds, Gillespie, Robinson, Goethe; Kneeling: G. Wareham, F. Wareham, Cpl. Smith, Turner, Cummings, F/S Collins, Granger, Wicks, Thompson, Popek, Simpson.

Fourth Row, Right: Painters and Plumbers—Standing: Messrs. Boyd, Madill, Hunt, Cpl. Parker; Sitting: F/S Price, Cpl. Taylor, Sgt. Twigg, LAC Baril.

M. T. B. for AUGUST



Shots From The Kitchen

Top, left to right: "Pop" Martin, night cook at the Sergeants Mess, LAW Millie Golembeski, Cpl. Geordie Holliday, Cpl. Marion Ellwood, LAW Pat Goodyear—also of the Sergeants Mess.
 Lower left: Sergeant Frank Wolverson, chef i/c Officers Mess, LAW Purkess, LAW Phyl. Harrod.
 Centre: LAW May Allmett, AC1 Jewell, in the Central Bake Shop. Right: LAW Goodyear, AW1 Laidlaw, and LAW Millie Mathers, in the Sergeants Mess.

196,926 Meals a Month

SGT. BOB DOERFLING

This was the number of meals served on this station last month. This represents an enormous amount of food.

The standard rations are obtained through the medium of the R.C.A.S.C., who operate the supply depot. Each day an indent or daily supply requirement voucher is placed with the depot, which contains our demands for the next day. If the issue is to be beef, which is a 12 oz. issue per man, it will be for 1,650 lbs. of beef. When eggs are demanded, of which we are allowed three issues of two eggs per man per week, we will demand 4,400 eggs.

We are allowed 1½ oz. of butter per day per man, which amounts to 182 lbs. daily. As an alternative for beef, we may draw ham, a 9 oz. issue, which would give us 1,237 lbs. of ham. Fresh pork is the same, these may be drawn four times a month.

The standard scale of rations for the R.C.A.F. is drawn up by medical experts, to contain all the required vitamins, proteins, carbohydrates that are required by the body, also

to give a varied diet. For example: the standard ration is jam at 2¼ oz. issue, which gives us 309 lbs. of jam per day, but in place of jam we may draw raisins, prunes, cane syrup, honey, and molasses.

Each item on the ration scale has its alternatives from which we can vary the meals up to a certain extent and not have the same thing every day.

Some of the amounts drawn daily on this station are potatoes 1,800 lbs, 1,000 lbs. of fresh vegetables, 50 lbs. of cheese, 240 lbs. of sugar. A large amount of eggs, butter and sugar from our issue goes into the making of desserts.

If we wish to serve ice cream for one meal it will take 50 gals. of ice cream, and if watermelon is served it will take 600 lbs., these items are purchased out of extra messing of which we have a limited amount.

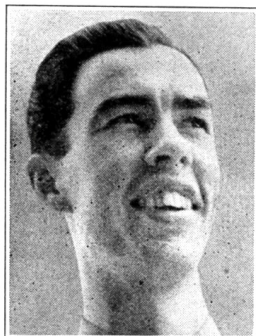
This little article may give you some idea of the amount of food consumed on a station of this size.



F/O Dave Ritchie

The Three Originals

By KAY FULMER



Flight Sergeant Harold Boughen



Sergeant Bob Ferguson

In this issue, our "first birthday" number, it is only fitting that we salute the three men who were responsible for converting M.T.B. from a dream into a reality.

★

Flying Officer Dave Ritchie

First and foremost, of course, is ye Editor-in-Chief, "Dave" Ritchie. It is not going to be possible to tell the story of M.T.B.'s Dave without telling the story of the Ritchie Twins, Dave and Jack. As is almost always the case with twins, the lives of Dave and his twin brother, Jack, have been (until recently) an harmonious duet which extended through school, business, sports, society and the R.C.A.F.

Born in Winnipeg, the twins were educated at Laura Secord public school and Gordon Bell high school, before entering the University of Manitoba, where they graduated in Arts. In sports they were best known in tennis circles, were in the minor tournaments in Winnipeg and in the Manitoba playdowns and Western Canada tournaments for five or six years. For four seasons, during their Varsity term, they worked in Banff, driving sightseers' buses.

In business they entered the Great West Life, in Winnipeg, where their training was such that they would have been prepared to go in business as partners had not war and its demands intervened. During the latter part of Dave's career with G.W.L., he was editor of their magazine, "The Bulletin."

In January, 1942, the Ritchie twins enlisted in the R.C.A.F., and went all through the service together, even on guard duty. In the latter capacity they had many "illegal" and unauthorized 48's because one could "double" so easily for the other, while the other twin skipped off for a date somewhere. They were so alike that their instructors were constantly in a state of confusion, and usually they gave up trying to distinguish between Ritchie, J. and Ritchie, D. They were at Regina, Virden, and Brandon together and both washed out as pilots the same day—within a few minutes of each other, in fact. It was inevitable that the twins would be separated and Dave came to Rivers as an instructor and Jack went overseas. At the moment the latter twin is understood to be "missing after operations."

Our editor-in-chief is one of those energetic red-heads who is "always on the go." (You should see him jitterbug!) His hobbies are mainly sports, particularly tennis, golf, swimming, ski-ing, and curling. He is particularly fond of committee work and was active on the Young Men's Section of the Winnipeg Board of Trade, his own Fraternity, and the Winnipeg Canoe Club.

Flight Sergeant Harold Boughen

"Bouge," as he is known to all on the station, came into the M.T.B. picture right at its very beginning when, as secretary of the Sports Committee, he was asked to "do an article," and he has been doing them (and you readers have been enjoying and appreciating them) ever since.

"Bouge" is a modest, reticent chap and holds down one of the key electricians' jobs in Maintenance. He has been in Rivers since its opening in November, 1940, and on that score we heard no complaints from him. He was fortunate in finding the girl of his dreams in Brandon, (Miss Margaret Watkin) lost no time in seeing that her name was changed to Boughen, and they are now the proud parents of a very fine boy of seven months, whose name is Wayne.

Though "Bouge's" main interest is in his family, he also takes an active interest in station sports, particularly softball. His hobbies are mainly writing, photography and stage work.

An electrician by trade before the war, "Bouge" may or may not return to that occupation when he puts away his uniform. He has a yen to try salesmanship and, judging from his success at anything he has undertaken on this station, he will have no difficulty in being successful as a salesman. As we said before, "Bouge" is a modest fellow and his last words to us as we ended the interview were "please ration this." We look upon him as one of the "props" of M.T.B. and here's hoping that he doesn't ever decide to "ration" his work with us.

★

Sergeant Bob Ferguson

As associate editor of M.T.B. since its first issue, Bob Ferguson has been responsible for the gathering together of the sections' news.

He has been on the strength of No. 1 C.N.S. since March, 1941, and prior to that was an employee of the C.P.R. in Kenora.

While waiting to join the R.C.A.F. he was employed by Canadian Airways at Kenora. Having tried to enlist as a pilot and failed, this enterprising young man spent many hours each day after work studying the trade of aero-engine mechanic at Canadian Airways to fit himself into Air Force life.

At the present time Bob Ferguson is an A.E.M., one of the quiet, efficient and popular fellows of his flight and is always ready to help out in anything which will promote station harmony.

His hobbies include such interesting things as model aircraft building, hunting and fishing, and his favorite sports are swimming, tennis and hockey.

Opinions on M.T.B.

LAC JOHN STARTIN

For some time we have felt that opinions and suggestions from various sections would help us a great deal to find out what our readers really want. With this object in mind we approached various people throughout the Station.

The first was LAC Moglove of Maintenance, who has been at Rivers for twenty-six months and whose opinion should be based on experience after reading M.T.B. since its first edition. He buys a copy regularly every month and reads the articles and editorials with great interest. F/L Kelshall's articles being of special interest to him. He thinks there is a great deal of room for improvement in the Classroom Highlights. The Sports Section is in his opinion very good.

The next port of call was the Parachute Section where we found LAC Ross Vause. He has been at No. 1 C.N.S. for twelve months and has enjoyed every edition of M.T.B. He too, buys it regularly and finds a great deal of interest in reading the various articles. He is sure that such a magazine does a great deal to help people get to know each other and promotes a friendly spirit in the station.

At the M.T. Section we caught AC1 Grant very busily engaged under the bonnet of a Ford truck. He has been stationed at Rivers for the last seven months and has pretty definite views on M.T.B. "Clewless Magoon," in his opinion, has had a long enough run, and deserves a well-earned rest. The articles are well written and absorbing, the only blot on the landscape being Classroom Highlights. Sport is dealt with in a satisfactory manner, and with the exception of "Clewless" he has very few complaints.

F/O Ray Harvey, of G.I.S., who has been here eleven months considers "Clewless" excellent. The general caliber of the remaining features he considers to be quite good and cannot think of any necessary improvements.

At the Officer Quarters, LAC Bill Johnson, also here eleven months likes the editorials, articles and the "This Ain't Rivers" cartoons. He considers that M.T.B. performs an excellent service in keeping everyone informed of Station activities. A page devoted entirely to jokes was his suggestion for improvement. He has himself considered subscribing an article or poem, so we may hear more from Bill later.

A very busy trainee, LAC G. N. Kemp, from Navigation Course 105A, has been here about three weeks and likes as much of the magazine as he has found time to read. The cartoons interest him but he has not been here long enough to know whether other sections are dealt with adequately. He likes the underlying principles of M.T.B. and thinks it promotes a friendly feeling between people on the Station.

Cpl. K. Kruch of the Hospital is an old-timer as far as No. 1 C.N.S. is concerned. He has been here thirty-one months and forwards copies of the magazine to friends of his who are now in Nova Scotia. The cartoons are good in his opinion, and the artist highly accomplished. When asked about the price Cpl. Kruch said that as no advertisements were accepted it was reasonable.

The one really satisfied customer was LAW Dorothy Attwood, who has been here eleven months and works in the Drill Section. Her only comment was "It's swell the way it is!"

Navigation Stores produced Sgt. A. E. Stanton who has been here Twenty-six months. He usually mails some copies away and looks forward to the next month's issue when something of special interest is expected. In fact, he only believes in reading what is of immediate interest to him and as he does not have anything in particular to do with Class members he does not see the sense in reading their write ups. Otherwise he thinks M.T.B. full of news and the cartoons good. He would like to see larger

group pictures so that identification of personnel might be clearer.

Wireless Mechanic LAC M. L. Wood, here a year, likes M.T.B. He used to mail a copy to his girl friend until she became his wife and started living at Rivers. Unfortunately for M.T.B. they now share one copy between them. He would like to see more feature articles and complains that a number of the sections are not represented in write-ups—including Wireless.

LAW N. B. Moore has been here two weeks. She works in the Library and being literary minded, would like to see a section of M.T.B. devoted to Books. She has not considered writing anything herself though. Weyburn was her previous station and it had no magazine, so our monthly publication was a surprise for her. She likes the cartoons, editorials and articles but so far cannot find the Section Shots or Class Highlights of particular interest.

★

New Features Editor

F/O Don Collyer has replaced WO2 "Pat" Patterson as our Features Editor. His eventful life and knowledge of writing makes him the ideal man for the position.

Born at Lahore, Punjab, India, he received his early education there until the Collyer family came to British Columbia in 1923. However 1927 again saw him as a student in India where he remained until 1930 when he returned to Clayton, B.C., where his parents reside. He continued school at Lord Tweedsmuir High School, Cloverdale, B.C., "in the lovely Fraser Valley."

Boats, ships and shipping have always been his secret passion. Although fond of flying the sea still holds a lure for him. He endeavoured to get to England in 1935 for a merchant sea-navigation course but was unsuccessful owing to the depression at that time. During these years



F/O DON COLLYER

he worked at various jobs but continued studying for his arts degree. With this end in view he attended the Vancouver Normal school and Summer Sessions at the Summer School of Education, Victoria, B.C., and at the University of British Columbia.

He has written some articles on travel in the East and, we quote, "had a few published, but many more returned." He has had the good fortune to have visited the Malay Peninsula, China, Japan, Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand.

Personalities of The Month

Our Own "Kaltenborn"

Flight Lieutenant John Brian Gilbert (Jack) Kelshall, whose articles and lectures on current events have been known in this Command for many months, is a native of San Fernando, Trinidad, B.W.I. He is the son of Hon. T. M. Kelshall, C.B.E., a noted lawyer of Trinidad, and has inherited his father's ability as a lawyer and his love of politics. A keen student of political economy and foreign affairs, Jack has been more fortunate than most young men, in having access to his father's library of 10,000 volumes. He also subscribes to newspapers from all over the world.

Our "ace commentator" has covered most of the globe in his travels, including England, continental Europe and America. In 1933, as District Commissioner for Scouts in Trinidad, he attended the Scouts' Jamboree in Hungary, (which was held outside of Budapest), and returned to America via Austria, Germany, France and England.



Before joining the R.C.A.F. at Ottawa, Jack Kelshall was a Lieutenant in the Reserve Army, and acted as Honorary Aide-de-Camp to the Governor of Trinidad. During the years of his part-time service, Lieut. Kelshall was practising law in partnership with his father in San Fernando.

Of his present work, Jack says: "I believe the study of current events is most important in the post-war world. It gets people thinking politically and without that you get nowhere!"

F/L Kelshall's great hobby is sailing and models of his sloop, "The Speewell", in which he has spent many happy hours cruising around the islands of the West Indies, adorn his office and his home.

Our favorite contributor intends to return to Trinidad after the war and will enter politics taking up, as he says, "where his father left off." Mrs. Kelshall is the former Eileen Torry of San Fernando.

★

F/L David Gowdy, Padre

The Reverend D. Gowdy has arrived at No. 1 C.N.S. to take up duties as Padre. His experience in this capacity is a wide one and his knowledge of men is deep and sympathetic.

Born near Belfast, Northern Ireland, he emigrated to Canada at an early age and settled in Toronto. Here he studied Arts at MacMaster University and later attended Knox College for his Theological course. In 1940 he obtained leave of absence from the Presbyterian Church, Paris, Ontario, which is his present charge, and joined the R.C.A.F. After a time at No. 4 B. & G. School, Fingal,

Ontario, he went overseas and was attached to the "Moose Squadron." He also officiated at a night fighter squadron for a time.

He was deeply interested in England because of the opportunities it offered him to examine intimately places and names connected with history. Old things absorb his



attention a great deal and he had adequate raw material for his studies while over there. The intricate maze of roads and laneways were also a source of constant amazement to him.

On one occasion his equilibrium was badly upset. At Victoria Station, London, he carefully placed a bag containing all his personal and religious requisites under a pile of smaller parcels while he went to buy a ticket before proceeding to an aerodrome in the south. He returned in a few minutes to find the parcels intact but his bag gone. There were only two days left before Christmas and the seasonal crowd made it impossible to catch the thief. He proceeded on his way to the aerodrome and spent the next week or so living on borrowed goods obtained from his newly found friends.

On returning to Canada he was posted to No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon. Having spent about a year there he was sent to this station. So far, he likes the place but would be pleased if more of the personnel dropped in and made themselves known to him.

★

"Smitty"

LAC Smith, J. M., is better known to M.T.B. fans as "Smitty," the laddie who is responsible for the "umph" girls of our station magazine.

Twenty-four years old, possessed of a mellow tenor voice and a talent for drawing beauteous gals, Smitty is the acme of amiability. He is employed as a draughtsman at Maintenance and hopes to be an aircraft designer in the not too distant future.

Smitty started drawing in public school and was given plenty of encouragement by his teachers. He attended tech in Toronto and studied art for several years, later opening his own shop in Toronto for the display of model art. He was moderately successful in this venture until hard hit by the depression and at that time joined the staff of the Robert Simpson Company as a commercial artist.

As a singer his experience has been in St. Thomas Church Choir in Toronto, doing radio work over CFRB, Toronto, soloist in St. George's Church, Toronto, one of the "Minute Men Octet" of Toronto, and a tenor in the Cosmopolitan Opera Company, also of that city.

Smitty has always been interested in youth organizations

(Continued on page 22)

Eire---Its Neutrality and Reasons Why

LAC BRENDAN O'CALLAGHAN

LAC Brendan O'Callaghan, Course 107B Navigators, war born in County Galway, Eire, and educated in Dublin. His first article was published when 15 years old. He freelanced in both Ireland and England and immediately prior to joining the R.A.F. was a member of the City of London Police. During the London blitz he wrote for American magazines. Desirous of improving Anglo-Irish relationships, Brendan has written this article for MTB readers.

The politics of neutrality are always difficult but when one's own country is concerned the problem becomes more intricate. As impartiality is my object I place what I deem to be an unbiased view before my reader. The vindication of a Government policy lies with its results, and apologies



are not a substitute for facts. Likewise, criticism if applied without a complete knowledge and understanding of the circumstances, is wont to be destructive rather than conservative. With this in mind, I venture to place before the reader an outline of the main points governing Eire's policy of neutrality.

Geographically one, Ireland is internally divided by the two deep chasms of politics and religion. The political boundary

which divides the six counties of Northern Ireland from the remaining twenty-six forms for all practical purposes the dividing line of religion too. Historically, the north has inherited its religion, customs and character from the Scotch and English settlers of the 17th Century, who came in large numbers to that part of the country. After a lapse of three centuries Ulstermen have lost but little of their forefather's outlook and ideas. They possess all the exile's loyalty to the Crown and uphold their religion with an ardent fervency. This loyalty and staunchness of religion forms a bone of bitter contention with the more Gaelic and Catholic South. It might be pointed out here that the primary cause of dispute between Great Britain and Ireland all through the centuries was land ownership and government. Religion was used as another point of difference in furthering the arguments on both sides.

In Southern Ireland, or Eire, as it is now called, politics are taken seriously. The Irishman is sensitive to any authority and consequently wishes to see his own particular party in office. The percentage of the electorate voting at each election is one of the world's highest. This is an excellent trait of national character and should normally lead to good government. An intelligent interest on the part of the individual in the affairs of his country was one of the things most noticeably lacking in the large democracies since the last war and, indeed, had a lot to do with the present one.

There are three strong political parties in Eire. Fianna Fail (pronounced Fianna Fall) forms the Government and is led by Premier DeValera. Fine Gael (pronounced Fina Gale) is the opposition with Mr. Cosgrave as its leader. The Labour Party holds the balance of power but supports the Government's foreign policy, although at times it disagrees with Mr. DeValera's internal propositions. Quite often it finds itself in a position to dictate on matters of immediate interest to the Party and this Mr. DeValera finds embarrassing.

On election, Mr. DeValera outlined his policy in what he hoped to be chronological order. Firstly, Ireland was to be united politically under one Government; secondly, a Republic would be declared severing all connections with Great Britain; and thirdly, as a Republic, relations would be re-established on amicable terms, embracing all points of mutual interest to the two countries, such as defence, finance, trade, etc.

It is doubtful whether he ever realized the enormity of the task he set himself. Furthermore, he refused to move one iota from his purpose. Premier DeValera is not a politician as we know them. He is an idealist devoid of the usual diplomatic finesse and, remembering this, it should not cause surprise to learn that despite the obvious result of a Northern Ireland election in which the electorate showed by an overwhelming majority their desire to remain within the United Kingdom he pressed his claim for a United Ireland without attempting to change his tactics.

On the opposition benches, Mr. Cosgrave suggested a somewhat different plan. He agrees with the need for a United Ireland, but desires Dominion status (as held by Canada) for the whole country. This would, in his opinion, be acceptable to the North and, at the same time be better for Ireland. A far shrewder man than Mr. DeValera, he is a thorough politician and prefers the indirect approach. However, the Irish mind does not always appreciate such tactics. The more advanced elements in the Irish Nationalist movement consider him an impostor and a menace to their ideals. Despite Fine Gael's usual opposition to the Government they support the policy of neutrality.

On the outbreak of war Eire decided to remain neutral. This action deprived the Allies of useful bases in their war against the U-boat and criticisms, cajollings and veiled threats as to the future were hurled against Mr. DeValera. He was oblivious to the lot. Outside nations and their quarrels did not concern him. Eire's large agricultural resources and her vast peat-bogs would not let the people starve or perish for lack of warmth. He was satisfied that the swirl of war would not embroil Eire. Outside influences were curtailed by a vigorous censorship, equal in thoroughness to any in the world, and more laws were passed which gave the Government iron control over the nation. The newspapers furnished, without comment, the communiques of the British and German authorities. The Legations of the belligerent countries remained as before without any restrictions on diplomatic privilege. The lights shone in Dublin and food was unrationed. In short, Eire had the appearance of a nation at peace but there was an electric tension underneath.

The war had diverse effects on the people. The vast majority desired an Allied victory but were unwilling to desert the policy of neutrality. This sympathy with the Allies was primarily because almost every family in Eire has some direct connection with Great Britain. Thousands of Irishmen in England enlisted straight away and thousands more left Eire to join them. Secondly, Germany does not hold a very high place in the Irish mind and the people preferred a beaten Germany to a beaten Britain.

Neutrality was popular and still is, for a definite set of reasons. The mass mind has been directed, through circumstances, into this way of thinking. Let us examine these reasons and circumstances and the reader can judge for himself whether Eire's neutrality is logical or a volcanic upheaval of the Celtic mind.

I will take the causes in rotation.

Firstly, fear of internal chaos. For 800 years Ireland has had no real peace. As late as 1922 a disastrous civil war culminated an age of suffering. If Eire declared war there is little doubt that an insurrection of the ultra nationalistic elements would take place and a bitter feud would be restarted. The peace which had at long last come was considered too precious to risk its being broken. The older people saw a chance of old feuds being forgotten under the common bond of neutrality and, heartily tired of bloodshed, they stood firm for it.

The Three Adjutants

Station life, station functioning and station "being" just couldn't survive without adjutants. They are the liaison between commanding officer, officers commanding and personnel. On our station we have chosen three extra-specially nice ones and in this issue we are introducing them.

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Flight Lieutenant Alexander Barclay Muir

Flight Lieutenant Alexander Barclay Muir, Station Adjutant—One of the most difficult spots on the station to fill and he still maintains his sense of humor! This whimsical fellow with the twinkling brown eyes and the beautiful Scotch name says he was born in Dublin, Ireland!



F/L A. B. MUIR, Station Adjutant.

Does that, do you suppose, account for the twinkle? At any rate, says he, he decided (at the venerable age of 18 months) to bring his family to Montreal to live and so, from Edinburgh, Scotland, they set out. Apart from his Air Force career the "Adj" has been a Montrealer ever since.

In civilian life he was an "Arbitrageur" (get him to pronounce it for you with that slight burr in his voice!) The definition of the job is: a dealer in stocks between markets such as London, New York, Toronto, and Brussels. (The home town didn't count in this, apparently!) And when asked what he would do after the war, the Adj said he would return to being an Arbitrageur, unless quoth he "as an alternative I might open a restaurant and sell ONLY ROAST BEEF in order to keep my memory of the Air Force green!"

His hobby is trout fishing when the opportunity presents itself and his favorite (spectator) sports are horse racing, baseball, basketball and hockey.

Flt.-Lt. Muir joined the R.C.A.F. in December, 1940, and since then has been in Davidson, Trenton, McDonald, Jarvis, Paulson, Saskatoon and now is starting to "work back east again" at Rivers.

Mrs. Muir and three-and-a-half-year-old Judith reside, temporarily, in Winnipeg.

We like our popular Adj who can say "no" to requests for compassionate leaves, postings, etc., with such a pleasant grin. He makes one feel that there is really something to this business of winning the war by NOT getting one's own way!

Summing up the impressions of the Station Adj in a few words, "He's one of our 100 per centers!"

Section Officer Norah Penton

Section Officer Norah Penton—Catch that spelling of the name "Norah," and that sunny smile! Yes, the Assistant Adj has Irish ancestry though a genuine Manitoban, born in Brandon. "Penny," as assistant to F/L Muir, is "right-hand man" in that office and also acts as Station Adjutant when the "Adj" is away.



S/O N. PENTON

"Penny" is also secretary of the Officers' Mess and, on rare occasions, delights us all with the music from her talented fingers, which won her the A.T.C.M.

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Flight Lieutenant A. W. Sankey

Flight Lieutenant A. W. Sankey—As Adjutant of Training Wing "Art" Sankey was definitely too busy to be interviewed. In fact there is so much activity around Training Wing Orderly Room that one should make definite appointments to see the Adj—or anyone else!

This much we do know, however, F/L Sankey was born in Manitoba and educated in Winnipeg, finishing up with



F/L SANKEY, Training Wing Adjutant.

a degree from the University of Manitoba. He is a knock-rummy fan and also can be found around the cribbage table.

The position filled by Art Sankey is not one which ensures popularity but in Training Wing, when speaking of the "Adj" they say "his bark is worse than his bite, and he REALLY gets things done!"

S/L Hawkins - - - Chief Instructor

F/O COLLYER

We welcome back to No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers, an "old-timer," S/L Hawkins. This time in the capacity of chief instructor. We introduce him as a Canadian who understands the West, and who has travelled the country widely.

S/L Hawkins was born on March 8th, 1909, in Halifax, Yorkshire, England. Here from a very "small" beginning he



S/L HAWKINS

began life in that distinctive county. No doubt, many early experiences of his would prove amusing, but we shall have to be satisfied with less.

After the last war, he first sighted the wide picturesque St. Lawrence River valley and set foot on Canadian soil at Montreal, proceeding westward via Winnipeg to Langham, Saskatchewan, about 20 "air miles" N.W. of Saskatoon. Here relatives met the young would-be navigator, one Wilfrid Joseph, at the successful end of his first trip.

His English schooling hampered by the intervening Atlantic, he became a student at Langham Public School, attended high school in Saskatoon and collegiate at Prince Albert. He is a graduate of the University of Saskatchewan with honours in mathematics and chemistry. He also graduated in education.

No longer a student, but now outside the sheltering gates of learning, he soon found himself a job teaching.

It may be said with evidence enough, that many of his own students and associates have expressed their admiration for his good instructional ability and sportsmanship. Perhaps the name "Cupar," Saskatchewan, where he taught

high school for some years, will recall his lectures to some of our readers.

His present interest in military affairs is attested by his record in the Canadian Officers' Training Corps, from which he graduated in 1927 while attending university. He was in the position to choose his military career, subject, of course, to qualifications.

On the outbreak of war an urgent call came for air navigators, and S/L Hawkins went to No. 1 Air Navigators and Reconnaissance School at Trenton, Ontario. He enrolled on No. 2 Navigation Instructors Course with two people we know, namely S/L McKillop and S/L MacClulich, and others flying in the Norsemen and Fairchild trainers.

On completion of the course he reached No. 2 A.O.S., Edmonton, Alta., on July 1st, 1940, and found the place in the process of being built, in the cozy grip of deep mud, and the temporary confusion of the issuing of the blankets, mattresses and bunk-cards! Meanwhile the air training scheme, having expanded, S/L Hawkins was sent to No. 6 A.O.S., which had just opened at Prince Albert. From there he was posted to No. 1 A.N.S., Rivers, on April 1st, 1942, and became one of the original members of the visiting flight under Wing Commander Gillson, O.B.E. On the 19th of March, 1943, he went to No. 7 A.O.S., Portage la Prairie, as chief instructor. During his term there, No. 7 doubled its capacity to train navigators. He returned to Rivers, "No. 1 C.N.S.," this time, on 17th of June, 1944, to become our chief instructor.* As such we present his first lesson.

He tells a story on himself and adds a cheerful word of warning to all prospective or fledged navigators. For some time S/L Hawkins had been flying over an area where variation was west and therefore "magnetic best," but this particular trip was from Rivers to Yorkton where variation seems to be distinctly east! Can you guess the result? Each course he gave the pilot looked fine, but when "The Pas" finally showed up through cloud, he says, "It looked beautiful, but only for a moment!" With his disgusted pilot and crew glowering at him from front and rear, he had a sickening feeling that something might be wrong, and developed a wild wish to become invisible.

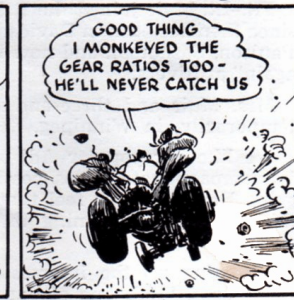
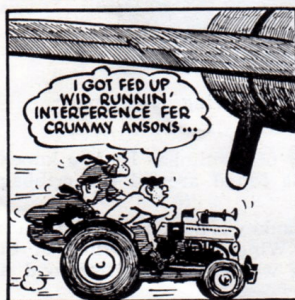
M.T.B. takes this opportunity to wish S/L Hawkins, Mrs. Hawkins and little daughter, Karen, all the best, on behalf of No. 1 C.N.S.

*Concerning all these posts, S/L Hawkins merely remarks, "There's nothing much you can say about me, I'm just the drab type." He seems to possess the knack of appearing, to the observer, to be "just an ordinary person," as he puts it.

TOOEY M'TOWBAR

The Terror of the Tarmac

by *Oz*



Here 'n' There

KAY FULMER

Achievement department. We extend our congratulations this month to Dot Attwood, now known on our station as "Cuppy" . . . Dot's latest hobby is collecting silver cups and ribbons and at the Station Field Day Dottie added FIVE (5 silver cups of assorted sizes, and FOUR (4) medals



for her outstanding athletic ability . . . At the recent swimming meet at Birtle Dottie also kept Rivers in the limelight and placed third in one of the races . . . When you hear someone call "Hi Yo Silverrrrr!" around the station now it will be somehow hailing Dot.

Middle-Aisling on leave . . . Latest style in leaves now is to get married . . . Elsa Abel of the Library, took the orange-blossom trail with a lad named Gray (of the R.C. N.V.R.) while in B.C. on leave recently, and "Terry" Yastrub of the Post Office staff march-

ed, in uniform, to the strains of Lohengrin, also in Victoria in July . . . It is now LAW "Cisco" instead of Yastrub . . . During July also Gwen Giles was a very pretty chapel bride and as Mrs. Olson she is now a proud resident of Boomtown . . . Who's next?

How to WIN a softball game! We have just uncorked a recipe for bringing laurels to your station in softball wins: Take (1) one fine July evening, and (2) keen and peppy softball teams ready to play, add also as cheering, yelling, enthusiastic fans the following: Our Commanding Officer, our Station Administrative Officer; our P.T. and Sports Officer; our Senior W.D. officer, N.C.O.'s and Airmen, several bases full of feminine pulchritude and one Babe Ruth at bat . . . stir well, keep at sizzling heat and the result is: One ball game won for Rivers' W.D.'s.

Buttercups and Daisies—Large bouquets to our marathon bicyclists . . . Sergeant Frank Wolverton and LAW Phyl Harrod . . . These two ambitious people cycled to Brandon on the ONE sizzling hot day we have had this summer, around the 24th of July . . . and not only did they cycle to Brandon but they cycled **all the way home again** . . . according to our private statistician that is a neat little journey of 68 miles and for two people to do that after working a full shift in the Officers' Mess kitchen is something bordering on the spectacular . . . such thoroughly conditioned bike-riders are these two, though, that they were not even tired and were on the job in the mess bright and early the next morning . . . well **early** anyway!

Laff of the Month department—It's alright to tell it as long as you don't know who the gal was, but not so long ago when our softballers travelled to Shilo to play it happened . . . everyone piled out of the bus and, as is customary, the gals peeled off their slacks and stood ready to play in their softball uniforms—jerseys and cute blue shorts . . . one of our lovelies had just about completed the business of quickly taking off her slacks, near the players' bench, when she discovered that she had forgotten to wear the shorts!!!! . . . There was the Shilo catcher, too, a husky gal who reached for a tough one, one night, and something happened to the seam of her slacks . . . when last seen she was tearing over the commando trail holding her catcher's glove behind her.

We appreciate . . . Six good shows per week in our Recreation Hall and yet the mid-week band concerts pre-

sented by Maestro Lehman and his men are the "frothing on the cake" for the whole week. Recently the lads have been giving all-request programs and such numbers as The Desert Song, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Rachmaninoff's Prelude in C Sharp Minor, Indian Love Lyrics, Valse Bluettes, Overture from the Moon, have been some of the favorites of the station personnel . . . Maestro Lehman puts on an excellent, well-balanced show, plays to full houses each Wednesday night and these presentations receive the vociferous applause which they so richly deserve . . . see you at the next band concert!

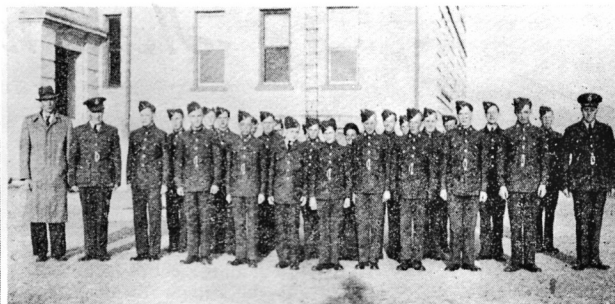
He deserves a medal! When medals are being handed out for distinguished service in the difficult field of beautifying a prairie station, one Mr. Burchell, gardener, will (we hope) be right at the head of the line! When you look around you at the flowers, flower beds and borders, rockeries, soft, new green grass and the vegetable garden, you can mentally thank Mr. Burchell, head gardener of the station, for the mass of bloom and riot of color which adds MUCH to the beauty of our station . . . next month we'll try to have a picture of him for you.

That Swimming Meet in Brandon . . . Hail our conquering swimmers who journeyed to Brandon recently to make a name for their station in the "Meet" at the Kiwanis pool most of our swimmers,—Terry Theriault, Jerry Hill, Ted Simpson, Bill Hart, Larry Laidlaw, Ross Brownlee, Dotty Attwood, and the others were unfamiliar with ropes and were constantly getting tangled up in them while splashing down the "lanes" of the pool . . . despite these and other handicaps our swimmers emerged with more points than any other team and were able to represent Rivers at the Command meet last weekend. . . .

See you in September,—maybe. . . .



Cpl. and Mrs. W. E. Giles



No. 320 Air Cadet Squadron

The talk of having an air cadet squadron at Rivers finally became a reality last September when No. 320 Squadron held its first parade, with thirty-two present. Eight boys from Rapid City became members and No. 1 C.N.S. provided their transportation to Rivers, thus making the operation of the squadron possible. They didn't miss one parade all year because of bad weather.

The officers appointed at the time were F/O W. I. Stewart, as C.O.; P/O J. J. Morrow, as adjutant; F/O G. A. Roberts (Rapid City), as flight commander; P/O M. A. Anderson (Rapid City), as specialist officer; Rev. W. R. Donogh, as padre; Dr. C. M. Thomas, as M.O., and F/O R. Scott, as liaison officer. F/L A. G. Weaver has since succeeded F/O R. Scott as liaison officer. F/O C. A. Roberts has transferred to Birtle, Man.

The first few months saw a motley group of cadets drilling on the school grounds. With hardly any equipment at all, the officers and cadets plugged along making the best of things, ordering equipment and uniforms.

During the winter squad drill was done in the Community Hall, which Mr. J. Frame kindly offered for the use of the cadets. A disciplinarian was provided by No. 1 C.N.S. for the purpose. Other subjects taken and instructors were: A/C Rec by F/S S. Erlendson, (W.D.); signals by F/O W. I. Stewart; first aid by Rev. W. R. Donogh; and

administration by Principal Morrison of Rapid City.

By kind permission of G/C W. A. Murray, C.O. No. 1 C.N.S., the cadets visited the air school several times during the year and enjoyed it greatly every time.

In the spring, big things were cracking, and as soon as possible the cadets were out on the school grounds preparing for their annual inspection. It was very encouraging to the cadets and officers to see that so many people were interested and turned out to see the ceremony. The R.C.A.F. band from No. 1 C.N.S. added greatly to the ceremony.

The next thing was the big air cadet rally at Brandon where, although the weather was bad, everybody enjoyed it. Being only a young squadron we did not expect to do much, but managed to capture the coveted drill pennant.

When July rolled around thirteen of the cadets had the privilege of attending summer camp at No. 3 B. & G. School, MacDonald, Man. A fine course was taken, including flips.

The officers and cadets are very grateful for the wonderful assistance given during the past year by No. 1 C.N.S. and the citizens of Rivers and Rapid City.

Such are the highlights of the first year of No. 320 Squadron. We hope the following years will be just as successful and that the movement will be carried on unimpaired after the war.

Weddings

OLSON—GILES

One of the prettiest weddings yet held in the Station Chapel was that of LAW Gwendolyn Irene Giles, daughter of Mrs. Charles Giles, of Toronto, to Corporal Walter Edwin Olson, of LeRoy, Sask., on July 17th. Flight Lieut. J. Vance officiated.

The bride wore a floor-length gown of white chiffon and shoulder length veil, and carried an arm bouquet of red roses. She was attended by LAW Eleanor Wood who wore white sheer with pale blue accents and carried a bouquet of pink carnations. LAC Desrosier was best man.

The wedding music was played by Sergeant Marshall.

Following the ceremony a reception was held in the Hostess House with Mrs. R. A. Dick assisting in receiving the guests. After a brief honeymoon in Clear Lake, Corporal and Mrs. Olson returned to their work at the Wireless Section of this station. They are residing in Boomtown.



GRAY—ABEL

Of special interest among Airforce and Navy personnel was the wedding on July 5th in St. John's Shaughnessy Church, Vancouver, B.C., at which Rev. W. D. Larmonth officiated, of LAW Audrey Elsa Abel, of No. 1 C.N.S. Rivers, to Leading Stoker Leslie J. Gray, R.C.N.

The bride wore ciel blue ensemble with white floral cap and shoulder-length veil. She was attended by her sister, Miss Connie Abel who wore beige with scarlet accents.

Following a brief honeymoon the bride and groom returned to their stations.



F/L VANCE, Padre

No. 1 C. N. S.

SPORTS PARADE

H. J. BOUGHEN

We at Rivers know of the station softball, and hockey teams, etc., and of season practices and games before a winner is decided. The headline sport for this month gives onlookers preliminaries, and the final winners on one afternoon. With such a compact amount of entertainment it is understandable why this one afternoon would draw a larger gallery than any other sport at C.N.S. over an entire season.

The day before the meet the writer was playing a new fangled style of table hockey with that softball luminary. Ken Simpson, in the Sergeants Mess play room. As he neatly guided the metal ball bearing puck behind my goalie he said, "to-morrow will give you 80° weather with little chance of enlarged dew drops." Not very often does Canada's Senior N.C.O. Met. man go predicting off the deep end.

What a perfect day it turned out to be. After so much rain this summer it gave a lot of folks a chance to absorb vitamin D apart from the medicine cabinet, and the boss, Dave Ritchie, who is at Kenora, must have added a few more freckles to his array.

Soon after Norm Lehman and the band paced the entries to the scene of action so neatly depicted on another page of this section by "Mel" Melrose, Don McRae put his mighty voice into loudspeakers. But before any Track Meet begins it is to be remembered the success of the Meet and the continuity of the program depend on good organization beforehand. Events of this type take a great amount of forethought and planning. Barney Lewis spared neither time nor effort to have the track and jumping area in the best possible condition. A few weeks ago cinders were laid on the quarter mile circle and while the job was well done it is believed they accounted for slow times.

Interest shifted as the 1,500 gathering moved from the jumping pits to the infield, then to the track. We saw a one and a half year old boy step up where the girls were doing the standing broad jump to demonstrate his version. With a stick of wood in his grasp he sort of pole vaulted a distance. Pop was being sold so quickly the canteen men were rubbing a piece of ice against each bottle, then handing it over the counter. Chuck Crocker, the gent with the over 'ome accent, kept running round with bits of paper all afternoon, and ol' sol kept making Chuck's face more colorful.

Mid way through the half day when most of us are excused from aircraft repairs, lectures and offices, four lads had won two events each. Bill Roney, the Intelligence instructor at G.I.S., who had good experience at running while at the University of Saskatchewan, showed the way in the 100 and 220 yard sprints. Bill's power style of running was a pleasure to watch. George Moreton, another instructor, used the lessons learned while at Queen's University, which is reported to be in greater Canada, to toss his long lean body to wins in the running high and standing broad jumps. A trainee named Boyd made his entries in the infield events count by winning the Disc and Javelin contests. From the section which develops muscles, Maintenance Don McDonald took the running broad, and hop-step and jump. In the latter Moreton placed second which turned out to give him the high individual points. Honorable mention goes to Bill Liddell, Scottish soccer star, who played pro with Liverpool. Bill worked his head off but couldn't advance past the runner-up spot. In the girls' part of the show a young miss who told me she had never ran or jumped in such a meet before, held a monopoly on the silverware. Dot Attwood, our drill hall steno., was in the pay-off bracket in every ladies' event. By win-

ning five cups and three medals during the afternoon they stamped her the individual winner by overwhelming odds. Practically all events were run off in running shoes which, no doubt, helps to explain why the winners did not turn in exceptional feats.

No less than four teams from surrounding military establishments were welcomed at the gate at seven p.m. The crowd's suppers were settling as the C.N.S. baseball and soccer clubs took on Carberry, the men's softball team, Virden, and the girls' club, Shilo. A thousand fans lined the side-lines as the Rivers clubs finished up with three wins and a tie. For those who were exposed enough during the afternoon, we understand William Bendix put on a real show in the "Hairy Ape" at the cinema. With two bands on hand the concluding frolic was destined to be a major success. Why the Officers and Senior N.C.O.'s were barred is something to promote cause for debate after this business is over.

Thanks to the efforts of a small group of people Sports Day went over big. Had it not been for Barney Lewis, Chuck Crocker and Bill Roney, the boys who put the sports field in shape, and the dance committee, a complete Sports Day would not have been possible. Here is something worth remembering. Having known Bill Roney for sometime it was my belief he was a dandy sportsman. Besides handling the meet he was spotted four times stripping off his uniform for races. Can you recall a promoter who became a double winner in his own venture?

★

Do You Play Lacrosse?

B. CRAWFORD

Advice has just been received with regards to the play-downs leading up to the Command finals to be held during the month of September in Winnipeg.

The "Warriors" have been out every evening doing battle, and are gradually whipping into shape. The results are very gratifying although our handicaps have been many, such as the nil quantity of a lacrosse box, and an over abundant crop of pesky mosquitoes.

However, by the time the playdowns roll around, keep your eye on the gang from Rivers.

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A Soccer Team Says "Goodbye"

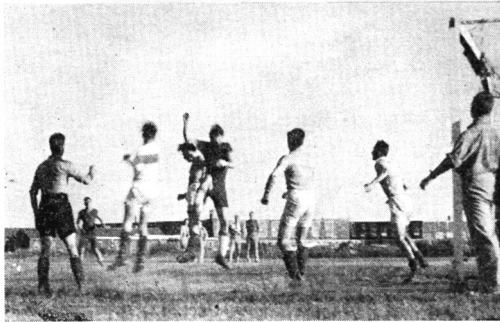
This will be the last opportunity that most of the present Station Football team will have of expressing their views of football in Canada at present, particularly as we have found it in and around Rivers.

This being our first summer in Canada (and our last) we found the heat and the hard grounds a bit trying to our somewhat tender feet, but for that we think you will agree that we have by no means disgraced No. 1 C.N.S. as apart from an unfortunate slip at Carberry against the Giants we are undefeated. This slip-up against Carberry should be taken care of in the very near future (a little bird whispered this match may take place in Winnipeg).

It is unfortunate that the majority of the team will be "passing out" in the next fortnight or so, losing such personalities as Bill Liddell, our Captain and Scottish Internationalist, Bill Deans, another Scottish pro.; Yank Gibson, our die-hard centre-half; Donnelly, Carey, Milby, Davis,



McCallum and Brennan, our pugilistic friend and goalie. (N.B.: So would all your soccer players left on the Station keep the soccer team going by handing your names and data to Cpl. "Scotty" Stewart, the soccer coach).



An Active Moment—Carberry vs. Rivers.

Before saying farewell we would like to express our appreciation and thanks to F/L Arn, F/L Barney Lewis and "Chuck" Crocker, for all their hard work, co-operation and goodwill towards the team. A special word to "Scotty" our coach and friend to one and all. With his cheery disposition and always willing co-operation we could do little else but win.

To the baseball team our constant travelling companions, we say "Cheerio" and good hitting and may you go on from success to success.

★

C.N.S. Setting The Pace

The men's station softball team keep playing two games a week in the most evenly balanced league the B.D.S.A.A. has offered. The Rivers Club have been consistent winners with Virden, the only opposing nine to have their number. On two occasions, Virden has eked out wins by the narrowest of margins.

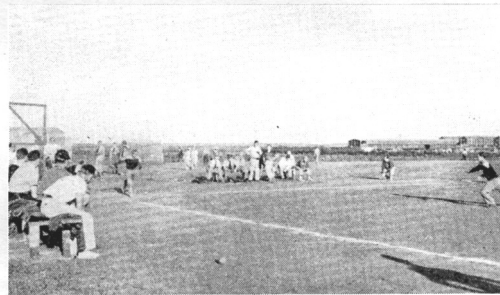
Harold Carling's club are playing heady softball. At

bat, they are liable to begin clubbing any inning in any ball game. The key man during the last month has been Stan Pike, the wind-up chukker, who has shown nice improvement with more work. Hot weather is all in Stan's favor, and by the time the September sport section is put together play-off results will be available.

★

Baseball Club Looks Good

Our Station Team has lost one game to date and at present is well up with the leaders. To pick a star is difficult but great credit is due to the lads who have been playing the bench, they are to be commended for their interest and loyalty. These are some of the players who have definitely proven their worth. Slim Jack Kennerhas impressed as a pitcher, batters have trouble in getting "hold of" his fast one. Blackie, our lead-off man, is a tower of strength at the plate and also in the field. Desautel at the hot corner is a quiet chap who really likes to play ball. In McNeil and McDuffe we have two hustling players who are in there trying all the time.

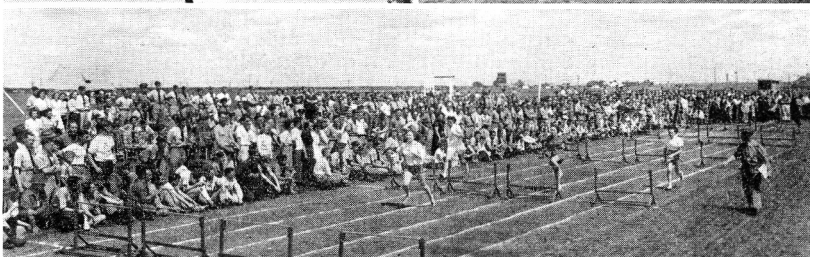
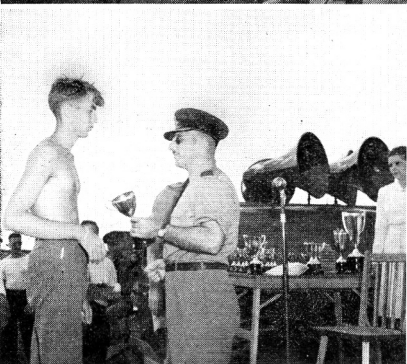
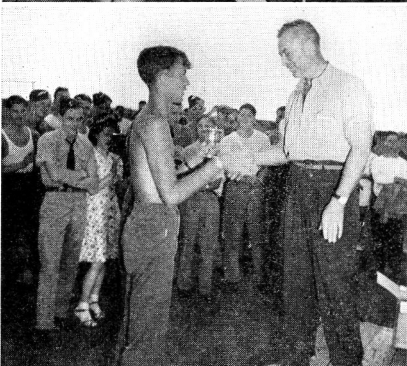
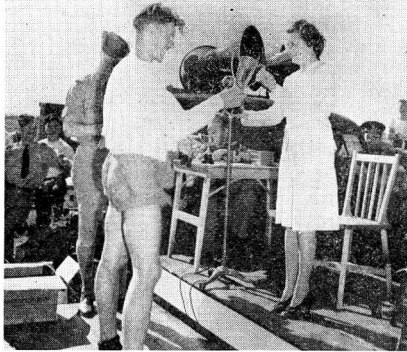


Our prospects for finishing near the top are very good. I dislike going out on a limb, but if the boys play ball, hustle, and get out to practices, our chances of winning the league title are bright. With a further opportunity of participating in a Command Play-off this year, it should result in greater interest in this popular summer sport.



Scenes at "Palm Beach" . . . Our Swimming Pool

Track and Field Meet, July 20th, 1944



Y.M.C.A.

CHUCK CROCKER

Several people wonder how two Y.M.C.A. supervisors put in their time from day to day, so we shall try to give you an idea of what keeps us busy by outlining our various duties.

Personal services form a large share of our work here.



Telegrams are but one of such services. Did you know that we handle approximately 1,000 of these each month? That's more than a number of fair sized agencies look after. Then we act as an agency for telegraphing flowers to all parts of Canada. On Mother's Day for example, we looked after 83 orders. Then there is information on railroad, bus and plane time-tables, including U.S.A. routes. Incidentally, outside the door you'll find listed C.N.R. and C.P.R. Routes to most main cities in Canada,

as well as bus schedules in and around this vicinity. We'll be glad to supply you with information about places that aren't listed. Distribution of free writing paper and envelopes come under this portion of our work and outside the door you'll find several racks which are filled daily. In addition, we supply the library and the hospital.

Through the I.O.D.E., magazines are obtained for distribution and you'll always find a supply of these on the table outside the door. Special supplies are maintained for the Fire Hall, Radio and Bombing Ranges and other places where time drags at certain periods during the day and night. Current magazines and matches are also sent weekly to hospital patients. Radios are supplied to the Hospital and Bombing Ranges and these have to be serviced periodically.

Transportation and accommodation at Clear Lake is looked after at the "Y." It was thought this service would be well received by the personnel but apparently there's something lacking as the number of empty seats in the busses is quite high. Any suggestions you have will be appreciated.

Playing cards, ping pong bats and balls, small games, cribbage boards and numerous other items are available at all times free of charge.

Movies (16 m.m.) are shown to the hospital patients every Thursday and are greatly appreciated according to all reports.

We are on several committees including (a) sports, (b) entertainment, (c) Library, (d) Airmen's dances, (e) Unit Welfare, (f) Photography Club. On top of this we attend all meetings of the District Athletic Associations (inter-services) and the Command Area meetings. If you are a member of even one committee you will appreciate the time involved in attending such meetings and the work which inevitably comes out of the meetings.

The "Y" office has been more or less the pivot point for the summer sports schedule. This has meant compilation of schedules, keeping records of scores and league standings for inter-section and inter-station teams, arranging for busses, looking after equipment for inter-section games, etc., etc. It's quite a job but when you get the co-operation we do in any of these things, it certainly helps a lot.

To make life more interesting, we occasionally have speakers come, Art Exhibits to show, trips to make to buy or look at sports equipment, travelling troupe shows to look after, amateur hours to run, teams to coach, hospital visits to make, softball games to umpire, travelling with station teams, conferences to attend plus taking the odd "48."

A number of R.A.F. boys take advantage of the hospitality offered by the citizens of Winnipeg and we make

arrangements for these visits through Mrs. Anderson of the United Services Centre. On the average 50 boys are accommodated each month in Winnipeg homes. We also reserve rooms at various Y.M.C.A.'s in the west for boys who travel to other points.

Crafts and hobbies have been neglected lately but plans are now under way to open up a Craft shop in the drill hall, using the old Sports Stores as the clubroom. Soon an opportunity will be provided for you to make several things you may want or need such as belts, purses, wallets, sandwich plates, lamps, model planes and boats, costume jewellery—in fact almost anything you think you'd like to tackle.

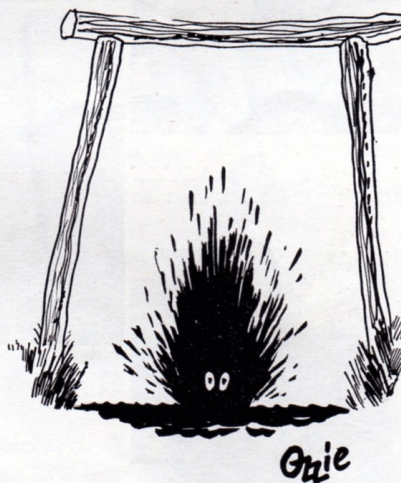
Our days begin at 9 a.m. and usually don't end until at least twelve hours later. However, it's pleasant work and we'll take on as much more work as we can, provided it doesn't mean more than a 26-hour day!

Before I close, I'd like to say thanks to all officials and to everyone who helped make the recent Track and Field meet the success it was. An undertaking like that can't operate unless you get the whole-hearted support of a lot of people. That support was very much in evidence not only on July 20th but for weeks before. Bill Roney and Barney Lewis deserve a lot of credit for the swell job they did in lining up such a good day. Thanks, also, to the station teams for turning in such good exhibitions. Three wins and one tie game out of four is just about perfect.

See you all in September.

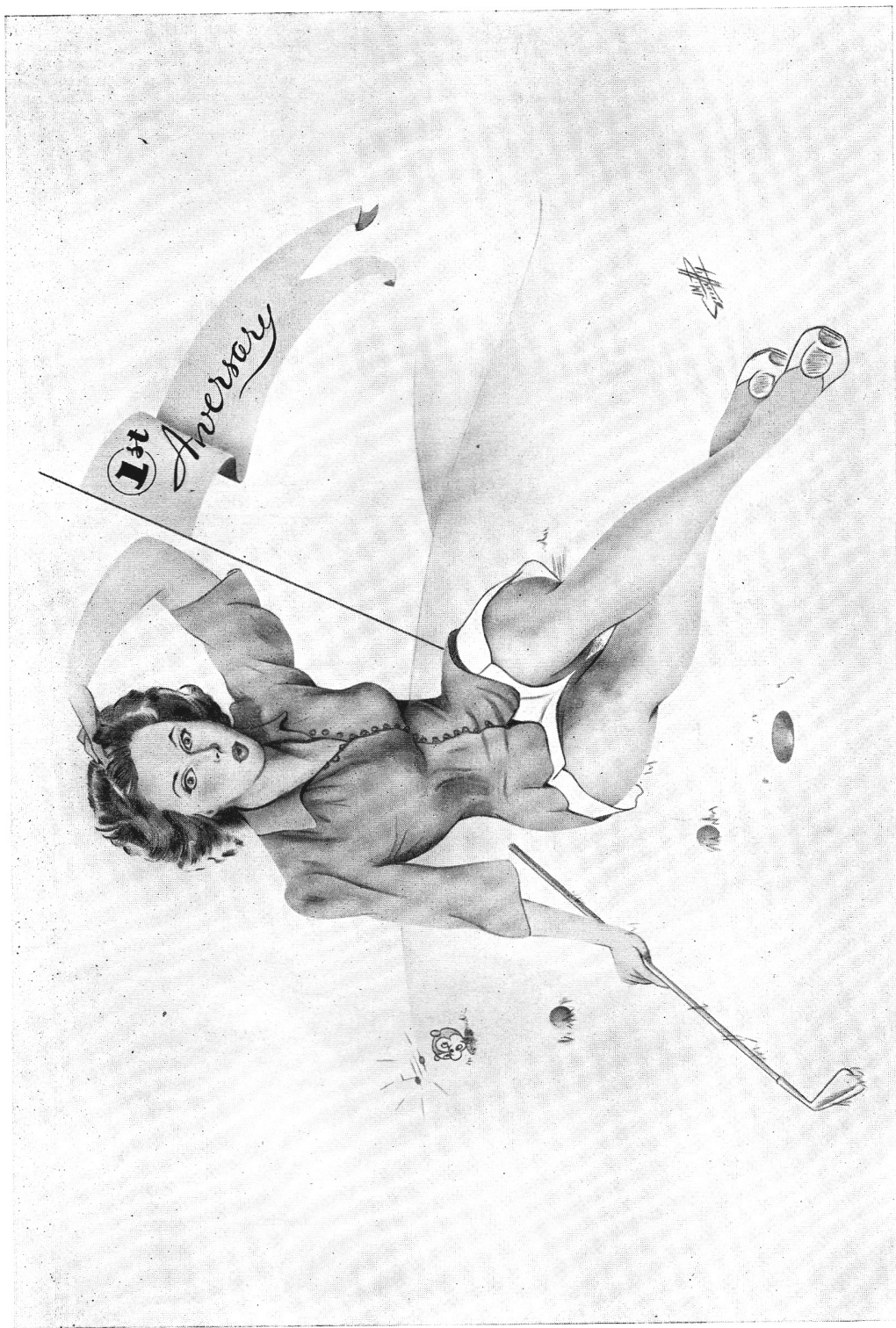


COMMANDO COURSE!



MOVIES OF THE MONTH

- Aug. 14-15—**Step Lively.** Frank Sinatra, George Murphy.
- Aug. 17-18—**The Great Moment.** Joel McCrea, Betty Field.
- Aug. 19-20—**Marine Raiders.** Pat O'Brien, Ruth Hussey.
- Aug. 21-22—**The Million Dollar Kid.** East Side Kids.
The Unknown Guest. Victor Jory, Pamela Blake.
- Aug. 24-25—**The Ghost of the Cantervilles.** Charles Laugh-ton, Margaret O'Brien.
- Aug. 26-27—**Christmas Holiday.** Deanna Durbin, Gene Kelly.
- Aug. 28-29—**Sensations of 1945.** Dennie O'Keefe, Eleanor Powell.
- Aug. 31-1 —**Up In Mable's Room.** Marjorie Reynolds, Dennis O'Keefe.



"STYMIED"

What Will YOU Do?

The first tinge of post-war days has arrived at No. 1 C.N.S. F/L McKay, personnel counsellor, is here to assist all interested in choosing their careers on demobilization. As can well be appreciated this is a most important position and can only be undertaken by a person well versed in



F/L McKay

professional and industrial needs. F/L McKay possesses all the qualifications for this, and a little more if needs be.

His chief aim is to place service personnel on the road to occupations suitable for their individual capabilities when the war is over. It goes without saying that to do this a

number of considerations must be taken into account and these must be governed chiefly by the person's ability, or qualifications, for whatever career he chooses. Intelligence tests assist to a great extent in classifying the individual and full use is made of psychology.

After the last war men were returned from the armed forces without the slightest idea of how to go about living normally. This, of course, applied to men of 22 or 23 rather than to the older ones. The former were at a very crucial point in life on the outbreak of war and the transition to adult independence had not been completed. No organized attempt on the part of the government to assist them in taking up the lost threads of their lives had been instituted and chaos ensued.

The lesson was well learnt, and, bearing in mind past mistakes, the authorities decided to start a personnel counsellor system whereby future careers might be determined. It is not an attempt to dictate careers but it is a fundamental part of post-war planning. Every assistance is given, even monetary, to encourage the young ex-serviceman to study and prepare himself for the life he desires and suits best.

A very interesting part of F/L McKay's work is his advice on the choice of careers. As he is well aware, many choose professions and careers that are either already overcrowded or possess little or no chance of advancement. This is a habit handed down from previous generations when education meant little else except the means of obtaining a lucrative and socially superior position. Common sense suggests a different way of doing things and it is good to know that the R.C.A.F. are well ahead in their preparation for the return to peace.

Wooing The Muse

WASHED OUT

"PAT" PATTERSON

My flying days are over,
My helmet's laid away,
My wings are clipped close to my sides,
My dreams have gone astray.
No longer can I "shoot" the stars
Polaris. Betelgeuse and Procy,
No longer can I shoot the sun
Chained to earth . . . Am I.

How well my mind still visions
My classmates eager, true;
They take their sextants up in the sky
To use it in the blue;
Climbing, banking, diving, plotting,
Air plots, winds and things.
Oh . . . how I envy those who fly,
I wish . . . that I had wings.

Yet still I know 'tis not for me,
My niche I haven't found;
'Tis written in the big black book,
That I stay on the ground
To keep them flying . . . Planes and men
Must be the job for me.
For deep inside . . . I burn with pride
As wings . . . spell victory.

"Smitty"

(Continued from page 9)

and was active in Y.M.C.A. work, a leader in Kinsmen's Boys Club and a leader with the Metropolitan Boys' Club of Toronto.



He enjoys sports, particularly tennis and riding—and, of course, drawing is his hobby.

He assured us that his "mother was still his best girl," and that ought to be good news to the gals who like dark, wavy hair, a soft tenor voice, and a good disposition!

Section Shots

Motor Transport

One year ago our first issue of M.T.B. was published and we are sure that a great many of the personnel on this station have kept all twelve copies. It is interesting to look back over these and see pictures or the mention of so many of our associates who have been posted away and think of the happy times we have had together. It has been very interesting and enlightening to read the many articles written by members of our personnel. The cartoons and drawings done by F/O Wright and LAC "Smitty" Smith, and the photographs by the Photo Section are enjoyed by all and M.T.B. just wouldn't be right without them. **WE WISH M.T.B. ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD FOR ITS SECOND YEAR.**

We want to make a little correction to our last issue. LAC Currie's posting to Paulson, Man., was cancelled and after two or three days of relaxation and contentment a second posting came through for him to North West Air Command, Edmonton. We wish Styan all the luck in the world and hope he and his bride will not be separated too long.

A letter has been received from Overseas from LAC Bilokreli, one of our drivers. He mentioned that he had seen several of our drivers who had gone over previously. This is very interesting and we can well imagine their reunion.

We welcome the following drivers into our Section: LAC's Giffin, Larocque and Mooney and AC2's Allaway, Etherton, MacNeill, DeLair and Loiseau.

Did someone say that one of our LACs was A.W.L. for five days? Maybe he thought he was on furlough instead of a 48.

Our Section has been more or less in a turmoil this past month what with switching the offices over and painting. We HOPE it will be finished within a month or so. It isn't everybody who can have a shower bath while in bed. Ask our night crew about the showers they had during the storms.

★

Equipment

HORTENSE HIPPOBOTTOMUPPERMOST

So it's M.T.B.'s Anniversary? Congratulations! We would speak in more glowing terms of appreciation except that we are all now busily engaged in bending the grateful knee because we too have pulled through a particularly difficult period. PERHAPS . . . There is another reason, but secretly we believe that we have thrown ourselves with such abandon into our daily travail that we have neglected to perfect our physical beings.

M. T. B. for AUGUST

First of all there was the Toe. Snelly's Toe, I mean. You probably heard about it because it was no ordinary appendage. It persisted in pretending it was a growing snake and wanted to shed its skin every few days, the only difference being that the Toe shed its nail and without such an excuse. Of course there was great concern over the Toe but no sooner had we begun to wipe the weeping eye than Katrinka Reed came home one evening after having spent the day potting around down at the River and for some well-concealed reason threw herself down on the cement floor with a swoon-like gesture.

Not long after this our little tousle-headed Cpl. Rougeau decided to break one of our excitable new bicycles and succeeded in turning a splendid backflip off the brute when it suddenly bucked. Nothing daunted, this same chappie, like any other Commando, leaped gracefully into a barbed wire fence and emerged somewhat later with a gaping wound in the thatch . . . two stitches worth, in fact. Just when the atmosphere was again pervaded with soft sighs and sympathetic moans, Dickie, our pin-up boy, went off for a gallop. This was not a good idea.

It seems that being away up there above the trees (We swear that no tree hereabouts ever grows higher than four feet), made his imagination soar off into the clouds and unfortunately when he tried to follow it, he found that he was fast becoming more and more attached to Mother Earth. Indeed, he lay nestled to her bosom for some time making strange animal-like sounds while someone stood by singing, "Or would you rather be a pig?" However, all was not in vain for suddenly and with great agility he jumped to his feet and proclaimed loudly, "It works I tell you—the law of gravity—it works!"

This sort of thing can't go on you know, so we're all popping out to P.T. frequently AND voluntarily of course, convinced that Superman is going to look rather mouldy beside us in the future. Meanwhile if you should hear a brave voice crying out behind you one of these days . . . fear not . . . it's just a struggling old Equipment Assistant quoting:

"Say not the struggle naught availeth
The labour and the wounds are vain."

★

Repair Squadron Speaks

Most of us believe the calendars we see hung in many places are amazing records, at certain times. When a birthday or an anniversary rolls around, we think, "Have twelve pages been torn from this calendar, actually." Individual days may seem long but when you look back over, say a year, the question arises in our thoughts, "How did

those 365 days slip by so quickly?" As our monthly journal commences Volume II, the shortness of time is again brought to mind.

Last spring signs were noticed here and there saying, "M.T.B. is coming." Curiosity led us to an informer and we learnt that a school magazine was going to press. With the heat of an August mid-month pay day, a short year ago, M.T.B. was placed in front of us. The first copy was bought up in goodly numbers, and many folks couldn't get the magazine open quick enough. The journal made a hit, and when the middle of September arrived, M.T.B. was wanted for local news.

For some issues we have had to scratch our heads in order to put before those people interested, a few well chosen words. Repair Squadron is not a section which lends itself to action packed drama. The stunts our part of this navigation hub is required to do, are not hair-raising. In fact, many of our members have gone aircrew to get away from the monotony of maintenance routine. Don't think there is little to learn in our corner of the station, but our learning is on the mellow side compared to being lost in an Anson at five thousand feet.

A large number of M.T.B.'s are forwarded to former veterans of Rivers, the folks at home, and the lads overseas. Many enthusiastic descriptions of this book are received, yes, even more than you hear at the distribution point. We feel this "house organ" has offered many people a good opportunity for post-war work. Good advice and suggestions will be given to anyone wanting to indulge in the craft of penmanship.

Repair Squadron will do its best to reserve a corner of "Section Shots" in Volume II. Hours of planning, writing and chasing material is done each month by a small band of people. Our thoughts of M.T.B.'s staff may be stated: "A lot of us are grateful to a few."

★

Photography Section

"SMOKIE" BRINTON

Out of hiding from our darkrooms, our lens, and our shutters we come to greet you once more. Many changes have been made in the section since our last visit. Since then we've lost "Johnnie" (F/O Johnston to you), to Calgary where he has taken up his duties as Command Photographic Officer. He left about the 1st of July. He was like a brother, but hardly a father, to us. "Johnnie" was always getting us out of scrapes and tearing his hair out when something went wrong.

We all like F/L Jimmy Pollock of Visual Aids, who is our new boss. Taking on this section must be just like a

bad headache to you. Is that so, sir?

F/S Ed Gray left for Rockcliffe toward the latter part of June to take up different duties there. We were really sorry to see him go but had gotten used to it to some extent when he was at Dafoe for a month on Temporary Duty.

F/S "Mel" Melrose came from Rockcliffe to take his place. Of course, we were glad we all knew each other before. He was formerly one of our instructors at Photo School. How are the housing problems now, Flight?

Tommy Morrell, also left for Rockcliffe near the end of June on a course. I bet somebody has been getting lots of letters since he left.

We hope your mother is well soon, Lorna, we miss you around here. Freda and her stampede! How was Calgary after your long absence short-job? Did the tents leak much on your camping trip, Marge, or did you notice? Has anybody seen Tarzan? Ask Mary. What were all those drawings of house plans for Holly? Contemplating something? Tough going these nice nights when they are doing so much flying, eh Marti?

Let's pick daisy petals, "are we or aren't we; are we or aren't we"—going to get posted. Does anybody know?

If someone wants to have a dance, come over to our section. We have that ballroom finish on all the floors and will provide the music. Oh no, Sara, not you.

The station swimming pool is certainly one beehive of activity, between rains, since those blood-thirsty mosquitoes hold such a monopoly down at the river. It must be rather lonely down there with no more weiner roasts in the evenings or sun bathing and swimming in the daytimes. Well, we don't want to bore you too much, with all this chatter, so cheerio for now. We'll see what dirt we can dig up for next time.

★

Electrical Section

LAC GEORGES

Hello folks, the following is a running report on the activities of our quiet and humble section—after some of the boys read this, I'll be running.

To begin with, we have a few newcomers, and boy! — are they ever a welcome sight! They are AC1 Oscar Larsen, Winnipeg, Man., AC1 Jack Fenwick, Melville, Sask., and AC1 Thorold Linstead, Hamilton, Ontario. Anyway, one out of three of them are from the East—good old Canada. We'd like to wish them a lot of luck and hope they like their stay in Rivers.

Everything is quiet on the Maintenance Wolfing Front — "Tommy Tompkins" and "Irish" McConnell are on furlough. "Kell" DeLisle, the anchorman of that wild trio is giving a certain post office gal a rest — guess he believes there is safety in numbers and is await-

ing the return of the two missing members before venturing forth.

Our little "livewire" Corporal, commonly known as the "Tich Gremlin," alias the "Mole," alias "Mousey," sure keeps the barracks alive. As far as keeping the boys in the barracks alive though, that's a different story—a few more close calls like we had a week ago in Rivers after a few beers, and it will come back alive. Of course, with the "Grey Wolf" as a bunk partner, it would affect even the quietest man's actions.

Hear ye! Hear ye We now have an official "Commando" in our section. Yessiree, baptized 'n' everything. He doesn't cross obstacles the easy way, hrrmph! That's child's play. Anyway, you know those two poles over that "sweet" smelling ditch on the P.T. Commando Course. He went hand over hand alright—only backwards, half way across, his hand reached back, the pole wasn't there, then he wasn't there. He was eight feet down, sloshing around in a beautiful mud bath, with language to match. (Next five minutes censored). The genial P.T.I.'s want the lads to put "everything into it"—our "Commando" sure did, with a "camouflage" job to boot.

Does anyone know of a good soothing sedative to quieten down a person, possibly a straight jacket would do. Every time "Bus" Miller returns from a P.T. session he thinks he's Tarzan, lets out whoops, and yells, and beats his chest. Sad case, I'd say. One for close observation. We couldn't even bribe Dr. Jekyll to take over the case. Jekyll said such patients were hard on his nerves.

If anybody is ever talking to "Rick" Smith about the beauty of different parts of Canada, they better not run down the Muskoka Lake region, especially a place called Bala—eh? Smithy?

Barney Harper (if you're fast enough, you can see him romping around the prairies, digging holes, climbing fences and trees) says Kenora, Ontario, is the nicest spot in Canada. Wonder if he lives there?

So long for now, peoples, I see my keeper is coming to lead me back to my cell. Be seeing you, don't lose that Teddy Bear now, Corporal Dottie G.

★

Armament Section

If you ask me the section I like best; One that has maintained the pace with the rest;

One that in work or in play Gets things done without delay, "Armament," I would be forced to say, Look at it as you will, still leads the way.

And though you might laugh at my choice for a minute, The reason is plain if you know who is in it.

To start with, there is E. C. Chute, an F/O;

About his job there isn't much he does not know.

Flight Menzies, you should know his name,

If not, then watch the next baseball game.

Also, known for his good humour and avoirdupois.

Flight Bradbury lays down the law, Our sergeants are too numerous to name;

Among them is "Rocky" well-known to fame.

Our Corporals from Veitch to Lee, Are all keen types as any one can see.

The rest make up a lively crew Their virtues are many, their faults are few.

They come from the East; they come from the West,

To say the least, they are among the best.

After all said and done, When peace again in this world reigns, When this war is fought and won;

And its people freed from horrors and pains,

And at the family hearth we gather about

Many a thrilling story will be told With family and friends; no doubt

Of how the Armament Section at One C.N.S.

Carried on in the brave days of old.

★

Chords and Discords

HAROLD SYM

Welcome once again Hepsters to our little meeting of the clans. We have a little news about the bands to pass on to you, but first we've got to offer our congrats! to M.T.B., our own little news hound.

Just a year ago that it entered this great big world and fell into River's lap. If the issues for the future are as good as we have had in the past, it will be A-1 stuff. Keep up the good work, M.T.B. We'll be hearing from you.

Now for our Chords and some really good discords. Did you know Charlie Barnet has just finished work in R.K.O.'s "Cocktails For Two." It's got to be a good show, Charlie's in it. So watch for it eh? Artie Shaw has also signed with 20th Fox for a film, and is scouting around with an eye toward finding musicians for a new band. Guess you knew he was recently discharged from Uncle Sam's forces.

Gene Krupa, America's No. 1 drummer-boy is busy setting up his own band once again. At present he is on tour with that Sentimental Gentleman of swing, Tommy Dorsey. Ray Edridge who was featured in Krupa's band is expected to return to the re-organized one, though at the moment he is on the road with a full dance band of his own. Krupa's band plans call for a twenty-five piece chew, with nine strings, seven

brass, four rhythm, two solo singers and a vocal quartet. Not bad hum?

Our Lena Horne enthusiasts will be pleased to hear that she has been chosen outstanding negro actress of the year. Horace Heidt, bandleader for twenty-one years is going ahead with preparations for a tour of key cities, however, owing to his dispute with the Music Corporation of America concerning his release from the booking organization, he will junk his promising new band and concentrate on his night club and ballroom interests. Heidt is in the same spot as Benny Goodman in his fight against the M.C.A.; both want their contracts, neither will compromise.

Here's a couple more shorts for moviegoers who enjoy them. Bing Crosby and Frank Sinatra share honors in a morale-builder "Road to Victory" produced by Warner's. Watch for the Walter Lantz cartoon, "Jungle Jive" sound track of which contains the last music of the late Bob Zurke.

Watch for the rapidly rising bands of Boyd Raeburn and Georgie Auld, within the last six months, Georgie's combo has readied itself for big things. It is now a powerful, inspiring exciting band, with an accurate brass section six socking saxes, and a remarkable alto, tenor and soprano, and a girl singer who's exceptional.

Raeburn's jivesters are going to be one of the best of the new bands. Boyd previously had a pleasing swing chew in the 1935 Goodman groove is hep today to what is good. Boyd has an extraordinary alto lead and soloist in Johnny Bothwell. Yes the band is all right, with a couple of good-looking

breaks, records and plenty of airtime, the Raeburn jumpsters should reach the top easily.

Well "cats," guess it's about time we dug a little for our own music makers, the Ansonaires. First of all, must say Adios to our "drummer boy," Jack Marshall. He has given us the tops in drumming entertainment and it will really be a sad loss when he plays with us no longer. Hailing from Nottingham Jack is really ultra modern on the skins. So good luck always Jack, and don't forget to write. We will be following your adventures with interest. And with this parting message to Jackson once more the call goes out for a new drummer for the Ansonaires. Come on fellows, we need you and you'll have a lotta fun. We have the drum kit, so come on you Krupa's. Lend us a hand in this hour of need.

Just in case some of our readers take interest in the Hit Parade, they will be pleased to know that "I'll Be Seeing You," is number one. There are many newbies coming up so keep those radios tuned in and follow the bands. Till next time, when I'll be here to dish out the dirt—adios, amigos.

★

Beer Flight

This morning we dashed down to that little torture chamber beside the hospital and had a tooth yanked: So if we don't sound our usual cheery self you know the reason.

The other morning Cudge climbed into one of our cabs and drew away from the lot. He took off and climbed

out of the circuit. He then asked the Bomber to tell the Navigator to sharpen up and give him a course—whereupon the Bomber turned around to find that there were no Navigators in the kite. It seems that the boys were hunting around the parking strip looking for the kite! So help me it's the truth.

Did you see Walt on Sports Day? They say he went over a hurdle and forgot to lock his undercarriage. Naturally he crashed.

Bill went off on his annual leave — and now we are short one of our best bachelors. Yes, you guessed it, he got married. We take this opportunity to wish F/O and Mrs. Friesen health, wealth and happiness for now and always.

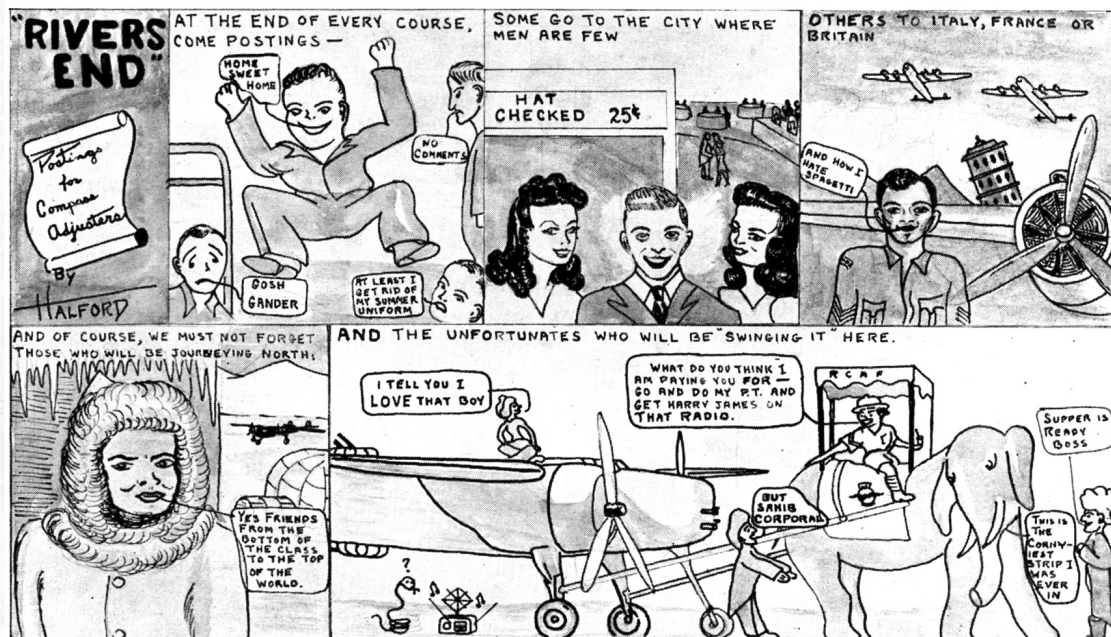
Did you ever see that tall boy Kenner pitch for the Station Hardball Team. He does a pretty smooth job—they tell us he pitches pretty good woo, too.

Flat Top went down to Chicago and had a very interesting experience in a store. The storekeeper asked him what outfit he was in, whereupon Flat Top said the Canadian Air Force. I would never have known it said the storekeeper. "You talk just like us."

Poor Hardy got grounded for three months so they sent him to G.I.S. as a blinker (a jerk who sends Aldis). Here's hoping he doesn't go blink-happy and returns to us pretty soon.

Andy by way of a farewell — watch the BEE Flight "Liberators" in the softball league. Those boys are going places!

So with Barrel fulls of love we leave you for another month.



Classroom Highlights



CLASS 102A

Once again we bring news of a now much wearier class of navigators. There is a great tension in the air with the thoughts of the twelfth week tests approaching in a few days. I think it is about time we introduced a few of the members of our course. The first worthwhile subject for discussion is that member of the public school set (a gen man on asco), Wornum, who, after a slight mishap in the air discovered that the asco was made up of several parts which he could not stick together again. His classmate, Ron Stubbs, who is very fond of his warrant tailored cap with an extremely large white peak fancies himself as the Gigli of the 9th (GWR I think).

One of our three Scotsmen, Gunning, will persist in telling us the merits of that country north of the border (not that we believe him). Our two gen men, Holmes and Monnington, always seem extremely happy when they are first back to base and can start counting all the pinpoints, asco fixes, winds, etc., they have obtained. We also have in our midst a Geordie who did not realize that you can't check course on the sun without setting the latitude on the asco. One of our Welshmen, Chapman, expounds great theories on why we get dome refraction and other such errors from that weird and wonderful contraption known as the sextant. Our Star runner, Hewman, won the 880 yards event at the sports meet the other day, although we don't know where he finds the energy after P.T. Besides these chappies we have three Londoners (one who gave the pilot three wrong courses in succession and still came bang over the turning point). Then we have Russell Forbes who told the pilot to steer West with a little dash of south.



No. 3 STAFF NAVIGATORS

By F/O L. C. JESSOP

Rivers is not what one would call even in one of his more jubilant moments, "The Garden of Canada." Nor is G.I.S. No. 1 CNS exactly a paradise for summer pleasure seekers. Nevertheless, there's knowledge in "them thar parts"—vast stores of it that will be doled out thoroughly and efficiently and will be invaluable in handling the great responsibilities which the near future holds in store for us.

In that strain spoke many a G.I. to his unsuspecting victims throughout the country and as a result, many an instructor forsook his peaceful life, surrendered his domestic bliss and permitted himself to be goaded into sacrific-

ing his annual leave so that he might get to Rivers—the august home of Air Navigation.

And so here we are, No. 3 Staff Navigators, floundering along in our 10th week with weeks of unnoticed summer weather behind us and the inevitable finals staring us smack in the face.

I dislike the word "finals." It is too precise and suggests a cutting off from the past that gives me a peculiar feeling in the pit of my stomach (No, it's not my appendix—that isn't there now). Still, exams have to be faced before my pleasant things come again.

The green hills are just on the other side of the mountain and as we gird our loins for the climb we can't help but wonder just what the green fields have to offer.

To begin with, the prospect of 12 weeks of summer-time at Rivers is not a pretty one. It's not the weather: That's all right, but it's the study and the amount we're expected to learn. The reasons why instruments work, or fail to, the mysterious movements of heavenly bodies, the inside meanderings of compasses and the unsportsmanlike qualities of the setant all pile up in a vast collection of information which would challenge the mind of Admiral Crichton, let alone ours. Failure to reach places like Camp Morton or Dominion City should be adequate proof that the term "Navigator" when applied to us is, for the moment, a misnomer.

Underneath the worried expressions that pass for faces you will notice that we have distinctive types amongst us. The moustache age of Course 2 has not trickled through to Course 3 but we are not without our idiosyncracies.

You may know them already but if you don't perhaps this little resume will help you understand our class:

F/O HOWARD ADAMSON: That boom from the back of the room, "Hey, wait a minute! D'ya mind if we climb on the wagon?"

F/O RUSS WILWORTH: With his long and varied experience behind him and that luxuriant lip growth to mutter in. In moments of stress, he'll get by, no doubt.

F/O TOD FREEMAN: If hours of work and worry will do it, he'll get there. How often have we heard, "Well, I got that taped last night, yes sir!"

F/O LES JESSOP: Well, anyway, it took a man with a knife to dampen his ardour.

F/O BILL KERR: (Pardon me, F/L Kerr, now). There's something inside

that "Brow." Bill is a Rivers "native." "Men may come and men may go but I go on however."

F/O OLLIE LAWRENCE: (No slouch at chess or billiards either) and they say that fish at Minaki are terrified. (Ollie says they're fishing trips.)

F/O BILL MITCHELL: Tall, dark and handsome—no wonder Mrs. Mitchell decided to live in Rivers. We don't know but judging from classroom evidence she must be keeping his nose to the grindstone.

F/O ART MARTIN: Portage will be brushing up on its colloquial English again soon (sorry—no quotation).

F/O DOUG MacLEOD: Malton's inspiration, to Mac the mental side of it is a cinch, even manages to keep up with the Plewman—"Shaw, what are you waiting for? Go get my paper!"

P/O JOHNNY POSKITT: (Alias Pocket) — All that energy in such a small container—something is bound to come of it and it isn't matrimony.

F/O OMER POULIOT: From Rivers to Quebec is a hell of a long way by Mer. parts or C.N.R. "I dunno 'bout this Trig Spherical, but this love—she's wonderful."

F/O EARL SHAW: All the grey matter isn't growing on the outside of that head. Besides he wields a mean straight edge at times (see Dilworth's knuckles).

F/O LEW SMART: Smart by name and smart by nature and that front seat is an advantageous position (except in pupil lectures).

F/O BOB SMITHRIM: His inspiration followed in the third week. Also—"It keeps the mess bills down except on Sundays. Besides, Rivers is quieter," says Bob.

F/O BRYAN SUTTON: Agrees. "Sutt" is another of the old timers and that unabating enthusiasm should indeed be an example to many a junior laggard.

F/O ERNIE WHITBY: Ancienne Lorette's "Why" man, Ernie usually manages to keep classroom discussions from becoming monologues and asks those questions we'd like to, but—

The great struggle draws to a close and as we gather round "Slim" on the final day, catching up on our drinks or vice versa, let's hope that all hearts will be gay and all eyes turn to the future with a gleam of anticipation of better obs done better.

And so, exeunt No. 3 S.N. with hearty good wishes for No. 4, 5, 6, 7, 8 . . . ad infinitum and to our worthy instructors who must stay behind and listen to the same beefs—ad infinitum.

CLASS 33 SNI (p)

F/O HARRIS

It's a pretty rugged assignment to make an honest-to-goodness navigator out of any pilot... even when the pilot is a fairly stable type with an unbiased outlook on the whole transaction. If he's not, then the problem assumes formidable proportions.

Take Course 33, for instance. Faced with the staggering assortment of raw material that AFHQ dumped on his doorstep, Al (Cosine) Reilly performed an epic task that marks him as one of the truly great missionaries of our time. The SNIPs he and his associates have unleashed on an unsuspecting Air Training plan may not fulfill all the requisites of an A-class navigator—and nobody—but at least they now have a new and more tolerant perspective in that direction.

On June 3rd last, some 25 licensed taxi drivers presented their credentials and assembled apprehensively in G.I.S. Room 36 for induction into the posh fraternity of SNIPs. These were simple men who thought of aircraft in terms of an airframe, engine(s), instrument panel and control column. They hadn't heard of secants or sextants—or if they had, they'd dismissed them offhand as something connected with the relativity theory, an inflation preventative or maybe a new-type Yo-Yo on the market. Now they'd rather part with their rabbit's foot or Fearless Fosdick badge than leave terra firma without sextant, astro-compass and an unabridged library of nav. and math. tables.

Whatever faults or failings these neophyte navigators had when they first attacked the art, there was one common quality they didn't lack—an unpredictable originality that found its outlet in innumerable "short-cuts." Without resorting to names, and for the sake of brevity, let's illustrate some of the more unorthodox tactics by snatching excerpts from a sample, if not quite average, trip:

1st Nav. to 2nd Nav.: "Say, boy, go back there and fetch me about 10 degrees starboard drift."

2nd Nav. (timidly): "I know you'll hate me for this, but all I can seem to get from this thing is 5 degrees port."

1st Nav.: "Damn thing's u/s, I guess."

(2nd Nav. mumbles under breath and returns to his 10-Degree Lines, 5-Minute Marks and Daily Racing Form. 1st Nav. manipulates his dividers for a while and bumps up against seemingly impossible situation).

1st Nav.: "This W/T fix doesn't come near our D.R. position. My God, the WOGS they're turning out these days! Can't trust 'em at all." (With this he whips out sextant and planisphere). "Ah, there's Fomalhaut. This'll look good in my log." (Fomalhaut abruptly does a steep turn, proving to be another a/c.)

At this point 2nd Nav. comes to life and passes back position chit, inscribed:

"0412 GMT, 270 Marlborough Hotel 3." Pilot decides to fly the beam home.

While this sort of thing didn't happen every day, or even every night, it did move F/O Clary Cohoe to retire to Clear Lake for 2 weeks' leave, F/O George Grover to beat his forehead and scream "I'm getting punchy" every few minutes and F/L Leo Smith to call off his I.T. periods in favor of a rest cure.

Here, in retrospect, are a few of the leading lights of the class: Flt./Lt. Bob Buckham, course senior, a Coastal Command veteran of North Africa and India service who flew the Atlantic with his crew from O.T.U. in Canada; P/O's George Sellar and Buck Armstrong, both ex-policemen, George in Toronto and Buck with the R.C.M.P.; Russ Bradley, Manitou Manitoban who was carrying passengers in peacetime kites at so much a head with fewer flying hours to his credit than most airmen pilots have when they first solo; Wally Buhr, who brought his bride to Rivers on their honeymoon; and Ed Kemp, our lone Aussie who took an awful ribbing about kangaroos and aborigines.

There's a story to tell about each of the boys, and some could be printed, if space permitted; but we've just enough room to say (and mean it) "thanks" to all our instructors for their patience and indulgence, and "Au Revoir" to No. 1 C.N.S., where Man Is Not Lost if he can weather the P.T. and stagger to briefings on E.T.A.

★ No. 2 COMPASS ADJUSTERS

PAT PATTERSON, JR.

With plenty of material in the way of incidents and personalities to report on, I take the name of junior reporter, leaving the senior title to my namesake who well deserves it.

No. 2 Compass Adjusters assembled here from Gander to Tofino and everyone remembers someone else and can recall an incident at T.T.S. or elsewhere.

F/O Taylor gallantly stuck to his post as instructor for two weeks and resigned in favor of F/O Booth—no reflection on the class, of course. The mischievous glint in F/O Booth's eye when removing F/O Campbell's trigonometrical masterpieces from the blackboard could not be duplicated in any classroom.

By a democratic vote swimming is preferred by all concerned, to push-ups or duck walks from the P.T. Instructors. Applications are now being received for the Rivers Country Club and the set-up looks promising.

Comments: A certain W.J. does not resemble a skeleton but everywhere he is, you always hear bones rattling.

Generally speaking several members of the class will soon have worries regarding laundry.

We are welcoming to the thriving metropolis of Rivers, Mrs. E. Fulton and Mrs. K. Sullivan, wives of the men in No. 2. Mrs. F. Morrison is already a resident.

The first and second navigators had to restrain one of our compass swingers from bailing out over Clear Lake. Can you give us an explanation Kennington? Maybe Smitty could enlighten us!

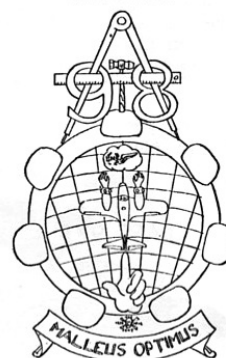
To Course No. 3 we would say to read up all you can on the subjects and try and keep ahead of the instructors as there are a lot of new angles to be learned on compasses. Course No. 1, if I remember correctly, mentioned something about paving the way; to even mention the word we can give them credit for some of the roads in Manitoba.

You will find yourself perplexed over a lot of things and when F/O Booth marks an exam paper you will be in doubt whether his ancestors founded the Salvation Army or were descendants of Edwin Booth who shot Lincoln.

To Course No. 1 may we extend our best wishes for a good posting and happy landings.

★ CLASS 98A

LAC JONES



When Horace boasted that he wrote for posterity, he did not mean quite what I mean when making that same statement. He catered for those who would read him after his death. I write for those who will be at Rivers after my return to life! The pitiful remnants of what was once a full and flourishing class called 98A will, before the August M.T.B. bursts upon an amazed world, have been swept away as cleanly as if F/L Arn had supervised our removal, and only a few stories added to the repertoire of Air Flight, a message of cold comfort to 108A on the blackboard of Room 23, will remind Rivers that there was once such a course as 98A. Although I write when graduation is still two weeks away and the uncertainty that has attended our whole progress is still with us, all our troubles at No. 1 C.N.S. will be over by the time you read of them.

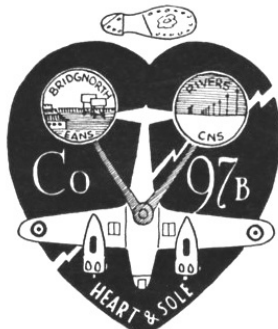
The first flight to feel the edge of the newly-sharpened axe, it seemed to us, the class most disturbed by the activities of the "new broom" (which raised our dust but lowered our spirits still further), we have surely suffered more than any other. In fact, we feel sorry for ourselves.

On graduation those of us who are asked if we have enjoyed our stay at Rivers, are beginning to look back over these unhappy months, mercifully half-forgotten already, with the greater detachment that accompanied the easing of strain, the nearing of the course's end, and we find a certain suffering in our outlook—Rivers seems less like a reformatory than hitherto and we begin to understand how earlier courses were able to say in their final report that they forgave everybody and had enjoyed being here. It is apparently easy to forget that for at least seventeen weeks only "48's" and the Holy Grail-like vision of an "N" Wing at the far end of the mental commando course enabled us to hold out against the stings and arrows of what have you. Nature which ordains that . . . we do not long remember unpleasant experiences, will doubtless get organized to such good effect that we shall actually be sorry to leave on August 11—an attitude of mind quite as prejudiced as the one we have had throughout the course! You kidding?

Goodbye No. 1 C.N.S. and everybody. We have been glad to know most of you, and with some in particular would have liked a longer acquaintance, had circumstances been different. But that's another story.

This is 98A fading out. Thanks for having us—we haven't enjoyed it either!

★ CLASS 97B



Although our farewell article appeared in last month's issue we have been invited to make a contribution to the Anniversary issue of M.T.B.

Let us first and foremost congratulate all those concerned for their fine achievement in the past twelve months of a really fine station magazine. M.T.B. has surely travelled the four corners of the Earth as the Empire's airmen trained at Rivers take home in it a lasting souvenir of No. 1 C.N.S.

It is one of the best tributes which can be paid to those who have worked so hard for the magazine—the fact that thousands of people throughout the Empire, either have read, or will read M.T.B., and by doing so, learn much about this great country of yours.

While congratulating the magazine, we are also very pleased that there are such a large number of our course graduating—whether it is our Bridgemoor (English No. 1 E.A.N.S.) training, or whether just hard work and good luck, we would not like to say!

We will have left Rivers some time before this appears in print, some of us most probably on our way home again, but hoping M.T.B. will follow us back to the Old Country, as a final, but very pleasant link with the rolling prairie.

And what does the future hold for us? At the moment of writing our fate lies in the lap of the "powers that be" and we wait in anxious anticipation of whether it shall be home and the Second Front or to aid our American Allies in the Far East. The majority utter fervent prayers that their footsteps will be turned homeward to help beat the Nazis into complete subjugation. I hope their prayers are answered. But no matter whither we are despatched, the sound navigational training installed into our oft feeble irresponsible brains by our patient, painstaking and hard-working instructors here at Rivers, will be turned to the best advantage. We know that it will finally help us defeat the enemy and speed the liberation of the conquered peoples of the world.

★ CLASS 100A

Hello everybody, this is 100A Broadcasting Unit. Here is the news and this is M.T.B. disseminating it.

Classroom Front! The eleventh week seems to have passed without any ill effects. The results in general were good although there were anxious minutes for all. Now that the mid-terms are over we can glance around the classroom and try to get used to its unnaturally clean appearance. Habits are hard to break and whenever we try to hide a scrap of rubbish in an odd corner—unconsciously, of course, a chill feeling creeps in, transforms itself into a breezy personality and prods the stuff out again. Life becomes a battle of wits between our ability to hide junk and the unpleasant probability of duty watch.

Aerial Front: There is little to report since the last communique save that sundry successful flights were made over the Shilo area. The chief enemy opposition was in the form of thunder storms. Very picturesque to watch but not very pleasant to fly through. The experience proved interesting but we are unanimous that encore is not requested. They certainly make a change from the old story of U/S wireless sets!

Personal Column: The last 48 was as usual, pleasant. These short breaks provide wonderful relaxation from the usual grind of the course. However, there were times when a few of us were not quite sure what the next step ought to be. For instance, our two friends,

Bud Mitchell and Costello Solomon, were slightly shaken when their well-meaning hostess tenderly placed their portraits, one on each side of the goldfish bowl! They still refuse to state what attitude the goldfish assumed.

We take this opportunity of welcoming F/O Newell into our midst. He has taken on a big job but during our short time with him he has succeeded in convincing us that he is a pastmaster in finding his way through the labyrinth of navigational roads, avenue and lane-ways. May he continue to lead us successfully along until our minds are saturated with his lore and only the Wings Parade separates us from dropping the prefix that we are now getting tired of, namely, U/T.

We finish by wishing the best of luck to Jimmie Petticrew, who has left us for quieter surroundings. Also to "Sinatra" Leonarda, who proved beyond doubt, that all handsome men are slightly sunburnt.

★ CLASS 100B NAVIGATORS

Once more we bring to the gaze of the wondering world our doings of the past month. Mistakes in many and achievements few is the sad story. Perhaps we have a biased opinion of our own ability or we lack that cheery optimism which a few classes have carefully mustered since their earliest days. Be that as it may, we will forget our discrepancies for a moment and unite in wishing M.T.B. and staff a happy Anniversary.

Since last month we have succeeded in overcoming a number of obstacles in the course. As the majority of them are of purely navigational nature and would, consequently interest only the navigators, we will not enumerate them but merely state one definite cure. No longer do we apply Deviation to anything but True Air Speed. Our other cures are equally good so no one can accuse us of not making progress!

The process of taking an aeroplane from one place to another and then back again by a devious route was always a mystery to us in civilian days. We could appreciate the going away part but the return journey was, we decided, the tricky piece. Neither were we wrong. Nowadays, after being given lengthy instruction on the subject it has become apparent that to do a complete journey successfully it is necessary to keep an air-plot, thereby drawing on a map the approximate way we're travelling. Our class goes beyond that. After serious consideration and many experiences we have decided that to be a successful navigator one must possess the ability to continue the plot over the edge of the table and then follow it around underneath.

Our latent talent comes truly to life during mental D.R. Our instructor, F/O Campbell, takes a seat before the ordeal and with a piece of chalk, the blackboard and a look of grim determination endeavours to prove that

2 + 2 + 1 = 5. This is an involved mathematical problem and we find it hard to assimilate.

Having heard about various inlets and certain creeks which seem to be constantly getting in an airman's way along the journey to his brevet, (Rob) Wilson decided to investigate. Even the eagle eye of the Force failed to discover them on the map, so we are considering whether a deputation should be sent to the powers that be, requesting that they be marked for the benefit of cadets who, in their innocence say, "Man is Not Lost."

★

CLASS 101B NAVIGATORS

G. G. REED

"Sleep knits up the ravelled sleeves of care."

Shakespeare would blush could he see the irony his words have for us these days. Care there is in plenty, but sleep is at a premium, and we yearn for it as for a treasure that is lost. When the sound of contented snoring should be arising from the bunks of barrack block 12A, there is a stillness betokening their occupant's absence either navigating aircraft through the night sky, or battling with sextant, mosquitoes and stars outside G.I.S. "Per Ardua ad Astra" has assumed a new and painful significance, and the most tangible results of our peeking at stars are innumerable red bumps. 101A may think that "the morale of airmen wearing shorts is being undermined by the W.D.'s of this station, but 101B suggest that is being entirely destroyed by the mosquitoes. Many a pretty knee will be disfigured before the season's out.

The tale of each course struggling at the halfway mark must be very much the same, and the tales of woe of weary navigators have certainly appeared in M.T.B. before. We have no special claims to make for the world's commiseration; but spare a thought for the man amongst us who baled out into a stormy night and missed a much needed "48" as a result. Spare one as well for those who worked with us for many a tough week, and finally succumbed to that air sickness which had been making a hard course harder. A welcome must be extended to a newcomer to the station and to our course, who recently arrived from Edmonton, our greetings to another man joining us from Course 93.

We offer our congratulations to M.T.B. this month on completing its first year successfully. We are sure it has been a successful year; the magazine was a source of positive wonderment on our arrival here, and more than one of us asked incredulously, "Is it really a station magazine?" Each issue has been eagerly purchased and perused with keen interest. Not an uncritical interest is ours, and one which has brought forth much chuckling. Not

the least of merits of the magazine is the way it supports its features with lively photographs, thus giving a very complete idea of the station and its activities. Let us hope that in its second year M.T.B. fulfills all the ambitions of the editor and staff and gives them the satisfaction which it gives us.

★

CLASS 102B NAVIGATORS

He'd been shaken, there's no doubt about it. Briefly he recalled his actions since his departure, what he'd done, where he'd been. He pulled himself together and with that steady determination so characteristic of his type, prepared himself for the ordeal ahead. After all, he had in his little bag documentary evidence to prove his alibi—he also had witnesses. His whole future depended upon how much their meticulous scrutinising would reveal. Had his morale been built up to withstand the inevitable struggle ahead?

He breathed deeply, wiped his brow, tensed himself and stopped. With a firm grasp he seized the knob and flung open the door. There before him sat his judges, the men whose sole aim in life (or so it appeared to him then) was to ruin him and his kind. His nerve faltered; the perspiration gathered on his brow—from which of these men should he seek a fair trial?

He gathered his equipment, throwing it nonchalantly into his little bag. With gladdened heart and a free mind, he strode confidently out of the room, whistling a catchy little tune from last night's film. After all he'd proven his case—lucky to have chosen that man—decent type there—a just verdict. Now he'd be able to enjoy that respite he'd been promised.

That afternoon whilst working with a will at his usual duties, the door opened and a curt message was delivered, "The Chief wants you in his office." He strolled out puzzled but not unduly perturbed, this was unusual; it was not often the Chief wanted to see one of our class alone.

"Now, Bull, about your work here, your inter-term marks have been good, Air Flight gave you an excellent mark this morning, your instructor thinks well of you—you have good prospects. But, there was a lot of crap (fluff, to the uninitiated) under your bed this morning and a wrinkle in your sheets. It's obvious you'll not be a successful navigator. Tidiness reflects Efficiency. You're on duty watch tonight. That's all."

But was it all?

Hardly—John's duty watch annoyed him—psychologically it reflected in his work. That's what we think, anyway, after twelve weeks at Rivers.

For Navigators only (and a few Pilots): "Who set course from Odessa for Shoal Lake and hit base? Who altered course to parallel track when already on required track?" Wittiest remark of month (re course): "What's that cloud?" "Are you cirrus?"

CLASS 104B

O commentary on the Shakespearian Text

"To Be or Not to Be, That is The Question."

We suggest that Shakespeare, a new arrival, has been listening to the older inhabitants shooting their lines: "Bags of Binding, eh?" "I doubt it," said The Constable, and shed a bitter tear. "Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune" . . .

Shakespeare already said that an A.G.'s Course is to be preferred, but some critics seem to think Duty Watch is meant by "Outrageous Fortune." We can't agree since we find this Duty Watch as merely Exercise in Serving.

"Or to take up arms against a Sea of Troubles and by opposing End Them."

Again the A.G. idea with the suggestion of bailing out before reaching the Dutch Coast. Other suggestions are that "The Sea of Troubles" refers to the billet at 11 p.m. on a Wednesday night, with a hint at the Subsequent Vain visit to the M.O. This idea is well supported by the next two words.

"To die"—"To Sleep no more."

Shakespeare understood the Early Morning Feeling.

"And by a sleep to saw we end the heartache and the thousand natural shocks which flesh is heir to."

We suggest that the text is corrupt here and "Stomachache" should be substituted for "Heartache." Shakespeare was lying on the ground, his legs raised—"Apart, To-gether, Apart, To-gether, Apart . . ." ad alternam. The original reading does, however, suggest a "48," supported by the next words:

"A Consummation devoutly to his wishes."

We have no gen as to whether Shakespeare was or was not a keen type, but it is suggested that this consummation might have referred to a Brewery. The former idea seems more likely.

"To die, to sleep, to sleep perchance to dream, aye there's the rub, for in that sleep of death what dreams may come?"

Shakespeare seems to have remembered the opportunity of getting in some sleeping hours opened up by the met man, but with a pair of dividers in his hand, he realizes the consequences of such sleep—"Aye There's The Rub."

At briefing recently the 2nd Navigators were told to draw an Astro Compass. Afterwards they were heard discussing how they could be expected to draw it in the Air.

★

CLASS 105A NAVIGATORS

This is our advent in M.T.B. and consequently acclaim it by heartily welcoming ourselves. We couldn't refuse such a heart-rendering appeal for support for this worthy class of would-be Navigators cum Air Gunners.

By this time we have been on the station a fortnight, which helped by muscle-making, tendon-tearing P.T., a pleasant week of duty watch, plus a little navigation, it has thankfully passed quickly and we are now viewing our first "48" without a magnifying glass. Of course some of us are wondering whether this couldn't be spent to better advantage practising to keep our air-plots going (we don't think), but on the whole Winnipeg will supply adequate solace.

Once we had found the mess hall and the canteen, it didn't take us long to settle down on the station. We have now cut down our parade times to the usual fine art and we have ceased to give clouds their fancy names—now they are just classed as bumpy and non-bumpy.

Our first initiation flight was "scrubbed" due to some dark bumpy clouds, which were advancing into line or something. However, some of us had already shown our keenness by taking slices of toast (salvaged from breakfast) and a good supply of paper bags, so that the pilot wouldn't have to clean out the kite (or is that the Instructor's job?).

It was very relieving again on the old 48/4 sheet which had accompanied us on our D.R. infancy, because we had visions of strange areas—gateways to the mysterious east, which would be torn and perforated by your dividers and rubbers.

However, the class is settling down and sorting itself out. The rank and file have adopted as their motto "Amor Vincit Omnia" (translated by Joe as meaning "Your guess is as good as mine.") While the commission type scouring the Latin text, it should be crudely translated proudly, say to the metre of the old maxim:

"Neatly dressed, smartness best,
Trousers creased, you'll not go East."

However, not much stress is being placed on this because we are not sure how long our numbers will be staying at a maximum. Here's hoping, anyway, and all the best until next issue.

★

CLASS 105B NAVIGATORS

"Per Bello per Ardua ad Bellum
in Burma."

It is with fear and trepidation that we, the sprog course, make our first appearance in M.T.B. Seldom does one find a "Station Rag" of such calibre, especially on such a hard-working station as this.

On Saturday, July 1st, a few bedraggled u/t and party u/s Navigators arrived in fear and trembling at No. 1 C.N.S. which was to be our home for twenty long weeks. Even before we reached here we had heard that Rivers was the keystone of discipline and a place where students were practically sleepless from one brief "48" to the next.

First impressions? Naturally our first were confused due, no doubt, to the

size of the establishment. It was the largest we'd seen. G.I.S. frightened us but as we grew accustomed to the dimensions its possibilities became apparent and hope lived again.

So many comments on the Physical Terror and Decimation Department that we shall be unique and ignore it completely. Doubtless it is too much to expect similar treatment from the P.T.I.'s.

Flight personalities? It's too early yet to pick any "Characters" from our thirteen Canadians and thirty-nine R.A.F., but there are a few in the making and later, perhaps their story will be told. We must not conclude these first notes without mention of our instructor, P/O Bell, who is rapidly becoming our guide, philosopher and friend. Let us hope that the harmony prevailing will endure through the trials and tribulations of the next eighteen weeks. Little does Mr. Bell realize what a colossal task he has undertaken.

That is 105B, in all a good bunch. How many of us will graduate, we dare not surmise, but there is an acute shortage of lockers in our classroom and we should hate to keep the supporting Flight hanging about too long on our Wings Parade.

★

CLASS 105A AIR BOMBERS

By P. BOUGOURD

This is the first, and last, epistle from this intrepid band of adventurers, 105A Air Bombers. If you are inclined to ask, "Why adventurers?"—consult our gallant member who dropped his bomb 10 yards from the quadrant house, and nonchalantly said, "Well, if it had been a block-buster," etc.

As this "effort" is going to be censored, it is impossible to give our opinion of Rivers. If we could, I am afraid our lady readers might be shocked even though their vocabulary be greatly increased.

I expect that the grey hairs Flt/Lt Scott has developed in the past few weeks will disappear as time goes by.

It is said that our Australian friends, on seeing the notice in the cookhouse, "Ask for what you want," ordered a kangaroo steak but all they could get was the usual hot dinner.

All the boys are very enthusiastic about the P.T. but they wish F/L Lewis and his gang weren't so keen. The boys have been acting as Navigators on some trips, and I have been told that five of our aircraft are missing. One is reported as having been shot down by the gunners, but no credence is given to this story in official circles.

No doubt our long suffering "Met Man" has a high pressure area circulating in his veins, after contact with us. We have yet to be convinced that the Dew Point, is anything but the point when man can take no more beer.

Despite the fact we feel sure we are "misled" over our logs, we would like

F/L Scott to know we appreciate the interest he has shown coupled with the hard work he has put in for us whilst we have been on course here.

With this sentiment we leave you and bid you farewell, good hunting and Happy Landings.

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No. 1 COMPASS ADJUSTERS

By JACK MEIKLE



As you read this article the first class of Compass Adjusters in the R.C.A.F. will have graduated.

The term "Compass Adjusters" conveys anything but a descriptive definition. True, the main portion of our work involves correcting and swinging of magnetic, magnesyn and the new gyro fluxgate compasses but the course covered navigation and the correcting of air speed indicators thoroughly.

Announcement that qualified Instrument Mechanics would be specially trained for compass work came as joyful news to airforce stations both in Canada and Overseas, where compass conditions in most cases have reached a deplorable state.

That qualifications were high may be garnered from the fact that barely fifty percent of the original class graduated. Just as we were preparing to write an obituary on an instructor another was flung into the front to pick up a slowly sinking banner. We were tutored by four brave men in all, F/L Roberts, F/O Taylor, P/O Campbell and P/O Gonnason. Considering the material with which they had to work (it was like attempting to repair a watch with a meat axe and an ice pick), each instructor did a grand job.

The realization that air swinging of compasses would mean flying hours logged in various types of aircraft brought a thrilling taste into the fly-hungry mouths of each one of us as there was not a single graduate who had not been turned down as medically unfit for aircrew. Knowing too, that we were helping to ease navigational problems found at all flying stations filled each man with a revengeful pride.

Looking back on our three-month sojourn at Rivers recalls many mixed feelings.

Promotions

LAW N. Braschuk to Cpl. (Radiographer "A")
LAW G. Holliday to Cpl. (Chef "A")
LAW L. M. Craven to Cpl. (Clk. Steno. "A")
LAC S. Atkinson to Cpl. (Butcher "B")
LAC W. J. L. McMillan to Cpl. (S.P. "C")
LAC W. Shinoff to Cpl. (W.O.G. "B")
Sgt. T. L. Austin to Flight Sergeant (W.O.G. "A")
Cpl. A. Jampolsky to Sergeant (W.O.G. "A")
Cpl. C. M. Page to Sergeant (W.O.G. "A")
Sgt. J. A. Callin to Flight Sergeant (Pilot) (Sp. Grp.)
P/O E. R. N. Racine to Flying Officer (SR) (GL)

P/O A. I. Barr to Flying Officer (SR) (NS) (MED)
LAC G. R. Hill to Sergeant (Pilot Sp. Grp.)
F/Sgt. G. P. Coates to Warrant Officer (Pilot Sp. Grp.)
P/O W. H. Roney to Flying Officer (SR) (GL) (Nav)
P/O A. V. Robinson to Flying Officer (SR) (GL) (Pilot)
A/S/O N. Penton to Section Officer (WD) (Admin)
WO2 R. W. McLean to Warrant Officer Class 1 (Pilot)
F/Sgt. G. A. McNeil to Warrant Officer Class II (Pilot) (Sp. Grp.)

Marriages

Sgt. R. C. Wingate to Elaine Claire Watmough, on 17 June, 1944, at Winnipeg, Man.
LAC J. I. Kasdorf to Freada Gerbrand, on 22 June, 1944, Winnipeg, Man.
Cpl. W. G. Blight to Mabel Elizabeth Cousins, on 5 July, 1944, at Oakville, Manitoba.
AC1 T. N. Lindstead to Norma Litta Ball, on 24 June, 1944, at Hamilton, Ontario.
LAC M. L. Wood to Frances Aura Goodwin, on 24 June, 1944, at Verdun, Quebec.
Cpl. W. E. Olson to LAW Gwendolyn Irene Giles, on 17 July, 1944, at Rivers, Man.

LAC F. H. Shearer to Audree Cecilia Froehlich, on 3 July, 1944, at Moose Jaw, Sask.
F/O W. J. Friesen to Eileen Winnifred Manson, on 29 June, 1944, at Winnipeg, Man.
LAC C. T. Williams to Ruth Glennndening Johnston, on 12 July, 1944, at Regina, Sask.
AW1 A. E. Abel to Lester John Gray, on 5 July, 1944, at Vancouver, B.C.
Sgt. A. W. Holtby to Hildred Lorraine Vanderburgh, on 4 July, 1944, at Elstow, Sask.

Births

To F/O and Mrs. D. E. J. Collyer, a son, Robert Edward, on 26 June, 1944.
To LAC and Mrs. R. H. Parliament, a son, Kenneth James, on 26 June, 1944.
To LAC and Mrs. D. S. Smith, a son, James Thomas, on 29 June, 1944.
To LAC and Mrs. J. L. Dalcourt, a son, Joseph Jean Raymond, on 22 June, 1944.
To Cpl. and Mrs. G. W. Bennett, a son, David George William, on 11 June, 1944.

To AC2 and Mrs. J. M. Doerksen, a son, James Wesley, on 3 June, 1944.
To F/O and Mrs. J. W. M. Campbell, a daughter, Valerie Susan, on 21 June, 1944.
To P/O and Mrs. C. L. Windsor, a daughter, Leslie Arlene, on 24 May, 1944.
To P/O and Mrs. J. A. M. Whitelaw, a son, John Gordon, on 21 June, 1944.
To LAC and Mrs. W. J. Sloane, a son, William Fred, on 30 June, 1944.

OLGA BULGOVA

der beautiful spy!

DER CANADIANS IS
DER WAR GEWINNING! AT
VUNCE YOU FIND OUDT
VY!

YOU VILL BY
PARACHUTE LAND
IN DER HEART
OF DARKEST
MANITOBA .. IT
IS FOR OUR
FÜHRER ..

SNACK BAR: THREE DAYS LATER

WINNIN' THE WAR,
DIDJA SAY? JEEZ, I
BIN LOSIN' IT EVER
SINCE I JOINED UP!

HERE'S MY
INSTRUCTOR-
WE'LL ASK
HIM ...

SIR, WHY'RE
WE WINNIN'
THE WAR?

BECAUSE I HAVEN'T
LET YOU GO OVERSEAS
YET, MCGOON

I DIDN'T
THINK YOU'D
KNOW

WELL! WOT'S DOIN' RUIN?
INTERDUCE ME TO YA
GIRLFRIEND, EH?

OH, WE GOT SECRET WEAPONS
ALL OVER THE JOINT ... C'MON
FOR A WALK ... HMM-M?

WELL, MAYBE I
CAN GET AN 'TEND
'B" FOR TONIGHT

Que

DEAR FÜHRER:
DER WAR AS GOOD AS LOST IS. TO
A RACE WHICH CAN DER P.T. SURVIVE
WE CAN DO NOTHING.
DER FATHERLAND HAS HAD IT. I
ANOTHER JOB AM SEEKING.
SIGNED:
OLGA