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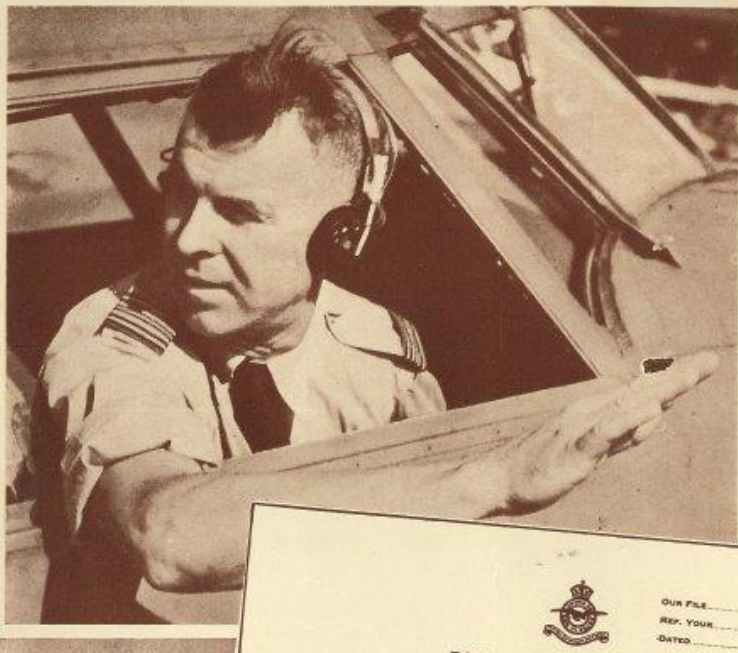
SEPTEMBER, 1943

VOLUME 1, No. 2



No. 1 C. N. S.

RIVERS, MAN.



OUR FILE _____
REF. YOUR _____
DATED _____

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Rivers, Manitoba,
10th September, 1943

To All Personnel of No. 1 C.F.S.

I am particularly pleased to address a few remarks to the personnel of this station. It is an opportune time as August proved a highlight month during which a major hour milestone was passed.

I would like to express my appreciation to each and every member of Flying Squadron who has helped to make this achievement possible. Especially do I single out the Maintenance Section for praise, fully realizing as I do, that without their co-operation we would have fallen far short of our total flying hours to-date.

It is with considerable personal pleasure that I note this milestone because after landing Annex No. 6026 in December 1940, I have remained on the station to watch the flying time grow hour by hour.

It is rather significant that in the month of August we logged almost eight times as many hours as we did in the opening month of 1940. In fact, we logged as many hours as we did in the first four months altogether. August, while excellent, did not surpass our record established in September last year, falling short by a few hours. With a break in the weather, flying time this September might easily establish an all time high for any single month.

Through the medium of M.T.S., Flying Squadron is hoping to keep posted with the rest of the establishment as well as through its pages to keep you posted with us.

Best wishes to you all.

S. R. Bell
(S. R. Bell) S/L
O.C. Flying Squadron



EDITORIAL

M. T. B.

By kind permission of GROUP CAPTAIN W. A. MURRAY

Editor-in-Chief—P/O D. A. RITCHIE

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

VOLUME I, No. 2

SEPTEMBER, 1943

EDITOR'S CORNER

AUGUST will long be remembered as a banner month at No. 1 C.N.S., and in particular one day—August 19th. It was on that dull, later delightfully bright, day that a succession of events, namely three, fell one on top of the other. Firstly, on behalf of our Air Officer Commander who was unavoidably absent, Group Captain Ashton, presented Group Captain Murray with the Air Minister's efficiency pennant for Air Observer Schools in No. 2 Training Command. Secondly, the track and field meet which provided so much entertainment for one and all, proved an outstanding success. And thirdly, what your Editorial staff likes to feel was a major event, came the introduction of M.T.B. All in all, it was a big day at Rivers!

Comments re our first attempt at a station magazine have been many and varied. By far the majority were very enthusiastic in their support, for which we are really grateful. It was an introductory copy and naturally all sections of the station could not be covered at once. However it is our aim to accomplish this in future issues and it is in this regard that I appeal to you all to bear with us. In this, the second issue, we have added Headquarters, Maintenance, Hangar Harangue, Flying Squadron, and Motor Transport, and in time hope to include many more sections. Do not criticize if your particular section is not represented in these pages, but rather, do something about getting a column in next month.

Everyone will join in best wishes to S/L J. C. Boyd who was posted to No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg, on September 1st. It is safe to state that no one individual did more for Rivers during the past two years than did S/L Boyd. He was wholeheartedly back of every new project that meant improved accommodation, better recreational facilities for

No. 1 C.N.S. personnel. It is sincerely hoped that he will be happy at his new station. His duties here have been taken over by F/L Wensley who comes to us with a very fine record from Yorkton S.F.T.S., and a hearty welcome to Rivers is extended him from one and all.

All section representatives are reminded to keep the deadline date, the 25th, in mind each month and be sure to have their material on hand—in advance if possible. And other sections, get to work on a column and be one of the gang.

Win Efficiency Pennant

"It takes a lot of work and organization to be the best station and only comes as a result of co-operation and hard work. It has paid you dividends in this case and I am sure each one of you is proud of your part. We, at headquarters, are also proud of you. Carry on the good work and best of luck to you all in the next quarter."

Thus spoke Group Captain Ashton in presenting the "E" for efficiency pennant to No. 1 C.N.S. on the morning of August 19th. Depicted on the front cover of this month's M.T.B. the pennant is shown flying majestically in tribute to the work of one and all who helped win this coveted award. No one particular section can be singled out for special mention—it was the combined effort of everyone attached to No. 1 C.N.S. Now that we have it—let's keep it!





Major Milestone Achieved

THE entire personnel will join in extending heartfelt congratulations to Flying Squadron on a major milestone achievement in August—total flying hours cannot be printed. Even more remarkable is the fact that only five fatal accidents have occurred in all of these flying hours. It is significant that almost the equivalent number of hours were logged in the first eight months of this year as were logged in the whole of 1941.

S/L Bell, officer commanding of Flying Squadron, is singled out for special praise because he has given his personal direction to the Squadron since its inception. A former bush pilot and weekend barn-stormer (the story goes that he used to average \$20 an hour giving flips to all the local yokels in small Western towns), he flew the original Anson No. 6026 to Rivers from Trenton in December, 1940. Incidentally this very Anson is still doing time for her Squadron.

Flying Squadron is comprised of four flights—A, B, C and D, each one being headed up by Flight Commanders F/L Gardiner, F/O Thompson, F/L Bird and F/L Butts respectively. All of the flying personnel, that is, the pilots and wireless operators, are assigned to these various flights to operate in three shifts—morning and afternoon, afternoon and night or night and morning. These shifts are rotated regularly and for the most part the same pilot and wireless operator operate as a team.

An important cog in the section is Test Flight, headed up by F/O Broder. This section can take a good deal of the credit for the splendid record established last month since they are directly responsible to approve all aircraft before being flown by any staff pilot. In addition, a continuous check is kept on each aircraft's instruments.

F/O Graham, F/O Champagne and F/O Lambert in the control tower are the men who must direct all traffic to and from the station. They are required to be on the alert 24 hours a day and therefore operate in three 8-hour shifts. High praise is due

FLYING SQUADRON PICTURES

Pictured on the opposite page are many familiar faces and scenes around No. 1 C.N.S. Included are some old-timers who have been posted overseas recently—F/L Butts, F/L Gardiner, F/O Thompson, three of four flight commanders, and F/O "Overseas" Broder. Mr. Broder, F/O Wright, F/O Reinhardt and F/O Fraser appear to be prepared for any emergency around the "pride of our fleet" jeep. The picture of the control tower is unique, showing the many complete gadgets with which our control officers, in this case, F/O Graham, must be familiar.

In the group of pictures are P/O McFarlane, officer in charge of wireless argunners; P/O Faulkes, Instruction Flight, and members of the Link Trainer section. The feminine touch is provided by AWI June Edmondson. The scenes around the aircraft may be seen daily on any tarmac. Three times a day (weather permitting) pilots, navigators, wireless operators and bomb aimers are briefed in the operations room just before take-off. F/O Bill Grand snapped F/Lt. Bentley in the act of briefing his navigators for a "raid" over Manitoba.

the Control Officers for outstanding proficiency in carrying out their daily duties.

When new staff pilots are posted here it is the responsibility of F/O Graham and P/O Faulkes, Instruction Flight, to ensure that each pilot is properly trained in his job to guarantee the high standard of piloting on this station.

All pilots are required to put in two hours in the link trainer per month and they are supervised by Sgt. Dunmore and his staff of link trainer instructors. This is important if our pilots are to be proficient in the art of instrument flying.

Wireless Operators complete the picture for Flying Squadron and their importance in operating our aircraft, their contribution to the Air Training Plan at No. 1 C.N.S. cannot be over emphasized. Many an aircraft has been safely brought home due to the man at the controls of the radio set when all else has failed. P/O McFarlane is the officer in charge of all wireless air gunners on the station.

It is a common fault to imagine that our Flying Squadron has no personnel under the rank of Sergeant but do not overlook AWI June Edmondson, the little lady behind the scenes, who handles all the intricate details of Flying Squadron under the supervision of S/L Bell.

Our hats are off to Flying Squadron this month. They have done a commendable job in making it possible for so many navigators and bomb aimers to graduate at No. 1 C.N.S. Their work is difficult and very specialized, filled with many trying circumstances but they have and will continue to uphold their end until the successful termination of the war. Congratulations, Flying Squadron!

String Orchestra:

Five members of the String Orchestra journeyed to the town of Lenore, Manitoba, to provide the music for the Annual Memorial Service conducted by the Canadian Legion for that district. Yours truly gave the address at the service and the music by the orchestra was greatly appreciated.

IN APPRECIATION

Our thanks are directed to F/L Heslop and the Photography Section for the outstanding Sports Day pictures which appear in this issue. The front cover picture as well was contributed by the Photography Section. In particular, P/O Bill Grand wishes to express his appreciation of the aid given him in rushing through to completion the pictures covering Flying Squadron.



Women's DIVISION



LAW. M. WILCOX

Station Parade

AIRWOMEN, as a rule, have no greater love of marching than the airmen themselves. We, as a nation, do not possess that inherent quality of the Germans. However, there was not one airwoman who did not feel that very perceptible thrill of excitement when the ranks "fell in" for the Station Parade on August 19th. Perhaps the band music had something to do with it and the fact that we were all out en masse, but shoulders were unconsciously straightened and heads held high, and there was a real rhythm in the marching.



Several airwomen have mentioned since that they wished they had one of the pictures that were taken just before the wings were presented, to add to the inevitable "Snap Shots of My Air Force Days." Try M.T.B., girls. They may be able to accommodate you.

Everybody was struck by the magnitude of the station and how impressive a parade can look when all are dressed alike, with buttons and shoes a-gleam and the attention posture is respectfully adhered to. There is something about a graduation class. The trite remark, "They are all the same. Once you have seen one you have seen them all" is only true in a very unimaginative way.

We are too absorbed in a small life of our own. It takes a station parade and a graduation class to make us realize why we are here. We take so much for granted. When our country was at peace, as the Germans were when they had their stupendous parades, these ceremonies would have seemed foolish to us. But now they are very real and necessary and a graduation class holds a great deal of meaning for those who look beyond the waters of the oceans that separate us from our enemies. A boy steps up to the Air Officer Commanding (or as in this case, his deputy) and a wing is pinned on him. He wears that wing to meet the real war that is beyond this station and his future is unknown to him and to us. All we know is that he wears that wing to protect if not us, those who will survive this present-day chaotic period.

When the mother of one of the graduates pinned her son's wing on his tunic there was hardly a dry eye among the W.D.'s. All the small things faded from our thoughts and Air Force life was seen in its true perspective. We were all of us at that moment proud to be members of the R.C.A.F.

Salutes

By AW1 J. HASTINGS

TO:

Sgt. Kierstin whose pleasant manner sets a goal for ambitious little AW's.

LAC Fred Hickey whose infectious cheerfulness and marvellous piano playing makes the Conference Room one of the most popular places on the station. LAW Pascuso who, in her sleep and without once stumbling, made a complete tour of her barrack room and then climbed back into her upper bunk.

Section Office Delahunt whose engagement to Flying Officer Jack, has just been announced. The best to you both.

AW1 Ritchie for glamour in uniform.

AW1 Dinty Moore and Cpl. Kyle who are thinking in terms of shoes and rice. Best of luck.

AW2 Pat Hooper, one of our quieter girls who doesn't go in for the spectacular, but whose presence is felt behind the important little things, such as seeing that there are always enough fresh flowers in church. We like that, Pat.

Our attached Navy personnel who were to be seen the other day gazing wistfully into the waters of the swimming tank. "Theirs not to reason why."

The entire personnel of No. 1 C.N.S. on the winning of the Efficiency Pennant, but perhaps at this point it would be in order to consider the ground crew. No songs are written about carpenters and engineers, and Hollywood doesn't cast Robert Taylor as a G.D. No, there isn't much glamour in ground crew, it is just steady plodding and hard work. But the work on the ground is all important. Yes, I think it would be well to consider the work of the ground crew as we view with pride the pennant flying beside the ensign "For Efficiency."

The Moustache

Rivers is certainly a "happy hunting ground" for moustache fanciers. Here we have all varieties, including a few quite rare specimens.

The common "garden variety" Canadian moustache pales into insignificance beside the luxurious creations sported by some of the trainees. To a Rivers veteran of eight months seeing many a moustache come and go it is always a little amazing that there are so many new varieties. The imagination is continually baffled as to what could possibly come next, short of beards themselves.

The Canadian moustache is a neatly clipped affair which at first glance and later recalling to mind leaves one just a little doubtful as to whether he had or he didn't have a moustache. There is something sober and quiet about a Canadian moustache. It has dignity.

But the English moustache! There you have something? Floral and luxurious is the only way you can describe them, tended carefully like hothouse plants. There is the Simon Legree style with spittle smoothed ends, the bristly, coarse-haired type like an unclipped hedge, the blonde bushy growth parted in the middle and waved outwards. The queerest thing about all these fantastic creations is the pride with which they are worn. And yet you have to give them credit for that pride. At least they have the courage of their convictions.



W. D. Sports.

Sgt. KIRSTEIN

DUE to the superior playing of the softball team from Shilo, our W.D.'s unfortunately had to be satisfied with second place in the Girls' Softball League. We still think we had the best team, but

for some unknown reason they beat us out. The A-3 team played our girls a three-game series, and our lassies only came out on top in one fixture—so for the season we can pack up our softball clothes, and get ready for winter sports. Of course we shall be playing the odd exhibition game now and then, as long as the weather holds out. We ask our supporters to keep their eyes open for notices, both in D.R.O.'s and the Weekly Digest.



August 19th was a big day for our W.D.'s. If any of the camp personnel missed the big Track and Field Meet, they sure missed a treat in watching the girls pull off some very superior running and jumping. We admit that the men put on a fair exhibition, but naturally they could not come up to the par of the W.D.'s. Where the men had only one Grand Aggregate, we had three. Not bad—eh? AW2 Gill with 6 points, AW1 Wagner with 6 points, and yours truly with 6 points. Below is a list of the W.D. winners:

- Hop-Step-and-Jump—AW2 Gill, V., AW1 Wagner, Sgt. Kirstein.
- 75-Yard Dash—AW1 Folkes, LAW Baker, LAW McLeod.
- Running Broad Jump—Sgt. Middleton, Sgt. Kirstein, AW1 Hystead.
- Standing Broad Jump—AW1 Wagner, AW1 Hystead, Sgt. Kirstein.
- 440-Yard Relay—AW1 Walton, AW2 Haskin, LAW Trainer, AW1 Folkes.
- Running High Jump—AW2 Gill, Sgt. Kirstein, AW1 Wagner.

Rather an imposing list of winners, considering that we must have set at least three new world records. In the Hop-Step-and-Jump the record book said that Gill jumped 255½ feet. Personally the writer thinks that might have been a misprint, but who are we to dispute the records. They could be wrong, because the same records credit the same girl with a high jump of 39 feet. We are wondering if someone forgot to include a decimal point. We know Sgt. Middleton is a wide stepper, but a running broad jump of 123¼ feet is a little too wide for even this gal.

The winners of all our events will be entered in the Brandon and District Service Meet, which will be run off on September 6th, Labor Day. We wish our girls plenty of luck, and hope that they pull off some more of these amazing jumps. We are certain that we shall be able to show the Airmen that the W.D.'s are something more than beautiful scenery around this station.

HEADS TRAINING WING



A popular newcomer to No. 1 C.N.S. is W/C W. R. Pollock who arrived here on July 12th from Ottawa to take on a big responsibility as O.C. Training Wing. This wing includes G.I.S., Flying Squadron, Meteorology, Armament, Signals and Photography. Wing Commander Pollock comes to us with an excellent background of experience gained in 1940 during the Battle of Britain. Among other assets, we understand he plays a mean game of cribbage.



Hangar Harangue



LAC ERNIE BOORER

SERVICING SQUADRON

THE point around which the daily routine of flying revolves is Servicing Squadron, or the moan and groan shop. Here N.C.O.'s come to weep and groan, and from here come the daily memorandums that make good men "Joes" and "Joes" good men.

Feel like going for a fresh-air taxi ride in a brilliant colored flivver?—then contact that congenial lad who, incidentally, keeps in style with his car and is quite a jumper himself. Speaking of style, there is another lad on that very efficient staff who is thankful that there is a blue flivver—now his car is in style. Oh yes, in closing we cannot forget our two hard-working W.D.'s—"Mert" and "Gert." Rumor has it these girls are becoming quite efficient at the old game of tossing coins against the wall, tch, tch. Don't let those big, bad flight sergeants lead you astray, girls.

"A" FLIGHT

In "A" Flight house cleaning is general. The paint may be green but the job is professional. Speaking of green, who is the laddie who insists on mixing up the gears when driving the gas truck? Or the lad that didn't know stooping and stooking were closely related, with the result it gets later and later before his blond head pokes into the door of the flight office? Then we have that great softball pitcher who seems to be going for certain curves in a big way and is about to launch into the sea of matrimony. Speaking of matrimony, that's quite a daze the boy from out Virden way is travelling in. Who was that dark handsome Irish Corporal who was seen carrying a very attractive W.D. into his flight office? He said she fell, but forgot to mention who for. Also of late certain lads have been spending too much time using the telephone. Call us up sometime—it's "A" as in angels.

"B" FLIGHT

If you should be wandering through No. 1 hangar and hear "Get Crackin'" being snapped in a manner that would do credit to George Formby or make even Gracie Fields blush, then you are in "B" Flight. "B" as in best, the boys say, but "B" as in batty could be correct, judging from some of the things that happen.

For instance, who is the big, strong lad that insists on cranking Ansons without throwing on the booster mag switch? Or who is the Corporal who persists on flying aircraft on the schedules that are in maintenance? Could it be that the recently acquired burdens of married life are too much? Then there is the flat hat who recently acquired a promotion. He is making famous "Is my aircraft started yet?" Incidentally, his friends call him Junior. Then we have

the other one, "You don't know any more about airmanship than my aunt." Then there's our "Casanova" with his little black book. Ask to see it sometime. So long for now and watch the blue-noses go by.

"C" FLIGHT

We are the boys of the duty flight. We mother all lost, strayed or stolen machines. Speaking of stealing, a certain laddie recently returned from spending a "48" with his girl friend sporting a gorgeous black eye. The efforts of the boys to keep a certain tall, curly-headed chap going straight have failed. Rumor has it he was seen straying off the straight and narrow in Brandon. History is being made in our flight, where flat hats are donning coveralls. Who knows, maybe they are human. A certain gent who reads Russian as well as English still seems to find lots of time for a good argument. Funny the W.D.'s won't stop and argue. A certain pilot seemed to go to pieces over the news that a certain beverage was no longer on sale in Rivers. Parachute packing has become quite a hobby with one of the boys, judging from his attendance at the parachute section. Well, so long for now from "C" as in Charles.

"D" FLIGHT

A typical day in "D" flight finds that great hunter in faded summer drill driving his men from dawn till dusk. Incidentally, hunting must have been pretty good lately as he is the proud father of a bouncing baby boy. "D" flight is noted for its big men and achievements. There is "Streak," the boy with the two speeds—slow and slower. "Speed," the lad who, believe it or not, gets his name for



Barack Block 55

being just that. But rumor has it his sergeant is giving certain pointers—time will tell. Of course, we must not forget the boy with the Mercury or "When is my next 48?" Also we have on our crew, Smokey, the station softball pitcher; seems his game has improved now that he knows a little more about curves. At present a lot of the boys are engaged in stooking on a certain farm. Could it be the farmer's daughter? Speaking of farmers, would someone please tell a couple of the boys that a farm on the corner of Portage and Main does not call for Harvest Leave.



"She claims she's 4-F."

AN ODE TO THE ANSON

When Rivers' last Anson is majored
 And the airframe is twisted and dried,
 When the old yellow paint has faded
 And the youngest pilot has died,
 They shall rest and "faith" they shall need it,
 Lie down in the grave yard, mind you,
 Till the next war calls them to duty
 And puts them to work anew.

And those that drove all the boys daffy,
 Till the sight of them they could not bear,
 Shall be dragged out and painted all over
 By airmen with greatest of care;
 They shall have new men to fly them—
 Probably sons of Flight Sgt. Paul;
 They shall fly for days, barely moving,
 And may be not get there at all.

Now, each one that you see fly over,
 Remember the boys gone before,
 Just think, they flew them for freedom,
 It will shake you right to the core.
 And none of the old boys will blame you
 If you go completely insane.
 The Anson looks rather funny,
 Still in all they call it a plane.

By DAGWOOD.

Wedding Bells

Heartiest congratulations and best wishes for every happiness are extended to Flying Officer Allister Jack and his bride, Section Officer Peggy Delahunt, who were married in Rivers United Church, at 6.00 p.m., Wednesday, September 8th.

A pretty decorated church, and a large gathering of friends set the stage for the marriage ceremony, which was performed by our Station Padre, Flight Lieutenant Nelson Chappel.

The bride was attended by Assistant Section Officer Elspeth McClenegan, and given in marriage by Group Captain W. A. Murray, our Commanding Officer. Flying Officer Walley McPhee was best man, Flight Lieutenant Brian O'Brien and Flying Officer Bill Wright were ushers. Mr. Reginald Taylor, Y.M.C.A., provided the music and accompanied Flying Officer Frank Smart who sang "O Promise Me." Members of the Women's Division formed a Guard of Honour for the couple as they left the Church.

Following the ceremony, Flying Officer and Mrs. Jack entertained at a reception in the Officers' Mess, to which all officers and their wives were invited. Squadron Leader McKillop proposed the toast to the bride.

A buffet supper was served to the many guests, while the wedding party and thirty pilots on overseas postings were entertained at a dinner party in the dining room.

WORKS AND BRICKS



F/L "Cap" Wally, M.C., officer in charge of Works and Building, is a pioneer of No. 1 C.N.S. He began his career on this station as a civilian in 1940, later being commissioned into the R.C.A.F. He has been largely responsible for the many improvements in accommodation, and recreational facilities, taking a keen, personal interest in all projects. He is shown here astride his mammoth bicycle—a familiar scene to one and all at Rivers.



After Duty ACTIVITIES



F/L N. CHAPPEL

Library:

THE Fort William Times Journal and the London Free Press have recently been added to the daily newspapers coming to the station Library. This makes four daily newspapers now being received from the Province of Ontario. It must be the political ferment in Ontario that makes their newspapers so popular.



I have been asked what books I would recommend in each section of the library as the best books to read. This is only one man's opinion, but among the books of fiction I am very fond of Saroyan's new book, "The Human Comedy," of which we have four copies in the library. It is the story of an ordinary American family in

war-time in which the hero is a fifteen-year-old boy. It is told with a sensitive appreciation of the finer feelings of each character. I do not regard it, as some do, as a sentimental book. It is a book which I believe everyone should read. "The Snow Goose" by Paul Gallico is a little book which can be read in about one hour and constitutes one of the finest pieces of prose written during the war. It is the story of a Canadian goose which flew over Dunkirk to guide its master through the fog.

Among the war stories, the most human and appealing book is "The Sergeant Says" by Sgt. Jimmy Cannon. It does not describe any battle, but is a whimsical account of life in the army by a man who knows how to write and it is generally sprinkled with amusement. For a humorous book on the war there is none better than "See Here Private Hargrove," of which we have two copies on the shelf at present. The biography of "George Washington Carver" by Rackham Holt is just about the most interesting story of a man's life that has appeared in recent years. Dr. Carver was a negro who at the time of his death last January, had spent forty years at Tuskegee in Alabama. He was an agricultural scientist who discovered more than three hundred uses for the lowly peanut, and more than one hundred uses for the Soy Bean. While the book is not too well written, the story that it tells reveals a

marvellous character, giving himself in the service of his people.

A change has been made in the Library Staff during the last month as AWI E. Bagshaw was posted to Winnipeg. LAW H. Graham has taken her place.

Debating Club:

One of the most controversial debates during the last month was that on the subject of "Resolved That Some Form of Dictatorship Will Be Necessary During the Reconstruction Period Following the War." Such subjects as "The Place of Women in the Post-War World," etc., are on the program still before this organization.

Music Appreciation Club:

The Music Appreciation Club has recently received valuable gifts of classical recordings. Sgt. A. Walker, of Class 72B (N), celebrated his graduation by presenting the club with recordings of two solos from "Samson and Delilah" sung by Marian Anderson. P/O B. K. Maitland, who was recently elected chairman of this committee, has presented the club with a recording of the Cockaigne Overture by the British composer Elgar. The Y.M.C.A. War Services through Mr. Reg. Taylor, has purchased for the use of the club, recordings of Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, Mozart's "Jupiter" Symphony, Debussy's "Afternoon of a Faun" and "Claire de Lune," Bach's "Jesu Joy of Man's Desiring," sung by the Temple Church Choir, and selections from the "Mikado" and "The Gondoliers" by Gilbert and Sullivan. The interest and enthusiasm for these programs continues unabated.

Chaplain Services

A new face has appeared among the Chaplains on the station in the person of F/L V. A. Thomson, who is now the Roman Catholic Chaplain, succeeding F/L J. E. Campbell who had been faithfully serving the Roman Catholic personnel on this station for almost two years. F/L Thomson hails from Toronto "The Good," where he took his university work and later taught at St. Michael's College in the University of Toronto. In a desperate attempt to throw off these early influences, he came West in 1934 and has been principal of St. Mary's High School in Calgary since that time, until his enlistment in the R.C.A.F. His four grand-parents were Irish and proud of it. F/L Thomson is a priest of the Congregation of St. Basil and he is welcomed to No. 1 C.N.S. to give leadership to the personnel under his care.

F/L Janz, who has been with us for a very short period as one of the Protestant Chaplains, has been posted to No. 5 A.O.S. at Winnipeg. While here he made many friends and his sudden departure is regretted.



y m c a



REG. TAYLOR

ONE of the largest groups working on the station under the leadership of the Y.M.C.A. at present is our Choral Society, and I wish to take a few lines here to pass on a little information regarding this

very lively musical organization. In July our average attendance was no more than fifteen or sixteen members. At our last rehearsal we had forty-six members present.

Most of the male section is made up of R.A.F., R.A.A.F. and R.N.Z.A.F. boys, and, of course, we have quite a few Canadian lads in the society. Our ladies' section, while doing valiant work, is still in crying need of more voices, especially in the soprano range. We are trying to bring our membership to the one hundred mark, and to do this we need an extra thirty voices in the ladies' section and twenty-four extra men. If you read music or have good musical sense and can keep a tune, you will be a valuable asset to the Choral Society. It is not essential that you have a solo voice, but only that you are interested in singing.

At present the Choral Society is starting to rehearse for a concert, and quite a few interesting numbers have been purchased and are in the process of rehearsal. Should anyone be interested in associating themselves with the Choral Society, please get in touch with LAC P. Stanley-Smith, Class 75A Navigators, President of the Society, or Corporal D. Curry, Service Police, or yours truly at the Y.M.C.A.

By the time this copy gets to press, our Arts Club will have its fall program well under way. During the summer months the attendance has fallen off considerably, but now that the Western breezes have turned cooler, many of the station personnel who are interested in color dabbling will have an opportunity to remain indoors with their little boxes of water colors and multi-colored crayons. In all seriousness, this organization can be a great asset to a station this size. There are very few people who do not appreciate beauty, both in line and color, and as there are few of us who have been gifted in this line, it remains with the few to portray this beauty on paper and canvas. I know that the executive of the Arts Club would be very happy to have your

name on their roster, even though you are not a professional artist. Should you have a knack for sketching or color work and wish to expand your knowledge of the subject, I am very certain that the Arts Club will be a big help to you.

A note is directed to R.A.F. personnel and others who are too far from home to spend a "48" with their relatives. Many of the boys arriving on the station are desirous of finding a place immediately to spend their first "48." We have excellent connections in Winnipeg and can supply free hospitality to those who desire it. To those of you who are a bit "flush" and wish to spend a week-end in Winnipeg on your own, this office recommends the Royal Alexandra Hotel where rooms may be purchased from \$2.50 up, or the Fort Garry Hotel with rooms from \$3.00 up. You will find excellent service and accommodation in either of these two hotels.

Our Growing Choir

On a recent Sunday evening twenty-one members of the choir journeyed to Rivers in an open truck to provide the music for the United Church service there. LAC Copestake sang a solo, "Bless This House," and I preached the sermon. The members of the choir were royally entertained following the service, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. McKenzie, where music and refreshments were the order of the evening. The President of the choir is LAC Philip Standley-Smith and the Secretary is Corporal D. Curry. Under their guidance the choir has grown to more than fifty members. Mr. Reg. Taylor is the conductor.

Seven new anthems and choruses have been purchased in sufficient quantity to meet the needs of the enlarged choir in preparation for concert work this fall. It is expected that the choir will become the central part of a real concert party in a short time. There is still room for new members and anyone who sings is urged to turn out for the practices every Thursday at 19:00 hours.





Sergeant's Mess



F/S JAMIESON

The N.C.O.'s Mess

WE, the alleged backbone of the station and the historical loud-mouths who have men shake at their commands through the M.T.B., now have an opportunity to shout to the populace about the efficiency and smooth operation of the Mess and how the N.C.O.'s enjoy their relaxation.

Looking at this sheet from an interest angle, we may have it simulate a scandal sheet, sports review or just "news-of-the-month." But the main thing outstanding is, "we make."

M.T.B., as in the majority of new schemes, needs support to make a go of it, both financially and mentally. The N.C.O.'s should make it a habit to invest twenty-five cents monthly, as well as to bring it up for discussion in the daily "hangar-flying" hours.

Now, as a matter of interest to the general public, we N.C.O.'s have had a tough time of it for the past year in respect to recreation rooms and mess quarters, etc. Those of us who survived the cold of last winter can remember the dull days when sergeants and more sergeants seemed to appear on every train from all parts of the globe. They came by ones and twos, large and small, seniors and juniors, from Service Schools, G.R. Schools, O.T.U.'s, Wireless Schools and W.E.T.P.'s. Their enthusiastic reception convened by the already sardine-like N.C.O.'s was nothing short of deadly stares and sordid glances. So, they merely wedged their way in and joined the gang—a sort of "invite yourself" deal. The nation-wide lack of building material and the overworked contractors were the cause of this condition, and it is this writer's opinion that if lady luck is with us and our contractors, the same will not happen again this year.

In reviewing what is written, this is merely a foreword to future print by N.C.O.'s in this magazine. It is my sincere hope that in the following month of M.T.B. our N.C.O. talent will swell this page so that we may help to make it a success of wide renown.

Concerning Air Flight

Is it a fact . . .

That a certain member of the Air Flight can only count up to 65?

That a junior member of the Air Flight, when reading "Life" pulled out a blue pencil and instinctively corrected the prose?

That a member of the Air Flight, who, through lack of practice, spelt Bonus with a "Z"? That the above mentioned Bonus was awarded because the student remembered to reset the Gremlin Indicator each hour?

That on completion of their apprenticeship, the Air Flight enter the Censor's office?

That if fewer blue pencils were used, thousands of workers could be released from this industry for essential war work?

That all members of the Air Flight are presented with a crested Dictionary and a text book on English Grammar so that they may more easily check logs.

That all trainees have a perfect answer ready when the Air Flight asks, "Where is the D.R. Drift?"

CAPS FIELD SERVICE

CPL. N. J. SEWELL

It's a fiend of the devil's invention,
A nerve racking, soul trying blight;
A source of dismay and contention,
And I'm damned if it will stay on right.
It falls on your nose,
And it musses your hair;
In a wind it just goes,
And it won't hide the glare
Of the sun in your eyes.
It's the pick; the - - - - - prize!
Caps field service.

Neath your feet when your working, is mostly
The place where the dawn thing reclines.
It's movements are varied and ghostly,
When drawn up in files or in line.
When you spring to attention
It leaps like a trout,
Seems to guess your intention
And flop half about
Like a frog with the itch.
It's a beast! It's a - - - prize!
Caps field service.



"My mother was frightened by a Sergeant, sir!"



Sports



SGT. BOB FERGUSON



Baseball

No. 1 C.N.S. hardball team is stepping along at a fast pace and is at present in undisputed possession of first place in the B.D.S.A.A.

Through hard work and consistent play the team captured the first half of the League and the right to represent the League in the Manitoba playdowns.

After a slow start in which the boys lost three of the first four games played, they began to click and the remainder of the first half was run off without a loss, allowing the team to pick up 7 wins and 1 tie game, to beat out No. 2 M.D. by one point.

Due to a strange and weird ruling of the League Executive, a playoff of the tie game was ordered and the Championship of the first half hinged on its result. So 1 C.N.S. journeyed to Brandon to meet No. 2 M.D. in this important playoff. By the drive of bang-up play and clever relief pitching by dependable P/O Jack Giesbrecht the boys pulled off a 4-3 win and the aforementioned right to enter the Manitoba playdowns. The hero of the game was F/L Gord. Lyons who smashed out a homer to win the game.

The team has played four games in the second half of the schedule and captured 3. The game lost went to A15 Shilo. This Army Club has been strengthened much by the acquisition of several new players and notably one Percy Booker, a pitcher who was rated the best "chucker" in the Regina District League. A15 now appears to be the chief threat to 1 C.N.S. However, on September 2nd 1 C.N.S. journeys to Shilo, and the boys promise a real battle to A15. Should we win this the League Championship will be cinched.

Now a word to people of No. 1 C.N.S. We have one of the best sport set-ups to be found anywhere, and our station teams are tops in their respective Leagues. But where are the crowds! The class of ball being played here is the equal of City League Ball! Winnipeg and Portage la Prairie have made bids to see our boys in action! How about coming out, exercising your vocal chords, giving your team much desired support, and getting some first-rate entertainment for yourself? Here are our remaining home games:

- Sept. 3—A3 at 1 C.N.S.
- Sept. 13—No. 12 at 1 C.N.S.
- Sept. 20—A4 at 1 C.N.S.
- Sept. 2—Carberry at 1 C.N.S.

To conclude, let us hand out a word of praise to a chap who does one of those "Thankless jobs."

For his cheery "Sure thing" when asked to umpire baseball games, and for a job invariably well done, "thanks and orchids to F/S Jack Shave."

Meet your friends at the ball park.



Softball

The station softball team has done everything that we said they would. Not that there was any doubt of their winning, but it's nice to say, "What did I tell you?" They have won the Brandon District Services League not only once but twice.

They won the western section and then played off with the winners of the eastern section, A-3 Shilo, and managed to take two of the three games played.

To keep in shape before the Manitoba playdowns the B.D.S.L. offered a cup for the winners of this League, which was played over again, and we came out on top a second time. Nice work!

The next game scheduled will be at Winnipeg in the Manitoba playdowns. Lots of luck, boys!

The inter-unit baseball is still coming along nicely (without the benefit of spectators). There is some keen rivalry between the teams and the playoffs should be finished by the time this issue is released.



Gymnastics

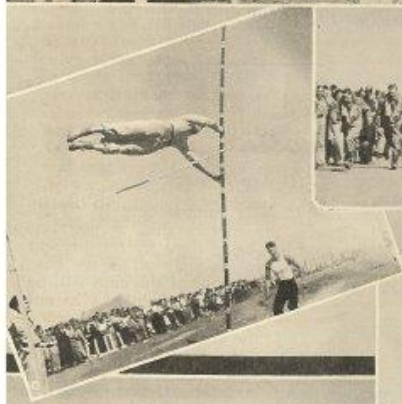
F/O JUD ARMSTRONG

The Gymnastics Club is commencing its "Fall" Season and already the membership is growing. The few stunts that are being done by the present members are comparatively simple when we consider what the club will be doing this winter. Do not be undecided about joining the group now in its embryonic stage; every member is a willing helper and instructor if you want to learn the stunts.



At present the repertoire of acrobatics is restricted by the pieces of apparatus; but we have two hi-bars in construction, another box, another spring-board, and more mats. But the newest addition will be a tight-wire!

If you wish to take advantage of the opportunities in perfecting your sense of balance and improving your agility, turn out regularly on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, or whenever you can and keep in training.



Sports Day De Luxe

F/S HAROLD BOUGHEN

AUGUST 19th was set aside as a red letter day on the calendar for No. 1 C. N. S. In the morning, under a cool, cloudy sky, the station as a whole lined up in "review order" to see more sons be decorated in a wings ceremony. Then followed a special presentation of an efficiency pennant to the school—an award each and every one of us may feel we helped to win.

Following lunch we all ambled down to the main gate to have our families and friends join our company for the annual athletic extravaganza produced by C. N. S. Bunting, flags, etc., dotted the sports field to lend color to the setting. What a day! The weather was tops and the judges and officials were rarin' to get crackin'.

In a somewhat secret manoeuvre, at 1:30 P.M. on to the field waltzed a parade featuring clowns, horse-men and contestants for the meet. The crowd came to its feet as cowboys and Indians tore around the track on horseback, especially when the ponies started to "dig up the track." Shortly the fanfare died down, the starter took his stand, the judges got set with rakes and tape lines at the jumping pit, and the meet for 1943 was on.

For nigh on three hours the folks on the sports field were treated to interesting competition. It seemed there was always an event in progress to hold the spectator's eye. In holding our track meet earlier this year the ladies and gents from our "seat of learning" will undoubtedly make a better showing at the Brandon meet next month.

Some highlights of the afternoon need special mention. The writer cannot recall a closer fought tug-of-war pull than Maintenance and Headquarters "taking the strain" on the rope. With F/L Walley anchoring Headquarters, not to mention other mem-

bers, the odds Maintenance were tugging against appeared insurmountable. When the gun was fired the Maintenance Club hung on for dear life and in the end their "sustained power" took the favored Headquarters Club "for a ride." Were those Maintenance lads happy when the second pull was over. We noticed one man looking sadly at where the pull was made, still wondering. It just shows you S/L Boyd, that "brawn" is necessary in that sport. S/L MacKay was showing off the tug-of-war cup late in the afternoon and we overheard F/S Sorenson say, "How about giving us a handle?" Next year we'll be looking for those "Grape Nuts" to take effect, Headquarters!

I cannot recall a track meet where a few performers don't emerge as individual stars. On the track several boys proved to all of us "railbirds" they were in fine shape. Well do I recall the "crack of the pistol" for the 100-yd. final. Out in front came a smooth sprint performer who needs no introduction to readers of this column. I'm speaking of P/O Dave Ritchie, the livewire editor of this publication. A gent named Laing gave a memorable performance in the 440-yd. dash and then he used his steady style to cop the 880-yd. race. Last but far from least to my mind was the beautiful effort and swell time made in the mile run by LAC Spratt. F/O "Doc" Watson turned in a beautiful performance in coping second place honors in both the half-mile and mile events.

As the points add up in a track meet, everyone wants to know who is leading in the individual scoring. On August 19th the high point winner and "star of the show" was P/O Burnett. He chose the jumps as his specialty, and how that man can "go up"! Watching him pole vault left me thinking he may have used this procedure to get up on roofs many a time. In the high jump P/O Burnett used a perfect "snap roll" to be the winner. Jumpers too numerous to mention went into action, keeping the lads with measuring tapes more than busy.

In passing I want to add a word about the hard working Jimmy Braithwaite. Some years ago it was "this corner's" pleasure to see Jesse Owens, America's great colored track star in action. To see Jimmy bearing down had me recalling Owens' 100-yd. dash in 9.6 seconds. While our colored representative didn't "show the way" he was always trying and for the forthcoming Brandon games says he will be in top shape.

This year Sports Day was enlivened greatly, thanks to the presence of the Women's Division.

Too much praise cannot be passed along to F/L Minton and his hard working committee for their outstanding job in planning and directing the meet. It was a big job well done. Also P/O Davey at the "mike" was a real success and his witticisms certainly kept the crowd pepped up throughout the afternoon. It was the third track meet I have witnessed at Rivers and with the addition of the "flying fairer sex," and good organization, was the best field day yet.

PICTURE TELLS STORY

The pictures on the facing page tell the story of No. 1 C. N. S.'s Gala Sports Day on Thursday, August 19th. Some of the events covered include: Cpl. Laing coming home an easy winner in the 440 yards, P/O Burnett, grand aggregate winner, clearing the bar in the pole vault. S/L McKay nosing out a close victory in the Section Commanders' race, LAC Syd Stibbard in the broad jump and 220 low hurdles and LAC Krak putting the shot. Group Captain W. A. Murray is shown presenting the grand aggregate prize to P/O Burnett who topped the field in the running broad jump, pole vault and the high jump. The group picture is the G.I.S. team, captained by S/L McKillop who won the inter-section cup by a good margin.

The Brandon Meet.

F/S HAROLD BOUGHEN

As luck would have it, time is permitting a few notes to be printed in this issue about the Brandon and District track meet. The situation of the Rivers "battleground" didn't permit many of you to attend the Brandon athletic grounds that afternoon, so the writer has armed himself with a favorite pen to try and "sketch" for you the meet in a few minutes reading time.

What a day September 6th turned out to be! "Drawers Droopy" were practically an essential on this party's list. The wind was strong and the dirt was being swept for miles. Two buses were filled with our track specialists and at 11:00 A.M. it was "next stop, Brandon." The "Wheat City" was a quiet place that Labor Day. The front line eating houses advertised "closed today" signs, so that some fifty hungry petitioners waited patiently while the "pow-ers that be" hunted out a place for us to adjust our belts.

The Army Band played "O Canada" with the contestants lined up in front of the grandstand, then we awaited a pistol shot. A sizeable crowd sat shivering (I'll bet) in the stands as jumpers, sprints and throwing got under way. The first feat to leave memories with those young and old who were braving the elements, was to see a boy named Hare, from North Brandon, pole vault. It turned out this was a warm-up event for Hare, because he never stopped jumping or running till 4:30 P.M. In the mile race, Rivers supporters were offered a swell performance to cheer about, P/O Watson and Spratt, our entry for the longest race on the programme, took a nice lead at the halfway mark. Coming down the home stretch, the two of them battled it out, with Spratt winning by a step. Mid-way through the afternoon our members gave No. 1 C.N.S. a seven-point lead in the scoring.

At a track meet such as this, with as large a variety of contestants, it is not unusual to have someone "pop up" with that extra finish. This time it was a tall loose-limbed colored boy, who consistently showed his heels to the pack. His name is Wint and he hails from Jamaica. No fooling, I only wish those interested in track and field could have seen him run the 440-yard dash. Wint covered the distance in less time than the Canadian record stands at today. He could hardly top that showing, but for good measure he won the running broad and hop-step-and-jump.

The afternoon wore on, and as this rambling reporter pushed and got pushed around, he found the fellows and girls from the "Alma Mater" in each and every event, always trying. In the late part of the show "North Brandon" copped most of the honors and won the shield for the second straight year. However, may we say right here to those of you who were back on the "home front," had you been with us you would have liked the way our gang were in there pitchin'!

At nite, a dance was held in the Armouries and the "rug cutters" took over. On the journey back to port, I couldn't help but think, thanks to F/L Minton and his right-hand men, it was a day well spent.

Physical Training and Drill

F/O BULLIS

We would, first of all, like to congratulate the entire station upon the efficient manner in which the "Pennant Parade" was carried out. It was a wonderful success, each and every section working with clock-like precision with the able and appreciated help of No. 2 M.D. Band.



"Get thin and fit the Sgt. Coupar war" seems to be the cry of a lot of our boys who wish to wear away some of those excess pounds and we must say he is getting results. A physical fitness programme is now under way and will take in all personnel on the station. Here is a brief resume of our aims:

First, to benefit one and all of the personnel of C.N.S., physically.

Secondly, personnel who are indoors all day, particularly those who are confined to offices from morn to night, will reap the harvest of this programme, as it is a 100% outdoor scheme."

Classes for officers in Drill are now under way with classes numbering approx. 50 or so men. Do not forget one and all who are interested in promotion, classes will be arranged for you at your request.



Soccer

Our hats are off to our Station Soccer Team who were "K.O.'d" at their last meeting in Winnipeg.

If the team that took the Winnipeg All-Star Soccer Team into camp in July had been on hand throughout the series, no doubt the Manitoba Championship would be our toast today. This statement is made with due respect to the present soccer team.

We can safely say, however, that the only reason C.N.S. didn't walk away with the honors was due to the team being sadly weakened through the loss of some of its outstanding players. Better luck next time, fellows!

IMPORTANT !

Your copy of M.T.B. is numbered on the inside back cover. Do not destroy it—it may be valuable to you!

Ye Olde Swimming 'ole



The above scenes typify the popularity of our new swimming pool. It was the butt of many rude remarks while under construction owing to its official classification as a water reservoir, but turned out magnificently, much to everyone's delightful surprise. Be sure and take advantage of this latest facility—a cool plunge in its oceanic waters will refresh you no end.

FLYING SQUADRON

F/O Don Jewitt

Hell's Corner—Near "A" Flight, where the pilots try to turn the corner on one wheel and a wing tip.

Red Lights—Nice colored lights which the air-drome control officer uses just to keep himself amused. No significant value at all.

Green Lights—Beautiful sights, used only by control when they have grabbed the wrong aldio lamp by mistake.

White Lights—Seldom if ever seen around No. 1 C.N.S. Used for illuminating purposes only.

Signal Area—A fenced-off square on the ground with a few gadgets in it to confuse all pilots(?) both from the air and on the ground.

Wind Sock—That which nearly always blows cross-wise to the runway in use.

Who is the old experienced pilot in "A" Flight who takes shortcuts home through the McDonald B. & G. ranges?

Who is the "kidd" Flying Officer who has trouble keeping his dates straight?

Who is the biggest wolf in "D" Flight?

Who are the N.C.O. and Warrant Officer who are always late due to motorcycle trouble?

Who is the pilot who likes to take off against red flares?

What "A" Flight pilot tried to land with another aircraft recently?

THE WIRELESS OPERATOR

Have you ever thought when you saw a plane Of what makes up the crew.

You know there's a pilot for every ship And some navigators too,

But there's also a boy who sits alone, Behind the ATI,

And he is the boy who brings 'em back, When all their hopes are gone.

Have you ever thought how the pilot knows As to what the weather will be, Or who brings him out of a darkened sky, When he can scarcely see.

It's the wireless operator behind his set That keeps his soul from crying.

It's the wireless operator behind his set, That keeps all hopes from dying.

They picture all pilots and navigators too, Plastered with wings and hooks,

While the wireless operator has sparks on his sleeve, That's all that adorn his looks.

So let's drink a toast to the wireless operator, And give credit where credit is due.

So here's to the boy that pounds the brass, To that unsung hero in blue.

Yes, here's to the boy who brings 'em back, When everyone else is through.

Chords AND Dischords

By "Rosy"

ONCE again, it's "Greetings Hep Cats." After having survived the repercussions of my first column, I gamely agreed to stick my neck out again this month. All I can say is that a lot of people are very tolerant, lucky for me. However, there is much to be said, so let's start saying—

Our Station Dance Band, the Ansonaires, is still looking for musicians, and we have not given up hope yet of finding some new material. I have heard it said so many times, "Surely, on a station this size there are enough musicians for a dance band." Well, I would like to agree, and sure would like all you musicians to help make that statement come true. If you can play any instrument, we would like to have you. At present the need is for a trumpet player and a tenor sax player; but we can always use more than just that. How about it, musicians? Won't you get in the groove again and help keep the dance band swinging? There is a full season just around the corner and rehearsals will start shortly, so we shall be waiting to hear from you. Yes, we have the instruments, if you will play them. And while on the subject of the dance band, we still need that female vocalist. Come now, girls, you're not shy, are you?

The dance committee has big plans for the future and have six dances scheduled for the fall season. All that is needed to make these dances a success is your co-operation. There is a lot of work in connection with them, but if everybody pitches in, it amounts to very little. I am sure it will add to your good time if you know that you have helped to put the dance over. On to a season of good dancing, lots of swing and let's really go to town!

Now, in a slightly different line—P/O Ken Davey informs me that he is ready to start production on a really big musical show, and again the call for talent goes out. Ken hopes to build up a super-duper show and will need plenty of dancers, singers, actors and everything that goes with the production of a show.

I know that under his able guidance a smash hit can be turned out, so let's all get behind him in his plans, and all you people who possess the talents, just be ready when Ken gives the curtain call. It's great fun, this show business; so how about giving it a whirl?

The old argument of swing versus sweet will probably never be settled, but oh how our maestro would like to have a decision one way or the other!!! On the one hand are a howling bunch of jive artists demanding more rug cutting and making funny faces when the band plays sweet, while on the other hand the smooth dancer artists glide gracefully over the floor in delight but shun all jive—just how is our poor maestro to know what to do?

Just keep in mind, you lovers of the sweet, smooth strains, as couples stampeaded about you in the unabated fury of a jive number, that your numbers will be done too while the jive artists breathe heavily

trying to regain consciousness after being out of this world. And we won't forget a Viennese waltz either, Miss J.P.!!

Don't forget to attend the swing concerts presented occasionally in the Conference Room of the Drill Hall. All the best recordings of the top bands—Goodman, Dorsey, Ellington, Basie, etc., are played for your enjoyment and what good lover of solid dance music would not enjoy them? Watch for bulletin board posters announcing dates and times of these swing sessions—they are a treat!

MINOR NOTES

The entertainment circle of this station lost a valuable asset in the posting of Bob Hines. Bob was always tops in the entertainment line and I know we will miss him when show time rolls around. . . . Another posting took away our Cockney friend of the dance band, trumpeter Eric Fish. Just who is going to sing "Strip Polka" from now on? . . . No doubt you recall the two R.A.F. lads who entertained at the last Airmen's Dance. They are LAC Hickie and Corporal Hunt, two boys who have done considerable work in the entertainment field in England. The boys have assured me that they will always be on hand to give you all that they have in that line. As they will both be here till November, that should mean a good number of performances. . . . While on the subject of floor shows, is there anyone else who would like to strut their wares for the dancing public? Just let us know about it and you will be on at the first opportunity. . . . Are there any aspiring song writers on the station? If you would like to hear your song played in a top notch manner, turn it over to our maestro, Sammy Kut, and Sammy will in due course of time bang out a terrific arrangement as only he can.

Now to branch out a bit. Have you heard Harold Hunter's band from the U.S.C. in Winnipeg? He broadcasts from 10:30 to 11:00 on Saturday nights. Harold has a wonderful collection of musicians, including one of the West's outstanding sax and clarinet players in the person of Art Hart. Don't forget to drop in at the U.S.C. if you are in Winnipeg on a Saturday night. It's really a dancing treat!

Saskatchewan citizens will be proud to know that the CBC's featured tenor from Vancouver, Freddie Hill, hailed originally from Melfort, Saskatchewan. Freddie got his start with Leo Smuntan's band in Saskatoon, travelled to Bermuda where he gained popular recognition, and after some spot jobs in Los Angeles, finally settled down in Vancouver where he is doing a very good job with the CBC.

Our little Jitterbug Queen, Eileen Savard, is looking for a new dancing partner these days. Any of you jive-conscious gentlemen who like to do some fast stepping on the dance floor—here is your chance.

Have you noticed that the new popular numbers are not being recorded by your favorite name bands? This is due to the ruling of the A.F.M. boss, Ceasar Petrillo, who ruled such recording out. From now on and until such time as boss Petrillo withdraws his order, you can expect more recordings by soloists, quartettes, choruses, etc. The recording companies are now issuing albums of standard records by favorite bands and you can procure many valuable records this way. . . . Don't forget to tune in on Canada's No. 1 swing band, Bert Nalosi, who broadcasts every Thursday nite in a programme, "Swing For the Service." Bert's band is terrific from the swing point of view!

And so, all you swing fans, it's time to call it quits once more, and until next time, keep swinging.

"The Democrat of The Arts"

LAC J. BERESFORD ANDERSON

"Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast," but these charms fully reach only those who listen with two attentive, analytical ears. It is the immortal music with which we are concerned, not the primitive beat of the tom-tom or the modern version as "styled" by Krupa. The latter could (peut-être) be enjoyed for a week, but certainly not century after century, as Bach's Mass in B Minor has been.

Far as we are from the musical centres of America, the radio can bring us the technical brilliancy of Heifetz as perfectly as if he were in our sight. Those R.A.F. trainees whose musical education is of such a high standard might be interested in learning of the many fine radio programmes that can be heard easily from this station.

At the very peak of orchestral performances are those of the New York Philharmonic. For nearly two hours every Sunday afternoon, throughout the year, this orchestra interprets the music of composers from Palestrina to Prokofiev. To augment what the commentator says in introducing each work, indispensable is the "Victor Book of the Symphony." It gives a brief historical and orchestral summary of much of the modern symphonic repertoire, as well as an interesting insight into the composers' lives. Until this year, the intermission commentator has been Deems Taylor, whose controversial topics are food for thought. Read his "Of Men and Music."

Immediately following this is the NBC Symphony with Toscanini conducting many of the programmes throughout the winter season. Read "Artura Toscanini," by Tobia Nocotra.

From Canada the Montreal and Toronto Symphony orchestras may be heard on alternate Tuesday evenings. Very often these orchestras play the première of compositions by Canadians.

Every Saturday afternoon "the great golden curtain" of the Metropolitan Opera goes up and the wonders of Wagner and Verdi are brought to us musically and almost pictorially, due to the splendid comments of Milton Cross. Any details you miss can be found in the "Victor Book of the Opera" and you will emerge successfully from the labyrinth of sound. In the intermission there is "The Opera Forum Quiz" with Olin Downes and Sigmund Spaeth. (Olin Downes has written "The Lure of

Music" and Sigmund Spaeth, "The Art of Enjoying Music"). These intelligent quizzes will broaden your operatic knowledge.

From Winnipeg comes "The Music Lovers' Corner," every afternoon except Saturday and Sunday. This is a recorded programme and requests are invited. Also from Winnipeg there is a recorded programme every Sunday afternoon from the University of Manitoba.

Lighter programmes include, "The Telephone Hour," "The Contented Hour" and "The Firestone Hour" with Richard Crooks—all on Monday evening; Morton Gould's "Carnival of Music" with Alec Templeton, Wednesday evening; the Cities Service Programme and "Waltz-Time" on Friday evening; and "The American Album of Familiar Music" on Sunday evening. I believe these are permanent winter programmes, but the schedules may change during the season.

The Winnipeg Tribune has an excellent radio page which is well worth looking over every evening for special programmes. Some of the books mentioned here may be obtained through the station library, but if not, a request will help.

By the way, the music of tomorrow is being written today in America, so read "The Book of Modern Composers," edited by David Ewen!

Never The Twain Shall Meet

Yes, I'm in the ranks of the "W.D."
So I salute my love officially.
Rules ban all rascality,
Replace it with Air Force Propriety.

And make me aware that where'er I look,
My man has a "ring" and I but a "hook."

It's cruel to the point of brutality
That I doffed my fond femininity
When I doffed my dress of pale dimity,
And shattered all my equanimity.

For I cannot escape it where'er I look,
My love has a "ring," and I but a "hook."

On parade I gaze quite sorrowfully
At the back of his neck (but tenderly).
The Sergeant glares quite witheringly
(A full glance simply reminding me)

That I cannot escape it where'er I look,
My love has a "ring," and I but a "hook."

What matters that one loves naturally!
Outlawed by "regs," and enforced by S.P.
The back of his neck is forbidden to me
And must not be gazed upon openly.

I cannot escape it where'er I look,
That man has a "ring" and I but a "hook."

So!—I hide my heart very furtively,
And carry on that we all may be
Able to live in a world that's free—
And filled with a questionable EQUALITY.

Yea! come that day, and I'll certainly rook,
My love with a "ring," (using womanly hook!!).



Headquarters



Hub of the Wheel

HEADQUARTERS is the hub of the wheel around which the station revolves; not round and round and where it stops nobody knows; but the hub that works. Here we have the Commanding Officer, Adjutant and Administrative Officers. The Orderly Room is run by our genial friends F/S Seifred and Kelley, ably assisted by Sgts. Landry and Albert, and a bunch of women who, though seeming to be always dashing madly about, somehow manage to keep things in order. This is the place where such questions as "Where is my WO2?" "How do you keep that nice curl in your hair?" etc., are heard daily. Then, of course, there is the Station Warrant Officer F/S Funnell, who once again is filling in. He expects to be here to shut the gate when Gabriel blows the horn, having come when the station was still being built, and well remembers the days of no fires, lights, outside "plumbing" and one aircraft. Then, of course, we have the Accounts Section, run by a man who will insist on wearing shorts. He is helped by our curly-haired F/S Shave and two short and handsome Sergeants, Baller and Cryer, who, though trying very hard, never pass out enough of the stuff that makes two weeks seem brighter to all.

We have the Central Registry where incoming and outgoing mail never seem to be where we want it. This is the building where the W.D. Officers hang their bonnets and climb on a bicycle and ride madly off to the danger of all personnel for yards around. All in all, we have a very interesting building, full of highlights and never a dull moment. "Sergeant Major, can I wear my 'blues,' my khaki is dirty." "I'm going on leave, can you fix up for me to leave a week or two early?" "The reasons I was late coming in was that my girl and I missed the bus and as she has a wooden leg we couldn't run very fast. Then, while we were hurrying, her false teeth fell out, so we spent a lot of time looking for these, 'Sir,' and so on until you could scream.

So far we have not mentioned the one and only Sergeant, sometimes Corporal "Arry Utchinson," who reminds us of "Peck's bad boy" grown up. He and a few others can remember the day when, in the Airforce, you worked for the Government.

In closing for this month we urge you all to please think up some original excuse, because we know all the old ones. And, remember—no more trips to Clear Lake for the N.C.O.'s.

Introducing Motor Transport

LAW M. R. MOORE

GREETINGS to No. 1 C.N.S. from the M.T. Section. As this is our first column in the new monthly journal M.T.B., we start by giving you all some inkling of a day in the M.T. Section.

A great deal of credit is due our Sr. N.C.O. Sergeant Major Lawrence, who is in charge of our section. It is he who each Sunday morning posts up a list of duties to be performed by each driver for a period of one week. The scheduled runs which are rations, canteen, stores, mail, works and buildings, duty, Armament section, and oily rags all require scheduled drivers. Then, of course, we have a required driver for the Crash Tender, for the two ambulances and drivers for vehicles such as staff car, station wagon and remaining stake trucks. Not only do those vehicles require drivers but they must be checked and repaired as well. Each day the above mentioned runs are carried out and it is a big order to keep everything running smoothly and to supply everyone with a truck when it is desired. So, if you often wonder why a truck is not promptly given at the ordered time you may have some idea after reading this.

Enough concerning the business section of the Motor Transport. The men's softball team has been doing very well in the station league and I believe credit is really due them. We also extend our thanks

to LAC's MacDonald, Jenkins and Sergeant Steffens of the Fire Department who have willingly loaned their support to the team. Here's hoping they reach the top successfully.

The M.T. Section wish to extend a hearty "Hello!" to P/O MacQuarrie who is directly in charge of our section now. F/L Dodds, who previously held the position, has received a promotion and we wish to express our hope that he is happy with his new work.

So far I have been dealing with present events concerning the M.T. Section, but the following airmen F/S Brown, Sgt. Potter, Cpl. Stevens, Cpl. Pierce, Cpl. Garner, LAC Hunt, LAC McGarr, LAC Denning, will not forget their pioneer days in late 1940 when No. 1 C.N.S. was opened. With no conveniences, many are the tales told about the frequent showers which were taken in the "round house" at Rivers. Sounds pretty gruesome now, but they considered themselves quite lucky then. It has also been told that the first canteen ever to be had on this station was in our present Post Office. It is hard for us to realize now how inconvenient everything was then, but I suppose that goes with the opening of every new station.

Now that the M.T. Section has made its first appearance in the M.T.B., you will see us regularly from now on, so until next time—"Au revoir."



Maintenance



BELATEDLY, we pick up a pencil to remind the readers of this journal that the Maintenance Section is enjoying itself and still kicking. Many of the "inhabitants" of this settlement may wonder just what and who comprises the section whose motto says "You break 'em, we fix 'em." However, a close-up of the personnel displacement board in the orderly room illustrates most of the folks employed in No. 4 Hangar, and all of Servicing Squadron, help "keep 'em flying." Some four hundred people in all carry out their chores mainly on the ground. Our biggest thrill is to see a new arrival doin' a bit of "hangar flying." (Oh yeah!)

Just here we want to draw your attention to some of the personalities who keep this wing "ticking." First of all there is the man who guides our destiny, Squadron Leader MacKay. The "boss" is a distinguished veteran of the battle of Rivers, but many a time the "hot stove league" has had him posted. Boy, how Squadron Leader MacKay pulled on that tug-of-war rope on Field Day! We learn he is looking after our "he men" at the Brandon Sports Day. Teams from surrounding stations better get an extra dose of vitamins. Backing up the Squadron Leader there is Flight Lieutenant Dodd, Flight Lieutenant Graham and Pilot Officer MacQuarrie. These gentlemen are from the Aircraft Inspection Department and with them excuses "don't go."

Now for a few "brief highlites" brought to the writer's attention by the "underground reporters."

What LAW showed up on the eight a.m. parade one morning sporting a "beautiful shiner." "Harp" claims it was a door, we're thinking "Gremlins" maybe??

We claim the only Flight Lieutenant who rushes into the office before parade to dust his shoes and "buff his buttons."

Have you heard: A girl named "Pepper" made the long trek to Edmonton to see her "fighting bombardier." Man, that's devotion.

Who at No. 1 C.N.S. is the most likely fella to receive a long distance phone call at least once a day. We nominate "Switz" for his proven punctuality.

For some little time we have met the high flying "Doc" conscientiously looking through the Maintenance Logs. It seems to me he isn't only checking aircraft times. What say, Midge???

And now we must draw this news and nonsense to a close. In subsequent issues we will have more "notations" on our guys and gals whose "daily toil" depends a lot on "weather conditions." Should a cylinder pip, a wing become ripped, a tail bent, we'll be doing our best to get that machine up where it belongs, "pronto." See you next month.

Precepts For Trainees

F/O HALLAM, 75B

Hearken unto me, all ye seekers after Navigational Polish (Mark 1234) whilst I profound unto thee that thou shalt be ever mindful of these precepts ordained for thy travail.

1. Never shalt thou apply thy variation wrongly—lest thou be classed with other aircrew members who verily lack the "know-how."

2. As a pilot who knoweth not his Boost Pressure, so also is a navigator who findeth no winds—he shall be flung from the Rivers Academy into the outer darkness of Brandon—cum—Trenton.

3. Whenseover thy Sextant's elusive bubble refuseth to keep its appointed place thou shalt neither curse nor revile thy Pilot. Thou shalt rather say unto thyself "Come, come now, panic not," comforting thyself with memories of Bruce and his famous spider.

4. The MET wind thou shalt always have under suspicion, regarding it as doth a dog look upon a dry bone—and thou shalt scorn it right heartily when thou hast evolved thine own.

5. At all times thou shouldst diligently peruse thy manifold publications—for thou mayest (possibly) pick up a crumb of knowledge therein—yet in thy enthusiasm commit not to thy memory the Air Almanac in its entirety.

6. Never attempt to bully, cajole, hoodwink or argue with the Air Flight, for whereas they may not know thy general excellence, they can perceive that thou hast relaxed upon the second leg.

7. Call not thou thy Pilot "Junior" nor yet "Driver" for they understand not these friendly appellations, and may weave wildly whilst thou art checking course.

8. A wise navigator kneeleth not upon his protractor, nor squatteth upon his dividers for he may know not their whereabouts at a time when he needeth them.

9. As an Airgraph from thy well beloved, yea even as a spot of well brewed tea, so also is a right good honest pin-point in the wastes of the Prairies.

10. Corvalesce thou shalt not dread, for verily do men delight in perplexing the innocent with difficult explanations of simple Phenomena. Yet shalt thou leaven to spell it correctly.

11. With regularity and accuracy shalt thou shoot Venus, remembering that she is located far above thee, and not in the quarters of the fair W.D.'s.

12. A Briefing thou shalt never miss, even though thou dost perchance hearken not unto the "gen" spoken—for thy body shalt be there, though thy mind may be "processing."

Classroom Highlights



CLASS 21 N.I.

G. A. WISHART

Class 21 N.I. arrived at Rivers on August 7, after eighteen days leave following a course at the R.C.A.F.'s Laurentian paradise—No. 1 O.T.S., Domaine d'Estérel, Ste Marguerite, Que. Naturally the shock of getting down to work was a bit rude, but most of the boys seem to be reconciled to it by now, particularly since F/L Weaver's remark that the classroom was a bit crowded, and that there was an extremely simple method of making some more room. Need we go further?

However, our life of labor is lightened daily by such incidents as:

Bill Plummer catching up on world (?) events through the medium of the Stratford Beacon-Herald.

Huck's disbelieving expression as he says: "You're kidding, fellows, there wasn't really a parade, was there?"

That perpetual look of bliss of Lyle Brennan's (Those eighteen days made a swell honeymoon.)

Ed Houghton's classic remark when introduced to deviation cards: "Wouldn't it be fun to make one of these things the right way and see if it would work?"

Jim McCue speculating on the possibility of baling out in a cumulonimbus cloud and going up instead of down.

Jack Brazier expecting to get a drift from his 2nd navigator, Jim Booth, in some rather bumpy weather and, instead, receiving a chit bearing the curt but self-explanatory message—"Bags." (Amazing how even words change their usual meaning in the air.)

And last, but by no means least, the flow of oratory from the lips of our Class Senior, Roy Deane, as it is unanimously decided that there is another Joe job to be done, and that's what class seniors are for.

CLASS 75A

OVERHEARD IN CLASSROOM:

Let's go, fellers, eh? ... A horrible line. ... Ohhh! Blinkin' awful, only 94! ... Now, I ask you, what's Russia got that we haven't got? ... So I altered course to keep on the chart. ... Good old Joe. ... Got an Astro-graph fix. ... Attie actually said something. ... That's all to clock, that is. ... Get off yer knees, you old ... one of the older type ... oi Alwis Do Moi loining on little bits of piper. ... I'll do you, ... Uriam Creep. ... Sergeant Major ... SAH!!! - - - Any paper bags in

your drawer? Quick ... Oh, all right, don't bother. ... My mental D.R. formula ... can you veer me, sort of thing? ... Please, sir, do we turn on E.T.A.?

Give this to the W.A.F., will you? ... Oh, he's ... Oh, well, don't bother then. ... These ground navigators ... when I was in the Casino at Tunis ... I'm going to give you a lecture on Time ... could you check course, please? Can't be ... w/v 300-o Airplot ... Alter course 213 compass ten minutes ago. ... Poive thousand kyloscoicles ... Yeas ... Old Baldy, he got 85 and I got 68, now I ask you. ... But, sir, what's wrong with the MET winds? ... Have I told you about V ... ? World's biggest moustache ... cookery class ... cut the chatter, aaay?

CLASS 76A

LAC D. MOORE

... And there came unto the land of Canucks during the Britton campaign a tribe of warriors known as Navis from the land of England. This tribe excelled themselves in the birds of the air and they brought with them many strange terms such as "fix" and "pinpoint" and with these did they steer anson birds through the air.

Now, amongst this tribe was a band known as 76A who worshipped, as an idol, a goddess, one Betty Grable, and they did adorn the walls of their tents with her image. Their centurian was a tall blonde of the Sarcon race. He did tell them many weird and wise things over which they pondered for many days and nights. Now, some were wise and didst obey their lord while others spent their leisure time with horses and with other sports and mingled with another tribe known as W.D.'s. This caused their lord much worry, and he did gnash his teeth and say: "Well, you've got to do better than that, fella's!" and such words.

These men did study the science of astronomy and did use sextants to shoot stars instead of bows, arrows and spears. With these they were well armed and did win many battles against the men whose banner was the blue pencil who attacked them with cries of: "Didst thou check course?" and "Didst thou check the astro compass mounts?" For these men did strange things in these birds.

Now, one did shoot the line instead of stars—he was dim and got no place. Another did shoot Mars when only Capella was visible. Verily, I say, he was also dim.

Whilst flying in these birds one warrior did speak unto the other,

saying: "Lo, behold! Verily, I say, that is the citadel of Portage"—and the other did believe him and they were both fooled. For ... was the citadel of Winnipeg that they gazed upon, which was lit by many lights and none could mistake it.

The elder of the band was known as Corporal, and he did bind much day and night and let his wrath descend upon them, particularly on one warrior that he made right hand leader for a quarter of a noon. But this fella was exceedingly cunning and did never do his job, so that the elder did lose grace with the chief elder known as Sarge. This amused the poor warrior and he did lie on his couch and sleep.

Another didst pride himself in his vocals and did sing often and much and the other warriors cried out with pain at the weird noises that issued forth such as "Figaro" and of the "Barber of Seville." (a citadel of the Iberians). He also did talk many tongues and did amaze his fellows with the words of the Hellenes ad of the Romans—he was indeed a great man.

Many of the band did grow hairs on their upper lips, for it was a craze amongst them.

All these warriors did wish to gain the badge of honor known as brevet, which was like the half a bird wing. But they did worry lest they should fall by the wayside, for many are called but few are wanted.

CLASS 75B

W. FIELDHOUSE

Tossing and turning, groaning and churning, the night air is filled with somnolent murmuring. 'Tis the navi-

NO RIVERS PER ASTRO



gator's Halloween and springs creek as 75B dreams and rehearses imminent finals. "The bullet nips smartly up the barrel. Bosphorus, Marmora, Cagliari. Oh, let me sleep!" The hapless student slips into oblivion, a bemused smile of victory sliding over his features. Bang! Bang! Bang!!! and a truculent co-inhabitant of a junior course literally heralds the

crack of dawn as he cries from the billet door: "You so-and-sos keep us awake at night. I'll make sure you wake early in the morning."

Seventeen weeks of strife and labor, still we suffer. Yet we march confidently on to victory.

We even found strength and resource to enter 12 men out of 21 in the Station sports and reaped 12 of the points for G.I.S. Nightly training on the track, before and after flying, tired and weary, our men went in. To crown everything, the final day was preceded by two nights of flying and followed by a final exam.

Thanks to the munificence of the C.G.I., our efforts were suitably celebrated in the canteen. Our Devonian, worthy of tea planter fame and unable to tear himself away from hops and barley, carried on his celebration far into the night, much to the disapproval of his colleagues. Et Tu Brute.

Two weeks' time, however, will see the real celebration when Rivers Hall will resound with jollification, with monologues and dancing girls.

To return to the more mundane things of life, Joe's cigarette packet is a mass of jumbled figures as he makes hasty excuses for persistent parade dodgers. We are in such a state that we have been classified according to a degree of criminality. The worst offender is to be carried on parade as marker one of these days. Of our instructor we might say: "He is a great observer and he sees quite through the deeds of men."—Shakespeare.

At least we can look back with gratification on weeks of hard work, good results and forward to the green fields of England.

Who is the fellow in 75B who, finding it a little difficult to keep the bubble steady in his sextant, removed same and continued shooting—with accurate results, we understand.

CLASS 76B

In Memoriam of Class 76B
Who will not be for long U/T
We offer this, our farewell gen
To all you more unfortunate men.

There's a lad from Bristol—name of COVE

Has memories of evenings in a grove
Down by the river. His face still shows

The traces of her powerful blows.

MICHAEL EVANS, Mike to his pals,
Is a man who really goes for the gals;
In Winnipeg, Rivers and towns more distant

There's simply not one he's found resistant.

FRANKLIN's renowned for his cumulative bent,

From stars to flying hours his objectives went.

It's also true that he's heavily laden
With many a fair Canadian maiden.

HOLLAND's unique among our class
Being our only married man.
He loves his bed and oft is slumber
wowing.

But always says he'll be up and doing.

He's not from Arabia, still fond of the nights,
Spent with his Hazel, though he's had many frights.

Winnipeg saw his end, frowned on his start,
LAWRENCE his name—with a broken heart.

MATHESON comes from North of the Border,
As far as wit goes he's by no means a hoarder;

A lover of football, for the sake of the school,
And not like at home, for Littlewood's pool.

Because it won't rhyme, we call him MONETHER, Ken,
He's a positive genius at giving Duff Gen.

At shooting a line he's really a master
He shoots a lot of them, more often—
and faster.

The intercomm in the D.R.T.
Is used by NAUL, but need not be;
He never fails his voice to lift
When giving control the aircraft's drift.

At rest at last are HANK and ZEKE,
Two bodies, true, but of one heart;
They help each other week by week,
Even in death they could not part.

NIXON's a natterer, even when in bed,
Questioning instructors was his game,
Not in pursuit of knowledge, be it said,
But to show possession of the same.

MICHAEL OERHLI's good at French,
He knows the words for "beer" and "wench";
We take it that he'd be all right
In Montreal, for a hectic night.

Just pause awhile and shed a tear
For Elsie PARKER's buried here,
Life now assumes a softer tone
Since the death of the human gramophone.

A friends of all is PRATTENT (Norman),
A minister's son, though not a Mormon.
Keen chorister and organ player—
His weak jokes turn us even grayer.

SOMERSET sleeps uneasily
Reformed character thou he be—
He can never live down the infamy
Of having been an R.A.F.S.P.

We introduce Joe (SOO) SOOBIAH,
His work was good, his marks were higher.

And when displeased he'd give the bird

By murmuring quietly, "Don't be absurd!"

Moneten fathers offered thanks
The day that TWEEDIE joined these ranks.

Their girls are safe until the day
Little Freddie's posted back that way.

WITHAMS has a lean and hungry look—

Casting eyes at a female cook;
His hunger's sated by romantic wishes,
Not by the many "sweet smelling" dishes.

Another character in the D.R.T.
Is Gus, who keeps bawling, "Mat, d'you not see,

We can't possibly still be in the North Sea,
I want to get out in time for tea."

SGT. WILLIAMS, expert at drill,
Has been to no sessions, but says he will

Detained by circumstances beyond control—
We believe him—bless his soul.

We give you WALTERS—what is he?
He's a gen man on Aircraft Recognition.

To tell him a Roc's a 113
Would arouse in him no suspicion.

Also in our midst is WARNER
Who sits way back in the right hand corner.

He usually sleeps through navigation
But answers questions without hesitation.

Now here is the irreproachable COG
Who seems to be a perpetual fog,
We appreciate his humour dour,
Whatever the crack, whatever the hour.

'Tis modesty which does "orevent"
class gen man BOWERS
From giving vent to his exceptional powers.

We won't stop his natter, it's too much fuss,
So we let him admit he's better than us.

ROBERTS likes swimming—
Prevents mental dimming.
From the diving board we watch him drop,
And wait to hear his belly-flop.

When he starts bawling, "By the right!"
The tone conveys SARGE DIXON'S might;
A shuffle round, and the air is clear
With his his one other phrase, "Dress by the left."

Met man MACKIE who hails from the West,
Stands at the front whilst he's teaching.

His alto-curls become overcast
When on our cloudiness he starts preaching.

At the foot of our list comes F/O McFADDEN,

Because, for rhyming, his name's a bad'n.

We're quite surprised from the way that we bind
That we haven't driven him out of his mind.

CLASS 77A

1. Lost—Minnie Dosa—Stated to have been moved prior to class air test by some mysterious agency—finder please inform LAC Savage.

2. LAC CARTER, our Reconnaissance expert, states categorically that during a relative square search for a Ford V8 on No. 4 highway, he was able to identify the driver.

3. LAC FULFORD, J. W. (alias J. Wellington Wimpy) famous Carl Woods, "Please, corporal, someone has stolen my cap."

4. LAC HABGOOD—A m a t e u r plato(?)—believed to have been seen in Station Cinema—source of information feared unreliable.

5. It is believed LAC Horler has at last completed a day trip without once coming down to read names of towns on elevators . . . Junior courses please note—such methods of navigation are frowned upon by authority.

6. Why consult the "met" section? For reliable forecasts consult the "Burr-o-graph" in Room 120.

LAC's Allin and Glossop—our speed merchants:

0724:45 hrs.—Reveille

0729:30 hrs.—Breakfast

0753:00 hrs.—B/S etc.

0805:00 hrs.—Parade ???

We regret to inform LAC's Carter and Grocott that due to pressure from certain quarters the LITTLEMORE CLUB is now defunct.

CLASS 77B

Cpl. Griffiths (Griff): The class leader (poor fellow). He rules the boys with a rod of iron bat. He also wields a 'nifty' bat on Portage Avenue, during the small hours of the morning.

LAC (Blondie) Phipps: . . . His "peek-a-boo" curls may attract the girls.

But when shooting the sun, the moon or Altair,
Ties a pink ribbon round his beautiful hair.

LAC Wiggin (Wiggle): Will talk anyone into anything, even talked himself into getting engaged to a Winnipeggeese. We doubt if she had the chance to say "yes" or "no!"

LAC (When I was in the States) MacDougall: Has sacrificed his pilot's career to become a u/t navigator. (Haven't you heard?)

F/L Home: We are anxiously awaiting another "Mystery of Life" film so that we shall see him on parade again.

LAC (Yes) Mallison: Says Eh? to everything except "What's yours—mild or bitter? Top of the class in 11th week inter-Nav., but still goes slumming with the lowly.

LAC (Bowling Alley) Surey: Was in danger of severe punishment for loitering in W.D.'s forbidden land. Will this warning be sufficient to save the rest of those innocent hearts from this Don Juan of the "Lambeth Walk?" His advice to Junior Classes is, "If Flight plans interfere with W.D. plans, go round on Mental D.R.!"

LAC's Norman & Palmer (The Bed-widened Twins): Anyone finding them wandering about the Parade ground around 9811 hours please return them to our vanishing flight.

LAC (Pianissimo) Moore: Disturbed the inter-exams by constantly climbing in and out of a packing case of books with the relevant gen. (Instructors, please note!)

LAC (Casanova) Turnham: Spends the weeks between 48's humming mournful love dinges. Recently returned from the local "Lovers Paradise," Clear Lake, with a queer story of riding horses till 5 a.m., expecting us to believe in Platonic friendship!

LAC (old man) Reffel: The Reds of 77B are interested to see if at the end of the course he will still be the "Peoples Champion with a commission.

LAC (Gen Man) Ward: In the olden days, the instructor 'hung' his 8th week into Nav. chart. Some rude members of the class were heard to mutter that it wasn't the chart which should have been hung.

LAC's Charlton, McKay, Munslow, Morris, Newlands: The Authors may feature next month, but if they don't, who cares anyway!

The remark of the month heard in the D.R. Trainer: "Gawd Blimey Mate, say something—if it's only O.K.

CLASS 78A

T. STEAD COLLIVER

Having sent an M.T.B. and been supplied with a paddle, little by little I navigated myself down the creek and at last have arrived safely at base. The lion still does not understand why cadets shoot stars but makes rude remarks when he observes an intercept of 363° towards.

We are thinking of spending our spare time in the aircraft and coming to believe as there seems to be no rest these days—flying all night, examinations in the morning and fly in the afternoon. If we could have some of the cheese which the boys talk about sent to U.K. there would be no shortage.

Many things are dropped out of aircraft including unmentionables. One of our lads while taking a blank exposure in a short line overlap recently dropped his watch on Rapid City. Tempus Fugit! I wonder what the feelings of the locals were when time came knocking at their door.

One of our cadets of Scottish extraction but Southern love, has also found that it does not pay to wrap time in a towel and then tip the boat. You deep divers, two watches lie at

the bottom of Clear Lake—Lat. and Long. unknown.

The lion was very pleased with the sports but was disgusted when he discovered that the Red Indian Chief was an old acquaintance who formerly used to be a navigator.

CLASS 78B

As our first entry in M.T.B., what can be said for this class? Not much, we suppose, for or against. Just a normal bunch of British chaps sick of prairie-land and longing for a sight of good green grass, soft turf and some variety of good trees.

At the eleventh week mark, flying formerly spelt, THRILLS is now Changing to BIND. We have lots of fun though; just take a peek at Stearn (soothsayer). While there is a sun, Eric will never be lost since it burns a complete map of surrounding countryside on his expansive pate. Then Splane (isn't he a killerdiller?): "Yes, sir; please sir; I couldn't plot my D/F P/LS, sir—I forgot my Q.C. sheet from my Problem Precis!" Almost as bad that, as an instructor, well known to us, who, when on a recent night flip found himself at REGINA instead of in the States (?) Did he forget his Roamer? No, just applied variation in the wrong sense!! Apologies to all extended, but it cost him fifty cents in the "Boob Box." Then, of course, we have "Eric the Wolf" (You too, can have a body like mine.) The M.O. says he suffers from lack of sleep! Hm!! someone ought to tell him!

We hear, too, of a wench travelling 1,000 miles to see our Sweet— (Sorry) Darling—on his 48! LINE! Mention must be made at this stage of the game of our most congenial Cpl. Roston—a working lad from Blackpool or is it Wigan? A good fellow as "Joel" go. A recent increase to the class calls for a "Hand of Welcome" to be extended to LAC's Armstrong and Hemmingway—they don't know what's coming to them yet—and won't, for at least another fortnight.

Armstrong is also an increase to the class's Scotch fraternity—They seem mostly worried by the absence of good "Scotch" round these here parts. We also fear certain members of the fraternity will presently be taking to "spees" as the strain of watching prices and each other in the Snack Bar each night is becoming terrific. Old Oireland is well represented by "Lundberg the Limpid"—he loves his pit—and boy, can he 'natter', just talks himself into the mire. As a whole, we like each other, though we all wish that the Blokes who talk in their sleep would speak up so that we could all get the "gen" or "shut up!"—that Rodgers would not be so "cheesed," that the genius of 78A (our other half) would explain his log entry: PILOTS COMPASS CHECKED by ARCTURUS. (It must be a marvel-

ous instrument, this Arcturus.) That the canteen sold real beer and not liquid yellow gas and Coca Cola. And wish our critics had written this column themselves.

CLASS 79B

LAC N. GURLEY

The writing is on the wall. Some of us have already noticed it. More of us expect to notice it in a month or so. Not that we're pessimistic. Actually we all think we're pretty good, and take great pride in explaining some of the more gruesome aspects of the course to newcomers; our line-shooters are many and distinguished.

We have several types in the class. Take type A—the "gen" men. These are the younger ones. They have an insufficient appreciation for the term Joseph. Their usual procedure is to hide their navigation lights under a bushel and profess a total incapacity to deal with any subject. They hold a post-mortem on every flight, every lecture, every exam. One of them is fond of lifting one of his arms vertically over his head to attract the lecturer's attention to some profound statement he is about to make. I used to think that he wished to go to the W.C. Under this type fall Messrs. Hall and Godfrey. They have both promised themselves a weekend in Winnipeg before the end of the course.

Then we have the quarrelsome type. Some random point is picked upon and each of the two men express a different opinion on it. It always begins like the lat, and long, of Bird's Hill or the relative humidity of Venus. The point is soon left far behind. Before long the question of legitimacy of birth crops up. And as a finale one demands that the other withdraw his presence, in phraseology hardly becoming a u/t Navigator. We may list these "gentlemen" as Type B. A decadent type. No names.

Type C is the quiet, efficient type, very reticent about work. A species of fifth column. They slip up to the Sextant Shot Chart during the lull between periods and unobtrusively fill in a phenomenal number of shots against their names. When walking past the chart they pretend not to notice that it's there. Rather given to embarrassment when asked questions about the number of hours' sleep they have logged. This type is in many ways inseparable from Type A, although "Tubby" Hodgson and LAC Gourlay are a definite Type C without being a Type A.

Of course there are many more types. But personal safety forbids me to list them. I might mention English. He is gifted with a stentorian voice and is thus a veritable godsend when working as pilot in the D.R. Trainer room. Each and every navigator experiences an inward glow when he requests control to "cut off the navigator, please," and all hasten to jot

down the drifts as he sings them out in loud clear-cut tones. His decisive statements also serve to prevent Messrs. Tugwell and Wood from slandering each other for the WHOLE of the trip. If you're ever lost, just wait for English cutting off his navigator. A solid type. Rather likes Winnipeg.

Of course we all rather like Winnipeg, apart from Type A who are not in a position to judge. And after being issued with Link Sextant cases we are at least assured of having something really "dainty" in which to carry our toothbrush, pyjamas, civilian suits, and AP1234's to the big city.

A final word on our instructor. We have decided that he's "pretty damned good." He is affectionately known to us as Louis. Next to the station cinema, Navigation is dear to his heart.

CLASS 82B

"Veni, Vide Sotia."

At the time of going to press we have just left behind our babyhood, and following in famous (and infamous) paths, we have done our share in the "beautification" of the Station. We may have been line-shooters in the Old Country but never expected to whitewash Canada!

For many of us, this is the first time we have been near an aircraft. We gazed at Ansons taking off and even on the ground and, for a while, landing. This, much to the amusement of our neighbours who, with the brilliance associated with navigators, immediately recognized us as "Sprogs."

After many months' fatigues, including Duty Watch, training at Ludlow, lectures were a shock to the mental system of many. Even worse was the physical effect of one period of P.T. Rigor mortis almost set in in several cases. We learn fast and understand that the lapse rate is the time taken for a cadet to "drop off" during a lecture.

Our "dim type" produced two howlers: A rumb line is a test for drunkenness, and Papal Bull is the spit and polish required of Vatican personnel.

Now To Introduce Some of the Flight

Froggatt (Trevor): Our class senior and proud possessor of a bushel under which he may hide his light. His present nocturnal occupation is the study of "jive" and a pair of red "slacks" adds zest to this pursuit. Right Smartly!

Beswick (Bill): Is the inseparable companion of the above and shares studies. In a short while we may get a "Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Sheen" effect from these two.

Ball (K): Affectionately known as "Gill," probably because of his pathological studies in "civvy street." He also is the possessor of a moustache, although the limits are not clearly

defined. He persists in telling everyone that he is fireproof! But definitely!

Ball (Jimmy): Is an exact opposite of his namesake, being a man without blemish. His sporting interest is swimming, but really . . . those trunks!

Ashton (Frank): A man of letters and yet few words spoken. When not writing verses, Frank may be playing football, even if it does mean getting up early in the morning.

Barrett ("Bunny" or "Popsie" or just plain Alan): In his first interview with the press in this country couldn't get away from his favourite subject. Apart from feeding—there's only one other thing left to do—to sleep, perchance to dream!

Webb (Bert): Is the beautiful fair-haired boy of the class. He has, however, disgraced himself by laughing at the wrong moment. He may be consoled by the fact that no marks will be deducted.

CLASS 83A

After periods varying from eight months to a year, Class 83A has at last embarked on this strange and somewhat fearsome course. At least it is fearsome if we are to believe all that we have heard from older classes. The habit, quite common in the Air Force, of conveying to newcomers the impression that they are to be drawn and quartered, mentally if not physically, is still indulged in. Of course, most cadets have had enough experience to know that it is a form of self-flattery. It is quite obvious however, that we are to work, a fact that is exhilarating after a prolonged rest.

The effect was rather like being plunged into an icy stream, being left at first a little numb, and then having to thresh madly in an endeavor to find our feet. Judging by the noise and atmosphere or concentration in class at 2200 hours recently, many have found their feet, but a few are still threshing.

Those characters who are always to be found in every course have as yet not made themselves known, but doubtless before long we will know those of our fellows who like to ask awkward questions, those who borrow rubbers, and the worshippers of "Gen" who play a very important part in helping the less fortunate individuals.

Despite the fact that this station is so isolated, those few comforts and facilities that we find time to enjoy are appreciated to the full.

It cannot be denied that this is one of the best, if not the best station ever to be honored by our presence, and we hope that in the future we will justify ourselves and prove that what has been done before can be done again, perhaps a little better.

CLASS 82A

E. H. BURNEN

Until recently the sproggiest of all the navigator courses, we have taken heart from the arrival of even greener hands on the station, and after a couple of days of dishing out all the gen we have picked up (and the amount of it has amazed even us), we walk about with the confident air of men who know the ropes. By that I don't mean the harassed look of men who are really well-known, but the happy look of men who have surveyed the station from a great height—2,500 ft. indicated. Who knows, we think to ourselves, we may even attain the happy state where we don't have to spell our names to the W.D. at the Post Office but can just look in at the wicket and have her say straight away, "Sorry, none today."

M.T.B. last month took us rather by surprise, and we had to be on our toes to catch this issue. But at least we have got a line on what is required of us in these classroom candidities, which, broadly speaking is to trot out our more interesting types for the general edification of people who don't know us quite so well.

Then the horrid truth strikes us—we have very few types who are interesting to anyone but ourselves. Der Sherki of Baghdad has let us down by refusing to ogle the W.D.'s (or can it be that we haven't seen him?), and our lad from Harlem has been content to wear a battle dress which not even the most avid gossip column writer could call Zoety.

So let it be then, that we are conspicuous by our moderation. Far be it from us to mention that we are the men who laid most of the plumbing in Shropshire, that we have a man in the class who got 98 on computer drill, or even that we only have one room orderly a day.

Let other courses brag of their heavily moustached Don Juans and accomplished performers. We, modest little violets that we are, are content to let virtue take its own reward.

One cri-de-coeur, before we leave. If anybody has invented a silencer for a Rolls Razor, please, oh please bring it along to Barrack Block 30A. We are willing to pay heavily for a little extra sleep.

CLASS 81B

We are now beginning to see daylight after a period of total darkness. At first, lectures were like a vaudeville show, with instructors playing leading parts. Now, after five weeks, we have a dramatic play centred around the same actors.

LAC Brown (The Toothless Wonder) wants to know if a curve of equal bearing is a medium turn in an Anson?

LAC Brooks (Happy) is in urgent need of a bath-chair so that he can rest his poor old feet. Subscriptions

to Col. Williams (Class senior) who has offered to be his attendant.

LAC Hopkins (Wrestler) Is it true he is walking around in a pair of spats because his boots have been in the hands of the stores people for five weeks?

Nameless shall be the chap who told Pilot to a/c visually whilst enveloped in cumulus.

Nameless shall be the chap who came in late and could not hold his beer, but we know him as "Tiger."

On Sept. 25th, we have ten minutes free time, and we should like to challenge any other class to a cross-country run. In closing, we should like to wish all classes "good shooting," and so we go on to the sweet or bitter end.

CLASS 83B

(25 Men and One Australian)

Introducing the first flight of Canadians to take the Navigation Course at No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers—how the one lone Australian got mixed up in this crowd is still a mystery.

The Aussie, K. T. (Keith) Christie, hails from Melbourne, the garden spot of Australia (so he says) and he tells some weird and wonderful stories about his home state.

The Canadians are drawn from all parts of the Dominion—from the rock-ribbed coast of Quebec, to sunny shores of British Columbia, from Fort Francis in the woods to the wilds of the Yukon. (See below.)

The "Digger" has been elected to lead this crew in their quest of knowledge, and "may it be cheers and not tears at the end of the course.

Here's the roll call:
LAC "Kye Jye" Christie—Melbourne, Australia.

LAC "Pappy" Burns—Manson, Man.

LAC "John" Beek—Simpson, Sask.

LAC "Junior" Campbell—Pointe Claire, Que.

LAC "Mel" Chatevert—Montreal, Que.

LAC "Andy" Christie—Montreal, Que.

LAC "Bud" Cattie—Winnipeg, Man.

LAC "Wolf" Crapper—Windsor, Ont.

LAC "Wilf" Drusdale—Beausejour, Man.

LAC "Dutch" Erlino—St. Catharines, Ont.

LAC "Des" Reeves—Toronto, Ont.

LAC "Norm" Hanson—Abbotsford, B.C.

LAC "Jump" Hurdle—Victoria, B.C.

LAC "El Gumbo" Junker—Vancouver B.C.

LAC Tom "Errol" Flynn—Niagara Falls, Ont.

LAC "Big Time" Kuryk—Winnipeg, Man.

LAC "Father" Mracek—Dodsland, Sask.

LAC "Spud" Murphy—Edmonton, Alta.

LAC "Vie" McGaw—Toronto, Ont.

LAC "Moose" Radford—Edmonton, Alta.

LAC "Gord" Smith—Winnipeg, Man.

LAC "Lanky" Smith—Rocky Mt. House, B.C.

LAC Gordon Storry—Qu'Appelle, Sask.

LAC "Jaycee" Todd—Winnipeg, Man.

LAC "Tiny" Thompson—Fort Francis, Ont.

LAC "Smoky" Schmok—Dawson Creek, Yukon.



HENRY

"Those other fellows are in REAL trouble!"

Promotions

Cpl. H. Miller to Sergeant—Electrician.
Cpl. A. R. Carl to Sergeant—A.E.M.
Cpl. C. J. Cormier to Sergeant—A.E.M.
Cpl. R. L. Ferguson to Sergeant—A.E.M.
LAC E. L. Steeden to Corporal—A.E.M.
LAC C. N. Harris to Corporal—A.E.M.
LAC E. R. MacLeod to Corporal—A.E.M.
LAC R. A. Rosenberg to Corporal—A.E.M.
LAC H. Derbyshire to Corporal—Rigger.
LAC R. M. Stewart to Corporal—Masseur.
LAC H. E. Clarkin to Corporal—Chef.
LAC H. F. Ward to Corporal—A.E.M.
LAC E. R. Morefield to Corporal—A.E.M.
LAC F. Dunkley to Corporal—A.E.M.
LAC J. L. Gregg to Corporal—Inst. Maker.
LAC V. G. Douse to Corporal—Electrician.
LAC J. E. Pitre to Corporal—Equip. Asst.
LAC A. H. Beaumont to Corporal—Arm.
Cpl. E. L. Bagg to Sergeant—Dent. Asst.
LAW M. J. Potter to Corporal—Equip. Asst.
LAW E. M. McAllister to Corporal—G.D.
LAW M. M. Baron to Corporal—Equip. Asst.
Sgt. A. J. Down to Flight Sergeant—WOAG.
F/Sgt. H. W. Benstead to WO2—WOAG.
F/Sgt. A. F. Down to WO2—WOAG.
P/O B. J. Jefferson to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O J. W. Taylor to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O H. A. McIntyre to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O W. H. Grand to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O G. W. Oliver to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O J. R. Burns to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O J. R. Metcalfe to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O W. M. Fraser to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O A. H. Mertz to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O D. E. J. Collyer to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O J. G. O. Moen to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O O. C. Gourlay to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O O. F. Reinhardt to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O C. R. Crowter to Flying Officer—Pilot.
P/O N. D. Bray to Flying Officer—Navigator.
P/O J. E. Davidson to Flying Officer—Navigator.
ASO M. A. J. Delahunt to Section Officer—Ad.
Sgt. J. M. Robertson to Flight Sergeant—WOAG

Marriages

WO2 R. H. Carder to P. A. Green on July 6th.
Sgt. F. E. Bridel to M. E. Dean on June 21st.
Sgt. J. B. Burgess to N. M. Webb on July 17th.
P/O R. L. Brennan to D. G. Richardson on July 20th.
F/L D. P. Thompson to E. C. Thompson on July 24th.
F/O D. C. Maxwell to C. G. Cross on July 31st.
LAC L. M. Waters to AW1 D. Marshall on Aug. 10th.
Cpl. J. Bartlette to J. Sanche on August 7th.
LAW A. D. Illingworth to P. J. Harley on August 10th.
Sgt. P. F. Halls to E. J. Watson on August 3rd.
Cpl. J. E. Watson to P. F. Halls on August 3rd.
Cpl. N. E. Montague to L. M. Fraipont on August 7th.
AC2 G. J. Arcand to M. MacMillan on August 22nd.
LAC W. D. Krechuk to M. C. E. Monkman on July 23rd.
P/O J. R. Simonds to A. I. Elder on August 7th.
P/O J. E. Baker to E. L. McRae on August 6th.
AC2 G. H. Harley to M. G. Simpson on August 25th.

★

Births

To F/O and Mrs. R. W. Scott, a daughter—Patricia Ann—on July 20th.
To LAC and Mrs. R. T. Edwards, a son—Sheridan Curtis—on July 13th.
To Sgt. and Mrs. H. S. Kerr, a daughter—Jean Janet—on July 25th.
To WO2 and Mrs. J. G. Jeffrey, a son—Ronald Gordon—on August 8th.
To LAC and Mrs. S. Smitten, a daughter—Lois Alberta—on July 26th.
To F/L and Mrs. G. W. Gardiner, a daughter—Gwynne Ellen—on July 26th.
To F/O and Mrs. J. G. Longdon, a son—John Hugh—on August 6th.
To LAC and Mrs. G. W. G. Mitchell, a daughter—Vivian Fay—on June 20th.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM
CONVENIENT FAST TRAIN SERVICE

To WINNIPEG AND EAST

From CENTRAL NAVIGATION SCHOOL	DAILY	DAILY	DAILY	DAILY	DAILY
By BUS					
Le SCHOOL	11:45 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	1:00 p.m.	6:00 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
Ar BRANDON	1:00 p.m.	2:15 p.m.	2:15 p.m.	7:15 p.m.	7:15 p.m.
By TRAIN					
Le BRANDON	3:00 p.m.	3:50 p.m.	4:45 p.m.	5:30 p.m.	5:25 a.m.
Ar WINNIPEG	5:50 p.m.	6:45 p.m.	7:45 p.m.	9:00 p.m.	8:45 a.m.
Le WINNIPEG		7:30 p.m.	8:30 p.m.		10:00 a.m.
Ar TORONTO					6:45 a.m.
Ar MONTREAL			11:15 a.m.		6:45 a.m.
Ar SAINT JOHN			6:45 a.m.		6:45 a.m.
Ar MONCTON			10:15 a.m.		10:15 a.m.
Ar SUMMERSIDE			6:10 p.m.		6:10 p.m.
Ar DORCHESTER			6:35 p.m.		6:35 p.m.
Ar HALIFAX			6:30 p.m.		6:30 p.m.

On Sundays, Mon. & Tues. 2:30 p.m. On Sundays, Ar. Halifax 8:45 p.m. Daily except Sundays.

RETURNING from WINNIPEG

By TRAIN	SUNDAY ONLY	DAILY EX. SUN.	No. 3 DAILY	No. 7 DAILY	No. 1 DAILY
Le WINNIPEG	10:50 p.m.	9:00 a.m.	10:30 a.m.	11:10 a.m.	9:00 p.m.
Ar BRANDON	1:50 a.m.	1:05 p.m.	1:35 p.m.	2:15 p.m.	12:40 a.m.
By BUS					
Le BRANDON	6:45 a.m.	3:45 p.m.	3:45 p.m.	3:45 p.m.	1:00 a.m.
Ar SCHOOL	8:00 a.m.	5:00 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	5:00 p.m.	2:15 a.m.

DAILY SERVICE WESTBOUND

Leave NAVIGATION SCHOOL	DAILY-BUS	DAILY-BUS	DAILY-BUS
	11:45 a.m.	1:00 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
Arrive BRANDON	1:00 p.m.	2:15 p.m.	7:15 p.m.

Leave BRANDON at 1:50 a.m., 2:30 p.m., or 1:00 a.m. for Regina, Moose Jaw, Medicine Hat, Calgary, Banff and Vancouver.

Travel Information and Reservations from Ticket Agent, Whittland, Phone 48 Ring 3, or write W. Hooper, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg, Man.

Canadian National Railways

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

To WINNIPEG AND EAST;

SASKATOON, EDMONTON, JASPER PARK, VANCOUVER.

EASTBOUND DAILY FROM RIVERS "The Continental Ltd."
 Lv. RIVERS 3:30 p.m. (Toronto Section) Ar. WINNIPEG 6:45 p.m.
 Lv. RIVERS 4:35 p.m. (Montreal Section) Ar. WINNIPEG 7:45 p.m.
 Ar. TORONTO 7:20 a.m. (second morning)
 Ar. MONTREAL 11:15 a.m. (second morning)
 Lv. RIVERS 6:10 a.m. to Winnipeg only. Ar. WINNIPEG 9:55 a.m.

WESTBOUND DAILY FROM WINNIPEG "The Continental Ltd."
 Lv. WINNIPEG 10:15 a.m. (Toronto Section) Ar. RIVERS 1:40 p.m.
 Lv. WINNIPEG 11:20 a.m. (Montreal Section) Ar. RIVERS 2:50 p.m.
 Lv. WINNIPEG 6:15 p.m. from Winnipeg only. Ar. RIVERS 10:20 p.m.

WESTBOUND DAILY FROM RIVERS
 Lv. RIVERS 1:50 p.m. and 3:00 p.m. "The Continental Ltd." for Saskatoon, Edmonton, Jasper Park and Vancouver.
 Lv. RIVERS 10:30 p.m. for Saskatoon, Prince Albert and Edmonton.

Air Conditioned Cars and Dining Car Service on all Trains.

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

For Travel Information, write
 H. J. DUPUIS, District Passenger Agent, Winnipeg

W. E. DOBBS,
 General Passenger Agent.

MOVIES OF THE MONTH

Sat. & Sun., Sept. 11 & 12—
JOHNNY DOUGHBOY
 (Jane Withers - Patrick Brook)

Mon. & Tues., Sept. 13 & 14—
VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER
 (Disney)

Thurs. & Fri., Sept. 16 & 17—
FIRST COMES COURAGE
 (Brian Aherne - Merle Oberon)

Sat. & Sun., Sept. 18 & 19—
WATCH ON THE RHINE
 (Bette Davis - Paul Lukas)

Mon. & Tues., Sept. 20 & 21—
CASABLANCA
 (Humphrey Bogart - Ingrid Bergman)

Thurs. & Fri., Sept. 23 & 24—
BEHIND THE RISING SUN
 (Margo - Tom Neal)

Sat. & Sun., Sept. 25 & 26—
SO PROUDLY WE HAIL
 (Claudette Colbert - Sonny Tufts)

Mon. & Tues., Sept. 27 & 28—
HENRY THE 8TH
 (Charles Laughton - Merle Oberon)

Thurs. & Fri., Sept. 30 & Oct. 1—
THE SKY'S THE LIMIT
 (Fred Astaire - Ginger Rogers)

Sat. & Sun., Oct. 2 & 3—
HEAVEN CAN WAIT
 (Don Ameche)

Mon. & Tues., Oct. 4 & 5—
SPITFIRE
 (Leslie Howard - Rosalind John - David Niven)

MacArthur Transportation Co. Ltd.
 Brandon

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

Leaving Rivers	Leaving Airport
6:30 a.m.	6:45 a.m.
7:00 a.m.	7:15 a.m.
7:40 a.m.	8:00 a.m.
8:45 a.m.	9:00 a.m.
9:30 a.m.	9:45 a.m.
12:40 p.m.	1:00 p.m.
2:00 p.m.	2:15 p.m.
4:00 p.m.	4:30 p.m.
4:45 p.m.	5:15 p.m.
5:30 p.m.	6:00 p.m.
6:30 p.m.	7:00 p.m.
7:20 p.m.	8:00 p.m.
9:30 p.m.	10:00 p.m.
10:30 p.m.	11:00 p.m.
11:30 p.m.	12:00 p.m.
12:30 a.m. (Sat. Nights Only)	

Phone - Rivers 45

LAKE OF THE WOODS — TRAIN SERVICE, 1943

EASTBOUND - READ DOWN				WESTBOUND - READ UP			
No. 4 Daily	No. 4 Daily	No. 2 Daily	STATIONS	No. 3 Daily	No. 7 Daily	No. 1 Daily	
PM	PM	AM		AM	AM	PM	
6:30	7:30	10:00	Lv. WINNIPEG	Ar	9:30	10:05	7:45
.....	7:45	12:25 Ingot	7:56	8:11
.....	10:27	12:58 Lacle	7:58	8:27
11:30	10:30	1:15	Ar. Keweenaw	Lv	6:40	7:15	6:25
11:40	10:40	1:25	Ar. KENORA	Lv	6:30	7:05	6:15
PM	PM	PM		AM	AM	PM	

(*) No. 4 will stop to detain passengers at Ingot and Lacle on Fridays and Saturdays.

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

LAKE WINNIPEG RESORTS — TRAIN SERVICE, 1943

NORTHBOUND - READ UP				SOUTHBOUND - READ DOWN			
No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily	No. 3 Daily	STATIONS	No. 4 Daily	No. 7 Daily	No. 1 Daily	
PM	PM	PM		AM	PM	AM	
11:30	11:30	11:30	Lv. WINNIPEG	Ar	6:10	12:00	1:30
.....	11:30	11:30 Ingot	6:21	12:11	1:41
.....	11:30	11:30 Lacle	6:23	12:13	1:43
.....	11:30	11:30 Keweenaw	6:25	12:15	1:45
.....	11:30	11:30 KENORA	6:27	12:17	1:47
.....	11:30	11:30 Morden	6:29	12:19	1:49
.....	11:30	11:30 Neepawa	6:31	12:21	1:51
.....	11:30	11:30 Carleton Place	6:33	12:23	1:53
.....	11:30	11:30 Winnipeg	6:35	12:25	1:55
.....	11:30	11:30 Brandon	6:37	12:27	1:57
.....	11:30	11:30 Regina	6:39	12:29	1:59
.....	11:30	11:30 Saskatoon	6:41	12:31	2:01
.....	11:30	11:30 Edmonton	6:43	12:33	2:03
.....	11:30	11:30 Vancouver	6:45	12:35	2:05

(*) No. 1 and No. 2 will stop at Carleton Place, Brandon and Neepawa on the following: June 25, 26, 27 and 28; Aug. 25, 26, 27 and 28; Oct. 25, 26, 27 and 28. (**) No. 3 will stop at Carleton Place, Brandon and Neepawa on the following: June 25, 26, 27 and 28; Aug. 25, 26, 27 and 28; Oct. 25, 26, 27 and 28. (**) No. 4 will stop at Carleton Place, Brandon and Neepawa on the following: June 25, 26, 27 and 28; Aug. 25, 26, 27 and 28; Oct. 25, 26, 27 and 28. (**) No. 7 will stop at Carleton Place, Brandon and Neepawa on the following: June 25, 26, 27 and 28; Aug. 25, 26, 27 and 28; Oct. 25, 26, 27 and 28. (**) No. 1 will stop at Carleton Place, Brandon and Neepawa on the following: June 25, 26, 27 and 28; Aug. 25, 26, 27 and 28; Oct. 25, 26, 27 and 28. (**) No. 2 will stop at Carleton Place, Brandon and Neepawa on the following: June 25, 26, 27 and 28; Aug. 25, 26, 27 and 28; Oct. 25, 26, 27 and 28. (**) No. 3 will stop at Carleton Place, Brandon and Neepawa on the following: June 25, 26, 27 and 28; Aug. 25, 26, 27 and 28; Oct. 25, 26, 27 and 28. (**) No. 4 will stop at Carleton Place, Brandon and Neepawa on the following: June 25, 26, 27 and 28; Aug. 25, 26, 27 and 28; Oct. 25, 26, 27 and 28. (**) No. 7 will stop at Carleton Place, Brandon and Neepawa on the following: June 25, 26, 27 and 28; Aug. 25, 26, 27 and 28; Oct. 25, 26, 27 and 28.

Canadian Pacific Transport Co.

BUS SERVICE

between
 AIR NAVIGATION SCHOOL
WHEATLAND - BRANDON

	PM	PM	PM
EASTBOUND			
Lv. AIR SCHOOL	11:45	1:00	6:00
RIVERS	11:58	1:13	6:13
Ar. BRANDON	1:00	2:15	7:16
(P.M. Section)			
WESTBOUND			
Lv. BRANDON	6:45	3:45	1:00
RIVERS	7:42	4:42	1:57
Ar. AIR SCHOOL	8:00	5:00	2:15

Passengers will depart locally between Air School and Wheatland and Brandon on the following dates:

CONNECTIONS AT BRANDON WITH C.P.N. TRAINS

Train	Departs	Arrives
EASTBOUND		
Train 2 Daily	6:05 p.m.	5:25 a.m.
Train 4 "	2:35 p.m.	3:50 p.m.
Train 5 "	4:35 p.m.	4:45 p.m.
Train 94 Ex. Sun.	(To Winnipeg only)	5:00 p.m.
WESTBOUND		
Train 1 Daily	12:40 a.m.	1:00 a.m.
Train 52 Ex. Sun.	1:05 p.m.	1:50 p.m.
Train 3 Daily	1:35 p.m.	2:30 p.m.
Train 7 "	2:15 p.m.	2:30 p.m.