

# MTB

*MESSAGE O BASE*

OCTOBER, 1943

VOLUME 1, No. 3



No. 1 C. N. S.

RIVERS, MAN.



**Mart Kenney**  
AND HIS WESTERN GENTLEMEN  
**C.N.S. DRILL HALL**



*Canada's Leading Dance Band*

will be with us once again; this time  
in celebration of HALLOWE'EN. All  
personnel and their friends are invited  
to a . . .

*Hallowe'en Party in the Drill Hall*



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Airmen, W.D's, Friends and Civilian Staff  
*25 cents*

Officers, Senior N.C.O's and Friends  
*50 cents*

**BUS TRANSPORTATION WILL BE ARRANGED**

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# 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 24th of each month. Contributors are urged to sign all contributions.

VOLUME 1, No. 3

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## EDITOR'S CORNER

OUR thanks are directed to one and all for your enthusiastic support of last month's M. T. B. It is a real pleasure to bring it to our readers each month and now that we have successfully "hurdled the hump" we hope its pages will go down in the annals of the station.

G. I. S. and Flying Squadron, in turn, have been featured and now we take pleasure in presenting that hard working gang from Maintenance, representing as they do, the largest section of permanent personnel on the station. News of our intention to highlight Maintenance in the October issue was followed by the most heartening response of articles and material that it has ever been my good fortune to experience,—no less than seven contributions were submitted. To publish a monthly station magazine, an editor must depend almost wholly on the response of individuals to his requests and a glance through these pages will testify my gratification.

In these times of strife and toil we are thrown together from all parts of the world to act as a unit in the discharge of our duties—our job here at No. 1 C. N. S. need not be enlarged upon. We all look for the day when we may return to our civilian occupations, to our native lands and to a world made better to live in as a result of our combined efforts. Months, years, are passing while we gather momentum in the right direction and we are happy in our knowledge that we are all in there pitching, helping in the war effort. But meanwhile, we owe ourselves a right to happiness and what better way than to make the most of what we have around us.

Comprising a community of over 2,000 strong, we are given opportunities every day to form new life-long friendships; to develop ourselves both mentally and physically by taking advantage of the many and varied types of clubs, recreational, social and sport activities. If M. T. B. can help to solidify

all sections of our station into one unit as a whole then our aim will be largely fulfilled—just one big, happy family is our objective.

The response of other sections to the request for representation in M. T. B. was excellent and we are pleased to include write-ups from the station hospital, canteen, equipment section, accounts and the service police. We sincerely hope the representatives from these sections will continue to lend a hand each month hereafter. What should prove a very "hot" section is Cpl. "Lefty" Wyer's—that effervescent man about Rivers—and how that man does get around! Lefty was our popular choice to head up a gossip column for which so many have been clamouring since the first issue. It is our hope that this column will be received by our readers in the same manner in which it is being presented—not in the least maliciously, but strictly in fun. Also a featured writer from now on will be that personable sports enthusiast F/S Harold Boughen, who heads up the Sports Parade this month. His column is quite apart from the section handled by our hard working Sports' Editor, Sgt. Bob Ferguson.

It is pointed out to our many contributors that should your article or poem not be printed right off, do not feel your efforts are not appreciated, but bear with us in the knowledge that we cannot put all our eggs in one basket. We appreciate every contribution and shall use them all eventually. And to section representatives, don't feel your material must be a fun fest for your particular gang each month, but endeavor to make all your contributions of genuine interest to all sections. Read over AW1 J. Hasting's comments under Women's Division this month—a job really well done.

Our full page of cartoons this month is due to the splendid work of P/O Austin Wright and AC2 Bill Argan, both newcomers to our growing staff. Thanks, fellows!





• Presenting Maintenance Wing. Candid shots of our background martyrs in action.





# Maintenance



## Greetings From Maintenance

WE DENIZENS from the dark, dank corners of the various hangars salute you! For any interested readers, the following is a brief description of Maintenance Wing.

Central Maintenance, as approved by A.F.H.Q., with all its ramifications, divisions, sub-divisions, responsibilities and authority is rampant in full swing and successful, we hope, on this station.

Maintenance Wing consists of two squadrons—Repair and Servicing. Repair Squadron is at present, housed partly in No. 4 hangar and various shops attached to it are scattered hither and yon. When the new hangar opens on that long awaited day, Repair Squadron, Electrical, Instrumental, Ignition, Sheet Metal, Machine, Carpenter and Fabric shops will be housed under one roof. In what is called the floor section of Repair Squadron, are the various crews who look after all minor and major inspections for all aircraft of the unit. Corporals are in charge of each crew, sergeants are in charge of every three crews, flight sergeants are responsible for all crews in one bay.

Most of our senior N.C.O.'s have been with us since the early days of the station, and what they don't know about our Ansons isn't worth knowing. In charge of the major inspections is Flight Sergeant Moon, a fitter by trade. Under him are three sergeants—Sergeants Page, Payzant and Carll. Flight Sergeant Bremner is "daddy" to the boys of the minor inspection bay, and rigging is his trade! Assisting him are Sergeants Frost, Cormier and Tindall. The whole kit and caboodle are responsible to the O.C. Repair Squadron, who is in turn responsible to the C.E.O.

The same setup of responsibility is true of the many Work Shops which are a part of Repair Squadron. To mention a few of the lads attached to these sections we have Flight Sergeant George Handfield i/c Station Workshops; Flight Sergeant Boughen i/c Electrical Shop; Sergeant Allen i/c Instrument

Shop; Sergeant Hooper i/c Ignition Shop; Corporal Ingersoll i/c Machine Shop and Sergeant Sangster handles the boys and girls of the Parachute Section.

The work of Servicing Squadron entails daily inspections, minor unserviceabilities, seeing that the aircraft are clean, Flight Commanders happy, pilots pacified, the required number of aircraft leave the ground on each trip and forcing of pilots to return chutes for repacking by the Parachute Section silk worms. Servicing Squadron is, in turn, divided into four flights with a Sergeant over each flight. Flights are divided into two crews—night and day shifts. The crews are ruled by Corporals. The Corporals are responsible to the Sergeants. The Sergeants must answer to the two Flight Sergeants in Servicing Headquarters and the O.C. Servicing Squadron beats them on the head if things go wrong and is in turn mutilated by the C.E.O. whenever necessary.

Servicing Squadron boasts of a goodly crop of senior N.C.O.'s as well. Flight Sergeant MacLung and Flight Sergeant May retaliate from the Squadron's Headquarters to see the blows aimed at them by the various sergeants, etc. Sergeant Short looks after the boys of "A" flight and Sergeant Saville has recently taken over control of "B" flight. Sergeant Ferguson handles the whip over the boys of "C" flight which is the duty flight of the Squadron and holding down the job of N.C.O. i/c of "D" flight is Sergeant Buchanan. He can boast among other things of being able to track down a deer with the greatest of ease. In charge of the Squadron at night is Sergeant Craig—the lone wolf.

That will give the gentle reader some idea of the Maintenance Wing setup but unfortunately it will not unload many of the trials and tribulations which naturally occur, when the law of gravity is defied by insisting that Ansons fly, and when everyone cannot be an N.C.O.

In closing, a prayer is offered to Equipment—Give us the parts—we will fly them in formation!

## Electrical Section

OUR aim this month is to introduce M.T.B. readers to some of the "gang" around the electrical section who do so much to "keep 'em flying."

All aircraft wiring, lights, batteries and generators are maintained by our section. Anyone doubting the part No. 1 C.N.S. Electrical Section plays in the Great Commonwealth Air Training Plan, will be welcome to call around to our little bee-hive of activity in the lean-to of No. 3 hangar, where the sign of welcome hangs above the door to all barring none, not even Riggers or Fitters. The man who determines the destiny of our little bee-hive is none

other than the veteran F/S Boughen who has followed this unit from its origin in Trenton, Ontario. Our second senior N.C.O. is also a veteran of the old school having come here in November 1940 and is none other than Sergeant H. (Bus) Miller, who says, "No, you can't have the afternoon off. Get cracking on those generators!" or "Get going on that acceptance—and no going to bed!" or to our very genial F/S Boughen, "Let's have a meeting." (??) Let us not forget the boys who are going across the pond in the near future—AC's Wade, Plume, Dajen, Streek (former M.T.B. circulation manager), Robertson and

last but not least our friend from the ol' country, Motor Generator Hayes. Would our friend posted to No. 8 R.D. please tip the boys off to his secret, and we hope he likes it there. We would also like to say good going to the LAC servicing the link trainer.

Cpl. Hunsinger is one of the Pennfield boys and hails from Fisherville, Ontario (Tee-pe-town). Course you know that is handy to Brantford, Ontario, and is it true there is an Indian Reservation there? And knowing him as we do one often stops to think—but it couldn't be, could it? Favorite saying of Cpl. Hunsinger, throwing out his chest, "I have to go home. I have a young son to look after and he just looks like the old man. Look at his hand, he is going to be a boxer." But Cp., you forgot to say "look at his feet."

Cpl. Fowler, a newcomer hailing from Dafoe, is tall, dark and of the Romeo type, with curly hair tending to thin out back on his temples.

Then there is LAC Bourque from Moncton, N.B., who says he can beat anyone at crib and ping-pong (we don't think so) and is a fair all-round athlete,

but did anyone ever hear him say he could shoot crap? Ask him.

Then we have a newly made Corporal in the person of Jack Hamilton hailing from the North Country in good old Ontario. He says his ambition is to be a pipe major.

We have in our section one of the most peculiar yet genial personalities in the form of Cpl. V. Douse who is also one of the "old" boys from Pennfield Ridge. Cpl. Douse comes from P.E.I. and his tales of that dear garden off the gulf are many and varied. Confidentially readers, his favorite foods are P.E.I. potatoes and preserved turnips.

We have some free and easy lads from the great Ontario North in LAC's Vanier, Malouin, Taylor and last but not least, D. Gardiner from Eagle River where the biggest fish always get away.

In all we feel that we have a very efficient section and at some future date we hope to keep the readers of this progressive paper informed on the news, views and highlights of the Electrical Section.

## Your Instrument Shop

AC1 "BARDY" HANLEY

NOW that everything considered as "news" is of high importance, the Instrument Shop of No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers, comes into the "limelight"—but definitely. I have been given the honor of preparing a few lines on the Shop, its establishment and the importance of its being.

It's true—yes, that every station needs an Instrument Shop—but not all stations can boast of having one as good as yours, dear reader. Now I suppose you're saying, "Some brag eh?" But Friend—set and think of this. You are proud of M.T.B.—and so are we—but we also want you to know that your station paper will not consider anything which does not hold a position of high importance and, dear reader, exactly what I am driving at is—we, the Instrument Section, were highly honored to be given a chance to say "Hello" to you, one and all, through the medium of M.T.B.

The Instrument Section has been on the station since it first opened. With original quarters in Maintenance the 1st Instrument Mechanics included the following boys:

"Ted" Allen—who is "our" boss and sergeant at present.

Nory Schmelling—now a sergeant in charge at Gimli. "Chuck" Taylor—In Seattle, Washington, as a Cpl.—that's the last news of him, says "Ted."

"Mike O'Leary—is a Sergeant now at Prince Rupert. "Bob" Ritchie—left as a Cpl. to Arn Prior, Ontario. "Rube" McDonald—is now overseas as a Cpl.

So you can easily see the "Shop" is well represented here, there and everywhere—which shows that the hard working Instrument Boys make good—(?) (?) (?)

All kidding aside, your Instrument Section is an efficient one. We work hand in hand with the "boys" over in the Maintenance Hangar and Servicing Squadron. We take our work earnestly, and when there is a job to be done, well—the sooner the better. We all like our positions here as Instrument Mechanics and intend to keep the No. 1 C.N.S. Shop on "top."

So now that's all cleared up, let me introduce to you lucky people—our present staff at the "Shop." Starting from top—and going along the line—we have first of all—

Our boss and Sergeant—Ted Allen. Ted hails from Penticton, B.C., and incidentally, really knows his business in this field. Next come our three corporals, namely, Harry Monoogian, Harry White, and Ed Greig. These fellows are three of the original crew of Instrument Mechanics coming from Pennfield over a year ago. But alas, the trio is to be broken up. We are sorry to say that we are losing "our" friend and "yours," Cpl. Harry Monoogian. Harry leaves soon for Ottawa. Talking about boys—or should I say, "one of the boys"?—well, Harry Monoogian certainly is just that. Harry—or "Noogy," as he was usually called—leaves behind him, besides a lot of close friends, a good reputation. He knows his work and delights in helping the "lads." "Noogy" would make a good boss too. So Harry, let me on behalf of all the boys in the Shop, and all your friends on the station, say not good-bye, but "We'll meet again some sunny day."

Cpl. Harry White—or "Whitey," as he is nicknamed, comes from Winnipeg, and is another "favorite" with the boys. Harry is a conscientious worker, and has lots of friends at No. 1 C.N.S.

Cpl. "Eddy" Greig—another N.C.O., well known and well liked by all the boys. Eddy has been quiet these few days—had to say good-bye to his wife who came to Rivers to spend a month's holiday. She now returns East to War Work—Poor Eddy!!!

Next in line come our "A" Groupers. First of all—

Joe Sokalski—Hails from Winnipeg via the Highlands of Poland. Favorite and pet saying is—"EEEE LADDIE."

Earl Batty—From down Hamilton way. Came back from Harvest Leave picking and eating fruit. Some Harvest!

## Sergeant Sangster's Gangsters

THIS is our first entry in M. T. B. and we're very pleased to come in and 'chute our little line. In case you don't know where to find us (if you should want to look us up) just come around to the south side of D flight hangar . . . or better still, ask the first u/t airman you see. He can tell you because he'll probably be headed for here himself.

You'll find us on duty twenty-four hours a day—well, almost—as long as the Ansons fly. And even though the navvies and pilots swear black and blue that they don't trust our 'chutes, still it's amazing how many of them wouldn't move a foot off the ground without one. We really appreciate that, boys!

They call us "Sgt. Sangster and his Gangsters"; ably assisted by Cpl. Derbyshire "Derby" who barks ferociously at all cadets, but never yet has been known to bite. However, there's always a first time, so don't keep those 'chutes out overnight, fellows, and be sure to sign your name!

There are a few items which add to our daily smiles at the passing parade of events—and things—through the section. For instance:

We've often wondered why such a number of pilots and W.A.G.'s have come in to see the mysteries of 'chute packing demonstrated. Could it be that they are all seeing "ked"? We hear that she's studying wireless just to keep up on technicalities.

Then there are the many and varied explanations of just how that rip-cord was pulled, including, "I

only looked at the d - - - thing and it popped open!" Or "Blimey! Cahn I 'elp it if the blinkin' W.A.G. tripped over the bally 'andle and hopened my chute?"

It seems our little brown-eyed brunette goes for Discipline—pardon, discipline—in a big way. We gather that she's also pretty good at drill. Wonder if she "dresses by the left"?

While we're on the subject of smiles, here's a big welcome smile for our new rigger ACI Bill Harper, who has recently joined our ranks. We're glad to have you, Bill, and wish you lots of luck.

And do you know the L.A.W. who saves all her smiles for the R.A.F., learns D.R. in her spare moments, and talks navigation in her sleep? Three guesses as to who she is!

Here are a few famous sayings by infamous people. Do you recognize any of them?

Sgt.??—I've got a marvellous cleaning fluid here. You see, I mix  $\frac{1}{2}$  carbon tet.,  $\frac{1}{4}$  thinner, and  $\frac{1}{8}$  mmm mWhamm! That's all, folks!

Poor Sergeant, we feel for you, but we can't reach you now!

Cpl.??? You make me so mad! !

Cpl. ??? (WD). Do any of you girls know the words to Waltzing Matilda?"

"Shorty" (the stand-'em-up kid). After all is said and done, you can't beat a drummer boy."

## Office Routine

ONE very cold day in January, 1943, four very timid W.D.'s arrived at the section to find themselves appointed to the "Squirrel Cage." Of the original four, "Midge" and "Bunny" are still plugging away together with "Silver," under the able supervision of "Joe" Cormier. Recently we have welcomed AW1 Attwood, who with Cpl. Lindsay, is amending C.A.P. 55's.

In the N.C.O.'s room we find "Pepper" making entries in C.A.P. 55's and doing a fine job of it, too. "Pepper" holds an enviable position, I might say, what with those handsome N.C.O.'s milling around her at all times of the day.

F/S Russell, the master mind of Maintenance, supervises the Orderly Room. In this cold storage room may be found two W.D.'s—Cpl. Riddell and

LAW Chivers. Here amid the noise of running aircraft and loud conversations, their daily work is carried out. Here we might say that Maintenance does not make mistakes—maybe a few errors, but what section is perfect? This is one section that does not boast of a heating system, and on cold days various types of garb are to be seen—bush or flying jackets, trench coats and gloves. We must not overlook the never failing "Johnny" who in break periods dishes out the cokes. This same LAC is responsible for the fine upholstering in various lounges on this station.

We have presented for you the personnel of our Offices with the exception of the officers who have been described in previous articles. So you will see that we are quite a happy lot of people and so we should be.

## Ignition Shop Sparks

LAC KINGDOM

THE Ignition Shop, to us, is a very important and vital place. All spark plugs and magnetos are serviced and overhauled here. If there is work to be done we do it, but also we are not above taking it easy when time permits.

Our staff is headed by Sergeant Hooper, who has been in charge of this section for a good many months. His staff include Bennie Blanchard, Don Collyer, Earl Linnen, and yours truly.

In our estimation the parts of the engine we handle are the most important and so we do our job carefully. We are rewarded by the fact that there has not been an aircraft lost due to ignition trouble. Of course, rev. drops are found quite often on a

clock test of an aircraft, but I can truthfully say that they are not due to faulty work in our section. This all probably sounds like bragging, but I think that we are quite justified in bragging a little.

Our system of bookkeeping was organized by Sergeant Hooper when he took over the shop. It is now possible to know exactly where all of our plugs and magnetos are. The system looks quite complicated, but it is actually very simple when you know what it is all about.

The smooth running of this unit is due to the co-operation of the boys who work here and the boys on the floor in Maintenance. So it is with our help that they "keep 'em flying!"



# Women's D I V I S I O N



AW1 J. HASTINGS

## Romantic

This month's edition finds me pinch-hitting for our editor, Cpl. Margaret Wilcox, who is busy saying, "I do," to Flying Officer Warren Taylor. It was one of those story book romances with Flying Officer Taylor being posted and Marg. feeling very down about it, when out of a clear blue sky the romantic Mr. Taylor phoned long distance and said—well, never mind what he said—but by the time this has gone to press they will be Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, and everyone who knows what a really fine couple they are will wish them the very best. Marg. says it all began when they discovered that they both loved music, her theory being that if you both like the same things you are bound to get around to orange blossoms sooner or later, which makes me tremble for all those people who like cokes, and bowling and hot dogs and things.

## Rambling

The W.D. barracks is simply glowing with romance and such these days. By the time this appears in print, LAW Forshaw and her "Hutch" should be like old married folks, also "Midge" and "Doc."

Everyone was thrilled for Cpl. McMurchie when her commission came through. "Murch" worked hard for the W.D. She is a splendid organizer, spared herself nothing and had a large share in the successes of station dances and the new W.D. canteen.

Speaking of the new canteen, the girls owe a huge vote of thanks to a large number of people, too many to recount here, but including F/L Walley and his men from Works and Buildings, Flight Officer Northwood and most of the W.D. N.C.O.'s. The canteen is beautifully furnished and with such a homey atmosphere that it would be the ideal place to be homesick in, were it not for the fact that it is usually buzzing with activity, squelching any nostalgic comparisons with "Mom's living-room." Incidentally there is a dance there every Saturday night—interested, boys?

Speaking of dancing, AW2 Dorothy Atwood and AC2 Jimmy Braithwaite seem to have demonstrated to everyone that jitter-bugging can be graceful.

## Thoughtful

Remember that October day in 1941, when the newspapers announced in banner headlines that the government was going to recruit women? And remember the general public indignation? The feeling seemed to be unanimous—women in uniform could never be a success; only a certain class of woman would ever lower herself to living in camps with men. A happy hunting ground for undesirable women, or an old maid's last hope, was the way this new government experiment was labelled.

Not long afterwards on a Toronto street car I saw my first W.D. When she boarded the car, even reserved Toronto heads turned and there was much

whispering in disapproval. I am afraid I was guilty of a secret admiration, for this girl was obviously not immoral nor was she an "old maid." She was young, pretty, and intelligent looking, her manner most acceptable. She was what our grandmothers would have called "a lady." She must have had great courage, too, for the W.D. would have failed otherwise.

The gossip went on, but so did recruiting, and when I was in Toronto in my uniform in June of this year, the difference in the public attitude was striking. On a street car a man got up and gave me his seat (yes, girls, actually!) two dear old ladies engaged me in conversation, the gist of which was how they wished they were my age and could be in service, too. A little girl guide wished the same thing.

The splendid department of those first recruits had gradually changed public hostility into admiration. We now have private families entertaining us, people turning their clubs over to us, and we certainly have the whole-hearted support of the press. No mean item was the announcement recently from Air Minister Powers to the government that 9,000 men have been able to remuster to air crew this year. The value of the W.D. is attested.

There is another aspect of service life for women that is perhaps equally important, and which we shall do well to remember when we are feeling a trifle "browned off" as the R.A.F. say. The lot of a young girl in wartime is, of necessity, not a happy one. True, she might not have been bombed, and she is still able to get lipstick and silk stockings, but there is a repression of which she can't help but be aware. In the city of Toronto alone, recent statistics showed that there were eight women to every man—a high toll of loved ones has been taken from Canadian homes. The life of a civilian girl is routine, getting to the office at nine o'clock, working until five, coming home to a house that is much too quiet since her brothers went overseas, going to the movies with her girl friends who aren't stimulating company since they are as unhappy as herself.

The service has given women a much more tolerable wartime existence. When a girl is up at six-thirty A.M., and sandwiches in a few parade square gymnastics with a working day, which so often runs past five, when Sunday is just a day on the calendar, and when she is meeting thousands of people of all races and creeds, there is no time for brooding. To be sure there is grumbling in barracks, but it doesn't go very deep. The average W.D. is a lucky girl, living a healthy, useful life, and having a glorious adventure—and she knows it.

Let us on this second birthday of the Women's Division not forget the standards laid down by the W.D.'s, or their ideal of a way in which women, rising high above petty cattiness and vulgarity, would win the right to say to their children, "You are living in a better world and I helped to build it."

## PRESENTING OUR NEWLYWEDS



Flying Officer and Mrs. Allister Jack are shown, left, being toasted by Hammy, the "boss" of the Officers' Mess, in centre as they left Rivers United Church with a W.D. guard of honor and at the right cutting the wedding cake at their reception.

### Greetings from Equipment Section

LAW KELLY

IN INTRODUCING the Equipment Section to our readers this month we present, firstly, our administrators—S/L Wolferstan, heading the section; WO1 Racine, in charge of the orderly room; Section Officer A. Leach, in charge of clothing stores and publications; and Flying Officer Smith, in charge of barrack stores. The Equipment Section includes the orderly room, Tech stores, barrack stores, I. and R. section, clothing stores and publications.

The past month has resulted in a few changes in the section—F/S Bradshaw is now in charge of Tech stores and F/S Nixon is in charge of provisioning in the orderly room.

#### Clothing Stores

Now you good people we've no wish to bore  
But have you ever worked in a clothing store?  
Or tried to fill an airman's kit  
With wearing apparel that doesn't fit?  
We toil all day from morn till night  
Trying to outfit them all just right,  
But here is where our problem lies  
Every person is a different size  
Some trousers are narrow, some are wide  
In some of them two people could hide,  
No matter whether one's short or tall  
The pair you get is either too large or too small.

A second weiner roast was held by the section on Sept. 16, down by the river. Practically the whole section attended and a good time was had by all. LAW's Munroe and Kane entertained us with songs—they could barely speak above a whisper the next day!

Delicious refreshments were served (no cutlery) and everyone in the section is looking forward to a repeat performance if and when Indian Summer hits Rivers.

Slogan of Clothing Stores—"Store closed—Stock-taking."

Heard over and over again—"Sorry boys, no shoes today."

Where is a certain W.D. corporal going to spend her next 48?

### Footnotes from The Parade Square

F/O BULLIS

CPL. STEPHENSON deserves credit for the exceptional fine showing put on by his class of fifty general duties upon completion of their Basic Training and at present another hundred are under his and Sgt. Dickson's instruction.

The Officers' Drill course is progressing favorably, concentrating mainly on mutual instruction. A member of the station did salute the ensign with his left hand the other day—could it be that his right arm was disabled?

C.A.P. 90 is in great demand lately due to the large number of personnel requiring drill qualification. This interest along with instruction that is available to all, is seeing everybody over the "promotion bump."

Congratulations are extended to Headquarter's Wing on their good showing during the march past at the Commanding Officer's Inspection.

P.T. for the R.A.F. Aircrew is a trial for the eyes these days, especially watching their attempt at Basketball—the only things indicating what game is being attempted is the presence of the baskets and the ball.

Who was the disciplinarian who was set back on his heels the other day trying to decipher the R.A.F. drill? We hear that one of his pals had to start learning French in order to put his drill across.

WO2 Jones and Sgt. Linton returned from Trenton upon successful completion of their P.T. and D. course and at present F/S Reynolds and Sgt. Coupar have left to attend the same course.

Let's not forget the chap in the background, AC2 Canfield—the lad who is responsible for our sports equipment being returned to stores and who is also doing a splendid job looking after the P.T. and D. office on the side.



# Hangar Harangue



ERNE BOORER

## SERVICING SQUADRON

THIS section has felt the change and now has a new captain at the helm. To our old boss we say, "Lots of luck"; and to our new one, "You're doing a swell job." One thing that stands out these days is the new captain flitting around on one of the newly painted tractors; ah, yes, the age of speed is definitely here. Latest news on the two fliers of Servicing Squadron is that the bright blue one is now fully winterized and that lad with the elastic legs hopes to ride his faithful steed through the coming winter. The big question around the flights now-a-days is which one is Mert and which one is Gert?

Speaking of Mert and Gert, could that be the attraction that keeps the various N.C.O.'s always busy visiting Servicing Squadron? Our section has one real casanova and it's too bad that his style is cramped by his being on night duty most of the time. We close with a reminder—if you have a moan, drop in, because we specialize in moan cure.

## "A" FLIGHT

When our Sergeant calls up "A" Flight, then it's "A" as in "Angels"; but the devil has done some heavy recruiting of late. Recent rumors of a party have a certain member of our flight taped for being out with a cute W.D. So, maybe we are Angels.

Incidentally, would someone please drop a note to a certain corporal in our flight informing him that the 1/c cord is not a skipping rope; twice now he's pulled the cord out; my, my, what a temper these Irish lads have!

Ah me, isn't love grand! Ask the lad who is roaming around the flight in that lovely coma. Congratulations are now in order for him since he has taken the fatal plunge and, boy, has the love-bug ever got him!

Speaking of boys travelling in a daze, a member of our crew was observed recently in Rivers dragging a suitcase along and gazing dreamily up at the high buildings—rumor has it he misses "Jumbo." Well, we must go now before we start writing the doings of two certain lads, one of whom is called "Ding Dong," by his friends. Adios for now.

## "B" FLIGHT

As the weather changes and trees send their leaves fluttering to the ground, so "B" Flight has changed since the last issue. Oh, yes! Gone are those famous words "get cracking," gone too is our Junior and the boy with the "permanent hangover." But the war must go on and our new additions seem just the type to keep it going. In our new layout we have a very capable leader—incidentally, rumor has it he is quite a lad with the ladies. Could that be the cause of those dreamy eyes? Promotions are coming through thick and fast for our pilots—congratulations! But who is the pilot who recently

acquired a promotion but didn't buy the cokes? Could he want to fly D.G. Speaking of promotions, a lad commonly known by his friends as "Rubber head" has finally passed his drill test—we hear he took lessons from a W.D. A certain blonde corporal was recently noticed carrying out culinary action—imagine a fitter with dis-pan hands. It was proven last week that saxophone players can't be trusted since "a quit smoking pact" was broken. Speaking of smoking, what certain laddie recently succeeded in burning up a mattress while sleeping? Note—he paid for same. When it comes to burning, the lad from London, Ontario, has been noticed using scorched-earth methods in the snack bar—especially with the pie.

Well, we must go now and in closing we point with pride to our \$35.00 for Chinese relief, with thanks to all who helped. And this time it's "B" for Beat—who?—the Japs, of course.

## "C" FLIGHT

Winter breezes are again threatening, but still the fire in the heart of one of our laddies rages on. In fact, every day he boards the Brandon Bus—ain't love grand? Speaking of raging fire, that great politician is having trouble. Seems his party can't do without him and the women can't do a thing with him. Ah, me, politics and women just don't mix. But women and a certain tall curly-headed chap certainly blend harmoniously. We even hear talk of wedding bells at Xmas. From Basswood, isn't she? Another lad, "Black eye," is to be married on the 1st. The marriage bug is really strong. It is rumored "The Parachute Kid" is going to make the fatal plunge; and we thought all he wanted was instruction on parachutes. We pause here and ask if the other crew couldn't give us a little news, except those cute notes they leave for us every day.

## "D" FLIGHT

The haze of blue cigar smoke has not yet settled nor has one of our corporals who recently had an addition to his family. Congratulations, "Hank," and those sure were good cigars! A certain lad from Port Arthur way has been buying apples and oranges and taking them to the parachute section. We thought the closest way to a man's heart was through his stomach—maybe the same applies to women, after all. With the opening of hunting seasons our Sergeant is all jittery. No, he isn't gun shy—just shy of a few shells. Big deals are taking place, but no matter what the cost, the quota will be shot. A corporal recently attached to "D" Flight is quite a hunter of note—ask him some time how many ducks he shot the night he fell in up to his waist. The bag looked pretty empty to us. What is it a certain Moose Jaw lad goes hunting on his 48's—my, my, it would be easier to chase four-legged deer, judging from his condition after a recent 48. Well, as the cigar smoke settles, we say so-long for another month.

## OUR RIDING CLUB



- Some of our riding enthusiasts were snapped on a lovely fall evening in September. Anyone interested may secure a membership card for \$1.00 and ride at the rate of 50c per hour thereafter.

### Motor Transport

CPL. MANSFIELD, M.L.

CONGRATULATIONS and best wishes are extended by all M.T. personnel to Corporal Don Kyle and his bride, LAW Dinty Moore, who were married on September 21st. The W.D.'s of the section have been checked up about not letting the boys in on wedding dates. How about it, Dinty?

The \$64.00 question is, "Who is the N.C.O. that is so particular about daily checks, as to full gasoline tanks, etc., or else a "48" is cancelled and when driving his own private car runs out of gasoline at approximately nine o'clock in the evening?" Who do you think it is, Major?

Since our previous M.T.B. was published, one of our pioneer airmen, namely, LAC Denny, after spending nearly three years at No. 1 C.N.S., has received a posting. Good luck, Sy.

Tough luck LAC Garner for being "unhooked" after being "hooked" (unpaid) for sixteen months.

We are still wondering why the Control Tower telephoned the M.S. Section that the "ceiling was low" between the airport and Rivers. Could it be that our M.T. vehicles are sprouting wings?

Certain airmen are complaining about aching backs. It couldn't be from wood chopping, surely?

In closing we wish to congratulate the photographic section for their splendid photographs taken on Field Day, as well as others contained in the September issue of M.T.B.

### Tool Crib Chatter

LAW KANE

MAINTENANCE section is happy to be included again in M. T. B. We have lost our guiding star S/L MacKay since he has been posted to Gimli and take this opportunity to wish him lots of luck.

The underground reporter is still snooping around and here's the lowdown—

What L.A.C. landed in a cosy little bed in the hospital the day after the fabric worker's weiner roast? How come, George?

We lost our "Casanova" Thompson to some fair damsel in Winnipeg. Best of luck to you both!

Wedding bells will be ringing October 19th for our little Minnie. Nice going, Hutch!

Have you heard the one about the Anson that tangled in mid-air with a duck? So-called duck came equipped with a radio! For further information on this tall story see the great "Soapy."

We miss the smiling face of Sarge Saville these days and hope "B" Flight does well by you, Jack!

### "The Lord is my Shepherd"

The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not fear;  
He leadeth me thru flak and flame to the starry  
pastures;  
His finger is upon my compass  
And setteth my wings along the fields of stars;  
His hand is my horizon in the night.



# After Duty ACTIVITIES



F/L N. CHAPPEL

THERE is probably no library in the whole of the combined training establishment which equals in quality the selection of books which are available for the personnel on this station. A recent check



showed that out of approximately sixteen hundred books on the shelves of the Airmen's Library, six hundred and thirty-nine were out on loan at one time. The library committee has asked me before I leave to purchase one hundred and fifty additional new books, which will be on the shelves when this edition of M.T.B. is published. A small library of about thirty-five books is maintained at the Station Hospital for the use of the patients, and the books are changed about once a month.

One of the best novels recently added to the library is the current Book of the Month selection, *So Little Time*, by Marquand. This is a story which will hold your interest from beginning to end, and its setting is right in the midst of our contemporary war situation. It is one of the best novels among the recent Book of the Month Club selections.

We have had many requests for a good book on Canada, particularly from the overseas personnel. Such a book has now been added. It is *The Unknown Country*, by Hutchison. We have also been asked by men from overseas for the names of Canadian poets and an *Anthology of Canadian Poetry* has been added to the library.

We have recently added several new books by authors whose names are sufficient recommendation. Flying Officer Beurling's new book, *Malta Spitfire*, will be of special interest to aircrew. Three books on Russia, *Soviet Power*, by Hewlitt Johnson; *Twelve Months That Changed the World*, by Leusueur, the story of the Russian Army's magnificent stand; and *Last Days of Sevastopol*, by Toyetelskov, the story of the grim struggle in defence of that port, will have unusual interest for all of us. Other new books include: *Under Which King*, by Frederick Niven; *Kristin Lavransdatter*, and *Gunnar's Daughter*, by Unset; *Good Intentions*, by Ogden Nash; *Bright Pavilion*, and *Sea Tower*, by Walpole; *Hungry Hill*, by DuMaurier; and *The Ship*, by Forester, as well as additional books by such old favorites as Wilder, Douglas, Conan Doyle, Orczy, Buchan, Frankau,

Rinehart, Wren, Sabatini, Farnol, Christie, and Sayers. For the thoughtful reader, *Stars in Their Courses*, by Jeans, will have a special appeal; and for the poetry fan two old masterpieces, *Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam*, and *The Hound of Heaven* have recently been added to the Poet's Corner. For all interested in post-war reconstruction, a copy of the Beveridge report is now on the library shelves. This will give access to one blue print for a new social order that has achieved a good deal of fame. A new biography, *The Soong Sisters*, portrays the lives of Mme Chiang Kai Shek, Mme Sua Yat Sen, and Mme Kung.

Three new magazines on flying have been obtained for the Reading Room. They are, *Air News*, *Flight*, and *Air Progress*. The latter is a British publication of special interest. The *Air News Yearbook* is also in the Reading Room and it is hoped that no one will take the liberty of cutting out any of the aircraft pictures in this publication. Perhaps we should say in this regard, "Gentlemen will not; other must not."

Ten good current magazines, including *Mademoiselle*, *Chatelaine*, *Good Housekeeping*, and the *Ladies Home Journal* have been ordered for the W.D. Canteen.

## Debating Club

A new committee has been formed to carry on the work of the Debating Club each Monday evening: LAC Hayes, chairman; LAW Hastings, and LAC Hill, with F/L V. A. Thomson (R.C. Padre) acting as advisor. At a recent debate a new orator of considerable ability was discovered in the person of F/O Hurley of the hospital staff, who held forth bravely at the Debating Club on the subject of Religion in the Schools. The number of people who speak from the floor at the open forum debates is very gratifying, and all who wish to develop their speaking powers would be well advised to attend these sessions each Monday at 8 P.M.

## Music Appreciation Club

One of the last duties given to me on this station was to purchase a number of recordings to add to the library of this club. These include Beethoven's *Emperor Concerto*, and No. 3 *Symphony Eroica*, Tchaikowsky's *Symphony No. 4* and his *Concerto in B Flat Minor*, Mozart's *Symphony No. 40*, and *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*.

The quality of the musical program presented twice weekly, on Sunday at 7:30 and Wednesday at 8:00, is attested by the steady and growing attendance throughout the summer and fall. It is now eleven months since this new feature was added to the station activities. It was commenced originally in the Recreation Hall where records were played over the sound equipment of the theatre. A few months later the programs were increased from one to two per week. The grants from the Station Fund and donations from individuals on the station have enabled us to accumulate an excellent musical library on which to base future programs.

# Navigators in Winnipeg Limelight

N. GULLEY

*The following article, humorously presented by LAC N. GULLEY, Course 79B, G.I.S., was thought to be of sufficient general interest and amusement to warrant space apart from the regular Classroom Highlights section. In future copies, if merited, we shall select the best class write-up for individual presentation to our readers.*

NOW that we are of such long standing in these parts, our fame has inevitably spread far and wide throughout the province. Indeed it is well nigh impossible to pick up a copy of any of the Winnipeg papers without coming across some reference to the social activities of our personnel in the city. As an example, we may take the Winnipeg Bugler, dated 10th August, 1943, which contains the following account:

## *Mahatma Turkentine in Town— Unique Dancing Exhibition*

"There was an interesting gathering at the Crystal Palais ballroom yesterday evening on the occasion of a special exhibition of dancing by Mr. Mahatma Turkentine of Rivers, a leading exponent of the Steamroller dancing technique. Mahatma was in remarkably good form. He first enticed the style of several of the dancers from a specialist's point of view, and then followed with his own exhibition.

"The highlight of the evening was Mr. Turkentine's original dance—the inverted square search. The spectators clapped enthusiastically as he first perambulated from corner to corner, then, with gradually narrowing squares worked his way to the centre of the ballroom. Casualties were comparatively few.

"Sponsor of the exhibition was Mahatma's left-hand man, Mr. Daniel (Boone) Wainwright, owner of the shooting gallery at Winnipeg fun fair."

On the next day we find the following interesting account in the Winnipeg Advertiser:

## *Assiniboine Park Party Open Air Celebrations*

"Rumors have reached our correspondent that a large party was held in Assiniboine Park this afternoon. The actual locality of the party is wrapped in mystery, although a small girl asserts that she heard raucous laughter issuing from a clump of bushes in the south-west corner of the park. Other witnesses testify to having heard impatient shouts of 'Come on Paddy, keep it moving!' and 'Whoa, Dusty!' coming from the same spot. Detective Inspector Magwood was reticent about the case, but it is believed that investigations are proceeding satisfactorily."

Of course the Society Notes always have some interesting references. On 28th August, 1943, the Winnipeg Clarion makes a feature of Mr. Colin Wood:

"Mr. Colin Wood, the eminent meteorologist, was snapped by Press photographers last night dining out with Miss Tillie Hookem. The Winnipeg Clarion interpreter was at their table.

"What is your view of the present synoptic situation, Mr. Wood?" asked Euphemia Briggs of the Herald. Mr. Wood: 'Who? Me?' Miss Briggs: 'Yes, if you don't mind. Mr. Wood: 'The synoptic situation?' Miss Briggs: 'Yes.' Mr. Wood: 'Where's Tug?' Miss Briggs: 'Tug?' Mr. Wood: 'Yes.' Miss Briggs: 'But — er — Tug? What connection has 'Tug' with the synoptic situation?' Mr. Wood: 'Eh?' Miss Briggs: 'Tug.' Mr. Wood: 'Oh, Tug. He's my mate.' Miss Briggs: 'Rather a peculiar name, isn't it?' Mr. Wood: 'What, Tug?' Miss Briggs: 'Pardon me, Mr. Wood. Thank you for your enlightening talk.' Mr. Wood: 'Oh, that's alright, Briggs. No wind, no fog.'"

As a final example we may take a report from the Winnipeg Advertiser of the 18th September, 1943. It runs as follows:

"Messrs. Hall and Godfrey spent a few days in Winnipeg this week. It was their first visit to the city. After visiting the museum, University buildings, and Eaton's basement, they drove through cheering crowds to the Marlborough Hotel. Interviewed by reporters, Mr. Godfrey said that after a careful survey he was able to give his unqualified approval of the courses open to Navigators under the Empire Air Training scheme.

"It's no easy job for the ordinary man,' he said. 'It needs guts and hard work. But I know it can be done.'

"I was in the ranks myself once,' he added with a grin.

"Mr. Hall was non-committal, but was seen to give a pat of encouragement to a young Air Cadet who shyly asked him what an observer was.

"After the official reception banquet with the mayor and corporation, they went wandering around the streets looking for a couple of women."



Emergency Case.



# y m c a



REG. TAYLOR

THINGS have been really happening around the Y.M.C.A. since the last M.T.B. hit the market. First—and most important to us, of course—is our change of quarters. What a change! Situated on the

balcony of the Drill Hall, right next to the Chaplains' office, we are now in a position to meet everyone in real pleasant surroundings.

September has been a fairly busy month with over 450 of you lads and lassies sending out telegrams, and nearly 200 receiving Express parcels—and we haven't opened a parcel in spite of the fact that a goodly number of them are marked Perishable—which generally spells food to us. In regard to express,

we would like to ask a favor of all personnel. When you receive a card saying that we have a parcel for you in our office, please arrange to pick it up as soon as possible. Our storage space for parcels is not overly large, and it doesn't take very many parcels to fill it up.

Now for a word regarding the activities for the Fall and Winter season. One sure way to keep out of trouble—and to keep from becoming bored with life, is to associate yourself with one or more of the various sporting or cultural clubs which are active on the station. Once winter sets in, with its heavy fall of snow, I'm afraid you will find it hard to get off the station, and we are trying to provide numerous activities for all.

On the main floor of the Drill Hall every evening you will find any number of informal sports and games, such as Volleyball, Basketball, Badminton, weightlifting and acrobatics. For Airmen only, we have a well supplied games-room, with Billiard tables, Ping-Pong, and numerous small games.

Everyone likes to watch something grow and take form under his or her own hands. The Crafts and Hobbies Club will provide endless hours of entertainment, and at the same time be of valuable assistance to your Christmas shopping—if you get at it soon enough. We hope to have materials very soon for Plastic and Batique work. The former enables you to make lockets, rings, and various small articles. Batique work is exceptionally interesting, especially to girls. It is not too complicated and even the most amateur craftsmen or craftsmen can soon learn the intricacies of this art. By working with various

colored dyes and forms, handkerchiefs and scarves can be made, while many have made rather pretty wall-mats.

More especially for men, but still not restricted to the male populace, is Woodwork. We have the facilities for this type of craftsmanship and instruction will be given.

Leather Tooling is a most interesting craft, and has proven profitable to those who have mastered the art. Bruce O'Connor will be instructing, and materials will be secured.

Another organization in which many of you can participate is the Choral Society. A large number of selections have been purchased, both sacred and secular, mostly written in four parts, but some in six and a few in eight. The latter are more difficult, and require a society of 45 to 60 voices. At present we are down to about 18, due to postings. This group forms the nucleus of our Concert Party, along with the String Orchestra, and at this point I would like to invite any of the girls and boys who have sung in choirs or choral societies at any time to join with us, in our weekly rehearsals on Thursday nights at 19.00 hours.

Our Stringed Orchestra is open to any who can play violin or cello. We have a few violins that are not being used, and would be glad to allow anyone to use them should they wish to associate themselves with our little orchestral group.

We have one club on our station that is almost a specialists' group—the Art Club, consisting of half a dozen enthusiastic professional and amateur artists. Every time I see one of their paintings I feel very envious of the person with the ability to do such work.

With our pretty little president of the Bridge Club, LAW "Peggy" Ritchie, being posted to Montreal, we lose one of our most enthusiastic bridge fans. What is our loss is Montreal's gain, and we are all very happy for you, Peg. "Good luck gal!" At the same time though, our bridge fiends will find the club still going strong. Anyone with ideas regarding tournaments, etc., will be given a hearty welcome in the "Y" office.





# Sports



Sgt. BOB FERGUSON

ONE of the best summer sport seasons ever witnessed around No. 1 C. N. S. wound up with our Baseball and Softball teams both making the finals in the Brandon District Service Leagues. The Soft-

ball team won the championship in the best of three games over A-3 Shilo, while the Baseball team lost a real "heart breaker" in the third and final games against A-15 Shilo. Heartiest congratulations are extended both teams for their outstanding contributions for the glory of Rivers. At least we have one good old silver mug to show for the season's efforts and we're all mighty proud of our baseball heroes.



A brief outline of winter sports follows, which offers a variety for all. Here is a list of some of the main sports and who to contact if you are interested: Wrestling—contact F/S George Hanfield. Bowling—Sgt. McKinnon. Gymnastics—LAC Marchand. Boxing—F/O Bullis. Last but far from being least come our two main winter sports, basketball and hockey.

Basketball, one of the fastest indoor sports played, will be a main drawing card in the Drill Hall this fall and winter, with a station team and several inter-unit teams giving the crowd thrills galore.

Finally comes hockey, the king of sports, which should and, we hope, will put No. 1 C.N.S. on the sports map this winter. Our station team was the pride of the station last year and our inter-unit teams can really give you a "show for your money." Hockey enthusiasts should keep their eyes peeled for more "skate-gossip."

An outstanding winter sports program is assured for No. 1 C.N.S., and everyone is urged to support it either as a participant or spectator.



## Softball

THE B.D.S.A.A. Softball League this year proved to be very successful. Ten teams participated, working the whole league in two sections, namely, Western and Eastern. By dividing the league in two sections, it not only saved transportation expenses,

but created keener interest in both sections. Western Section consisted of No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers; No. 2, M. Depot; A-4 C.A.T.C., Brandon; No. 17 S.F.T.S., Souris; and No. 19 E.F.T.S., Virdein.

Although No. 1 C.N.S. had no great difficulty in winning this section, there were many close and spectacular games as well as individual plays. In the grand finale to the softball season No. 1 C. N. S. won the two out of three series taking the first game 6-4 at home, while the second game went to A-3 by a score of 15-6. The third and final game turned out to be a thriller all the way with Rivers taking the lead in the 9th inning and bringing home the B. D. S. A. A. softball cup for 1943. The score was 6-5 and an uphill battle for Rivers all the way. Shilo bagged five runs in the fifth to go ahead 5-0 but our boys kept pecking away at their lead, meanwhile holding them scoreless, to tally the sixth and winning run in the 9th inning. Nice going, fellas, we're all proud of you!



## Baseball

IT is an old saying, "All good things must come to an end." The exploits of our hardball club for this season now goes into history. For some time to come the lads will no doubt still be saying, "We should never have let 'im away with that hit and run play, or Little was safe a mile at first."

To hear the various theories only confuses the bystanders. We are very pleased to know our team who wore "flying spikes" entered the final round before hanging up their "plus-four trousers." The A-15 Shilo Club won the best of three championship series on a homer with the bases full. Little did we know they had anyone with Babe Ruth's intentions around.

The baseball spotlight in the final play-off games was held by two pitching aces—Booker, for Shilo, and our own F/L Kershaw. If ever a series developed into a pitching duel it was this one, with both teams playing their hearts out to await the "breaks" of the game. Especially commendable was the way in which our boys spoke of their victors—swell team sportsmanship all the way. "We were beaten by a great team," was the way they expressed their tough loss in the final game.

For the first year hardball has made an appearance on our sports calendar. The club played a lot of games and in every way did credit to the men who sold "hardball" to the Sports Committee. We extend a vote of thanks to F/L Lyons, Sgt. Menzies, F/L Little, and all the gang who wore the maroon and white uniforms. We'll be lookin' for you at the Sports Jamboree next month, and remember, there's another year ahead!



• Super shots of our gang in last month's Track Meet at Brandon.



# SPORTS PARADE

F/S HAROLD BOUGHEN

FOR "many a moon" the writer has been keenly interested in all sports. Actively, he has been one of those chaps who "plays at" a variety of games, but never has had "enough on the ball" to get any-



where in the sports picture. So that when the day's work is over, supper has "slid down the ways," and the "chores" done, he has made a habit of watching or reading about sports.

Some folks on picking up a daily newsprint sheet automatically turn to editorials, the comics, and some the sports section.

To my mind a paper makes or breaks itself on the pages set aside for

athletic news. As a kid in Toronto it was my very good fortune, thanks to our family, to be able to "squat" comfortably following the "evening feed" with a copy of the "Evening Telegram" in my lap. The special column was titled "Sporting Extras," written by a fellow named Ted Reeve. This former all-round athlete successfully shaped up the type of column sports enthusiasts the country over wanted to read. "Yours truly" intends to poke along on this, his favorite subject, and will anxiously look forward to writing for M.T.B. each month.

This said the west has a dry climate. They also periodically have a d - - - cold one. As the "chilly season" approaches, the thought comes to me, "How nice home and a fire really is?" After spending three winters here, I am fully convinced—Georgia must have been my birthplace. Each fall thus far, a seige of teeth chattering has overtaken me, leaving me wondering, "Does a fella ever get acclimatized here?" This winter a number of men should be in better shape, as wood-cutting crews have taken to the woods in order to keep the "home fires" burning. I assure you this cutter looked a trifle "hammy" when he broke an axe handle and whittled a couple of trees so they fell backwards. Boy, this life at Rivers offers the home owner a number of smiles in an awkward sort of way.

Occasionally a quiet evening confronts us. Whether it be with the gang or by myself, I have turned back the pages of time to reminisce about bygone teams. The winter of 1940-41 saw 1200 happy gents laying the foundation for a navigation school in what we thought then was "no man's land." The hockey house league that operated that year pepped up our interest a-plenty. When it came time for outdoor sports, we were organized sufficiently to put a station softball team on the field. Somehow I caught on that team, which gave me a formal introduction to travelling on Manitoba's side roads. By the time we were within "sight range" of our opponents'

ball park a proverbial "peck of dirt" had been eaten. I remember one big lad playing on first base that year who was caught picking pebbles out of his teeth. His name was "Steve" and the last we heard of him he was a commissioned Air Gunner going across the pound. The fall season of '41 was quiet in a sporting way, but we flew everything bar the hangar doors. Blue skies continued till November, giving myself and an American friend the chance to shorten the evenings by booting a football around. Those cool autumn evenings with a multi-colored sunset taking place out across the drome gave nite work an added touch.

Time rolled on, and it seemed to me '42 flew. This was the year our sports activity commenced to broaden in scope. We began to build up playing equipment for practically all sports. The hub of No. 1 C.N.S. sports wheel rests in our Drill Hall, as you know, but it didn't seem possible in the summer of '42. The first time we heard a certain building in the area was titled Drill Hall, few of us "natives" ventured inside of it. Now, the best description goes something like, "The place to meet your friends."

Through the trying days when this "temporary home" was being organized, a slim young gentleman sort of dropped into our midst. He represented the Y.M.C.A., and I feel I bespeak the majority when I say, "He became one of us in a second flat." It is surprising how much ground a sports organizer must cover to get teams rolling. Short of equipment as we were, this chap dug his toes in the dirt and plugged for better sports. Only the old-timers can really appreciate his efforts now. I'm referring to the personality you all go to for information on the latest courses, namely, our Educational Officer F/O Scott. "Ray," as I knew him in his "Y" days, is a person I shall always associate with this school. Not only does he know the ropes from "A to Z" in sports, but he is also a fine teacher. Recently he got through my thick scalp some of the fine points on how to instruct. Enough said, that will speak for his lecturing qualities. An old friend of "Ray's" comes to my mind in the person of Ken Simpson. "Simpy," I'm sure, has created a record in that he has held down third base on three consecutive station softball teams. Hailing from Windsor, Ontario, a softball hot-bed, Ken bows to nobody when playing third. I'm glad I know him well because if you are planning an "outing" he can tell you how many clouds will pass around and even sometimes over you.

You know, from a recreational standpoint, I am led to believe we have at our school one of the best set-ups of any station in Canada. A few months back I hung my hat in a barrack block with about 60 lads close beside me. At nite, card games, cribbage, and plain chewing the fat, kept us out of mischief during the long winter evenings. Of course, we had the theatre, but you didn't care to see all the shows. By way of contrast, let us see what a lonely airman might do now. If he were lucky he might pick up a

young lady before proceeding to the Drill Hall. Congenial company gets most people "in the groove." He then could choose between badminton, bowling, or skating. After loosening up, the fella' could suggest having lunch to his partner and polish off a "substantial bite" before calling it a nite. Quite a different style of entertainment currently is offered to the paying public of No. 1 C.N.S. Nowadays, all those confined within the gates have the opportunity to meet the crowd in pleasant surroundings. I defy any lounge-lizard to feel as physically fit as any sports participant. Due to the far-sightedness of S/L Boyd and his associates we can all enjoy a good time right in our own back yard. The latest happenings in sports are discussed daily by the "bull pen throng" at undisposed points around the camp. "Bub" Jewitt is a natural leader.

A general sports article such as this would be incomplete to me if it did not mention the ladies' division of our organization. Rivers, being an out of the way location, gave us cause to say after the founding of the girls' division, "They will not likely ever come here." Many times I found myself in a circle discussing freely the rumored coming of the W.D.'s to Rivers in '42. Early in '43 my first introduction to a member of the "fairer sex" living at No. 1 C.N.S. took place. Man, it did seem different! Gradually the men folk got used to the idea until now most of us know a lot of the gals who strut in that very smart summer uniform. Last spring the person responsible for these ramblings got to know a certain W.D. who concentrates her efforts in the Drill Hall. For some unknown reason, like out of a "blue sky," I was asked to be a coach of the girls' softball team. I questioned the time I could give to the club, because just then arrangements were fast developing for me to take the "Fatal Plunge." However, I accepted the offer, and as time wore on I was very glad I did. The young lady I was speaking about, I found out, not only displayed a pleasant manner during the working day, but also on the ball field. She gave to the girls' softball club the driving force and punch so necessary for team play. I'm referring to Sgt. Kirstein, known to a lot of us as "Morrie," who helped greatly to make a coaching job easy.

Before signing off and getting down to business in the interest of the Electrical Section, I'd like to say I trust you all had a holiday as good as mine. Rivalry between the easterners and westerners will probably always promote arguments. The east has one big feature the west will never have and that is, my home. Most of us, I believe, gladly take our annual opportunity to visit Mom and Dad, and to see if the "hound" is as husky as ever; if the furniture has been moved around, and things too numerous to mention. That trip home to me is the "big break" of the year.

And now the cool breezes start to blow. In short order you will be more shut in, so to speak, but I don't think any of us should be "down" about it. Why, the way this station is built up today it is a self-contained community. Considerable print would be necessary to list all the recreational facilities at the tip of our fingers. So I say, get in the "thick of things" and get your money's worth out of times we shall all be happy to see ended. Pick yourself a partner, "brother." We'll be lookin' "for ya" in the "remotest corner."

## Sports President's Message

F/L M. C. MINTON

WELL FOLKS, another summer season has come and gone—seems as if it were only yesterday that the Sports Committee was worrying about getting the softball, baseball, etc., under way, filling the sports field, and a hundred and one other details that have to be looked after in connection with Summer Sports. We finally got things under way and enjoyed a good season, taken all around.

Now then, the future—I mean the immediate future—winter sports. We are again worrying—I should say "still"—for a sports committee always has worries—were you aware of that? If you see any of the members walking about with wrinkled brow—it was sports that put them there. Won't you try to help erase those lines? You helped put them there. How can you help to do this? Read on:

- (1) Read our notices:
  - (a) on your posters
  - (b) in D.R.O.'s.
- (2) When a meeting is called
  - (a) turn out
  - (b) take an active part
  - (c) don't wait to be coaxed.
- (3) When you are a member of a team
  - (a) always be on time
  - (b) play hard—put on a good show.
- (4) Help create a school spirit
  - (a) by turning out to games
  - (b) remembering the date of games.

I could go on ad infinitum but that's the general idea, folks. We work for you; you supply the players and spectators.

### GOLF CHAMP.



Congratulations are extended F/S Seifred, Orderly Room, for his outstanding prowess on the golf course. He succeeded in defeating F/O Bert Walters, our leading exponent of the art, then F/L Doug. McKay in a very close match, and finally won out in the final round against Captain Frank Jones to win the championship honors.

# "At The Barrier"

CPL. GEORGE AMM

"HELLO! Yes this is the Guard House. The bus? Yes, the bus will be leaving in ten minutes time. O.K. G'bye."

What was that; the phone again? Oh no! Of course, I almost forgot; why it's Wedding Bells. Oh yes, haven't you heard?

Cpl. Kyle, alias "The Killer" versus Dinty Moore of the M.T. Section.

Cpl. Mathers, alias "Little Willie" versus Millie Forrester of the Airmen's Mess. Funny what love can do!

Have you ever noticed a streak of dust go up the Attention Area Sunday morning, invariably about 10:45? Well, it has been mistaken for a whirlwind, but "Peace be still!" it was none other than Cpl. Curry, the one and only W.D.-S.P., proceeding to church to sing for the boys. The members of the congregation say without a doubt, that was one time they had a SQUAWK coming.

Cpl. Curry left the other day; posted to Rockliffe. As she came to bid farewell, it was noticed she had applied a new shade of lipstick to her teeth and a new application of powder to her tie. Best of luck "Deen."

Sgt. Joyce of Works and Bricks, with the assistance of his little "Gremlins," eventually got our new Gate House into position—very nice, we think, as a shelter in the time of storm.

Sgt. Giroux, alias "Gyp," has returned from No. 2 Training Command after completing a course in Detention Routine. As the editor of M.T.B. cannot accept any ads for publication, "Gyp" wishes to make it known through this column, that there are still a few vacant rooms in "The Chateau at the Gate." These rooms are available to airmen and may be had on the working plan. The rooms are all air conditioned, and just a stone's throw from the Gate; if you will examine the glass in some of the windows you can count for yourself the number of direct hits that have been made. Thus the air conditioning.

F/S Sorensen, alias "SNOOSE," has also returned from No. 2 Training Command on completing a course conducted there in special "INVESTIGATIONS." During his stay in Winnipeg he must have grown lonesome for some of the familiar faces of Rivers, as it was noted he met all trains coming into Winnipeg from the West, or could it be that he had run out of SNOOSE?

Cpl. Kirkpatrick, alias "Kirk," makes regular trips to "Rabbit City." We wonder—? Cpl. Baxter, alias "Gabby," who undertook to teach one of our ponies a thing or two, got off to a good start, but dismounted on orders from "Hind Quarters" of the nag, and knocked some hide off his rear bumper. However, our efficient Hospital Staff gave him an overhauling and had him back in circulation in a couple of days.

Cpl. Armitage with his Jeep of '26 vintage has made several tours of the surrounding country and up to date he has never failed to return. Keep your fingers crossed "Chuck."

Cpl. Spence, alias "Whiner," with whom was entrusted the Security of the Station, allowed a heater

to be taken out of the Dog House at the Gate; right from under his nose. He was too cold to challenge the intruder, E. G. "Halt."

Cpl. Milward, alias "The Mayor of Moosomin," is seriously considering a remuster to the Postal Corps; one evening recently he assumed his first official duties of this trade when he called the C.O. by phone to inform him that his mail was ready.

By the time this edition of M.T.B. goes to press, Cpl. Monaghan, alias "Linus," will be back from his annual visit to Kelly's Cross, P.E.I. Linus, without knowing, took three select whitewashed boulders home in his suitcase. We suppose he told the P.E. Islanders that they were Prairie Potatoes.

F/L Murray, our D.A.P.M., has combined his leave, making it Annual-Harvest. We believe he is a real SUPER-DUPER-STOOKER.

Our neighbors, Mrs. Dick and Mrs. Simpson of Hostess fame, encountered a grave danger one night and called on the "Gestapo" for aid. This perilous situation is explained in the following verse, which you will recognize as a member of our Quiz Family:

- Q. A poor little mouse, in the Hostess House  
Had been lured by a nice piece of cheese  
On a trap that was baited, but not knowing,  
he ate it  
He got himself in a very tight squeeze.  
The Hostess discovered the dead mouse in the  
cupboard  
As the mouse had not gained his release,  
When she went in to see it, did she offer to  
free it?
- A. No! She called up the Service Police.  
"Will you come and take a mouse out of our  
trap?"

We will now close "The Barrier" on M.T.B. No. 3.



After all other methods have failed.

# Chords AND Dischords

By "Rosy"

**G**REETINGS, Swing Fans. Once again it's time to dig down deep and come up with more news on dances, dance bands, and all that rounds the swing line. With the fall season well under way there

should be lots to talk about, so let's go . . .

Your station dance band, the Ansonaires, is happy to report the advent of new musicians, and they came to us in the nick of time. Prospects now are for a bigger and better band, and we are all very happy at the response of the new boys who arrive here and get into the swing of things right away. It helps prevent nervous breakdowns and gray hair. . . . We're al-



ways happy to welcome new members, so keep coming, boys.

The dances grow bigger and better, and anyone who misses these affairs is really passing up a good time. Even the most disconsolate can't help but get into the lively spirit of the crowd, and judging by the comments after every dance, these evenings are a highlight in station activities. Let's keep them that way, shall we?

**OCTOBER 30th**—Mark that date in big letters in your little black book. Yes, it's the date of the big Hallowe'en dance, featuring Mart Kenny and His Western Gentlemen, in a return engagement at this station. This dance promises to be the biggest event of the season, and it's going to be a full station dance. Just think back to the last Mart Kenny dance held here, and that alone should give you enough assurance of a wonderful time. Get those dancing shoes shined up and rarin' to go . . . it's going to be a big affair, and you won't want to miss it. Be seein' you there! ! !

Once again we have lost a valuable member of our station entertainment circle in the posting of Cpl. Helen MacMurchy. "Murch" was connected with practically every entertainment affair of the station, and was truly a member of the "inner circle." She really did a lot of valuable work in the organization of our dances, and to her must go a lot of the credit for their success. In her recent promotion and transfer it's "lots of luck, 'Murch,' and thanks a lot."

P/O Ken Davey is still thinking deeply, concocting a tremendous show in his mind, and any day now he will be ready to start putting his brain-child into

real action. All you dancers had better start limbering your dancing pins, singers had better start running up and down the scales, and even you aspiring stage hands had better start throwing pieces of furniture around. Comes curtain time, Ken will want all the available talent, and anyone who is interested in show business at all will be very welcome. . . . When the curtain goes down and you hear the thundering applause, you will know that all your efforts have been appreciated, and to any showman, what more can be asked?

Since this issue of M.T.B. features Maintenance Wing, it is only fitting that "*Chords and Dischords*" pay tribute to the musical talents of that Wing. It is a slightly different sort of music, but to the boys of Maint. it has a powerful magnetic attraction. The musical sounds which create the attractive farce probably originated in primitive times, because they are like "rattling of bones." The lyrics used with the musical rattle seem to indicate that one "Little Joe" is somewhat a star of the song played on these "bones," and when one of the boys playing a lead part starts beating out "7-point rolls," to use a drummer's expression, it's usually a signal that the concert is nearly over. . . . To gain proficiency in this particular type of music, I'm told, requires considerable time and concentration, and lessons are quite expensive.

## MINOR NOTES . . .

If you're ever passing through Maint. hangar and you hear some weird sounds (Oh, pardon me, I mean beautiful tones) emitting from the Control Room window, don't be alarmed, it's only Bunny and her partner Miriam of London, Ontario, fame, giving out with their regular audition, trying to grab that spot as vocalists with the band (or something—I really wouldn't know). The girls deserve credit for their efforts and I'm sure they'll go places some day! ! ! (Please, gals, I really didn't mean it the way you think I did . . . Heaven forbid!)

I'm sure you have all listened to and enjoyed two radio programs recently featured from Winnipeg—"Impressions by Green" and "Soliloquy." Both these programs come under the direction of Harold Green, one of Winnipeg's outstanding maestros. Harold has always been a very popular musician, ranking as top-notch pianist. His Royal Alexandrians of 5 or 6 years ago were tops in the Western Canada dance field. If you're looking for a real musical treat, be sure to tune in on Harold's latest program, "Strings, Songs, Swing."

If you're in Winnipeg at the right time and have the available greenbacks, don't forget to attend the Celebrity Series Concerts in the Auditorium. Outstanding artists are booked for the season, including the great violinist Yehudi Menuhin.

And so, Swing Fans, that'll have to be all for this time, so until the next issue of M.T.B., keep swingin'!

## Flying Squadron

F/O DON JEWETT

THE famous expression, "Is my aircraft started yet?" has now been transferred from "B" Flight to "A" Flight. Incidentally, could that be the same pilot who can never see the ground crew showing him where to park—if it's at the far end of the line?

We also understand that "A" Flight has a certain W.O.G. of the Casanova type—sometimes referred to as "Blondie."

"B" Flight boasts the only pilot on the station that loves to fly nights and afternoons. It wouldn't, of course, be chiefly because he can't get up in the mornings. What do you say, Major?

There have been several inquiries about the amount of interest shown in the Brandon Manning Pool on Tuesday nights, and the Brandon Armories on Saturday nights. Have we a couple of flat hats in "B" and "D" Flights who would like to solve this mystery for us.

From "C" Flight come stories about a certain flat hat who spends a lot of time at—could it be—The Hostess House?

We also understand that a "C" Flight pilot landed at Broadview not so long ago in rather a hurry. What was the matter, lad?

"D" Flight has a certain S/P who has logged a thousand hours in the last few months—mostly hangar flying.

### THEORY OF FLIGHT

How does a little tigerschmidt lift Big Bill's boots off the ground? "D" Flight also want to know when they are going to get a duck dinner instead of the neck of the chicken. Personally, we think "D" Flight does all right with the chickens.

Speaking of ducks—this seems to be the open season on ducks—for Ansons from Rivers, at least!

## The Station Canteen

LAC M. L. ANTCLIFFE

These are the places where the fellows are always in luck—

The Aussies, the Newzies, the R.A.F.'s, and Canuck; Some from the city and some from the farm, But they all speak a language which does us no harm.

In our canteen we have Sergeant Copithorne, well known;

He is always happy, doesn't moan or groan; He thinks of the stewards, even though they will roam;

But who wouldn't, boys, when you're so far from home!

We have Corporal Keays and Bolton, no less, There's Wally who works in the Sergeant's Mess, Pop's will wake us, Wally's singing will, too, And Red's little smile will always win through.

There's Linton, there's Graham, and Seymour, too— The Senior three who know just what to do; There's Irvine who works in the good old wet bar And he keeps all the money right up to par.

There's Schell, known as "Jake," and Murray, too; They like a good time, as we know you all do.

Next in line we have Heinbuck, a likeable chap; Then there's Williams, the big guy, who likes a long nap.

There are Irene and Kay who stick to their task. There's Baker—he's new, but picking up fast—

There's Hibbert, a good guy and well liked, too: He left us one day, as other guys do. There's Thompson, in charge of the camp snack bar, He's liked by the boys from near and far.

Then there's Smitty, another one just like ourselves, He is always on hand, to put things on the shelf; He likes to make orders for the canteen to sell, And I'm telling you all that he does it well!

We do hope we please when serving you all And if you come back, please give us a call.

## Dope on the "Dope Shop"

AWI L. HENDERSON

IF YOU should happen to be passing through Maintenance hangar any day of the week between the hours of 8 a.m. and 5 p.m., you will probably see seven very busy young ladies clad in overalls and carrying tins of dope, rolls of tape and shears flitting back and forth between aircraft and dope shop.

Our job, one of which we are proud to be doing, is to keep 'em flying! By the amount of taping, patching and doping that we do each day we can truthfully say we do help in this respect.

Looking after these seven problem children (I should say six, because one has since obtained her Corporal hooks) is our Sergeant, who sometimes has his hands full, but with help from our new Corporal keeps us in trim.

Then there is the young miss for whom wedding bells will soon be ringing and methinks the Sergeant concerned is indeed a lucky chap. We wish them every happiness.

Then we have the young lady who talks, sings and entertains us in her sleep; the one who is always breaking her glasses and saying, "Oh will somebody help me put them together?"; the one who gets her dates mixed; the little gal who does our sign painting.

We hope soon to have someone to join us, as 'tis said that a red-headed rigger will be remustering as soon as he can get his "skirt"—guess who?

Well, folks, cheerio for now and you'll be hearing from us again.



"He ran into some fellow named Anson, sir."





# Scandal

by Snoopy Snoop

CPL. "LEFTY" WYERS

IN introducing this column I would like to say that any news, gossip, or scandal about all of you gals around here at No. 1 C.N.S. will be very welcome indeed. Lots of interesting things happen here every day—why not give us the low down on it; we'd like everyone to know.

There's a certain Corporal from the Photography Section here who might let us know just how he met the "blitz" the night of our station dance—rumor has it he tripped and fell while leaving G.I.S. that night. If so, perhaps Works and Buildings should put up a light at the entrance—the poor lad might have killed himself. Of course, his fall may have been caused by what he carried in with him externally and brought out with him internally.

THANKS were in order the night of our dance to two Corporal Wem's who so kindly and graciously picked up a W.D. who was in dire straits near the airmen's mess, at intermission. Was the coffee too strong, "Miss H - - -" or was it because the road is uneven? . . .

The question often arises between W.D.'s as to what kind of officers they like best—some say I like mine with wings, others say I'll take the navy, and there are others who don't care what they are, as long as they are officers! There was no question in the minds of two blonde W.D.'s from G.I.S. who made a trip all the way to Brandon to meet their two army officers on Saturday, Sept. 18th. Seems a way to a blonde's heart is through the army.

Girls, meet your favorite beaus in the Hostess House each afternoon—it sure has proven to be the daytime rendezvous for station personnel off duty. But—we wonder why it is that certain officers have been spending their 48's there. Is it the good coffee or the atmosphere and surroundings?

Our station Gestapo seems to be having quite a time these cool days and nights driving around in their radio equipped vehicle. You boys are going to find it awfully tough when old man winter steps in and you have to plough through the snow in and around the barrack blocks, breaking up crap games, and goodnight parties of airmen and W.D.'s. Maybe if you treat the girls right, fellows, they'll invite you in for a cup of tea. Couldn't you give them a break, "Snooze," especially when they're saying goodnite? Remember, you too were young once!

Oh, to be in the Gestapo!

With a band and hooks on your arm,  
Always bothering airmen at dances,

Then, not being able to peg one—you holler,  
oh, darn!

Oh, for the life of a service policeman!

And to ride in their vehicles swell,  
Up and down in front of the W.D. barracks,  
Giving all those in the vicinity hell . . .

In conclusion, we'd like to take this opportunity to thank the officers for contributing the flowers to the airmen's mess the night of our station dance. They sure tasted good, gentlemen, especially when we ran short of food. Try them sometime, men—with a little salt.

## This One Really Drips!

Dearest One:

I hate writing such a letter, but the time has come when I must ask you a question, a truly serious one, which causes me many sleepless nights and corresponding days of anxiety. Although I have tried to conceal it, it is a matter of utmost importance that cannot wait any longer. When I tell you that ours and other friendships have been upset by similar matters, I feel that at least you must know the worst, for in all sincerity it may mean the death of our friendship. I dare not communicate my state of life to anyone but you, my dear. Up to the present time you have been a friend and one that I have admired more than anyone else in the world. With a heavy heart I ask you, darling, to put aside all the present problems and give your attention to this most important question. I know that I am asking a great deal from you, but as you know, our friendship will stand a lot of shock.

Now, out of the fullness of our love and friendship I ask you to bring the powers of your heart to hear the problem. Answer me, sweet, as solemnly as you can and, above all else, tell me nothing but the honest truth, do you think the "Lone Ranger" needs a new horse?



"He's after an unusual shot."

# Ye Sick Emporium

F/L RIDDELL

THE station hospital and staff are open for business at all times. If you don't think so, "come up and see us sometime."

If you happen to be a leg weary, ailing little W.D., try our southern exposure W.D. Ward, but bring your own toothbrush. If you are a worn out P.T. fatigued, sore-footed airman whose "48's" do not come often enough, just try our M.I.R. on sick parade and hope for the best, as we have plenty of good old Epsom Salts and Castor Oil—a real cure for minor ailments of this sort. F/O Hurley will see to its careful administration.

If you are a fine, outstanding he-wolf pilot or aircrew with an attend "C" grounded for a "code in the head," F/S Anderson's famous steam inhalations will both chase that cold and take off that surplus double chin. Sisters Robson and Whately, with looks of eager anticipation for new cases calling for surgery and X-ray, are ever awaiting the poor unfortunates with the naughty little appendix needing to be aired and snipped off by the masterful gowned figure of F/L Allan in his surgical emporium (incidentally we understand Cam is seriously thinking of joining the Ku-Klux-Klan). F/O Minnitoy of late has been seen walking around muttering to himself, Form 42, Form 47, 227, B2, M2, until we wonder whether he is playing mental Bingo or is just overcome by the stacks and piles of aircrew rechecks and re-selections. Yours truly is hurrying around with St. John arm slings, splints, charts, text-books, and such like, trying to impart the rudiments of first aid and the healing art to classes of aspiring candidates for St. John Ambulance First Aid. One and all seem anxious to take this course to qualify—is it the attraction of sporting a brand new arm tunic badge to be mistaken for a warrant officer's rank, or is it a real genuine interest in seeking First Aid knowledge? We hope it is the latter. Classes will be running all fall and winter for those interested, let alone its being compulsory from now on in many trades. Don't rush, just walk to the nearest St. John Centre and your turn will come.

S/L Wilson, our cheery S.M.O., has just returned after a combined T.D. course plus annual leave in good old Toronto and nearby parts of ye Ontario. He looks really hale and hearty, reporting a splendid leave—but take note, ye Easterners, the blooming weather there has been rotten this last month, not like here; so don't run poor old Western Canada down too much.)

WO2 Stewart, our pharmacist, has been excelling himself in dispensing of late—oh! yes! Dispensing some really swell looking decoy ducks, and No. 4 buckshot among the scattered sloughs and fields near Rivers. Result?—the dispensing of some swell mallards on our door step on his return—yep, they really tasted good, as the old saying goes, "The proof of the pudding is the eating thereof." Thanks, major!

The hospital orderly room efficiently controlled by F/S Chappell and his able assistant, Cpl. Anderson, has of late seemed to be pervaded with an air

of more sophistication and impressions . . . ? ? ? . . . We wonder if Flight Chappell's upper lip "Gable" touch has anything to do with this? ? ? Sgt. Berg, our Hospital Diets Accountancy boss, when asked his opinion merely smiles and replies, "What! Oh that! You mean a football team with eleven on each side." We have asked Sgt. Sutton to take matters in hand for coaching this new team, although even coaches can sometimes stand coaching (?) What about it, Sergeant!

Our hospital kitchen, so ably presided over by our chef, Sgt. Ondor, with his wizardous tasty dishes, seems to be attracting no little attention of late. Patients coming in at meal time for "dieting" purposes (on the sage advice of the Dental officer) really don't want to get better too soon and leave this goody-goody bill of fare. But then Cap. Arnold and Cap. Jones can't always be looking down in the mouth for Vincents.

We regret to lose the cheery countenance of LAC Thompson from our hospital assistant's roster, but "Tommy" is embarking on new ventures overseas, and one and all wish him the very best with "Keep 'em Flyin'" our parting farewell.

Cpl. Scotty Stewart, our Masseur, has been overly worked of late and, incidentally, was a valuable asset to our track team on their recent visitation to the Track Meet in Brandon. Scotty can really "limber 'em up." If you don't think so, come up and see him sometime.

★

F/O Winnitoy had just finished examining a green remuster candidate and was filling in the medical form.

"That's everything except the sputum test," he said. "Just expectorate in one of those little vials on that shelf at the far end of the room."

"What d'you mean, sir?" asked the candidate.

"Spit in one of those bottles on the shelf down there."

"Cripes, d'you mean all the way from here, sir?"



Pay Day—Barrack Block 55.

# TREAT YOUR SEXTANT RIGHT!



HERE'S ONE OF SEVERAL WAYS YOU MAY HURT THE SEXTANT!

THE SEXTANT CAN GET A BIG WOUND FROM A BLOW!



DON'T BRUISE THE SEXTANT! HE'S GOT A WOUND!

DON'T LEAVE THE SEXTANT IN - NOW WOULD YOU FEEL WITH ALL THAT BRUISES UNDER YOUR DIVIDERS?



IT MAY BE AN OBSTACLE ON YOUR WAY OUT TO THE KITCHEN - BUT



BEFORE YOU GET THE SEXTANT INSTEAD OF IT IS SOMEBODY'S SEXTANT AND YOU'VE GONE FROM SEXTANT TO SEXTANT!



WHERE THE H... ARE MY DIVIDERS?



FADRE "WHAT'S YOUR TROUBLE?" AIRMAN "THE BOSS ARE HAVING RIFLE DOLL & I'M MISSING IT!"



GHHHHHHH AND I WANTED TO FLY



BLOOF!

STAYAWAKE IN MET. Overseas it pays off!



OK... DON'T ORIENTATE YOUR MAP!

# Classroom Highlights



## CLASS 21 N.I.

G. A. WISHART

With half the course behind us, the class is beginning to count the days until that happy November morn, when at last we shall graduate from the category of "trainee"—those of us, that is, who survive the mid-term slaughter which is in progress as this is written.

This western country is developing quite an appeal for several of the boys, particularly after a 48 in Winnipeg. It is noted that those who stayed around the station on the last one have been treating Bill Plummer, Russ Richardson, "Nag" Gill and yours truly with more respect than usual—no doubt hoping for a look at that little red book before the next 48. However, as the Stratford streak puts it, "We've got four, we keep four."

The class bowling league has become very popular, but George Moreton is still having trouble with those people who insist on making bright remarks when he is concentrating on breaking 300.

21 N.I.'s monthly navigational award goes to Max Baker and Russ Richardson for spending a Saturday night in Brandon when every one else managed to return to base. (They claim their wireless was u/s.)

Lyle Brennan is still trying to convince F/L Weaver of the uselessness of multiple drift winds, but without much success.

The class is wondering why "Brown Eyes" (he paid me to omit the last name) gets so much better service from that certain waitress in the dining hall.

Bill Plummer wishes to express his thanks to those who are depositing old razor blades in the box in the wash room. That sharpener of his is a real money-saver.

Missing—*one* class senior. Time—every night about 1700 hours. Place—town of Rivers. Reason—that's what we'd like to know. We hope to have something more definite on this before next month.

## CLASS 85B

We are not really certain if we should be here or whether we have officially "arrived" and certainly we are not so sure ourselves whether we ought to have come. However, we've found quite a few things to pass the time and have never had a dull moment!

By the time this appears we shall have done our turn as Duty Watch

and shown the results of our last 6-10 months "effort"—seldom in the field of R.A.F. fatigues has so little been done by so many in so long—nevertheless we hope we may make a contribution to the amenities of this station which has welcomed us so well.

Press date for M.T.B. finds us not yet "organized" and future issues must await more detailed news of us, but we can say now that 85B, in spite of being sent to Rivers by mistake, will do its best to uphold the very high standard of its predecessors, as well as show our brethren of 85A that, although they may have some very distinguished company in their class, the "G's" are with us and "G" stands for "gen."

STOP PRESS! We are to be 86B not 85! We'll arrive officially in the next issue.

## CLASS 79A



Our critics, fans, or just the uninterested spectator may have noticed that 79A was not open for general criticism in last month's issue of M.T.B. That was due to an oversight, but to relieve your minds of undue worry, we hope to be able to contribute a little more than usual, if the Editor doesn't cut too much out. With three members scribing we look for a really noble effort.

We are convinced that our boss, F/O Arn (Get-um-Picture), to whom we have become quite attached, is secretly impressed with his hard-working class of gen men cum navigators, due to the fact that via cub sheets, bed sheets, and hard work, we all managed to pass favourably in the mid-term exams and are now rushing headlong into the 16 week D/R and then the finals. Some may not get all-um-picture and will ultimately D/R ahead and A/C Toronto. We keep our fingers crossed though.

A few members of this class may mourn the loss of 75B, our former senior co-inhabitant class, which also means the loss of our source of pukka gen, but, as a consolation we may now be able to get some sleep in the period allotted for same.

D.D., who's guy matter produced material to follow, is still wondering why he ever thought it was Souris. "Use your dividers, man!" Of course, we have a fellow in our midst who pondered until the early hours of the morning, trying to decide whether he had written his log in blue pencil and had had it marked by air flight with ordinary lead.

## The Slip Twixt the Hood and the Dish

One of our aircraft was missing with all of its gallant crew,

The mighty Ronald Dishman and "Twhistler" Hoodless too.

The day was cold and cloudy on which they took their flight,

They hoped to land at Broadview and there to spend the night.

Alas, and alack, the powers that be then took them well in hand

And sent them back by half past three, 'twas not as they had planned.

## CLASS 83B

With five weeks of strenuous work behind us, we of 83B wonder how many more tricks the "powers that be" have up their sleeves to further thrust us into the depths of bewilderment.

The class as a whole would like to know who invented the "chamber of horrors" which is sometimes referred to as the S.D.R.T.

Also high on our list of unfathomable wonders is the method in which the Air Flight can chew up the 1st Navigator's log (which he believed he had doctored perfectly). Our instructors have supplied us with many amusing incidents. Just when the darkness seems to be settling around us, laughter echoes through the classroom with bright forecasts from the Met man.

Our flight commander, F/O Burns, who has suffered as we do, butchers our morale with many antidotes drawn from his experience gained while in training.

## CLASSIFIED AD

Lost—*one* helmet over the school house at Hamiota. Finder return to "Wolf" Crapper. We also want to know what he was looking at.

## CLASS 85A

We venture humbly, and with some temerity, to make our presence known in the pages of that "Vox Fluminum." M.T.B. Our first impression was one of severest activity and considerable apprehension regarding the close proximity of the all-important finals.

"Bind, Brother, Bind" seems to be the war cry of Rivers and the constant strain of work leaves its sorry mark on the struggling in-mates. We feel, however, that any R.A.F. Cadet who has reached this stage in his training can look forward to the prospect of such effort without undue qualms.

The mental resources, alertness and initiative untarned during nine or so months of heavy skywing operations in the pools of two countries lay a foundation on which the instruments here can afford to erect veritable skyscrapers of and general brain-lag. These problems of plotting pale into insignificance beside the all too practical ones of navigation and camouflage which are involved in evading the unwelcome attentions of some overzealous fatigue N.C.O.

Our next impression was that of the solitude and desolation by which the stations surrounded. Our eyes sought the horizon for some rising ground, or some semblance of what we know as civilization, but we were rewarded by nothing but the sting of a biting wind sweeping relentlessly across "wide open spaces."

On getting to know the camp a little better however, we began to realize how by keeping to that small world bounded by class-room, barrack blocks, drill-hall and theatre, the other impressions could be almost forgotten. The sight too of so many trim bundles of femininity weaving smartly about is in itself a morale builder not enjoyed by many stations. This sense of mere being is, we feel, furthered by the inner satisfaction caused by the best on the camp, which we are glad to say, is quite up to the expectations engendered by reports from our fore-runners.

And so, we who are sprogs, fall in column of route, to the tune of the "camp contacta" (left nay, left nay) to count the weeks before the next exam, to bind and stooge above limitless prairie, to "shoot stars," to live, nay exist, from "48" to "48." In short, adopting faithfully all the peculiarities of the would-be navigator until we gain, after toil and tribulation, the long coveted "wing."

## CLASS 82B

Man's enemy has moved on a pace and has left us wondering many things, not the least worry being our sanity. After a particularly strenuous day spent in sleeping through countless lectures, one hears murmurings at night from a cadet, who in his sleep is arguing about the course his pilot

is flying. I don't mind, but it makes you think. As for the real practical side of the course, most of the flying has been without incident despite the opinions of the Air Flight.

One exception to this, was the case of the poor chap who, on his way to Indian Head, and not feeling very well, turned on E.T.A. over Wolsley, after being lost for a while—all this with the instructor in the plane. Pardon me while I work out a problem involving W.L.F.H.

Talking of problems and sanity, here are a few to be worked out "for next day":

How long would it take a cold front to thaw out if the temperature of VARGA were past the critical point?

Who says:

"I take a dim voo of that!"

"Let's go, ay?"

"My mother-in-law says . . ."

Who goes to sleep during—

(a) Compasses?

(b) Met?

Who is Sylvia?

Who wrote the Unfinished Log?

T.A.S. West, G/S pest?

What is the Relative Humidity at

50° 00' 01 N if Doo point is 034° T?

What is the Relative Humidity at Manchester if the Daily Dispatch comes out once a week?

At what temperature is a log properly cooked?

Where is the proverbial creek?

Which is the most reliable method of finding W/V:—

(1) Rule of thumb; aeroplane diagram.

(2) Guestimation.

(3) Assume no wind by interpolation.

At what height is a blonde recognizable with a 20 inch lens cone? What filter would you use?

Cave (Johnny) hails from Yorkshire and his accent occasionally breaks through. He can always be relied upon to laugh at a joke, though.

Cleminston (Lofty or Clem) is our marker, all 6 ft. 3½ ins. of him! A civil servant in civvy street, but still civil!

Smith (Smithy) is the shorty of the flight but his lack of stature is made up for by an abundance of wit. He reported sick after the last "48." I wonder why!

Statter (Ted) is another lad with a north country accent. "Ay" seems to be the alternative to "Ee."

Shaw (Ken) is a soccer enthusiast but apart from that he doesn't leave himself open to any caustic comment.

Taylor (Dick) was an architect in civil life. He is at present engaged on the replanning of the interiors of Ansons with a view to more comfort. Log cookers and beds to be standard equipment?

Louens, Wallace & Wells (Larry, Tony and John, respectively) are a trio, since made into quartet by the

"Baron." Chief occupations are arguing about nothing, arguing about involved calculations and finally, making impassioned pleas to Joe!

There's more to come.

## CLASS 80B

Owing to the exigencies of the service and the fact that we failed to get our monthly five minutes off, we had no entry in last month's issue of M.T.B.

This month, however, we have considerably more time, and we have even been able to retire before midnight, thanks to weather man Mac and his overcast.

By the way, did you hear about the lumber-jack who remustered to a navigator and was caught cooking his log? He was quite cut up about it.

One of our more talented members has produced the following short poem to give you an insight into the life of a u/t navigator:

If you want to be a Nav.  
Time and brainpower you must have  
Ceaseless work, no recreation  
Ensures stay at RIVERS station.

Someone here is sure to bind you,  
Instructors hover right behind you,  
Every time you try to Skive  
Or even go to RIVERS Jive.

Getting lost and crossing border  
Seems to be quite out of order,  
Though a stay down in the States  
Often helps to get more dates.

To get lost while airplot keeping,  
On return to air flight creeping,  
Are accused of things most vile,  
And get blue pencil by the mile.

Keeping track plot, taking drift,  
Racking brains to find wind shift,  
Checking course and shooting stars,  
Where the hell is Planet Mars?

Straight from this unhappy plight,  
Down to earth a scrambled bite,  
D.R. trainer until we  
Bale out over the North Sea.

After tea we start to bind,  
Not as if we really mind,  
Actually for our pits are yearning,  
But we needs must keep on learning.

After hours of bind and study,  
Short of grub, with little money,  
Heads we think are very heavy,  
But we keep in mind that Brevt.

Now we propose to give you the inside "gen" on the private lives of various members of our class.

LAC. "Break Step" Gibson—Our genial senior man from north of the border. Does his best to speak English, but you should hear his pronunciation of DNEIPROPETROVSK in broad Scotch.

LAC. Walker (No. 1)—The first of our three Walkers. Usually known as 340. Hails from Durham and is the proud possessor of a good conduct stripe.

## CLASS 76A

The survivors of 76A having written all their final exams have come to the conclusion that the questions were too complicated and proved too much of a strain. Some of them were even difficult. In the light of our superior knowledge, therefore, we beg to submit a specimen examination paper covering all the subjects and calculated to give satisfaction to everyone concerned.

It is appended below:

### NAVIGATION

1. Which do you consider to be more alike. A map or a chart or a chart or vice versa?
2. How would you deal with:
  - (a) A confusion Angle
  - (b) A Polytechnic Injection.
3. Give Great Circle bearing of Little Diddering-in-the World from Rivers. (Answer reduced to £s.d.)
4. Give latitude and Longitude of:
  - (a) . 51.45N. 103.26W.
  - (b) : China.
  - (c) : THE CREEK.
5. What would you do if confronted with:
  - (a) An angry L.H.A.
  - (b) A rampant bubble.
  - (c) A runaway fix.
6. Detail:
  - (a) How to get a fix.
  - (b) How to get out of a fix. (The Creek may not be used as an example.)
7. Which is the further apart, Berlin or Tokyo or vice versa?

### MENTAL D.R.

1. Which is the further North, the North Pole or the South Pole?
2. Give the track true from GIS to the "PITS" (Estimated).

### INSTRUMENTS

1. Describe how you would use:
  - (a) A pencil
  - (b) An eraser.
  - (c) A straight edge.

### COMPASS

1. What is meant by "tired out"?
2. Arrange the following in order:
  - (a) Coefficient A.
  - (b) Coefficient B.
  - (c) Coefficient C.

### WIRELESS

1. Is a D/F loopy?
2. What are the main uses of the wireless operator?
3. How would you confuse:
  - (a) The B.B.C. Home Service?
  - (b) The B.B.C. Forces Program?
  - (c) CKX Brandon (Nasal Accent)?

### RECONNAISSANCE

1. Tabulate the duties of the following:
  - (a) The station - orderly - room runner.
  - (b) The N.C.O. i/c bowling alley.
2. Discourse briefly on the advantages of being in the Air Force.

3. What would we do without the Navy?

### METEOROLOGY

1. What is the difference between the back of a front and the front of a front?
2. Why are thunderstorms?
3. Define Relatives' Humility.

### PHOTOGRAPHY

1. What is wrong when the fillum-wind indicator burns continuously and the green light rotates?
2. What convinces you that the camera is used for taking photographs?

### ARMAMENT

1. Why does the rifle leave the bullet?
2. What stoppage is caused by a broken rear - sear - spring - retainer - keeper-lug-pin bent?

### GENERAL KNOWLEDGE

Why isn't Manitoba listed among the desert regions of the world?  
And there you have it. Simple, isn't it?  
And so we all say farewell to these "sunny" shores.

## CLASS 84A

(Fornico Adolphus Asbestos Sumus)  
Twenty-one Englishmen\*, six Barbarians† and a cutdown masquerading local inhabitant comprise Course 84A.

**Local News**— "Scotch Mist," contrary to our Met, Wallah's statement, is not low stratus nor is it in any way related to "Highland Dew." Our own genealogist is of the opinion that it is a second cousin of Sweet Fanny Adams.

**Home News**— Three missionaries have returned from Scotland complete with a dictionary of the native tongue. Peace and trade negotiations are expected to ensue.

### WHO'S WHO

Who hopes to gnaw corn on the cob on the cobblestones of a Yorkshire village? (Vide Winnipeg Free Press, Sept. 4th.) Who is the gen man on D/F who only wakens up to refill his briar? He's jammy. Who is the Welshman who speaks his native tongue in his sleep? You can't be too careful, eh Taffy? Who said the cure for talking in your sleep was to get it off your chest? We do not mean the hair.

Who told Johnny Green that naturalization was a piece of cake? Which officer of the P.S. was visibly shaken when our Guardsman took over drill parade? Pontius Pilate's Own came into their own or didn't they? Which Englishman thought that W.D. stood for Works Department.

"Advert"—If you didn't arrive on E.T.A., you could not have tried the BENHAM way.

**Correspondence**—Y.P.B., Rivers: No, although it is more chic to return

with the full bag, it is not really necessary. It may be disposed of through the usual channels.

**Jock Innes**—Yes, Scotty, there may be a natural explanation but personally we think a Green moustache is a monstrosity.

Who the hell won the 25 bucks, anyway?

**ENGLISHMEN**—A hybrid race sometimes found living in England and London.

**BARBARIANS**—Live on the extrivities of England.

## CLASS 78A

T. STREAD COLLIVER

Wake! For the sun, who scatter'd into flight

The stars before him from the field of night,

Drives night along with them from Heav'n and strikes

The Sultan's turret with a shaft of light.

"You are old, Father Lion," the young man said,

"And your mane has become very white;

And yet you incessantly worry your head—

Do you think at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father Lion replied to his son,

"I feared it might injure the brain; But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,

Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,

And have grown most uncommonly tired;

Yet you always turn in a T.57 at the door—

For which, you should have already been fired."

"In my mouth," said the lion, as he shook his gray locks,

"I kept all my brain very supple By the use of these cribs—one dollar the box—

Allow me to sell you a couple."

"You are old," said the youth, "and your plots are too weak

For anything tougher than Air Flight, Yet you finished the route with the winds not too bleak—

And your ground speeds and fixes quite alright?

"In my youth," said the lion, "I took to the air

And married each plot with my life; And the practical knowledge I gained up there,

Has left me fit to take wife."

"You are old," said the youth, "one would hardly suppose

That this air plot goes on forever; And you measured your distance with the Compass Rose—

What made you so Blue Pencil clever?"

"I have answered these questions, and that is enough,"  
Said the Lion; "Don't give yourself airs!"  
Do you think I will listen to 'gen' that is duff?  
Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs."

### CLASS 77A

The end has almost arrived and by that time, it is to be hoped that all the class will have satisfied their love of exploration and excursions to other stations, so that we may all be present for the finale. Just lately, such strange things have happened that no one has thought of starting out on a trip unless armed with a service cap, and as many dollars as can be borrowed. And strange tales are told of nights spent away from home. However, thoughts are turning towards the east and a final visit to Winnipeg, with much unfinished business to complete there.

Looking back, and forgetting the hours of binding, we remember all the hospitality we have received in Canada, the patience of our instructors, and all those 49s.

We shall have many happy memories to take back home. So may we say farewell with a word of thanks and wish the best of luck to all on the station and those to follow after us.

### CLASS 77B

As Mr. Churchill once remarked, "We have reached the end of the beginning," and by the time these notes appear, we, also, shall have reached the end, and shall be looking forward to our next stage where navigational instructors will be binding us to unlearn all we have learned to contemptuous snorts that "you aren't at Rivers now."

It is not with regret or misgiving that we leave No. 1 C.N.S., but before our passing, we would like to bid farewell to our constant companions for the past 20 weeks. For instance, Dane, and his playmate Shoeblack, the faithful stogie who never sends K where R should be; the gentlemen of the air flight with their ever-cheering words of encouragement, including he who wanted a 3rd class loop bearing transferred three hours round Manitoba; to the student lecturers whom we have helped through many an hour; the many pulka instructors who have gazed with consternation at 20 pieces of glossy cod-like eyes and vacant stares; the jerk who in sight tests will shoot Diphda and Ras Alhague and who strands navigators on desert islands with G.M.T., a sextant and an air almanac.

We would humbly suggest that lubricating oil be supplied for computers, that "pinpoints" in the S.D.R.T. agree with the map, that the menu be constructed for white people and not

aborigines, that staff pilots trust the navigator and don't use the Rivers beam to hit Weyburn; that "met-finger" and "psychic" winds be included in the syllabus.

It is our proud boast that none of our aircraft have ever failed to return. We have learned to plot both ends of a loop bearing and that an air plot is a conspiracy in an Anson, that a log has to be cooked before it can be swallowed and a stall turn is not a comedian who does his act in the aisle.

To those we leave behind, we say "good hunting," and "happy landings."

### CLASS 81A



After graduating from "paper bag" trips and Intermediate "Bees," we find ourselves with 4 min., 55 sec. of Total Leisure to dash into print. We thought on arrival that we were all from the Old Country, but an American, Ed B. Rooke, has made himself manifest among us (in name only, by gad!)—at any rate to student lecturers.

We did not hear much of our earlier lectures, as our classroom is situated under the original Anson. However, we are now all proficient in the art of lip reading and pantomime, so this no longer bothers us.

We are at present engaged in compiling a set of tables to give the time of Total Silence in billet 12A. So far readings have been unbelievably small and irregular.

The following lesser known facts about the course have been gleaned so far:

Respirators have been replaced by handkerchiefs.

Marie, the Cold Front, although very fascinating, can present quite an embarrassing situation. All navigation is subject to quite a spread I guess but you can let that ride. We'll get lost anyway, the prairies are flat. The Air Flight never leave the deck in bumpy weather and have a warped conception of what can be done in five minutes.

To encourage the sales of M.T.B. herewith, our "Bee" competitor obtaining the highest marks will be entitled to a free trip in the D.R. Trainer (equipped with D/F), and should anyone obtain 100 per cent they will be entitled to a seat in the Celestial Link if it ever "takes off" on its maiden flight.

Give the context of the following:

(a) Who called that pilot a b—?

(b) "... Well she went out with Dave so I had to take her mother to a show."

(c) "Now if you were in the 51st Division."

(d) "But if you put cross wires on the view finder, won't they show on the photograph?"

(e) "The Ironside layer reflects W/T waves, sir..."

(f) "But why shouldn't he do drill and P.T. with the rest of us?..."

(g) "Don't think that I am making a discovery, sir, but when I was in Rhodesia..."

All entries should be submitted to the Air Flight within five minutes of landing. Their decision will not be accepted as final. The time has now come for us to resume binding, so in the words of the Immortal Sergeant (with apologies to John Brophy), "Let's go eh!"

### CLASS 76B

#### "A Viewpoint On Our Sojourn"

The sojourn at No. 1 C.N.S. is a time that will linger in the memory of many navigators. Among the priceless opportunities that may be found there is none so rare and precious as this—"20 weeks course at Rivers."

Many would say it's a toil. A few would call it a turmoil. Through a long trend of unbroken success we might name it a mission that is proving its weight in gold. How do we experience it to be such? It is the principle with which we are guided by the most untiring, able and expert tutors of the school. We are not by the mere whim of fortune being shifted to the pinnacle of success but through their splendid instruction we are able to gain the sheaves of a due labour.

We probably start in a "blind alley" and everyone knows full well that we view it as almost a superhuman task to get out of the rut; but it is done in two ways. First, the willingness of the instructors hammering the point home to us—that we can get out of the rut. The next keystone is the roosting over heaps of books. The multiplicity of those efforts leads to one present ambition—to hatch any credits that are badly needed.

To still our emotions we curtain in expressing the deepest satisfaction and appreciation of the method adopted at No. 1 C.N.S. for the training of the many enthusiastic youngsters.

"Never have so many, learned so much at so slow a rate."

### CLASS 82A

Since the last issue of M.T.B. our course has suffered three losses, for only one of which we have been compensated. Our ex-class senior and his partner, two of our more staid charac-

ters, have reaped the reward of their patience, and have ascended to higher, and slightly more advanced spheres. We have heard that one of them has since been admitted to hospital, no doubt suffering from nervous excitement at the thought of leaving Rivers before Christmas! Our instructor also left us for the "big city," and his place has been filled by P/O Giesbrecht, who, M.T.B. informs us, has a strong right arm. But as far as we are concerned, the only in-swingers he pitches are verbal ones, although we are more often than not "struck out" by them.

Of course, we have a new class senior now—you may have heard his thunderous bellow on morning parade. We have seen unsuspecting officers blanch visibly as he informs them (and the inhabitants of Wheatlands) that the flight is "all present and correct, sir."

But with all these changes, the rank and file plod along stubbornly, and at the time of going to press, we are girding up our loins to face the first exam. Some of our more highly strung types burst into tears if you mention a "mean wind velocity," but we just ignore them.

And to finish, by way of interest, here is a random harvest of "gen-room gleamings"—no prizes given for correct identification:

What seems to be the matter? . . . Navigation? It's just a low-grade skill. . . . Nay, you can't do that. . . . I say, Cyril. . . . Now for next day. . . . Well, suh, it's like this, suh. . . . I'm all for it myself. . . . So I asked the pilot to push the airspeed up, and we just got back in time. . . .

## CLASS 83A



We of course 83A have now been here sufficiently long for our various characters to have become obvious. Having prophesied the appearance of an asker of questions, the writer of last month's report apparently felt impelled to take up this role himself, attaining considerable success with questions whose compenitry, not to say irrelevance, have been rarely equalled.

Britain is truly represented by this class, as, besides Yorkshiremen, who are understood to include dominion status amongst their peace aims, we

have Englishmen, a smattering of Welshmen, one Scotsman, a man from Tipperary, and we must not forget to include our one dominion representative from New Zealand. Owing to illness, we have already lost one of our number. Our best wishes follow Lofly Harris during his sojourn in our company.

We noticed in last month's M.T.B. a claim to a total of 88 per cent in a computer test. We are able to report a result of 21 per cent; the main advantage of such a total is, of course, that no doubts can be raised as to its authenticity.

Although as a class we cannot claim to be outstanding for many remarkable specimens of moustache culture, one of the writers hereof shelters his anonymity behind an appendage hitherto associated only with a walrus.

Descending to personalities, we must pass Pullen, our class senior, tactfully by, as he is responsible for preparing "parade states."

In spite of the disbelief aroused by any story involving punctuality on their part, we are able, confidently, to report that Hanson and Hayes, "the 'orrible aitches," were in time for the train to Winnipeg. We are sorry to state that they reverted to type on the return journey. We are able to assure our readers that any further lapses from their usual habits are not to be expected.

Who is that personage in our class sometimes referred to as "Zone." He is reported to be disgusted with today's "out-of-date" methods of navigation, and has proceeded to simplify it by analyzing the science into 732 sections. The number of sub-sections is now under computation.

It is learned from reliable sources that the authorities have agreed to publish a Welsh version of AP 1234 for Jeremy, who has found his progress hampered for want of this.

Who is that character sheltering under the name of "Walker"? We will not say "Mr. Walker wants to know," but "We want to know, Mr. Walker, what you were doing on the nights of September 13-14? Our C.I.D. has told us that clues might be found in a railway truck, approximately thirty-two miles E-S-E of here, so beware, Mr. Walker, beware."

Overheard in the D.R. Trainer: "Either ah've got t'use t'Met wind, Bill, which is b— useless, or T' wind ah've found over t' North Sea, which is a b— sight worse."

In conclusion we must congratulate one of our members—for as such, we will always think of him—our instructor, F/O Keats, firstly, on obtaining his brevet at a recent Wings Parade, and last but by no means least, on his marriage. We are wondering whether this last ceremony has any connections with a broken toe, which apparently happened on the last night of his freedom.

## CLASS 80A

Owing to absence from prison, pleasure bent, we missed the last issue but are now making up leeway.

Already we are well known in medical section by the number of applicants for exit visas to civilization and in Air Flight for amount of blue pencil used.

As one bright spark says, "At least it does make the log books full."

ODDITIES FIRBAN—known to one and all as the "Baron" the one bright spark in times of stress and strain, whose frequent decisions to change a mark IX sextant for a Browning are already making one member use hair restorer.

Then come the unheavenly twins MACE & OXLEY, well loved for heated discussions in moments of great concentration, especially in the trainer.

Next we must include the "Prowler," known to Records as LAWRENCE, L. W., whose love of food, midnight wanderings and pills astounds us all. His exploits with nil winds and bumps are a constant thrill.

The back row boys, an "E" the only thing we have to distinguish them. Both very LOW(E), whose ability with chalk and blackboard constantly amuses us. Speciality—the 1949 Bomber . . .

Early to bed, early to rise Claud, peacetime upholder of the hand of the law, whose photographic memories of the darker side of London lightens many a moment but never fails to mystify as to the power of the story.

"Pagliacci" MOTLEY—famous words—"Would you mind repeating the question, Sir." Senior to the Baron and whose experiences with the Prowler in the air leave much to the imagination.

Who was the person on being issued with a Planisphere said, "By heck, this thing has stars on it."

Un-named shall be the one who tried to take hand—held, obliques lying on his back with the F.24 on his chest.

### A Few Navigation Suggestions

Use a synoptic chart for plotting in order to avoid bad weather.

For M.T.B.s—select the most likely map, take the dividers in the left hand, gaze inquiringly at the heavens and make a quick thrust. A great help when plagued with "G'ime a course" . . . "An M.T.B., please" . . . "Where are we" . . . "Have you a wind."

For checking course—Make sure Astro Compass securely in box under table. Look out of window and if heavenly body seems to be in desired position add or subtract two degrees to CoC as to whether day is odd or even.

Wanted—a permanent instructor. Ah, come on—we've only nine weeks to go.

## Promotions

F/S W. Mytruk to WO2—Pilot.  
F/S D. S. McKechnie to WO2—Pilot.  
Cpl. H. A. MacMurchy to Sergeant—Admin.  
WO2 A. R. Dustan to Pilot Officer—Pilot.  
WO2 Stock to Pilot Officer—Pilot.  
WO2 R. E. McDougall to Pilot Officer—Pilot.  
WO2 J. Wagman to Pilot Officer—Pilot.  
WO2 F. Atcheson to Pilot Officer—Pilot.  
WO2 A. M. Park to Pilot Officer—Pilot.  
WO2 J. G. Jeffery to Pilot Officer—Pilot.  
WO2 R. S. Ewart to Pilot Officer—Pilot.  
WO2 C. B. Dockrey to Pilot Officer—Pilot.  
WO2 D. S. McKechnie to Pilot Officer—Pilot.  
WO2 W. Mytruk to Pilot Officer—Pilot.  
F/S J. S. Paul to WO2—Pilot.  
F/S D. L. Mauglas to WO2—Pilot.  
Sgt. G. Swift to Flight Sergeant—Pilot.  
Sgt. D. A. Dupas to Flight Sergeant—Pilot.  
F/Sgt. D. R. Bowers to WO2—Pilot.  
Sgt. R. M. Dahl to Flight Sergeant—Pilot.  
Sgt. H. Stevens to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. D. R. Kenny to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. L. H. Renaud to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. H. S. Kerr to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. R. M. Park to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. D. S. Morrison to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. J. P. Trottier to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. S. Pearl to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. C. D. Nadeau to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. W. T. Chapman to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. F. J. O'Brien to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. E. Arnold to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. J. H. Menzies to Flight Sergeant—Arm.  
Cpl. A. C. Spencer to Sergeant—Spec. Miscell. Artist.  
Cpl. M. Johnson to Sergeant—Arm.  
Cpl. H. M. Stephenson to Sergeant—Discip.  
Cpl. J. P. Rokosh to Sergeant—Arm.  
Cpl. R. D. Wager to Sergeant—Arm.  
LAC J. C. Matthews to Corporal—A.E.M.  
LAC D. W. Beattie to Corporal—A.F.M.  
LAW V. E. Bathgate to Corporal—Clk. Gen.  
F/S R. E. Baiss to WO2—W.O.A.G.  
F/S W. Dunwoodie to WO2—Pilot.  
F/S L. Mitchell to WO2—Pilot.  
Sgt. W. Plotkin to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. R. Penner to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.  
Sgt. J. E. McDonald to Flight Sergeant—W.O.A.G.

## Marriages

LAC C. S. Mooney to Kerma Christene Kneale on Aug. 26.  
Sgt. W. S. McCall to Una May Rolfsstad on Sept. 3.  
AC2 S. O. Tolley to Hattie Teresa Ostrowski on Aug. 28.  
LAW D. D. Scott to Sgt. J. W. M. Stephen on Aug. 24.  
LAC E. F. Boorer to Dorothy Maria Clark on Sept. 9.  
P/O H. C. Hancock to Florence Ivy Young on Sept. 11.  
LAC E. F. Kelly to Marilyn Baswick on Sept. 14.  
AC2 L. B. Lemon to Gwendolyn Patricia O'Leary on Sept. 14.  
P/O L. R. Black to Marguerite Elma Stoddard on Sept. 7.  
Cpl. D. S. Kyle to Mary Rhoda Moore on Sept. 21.  
LAC L. W. Anderson to Clare Herman on Sept. 18.  
LAC W. E. Thompson to Anne Margaret Hubert on Sept. 17.  
P/O D. M. McDonald to Jacqueline Mary Rauthonell on Sept. 11.  
S/O M. A. J. Delahunt to F/O R. A. Jack on Sept. 8.

★

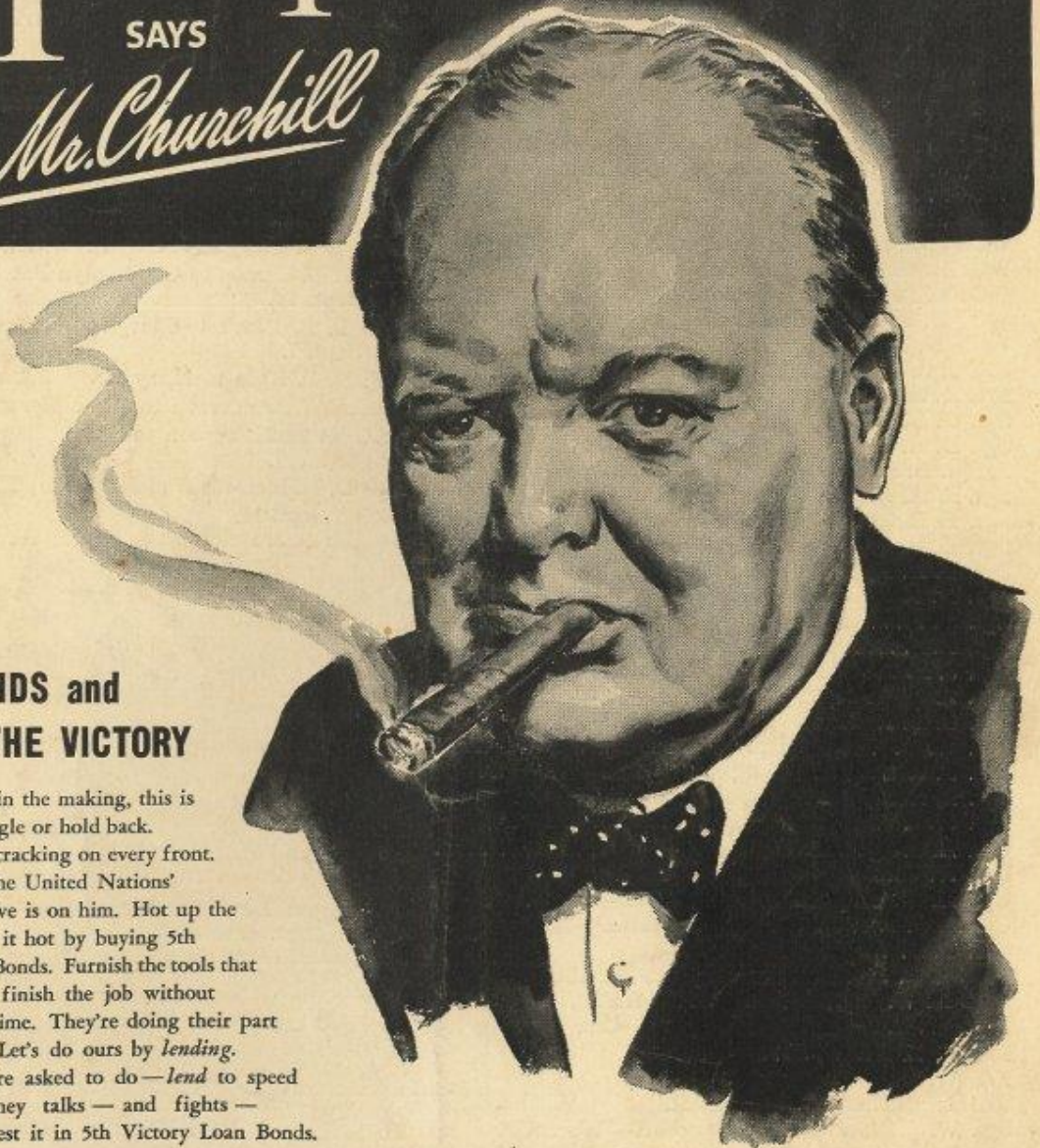
## Births

To LAC and Mrs. Greenhalgh, a daughter—Evelynne Marjorie—on Aug. 30.  
To Cpl and Mrs. Hunsinger, a son—Ronald Bruce—on Sept. 4.  
To Sgt. and Mrs. Rokosh, a son—John Vernon—on Aug. 19.  
To LAC and Mrs. Perron, a son—Joseph Gary Roland—on Aug. 29.  
To LAC and Mrs. Clarke, a son—William Craig Dow—on Sept. 9.  
To LAC and Mrs. King, a daughter—Randi—on Aug. 30.  
To Cpl. and Mrs. Sym, a daughter—Jeri—on Sept. 2.

# “Hot up the Fire!”

SAYS

*Mr. Churchill*



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