

MTB

MESSAGE O BASE

DECEMBER, 1943

Magpie Sharp

VOLUME 1, No. 5



No. 1 C. N. S.

RIVERS, MAN.



Christmas in Camp

F/O DON AIKEN



You ask me what we'll do on Christmas Day?
I'll tell you. It's a holiday, we'll eat
Roast turkey, and the mess will be as gay
As men, far-distant from their home-fire seat
Can make it. And on Christmas Eve there'll be
For kiddies of the officers and men
Whose homes are here, a starry Christmas Tree.
We'll watch, and live past Christmases again.

Mine will have Christmas by themselves this year.
Who knows how many Christmases must go,
How much of terror, frightfulness and fear,
Before I play with them in Christmas snow?
I guess that's why we're here; to make quite sure
That life is good for every lad and lass;
That Christmas faith and Christmas dreams endure,
And peace on earth shall some day come to pass.





EDITORIAL

M. T. B.
 By kind permission of GROUP CAPTAIN W. A. MURRAY
 Editor-in-Chief—P/O D. A. RITCHIE

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

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EDITOR'S CORNER

IT MAY be old stuff to talk about the weather but at time of writing everybody at Rivers was remarking on the absence of icy blasts usually prevalent by late November in Western Canada. And those of us who hail from these parts hasten to add that there is nothing about which to get excited—perfectly normal for November.

Have you all heard about Rivers' far reaching fame spreading across Canada via C.B.C. in November?—celebrities, no less. It happened this way. Representatives from our station appeared on the Radio Quiz program which is broadcast every Tuesday night at 9.30. Competing against Eastern station teams our boys and girls came out on top for three successive weeks to win the right to possession of a handsome trophy until such time as an equally learned group should duplicate the feat. Congratulations to all of the Rivers contestants who performed so well in our interests.

For the sensational cover girl symbolizing the Christmas spirit this year we take this opportunity to thank "Smitty" from Works and Buildings for his masterful presentation. No doubt Esquire Magazine will immediately offer a fat contract for exclusive rights to our pin-up girl.

Usually station magazines emblazon huge posters pleading for contributions but thanks to the steadily growing interest in M.T.B. no such problem has been faced to date. In fact, each new issue has been a bigger headache in solving how best to organize the material to include all sections. Keep it up everybody because it certainly is encouraging to those of us behind the gun.

With a growing M.T.B., the editorial staff has been forced to keep pace and with this issue comes the important announcement of the appointment of another Assistant Editor, Section Officer Kay Fulmer.

M.T.B. for DECEMBER

Certainly no individual has become more firmly entrenched in station activities than Mrs. Fulmer and it is in that capacity that she will serve the Editorial Committee. Mrs. Fulmer comes to us with an excellent background, having had considerable previous experience in editorial work and as a newspaper reporter. High expectations are held for her work in future issues.

Another major change was necessitated by the posting of Cpl. Marg Taylor and who could be a more popular choice as her successor than AW1 Jean Hastings from Works and Buildings. Already Jean has been introduced in the pages of M.T.B. when she pinch-hitted during Marg's matrimonial embarkation. She did a grand job then and we know we can count on her for a really lively Women's Division Section each month.

The vast improvement in submitted write ups the past two months has been noteworthy. The more interest that can be sustained in each individual presentation, the better, and one way to accomplish this is by improving readability. Every contributor can help by taking more time, giving more thought to what he or she may be writing and by thinking well in advance of each deadline date.

Another Christmas season is upon us. Normally the tone is a joyous one embracing festivity and gaiety but in remembering so many less fortunate than we, the tone, this year, is suitably, more one of reverence and hope. It is the time of year when one most looks forward to family gatherings, Christmas trees, decorations and friends, the likes of which, for many of you, will be sacrificed and missed. We fall, then, into two groups—those who will spend Christmastide at home and those who are prevented by a combination of time and distance. To the former, M.T.B. wishes a grand reunion at home and an eventful, happy leave. To the latter, our hope that you will enjoy Western hospitality to the full and that come Christmas 1944 it will be your turn and everybody's to recapture the joyous season as of old.



Sincere Christmas greetings and a victorious New Year!



In his monthly round-up of celebrities F/O Bill Grand, M.T.B. photographer, came up with some candid shots around that hive of industry known as the Admin. Building. At top left may be seen our Station Adjutant, F/L A. Hammond, M.C., and the Assistant Adjutant, F/O T. Winter. At centre is our Commanding Officer, Group Captain W. A. Murray, caught in an informal pose by the fireside. Top right is our newly appointed Squadron Leader, W. P. Wensley, Senior Administrative Officer, on the phone as usual. At left centre three Orderly Room W.D.'s provide the feminine touch—

left to right they are AW1 P. M. Errington, AW2 A. W. Kelly, and LAW M. K. Minchin. At right centre is our hard working Station Sergeant Major, W.O.2 Stan Jones, in a huddle with Sgt. J. M. Albert. Bottom left, two D.R.O. experts—AW1 K. Dawson and Sgt. J. Middleton (posted). At centre are our two Orderly Room chiefs, Sgt. R. N. Landry and WO2 H. Seifred (recently promoted). Bottom right, the mainstays of our Central Registry, AW1 B. R. Cameron and Sgt. S. H. Weinfield.



Headquarters



HAVING omitted in the first three issues of M.T.B. to introduce the personnel of Headquarters staff, we take the opportunity of doing so in this issue.

First of all is our Commanding Officer, Group Captain W. A. Murray, whose corner office commands a view of the dental clinic, hospital entrance and a "bit" of runway.

At the end of the hall and the opposite corner from the C.O.'s office is the sanctum of the Admin. Officer, Squadron Leader W. P. Wensley. Though the correct designation of this officer's official position is S.Ad., there is nothing "sad" about him . . . in fact he has a way of asking to get things done with the most disarming smile! . . . Before you realize it you have acquiesced without a de-mur(mur). He performs his many and varied duties with an abundance of "Wim, Wigor and Witality" which is acquired (he tells us) from getting up long before the break of day (0600 hours) . . . then into a cold shower, down to the gymnasium for a work-out on the new "Commando Course" and then topping it off with a grand dish of that delicious, crunchy, munchy breakfast cereal "Grapenuts Flakes" (adv't.). Yezzir, methinks a couple of mornings of the strenuous work-out outlined above (especially that tight-wire-walking routine) would drastically cut down the already notable manpower shortage. (Note: Besides all this activity, have you ever seen the S.Ad. "coming in on the beam" with that 99 horsepower bike of his? "Torchy," we've heard him called . . . and for sure, he out-Pedens the famous Torchy himself.

Next, and certainly 'way up top in the class in importance is the "Adj." (on all stations the "C.O.'s right hand man") . . . Our Adj. is Flight Lieutenant A. Hammond, M.C., one of the busiest and most respected men on our station . . . The M.C. was acquired in the first Great War and someday we hope to give you F/L Hammond in our "Personality Series" and really get the lowdown on that coveted decoration. F/L Hammond also wears an observer's wing. As Adj. he must lend a sympathetic ear to all and sundry who find it necessary to enter a plea for compassionate leave . . . their mother is ill, the stork is about ready to make a three-point landing, or some other reason usually involving domestic difficulty. All such cases are handled in the usual methodical, military manner and strictly as "laid down in orders." The multitudinous duties and the countless interruptions which are part of an Adjutant's office life, often result in our soldierly Adjutant "burning the midnight oil."

Flying Officer T. Winter, who shares the duties of F/L Hammond as Assistant Adjutant, and formerly from a secluded Air Force Station which, owing to its location, cannot be revealed. Just to give you some idea as to the mannerisms and characteristics typical of anyone spending a period of time in this wilderness, we have uncovered from sources we can not reveal that F/O Winter is now again sleeping with a mattress on his bed, eating in the usual custom with knife and fork, shakes an old acquaintance's hand instead of the former stoical abrupt "How," and omitting such terms as "Let's Break Trail" for the Mess." (Did you get that bush leave, Mr. Winter?)

And now, the W.D. Officer, S/O Fulmer, located immediately opposite the Adjutant's office, mother of approximately 220 airwomen, who knows every airwoman on the station as only a mother can, and anyone endeavoring to obtain information in this regard finds it as difficult as a prosecuting attorney cross-examining a Catholic clergyman. Find out the hard way, fellows.

And now, briefly we dwell upon the Station Orderly Room, headed by F/S Seifred, Sgt. Landry, and Sgt. Albert, amidst a seemingly continuous mad rush of femininity, the ringing of telephones, the hum of the P.A. system, the clatter of the typewriters and a sound we hear no more, that of our own AW Blake crooning, "Do I Worry," but in spite of all this turmoil, the reclassification, remusterings, promotions and ration allowance of every individual on the station at one time or another finds its way finally to the individual affected.

The poem shown hereunder gives our readers a comprehensive and reasonable facsimile of those Amazonians, namely the W.D. Staff of the Orderly Room:

★

THE GIRLS IN BLUE

We know there are steno's, but we have the best,
She's in with a flash at the Adj.'s request.
No work is too hard, this girl knows her stuff,
Walker is grand, and this is no guff.

If it's rations you want, then come to us, do
Our own Mrs. Waters will take care of you.
Although married three months, she still has that sigh,
If you have the nerve, then ask her "why?"

Now known as "Duke," this Errington gal,
Who recently lost her favorite pal.
Her work is the courses, S.N.I. (N.) also (P.),
She handles it well, as we can all see.

Wickets are wickets, but ours tops them all,
It's Tuff that you meet when you come to call.
Just learning the work, but she's doing her best,
To keep up with the gang, and be like the rest.

With documents here and documents there,
Surrounding our Jensen, blue-eyed and fair,
Checking them in and marking them, too,
She keeps up the morale of the girls in blue.

Something lost or something found
Will be in the paper that two girls pound.
Laurens and Dawson each day bring you news
In the form of the "Orders" that miss all your views.

Minchin is quiet and sits to one side,
And to the orders she tries to abide.
Just hailed from Gander, and missing it, too,
With a few more weeks we know she'll come through.

Is my temporary in? That's all that we hear,
The next one that yells it will land out on their ear.
Oh, yes! she will do it, so our word please don't doubt,
Of course we mean Joan . . . our own grand scout.

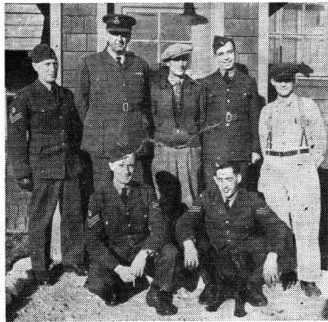
Carrol and Kelly are new to our crew,
But these two also look well in our blue.
Maybe next issue we can give you some gen
Concerning our friends, and we will try to by then.

After reading this verse, you should know us quite well,
So come up and visit, and talk for a spell.
You're welcome, of course, and we all have a grin,
For it's VICTORY we want, and that's why we're in.

Early Builders

Ed. Note: Introducing an article by our own "Cap" Walley, Flight Lieutenant C. S. Walley, major domo of the section known as "Works and Bricks" or "W. & B." "Cap" Walley, M.C., is another one of the "old soldiers" of our station and shares with F/L Hammond of this station the coveted ribbon of the Military Cross. Flight Lieutenant C. S. Walley was commissioner in the 44th Battalion C.E.F. on May 8th, 1915, wounded in June, 1916, and awarded the M.C. on January 1st, 1918, when he had risen to the rank of Captain. "Cap" Walley has a really splendid war record. He has three sons serving in this war, one of whom has been reported missing.

AS CIVILIAN, Mr. C. S. Walley, I was hired to start work July 19th, 1940. Two months prior to this the runways were started by the Department of Transport. I was asked by my chief how much I knew about water and sewer and replied,



Back Row, left to right, F/S G. J. Inkster, F/L C. S. Walley, M.C., H. W. Barr, AC1 L. P. Priest, C. G. Webster. Kneeling, F/S S. W. Collins, Sgt. P. A. Roberge.

"Probably as much as you do."

Spent the first three days in Winnipeg Library looking up data and information on sewer and water and municipal services generally. Finally got permission to hire some help and, given a work order for \$50.00, left for Rivers. 20th July, 1940, with a general site plan. Very few instructions and promises of plans to follow.

Arrived in Rivers and the first day was spent looking over Rivers and assuring myself that I could get necessary credit to carry on. Merchants and population quite sceptical that any work was intended, as the usual pre-election technique in Western Canada was to send out engineers to survey and report on projects which were never carried out. (Most professional people were on the verge of relief prior to 1940.) Site surveys were commenced and reports on water and sewage prepared, contractors reported on site, materials began to arrive and in two or three weeks' time we began to realize that something out of the ordinary was about to happen. On 10th August contractors from the East began to arrive. I was astonished to see the Eastern contractor's equipment. It was all on two cars and the largest item was a 1 cu. yd. concrete mixer but he very wisely brought up some real construction men from the East. When I suggested that there were plenty of men available in surrounding country, the contractor replied that he was going to push the job and farmers were no use to him. Before a month was out his Eastern men left and out-of-work residents of Rivers district were going great guns on the job, no union ideas in their heads—just the old threshing spirit, "Let's finish the job before we quit."

On 28th August the first concrete was poured for hangar

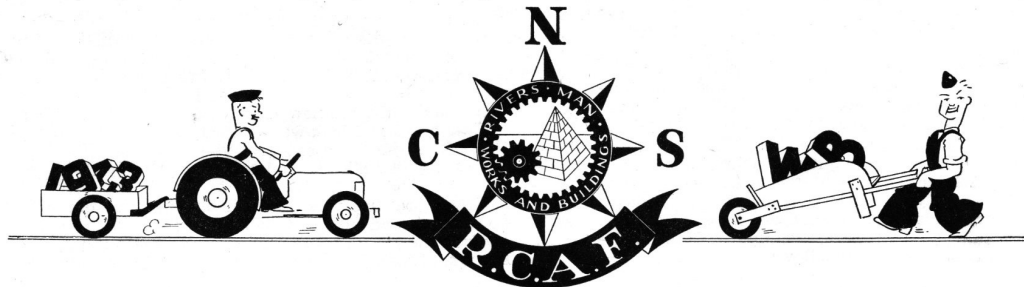
footings, and the hangars, etc., were occupied first week in November, about 2½ months later. Work went on day and night, and in marvellously progressive manner the Westerners met every problem of engineering and construction as it cropped up in such a way that today there has not shown up any operating trouble in any department.

Men would come to work and apply for a job, any job. "Well, what can you do?" "Anything." "We need carpenters today." They wanted work so desperately that they would hopefully reply, "If I had tools I could carpenter." So a hunt to provide a hammer and a saw and a carpenter was hired. At various times men were seen using a hammer with only one claw, only clothed in a cap, shirt and overalls. No boots, no socks. Nevertheless, No. 1 C.N.S. was built by such men of the West and most of the lumber, excepting heavy truss timbers, came from the prairie provinces and we have yet to meet anyone who will dispute the fact that No. 1 C.N.S. was built in record time.

It is not out of place to record here that the first two men hired on the Engineer's pay roll, schoolboys of 17 years, have since graduated as aircrew and have given their best in the service.

The water supply was a problem in the first days. It was brought up in tank cars to Wheatlands by the C.P.R. and hauled from there in trucks, about 40,000 gallons a day. Searching for water was a current joke, capped off by a "water diviner" spending a number of weeks traversing the surrounding fields. He distinguished water-bearing strata by a "feeling in his stomach." This did not bring any success. Many schemes were tried, such as bringing water from the Assiniboine and another by damming the Little Saskatchewan. Eventually the well driller, a local man, got disgusted and suggested he be given \$500, to find water or no pay, which was accepted, and he proceeded to do so, and as a result we have an excellent supply of water.

To myself it proved a conviction of mine held during the years 1932 to 1940, that the only depression in Western Canada was one of the spirit. The engineers staff was composed largely of boys on vacation from 2nd to 3rd year University. A compliment must be paid to the contractors who had the airport practically completed before they received any payment. The achievement of assembling of materials and labor to construct No. 1 C.N.S. in such a short time should reassure all Canadians that we have everything it takes to meet any situation which may arise. Without pulling any punches, one can say that it has taken the threats of the Axis to get us all pulling together, and we need not suffer from an inferiority complex now or in the future.



"Abandon Ship"

One stormy night in November four of our personnel got into difficulties with the weatherman and were obliged, finally, to "abandon ship." Their story of just how it feels to float through the air is told in this article.

PILOT OFFICER W. G. FICE (pilot of the aircraft), who hails from Toronto, was in hospital with a "tent" over a sprained ankle . . . said he, "I had the plane 'trimmed' as much as possible so the boys could jump and when I gave the order, out they went just like a bunch of paratroopers. . . . Then I heard the back door slam and I knew that the last man had gone, realizing at the same time that the door was closed. . . . My chute had been placed on the co-pilot's seat by one of the crew so I put it on, ran to the back of the plane, shoved open the door and jumped, trying to remember . . . as I did so . . . what I had been taught about jumping in lectures, etc. . . . the next thing I knew I was floating above the clouds . . . waited for the prop wash to pass before I decided to pull the ripcord . . . I was pleased no end when it worked . . . I then seemed to float gently down through the clouds and after what seemed a very short time . . . I came through the clouds and the ground seemed right below me . . . in fact I saw the ground and hit it at the same time . . . my chute caught on a tree but was not high enough to impede me, so I slapped the front part of the chute and was freed from it immediately. . . . After what seemed like many hours of walking, with my ankle getting a little more sore all the time (though I didn't feel it right at first, at all!) . . . I came to first one deserted farmhouse and then another and finally saw the lights of a car which turned out to be the searchers . . . all the boys were really swell and carried out their orders without fuss or excitement . . . I believe we'll all have more confidence from now on in our chutes . . . and congratulations to the parachute section for the good packing job . . .

AC1 John Smith, W.O.G.—Tall, fair and personable . . . ; Me? Oh, I didn't think about anything, no one else was the least bit nervous, the other chaps seemed calm and quite collected so I decided that that was the way for me to be too . . . at one moment I was standing in the open door of the plane, at the next I was out . . . at first I forgot to count, as we are supposed to do and then when I remembered I counted and then pulled the ripcord . . . I didn't have any sensation of moving at all . . . actually I was quite horizontal . . . right on my back when the chute opened up I could watch it going up . . . then I seemed to be swinging from side to side, still with no sensation of dropping . . . I began to think "at this rate I'll be up here all night" and then I started floating through a cloud and my face was tingling a bit with moisture . . . when I felt that I had cleared the cloud . . . and had still been looking up . . . I decided to look down and see if I could find what was beneath me . . . (believing that I had still about 1000 feet to drop) . . . and all of a sudden I hit, but I was perfectly relaxed and, though it was something like the sudden jump from a boxcar, it didn't hurt . . . I gathered myself up, collapsed my chute and saw that I was about 200 yards from a farmhouse . . . yes, I wondered what I would hit,

and was secretly hoping it would be a haystack rather than somebody's rooftop . . . the color from the flare was really something, the cloud was red and pink . . . yes, I WAS sitting on the edge of a little pink cloud! . . .

LAC Charles "Barry" Murphy, 2nd navigator, hails from Selkirk, Edmonton and the Peace River country, speaks with a slow Irish drawl and a smile in every word . . . Oh, me? I was glad to jump, everything was lit up from the flares giving the very air a spookiness. I was the third to leave the plane and had to crouch low, holding the door open . . . jumped straight as I had been instructed in order to clear the tailplane . . . yes, just about like taking off in a big ski jump . . . I can remember counting three but don't think that I ever did get to four when I pulled the ripcord . . . I could see the clouds . . . (they were absolutely beautiful too I might add) nice white, fleecy clouds tinged with pink from the flare reflection . . . had a real sensation of dropping into space, too . . . the chute opened when I pulled the cord and it gives you quite a jar, but you don't mind a bit . . . then I didn't seem to be moving at all, just swinging from side to side with old Orion staring me right in the face . . . I tried to remember my elementary training about working the shroud lines to stop the swinging and I don't know whether it helped or not . . . then I seemed just to sink in the moist clouds for a long time . . . suddenly I saw a dark streak, realized it must be the ground and that I was moving towards it at terrific speed, let myself go limp and rolled to one side as I hit . . . I just lay there for a full minute with a handful of grass . . . in each hand . . . before I even moved . . . I had my flashlight in my pocket (it still worked) and started to walk . . . after about a half hour Chateauvert, the first navigator, saw the light and called to me and then we walked together for another hour or so until we came to the farmhouse . . . by some coincidence the same one reached much earlier by Smith . . . we were all worrying about our pilot as we dropped, and when we met we all started wondering how he made out after we left him . . . it was a great experience and I'm grateful, too, to the red-headed W.D. who packed the chute and made such a good job of it!



The second navigator, LAC Chateauvert, Course 83B, was rather a bashful fellow and the last of the newly appointed members of the "Rivers' Paratroopers" or the "Men who walked home from an aeroplane ride Club" . . . when we asked him for his impressions. He just grinned and said, "We didn't think of anything, it was just simply a plain question of obeying orders."

"Shucks, we had 15 minutes warning that we might have to jump and we knew, positively, five minutes before we did. We spent the time getting everything ready and at the last moment I was busy

(Continued on page 13)



Women's D I V I S I O N

AWI J. HASTINGS

W. D. Officer

FOR this month's edition we have enlisted the services of our new senior W.D. Officer, Mrs. Fulmer. Mrs. Fulmer has had writing experience and has made quite a name for herself as a public speaker.



AWI Hastings

At the outbreak of war she was a women's editor and mother of one fourteen-year old son. The Fulmers were a military family and her husband had enlisted with the engineers in 1939. When in 1941, her adolescent son wangled his way into the Navy, Mrs. Fulmer counted the days until the government recruited women and when at last they did, Kathleen Fulmer was one of the first recruits. Her sailor son is now foster brother to the some several thousand W.D.'s whom his enterprising mother has adopted. Mrs. Fulmer likes her job and her girls like her. She is very keen on sports for the W.D.'s and is eager to make their service lives happy both on and off duty.

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Impressions on a Train

The train was very crowded, as they so often are nowadays, so we squeezed ourselves into a seat beside a pilot and buried ourselves in a magazine. Presently we became aware that we were an object of much interest to two young civilian matrons across the aisle. "Listeners hear no good of themselves," says the old saying and although we were listening, as were the rest of the passengers, because there was no choice, we learned the truth of it. It seemed the two young matrons were on their way to join their husbands. One husband was on a station which had been recently invaded by those "awful W.D.'s." "He says it has simply ruined the station, my dear."

The other woman was most sympathetic and confided that her husband was simply living in fear of the day when the same horrible fate would befall his station. They passed a good hour discussing the W.D.'s, quoting their husbands and friends as they gathered momentum. Our morale was sinking lower and lower as we asked ourselves what was the use. If the male members of the services shed their service loyalty within the confines of their own homes perhaps it would have been better if we had stayed civilians and worn the glamour bobs and red nail polish which we loved, and never read the newspaper or listened to Churchill and Roosevelt.

Then a very kind voice said, "Are you going to start throwing things now or just go on fuming to yourself."

This time we took a good look and saw that his uniform was very old and faded and that the Canada badge on his sleeve was tattered; so we talked to him all the rest of the way. He told us how he had been overseas for two years, in Malta and England, then he was sent home for a rest. When the train stopped he helped us with our bags and said, "Don't be discouraged, you're doing all right."

Our morale was just fine again, for the stuff that heroes are made of never comes off, in their homes or in trains or anywhere else.

★

Christmas

We take this opportunity to wish all our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Christmas day is one of those days when the war seems a little harder to bear, when those who are away from home become homesick and those at home grow misty eyed and say as they have said on all the other wartime Christmas days, "Perhaps next year" All over the country children are helping to decorate the Christmas trees with the bright tinsel and little colored lights so dear to their hearts. Grown-ups will be going to church at midnight to hear the old beloved carols and to pray for the safety of dear ones, and for peace. Far away in England and Sicily and in the four corners of the earth our boys will be fighting and dreaming of home. God grant that perhaps next year



"May I show your cell to another gentleman since you're leaving in the morning."—ESQUIRE.

Here 'n' There!

S/O KAY FULMER

INTERNATIONAL relationships with our good neighbors to the south were further strengthened during the past month with three of No. 1 C.N.S. Rivers' personnel saying their "I do's" with American partners, and two of the weddings being south of the border.



The first of these was Sergeant Ada "Brownie" Brown, well known aircraft rec instructor, who journeyed all the way to Platteville, Wisconsin, to become the bride of Staff Sergeant D. E. Gabel, of the U.S. Army Air Force on October 23rd. This romance had its beginnings in Montreal when Staff Sergeant Gabel was attached to the Ferry Command, and it was when Staff Sergeant Gabel returned home to Wisconsin after 17 months overseas (England and Africa) as an air gunner, that the wedding bells rang out. Sgt. Brown's bridegroom not only returned home with a fine record of service but also as the wearer of the D.F.C.

Second of our station to middle-aisle it in U.S.A. during the month was Rita Ainslee, diminutive W.O.G., who journeyed to Texas to marry the man of her choice, Flying Officer Andrews, now stationed at Yorkton, Sask. This romance also had its begin-

nings in the province of Quebec when AW1 Ainslee was stationed at St. Hubert, and when the engagement was sealed with the traditional diamond it was "AW2 Ainslee and LAC Andrews." Needless to say F/O Andrews is one of those proud pilots who says his home's "daown Texas way."

Sergeant Brown-Gabel and AW1 Andrews are happily enthusiastic in voicing their appreciations of American hospitality. They both said that they were accorded a "wonderful welcome" in their respective husband's home town and neither bride is in any doubt as to where her future home will be after hostilities cease. "Mrs. Gabel" will be a busy housewife down in Platteville, Wisconsin, way while "Mrs. Andrews" will be a happy homekeeper in or near Houston, Texas. Both brides wore "Air Force blue" highlighted with brass buttons as their bridal attire.

Just to keep the international situation balanced a bit the third U.S. wedding reversed the procedure and the bride travelled all the way from San Francisco to Rivers to change her name. The happy man is Pilot Officer George Ricardo "Ric" Parks and his bride is the former Fawn Bullock of California. The vows were spoken Tuesday, November 9th, at a candlelit ceremony in Rivers Roman Catholic church, with No. 1 C.N.S. Padre, F/L V. A. Thomson, officiating. Mrs. Cy Young attended the bride as matron of honor and Pilot Officer Racine gave the bride away. LAC Downey attended the groom and LAC Ken Cotten played the wedding music. LAW V. Heinrich sang the "Ave Maria" and "O God of Loveliness" during the ceremony and the signing of the register. Pilot Officer Parks and Mrs. Parks will reside in Rivers.

* * *

Armistice Day at No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers, was fittingly observed with a service in the Recreation Hall attended by a capacity crowd. Flight Lieutenant Dale Jones conducted the service with Flight Lieutenants Thomson and Boone in attendance. The song "Airman's Prayer" was rendered by the Station Choir and the Last Post sounded by our trumpeter.



Wedding Bells—The happy gathering above was photographed during the reception in the Sergeant's Mess in honor of newlyweds Sgt. and Mrs. Harry Hutchinson. The bride was the former LAW Elsie Forshaw, Dope Shop. The wedding took place on October 19th

in Rivers United Church. The bride was attended by LAW Lorna Henderson and given away by F/S Jeff Inkster. Sgt. Bob Dixon was best man. Congratulations and best wishes for every happiness, Sgt. and Mrs. Hutchinson.

Middle East Navigation

As related to P/O BRUCE KEITH by P/O BLAIR FERGUSON, 38 S.N.I.N.

IT WASN'T in the textbooks when this war started, but out of the Battle of Africa came bombing raids of a hop, skip and jump variety. When the tide of battle first turned to the west, British forces found their supply lines growing longer by the day. To move aviation machine shops and home airport facilities up forward to the battle lines would have been unwise. Yet the return run from the Egyptian delta to the fighting regions became too great for loaded bombers. Therefore, advanced landing bases were developed.

How the system worked, and what a navigator's operating conditions were like, have been outlined for M.T.B. by Pilot Officer Blair Ferguson, Course 38 Snins.

Blair is from Winnipeg. He completed a tour of duty in the Middle East on Wellington bombers. This meant 250 hours operational flying, that is, ahead of the advanced bases. Before returning to Canada he was laid up in hospital for five months with typhus fever contracted in Egypt.

His comments on the navigation and of desert operations are summarized as follows:

"You might get away with lame dead reckoning work over good pin-point countries, but above the desert the D.R. has to be good. Topographical maps are provided, but except along the coast, they just do not have pinpoints. For much of each trip it is like over-water flying except that the surface below is mottled tan.

"For night bombing work, aircraft would fly forward from the delta to the advanced bases during the day, carrying full bomb load, but only partial fuel load. This was because take-off with full bombs and fuel load was not feasible in the heat of the day.

"Height over the delta was limited by operations control to 2,000 ft. in order to avoid any possibility of confusion with enemy planes. When approaching the forward areas it was wise to stay close to the deck to reduce vulnerability to surprise attack by a cruising enemy fighter. Daytime surface heating in the desert causes strong up-currents and the lower a plane flies, the bumpier its travel. Sun shots were, therefore, out of the question on afternoon runs. However, as visibility was usually good, it was not difficult to find the advanced landing grounds from pin points along the coast.

At the advance bases the machines would refuel and await time of takeoff for their night bombing mission.

"Targets varied with every week of fighting, but most trips took about eight hours return from the advance base. On these flights there was precious little to go by. Some navigators worked hard at their astro methods and used good star fixes. Others concentrated mainly on accurate D.R. No one got much help from below.

"Radio stations on which D.F. bearings could be taken, had been set up at allied airdromes. But these were all behind to the east. No stations were located in the central area to the south from which a position line for a good cut could be obtained. The powerful station at Malta, in a northwesterly direction, was of some use. Often the long distance and local conditions made bearings from its unreliable. D/F was therefore used chiefly for homing.

"Enemy night fighters were often another difficulty. They tried to block the path of allied bombers, but their control organization was poor. They had orange lights and bomber crews could see them from a distance and avoid them. It was thought the lights helped prevent them shooting one another down in the darkness.

"If the target was on the coastline, the navigator would usually try to make a landfall at the water's edge and then follow the shore to his destination. This method of making a leading line to the target out of a natural position line was used inland too. Truck concentrations and supply dumps were often marked for destruction. These would usually be near a road. Crews would try to reach the road back of the target and then follow it until the place was reached. Roads stood out because the heavy black asphalt was in contrast to the fawn-colored sand.

"Coming back, the bombers would stop to refuel at the advanced bases and then take off again to head for Egypt and their home ports on the delta.

"Water takes on great importance in desert flying. All springs and wells known in the dry areas are well marked on the topographic maps. These are of great importance to crews forced down. Each aircraft also has a 20-gal. tin of water aboard for emergencies. Every crew member carries a water bottle.

"There are plenty of stories about lads who made their way back from forced landings on the desert. Their adventures often rival the Arabian Nights. Such a return gives them automatic membership in the Late Arrivals Club. Its emblem is a boot fitted with wings. In most cases, though, the wisest procedure is to stay near the aircraft and wait for other planes to spot you.

"One difference from continental flying is temperature change. In the daytime crews might feel warm in shirts and shorts. On a trip that night, they could well be dressed in full winter kit, so much will the temperature have dropped.

"Another variation is in targets. A certain spot may be a key centre one week and just a waste of sand the next. On all trips, standard mercators with coastlines and heights marked are used for plotting. It all adds up to a good navigator being good anywhere, but having to adapt himself to special desert conditions."

Off The Record

M.T.B. announces a new series of personalities commencing with this issue. Each month interesting personnel will be selected and the story of their civilian and service backgrounds presented to our readers. This month we take pleasure in introducing Squadron Leader A. F. McKillop, Chief Ground Instructor, and Sergeant Jack Onder, Hospital Chef.

SQUADRON LEADER A. M. McKILLOP

Introducing one of the most popular figures on this or any other R.C.A.F. station . . . Squadron Leader A. F. McKillop . . . S/L McKillop is blessed with one of those nicknames which is NOT descriptive . . . he has been known since his school days as "Kewpie" and the monicker has followed him right through his Air Force career!

S/L McKillop came here March 1st, 1943, as Chief Ground Instructor . . . Previous to coming here he was at No. 4 A.O.S., London, Ontario, and before that at Trenton where he had been retained as a navigation instructor after taking the second navigator's course there.

The little town of Dutton, Ontario, claims Kewpie McKillop as a native son, but at the present time (and for quite a number of years) London, Ontario, is "home" to this wellknown officer.

In "civvie street" S/L McKillop also has some time in the Royal Flying Corps to his credit . . . he was training as a pilot at Camp Borden in 1918 when, as he expresses it, he was "washed out" by the armistice and never did get his wings. He has amply compensated for that lack however, because he now wears the coveted Navigator's wing and has chalked up something over eleven hundred flying hours to his credit.

And just here, take heed all aspiring navigators . . . the Squadron Leader blandly calls mathematics one of his hobbies in his "younger days" . . . he wrote several actuarial exams in his spare time, too . . .

But let us elaborate on that "younger days" stuff . . . and, incidentally, take a tip from us, NEVER indulge the Squadron Leader in a guessing game about his age, you'll lose for sure! . . .

First you have the pleasure of watching him leaping about the badminton court in a fast game of singles, then you observe that merry, and decidedly boyish twinkle in his eyes, and so you just naturally take him to be a bit of a blade and definitely not old enough to be either the Daddy of a 16 year old son, or to have been in the war of 1918! . . . then he produces the proof and you fade into oblivion . . . hoping, bigosh, that you can be as young and as active and as happy-hearted when you reach your LATE THIRTIES as the Squadron Leader!

His hobbies, s'help us, are games! He is especially fond of badminton (and good at it!), bridge, golf, and as spectator sports, hockey, rugby, baseball and basketball . . . he has played most of the latter games on the junior and senior teams of Dutton High School and Queen's University, Kingston,—his alma mater.

He was mentioned in the King's Honors list last January, a fact to which all Rivers' staff point with pride.

After the war plans? He thinks he'll go back to teaching and to peaceful home life again.

His likes? He likes Rivers, his work and even the climate here (take that you shivering Easterners!)

and only wishes it could be moved closer to home . . . we would add to that that he likes people, too, and flying . . . and that people, we people, like him!

★

SERGEANT JACK ONDER

Now it can be told . . . now we can let you in on the secret . . . that is, why all the people on this station who get into the hospital never want to get out, and keep wishing that they could stay there indefinitely . . . the reason, the big reason, is a busy fellow by the name of John J. Onder, Sergeant . . . Sergeant Onder is the ruling spirit, the moving force, the major domo, the BOSS of the hospital kitchen!

He's one of the few men in Canada who can lay claim to being a member of the Master Chefs' Association, which honor, friends, is not won by patting together a few meagre pies and broiling the odd steak! It is an honor and a distinction which is only won after years and years of hard work and apprenticing to other Master Chefs of the world, and after proving that you possess that skill which makes "a little of this and a dash of that" a dish fit for kings.

Sergeant Onder, Master Chef, has "chef'd" in such magic far-off places as Vienna, Paris, London, New York and San Francisco. His Canadian experience is limited to Toronto, but such spots in Toronto as Stoodleigh's, R. J. Muirhead's, the Prince George and the King Eddie Hotels . . . and of course the R.C.A.F.!

He was married in Detroit, Michigan, and, after 29 years of happiness, still considers the Missus his best girl. The Sarge is very proud of his big son overseas in the Canadian Army and also of his 16-year-old daughter, at present in Toronto.

Sergeant Onder's Air Force career started with helping to prepare food for the T.T.S., St. Thomas, a few thousand, or so, airmen. He also spent a brief period at Toronto Manning Depot. Among his pre-war achievements also is the opening of St. Andrew's College, Aurora, Ontario, in 1926, where he remained as Chef for several years.

Now you'll know (if you should happen to be lucky enough to have occasion to visit the beautiful shining kitchen which is Sergeant Onder's domain) . . . why he wears his few gray hairs with distinction and why he is able to treat his work as a "profession" . . . but DON'T be getting yourself a cracked rib just to get into hospital and get busy "sampling"!



Former Graduates in Limelight

HEREUNDER the names of some former graduates of No. 1 C.N.S. who have recently been awarded either the Distinguished Flying Cross or the Distinguished Flying Medal.

Flying Officer Eric Wesley Patterson, CAN. J9918, No. 57 Eqn. R.A.F.—"As an operational **bomb aimer** he has displayed outstanding skill in locating and attacking difficult targets undeterred by heavy ground defences."

Flying Officer Eric Wesley Patteson, CAN. J9918, No. 57 Sqn. R.A.F.—"As an operational **bomb aimer** played outstanding efficiency as a **bomb aimer** on many operational missions. He was a member of one of the crews especially selected for the 'Shuttle Service' attacks on Friedrichshafen and Spezia and has also operated over targets on the Ruhr. On all occasions he has displayed eagerness to undertake any duty however hazardous and has secured many successful photographs."

Pilot Officer Herbert William Edgar Hammond, CAN. (J.17229), No. 109 Sqn. R.A.F.—"Since June, 1942, Pilot Officer Hammond has completed a large number of operational sorties including many attacks on German targets. On all these occasions he has proved to be a capable and determined **navigator**

whose ability has been a material factor in the success achieved by his crew."

Pilot Officer Joseph Leroy Fulsher, CAN. (J.17758), No. 77 Sqn. R.A.F.—"This officer has a fine operational record. He has inspired his crew by his gallant conduct when in action. He is a brilliant **navigator** who has always performed his duties with distinction and devotion."

Pilot Officer Douglas John Alexander Buchanan, CAN. (J.17456), No. 101 Sqn. R.A.F.—"Throughout his operational tour Pilot Officer Buchanan's ability and determination have been of a very high order. His efficiency as an **air bomber** has contributed, in a large measure, to the excellent results obtained by his crew. . . . He has displayed consistent courage, skill and resource throughout all his missions."

Warrant Officer Earl Thomas English, CAN. R.57927, No. 57 Sqn. R.A.F.—"This Warrant Officer has completed numerous operational flights, many of them of a hazardous nature in the face of severe opposition. His targets have included Berlin, Hamburg, and many major objectives in western Germany. Throughout all these sorties Warrant Officer English has displayed exceptional **navigation** skill and outstanding courage and determination."

Flight Sergeant Elmer Harold Anthony, CAN. R.76463.—"The skill and devotion to duty displayed by Flight Sergeant Anthony and his determination in action have been an inspiration to his crew. During all his sorties against targets in enemy territory he has shown outstanding **navigation** ability together with coolness and tenacity of a high order."

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A Railbird's View

Many of the name hockey leagues in the country have commenced. The Brandon District Services Athletic Association doesn't raise the hockey curtain until holiday festivities go down in history. Beside the swimming pool, where many young gents viewed a bevy of femininity nitely during the summer, is the site of our hockey rink. Whirling around the boards, if postings don't intervene, you will see Walt Nicholson, late of the Quebec Aces. Walt spent two years in the Quebec Senior league and is ready to go at centre ice. A lad named Harper has good net-minding experience. Mack McFee, who will be the playing coach of the blue and white clad squad, has had all kinds of hockey experience. "Barney" Jones, "Bud" Jewitt, "Bud" McDonald, are holdovers from last year, and add to these some officer and N.C.O. candidates.



"Varga" Smith or "Smitty," maestro singer, artist or what have you, is the man to thank for our front cover drawing this month. Thanks, "Smitty," M.T.B. appreciates your outstanding contribution and hopes to hear from you more often.



Chords AND Dischords

HAROLD SYM

WITH another edition of M.T.B. comes a new swing column, by a new writer. Rosy's posting took not only one of our most vital musicians from us, the Ansonaires, but also our columnist, so I'll do my best to replace him in this capacity.

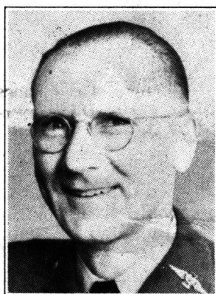
As last month's issue revealed, several of our men have been posted, our drummer, Freddie Hicks, our expert tenor man, Stan Braxton and our Harry James to the W.D.'s Rosy Rosenberg. We're having a tough time getting musicians to fill the places of these men, so if there are any among my readers who would like to get in the Ansonaire groove, please get in touch with me. We'll welcome you all. Once upon a time (?) our band consisted of twelve men and now . . . well, we don't go into that in this edition, but we still have hopes of having a twelve-piece band some day again.

Do any of our nite-crews or even nite-hawks ever listen to the radio after ten o'clock? If so, a good program for our Jivesters to lend an ear to is "Make Believe Ballroom" over C.K.R.C. at eleven o'clock. Every night two name bands occupy the stands, and really get into some solid jive. Also, on Tuesdays, over the same station, replacing "Make Believe Ballroom" is "Parade of the Bands," an all request program, for your listening and dancing pleasure. It's good, and it's hot. At five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, you may hear Glen Miller and his new army band.

Well, Swing Fans, that will be all for Chords and Dischords this month, as I had only a few hours' notice to write this column, but by the time the next edition of M.T.B. appears I'll have a column containing as much news in the "Swing World" as I can lay my hands on for you.

Introducing Padre Boone

NO word is more fitting than the one used by one of the Airmen when he spoke of F/L Boone as "Our esteemed Padre." This quiet Scot has within the short time of six weeks won the hearts



of all with whom he has come in contact. His record reflects the inherent capabilities of his quiet, yet forceful personality. Coming to Canada in the spring of 1914, he settled in Winnipeg and during his sojourn there, studied at the United Church College and University of Manitoba, gaining the Governor General's Medal in Theology. At his graduation when he carried off five scholarships, he was valedictorian and

went to the Union Theological Seminary, New York, to continue his studies with such famous men as Dr. James Moffatt and Dr. John Baillie.

Following his ordination, he held charges in Winnipeg, Killarney and Carberry, at which latter centre he received the call to begin what he still regards as the biggest job he has ever tackled. He reflects his clear thinking when asked to give an opinion and his wise counsel reveals a sympathetic and just disposition. In August, 1941, he was appointed "part time" Chaplain at the R.A.F. Station at Carberry, and it was because of the splendid work he did there that he was appointed a full-time Chaplain in the R.C.A.F.

His musical abilities and capacity for knowledge have made him a tower of strength to the Station Choral Society and Debating Club. His knowledge of the Bible is deep and his direction given those attending the Vesper Hour Service and Study Periods has been outstanding. A married man with a daughter, he knows life and his sympathetic approach to the many problems of the airmen and airwomen always brings a successful result. We wish him well in his work here at No. 1 C.N.S.

Abandon Ship

(Continued from page 7)

taking the thumb tacks out of my map, and doing some of the things I had been trained to do . . . some of the sights which I shall never forget were the clouds beneath me, lighted up with the most vivid orange-red from the two flares dropped . . . I made about two and a half somersaults before pulling the ripchord . . . at one time the cloud would be below me and the plane above, then the plane below me

and the cloud above . . . pulling the ripchord sure does 'stop you,' though . . . What was I thinking about? Well, just mostly what I would do if I found I were landing in some trees or fence posts or things like that . . . it seemed a long time going down, too, when I thought I still had about three hundred feet to drop through the fog, one foot hit the ground . . . (I was completely relaxed, not expecting to 'land' just then) . . . I pitched sideways on one shoulder, then slapped the safety catch of my 'chute' and I was free from it . . . It really works, that thing!"



y m c a



CHUCK CROCKER

HOWDY, folks! This is my first contribution to your excellent magazine, and I hope it's just the beginning of a long series. For the first few days, to a newcomer, Rivers is just a maze of buildings



with hordes of men and women dashing madly from one place to another. Gradually, however, one begins to realize there is a definite purpose behind all the comings and goings and that each building is there for a specific reason. On a station this size it is impossible (at least for me) to remember the names of everyone whom I meet, so I trust you will pardon me if I forget that your name is Joe or Bill or Bob or Mary

or whatever it is. For your information mine is—not the "Y" man"—not "Sir" but "Chuck" Crocker.

Just about the first few words I heard when I arrived here were, "Oh, he's a snip, not a snin." I didn't know what to think! What language did they speak here? Was everyone put in either of two categories—a snip or a snin? I had a fair idea what a "snip" might be, but what in heaven's name was a "snin"? Finally, to my satisfaction, some kind-hearted individual explained what those strange combination of letters represented.

It's so quiet in the Y office that you can hear a pin drop—that is if (1) the teletype is off, (2) the phone is not ringing, (3) the English lads are not playing "borbasrugsoccball" (or what do you call it?), (4) the P. T. and Drill staff are not yelling, "hip one, two, ef—ite, ef—ite" or whatever language they speak, (6) if—ad infinitum.

Now for a little serious talk. First of all, I'm here to do anything I can do to help you. This job needs co-operation to make it successful—your co-operation. There is such a grand spirit on this station that I know I can rely on your assistance.

The Crafts & Hobbies Club, under the capable direction of F/O Ray Scott and LAC Bruce O'Connor, is coming along real well. Expert instruction is available in leathercraft, batique work, woodwork, etc. At present we are trying to secure a room which will be set aside especially for the Hobby Club and

possibly by the time this article goes to press such a room will be a reality.

The Choral Society is doing a grand job, thanks to LAC Ken Cotton stepping right in where Reg. Taylor left off. This group deserves a lot of credit for the magnificent work it is doing. There is a practice twice a week and sometimes a concert party thrown in for good measure. I had the pleasure of accompanying the concert party on November 19th, when they went to Oakner (about 20 miles from here) to put on a show. Beforehand, excuses were flying left and right about people away on 48's, postings, and so on, but no excuses were necessary. The performance went over in grand style.

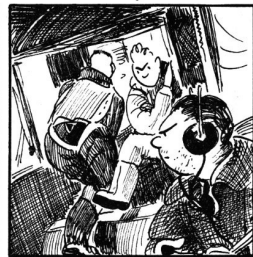
The Music Appreciation group meets every Sunday at 1930 hrs. and on Wednesdays at 2000 hrs. in the Conference Room. If you appreciate good music, won't you join us on either occasion? I assure you it's really a treat you shouldn't miss. Ask the man who's been there.

A group which is really coming to the fore is the Discussion Group, which meets in the Conference Room every Monday at 2000 hrs. Present plans include discussions on a series of previously announced subjects prior to hearing expert opinions on the same subjects by radio from the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation. The series include questions you and I would like to have answered. For example, "These Social Security plans—DO they provide security—can we afford them? and "The soldier (airmen) comes home, what are the plans for him?" Let's bring our thoughts out into the open on these important subjects. Let's discuss, and learn and profit thereby.

Before he left for the East, Reg Taylor asked me to say "good-bye" for him through the medium of your paper. Reg will be missed by those who worked with him, and especially by the Choral Society, with whom he worked so diligently.

Perhaps you will wonder why I did not take over the direction of the choir. You would cease to wonder immediately I sat down at the piano, because I'm not the musician Reg was. My interests are mainly crafts and hobbies, dramatics and sports. Incidentally, what would you think of forming a dramatic club? Several people have told me that dramatics are not very acceptable here. Why is it?

I'd like to wish everyone of you the Merriest Christmas ever and a Happy New Year. That's all for this issue. See you next year.





Stripped For Action

F/L V. A. THOMSON

IF formerly the sports building was moderately occupied in activities, it has become, in recent times, a veritable beehive of industry. There is a constant hum of athletic endeavor, consequent upon the new Duty Fitness programme. Recent weeks have seen the installation of new contrivances which form the Indoor Obstacle Course. Participants make two complete circuits of the course, first doing the cat-burglar act of scaling a board wall onto the balcony, then descending to the main floor to work along the horizontal ladder, then over a ramp; a horizontal tight rope; hand-over-hand vertically suspended rope climb; a crawl-through tunnel; a vault obstacle, and finally a crawl-under contraption. A few circuits of this ingenious exercise and the participant has a pretty good notion of his physical shape. A distinguished first was established a few days ago when LAW Howden became the first person on the station to make a complete up and back journey on the climbing wall.

Considerable improvement is already recorded in the Harvard Step Test examinations. In fact, in the most recent class of Air Bombers to graduate, there was not one failure in the test. A noticeable increase in the amount of P.T. exercise is also noted, particularly in the case of trainees. Floor hockey is getting the enthusiastic play that such a good game deserves. A herculean encounter between the North and the South of England contestants resulted in a win for the former. The trainee officers get a nice edge on their appetite for lunch by late morning workouts in volleyball. A combined force of Canadians and Londoners proved too strong in touch rugby for their opposition and posted a notable win.

A word of appreciation must be forthcoming for F/O Arn. He has done a splendid piece of work in improving the calibre of basketball being played on the station. His skilled efforts are particularly timely in assisting the launching of the W.D. basketball programme.

Seventy-five recruits have completed their drill course under the careful tutelage of F/Sgt. Reynolds and Sgt. Coupar. With the help of some snappy marching music from the P. A. system, this class really showed snap and smartness in their exacting movements. The cheery basso-profundo notes of the voice of one of the P.T. and Drill instructors, Sgt. Dixon, is missing from the drill floor these days, while he is at Trenton on a course.

The Games Room continues to run smoothly and provides welcome diversion to large numbers under the watchful eye of AC1 Ritchie.

Over all presides the guiding hand of F/O Bullis, whose experience and skilled knowledge is equalled only by his enthusiasm and pep. In his capable hands the Duty Fitness and Physical Training exercises for all personnel on the station is being well directed, thereby insuring fun and fitness for all.

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Hoop-la Chatter

SOLLIE FOX

DOWN at the Drill Hall the other night I happened to walk by a group of fellows watching a couple of teams in action on the basketball floor. But at the same time they were busily engaged in a hot verbal session on Basketball.

Knowing the two lads in question, I stopped up short and figured I'd listen in on this verbal ruckus so close to my heart. No sooner had I stopped, than their words reached my ears!

"Ah, fooley, if you're so darn sure, here's a fin (five dollars to the more intelligent) says the Electrons by plenty when they catch up with the Officers. But don't get me wrong, sucker, I ain't givin' you no odds."

Chirped up the other flat hat:

"Baloney, you've been hearing too many fairy tales. Sure they're not bad, but they haven't met up with any one of the Officers' calibre. It's a bet unless you've suddenly developed a mess of fish eggs up your back."

"Why you *@*?! blasted so and so!"

This was too much for the Websterized ears of your reporter and soon I was on my merry way. But not before I had determined to learn a few of the reasons why two ordinary, peace loving fellows should suddenly break out in a rash.

1944 INTER-STATION HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Away Teams	Home Teams				
	A15	A3	A35	17 S.F.T.S.	1 C.N.S.
A15	SUPPORT	Jan. 4	Feb. 1	Jan. 25	Jan. 6
A3	Feb. 3	YOUR	Jan. 6	Jan. 27	Jan. 13
A35	Jan. 20	Jan. 18	STATION	Jan. 4	Jan. 27
17 S.F.T.S.	Jan. 13	Jan. 11	Feb. 3	HOCKEY	Feb. 1
1 C.N.S.	Jan. 18	Jan. 25	Jan. 11	Jan. 20	TEAMS

17 S.F.T.S.—Souris A35 Paratroopers—Shilo
 A15 C.I.T.C.—Shilo Infantry 1 C.N.S.—Rivers
 A3 C.A.T.C.—Shilo Artillery

So delving into the records we find that up to the present both teams are unbeaten. All well and good. But that's where the resemblance ends. For in carrying out their three wins, Electrons have piled up the amazing total of 226 points, or better than 75 per game. The first line of Cowizz, Johnstone and Fox have rolled up over 150. On guard, Baker, MacLeod, and Hamilton have been impressive.

Quite some punkins. But it still adds up to only three wins and you don't get any more for winning a game by 60 points than by six points.

And that's just what the Officers have been doing. Nothing sensational but good, steady basketball and a strong defence. In fact no team has been able to score more than 22 points against them in any single game. A big factor in this has been the play of F/L Young, ably assisted by F/L Solin, while up front supplying the necessary scoring punch are Hoyle, Young, and Carmichael.

Now with the season half way through we find Electrons and their terrific offensive punch pitted against the defensive skill of the Officers.

But after watching both teams in action I like

Electrons, but it won't be a runaway. Only time will tell. But don't get the idea that there are only two teams in the league. Although the others have not as yet shown to any advantage, there are enough good players to make it more than interesting, and there's that old saying that "The game isn't over until the last whistle has blown."

In the midst of all this inter-unit rivalry a quiet bystander has been F/O Arn, coach of the station team. It's been his job to weed out the good from the bad and weld it into a machine-like unit within a couple of weeks. Even at this early date all signs point to a job well done.

In the opening game of the season we were beaten by a strong, well-balanced Shilo Army team. The score was 26-24. Although our boys led at the three-quarter mark by 24-18, we were greatly outplayed and outshot by the "never-say-die" Army outfit in the final quarter. And even then it was only in the last 20 seconds that they scored the winning marker. With a few more workouts and games under their belts the station team will keep opponents' baskets busy.

Winter Sports Underway



Basketball, hockey, bowling and skiing hold sway as winter activities get underway at Rivers. By way of contrast our W.D. softball team was slipped in at top centre. Reading from left to right, back row: Gladys Foulkes, Joan Middleton, Dot Kotow, S/O Jack, Bunny Baxter, Eva Trainor, and "Mac" MacGregor.

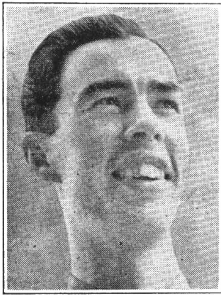
Front Row, left to right: Ann Kowal, Edith McCallum, Edith McAllister, Lil Kangas, Lil Walton, Tilley Kutzley, Maurie Kirstein, Irene Baker, and Pepper Colton.

Top left is a familiar basketball scene any day of the week, as well as the one below taken in our popular bowling arena. Bottom centre, the face behind the hand is none other than Group Captain Murray's, who was snapped as he officially opened our 1943-44 Inter-station Basketball series. At right top and bottom is proof of our sport staff's "You name it—we've got it" slogan—equipment for everybody.

SPORTS PARADE

F/S HAROLD BOUGHEN

THE time has come for us to get the Christmas spirit. 'Tis said this season is reserved for the "little ones." That being the case, "yours truly" doesn't want to grow old. As nippers" we get a



full-fledged kick out of Santa Claus, but I find there are still enough surprises up the sleeve of the old bearded gent to make Christmas a much looked forward to season. Before Christmas trees are stripped of their luminous decorations, a New Year commences. Let us pause for a moment and recall what happened in the realm of sport during the year quickly fading.

The first month of this year took a "five bell rating" as the station Drill Hall doors swung open to encourage athletes to keep in shape. The bowling alley catered to about 85 teams, scalpers could have retired if they had had stocks of badminton birds, basketball improved, and the snack bar counters had people piled up four deep. It took a plain revamped wooden building to get the recreational spotlight shining. Last winter was so cold it took a hardy soul to play hockey on our open air cushion. Larry Linton, of Sports Stores fame, did a nice job of coaching last winter's hockey team. The team's record wasn't to be scoffed at, even though the club was shy of experienced players. Lack of ice in the late season prevented them from competing in the B.D.S.A.A. finals. Our station basketball team lost out in the B.D.S.A.A. finals. Spring was on its way when Detroit Red Wings took a year lease on the historic Stanley Cup, emblematic of professional hockey supremacy.

Softball, the most popular sport on our program, last summer brought to light the choicest team since I landed in Rivers. Larry Linton and Ray Scott drilled that team until they acquired enough polish to bring us our first B.D.S.A.A. championship. F/L Gord Lyons and Jack Menzies guided our hardball team to the B.D.S.A.A. finals but again we came out second best. The writer learned a good deal about team play working with the W. D. Softball Club. A few more seasoned ball-hawks would have made the gals a tough combination to beat. Summer wound up when the Yanks took the World Series for the umpteenth time.

Looking back over 1943, a few personalities cannot escape my attention. We have a mild mannered boy in our midst, one of the select few who seem to be always trying to please. A Vancouver product and former milk distribution operator, Larry Linton has given unlimited time to Sports at this "burg." Many a nite while riding the C.P.R. special into

Brandon we have analyzed past and present station teams. We agree on most topics of conversation, but I still think pasteurized milk is a better way than raw milk for anyone from kids to Grandmas.

The two gents largely responsible for our last summer's hardball entry are old "diamond dusters." They both have earned pennies playing the favorite American game. F/L Gord Lyons used his "hickory stick" to best advantage in parks through Saskatchewan. In the days when Saturday afternoon was leisure time for most people, hardball attracted good support in the towns in Manitoba and Saskatchewan. Town fairs were going great guns and surrounding hardball clubs had invitations to enter sponsored tournaments. There was money to win, place, or show, and I'm told some teams competed in four or five of these tournaments a week, making the players more or less semi-pro calibre. Jack Menzies was in the thick of many close ball games in Winnipeg, and south of the border. While speaking to Jack not long ago about former happenings, the look in his eye seemed to say "wish I had gone all out to hit the higher brackets in the game." His hair may be turning, but this summer the spectators saw him play centrefield, pitch and catch, which in this man's language spells "versatility."

Only eight more shopping days till Christmas. Alas, I guess the time has arrived for that last ditch stand, and praise the Lord, it is hoped as many presents are sent out as are received. Often I have gone into a department store in search of a pleasing article for a favorite Aunt, Uncle, Dad, or cousin, and all I did was scratch my stubble. The sport picture at the moment is giving me that uncertain feeling. Where our basketball and hockey teams will go is a big question mark. If population means anything, we should do well, but in any sport there is a lot more goes to make a winner than having a lot of heads to pick from. This corner suggests one man coaching one team will pay greater dividends. Too many cooks have spoiled the broth long before this day and age.

Christmas at home, how lucky we are!! Who can forget rooting the household out of bed on the morning of December 25th, leading the folks to the parlor, then invading the gifts around the Christmas tree? This year, many of you will travel a long way to make an old time Christmas possible. Remember, the railways have a big job to do over the festive season, so let's give them the breaks. Those of you who leave us on annual, plus five days, plus a forty-eight, are just plain lucky. The gang who keep the front gate open over Christmas will have a big inning at New Years. To all those whom it is my pleasure to know, and to all I would like to know, go my best wishes for a grand Christmas and an unforgettable New Year. Let us give our best in 1944, because I think we shall all find "you get as much out of it as you put into it."



Sports

"Snow is the Answer"

Another issue of M.T.B. and still no snow. It is a little early to expect enough snow for skiing but as usual at this time all members of the Brotherhood of Skiers Local 000 begin to get impatient. For the past few weeks members of the skiing fraternity have been observed going off to their basement, attic, or closet and fondling their skis, waxing them, putting dubbin on boots, sharpening poles and in general getting everything in shape for a quick start. "What fools these skiers, as it will probably be a green Christmas," say the skeptics. But "be prepared" is our motto.

Watch for the date of the Grand Opening of the "Chalet" as it will be quite an event from all indications. But we still need snow in order to have it hauled across the prairies. Our friend F/L Walley has promised it will be there in good time.

Rumor has it that the girls intend to show their colors this season. In fact, Eaton's and The Bay are deluged with orders for Parkas and slacks in all colors of the rainbow. Some are going so far as to buy skis, which is unheard of in most clubs. They have even petitioned to have our huge 8' by 12' clubhouse subdivided. They are being quite fair about it though, only requesting half for the Powder room. Nevertheless, girls, it wouldn't be much fun without you—just take these harsh words with a grain of salt and we hope to see lots of the feminine sex gracing the unupholstered pine benches of the "Chalet" or screaming Track! on the slopes.

We still haven't been offered the services of a "Pro." Maybe the boys are too modest to come forward.

They tell me that Doug MacKay, that tall, dark, dashing skier, is in the market for a new pair of skies. It seems to me that he tried the Harvard Step Trot and his legs are still too weak to handle those big timbers he awed us with last winter.

Nothing more to report, so be seeing you all on the Banks of the Minnedosa.

★

Lay That Maple Down!

L.A.C. DON COLLIER

When the Sports Editor asked me to write an article on Bowling, he told me to say anything. That makes it easy, but it also makes it hard. Why? Because some like ten pins, while others prefer five.

To play with the small pins is just wasting my time (my average is low) so I'll try to give you the lowdown on the ten pin-ers.

A few of the more ardent ten-pin players have formed an eight-team league which meets every Monday night. If you were to drop in some Monday you would find the cream of the crop in action.

On one alley you'd see a team from Headquarters led by our Sgt. Major, Stan Jones. Here also you will see Woody, the man who posed for those section

shots you saw in the Free Press last summer. Remember? For anchorman (I should say woman) Stan Jones chose a W.D. who averages around 160, thus making the men "step out." The other night Jean won a "coke" by bowling 198.

They are tied for top place with the Hot Shots, a team of Maintenance N.C.O.'s. Andy Bremner is the "boss" and led his team to victory over the Short Circuits with his first 200 game. In one game, George saved the day by striking out in the last frame. He broke a hundred, too!

The other five teams by no means represent all the ten-pin bowlers on the station. The Block Busters and Timber Wolves are from Maintenance, while the Dental Corps, Accounts and Parachute Sections are represented. The W.D. fabric workers make up the last named team.

Incidentally, the Dentals are looking for a couple of good men since Capt. Arnold was posted. He was a tower of strength both to the team and to the league.

Every game has its "color" player. You've heard about Howie Morenz in hockey, Babe Ruth in baseball, Jack Dempsey in boxing.—Well, we have ours too.

Did you ever go into the bowling alley some night and think that a bunch of Comanche Indians were loose? It was only a "challenge" game between two Maintenance teams known as the "Blockbusters" and the "Demolition Squad." Oh boy! Do they have fun?—especially trying to rattle the opposition and the leader, Dobbie, who plays for the Demolitions.

When Dobbie throws the ball, the pins really move off the alley. Some even take to the air and land in the next alley. You only have to hear him yell to know how a strike or a miss affects him. He is our "color" player, and you want to be on hand when he is in action. The games between these teams are close but right now, the Demolitions are in hiding—or something—storing strength for a comeback.

HOW THEY STAND

Ten-Pin Bowling League

	W.	L.
Headquarters	8	1
Blockbusters	7	2
Hot Shots	7	2
Timber Wolves	5	4
Short Circuits	4	5
Accounts	3	6
Parachutes	0	9
Dentals	0	9

INTER-UNIT BASKETBALL LEAGUE

	G.P.	W.	L.	Post.	Pts.
Electricians	3	3	0	0	6
Officers	3	3	0	2	6
"C" Flight	4	1	3	0	2
Armaments	3	1	2	1	2
"B" Flight	1	1	0	3	2
83 Navigation	2	0	2	2	0
Headquarters	3	0	3	1	0

"At The Barrier"

CPL. GEORGE AMM

HURRY! Hurry! Hurry! The bus is waiting. Just show your "I" Card and get aboard.

Now, before the driver gets the bus started, it will be necessary to explain what the hurry, fuss and excitement is all about.



First of all we must turn back one page on our calendar, taking us back to the evening of November 4th, 1943 . . . All set?

O.K., Danny, step on the gas. We are now on our way to Strathclair, Man., to attend the Third Annual Service Police 'STAG'ger party which is to be held in the Town Hall of the above mentioned town.

Practically the entire "Gestappy Gang" is aboard, plus several guests of distinction, namely, F/L Hammond, P/O Davey, WO1 Stewart, WO2 Jones, F/S Inkster and Sgt. Stevenson. Oh, yes, we mustn't forget our D.A.P.M. F/L Murray and several others including five members of our own "Ansonaires" who volunteered to attend and furnish music for the occasion.

We arrive safely at the hall and find the auditorium appropriately decorated with plaques and streamers, all originated, designed and loaned by our Station Artist, LAC Bruce O'Connor (thank you Bruce).

The stage is draped with the R.C.A.F. ensign loaned and carefully guarded by WO2 Stan Jones. This forms the background for the band.

We will now go to the basement (watch your step, as the stairs are rather steep and there is a very sharp turning). Are you alright, now, have you both feet on the floor?

Now, step up to the buffet where refreshments (liquid and solid) are being "SWERVED" by Sgt. Gyp Giroux. Just help yourself, don't wait to be coaxed . . .

And so on into the night; until the hour arrives to round up the gang for our return to Rivers.

We are all seated in the bus once more, headed for the airport, Danny again at the controls.

A voice from the rear is heard to say: "Hey! we're on the wrong road," and sure enough Danny had taken a "TURN" for the worse. From now on we try every road for size, for we have turned a turn which we ought not to have turned, and we have left unturned a turn which we ought to have turned—"Or Sumpin."

However, after a tour of the province, we are eventually back at No. 1 C.N.S. Tired but happy!

The following day Cpl. Kirkpatrick dislodged several slivers from the seat of his trousers, and was anxious to find out who had dragged him across the floor, but the investigators proved that the slivers had been donated by a wooden crate which was stowed in the aisle of the bus.

And on the same day, Cpl. (CENSORED) complained of a sore throat, and reported that every

time he swallowed his ears would "CLICK." He also displayed several scratches which he had received on his face.

Once again an investigation was conducted which revealed that the throat condition must have been caused by becoming entangled with a clothes line suspended across the back-yard of some of the natives. And as far as the scratches were concerned it was concluded that he must have either taken a nose dive into a hedge or had a necking party with a Porcupine. (INVESTIGATION CLOSED).

Thus ended another annual party for the "Gestappy Gang."

Christmas is nearing, or at least our calendar tells us that Xmas day this year will be observed on December 25th. This being the case, may we (through our column of M.T.B.) take this opportunity to extend to our readers, one and all, our sincere wishes for "A VERY HAPPY XMAS and a VICTORIOUS AND HAPPY NEW YEAR."

"THE GESTAPPY GANG"

c/o The Chateau with the Iron Blinds.

★

An S.P. in Heaven

or, Don't Give Me the Gears

Lend an ear, children,
And I will now tell
The why and the wherefore
Of the S.P.'s in hell.

It all started way back
When armies were born,
And they needed stout soldiers,
To aid drunks and forlorn.

These gents of compassion,
Of wisdom and strength
Would, to obstruct misdemeanor,
Go any length.

So down through the ages,
We find by degrees,
That from those modest beginners,
Developed S.P.'s.

Their clothes are now different,
But their methods the same.
To hunt down the crap sharks
And join in the game.

The trouble was started
With the advent of hooks,
And the means of acquiring them,
Isn't written in books.

But with vim and with vigor
They destroy every right
What you once thought existed
When you joined up to fight.

(Continued on facing page)



Sergeant's Mess



F/S CHARLIE DOW

SEASON'S GREETINGS! The rafters will soon be resounding to the merriment of another Christmas and New Year's celebration.

The New Year 1944 is now demanding our attention . . . let's give it all we have . . . Looking back over 1943 the year has been one of change and improvement. Nothing new for a year, but you will have to admit to each year having its own personality, and 1943 has had that.

A few years hence you may be walking the baby (note the Y) round the block when someone, with that half hoping excited look, will stop you and say, "You were at Rivers, back in 1943, weren't you?" The old stories will be on the way to being retold and relived. Yes, no matter how hard we try, we can't help but admit we have had some really good times here in the Mess this last year. When time has added that touch to make them the "good old days," we shall all be glad to remember them.

The last few months have seen many of the old gang posted. Wherever they are today they will be thinking of us as we are of them. Some day there may be a great reunion, but in the meantime we are all looking forward to seeing "the boys" again.

Next year may be "the" year in our Mess history. It's ours to make. History is nothing more nor less than the story of jobs well done and it is made by ordinary Joes like you and me. Watch for the cue. We will step on the stage of 1944 and give a good show—one that will be history.

Sgt. Joyce says that the new rooms will be ready to move into very shortly. Sgt. Hammond, in turn, has his plans for furnishings well under way and expects to have the accessories in place by the Christmas season. It has been decided to remove the bar from the present lounge. Arrangements are under discussion at present to alter the second room to allow the bar to operate there. The third room will become our games room. Billiard and table tennis tables are being acquired and we may soon be into some keen competitions.

Christmas and New Year's arrangements are under way. We are looking forward to the visit of our officers at the Mess. Let's all come. Get behind the fellows who do the organizing and really have ourselves a time.

Bremner, Tindall and Boughen are still running round with loaded guns! They came back from the river the other day mumbling something about getting a "deer" . . . is that the way you spell it boys ???

Watch those bees, Joyce . . . the way we hear it the bees have taken quite a liking to you. The feeling is mutual, no? We're not anxious to find out if they like us. Our golf champ started pulling his hair when he heard the song "Dark Eyes" recently . . . memories, or did you really walk into that door? ?? Say, have you seen Jim Stewart's new suit? Did the baby bring the promotion with it, Jim? Con-

gratulations are due on both events . . . here's to you, boy!

What conclusions the station planners came to when they placed the new chapel at such close range to the sergeant's quarters is beyond us . . . the addition of the new building should prove a very welcome one to the station as a whole.

Those playing cards are going to be renewed! The entertainment committee have, after considerable trouble, managed to contact some of the leading manufacturers in this line. Contracts have been drawn up and delivery is expected very shortly. On with the game . . . yes, it's your turn to deal.

An S.P. in Heaven

(Continued from page 19)

And at length they develop
To a hateful degree,
A detestable outlook
Toward you and toward me.

But like all of us children,
They eventually stand
By the great Pearly Gates
Of that oft Promised Land.

But it seems that the Angels
In Heaven don't need
Any S.P.'s to guide them
In the way of their Creed.

So St. Peter just tells them,
As he bids them farewell,
"We don't need you in Heaven,
Here's the passport to HELL."



"He said sump'n about taking sunshots on one leg."

Section Shots

Electrical Section

Sgt. "Bus" MILLER

SINCE the last writing of "doings" from this section, a great deal has been happening. Most prominent has been moving from our long held shop in No. 3 hangar to our present shop in the new Maintenance Hangar. I might add with pardonable pride, it is a very nice set-up, so the move certainly was for the better.

It was found necessary when the move was made to split the section into two units. One comprising day and night flight crews, remained behind in the old shop, under the able guidance of Cpl. Douse and Cpl. Hunsinger. The remainder make up the Maintenance and Repair crews, with yours truly in charge. It is felt that this "set-up" will enable us to take care of routine duties and any means that may arrive, with maximum efficiency and dispatch.

The section has been getting more than their share of postings this past month, and here they are: Sgt. Fowler, LAC's Malouin, and Taylor, posted to Edmonton to commence aircrew training, and LAC Campell, posted to Sea Island, B.C., whose home is in Vancouver. Nice going, Cam! Then, to top it all off, six overseas postings arrived. These consisted of LAC's Jones, Pietrucci, Ross, Bourque, and ACI's Wardrop and Scott. I can assure you it happened much more quickly than it has taken to tell it. The entire section's best wishes go with the boys wherever they go. Things have now reached the stage where the writer dreads to receive the message, "You're wanted in the Orderly Room immediately," for fear it may mean more postings. If any one should notice an N.C.O. walking around mumbling to himself, it will be none other than "yours truly" voicing a prayer that we will get some new men, but quick!

★

Ignition Shop Sparks

GREETINGS from the New Maintenance Hangar. It is a large place and should be a lot warmer than the other hangar but, as yet, has not been put to the test.

We nearly lost all of our customers this week, due to the fact that we ran out of CO₂ (air to you) and could not test any spark-plugs. It's a lucky thing for us that we haven't got any competition or we would have lost business. Things are picking up, however, as we now have a compressor hooked up to our test equipment.

There seems to be a rumor going around that we will not be getting any extra time on our five days. I overheard one fellow say that if they

are not going to give us any extra time then they want to build a larger digger instead of a church. I am inclined to think that he is right. Still, maybe they will come to some satisfactory agreement on the subject and everybody will be happy.

Well, here's wishing you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Hope that it's white for all of us, and wet for me.

★

Orderly Room

"WE MOVE!" Yes, that is what we were greeted with one Saturday afternoon, and move we did!

The new hangar, with its spacious offices, is a sight well worth the long journey involved to reach it. There certainly is a drastic change in the set-up—the various officers now have their own sanctums Flight Lieutenant Stanley, O.C. Repair Squadron, has a blue castle in the centre of the hangar; to reach it you have quite a climb, but worth it, as the "Boss" is one of the friendliest chaps on this station. We are very pleased to have that jolliest of personalities, Pilot Officer MacQuarrie, with us again.

We are very glad to have those charming gentlemen of the 165th Squadron with us. "O.B." and "Mac" are tops with the staff. Wish they could be more generous with flips in their "kite" though.

Thanks to the Fabric Workers, we now have a lovely W.D. Room! They made curtains and waste baskets, scrubbed the floor and made it generally presentable. Orchids to you, kids!

We thought we were settled at last, when it came Kutzy and his helpers, but, in spite of the resulting mess, we are pleased, for they certainly did a grand job.

The Control Room has seen some drastic changes, too, with Sergeant Robertson holding the whip hand over that pack of wolverines in the Squirrel Cage.

Repair Squadron Orderly Room, situated in the centre of the hangar, has LAW Nixon for its sole occupant. Nixon is one of those cheerful characters who, despite the chilly surroundings, carries on with a "grin and bear it" expression.

★

Maintenance Wing

A LARGE portion of the prairie has been hemmed in, in the new Double Double Hangar—housed by the smiling faces of the Maintenance Staff (???)

The task of moving an organization from a pup tent to a big top is a job

that calls for brawn as well as brains, and these may both be found in the personalities of F/L Jackson Graham, F/L Stanley, F/L Dodd, and the one and only, "tie cutting" P/O MacQuarrie, whose hands would have been tied in many instances, were it not for the help of the ever-efficient N.C.O.'s.

One of our first residents in the new hangar was that character with the large moustache, and his smiling crew of wizards—nice people, but we wish to heck their aircraft didn't take up so much room.

For anyone who finds their own work uninteresting, and has the odd six hours to spare, drop around to Maintenance Hangar. The new receptionist is all set to take any comers on a sightseeing tour—and to do that, the better part of six hours would be necessary—or else provide your own scooter.

The vast expanse of this hangar can only be realized in such instances as F/L Graham leaving his office for the Instrument Shop at 0900 hours, and returning completely fagged out at 1100 hours.

F/L Stanley, from his goon cage, master of all that he surveys, called one of his masterminds on the floor, only to have a feeble echo return some fifteen minutes later, from what direction he would still like to know.

P/O "Shorty" MacQuarrie heads to the hangar door for lunch and reaches the Mess ready for a long siesta some hours later—maybe he just can't walk very fast, but we'll leave it at the fact that it's a mighty big hangar.

★

Dope on the Dope Shop

LAW HENDERSON

HELLO, folks! Here we are once again to greet you from our new home in the No. 5 Hangar. To us, everything looked pretty discouraging at first, but, with a little dope, and a few extra hours of struggling, things begin to look somewhat brighter and smiles appeared again.

Now for the low-down on a few of our girls and boys in the hangar. Since M.T.B. was last published, a few have obtained their long looked for hooks, and pretty proud they are, too—so proud, in fact, that overalls just don't fit. Just stitch them on your overalls, boys.

For your information, Bunny, you could ask the Flight Lieutenant of the Lodestar about that seat.

Competition is pretty keen each month between "B" Flight and Maintenance, and two boys are seen each day travelling over to collect the daily news. Get much this time, George and Jack?

In closing here's a little poem:

THOSE WOMEN?

Some days they're a nuisance and shouldn't be here,

While others don't seem to agree. And some they affect like an orgy of beer—

Leaves 'em dopey and weak at the knee.

There are tall ones and short ones, and some that are stout—

And a few you can leave on the shelf.

A few that the boys may be talking about,

And the odd one I'd go for myself.

Some go like the dickens, and seem full of pep;

But we know what they say of the broom,

That it is new and sweeps clean just to pick up a "rep"

Then it sheds all its straws o'er the room.

Well, brooms have their straws, and kittens their claws,

And I s'pose most the dames have their vice;

I've heard they'll get catty without any cause,

Or charming, or chilly as ice.

In case you don't know what I'm raving about,

There's a lot of them running around.

We've got 'em for good, there ain't any doubt,

Or bad, if so minded you're bound. But I notice the boys like to take the odd glance

What little they see seems to please And I think quite a few would be willing to chance

A date with the W.D.'s.

★

Your New Instrument Shop

"GORDY" HARLEY

COMES time for M.T.B. and comes once again what you are all interested in—your faithful Instrument Shop jottings. Oh, but what a different scene takes place now. Yes folks, we have moved to the new and accommodating hangar, known as Maintenance.

Since we have come here, David Kidd claims the new place is a "Jinx." We are practically caught up when—Boom—we've had it again—and so on into the coming winter. But still we have the very best shop of all.

We welcome back from leave Dick Knechtel, just married! All good things happen at once. Dick missed his Trade Board but was given his grouping anyway. Lucky boy Dick.

The latest Draft made it chilly for a couple of our lads. "Bunny" Watts and "Shorty" Henn got the call. Both

lads have just had their annual leave and now back again for two weeks, then "over the pond"! Now's the time to wish the boys the very best and have a good time.

"Charlie," our walking dreamer, has deserted us to work in Flights. Quite a few of the originals are in Flights with Eddy Greig in charge. We sure miss all the gang, such as Joe, Mark, Leap and Creek, and others.

On behalf of the entire staff of Instrument Mechanics here on No. 1 C.N.S., the merriest Xmas yet, and every good wish for a Happy and homecoming New Year."

★

Tool Crib Chatter

LAW KANE

EVERYTHING seems to be quiet around maintenance these days after the hustle and bustle of moving to the new hangar. Now the boys are looking forward to the opening of the deer hunting season, namely our good natured little F/S George Hanfield from workshops, Harold Moon, Andy Carll and Fred Switzer. Hope the picking is good, boys.

All the gang are glad to see the cheery face of "Dobbie" back in the hangar again, especially No. 3 crew. We all hope he is here to stay.

When I hear a voice pipe up around the corner first thing every morning and it says with great gusto "Where are my wiggle nails" it is none other than Sgt. Fred Knox. He has been asking the same question for the past two months but as yet we haven't been able to obtain them.

Ralph Bell and Jack Taylor are still escorting the ladies in white around. It looks nice we think, but everyone is wondering how "Jack" got the split lip. He says he fell down the stairs but we have our doubts. Let us in on it, will you "Jack."

After ten months in maintenance stores "Ruby" has at long last left this large happy family. She is now posted to Ottawa.

Have you ever seen a chicken running around with its head cut off? Well, if you trot yourself over to No. 5 hangar you will see LAC Douglas giving a good imitation of it, all on account of Tommy taking unto himself a wife.

★

Equipment

LAW MUNROE, K.M.

A HEARTY welcome is extended Flt/Lieut. MacArthur who came to us from Winnipeg. We're very glad to have him with us.

The section was sorry to lose WO1 Racine. Lots of luck to you in Toronto, Major.

LAW Erickson has joined the happy gang in Tech Stores. Nice to have you back, Ruby.

We are very proud of our two girls who ventured forth to the Quiz Program. Kelly is now going around armed with a dictionary. There's something about that word "miscellaneous" isn't there, Kelly? Nice going though, kids.

Corporal Baron is trotting around on air these days. Could be that wedding bells will ring in the near future.

Who was the girl who came to the rescue of the rest in E7 about two weeks ago? Know what we mean, Helen? Nuff said, but one and all appreciated it.

A very welcome addition to our staff. Two new lads, ACI's Aboud and Jackson. Hope you like it here as much as we like having you.

Wanted: A comfortable home for one small cat. Name of Hollicia. Anyone interested get in touch with Tech Stores.

That's all, folks.

★

Morale Boosters

CPL. DOT GOODCHILD

SINCE the last edition, a little jealousy has crept into our midst, owing to the fact that our W.D.'s blazed forth in all their glory (if any) in the last edition, leaving the C.P.C., the guiding lights (5 candlepower), up the well known creek. The candles, in mention, were George, our Master of Ceremonies, Sgt. Geo. Horn, and down the line with Archie (that's Dafoe) and Jack (that's Redford), not forgetting "48" Winchell, our little Chubby, and as our fifth candle, burning very low, but showing a very steady gleam, appears our Corporal, "Ted Marriott."

Seriously, we are certainly going to need your co-operation in the coming few weeks, with our mail growing heavier daily, as Xmas approaches. We sincerely pledge you, that with your co-operation, such as calling daily for your mail, not refusing your papers or parcels. Last but not least, by any means, do not loiter in the lobby after collecting your mail. Abiding by these suggestions, we know you will be unable to find any fault with the way your mail will be handled, in this the heaviest rush of Christmas mail that No. 1 C.N.S. will ever experience.

If the other fair faces you see at the wickets seem to be gathering frowns and wrinkles as Xmas approaches, don't let it worry you. They have given up their Xmas and New Year's leave, to remain on the job, to make sure you, and you, and you, will get all your Xmas mail as quickly and efficiently as it is possible to give it to you.

In closing, we, the Staff of M.P.O.

No. 1006, take this opportunity of wishing you one and all a Very Merry Xmas and a Happy and Peaceful 1944.

★ *Hangar Harangue*

LAC ERNIE BOORER

MOVING day has certainly come to Rivers with the opening of the new maintenance hangar. Every day your reporter sees lost sheep bewilderedly trying to figure out the change. The flights seem to have adapted themselves to their new surroundings and everything is once again running smoothly.

Now for a few boners recently observed. A certain Moose Jaw lad jumped out of a truck, slammed the door, and locked himself out. Nice going, Mac. Will some one please inform a certain Bennie that when cranking an Anson the crank works better when there's no pin missing? Then there's the bright boy who, when asked by a Corporal if he had any hangers, replied, "This is No. 4 hangar, will that do?"

And now for our congratulations and good luck section. Congratulations are in line for all of Servicing Squadron for the grand job they did in the recent "Speed the Victory" drive. Good luck to a certain "C" flight chap who is doing very well in his new role as husband, judging by the size of his wood pile. Good luck and best wishes to Mitch, who, according to report, is going to take the matrimonial plunge.

★ *The Photographic Section*

THE busy Photography section is one of the hardest working and most important sections on the station (we think). Looking after student Aerial Photography Exercises is our main work, while apart from that we cover the ground photography on the station.

Our O/C, F/O Johnston, has his work cut out keeping track of the W.D.'s of the section. Ed Gray, our fit and able F.-Sgt., keeps the section running smoothly. However, we are afraid of losing him soon to Air Crew and will have no one to keep the Radio Maintenance wolves from our door. Sgt. Morrell, Cpl. Cameron and Cpl. Montague are the Instructors who practically live over at B15, although we do see them sometimes. I guess they deserve a rest after the gruelling lectures they give. It's a pretty tough job trying to get "it" through to the students what to do and when to do it. Then we have LAC Anderson, who recently lost two of our AC's who have been posted

overseas. We still have two more AC's left in the section, although the staff is rapidly being replaced by W.D.'s. There are now six W.D.'s, who have recently come from the course at Rockcliffe. They may be seen almost any morning tearing across the tarmac with their little cart.

Our Motto is "You don't have to be crazy to be a photographer, but it helps."

★ *Through the Overcast*

SGT. KEN SIMPSON

FORECAST: Cloudy, probably becoming clear as we proceed.

SYNOPSIS: It all started back in Trenton on Nov. 18, 1940, when word was received on our teletype, in the Met office, that water of sufficient quantity had been found on the prairie near Rivers, so we bundled up and arrived in Rivers Nov. 23, 1940.

The next thing for the Met "boys" to do was to look up the temporary Met office. After crawling over snow drifts and through No. 2 hangar we



finally arrived at the Met Section, to find the visibility reduced by smoke from a temporary box "wood" stove. And who should appear from out of the haze but Mr. Ralph Anderson, OI/C of the Met section. I asked him, "What's the future outlook?" "Well," he said, "if any more wood is put on that stove the visibility will go down to near zero, but the higher cloud will disintegrate." What words.

About one year later we moved to G.I.S. and took over a large class room. We sure needed it, because our staff was ever increasing to the point of bringing in some WD Met Observers early in 1943. We were very sceptical about this idea, having visions of being transferred to White Horse, Alaska, or some place, but are still here. So are the girls and doing a very excellent job too. The reason for this very unusual weather is, naturally, on account of the WD's in the Met Section. More about the gals later.

We then got word that they were going to make our Met Section the Forecast Centre for No. 2 Command—from then on things sure got rolling.

Our present staff includes 4 forecasters, 3 instructors, 6 WD's and 6 Airmen. This also put us on a 24-hour schedule and maybe the WD's don't go for the 24-hour stuff!

Now, on to our present Met Office in the Control Tower—(Yep, moved again). S/L Bell's office is below and Signals above us,—so it's rebounds from downstairs, and flashes from upstairs (not WD's either).

It will take too much space in our first issue to mention all, so will leave it to our ever popular Cpl. Macdonnell—spelled with a small "d."

FUTURE OUTLOOK: May the best of everything "rain" on our newly married couple, LAW Hurlburt (Met Section) and LAC Caray of the fire department.

★ *Truckin' 'Em Down*

CPL. MANSFIELD

ONE more of our pioneers, Corporal Ray Stevens, was posted to MacLeod, Alta. Good luck, Ray. We were sure sorry to see you go, but you have done a good job at No. 1 C.N.S. and were due for a posting after three long years.

LAC Brown, I.M., one of our Penfield boys and an M.M.M.T., who has been on the station approximately a year and a half, has been posted to Vancouver. It has been nice knowing you, Brownie, and we also wish you the very best of everything along your way.

Our next two are Drivers Transport and have been in this section less than a year. LAC McDonnell, although not so long in this section, has been on the Station since Penfield was moved here and therefore is well known, especially in the Met Section. LAC Rogers has been with us for approximately nine months. These two boys are going right into the thick of the fighting, we expect. We wish you both the best of luck and we shall keep our fingers crossed for you.

Last but not least, one of our W.D.'s got herself a posting. Well, anyway she is practically on the back doorstep of her home. I am speaking of LAW Foulke's, who was posted to No. 3 Wireless School in Winnipeg.

We also wish to WELCOME to our Section AW1 Williams from No. 3 Wireless. A fair exchange is no robbery. Also we wish to welcome AC1 Parker and AC2 Topper from Trenton.

In closing, the M.T. Section wish to say to all our own personnel who have been posted elsewhere and to everyone at No. 1 C.N.S.—"A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY AND PEACEFUL NEW YEAR."

Accounts Prattlings

By PAPPY

AS you all know, the officers, sergeants and airmen on each station operate their canteens, snack bars and recreation activities much as co-operatives, namely that the equipment is purchased by the personnel and the profits (which are kept to a minimum to reduce costs for personnel) are reinvested to acquire further recreational equipment for the benefit of the personnel. As the funds are actually derived from the personnel and not from the R.C.A.F. (public money through government taxes), this department is known as Non Public Funds. In charge of this department on the station we are fortunate in having P/O R. C. Tufts, tall and every inch a prince. Although he has been with us only a few months, he has been accepted as a welcome acquisition to our section. His able assistant, Corporal Innes, a veteran in the Non Public Funds section, is a believer in the idea that corporals must stick together. Could that be a quip from the equipment?

Also in the section are AC1 Milne, who has the notion that the officers can't find ways and means of spending all their pay, therefore every month he is eagerly waiting to take part of it for dues. AC2 Lenneville, a recent addition to the staff, has the same mistaken notion about the senior N.C.O.'s AC1 "Chum" Walker, the keeper of the inventories in this section, has a far away look in his eyes these days—could it be that he's thinking of next spring and the time when he can get out on those picnics again? "Isn't that awe-ful?"

The internal audit department, one recently inaugurated for the purpose of auditing equipment vouchering at this unit, is well taken care of by Sgt. "Rafe" MacColl, an old-timer on the station.

Civilian pay, and don't overlook the fact that there are quite a large number of civilians on the station, with all its attendant tax forms, unemployment insurance deductions, etc., is capably handled by quiet-spoken Corporal MacPherson, who, in baseball parlance, has plenty on the ball.

Now we come to our final introductory paragraph and as we've travelled far since we started our introduction, it is only fitting that we should wind it up with the travel claim department in which jovial LAC More holds forth. He is that short, chubby, gray-haired chap whose desk is just inside the door to the pay office, and he's the one who always has a cheerful and witty reply to any of your queries re claims. Jimmy does his utmost to give you the very best possible settlement for your claims.

Armateur Cheer

By MART



THE personnel of this section may be divided into two parts—the armourers and the instructors. The armourers care for the armament equipment such as bombsights, machine guns, bombs, flares, etc. The gunnery instructors give lectures to the navigators on the Browning machine gun, rifle, gas, pyrotechnics, and airsighting, while the bombing instructors supervise the bombing training of the bomb-aimers. Some instructors are qualified in both bombing and gunnery.

Number one man of the section is F/L Lyons, who has been on temporary duty in Winnipeg the past few months. Taking his place we have F/O McDonald, a very capable young man who came up via the ranks. F/S Menzies is top N.C.O. and an old inhabitant of this neck of the woods. On the instructional staff roll call there are sergeants: Alford (we don't know how he does but he does it), Available Bradbury, Martin (namely me), Lefty Johnson, Rokosh (the domino king—spelt with a capital C), and Corporal Nagler (our new boy).

Sergeant Wager, just back to civilization from Gander Bay, heads the list of armourers. He is assisted by Corporal Lyons, armament storekeeper and draughtsman extraordinary, and Corporal Beaumont—a prospector from Ontario and in the vernacular of the armament section called "Hard Rock Harry."

In alphabetical order the LAC's are: Baker—who gets the best bed in the St. Regis then sleeps on the floor all night.

Barabash—he's still picking up quarters. Maybe you don't get it but Eddy does.

Bjarnason—with a blood count in the minus quantity after every 48.

Jones—posted here from overseas a short time ago.

Lee—who still believes 48's run from Friday to Wednesday. Looks are so deceptive at times.

Lepitre—we call him Pete.

Mooney—a not so distant relative of Bob Burns.

Orton—a nice kid from nearby Neepawa.

Schofield—corporal material.

Starr—a big operator who is simply called "Willie."

The AC's:

Georget—it is rumored he was dropped on his noggin while very young.

Burge and Pallin—these two arrived here from Mountain View four months ago and have hopes of returning for an instructor's course shortly.

Hemming—the latest armament man to "dood it"—a son.

Kampen—my agents have nothing to report on this man yet.

McKinnon, Henwood, Lahti, Baugh, Myles, and Deyll—these men are just fresh out of the armament school at Mountain View, Ontario.

★

Target Buster's Club

THE further training of bomb aimers at No. 1 C.N.S. has proved very effective, but their chief duty will still be to drop bombs. The plotting and recording of these bombs (practice bombs, of course) fall to the Armament Section, and they do get some "dillys." They also have the pleasure of occasionally plotting a direct hit—by no means a mean achievement on the part of the entire crew (we're naturally going to ignore the efforts of Lady Luck). So, in recognition of the pilot's co-operation and ability, and because they like plotting them so much, the Armament



Section have formed a TARGET BUSTERS' CLUB for all pilots getting a direct hit. To avoid going back a year or more only hits recorded on or after 1st of November will be scored.

Reproduced is the first membership card issued, and a list of the present members to date. At irregular intervals all new members' names will be published, and we hope to get many more. Please don't worry about our targets—you "bust 'em" and we'll galdly repair 'em.

Members to date (15/11/43): Sgt. Bothwell, P/O Robbins, Sgt. Hilborn, P/O Webster, WO II Paul, Sgt. Merner, Sgt. Dulmage, P/O Sanders.

News Microbes

F/L W. G. RIDDELL

ANOTHER month, another issue of M.T.B., another article . . . How the months roll by!

Our hospital wards, more or less quiescent for this past long time, are again doing a rushing business, thanks to old man winter's first crop of colds, sore throats, flu and bronchitis. Don't rush us too fast, boys and girls, till we get the new wing opened for business. Things are really taking shape in this, too, with the major part nearing completion—oh, yes! With the opening, we shall be looking for a new trade remuster candidate as hospital Guide, to be trained to direct incoming patients and visitors around the labyrinthian maze of corridors and wards. A special course on this will be given by F/Sgt. Smith, our ward-master, and Cpl. Halls, said course of one hour's duration being sufficient to train one for this easy job. Of course, during slack periods there will be a few hundred feet of floors to wax, wards to dust and bedpans to clean—but don't rush, just appeal to F/Sgt. Chappell for your interview.

Replacing LAW McClenaghan, posted east, we are pleased to welcome to our cookee's kitchen staff LAW Shultz, who hails from Whitemouth, Manitoba.

Deer hunting season has come again and with it are gone again our two restive redoubtable hunters, S/L Tommy Wilson and The Major (WO1 Stewart) who have hid themselves hence to "track 'em down." Boy, oh boy, they better be good, for no farmer's cow with antlers attached can be panned off on us for a nice deer.

Our hospital is thinking of putting in a special emergency ward for those to be admitted after graduating class parties, to take care of the following inrush. I hereby dedicate the following little poem to the graduating classes aftermath, as fittingly applicable to this type of ailment. This poem is entitled:

★

THE MORNING AFTER

Here I lay in my ward bed
Throat so dry and throbbing head
Bloodshot eyes and body sore,
The morning after the night before.

Can't eat nothing—got no pep,
Lost my bankroll, lost my rep:
Can't get up, I feel so bad,
Boy, what a wonderful time I had!

Never felt so bum before,
The night nurse says I sure did snore;
When I sneeze I still taste gin,
Gosh, what a party it must've been!

Can't remember where I went;
Rivers or Brandon, on pleasure bent;
But, wow, what a party it must've been!
Look, what a helluva shape I'm in!

M.T.B. for DECEMBER

Radiations

CPL. SEWELL

It's happened at last, fellas. I knew it would, so help me! It occurred something like this—the worried but proud possessor of an "infernal machine" (radio to you) brought it to a Wem and reported among a host of faults that it had gone "dead." Our Wem decided to plug it in and make other tests. He was somewhat non-plussed to hear a familiar voice saying, "Are you troubled with cramps, sore back, spots before the eyes, and a general hellish disposition?" He turned to the owner and, biting his lips to restrain an emotional outburst, asked quietly if he were sure it was plugged in. I heard the first faltering words of his reply: "I'm not sure, but . . ." By this time I was on a frantic search for several lengths of strong rope. When I returned the poor Wem was prostrate on the floor beating his fists on that unfeeling substance, and the broken stumps of several erstwhile serviceable molars were still grinding weakly on the mutilated handle of an engine crank. He was a nice chap, too.

I am glad to be able to report that the "entente cordiale" (romance to you) which I described at length in the last issue and pictured as "blossoming," has outdone my graphic powers of description. It began to bloom gently, but developed the characteristics of a blossoming block-buster. It started as a mild epidemic but has assumed the proportions of a major plague, involving no less than four sections—drivers from the M.T., corporals from the "gore and groan dept." (hospital to you, chum), di-da girls from the da-dit section, and the cooks from the airmen's mess. I shudder to think of the possibilities inherent in the latter case, but no doubt if she ever so much as breathes the word "stew," he will immediately beat her into a state of complete insensibility. As for the di-da girl, she's willing to IMI a certain Irishman any time! To sum up the whole situation, if it ever gets to the bell-ringing stage, it will have all the clamor of a four-alarm fire!

I can hardly let this opportunity go by without mentioning three of our gallant crew. One, Art Nash, that eccentric but good-natured genius, has left us for the Garden of Canada. I refer to B. C. He had the happy knack of reducing normally patient drill instructors to a state of screaming, frothing impotence, but he was a radio man's delight and a good boy. The other two, J. Nix and S. Hardin, have recently taken unto themselves wives. That is, each has taken unto himself a wife. I mention them because in future they will simply be Mrs. So-and-so's husband, and it is only fitting that they should be mentioned—like on a casualty list. What we should do is form a "Society For

the Emancipation of the Male." Equal rights for men and all that!

★

Correspondingly Yours

"WELL, what d'ya know, I'm posted!" That delightful little ditty has been banging its way back and forth from corner to corner of the Admin. Building until now there is hardly a familiar face in the building. No longer can we bump into a local W.D. (accidentally) tripping her way down the corridor and say, quote Albert, "Hi, kid, what's cooking?" and get a snappy retort like, "Bacon, etc., etc., etc." Yep, we've sure got to watch ourselves. Our W.D. staff has practically changed completely, and now all the local wolves must begin again (ah, me) to delve into the pasts of our fair newcomers and get the proper angle on their whims, likes and dislikes. Can't afford to take a chance on getting any faces slapped, you know. When this issue comes to press, LAW Olive Hilliard will be back where the codfish gambol, her own Newfoundland, and LAC "Sabu" Cebula will be drowning his sorrows over a couple of teams of Black Horses.

Cy Conery has also bid us a fond fairwell, and is now doing her vamping at 10 R.D. in Calgary. However, our loss was compensated in no mean manner by the arrival of AW1 Hazel Tuffin and AW1 Val Ionson. Nothing to report on these gals as yet, but if any of you lucky lads have the pleasure of escorting either of them to the local theatre, or maybe at some time or other they let you show them the grounds of No. 1 C.N.S. etc. (that's an old gag), report your findings to C.R. and we'll see that it is published pronto. Well, troubles may come and troubles may go, but s'help me that amiable (?) F/S from Training Wing Orderly Room insists on working when all other sane people have decided to throw in the towel for the day! How about taking a hint, Kelly?

Home, Sweet Home.



Classroom Highlights



Fairy Story For Christmas

This story was written especially for navigators or anyone interested in a trip to Little-Nod. It was presented by LAC's Cresswell and Abbot, Class 85A Navigators for inclusion in the Highlights section, but was kept apart for our general readers, because of its timeliness and humor.

ONCE upon a time in the land of "LITTLE-NOD" there lived the Fairy King Kiwi (and probably a Fairy Queen, but we don't really know) who, we regret to say, was a war-like king and ruled over his subjects with much binding. Now the king spent much of his time teaching his people the art of war, and one fine day he decided in his fairy-way that the progress being made, was not in accordance with his desires. Therefore he declared that every fairy in his realm should be tested by flying to the strange lands beyond GROSSE-ISLE and return unaided; accordingly he decreed an assembly which in those days was called "briefing."

The Priest of the Court opened the proceedings muttering strange curses and warning the people of the wrath of the great Ogre "SYNOPTIC SITUATION," but they comprehended not, murmuring among themselves and ignoring the wisdom of his words. Then the King, clad in Regal Splendour, waxed eloquent. His subjects were silent in awe and deep idolism, and he addressed them, saying, "We are going west, synchronise your watches, navigate using astro-com-

pass, D/F and astral position-lines to get 5 fixes on each leg." And a loud groan arose from the ranks as this sign of their master's anger descended upon them, but his words were low and they suffered accordingly. Now among the King's special Fairies were Fairy Paddichelli (whose fame as a songstress was known throughout the land) Fairy Eno (who played a pretty pipe at the Royal Ball), Fairy Constance (whose weighty counsel was much sought in the King's Court), and Fairy Goolie (to whom the King always looked for the latest Fairy Fashions). These Fairies were sweet little things and the thought of going out to battle with the great Ogre made them all much afraid. But the King was unyielding and they went out into the unknown.

Fairy Paddichelli, being a lucky little creature, flew on her way without striking any misfortune. She knew that the nasty Ogre would try very hard to blow her off track, but she found his continued attacks from 300/35 AIR PLOT easy to guard against and therefore she returned little the worse for wear. (Dear me, she was track crawling! !!)

Fairies Emo and Constance decided to fly with each other, but we are sorry to say, did not have the same good fortune. Fairy Eno chose to deceive the Ogre by flying in a vastly different direction than the usual, but, suddenly remembering a new tune for her pipe, completely forgot about the King's directions for

some time, and in consequence soon became completely lost (Oh, Lackaday!) The Orge, angered at her deceit, frustrated all her efforts to get towards her objective, and continued to drive her further and further into strange and hostile land.

Meantime Fairy Goolie had travelled a considerable way from home and the Orge decided to turn his full force against her. This subtle little Fairy, however, completely baffled him by her cunning use of sudden and unexpected estimated alterations of course. Seeing himself defeated, he turned once again to poor Fairy Eno, but we are glad to say that by now she had enlisted the help of the good Elfin O. Eff, who guided her home, all safe and sound, on a moon-beam.

And so, one by one, the fairies fluttered home, tired and weary after their long encounters with the fearsome Ogre, each thinking that her contribution would help to appease the King in his anger. But the King was a cross old man to rule over so many sweet Fairies and he completely ignored their sufferings by asking them sardonically if they had danced a fairy ring instead of strictly obeying his instructions. And, furthermore, he announced his intention to hold many more assemblies in the future . . . so we question whether his subjects WILL live happily ever after.

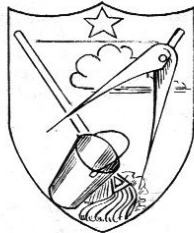
Which further proves, if proof were needed. . . .

CLASS 87A

Now that we are men of experience we feel we should help prepare the path of the unfortunate "sprogs." We even condescend to let them benefit by our own diversions. No mention can be made of the individuals concerned, but they at any rate will appreciate their anonymity.

First is the one who used reciprocal wind,
And they who joined the miles per hour club,
Those who did wrongly variation find,
And who forgot the motto of the cub?—
And from the window watched his "tops" fly,
And then when asked, he knew not why?
He who on the deck baled out,
Nor dained to fork his dollar out;

And when finding steering course direction
He who used quadrantal c'rection



One in the briefing room felt sick,
But in the air got quite a kick,
For here he watched his partner grow,

Quite green (with envy) at his work,
Till he forgot he was a jerk.
And settled down to second navi,
With ne'er a fear of lacking savvy.
—And so through all the length of days

We sure will all improve our ways.
Before we close we must point with regret to our two past members who couldn't hold the pace and fell into the clutches of Bubbles & Co.

"Oh Happy place of sleep and rest,
with two W.D.'s to warm your vest."
We wish them best of luck with their new classes.

T.-T.F.N. chums, see you on Christmas leave.

CLASS 38 SNINS P/O BRUCE KEITH

We thought at first the guy was drunk. We had got off at Rivers on a

chill Sunday night when this corporal confronts four of us and demands: "Are you Snips or Snins?"

Snips or Snins indeed! Was he Peter Pan or one of the Seven Dwarfs? Let him answer that before we would start baby-talking with him.

We were Snins, though. In a day we had learned to call ourselves that without laughing. And to wise up the uninitiated, it means "Specialist Instructors Navigation course (Navigators.)" Our cousins, the Snips, have the same imposing title with "pilot" in brackets.

At A.O.S. you have lots of time to know all the other erks on the course. You get sick of looking at them in five months. But on the Snin course you are here and gone again in a fast four weeks. (If postings are on time.) So the Snins have to shake hands all around quick and get to know each other in a hurry for fear they ride as strangers on the train home.

So that's what course 38 Snins have done. We got background data on each other as rapidly as a credit agency. And now that each guy knows the others, we are agreed that we are quite a nice bunch of fellows. Oh, my yes!

Therefore in good M.T.B. style, let's declare who we are, where we are and what we've been doing.

Where we are is easy. Rivers, and just nicely into instruction technique, astro theory and other difficult territories. Sometimes when we try to see where we are, our circles of uncertainty are huge. But then the two skippers—F/L's Minton and Smith—point out significant features and get us orientated.

More than usual, our course shows the geographical shuffling characteristic of the R.C.A.F. Every province from Quebec City west to the Pacific ocean is represented. Some of them generously. One Aussie is added for spice.

Want to know anything about the thriving metropolis of Chilliwack, B.C. Come and ask Harvey Carmichael. We have rugged men from the Alberta foothills; sparse-haired fellows from the drouth areas of Saskatchewan; brainy types who were raised on Winnipeg goldeye, and fat bankers and business men from the east. Debates on the Toronto versus Montreal theme are waged regularly. Mention northern Ontario and four men will stand up and cheer. So it goes.

What these lads had been doing before they started twirling Daltons shows even greater diversity. Three are gen-men recently on ops. Buss Crowther and Bud Parsons flew Wellingtons over Germany; Blair Ferguson navigated on bomber trips from Egypt and later, Malta. They settle all arguments on how it's really done when the flak is hot and heavy.

There are three ex-mining men—Harvey Carmichael, Ted Morris and Bill Dyck. (Pronounced Dike, please!) These three and F/L Minton will start talking "mucking" even if they are late for dinner.

If any crap games start, we have four bank-men, all willing to hold the pot. They are Ty Cobb, George Falle, Jack MacDonnell and Art Waters (Australia.) And if they need help, there are two accountants who can wield a wicked pen on a ledger. Their names: Jack Keple and Herb Leah.

These four, former school teachers, brought their own brands of chalk with them—Stan McIvor, Pat Munn, Bill Reney and Bob Young.

In other lines we have only one each, thank you. They go like this: Fred Fisk, airline passenger agent; Jack Gracey, student in business administration; Geo. Grant, mental hospital attendant (not patient, he claims); Frank Hyland, finance company executive; yours truly, newspaper reporter; Jack Marshall, druggist; Charles Shepherd, chocolate bar plant supt.; Garth Teeple, merchandising executive; Vick Temple, commerce student.

CLASS 82A

Impression of Canada

Now that we are nearing the end, the majority of us are all looking forward to seeing England's green fields again (green fields never fully appreciated until we left them behind). This is about as good a time as any to try to give you some idea of how the little part of Canada we have seen has affected us. One has to be very careful on this subject. It is as easy to say 'Oh well—Canada!' and leave it at that, in the supercilious manner many Englishmen adopt when away from home. I think that the real trouble is that Canada is so big for us, or you could say that we are too small for Canada, living as we have done in a country that is as compact and neat as the inside of a Mark IX sextant.

And then we come to the food. The Englishman has always been accused by foreigners of eating indigestible foods. But after six months of apple pie and ice cream, a good heavy slice of suet pudding would be worth its weight in gold, and I won't mention Yorkshire pudding.

But don't think I am trying to run down Canada. This is a great country for those who like size, and those of us who have taken the trouble to think about it are really grateful for the opportunity we have had for flying under practically ideal weather conditions, and free from constant threat of enemy aircraft. If it had not been for the part Canada has played in the Joint Air Training Plan our training period would have been considerably longer than it has been.

CLASS 83B

Once more we are glad to submit for the approval of all and sundry, news of the eventful happenings of 83B. In the past we have had the distinction of being the only Canadian course at present on the station under the benevolent rule of F/O Burns, assisted by our Australian Chris. Due to subversive influences, we have admitted another alien from the British Isles, one, J. Burt, whom we must admit is quickly becoming acclimatized and also being our "gen" on the met situation found in Great Britain.



We are glad to report that in the inter-team basketball league we are nobly holding our own. Till now we have suffered only one defeat, sadly enough to the Officers, but in the meantime have girded up our loins and are looking forward with "Great Expectations" to a return match and making good a reciprocal track to the Officers Base.

Recently we learned the answer to the question that everyone asks himself at one time or another, viz: "I wonder what it's like to jump in a parachute?" Well, two of our boys, along with the W.A.G. and Pilot bailed out at 6,000 feet near Rivers to find out. The trainee's attitude can be summed up by the question put to them by an Officer. "Would you like to jump again?" Whereupon our boys answered, "We'd sooner bail out of an Anson than face Air Flight," and so we leave you with this thought to ponder on.

It has become a weekly event now to have our instructor, F/O Burns, stride breezily into class on Tuesday mornings and announce that two more of our members are to be sent to Winnipeg for the Weekly R.C.A.F. Quiz Contest between the East and the West.

COURSE 22 N.I.

Course 22 Navigator Instructors arrived at Rivers September 18, in a cloud of dust (it was windy that day), and have searched for the Rivers Winds ever since. Those elusive things—the class of 15 often gets 15 different results on a given day. Oh me, oh my! That, by the way, is what most of the class said on the day of

their low level flight. From deep down inside they heaved it out, on that bumpy day of paper bags and lost appetites. Since then a lot of air has passed under the wings of the Ansons, and by the time this appears in M.T.B., Course 22 N.I. will be close to Graduation Day—oh happy day, December 24. Perhaps at this point, we should introduce the 15 P/O's of 22 N.I.

Bob Blackett—O.C. Maps (because of his interest in the personnel of the maps department).

Bill Bessant—Played out Bill (We wonder why?)

Stan Bain—Gopher Bain (He goes for 'em. Also he's from the West.)

Mark Cantwell—Brandy (Because of his interest in—Brandon.)

Stan Clarke—\$64 question Clarke (Because he always asks the \$64 question in class.)

Pete Cragg—Casonova (He can't catch the last train out of Winnipeg.)

Gray Darling—Snappy (That's what he is early in the morning.)

Doug Feir—Red (Because he hasn't a fiery temper—but his hair?)

Ed Gibson—Junior (Because he's class senior.)

Don Hewitt—O.C. Rumbles (He collects fines to build up a class fund.)

Ken Hoyle—The Hoop King (Basketball, not hoop skirts.)

Gord Keeler—One Engine Joe (His plane frequently had engine trouble.)

Roy McMichael—Shorty (Reason obvious.)

Ed Scammel—President of the Brotherhood of Bachelors. (Reason obvious.)

Jack Webb—The Chatham Kid (or Mrs. Webb's little boy, Johnny.)

In their spare time in the air (in between reading novels and other amusements to pass the dull moments away), the boys have worked out a few definitions of the new A.P. 4321 they are compiling. So far, the list looks like this:

Dip (of Horizon)—where the West begins.

Dippy—anyone who wants to be at Dip above.

Rum line—shortest path between a properly filled glass and the hatch.

Protractor—an instrument whose chief use is to cause the Navigator to develop a square search on the floor of an Anson.

Trigonometry—when a lady marries three men at the same time.

Spherical Trigonometry—a study of curved surfaces. Favorite pastime of some of the boys on 48's.

Dividers—an instrument used for emphasizing arguments. See the point?

Sextant—A Sally Rand device, or the bubble dance on the port beam.

Escape hatch—In an Anson (MK. I), sometimes used as an Astro Dome. In this case, it lets the warm (??) outer air in fast.

Turning point—A town (both houses) which at night has two lights, one

light or no lights, according to the cussedness of the inhabitants (or of the Instructor?)

Wander—a method of getting into Base after D.R.-ing twice.

Warn the Pilot—Navigator sez "E.T.A. Where the hell is the turning point?"

Compass—An instrument used by Pilots for steering courses (when not coming into base and heading off base a little). Note—compasses are seldom out more than 20°.

CLASS 88A

It is quite amazing how quickly sundry members seem to have organized themselves on the station. Badminton, bowls, and volleyball seem very popular judging by the numbers of our class mates we see each evening thronging that most versatile of edifices—the Drill Hall—or could it be that the charming display of W.D. legs draws them thither?

So far, F/O Jefferson has not, by word or deed, given us much tangible indication of his opinion of this alumni—we are convinced that he must be a poker expert. However, one day he may realize that untold talent is smouldering at his feet—not indeed for navigation but in many diverse and doubtful directions. He should hear Frank's soulful rendering on the flute and perhaps he might realize that "all is not lost," or could not the notes of our Welsh choir raise his ideals to higher levels than pinpoints.

Apart from getting settled down during our three weeks' stay, we have enjoyed one trip in the trusty Ansons; not an auspicious initiation incidentally as one specimen 'missed the bus' in his own words, while two others introduced a new departure in map-reading—that of placing their topographical on the ground to check their pin points. At least that is their naive explanation for having left their maps somewhere between Lake Manitoba and Base. Well, after all, it does one good to find that eighteen months or so of the R.A.F. has not killed all their initiative.

In conclusion, we must admit that life at Rivers is much better than we had been led to expect—so far at any rate—but we should be able to speak with greater confidence by the time the next issue goes to press.

CLASS 88B

First Leg: As this is, in effect, our Maiden effort, we must ask for the indulgence of our Readers for any error in style or matter. In return we promise to be brief.

We were very gratified on our arrival at Rivers to find that 1 C.N.S. (We nearly wrote C.N.R.) had the band out to welcome us and when we heard that the great Mart Kenney had been commissioned for the purpose, our bosoms heaved with pride. Any person who mentions Hallowe'en as a

possible alternative explanation of the visit, will be very unpopular with us.

In the short time we have been here, we have settled nicely into the routine, but there are still doubts as to whether Lights Out is 2300 hrs. or 0030 hours, and there is a similar disagreement on the subject of Morning rising. We have formed a Debating Society, which argues these obtruse problems from 2245 hrs. L.M.T. for an indefinite period. The quality of the speeches is high in the extreme. It has been suggested that one solution would be (Censored, by request). Meanwhile—the debate continues.

It is with deepest regret that we have to announce the loss from our midst of LAC Tempest. We hope by the time this appears in print that Chicken Pox will be just another memory in his young life and wish him the best of luck in whatever Course he eventually gets reclassified. (Leeds papers please copy.)

Having speeded the parting, we welcome the coming guest. We give LAC Tyson, who has just joined us, a hearty welcome. That's all for now, folks!

CLASS 84A

Being funny for thirty-two lines in each issue of M.T.B. is, we feel, rather like taking star shots . . . you're either too high or too low; and when you've chipped small fragments from your skull, getting in and out of Ansons, or gently coughed up parts of your lungs in the fragrant clouds of dust each morning in the billet, and when you've grovelled on the floor of your plane and found your dividers by the rather primitive method of sticking the points in the palm of your hand, then we know you'll realize that we are not the people we were, and that any sentence as long as this is not even a slight comparison with, what we feel, is the length of the course. It's not easy is it? It isn't easy . . . We know you'll bear gently with us, as we with you.

It's a queer life for all of us; and after all this—after the sound and the jury and the log that was left in the Briefing Room—after the flapjacks and the ever, ever present EGG. After the gradual correction applied to course compass, and the alimeter that read in degrees Centigrade. After the maps we folded, put away, and for the last time we apply drift the wrong way. After all this, then perhaps in some distant but ever longed for corner of London, Leicester, Liverpool, or even Chorlton-on-Medlods we may hear some faint but regular cadence of voice intoning its little, personal, private anecdote of what, now at least, is just "The Course." We know, for you anyway, your joke, your story is so much more laughable than anything that's happened to us. We think perhaps it's better that way—like love,

beer and tobacco, it's just a matter of how you like it. And after all, we have our own loves and our humours too. . . .

CLASS 89A

Hello M.T.B.! Introducing Class 89A in no order, alphabetical or meritorious, we present:

Rhodes—(Dusty for some unknown reason!) very peaceful citizen, a good guy! A Derby man.

Forbes—(Sandy, Jock or various adjectives). Funnily enough he speaks with a broad Scotch accent.

Holm—It never rains but what it pours another Scot. N.B. Sports a moustache—do not hold it against him.

Blundell—Shorty to pals from Birmingham.

Poore—Pal of above—hails from Dorset.

Hill—Only N.C.O. in class—bags of B—!!

Olive—Oxonian (did not get his blue for the simple reason that he never went to college.)

Boyd—From North of the Border once more—grand athlete with a wake of prize winning.

Weaden—A lot of him and all of it comes from Bristol.

Rushton—Staffordshire—plays trumpet but does not like it to be generally known.

Levy—Londoner, has an insight on alcoholic stimulants!

Hargreaves—U.A.S., but we are all broad minded in this class with Houg: much trouble cause by pronunciation — should rhyme with plough! Hails from Cheshire.

Brenstein—U.A.S., and author of this so I'd better keep pretty quiet.

Blackhall—Och! a wee laddie from U.A.S.

Gray—A moustache with a nice guy behind it. We are proud of it—the moustache I mean!

Cowsell—More Cheshire, whose chief worry is a little wren back home.

Dearlove—Quiet, studious—nothing more known!

Brill—(Colonel to all.) Gets ragged quite regularly.

Gillett—A lot of him—a tough hombre but a nice guy. (N.B.—I have to say that or else). From Bedford.

Angus—Blimey! Scotch-Scotch everywhere and not a drop to drink.

Bennett—Mick of the Parkside! Draws class banner and things.

Howarth—Manchester. We understand he did not want to leave Heaton parkdoodles even on horseback.

Haines—Sondover - gen man on D.R.O.'s first to notice cancellation of 48's.

Woodcraft—Another Londoner—bangs a drum—nothing else pointable known.

Campbell—Might as well finish with a Scot—knows a lot about France (he won't tell me though.)

Note: the author (that's me!) would like to thank formally Mr. Gray, without whose help this would never

have been written (he gave me the paper to write it on.)

CLASS 89B

Howdy folks, permit us to introduce ourselves to you; Made our arrival very recent—"U/T navis"—Jolly decent.

When we're told how great the tension At this outpost in the prairie—Rigorously mercenary (?)

We've travelled far since first we knew The thrill of wearing Air Force Blue; In fact, we've hurried here and there Through every place except through air.

But now, at last, we have been sent To master this new element. And as our fate is so decided, We don't intend to be divided. You must not straightaway infer That we are merely joking, Our motto's "Hit of Bust"—we were Not magnetized by stroking.

Within our ranks we are compelled To find a trio unexcelled In "shooting lines"—three lads who told

A lady news reporter bold, At Winnipeg en route to Rivers A "life," which gave us all the shivers. But these three stalwarts now confess 'Twas meant the lady to impress A good report, though none the less, It managed to impress the Press! Then, our preliminary wait, In the lightly falling snow, By the Guard Room at the gate, Waiting for the word to go Filing very slowly in, Writing down our next of "Kin." A.W.D. is walking down the road, Many of us raised a cheer. From our packs and dropped a load—"Blime blokes, there's women here!" Before we end our little rhyme, We wish you all this Christmas time The best of luck, and all good things Which normally the season brings And before the joys of Christmas Have gone out through the door, We wish you all the very best For nineteen forty-four.

CLASS 87B

On our first day here, things were broken to us very gently, and we gained the impression that we might even enjoy our stay here, although, perhaps, we would "have a lot of work to do." News of a dance at the W.D. canteen soon reached us, and the class was ably (?) represented by the dancing enthusiasts, who, according to their reports, had a "wizard" time.

So far, none of our members have managed to lose an Anson, but they will continue to try and if the pilots should once relax, well . . . mentioning pilots, reminds us of the fact that once most of us were U/T pilots and looked with scorn or surprise on those who were U/T Navigators but now that we are training as navigators we have come to appreciate how difficult is the task of gaining the brevet.

Knowledge of the difficulties to be encountered has strengthened our determination to get through, and so "Here's hoping!" even though March 11 is a long way off.

Some of our boys have already distinguished themselves, and have gained such names as "3 drift" and "Song." The latter is reputed to pray to his ancestors by the light of a cigarette lighter, having no prayer candles left. A few others have taken to horse riding, and are slowly and painfully learning the art. One of the shorter, and also the lightest, of this party, on mentioning to the groom that his horse stumbled, was amazed and indignant on being told "Well you've got the lines, why don't you HOLD HIM UP?" They have discovered that, like our pilots, the horses have a well-developed homing instinct and that it frequently pays to allow them to go in the direction that they prefer.

3 E. O. COURSE

Motto: *Labdr Omnia Vincit*

This class desires to express hearty appreciation of their instructor's earnest and efficient efforts on their behalf and look forward to proving no blots on their pedagogical escutcheons.

Most of us find navigation a new field and realize this course has been the means of raising us higher in the world than we ever were before.

Among exceptional talent uncovered were two "Wrong Way Corrigan's" who have since learned to follow more orthodox methods, another who has always retired too early to study stars, and another whose chief joy is in talking about the weather. Still another paid for his lesson on how to carry a "chute."

And what enthusiasm when the Westerners played volleyball with the wise men from the East. Nothing like a little relaxation occasionally.

At the time of writing all are diligently burning midnight oil in preparation for the inevitable ordeal of examinations.

Here's a hope that they all receive suitable postings!

And to No. 1 C.N.S. we bid a fond farewell.

CLASS 82B

"Solon' Solin"

This is our last entry in these columns, for, by the time this issue is in print we shall be locked in a death struggle with "Finals." At the end of all undertakings one is apt to view the whole in retrospect, and this course is no exception. To most of us there remain memories, and sometimes nightmares, of navigational problems, some surmounted and others yet to be unravelled. In rapid succession we have absorbed the Air plot, the Track plot, wind finding of diverse types and all the other stock-in-trade of the navigation under training. Naturally, one or two inci-

dents stand out above the rest, being mainly the pleasant 48's spent in complete oblivion of the tedious life we live. We have "bound" (or is it "binded") about everything, yet I think there is not one among us who will not admit that it has been an experience not to be forgotten. Not a few of us will take with us some very happy memories of our stay. Lastly, but by no means as an after thought, we say thank you to all those who have helped us while we have been here, and we do mean YOU.

CLASS 86B

Christmas Greetings and lots of fun to everyone from the "flying partnerships" of Class 86B.

Harry (Class Senior) Frost and Fred (Air Almanac) Greensill. Harry will be glad to have any spare dividends found around as he finds one pair per exercise rather high consumption. If you want to know the time in Rivers when the green light is on, Fred is your man. Windy (Front Row) Gale and Bill (Cheshire) Glover, Bill (Argument) Hancock and Ken (Gen. Man) Hunt, the odd 1% of gen. which failed to make itself felt in the 6 weeks exam refuses to be silenced and at the time of writing is bringing its owner our sympathy by making its appearance on his neck.

Jerry (Linnard, Kosky & Co.) Linnard and Dave (Texas Dan) Kosky. S.D.R.T. would be even duller without Port (Air Column) Walsh and Bernard (D/F Loop & Sons) Welch. The last war is said to have produced the "air mass" theory of weather forecasting. This war may yet produce a Walshian theory to shake the world.

Jack (Edinburgh) Gray and Ted (Pompey) Humphries. Taff (Airplot) Hughes and Brian (Aircraft Rec.) Helme. Colin (No Breakfast) Firth and Danny (Flying Time) Harris. Les (Steady as Rock) Halliday and Jack (Blackboard) Glasgow. Ken (Pharmacist) Gathercoid and Jock (Met. Report) Junor.

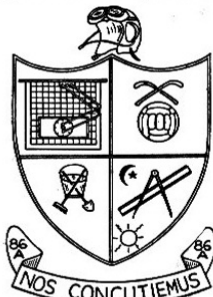
If you want to see the S.D.R.T. made difficult or tours of the continent by S.D.R.T., see these two. Bill (What do you think?) Masters and Derek (Quadrantal Correction) Povey. Between them they have tried all possible combinations of the instrument correction cards but are at last convinced that the right ones are really the best.

CLASS 86A

Room 27, also known as "the lifeboat," still shelters 25 would-be navigators. Heads bloodied, but unbowed, bewitched, bemused and bewildered, we have continued to weather two 48's and the sixth week test. Of the two ordeals, the test was the less fatiguing. Time is still an enemy; the life sentence that we faced at the beginning of October has dwindled to a procession of hurrying weeks, each haunted by the phantom "Test."

When this appears in print we shall be covering from that boogey, "Mid Term."

A handful of the crew, originally counting themselves in the fore of the boat, but now well aft, are numbered



among the intelligentsia. Their feet tap briskly at the Music Appreciation Hour and they are burdened with post-war planning. A deck hand, it is understood, was heard to cough in the Debating Club. Good show!

With deep regret we have to record the sad passing of two of our shift's company. One, Phoenix-like, now adds glory to Class 87A. The other, unable to hear the angels sing, seeks consolation elsewhere. Our good wishes go with him.

And now, without apology, we burst into song:

A student of 86A
Sadly putting his sextant away
Expressed his delight
That for once he was right
"I'm sure that last fix was O.K.!"
But thinking the fix should be checked
And not knowing what to expect
He scanned the terrain
For a pinpoint—in vain!
His position was somewhat suspect.
The pilot waved frantically down
But there wasn't a sign of a town
He saw something there
Which promoted a stare,
'Twas a kangaroo jumping around!
It seemed that last shot was a failure
Like the lady who dressed as a dahlia!
The moral, you clot, is
Each fix must be plotted
Or else you'll end up in Australia.

CLASS 80A

By the time this appears we shall be well under way on our journey back to England, hoping that at our next station they haven't heard of the horrible things that go on at Rivers—House of Torture.

I am glad to say the boys are gradually recovering from their labors and with the visit to Brandon tonight should be back to normal very soon.

Much credit is due to "our Joe" for his efforts to push us on especially as he came to us at a time when even the "gen" men were bewildered by the everchanging instructors and the class was considered to be the worse

ever. From this stage, however, we entered a hectic 10 weeks, sleep being a last consideration. Joe was a great lover of "overtime" for the boys. "You can get a little sleep on your 48's in Winnipeg." As the weeks rolled on, so did we, and the end came upon us very quickly. We were considered efficient enough to participate in the bombing trip for the pennant. Whether this was justified or not remains to be seen.

CLASS 83A

Upon our first experience of the new system of Interrogation we were struck by the fact that the Navigator is asked to report only upon the serviceability of the instruments. We further formed the opinion that, had it been possible, the authorities would have preferred a report by the instruments upon the serviceability of the Navigator.



Nevertheless, we feel it would be appropriate for the navigator to be given an opportunity to make a report of his own. We suggest the following questionnaire:

1. Did the Pilot require any assistance to reach base?
2. Was the Pilot a competent track crawler?
3. Did the Wireless Operator obtain a satisfactory reproduction of the Bob Hope program?
4. Did the Wireless Operator successfully time his M.T.B.'s for those periods when you were D.R.-ing ahead?
5. Does the Air Flight make you sick?

Apart from the new Interrogation System, the greatest addition to the life of the station is the new P.T. Program. The most outstanding result as far as we are concerned, of the increased activity in this direction, is the loss of our Senior Man—"Red" Pullen, who, in fracturing his heel became one of the first victims of the obstacle course. By way of compensation, the organized games have awakened hitherto unsuspected beauties in at least one of Johnnie Gott's eyes.

We welcome Joe Longstaffe upon his enforced appointment as Class Senior. He has for some time been known as Joe and we feel he should be made to live up to the same.

Promotions

F/L W. P. Wensley to Squadron Leader (Admin.)

LAC A. H. Johnson to Corporal (W.O.G.)	LAC T. A. Wark to Corporal (W.O.G.)
LAC M. Vineburg to Corporal (W.O.G.)	LAC T. N. Tiltman to Corporal (W.O.G.)
LAC G. A. Chamberlain to Corporal (W.O.G.)	LAC W. E. Clarke to Corporal (W.O.G.)
LAC J. A. Peterkin to Corporal (W.O.G.)	LAC I. E. H. Abercrombie to Corporal (W.O.G.)
LAC W. S. Hamilton to Corporal (W.O.G.)	LAC J. B. Anderson to Corporal (W.O.G.)
LAC R. F. Beckett to Corporal (W.O.G.)	LAC G. S. Johnson to Corporal (W.O.G.)
LAC N. Frankland to Corporal (W.O.G.)	LAC H. A. Roberts to Corporal (W.O.G.)
LAC R. L. Bourgoin to Corporal (W.O.G.)	LAW N. B. Banter to Corporal (Clk. Gen.)
LAC J. A. James to Corporal (W.O.G.)	LAW J. Pacuzzo to Corporal (W.O.G.)
LAC E. G. Bliss to Corporal (W.O.G.)	Cpl. J. W. Prosser to Sergeant (W.O.G.)
Cpl. T. L. Austin to Sergeant (W.O.G.)	Cpl. C. H. Fowler to Sergeant (Elect.)
Cpl. R. G. Warren to Sergeant (S.P.)	Cpl. S. H. Weinfeld to Sergeant (Clk. Gen.)
WO2 J. A. Stewart to WO1 (Pharmacist)	Sgt. H. L. Seifred to WO2 (Clk. Admin.)

★

Marriages

LAC D. C. Smith to Margaret Emma Sym, on Oct. 23.	P/O R. W. Hamon to Beatrice Elizabeth Dales on Nov. 6.
Sgt. A. P. Brown to S/Sgt. D. E. Gabel on Oct. 23.	AC1 S. J. Hardin to Rosalie Rudnitsky on Nov. 7.
Cpl. S. R. Lindsay to Dorothy Elaine Harding on Nov. 4.	AC1 R. E. Knechtel to Ruby Elaine Lippert on Nov. 8.
LAC I. Edwards to Marjorie Lewella McBride on July 17.	Cpl. W. A. Taylor to Georgina Opacensky on Nov. 8.
LAW M. Hurlburt to Mr. James Henry Carey on Nov. 15.	

★

Births

To P/O and Mrs. C. M. Laurence, a son, Kenneth Colin, on Sept. 28.	To Sgt. and Mrs. G. H. Smith, a daughter, Patricia Maria, on Oct. 22.
To F/S and Mrs. C. A. Kurtz, a daughter, Judith Anne, on Oct. 29.	To F/O and Mrs. G. E. Murphy, a daughter, Sheila Edith Louise, on Nov. 13.
To AC1 and Mrs. R. E. Bradley, a son, Harold Keith, on Aug. 31.	To LAC and Mrs. C. R. Kersey, a daughter, Louise Annette, on Aug. 18.
To F/O and Mrs. Don McRae, a son, Kenneth Ian, on Oct. 25.	To WO1 and Mrs. J. A. Stewart, a son, James Christopher, on Oct. 27.

