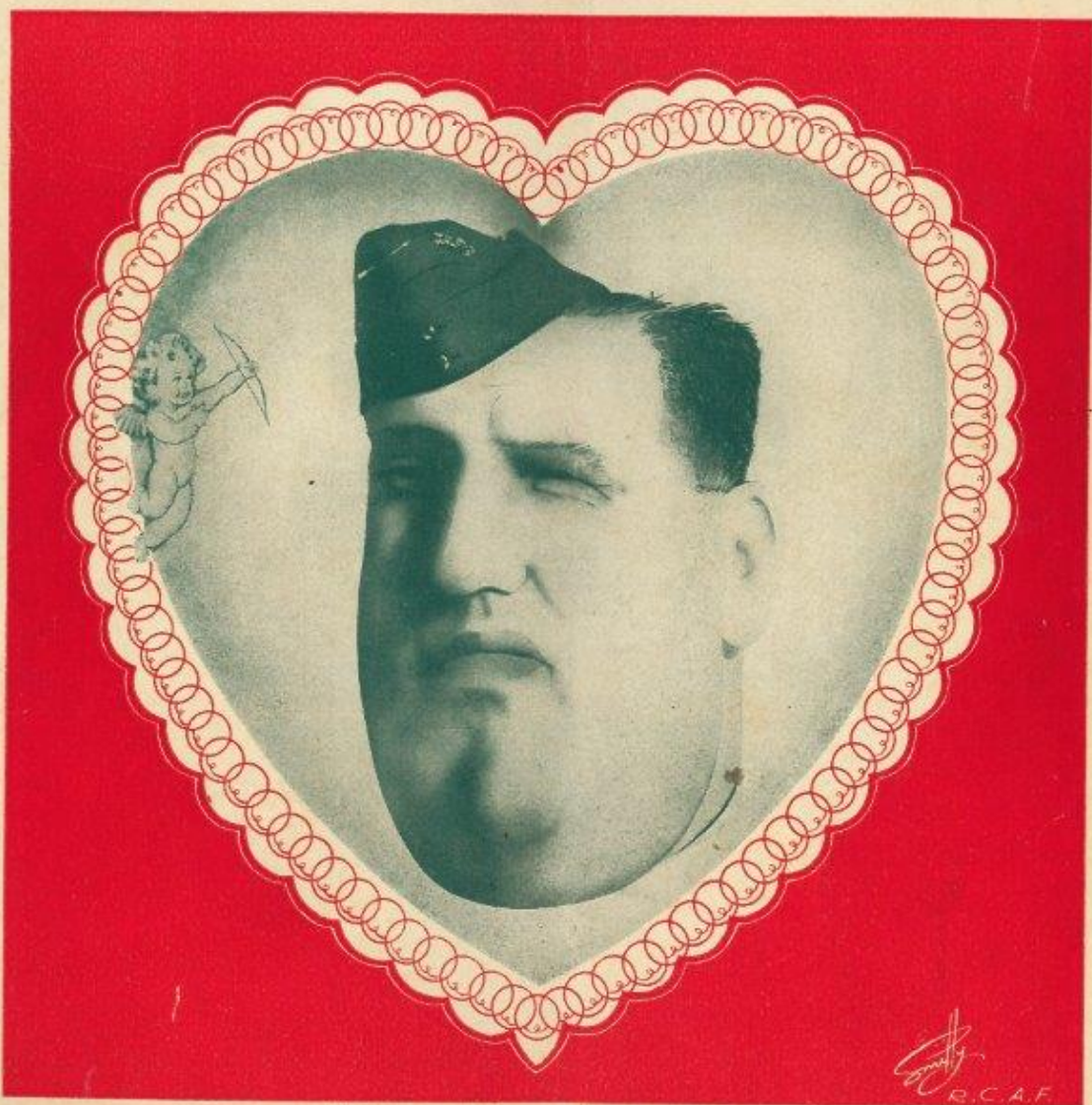


# MTB

MESSAGE O BASE

FEBRUARY, 1944

VOLUME 1, No. 7



"PIN-UP BOY FOR 1944"

*Andy*  
R.C.A.F.

No. 1 C. N. S.

RIVERS, MAN.



## Cartoon Contest

Hey Gals and Guys:

Come a-runnin' and bring your pencils with you. Here's a big chance to win money. Three dollars for one person and two for somebody else. Five greenbacks altogether.

It's a Cartoon Contest.

All you have to do is think up an idea or situation of station life that you think is funny. Then sketch it out on paper and drop it into the M.T.B. office.

So you can't draw very well. So what? As long as your cartoon gives the general idea, it stands a chance of winning a prize.

These are the rules:

1. Anyone on the station except M.T.B. staff can enter.
2. Any number of cartoons accepted from one person.
3. Person's name and number to be written across the back of the cartoon.
4. All entries to be in M.T.B. office by February 25.
5. First prize will be \$3 and second prize \$2.
6. Judges are LAC Jack Smith and P.O. Ozzie Wright.
7. M.T.B. may later publish any entry desired.

That's all there is to it. Just start your pencils working and drop your entries in the big M.T.B. contribution box just inside the door of Room 35, G.I.S. You could use that money, couldn't you?





# EDITORIAL

**M. T. B.**

By kind permission of GROUP CAPTAIN W. A. MURRAY  
Editor-in-Chief—F/O D. A. RITCHIE

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VOLUME 1, No. 7

FEBRUARY, 1944

## EDITOR'S CORNER

**OH WINTER**, where is thy sting? It really is quite embarrassing (delightfully so) after telling every non-local on the station "just you wait until January"—yeah! This, plus a terrorizing review of the "mean" temperatures we experienced in this neck of the woods last year have combined to bring about our afore-mentioned embarrassment. But nothing in comparison to the Ski Club committee to whom our deepest sympathy is extended. Off to an outstanding start with organized gangs to clear runways, volunteer woodchoppers and complete with a nice shack nestled in the valley(?)—and still no snow.

The first month of 1944 was a highly eventful one for No. 1 C.N.S. in many respects. Perhaps the most significant feature was the new drive and energy so noticeable among our many committees. Heading the list comes the Sports Committee, who organized to make 1944 the most outstanding sports year in the history of Rivers. It is already an established certainty that no one will be able to live on the station this year without being very "sports conscious." Our station basketball and hockey teams covered themselves with glory during the month and provided real entertainment for a growing gallery of supporters in their home games.

As at the end of January our hockey team had suffered only one defeat while our basketballers after winning second place honours in the first half opened strongly in the second half to take over first place.

The curling league is a popular pastime with some forty rinks or more necessitating a heavy time table. Their annual bonspiel is in the offing. Also popular has been the volley ball league, well organized and keenly contested by a large number of team entries. Badminton court fans set a burning pace in the Drill Hall every night of the week and the committee is busy planning a tournament in the near future—and just try to get near the bowling alleys any night of the week!

Besides our station hockey and basketball teams we have successful inter-section leagues operating, the latest introduction being a "Ham and Eggs" league for novices, anxious to learn the art of Canadian Hockey.

And just before going to press came announcement of a monster Sports Party on February 3rd. The entire eve-

ning was designed to encourage 100 per cent sports participation and familiarization with our facilities. To anyone coming to the Drill Hall, a lively program was promised, including a game of bowls, a fast fling on the mats, a dash around our Commando Course, a monster sing-song and cats! The entry fee was one of dress only—everyone in sports clothes prepared to rough and tumble for a couple of hours or so.

Other groups have been active. The former Music Appreciation Hour has been reformed and is stepping forth as the Music Hour, open bi-weekly to all music lovers. New recordings and equipment will be purchased shortly.

The Camera Club also announces that their long sought after dark room is finally ready. Anyone wishing to benefit by this, or learn the intricacies of photography, are invited to join the Club.

Completing the list of pace-setting committees is the newly formed M.T.B. committee, which met for its inaugural meeting in mid-January. M.T.B. wishes to be operated for the station by the station and is open to suggestions from one and all. The first gathering brought forth many helpful ideas and it is our intention to hold them regularly each month from now on.

Further additions to M.T.B.'s editorial staff include F/S Ed Gray, who will serve as co-photographer with F/O Bill Grand, and AC2 Doug Nicholson, who will assist as a staff reporter. Incidentally, this latter position is open to any number of experienced or aspiring reporters on the station.

One of the original gagsters on our staff, LAC J. Henry was posted during January. We wish to thank him for his time devoted to cartooning so many station activities and scenes. Best of luck on your new station, Jack.

The amazing likeness of "Snooks" Sorensen, our front cover "pin up boy," was cleverly drawn by LAC Jack Smith. He also drew the caricature of "Bub" Jewitt in the sports section. "Smilty" has been taken on staff as co-artist along with P/O "Orzie" Wright. These two are giving liberally of their time and ability each month and we all appreciate their outstanding contributions.

Another added attraction in January was the introduction of a Winnipeg concert troupe to the station. The "Show Boat" girls, 25 in number, were a part of a chain of volunteer Winnipeg troupes who are busily engaged entertaining service personnel throughout Manitoba. By the time this issue is released, the second troupe, "Freedomaires," will already have been and gone. This type of entertainment is welcome at Rivers, a decided change for the better, and it is hoped that we shall continue to benefit with a show every month from now on.

So keep it up Rivers. Already we can boast of one of the most self-sustaining stations in Canada—let's make it the very best!





Top row (left to right)—Cpl. Jim Saunders, Cpl. Edith McCallister, Sgt. Will Burkett; S/O Beth McLenaghan is given a sample of beans by AWI Olive Plain; Flight Sgt. Charlie Kurtz does a strongman act (don't let him fool you, those plates are paper!). Second Row (left to right)—LAW Milly Mathers has brought home the bacon. Butchers LAC Earle Graham, LAC Sid Atkinson and LAC Bill Hughes. LAW Margaret Geddes, LAW Muriel Tyerman and friend. Third Row—Many hands make light work. Dishwashers (left to right) are: Civ. Doris Puritch, ACI Roland Lavalle, Civ. Nettie Duika, Civ. Eleanor Chalkman, LAW Jane Habirniak, Civ. Mrs. Chalkman, Civ. Arthur Gray. Part of Civilian Staff with Sgt. Will Burkett pouring. Bottom Row (left to right)—LAW Rita Batford, LAW Anne Fein, LAW Doreen Pashley, LAW Tilly Kutzley, LAW Irene Buckton, LAC George McQuarrie.

# Airmen's Mess

IT WAS bacon and beans day when M.T.B.'s staff visited the Airmen's Mess. That bothered S/O Beth McLenagh. She is the pretty, auburn-haired dietician who has her degree from U. of Manitoba and is here in complete charge of the biggest restaurant in the province. Or don't you call the Messes restaurants?

Anyhow, she bemoaned the beans. "Other days we have much more interesting meals," she wailed. But she showed us all parts of the plant, none-the-less, and even demonstrated that beans weren't bad by taking a good big mouthful herself.

Any one airman is concerned only with his plateful, but Miss McLenagh and her cohorts have to deal in carloads. Where your mother would throw a pinch of salt in the porridge at home these people would use a pailful. They use aluminum cooking pots, but they are big enough to put two men inside. There were beans inside the ones we pecked at. The surface simmered with a pinkish red glow and gave off a tasty odor. An LAW was on the business end of a big mixing pole keeping the beans from burning.

To cook the bacon a whole battery of ovens was at work. Every three minutes someone would go down the line yanking open the heavy doors and taking out the pans that were done. It would take most of the population of a pigery to provide as much bacon as was waiting on deck when the meal was ready.

Efficiency is a keynote in the kitchen. Under S/O McLenagh's guidance a big assembly line system is operated. From great stacks of cartons and boxes and bales in the storerooms the food follows regular channels of preparation and processing until it reaches its intended destination of airmen's stomachs. Once there it is no longer any of the kitchen staff's business.

The bake shop is across the road. It can be easily traced by the smell of fresh pastries. In the corner stands an automatic doughnut machine. You pour batter in one end and doughnuts start popping out the other. Somewhere in the machine's organs are long trays of hot grease and little flippers that turn the doughnuts over at the halfway mark.

Buckets and tubs have to be used when the bake shop girls start making pies, too. They mix up mountainous piles of dough on a table, and then bring out their rolling pins and set to work. Their pies don't just go to airmen, but to everyone on the station. So when pie is on the menu these gals don't just turn out one or two—they have to make at least 400 for everybody to have one piece, and they must go well above that to allow for the moochers who come in for a second round.

Around the corner from there is the butcher shop. If you put back together all the animals they have in their

warehouse sized refrigerator, you could start up a barnyard. The place was spotlessly clean—they might have been handling supplies of paper cups for all that—they have no mess around their chopping blocks. How those boys wielded their wicked knives would instill a healthy respect for them in anybody.

Helping Miss McLenagh keep this complex system working is an energetic crew of N.C.O.'s. Flt./Sgt. Charlie Kurtz has been three years, one month in the air force. He spent his first two years on the station in the Officers' Mess. He is 30 years old now and has cooked since age 14. Cpl. Jim Saunders is fresh from the wilds of Quebec. He was in Baggotville, Que., which he calls "the worst place in the world." Rivers is heaven to him. He is 29 and butchered in Ottawa before the war.

Sgt. Wilf Burkett spent 15 months cooking in the Aleutians before coming here. He likes Rivers, too. At least the fog is not so thick you have to grope to find your neighbor on parade. His home was Brickson, Man., and he, too, has been a cook since a way back. Cpl. Edith McCallister has been quite a while at Rivers and she thinks it isn't too bad. Three others, Cpl. Lewis of the bakeshop, Cpl. Watson and Cpl. Hannon were 48-ing, but when on the job they are a big asset, too.

It looks like a smooth procedure, but any one of the jobs in the Airmen's Mess is a mighty hard stint. Next time you start grouching about the grub, ask yourself if you would willingly trade places with the people who work in the heat and steam and rush of the big kitchens. It isn't fun, mister, and altogether they are doing a darn good job of feeding you, so give them a break, eh!

★

## Best of Luck, Sir!

"So Long," "Cheerio," "Happy Landings," "Au Revoir" . . . but **not** good-bye to Squadron Leader Archie (Kewpie) McKillop. . . This popular officer left our station at the beginning of the month to take over new duties in Charlottetown, P.E.I. . . and he, like "Cap" Walley, left behind him scores and scores of friends and pleasant memories. A keen loss to us becomes a very real gain for No. 2 A.N.S., . . . the badminton courts, the ante-room, the curling rink, G.L.S., . . . the station . . . will not be the same without that little grin and the twinkling eyes of our favorite Scot!

## FRIGHTFULLY GOOD SHOW!

Awf'ly decent blokes... I mean ruggar and all that, you know

by *Orzie*

TOPPIN' DAY WHAT? REMINDS ME OF THE DAY OLD STINKER MADE A HUNDRED NOT OUT AGAINST ST. CUTHBERTS... WHAT?



AND THAT SNAITHEWAITE BLIGHTER WENT FOR A BURTON AND MUFFED A CATCH! AND I SAY, WILL YOU EVER FORGET...



... OLD FRUITY FANSHAWE GOT SO FILTHY DRUNK AFTERSWARDS IN A PUB IN SOHO AND KNOCKED A BOBBY'S HAT OFF - WIZZ-OH!





F/L Ben Culp, F/L Mickey Middlemass

WO1 Jones

F/O Walter Nugent, S/L Hugh McCaffery, D.F.C.

## Five Snins Possess Wide Ops. Experience

F/O BRUCE KEITH

SUB-HUNTING, bombing Berlin, pathfinder flying, escaping from prison camp . . . these and many more adventures have been the lot of the five repatriated ops. men in 40 Snin course.

All of them were early graduates of the training plan. They went to England at varying times in 1941—some navigating bombers over. Each has chalked up a complete tour of ops. and is now busy acquiring instruction technique to give trainees the benefit of their experiences.

The man with the heaviest braid is S/L Hugh "Mac" McCaffery, D.F.C. His home town is Winnipeg. He trained at the A.O.S. there, at Macdonald B. & G., and also at Rivers. In September, 1941, he successfully navigated a Hudson over the Atlantic and started O.T.U. soon after. S/L McCaffery trained on Wimpeys over there, but did his operational trips mainly on Stirlings. In later work, after his tour was done, he flew in other types as well. Which does he prefer? "Well, every man will stick up for his own aircraft," he said. "But the Stirlings have some particularly fine points. For one, the navigator is given a break. He has a regular office. He is behind the pilot just forward of the centre of gravity. This makes his position steadier and helps his astro work."

All of the S/L's 35 ops. trips were to Nazi objectives but one. On that he went to Italy and helped blast Genoa. He keeps his own counsel on much of what happened, including how he came by his D.F.C. But on one score his record speaks for itself. He trained for awhile with Pathfinders, and then was selected as group navigation officer in the bombing group in which he was operating. "You don't hold that job without being a gen-man in the real sense."

It isn't always the pilot who brings the ship home. S/L McCaffery has been impressed by two cases where the bombers brought Stirlings to base safely when the pilot was injured. Both boys were Canadians. The first one did it with a real flourish. He not only brought the four-engined ship right back to base, but calmly entered the circuit in approved fashion when he got there. He came around in good style, got the control tower's okay to land and brought the machine down as neat as you please. To finish off, he taxied the Stirling into its allotted position from where the ambulance could take the wounded men off.

The second—a Flight Sergeant bomber took over when both his pilot and navigator were hurt. They were over Italy when the flak did the damage. The ship—a Stirling again—was crippled, too, and the bomber knew the situation was desperate. There was no one to navigate, so he got in touch by R.T. with another machine of his squadron that had bombed the same target. This second aircraft led him to an allied base in North Africa. The flak had struck them before reaching their target, so the bombs were still on board. The bomb doors had jammed and the explosives

could not be jettisoned. So the plucky bomber came in to a night landing on a strange field with a full load of bombs beneath him, and likely as not ready to blow him sky high. He made it safely.

Bombers and navigators do not take formal flying training, the S/L said, but they often take over the controls for practise in the air on check flights. This is encouraged in the belief that the more each crew man knows about the others' jobs, the safer the ship will be.

F/L Ben Culp was one of the early birds in navigation. He trained in 1940 at Malton. His B. & G. school was Jarvis, and after it he came directly to Rivers when it was newly opened and had two classrooms. He was on his way overseas in January of 1941. Wellingtons were used for all the trips he made, and he thinks they are a pretty good style of ship in spite of what the four-engined machine boys say. He was with bomber command throughout and completed 29 trips in his tour. One of these was to the north of Italy to bomb Genoa.

Ten months as a prisoner of the Italians is part of F/L Mickey Middlemass's experience. He was here at Rivers after having been at No. 4 B. & G. and Regina A.O.S. before that. Like S/L McCaffery he flew the Atlantic as navigator in a Hudson. "Astro fixes are the important thing on an Atlantic trip," he said. "You take a series of them as the trip progresses, and plot them on the chart to determine the track made good. It is one flight on which there is no chance of track crawling."

He flew in Whiteleys at first and then Halifaxes. He made 24 trips in a straight bombing squadron and then was transferred to a Pathfinder unit. He flew in Pathfinders in the same squadron as F/O Carl Sorsdahl, recent graduate of the Snins. On 31 trips he headed for Nazi targets, but on his 32nd and last he went to Italy. "And I didn't come back," he said. "Not the same night anyway. "Our ship was badly shot up and we bailed out. The Italians captured our crew and clapped us into prison camp at Sulmona which is somewhat south of the middle of Italy. We were there for 10 months."

"At first we were crowded—nearly 40 of us in one bungalow. Later they moved us to neat little bungalows in another side of the camp and we were quartered very nicely, two to a room.

"In those we were very comfortable. We had inner spring mattresses and most of the comforts we could ask for. The food was somewhat on the short side, but the Red Cross did a capable job of seeing that we didn't starve.

"The first day Allied planes came over from the south was really something. They were Fortresses flown by the Americans. The alarms went and by the time we got out in the yards we could hear them. By then most of the Italians at the camp were running like mad for shelter in the hills. Even the Italian camp padre was scouting off—



# Sergeant's Mess



F/S CHARLIE DOW

**GREETINGS!** Thanks, Alex, for the swell job you did on the column last month. Babs and myself want to thank you all for your good wishes.

More parties! More parties! There are some big blanks in the old mess now. You fellows who are tossing your odd boots and towels into your kit bags will sure be missed. Let's know how things are going and lots of luck.



The mess committee for the first quarter is as follows:

WO2 Paul Stuart, President.  
F/S Chas. Dow, Vice-Pres.  
F/S Jack Shave, Secretary.  
Sgt. Reg. Knott, Messing.

You see, that includes me. All I'll say here is that we are doing our best and will do our best. We all want to see our mess the best. Right! So let's all work together and we shall have all the other stations coming in to see how we do it.

Sunday nights are now open house. You girls want to get the 'ol man eager on the idea of having you out. Next Sunday? Fine! We should have some swell times together.

Ross Taylor and Jack Jones are now proud fathers! Congratulations, fellas! How's chances of meeting the young ladies? Also we hear F/S Nixon is a proud father of a baby boy.

By now the Y.I. Pack that moved in on Portage a few nights ago have all recuperated. Gals, you should have seen those wolves howl. Man, oh man!

The 12th of February marked the opening of our completed ante-rooms with a Valentine supper and dance. Everything went off with a bang! Kent Hammond is still looking after furnishings, so if you have any suggestions let Kent or one of the committee know and we shall see what can be done.

Bill Cook seems to be feeling quite light-headed lately, ne has an easier time getting through the door now with six inches off each side. That was quite a moustache, boy!

That's all for this time.

★

## Our Chief Instructor

KAY FULMER

**I**NTRODUCING Wing Commander Lawrence O. Cooper, C.I. of this station. Wing Commander Cooper, or "Coop" as he is known by his intimates, has had an interesting career and his busy life has taken him from the deepest shaft of the International Nickel Mines in Sudbury, Ontario,



(about 4,000 feet below the earth's surface) to intimate hob nobbing with the stars about 18,000 feet above the earth's surface.

Born in New Liskeard, Ontario (when it was known as "New Ontario,") W/C Cooper became a mining-town citizen very early in life when his parents went to "the Porcupine" in 1912. The move to the gold camp was a natural to "Pat" Cooper, the Wingo's dad, because he had been in the Yukon Gold Rush of '98. For many years Cooper's dad was superintendent of the Jupiter Mine, later absorbed by the McIntyre

(now one of the world's best known gold mines).

Educated in Schumacher and Timmins public and high schools, W/C Cooper then went on to McGill University, leaving it only during the summer months to return to northern Ontario as a student working in the mines. At the end of his fourth year in McGill, W/C Cooper became a member of the McGill staff, lecturing in Engineering and Maths. After four sessions on the staff he left, because, as he puts it, his "hair was beginning to get thin," and went back to the mines, straight to the International Nickel Company of Sudbury, first of all working in the triangulation (survey) section, and later in the mines' mechanical depart-

ment where he was assistant master mechanic of mines when he left in 1939.

Right at the outbreak of war in September, 1939, W/C Cooper applied for service in the R.C.A.F., anxious to get back into flying after having been a P.P.O. (Provisional Pilot Officer) at Camp Borden in the R.C.A.F. during the summers of 1928, 1929, and 1930, when students were given summer training. He was eventually called into service in June, 1940, and was selected for the Navigation Branch, going first to No. 1 A.N.S., at Trenton, Ontario, and then moving to Rivers, when No. 1 A.N.S. was moved to this locale. He remained here until the spring of 1941 when he was sent to A.F.H.Q. for a year in the Navigation Branch, and towards the end of September, 1942, was one of two men sent to England on a new "specialist navigation course" which was just inaugurated (the other officer chosen was S/L McClure, a recent visitor to this station). Returning to A.F.H.Q. in August of last year, W/C Cooper was then sent to Rivers late in October.

W/C Cooper's family—Mrs. Cooper and two daughters ages 7 and 5½—reside in Ottawa, and his sister, Marianne, is now A/S/O Cooper, stationed at No. 1 Wireless School in Montreal. Of the prairies, W/C Cooper says, "they grow on you. The country looks so flat and then after a while the very flatness makes places seem deceptively closer. I consider Rivers an ideal spot for this type of work." But for northern Ontario the Wing Commander still harbors a soft spot. He says he has lived there so long that he got to like it very well, and will doubtless return to the mining country at the conclusion of the war.

He was a hockey player during his school days, very fond of skiing while in the ski-mad country which is McGill's home . . . is a curler, enjoys badminton, and is very partial to golf. He has a droll wit, and, most of all, is very well liked by co-workers, fellow officers and other ranks! In the words of an airman, "He's a man's man!"



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



AWI JEAN HASTINGS

## An Officer and a Gentleman

We have often heard it said that "a man is no hero to his stenographer" and it seems to us the supreme test of a man's popularity to have him eulogized by his employees. In saying "So long" to Cap. Walley, we can do no better than to give you this tribute from his stenographer, LAWI Jean Hastings.

ONCE in a long while one is privileged to meet a personality so strong and so colorful that one feels the richer for having known him. Such a man is Flight Lieutenant C. S. Walley, of Works and Buildings, who has recently been posted to Gimli.



Completely natural and unassuming, with a keen sense of humor and a kind heart, he believed that a sympathetic word sometimes accomplished more than the harsh command, and had the undivided loyalty and affection of his subordinates to prove it. Born in Wales, Mr. Walley brought his young wife and family out to the Canadian prairies to make his living and his home. He served in the last war, was wounded and won the M.C.

At the outbreak of this war he had been married thirty odd years and had fathered ten

children. Three of those children are serving with the Armed Forces. One, Pilot Officer Keith Walley has been reported missing. Flight Lieutenant Walley in his capacity of civil engineer was sent to Rivers and told in effect, "Here is nothing. Build an airport."

Where there was nothing there is now a flying school which has trained and graduated thousands of young men to face the enemy. Surely no one citizen has done more for his country than Flight Lieutenant Walley, an officer and a gentleman.

★

## The Way to a Man's Heart

For weeks people have been asking why we don't write something about the splendid work being done by Section Officer McLenaghan and her staff, but it has always seemed to us that the girls who work in the mess needed no publicity. Surely even the sourest of the "woman's place is in the kitchen" exponents could find no cause for complaint for obviously Miss McLenaghan and her chefs are very much in the kitchen and, in our humble opinion, doing the hardest W.D. job in the airforce.

Born and brought up in Manitoba, the attractive young messing officer took her degree in Home Economics at the University of Manitoba before volunteering to accept the thankless task of feeding the hungry airforce.

The chefs, too, are well trained. They are for the most part, girls with domestic leanings who knew a good deal about cooking before enlisting. The R.C.A.F. gave them an eight week course in nutrition and balanced diet before they were posted out to stations. The chefs and mess-women work in three eight hour shifts putting up with the inconvenience of irregular meal hours and not very many free evenings. In summer the kitchens are unbearably hot

and in winter you will leave the doors open and they are unbearably cold.

One of our most popular misconceptions is that the armed forces are not rationed, this is not so. The R.C.A.F. is allowed rations for breakfast and lunch, supper is salvaged. There is also a money budget. If by any unfortunate chance the messing officer should go over her budget the commanding officer would have to pay the difference out of his own money.

There will always be complaints about meals. There will always be people who like pie with every meal, and those who don't like it at all. People who maintain that salt prevents goitre and those who tell gruesome tales of the agonizing death which befell their best friend when too much salt hardened his arteries. Then, of course, there are the inevitable unfortunates who periodically break out into beautiful red spots, not measles, allergic to celery.

When you are in the messhall, don't let your eyes wander frantically around for the Orderly Officer while your soup grows cold. Give a thought to the hard work behind it all, and count your blessings, brother, count your blessings.

## Sports de Luxe

The C.W.A.C.'s from Shilo entertained the W.D.'s when they tagged along with the boys' basketball and hockey teams. They were wine and dined in hospitable western fashion in the C.W.A.C. canteen. Later, as guests at the Paratroopers' dance, they reported a "marvellous time was had by all." (Moral—if you want to have an enjoyable evening, and can play basketball, join the team and maybe they'll invite you over sometime.)

Towards the end of the month the C.W.A.C.'s played an answering engagement with results not quite so rosy in our favor. Net result seemed to be one black eye and a score of (censored).

A few hardy souls who survived the New Year's Eve dance and the dinner of the following day managed to have a dance in the W.D. canteen New Year's night. It looked for a while as if the guests would have to go home danceless—the main pianist was suddenly called for fire plique and when we thought we had one in our clutches, turned out he had gone skating. The radio came forth with a variety program, everything from barn dances to Hawaiian music, and if people didn't have a good time, it was a very good imitation.

One of our N.C.O.'s has returned from Trenton, a pioneer in the recently organized admin course for W.D. N.C.O.'s. Her description makes it sound like a four weeks' holiday, drill—lectures—drill—P.T.—air force law—studying, or am I kidding.

The lecture given recently on rehabilitation was listened to attentively. We find, by making a small down payment, we can start farming, and the fishing industry is highly recommended provided one has rugged health and physique. Well, it may save us from all selling shoe laces on the same street corner.

Wake me at 6:30; don't turn on the light in the morning. Fumble, fumble—someone trying to dress in total darkness. No flying today, who is spare? I'm going skating. Don't mind us, it's just the W.O.G.'s in their newly acquired room. They came in and out so often they wore the old floor out, but the new one slips and shines like the old ice pond.

# Here 'n' There

KAY FULMER

THE airmen said "they dood it" . . . and they meant "they came, they saw and they conquered" . . . yes, we mean those twenty-five lovelies from Winnipeg who visited our station on January 15th . . . they called themselfs the Showboat Company, and we called them "good



entertainers" . . . "good sports" and "jolly nice gals" . . . in the first place they were to put on their show once only, because of the latish time of arrival, but when they got to the theatre (Rec Hall to you) they found that there were going to be several hundred disappointed airmen and so they urged the committee to allow them to repeat their show . . . and maybe we shouldn't have been so observant but we can vouch for the fact that some of the fellows did a "repeat" and returned for the second show . . . anyway it was good stuff, nice

timing, lively and melodious music, pretty gals with plenty of "umphhh" and lovely costumes . . . we all felt particularly grateful to the girls because we knew that they were simply giving their time to entertain the men in the services, that they were "working girls" and all had to be back on the job in Winnipeg bright and early Monday morning . . . they had their very first experience of sleeping in a barrack block here at No. 1 C.N.S., and on the following Sunday morning assisted with the choral work at Service, and then too some of them tried out some of the Riding Club's prancing steeds, some tried out the skating rink, some went walking and some wrote letters to the absent b.E.'s . . . they were entertained briefly at a dance in the Officers' Mess and all who met these girls were charmed with them. . . .

Right here and now might be a good time . . . while we are on the subject of show . . . to tell you the story about the ferocious animal and the biggest W.D. officer . . . it seems . . . the story goes . . . that the aforementioned b.W.D.O. was seated in the centre of the very front row (lest the Follies beauties should want anything) . . . the chorines were singing "Drifting and Dreaming" . . . the music was soft, the lights were low and all was harmony and VERY quiet . . . presently to the uncontrollable amusement of every airman in the front rows . . . this GREAT, BIG, FEROCIOUS, MAN-EATING mouse came out of the grating just below the footlights and came charging for the b.W.D.O. . . . sorry, that's all we know about the story,—for further particulars see any airman who sat near the front during the first show!!!! (we could add, of course, that the chorines all wanted to know "what the laughing was about" during their serious, sentimental number!!!!)

The month of January was one of sports participation for many folks on this station . . . and no doubt there will be much to be read about the various games in other pages of this issue . . . there's one little thing we'd like to say, here, however and that is that this unit has the finest W.D. basketball team in the R.C.A.F. . . . our gallant girls have won games and lost them, and we have seen them all . . . but NEVER ONCE have we seen a Rivers W.D. basketeer lose her temper during a game or grouse about anything . . . they've taken some pretty rough and tumble treatment, too, and taken it not only on the chin but on the eyes, and in spite of black eyes and bruised

arms and bumped heads, they are right in there—at the finish—smiling! . . . their goodwill and good sportsmanship is an example to every men's team on this, and other, stations . . . Corporal Macalaster, Sergeant "Robbie" Robinson, Corporal Dot Kotow, Marg Gartside, "Grahamie," Ruth Kinsella, Lila Horne, Elsie Beecham, Isabel Hystead, Marina Atamanchuk, Hazel Tuffin . . . they all deserve a great big hand!

Sorry he was missed out when "Headquarters" was featured . . . but if you see a happy smile and a shock of unruly red hair, you'll immediately recognize the new "Assistant Admin. Officer" . . . Pilot Officer Bill Hamilton . . . "Red's" duties take him most everywhere on the station and his cheerful grin is "special" . . . welcome to No. 1 C.N.S., Red . . . fortunately for us, not all of our writing is "saying goodbye," because not only have we had the pleasure of welcoming the new "Assistant Admin." but we are also welcoming . . . in this issue . . . the W. & B. officer, F/L Peters, who is not entirely a stranger since he hails from No. 12 S.F.T.S., and the new P.T. and D. officer, Pilot Officer Johnny Dick . . . P/O Dick had his very first view of the great open spaces of the prairies just recently and, at the moment of going to press, his opinions are somewhat tinged with nostalgia . . . a nostalgia shared by most other Ontarians on this station . . . well . . . welcome twice, gentlemen . . . You'll get used to us after a while. . . .

And don't call out the guard or send for the S.P.'s if you happen to hear vociferous shouting from the vicinity of the Administrative building these calm nights . . . just walk along over to the long, low building and see for yourself . . . it's just the station's curling addicts, and whatever it is about the game that makes it more fun to shout . . . we don't know, but shout they do, and when you get Cap. Walley, Sergeant Joyce, Jack Graham, John McQuarrie Brian O'Brien, Sergeant Knott, May Allnut, "Smitty" (P/O Smith) and others ALL shouting together . . . you've got something . . . incidentally, we hope . . . in the next issue to have a picture of some of the expert sweepers on this station . . . we have decided that if one half of one percent of the energy expended on sweeping ("soopin' 'or up") on the curling rink, were expended on station "clean ups" we would never have any more dirt! . . . (don't ask how we deduced that, we keep a little statistician under our desk . . . covered with dust!!!!)



He says we can't land . . . his wife's in Saskatoon.

# Off The Record

## A Real Westerner

THIS month's personality is one of the interesting and popular fellows who helps to "make the wheels go round" on this station—Flight Lieutenant B. M. "Ben" Murray, D.A.P.M. A born-to-the-saddle Westerner, Ben first saw the light of day in Foxwarren, Manitoba, received his

early education there, went to high school in Winnipeg and also to the University of Manitoba . . . While still a young lad in his teens, "Ben" went overseas in 1916 with the 203rd Battalion from Winnipeg and advanced, as he says, "to the high rank of corporal," as a musketry instructor (take note of that, musketry instructor, all ye who would incur his wrath!!!) and finally, becoming "heartily fed up" (all misunderstood, misguided corporals, please note) applied for a transfer to the Royal Flying Corps, and in 1917 was accepted and sent to Egypt (Shades of Cleopatra!) for training in the spring of 1918 . . . On completion of his training there he was posted to the 17th Squadron in Salonica doing routine operational flights which consisted of "bombing reconnaissance artillery, observation, and aerial photography" until the armistice with the Bulgars in September, 1918, then being with the Army of Occupation in Bulgaria until the day after the general armistice in November, 1918 . . . During this period Ben was acting as Liaison Officer between the general staff of the 16th Army Corps and the British R.A.F., as it had then become.

In January, 1919, Ben flew with the squadron to Constantinople (now known as Istanbul) as part of the Army of Occupation, with principal duties being communications work of the general staff diplomatic corps in various Balkan countries . . . He was, during this period, pilot on several occasions for the British Minister Plenipotentiary of Turkey . . . Was later detailed to act with the British War Graves Commission on the Gallipoli Peninsula Battlefield under Sir John Burnett, noted British architect and designer of the British Museum.

F/L Murray returned to Canada in September, 1919, and, so he says, "invested his meagre savings in land at Foxwarren, Manitoba," and still resides there with his wife (a Manitoba girl), two daughters, 17 and 8, and his son 14.

Ben Murray, an officer with a very difficult job to do, is well liked by all who know him, he is liked for his fairness, for his saving sense of humor and, generally, because, as the boys say, "He's one swell guy!"



F. L. B. MURRAY

## Our Singing Cook

LAST month we talked about the "singing waiters," have you heard about the singing cook? Did you know that we had a real honest-to-goodness songbird on our station?

Marion Ellwood, the lassie with the flashing black eyes, who contributes much to the happiness and well-being of our senior N.C.O.'s as chef (interior decorator?) of the Sergeants' Mess, is a Scotch gal from Strathclair, Manitoba . . . She has recently celebrated her second year in the Air Force and besides her training in Guelph has been in Yorkton, Sask., and Calgary, Alta., No. 3 S.F.T.S. . . . She was auditioned for the Blackouts of '43, the R.C.A.F. show in Calgary, and spurred their offers, anxious only to remain on her all-important work of feeding hungry airmen . . . She is generous with her singing talent, spent her time singing for the services in Calgary, at service clubs, organizations and over C.J.C.J., and has been doing some generous "giving of her time" since coming to our station . . . Corporal Ellwood's background in pre-R.C.A.F. days is that of school days in Cardale, Manitoba, vocal training, choral, radio and concert work in Winnipeg, Manitoba . . . Her vocal teacher in Winnipeg was Stanley Hoban, well known in musical circles . . . She was in choral work over the CBC and CKY and soloist over C.J.R.C. while in Manitoba's capital city.

One of Marion's pleasant experiences was to go back to Cardale school (her Alma Mater) recently to sing for a Red Cross benefit . . . Another novelty which she enjoyed very much was, singing for the inmates of the penitentiary at Guelph, and, as she says, "solemnly saluting the guards in their splendid uniforms!"

Briefly, Marion Ellwood is a talented artist. We are proud to have her on our station . . . Always happy to hear her sing (especially that "Road to the Isles" ! ! ! ) and, if you are in any doubt as to her ability as a chef, just drop around to the Sergeants' Mess some day and watch the boys come back for "seconds" . . . Take a bow, Marion!



### FLASH!

Uncover your talents and get set to hit your stride in the Amateur Show scheduled for Wednesday, March 8th, in the Recreation Hall. Watch for further announcements of big plans soon.

## JOE BLOW

Any resemblance to actual persons is purely intentional as heck

by *Radio and Mint*

YA HAVEN'T GOTTA WORRY, OL' BOY, I'VE RUN THESE THINGS DOZENS OF TIMES... JUST LEAVE IT TO ME, OL' BOY



2 WEEKS BEFORE THE EVENT

I THINK THAT'S GOING TO BE OK, SIR. JOE BLOW'S HANDLING IT... FROM WHAT HE SAYS HE'S HAD A LOT OF EXPERIENCE...



2 WEEKS BEFORE THE EVENT

I HAVEN'T ACTUALLY DONE ANYTHING YET, OL' BOY... I JUST BEEN GETTING IDEAS. YA HAVEN'T GOTTA WORRY, OL' BOY... SET IT ALL UP IN NO TIME



1 WEEK BEFORE THE EVENT

WHAT DO YOU MEAN, JOE'S GOT IT ALL FIXED? NO ONE KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT IT AND HE'S ON A 48



2 HOURS BEFORE THE EVENT

# SPORTS PARADE

## Exponents of Badminton

H. J. BOUGHEN

A VERY good friend of mine in the east referred to my playing badminton in a letter by saying, "do you wear white shorts, and say, 'Well shot, sir?'" Perhaps you are one who looks upon this pastime as being designed for "panty-waist competitors." If so, in the writer's opinion, you should roll up your sleeves and give the game a good try-out.



One of the oldest exponents of the game here, is a tall, dark, and wiry easterner, "Bub" Jewitt, a figure who has delved into practically every sport on the lot and known the length and breadth of C.N.S. This boy has one of the most notable sports records on the camp. When or where you meet this fellow makes little difference.

He always seems to have an over-abundance of energy and wants to chat away about sports. For "Bub," badminton is a natural game, and by using those "helter skelter" tactics of his opponent wonders what he may try next.

After winning a championship at the Toronto Manning Pool, he landed in Rivers. Last winter the same boy copped another silver trophy, helping a young lady in the mixed doubles event of our tournament. At times I wonder if the shipments of "dulce," a strength giving seafood, to "Bub," or that effervescent beverage "Wynola," gives him that overflowing energy. At any rate, Fredricton, New Brunswick, supplied us with a sports personality we shall long remember.

### A WORD FROM THE WISE

While making rounds of G.L.S. recently, I spotted our badminton engineer, F/L Tanner, and one of our ranking players, F/L Ernie Kershaw, together. They afforded me a few minutes for the low-down on my chosen topic. Mr. Tanner assured me he was past his peak performances, they having been played in the Hollinger Gold Mining country at Timmins, Ontario. This gentleman is very interested in the game and is responsible for us getting our share of birds and tournaments. He spoke of a tournament being under way when this celebrated monthly journal is tucked under your arm as you did into pockets. During the latter part of March will come the badminton finale and if you don't enlist you don't deserve to have your goose cooked. Ernie Kershaw, the other gent comprising the trio, has a wealth of badminton experience. Outside of boxing, he figures the badminton singles game the most gruelling participant sport. To explain his statement, he told me of wearing out three pairs of postly running shoes in a month manoeuvring the courts of the Hill Club in Vancouver. Ernie made a lot of friends here while pitching for our hardball club last summer. In both of these games he is a treat to watch, but don't take our word for it. Seeing is believing.

Two more players, Fred Walker and P/O Hurdle, round out our ranking indoor court artists. The first named is a quiet smooth player, who is greatly wound-up in the game. P/O Hurdle is an old hand at the lightning pace of singles, or the team play necessary for doubles.

### NO SISSY GAME

The preceding lines have told you who is who in the badminton picture. All of these men had one thing to say, "too many people have the idea that this is a sissy game, and if more folks would slip into sports clothes after dinner for a journey to the Drill Hall, we shall be only too glad to quickly help them think otherwise." Let us take up the challenge. A pair of soft-soled shoes are the only equipment you need, sports stores will supply the rest. You may think "I'll look too awkward." Go to the Drill Hall tonight and you will be amazed how quickly you will learn the fine points of the game. Here, under ideal conditions, with a snack bar beside us, we can engage in a sport that will lend a real work-out to everyone.

This marks the fifth time Sports Parade has held down a berth in P/O Dave Ritchie's colorful publication. Previously, this corner drew to the attention of Mr. and Mrs. C.N.S. that your suggestions would be appreciated in developing a bigger and better sports section. Within the confines of the C.N.S. boundaries, I know, are hidden some writers with a flare for sports. How about it, remove the camouflage, let's get to know you.

## Hoop-la Chatter

SOLLIE FOX

### BASKETEERS FLASH TO TOP

Led by the sterling brand of ball played by our two new recruits, Hayward and Mottishaw, the rest of the slack has been taken up by a rejuvenated No. 1 C.N.S. team, and the latest figures show us in the top spot overlooking the rest of the roost with the fine record of eleven wins against three losses.

### TROUNCE SHLO A-15

But as I mentioned in a former article, this was not easy. Nevertheless, the team lived up to the highest hopes of its followers, and after losing to A-15 twice in the opening half of the campaign, came back strong after the New Year, and with the above new spirit, started off the second half by beating a bewildered A-15 team at Rivers by 19 long points, and then bearding the lion in its own den to give us an even split in games and a share of the league lead.



M.T.B.'s camera eye caught P/O Winter gussing for the basket during that memorable game, Course 318 vs. Officers. The Officers emerged victorious.

## UPSET BY PARATROOPERS

But as usual, there was a fly in the ointment. This was the case in our journey down to Shilo to meet the paratroopers, who in the previous two meetings had given us little trouble.

Then and there the ugly head of over-confidence reared itself and that coupled with the uncanny shooting ability of a fighting A-35 team threw our fine team into reverse and just forty minutes elapsed before we walked off the floor a beaten crew.

## NEED ALL REMAINING GAMES

So instead of being in first place all alone, having gained that honor by virtue of the double trouncing handed out to A-15, we found ourselves co-owners of the coveted spot and in a position where we had to win the remaining games or hang up for the season.

At the moment we're on a four-game winning streak, after eking out a close 41-34 win over A-3, and with two games left on the regular playing schedule, we're sitting pretty. Now, after them boys, we want that trophy!

## ADDED STAKES

As an extra lure is the fact that the winner of our section meets the winner of the Winnipeg league for the Manitoba title and the right to continue into the Dominion playdowns.

Also on the tab is a trip to Portage in the near future, where they are staging an invitation tourney to officially open their new Drill Hall. We don't want to miss out on this and winning it will be a real feather in our hats, as we'll be stacked up against the cream of the District, such as A-15, No. 2 Manning Pool, 12 S.F.T.S., 8 R.D., etc.

## ODD SHOTS

The night of the game against Souris when our star forward, Hayward, comes walking in, half an hour late; his excuse: "F/L Arn told me the second string was going to start, and I'm first string, so I decided I had enough time to make the first show." . . . Fox and Hayward on the same forward line, wearing No.'s 7 and 11, respectively, on their jerseys, and by coincidence each scoring eleven points in the same game. Just like rolling the bones, 7 come 11.

## HATS OFF TO:

F/L Arn for the grand style in which he's whipped together a team out of this ever-changing sea of material. Larsen, Curtis, Mottishaw and Hayward, who are now at I.T.S. in Saskatchewan, for helping break the monopoly of officers in our station team.

The team in general, such as James, Dulmage, Young, Hammond, Burleigh, Huffman, Jones, Losey, Laing, etc., for building up a record of which all No. 1 C.N.S. can justly be proud. And now all we need are complete outfits. The boys are a good team. Now it's up to the Sports Committee, or whoever controls the funds, to make sure they look it.

## STATION BASKETBALL TEAM



Standing, left to right: ACE Burleigh, F/L Young, F/L Arn (coach), S/P Huffman, and ACE Hayward. Kneeling, left to right: ACE Fox, Cpl. James (captain) and ACE Mottishaw.

## Our Sports Committee

With skipper F/L "Mint" Minton again at the controls, the camp sports committee are gaining speed with a big program for the current year. "Participation" is going to be their watchword. Championship stuff doesn't mean as much to them as everybody having a good time. No matter what your choice is, from skipping to skating, and high diving to hop Scotch, they hope to fill the bill.

All committee people are hard at work now with big developments. But it isn't up to them alone. It rests with every man-jack and woman-jill on this station to cooperate. Plunge in with a will and help get activity in your own sport going over with a bang. If you have so far turned up your nose at all sports, well, lie for shame! Come on! Unbend a bit! Flex the old muscles and have some fun!

Here's the lineup:

Pres.—F/L Minton. Organizes the overall sports program and generally keeps peace in the family.

Secty.—Sgt. Ken Simpson, of the Met. dept. An old timer, has played on champion softball teams. Also handy with minutes of meetings.

Basketball—P/O Murray Little. Often serves as whistle-man at basketball games. He took a forward pass of this job from F/L Cece Solin, who earlier had taken over from F/O Ray Scott. All three deserve credit for the parts they have played.

Volleyball—P/O Bill Roney. Once taught school, now instructs in geography, very conscientious type, claims he has more teams than he can shake a schedule at if they would only all turn out.

Hockey—P/O Mac MacPhee. Well-known defense man in western Canada, at one time picked for all-Canadian team, played with Prince Albert Mintos, still racks up as a 60-minute man in any game around these parts.

Badminton—F/L Wilf Tanner. Favorite saying: "Where in blazes have all those birds gone?" He means the feathered thing you hit, not players. There are plenty of them standing around echoing his question. But birds in flocks are coming soon with bigger, better raquets, so challenge your chum and take him to the drill hall.

Curling—F/L "Doc" Riddell. Doing a splendid job. Has 54 rinks on the go; can be found always where the cries of "Heet Mon!" in the long low rink are the loudest. In turn he wants to pat Mr. Common on the back for making red hot ice, so to speak.

Skating—P/O Jim Boyce. So far only looks blue and confides, "Boy, we've had it!" when asked about skating. As inevitable as "No tickoo—no laundee," is Jim's phrase, "No snowee—no skioo." Don't quit, though. Met. man says he saw clouds coming from the west.

Wrestling—F/L George Ashley "Hutch" Hutchinson. Hutch was a top-flight wrestler himself till he broke his neck. Not wrestling. A car did that. But he is still a highly competent coach. He has the mats, he possesses the know-how. He needs more men willing to have their noses rubbed into the mats in the manner he demonstrates.

Boxing—P/O "Rick" Parks. Did you hear about the boxing ring we're getting? So did we. Sure, it's just a rumor. But some rumors are O.K., aren't they? Anyhow, the gloves are there and friend Parks can teach you lots of tricks in boxing practise on the gym floor.

Gymnastics—LAC Blanchard. They say this man Blanchard is the original India rubber man. Besides his bones bend instead of breaking. That's why he can do all his tricks. He has some pupils but will gladly give lessons to more, all free, for nothing.

Skating—P/O Hank Clark. Rumor has it that an unknown airman and airwoman were seen doing some nifty waltzing on skates recently. If this couple will just step forth and tell us, we'll take their picture doing their stunt for M.T.B. Generous rink time is allotted to skating and

that's one place you can hold your gal tight and get away with it, so—you erks, it's up to you. Skates on loan for the asking.

Those are the sports with directors. Lots more are organized by the drill hall people.

Other committee persons include: F/O Ray Scott—one-time Y-man here, and new educ. officer, seems to be everywhere at once boosting all recreational activities. He helps greatly in all sports. F/O Moss Mertz—one of the idea men on the committee, is welcomed not only for his ideas, but for initiating them with great vigor. F/Sgt. Menzies—senior N.C.O. rep.—well-known in province as baseball ace, heads up baseball and is a sparkplug in other sports, too. Cpl. Roy James—stirs up the corporals and gets them off their bunks at least once a week to play something. He plays good basketball on the station team.

AC2 Milne—airmen's representative. He speaks for a great mass of men and so his voice carries weight. S/O Kay Fulmer and Sgt. Robinson both speak up for W.D. interests. Per capita the girls have a lot more fun from sports than the boys. Compare the percentage of the W.D. personnel that are in the drill hall any night to the percentage of airmen and you'll prove that.

P/O Dave Ritchie, P/O Ozzie Wright, P/O Bruce Keith, LAC "Smitty" Smith (that's cartoonist Smith who paints front covers), and LAW Mary Craven—publicity peeps.

Chuck Crocker goes in a class by himself. He is the genial, square-jawed Y-secretary who is known to everybody and who now knows almost everybody. Sure, and they are after him for everything from wiring roses to the best girl to helping fix the sound truck, but he always comes up smiling for more.

Sgt. Larry Linton—very necessary gentleman who manages the station hockey team and serves as general factotum.

P/O Johnny Dick—P.T. & D officer. If you don't know those letters you are lucky. Half the time he worries about keeping the drill hall floor clean; and the other half about getting more people in dirtying it up again. Very likeable sort with a laugh that is loosening the plaster in his office.

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## "Cushion Clippings"

"GORD" HARLEY

Well, dear readers, 'tis time some attention was given in regards the Station Hockey teams, and it's members. Up to now, you have had very little news on Station Hockey who's who, so for everyone's benefit an introduction follows.

At present the teams hockey standing is: won one, lost one. The league is comprised of only four teams, namely, A-3 and A-15, from Camp Shilo; No. 7 S.F.T.S. Souris, and of course, No. 1 C.N.S.

First of all—our playing coach, P/O MacFee. P/O MacFee has a good hockey background, playing with Prince Albert Minto's (his home town, too). They won the Allen Cup only a few years back. Mac plays a sound and encouraging game of defense and makes a real coach for the lads. Our manager is Larry Linton—a Sgt. in Sports Dept. Larry has had quite a bit of experience with various teams here and there, not only in hockey, but in basketball. Last year Larry managed the Hockey team through a very successful season—winning eleven games and losing one, only. But due to ice conditions, the trophy was "handed out" to the team holding the most points without a playoff being made. Larry hails from Vancouver and has been on No. 1 C.N.S. since July, 1942. Larry has a friendly personality and is always willing to help out in any way. A good manager, indeed.

And now, the team members, starting from goal outwards:

GOALIES—We have P/O Jim Clarke, and P/O Paxton, at our hand. Paxton played with the Calgary Mustangs 42/43.

DEFENCE—P/O MacFee—playing coach.

Cpl. Jones—Home in St. John, N.B. Has Junior and Intermediate hockey experience. Was with No. 1 C.N.S. last season, also.

Sgt. Henry—From Melfort, Sask. Has hockey experience with Sask. junior teams.

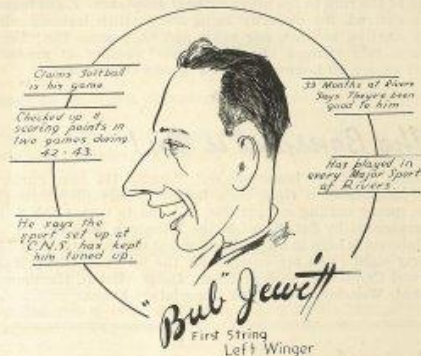
Sgt. Dinney—From Toronto. Hockey doings in Ottawa, 42/43.

Johnson—Has played junior hockey in Winnipeg—his home town.

FORWARDS—Sgt. "Mike" Petasky—From Edmonton, Alta. Has junior "memories" plus a season with Saskatoon Flying R.C.A.F.'s in 42/43.

Therault—Comes from Timmins, Ontario. Played at No. 7 B. & G., Paulson, 42/43—also at Victoriaville in 41/42.

"Mac" Mackenzie—Better known now as "6080" (remember the lost pilot?), played for Brandon Elks Juniors in 39/40—plus his hockey here and there with various service teams.



"Bub" Jewitt—Hails from Fredricton, N.B. Been playing sports here now for 33 months. Loves all sport—but although a hockey fiend, especially loves his badminton. Has several championships to his credit.

"Nick" Nicholson—Quiet lad from the hockey town of Kenora, Ontario. Plays a hustling game, and usually figures in all scores.

"Duffy" Default—St. Boniface lad has junior experience from "The Cathedral City" as it is known. Young and full of love for hockey games.

"Mac" MacPherson—Lots of "Macs" but one's as good as another. Here we have a fellow who has professional talent. "Mac" played with the Brooklyn Americans in the season of 42/43. This boy can really sail along at top speed.

"Gord" Harley—yours truly. I come from Wpg. after several Manitoba Senior Hockey seasons.

We have a swell club, and a fine bunch of friendly lads. One way of making a winning team is, one for all and all for one.

Any time there is a home game being played, come out and YELL with everyone else for No. 1 C.N.S. This year, we want to win the trophy—and your support will certainly help a lot. The weather has been perfect for playing and watching outdoor hockey. So make a date for our future home games.

## Hockey Notes

P/O MacFEE

At last the inter-section hockey league is operating after many set backs due to the difficulty of preparing suitable ice caused by mild weather. Eight teams are entered including Maintenance, Headquarters, Flying Squadron, Servicing Squadron, G.I.S., Armament, Works and Buildings, and S.N.I.P.'s. The league opened January 24th and it is hoped the weather will remain sufficiently cold to continue its operation without interruption. The scheduled nights are Monday, Thursday, and Fridays and all information regarding time of games, rules, etc., may be found on the bulletin board at the skating rink. Don't forget to be on hand to cheer your team when they play.

### "WOODCHOPPERS" LEAGUE

An attempt is being made to organize a few "ham and egg" games. The teams will be comprised of personnel who feel they are not qualified or know the game insufficiently to enter the inter-section league. Our ideal prospect for one of these teams is a person who cannot skate from one end of the rink to the other **without assistance**. Eight teams are entered, the majority being the English trainees who are anxious to learn our game and have some fun. Here again, this venture depends on the weather at present, and we are all hoping for a few weeks of keen ice.

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## The Bonspiel is On!

Hoot Mon, the Bonspiel's on! Exactly 192 local curlers are keeping their right arms limber as they play through the spring curling competition. To add to that, I C.N.S. is represented by Sgt. Knott in the Winnipeg Bonspiel.

Interest is high in the station contest which began Feb. 10. Forty-eight rinks are entered for the following six prizes: Grand Challenge, Murray Event, Cooper Event, Hammond Event, Wensley Event, and Consolation Event.

## Introducing . . .

The new Station Warrant Officer, WO1 William J. Robins, just recently arrived from No. 8 B. & G., Lethbridge, Alta.

WO1 Robins' record of service reads like a success story . . . enlisted in Vancouver, B.C., in October, 1939, from there to Toronto and St. Thomas . . . a corporal in March, 1940, a sergeant in July, 1940 . . . Sept., 1940, a Flight Sergeant . . . April, 1941, a WO2, and in January, two years ago, a Warrant Officer Class One!

His duties in the service? Various and interesting, including instructor on Security Guard Officers and N.C.O.'s course in Rockcliffe, 1940, in charge of incoming personnel and postings at Toronto's Manning Depot . . . a P.T. & Drill course in Trenton, in August, 1943; followed by the N.C.O.'s Admin. course in Trenton in December, 1943.

WO1 Robins was born in North Devon, England, and spent his summers (as a lad) on sailing ships. In 1921 he joined the Royal Navy and in three years sailed the Seven Seas and saw most of this interesting world. He came to Canada in 1925 and counts his experiences as a "high rigger" on Vancouver Island, in the big timber, one of the most interesting phases of his life.

"The Major" is a family man and known as "Daddy" to a sturdy 6½-year-old named David and Barbara aged 4½. Mrs. Robins was formerly an Alberta girl.

Son of a veteran of the war of 1914-1918, WO1 Robins has a brother in the Ordnance Corps in England, and two sisters in the W.A.A.F. . . . one is an aero-engine mechanic and one a hospital assistant.

Welcome to No. 1 C.N.S., WO1 Robins!

## Hobbies and Crafts Club



AC2 Bill Harey, AC1 Walt Nicholson and AW1 Hazel McKenzie are shown trying their skill at leather tooling.

Do you want to make your girl friend a smart bracelet? Okay. Bring your old toothbrush and come on over to a meeting of the Hobbies and Crafts Club. It's a fact. Old tooth brush handles and numerous other items are used as raw material in the plastic work the boys and girls are doing. Mainly they make rings and costume jewellery.

When it comes to naming the handicraft you want to try your hand at, you'll find many dozen to choose from.

Leatherwork, for one, is extremely popular. Little knives, punches and tooling sets are all there and a good supply of fine leather is available. Belts, change purses, cigarette cases, book covers and lots more items can all be turned out.

Totem poles, animal models and napkin rings will emerge from the wood-carving division. First-rate sculpturing has been done by some with only a knife and a block of soap. The theory is you don't know how good you are until you try.

Belts out of cord by squareknotting are popular. Many are interested in woodworking, and some handicrafters can even make ashtrays out of cowhorns.

There are many more handicrafts, and it is guaranteed to find something of interest for everyone who comes.

Plenty more people can be accommodated, so let's see a big turnout every Wednesday night at 1930 hours. Drop by Chuck Crocker's (Y.M.C.A. man) office first to see if anything is to be picked up and carried over. With LAC Bruce O'Connor instructing, sessions are held in the classroom at the north-east corner of No. 2 hangar. Repeated so you'll get it straight—Every Wednesday night at 1930 hours.



We also issue winter underwear on the third Tuesday in every fourth month, and brushes, shaving, on the second Thursday of every third month and . . .



# y m c a



CHUCK CROCKER

MY third contribution to the M.T.B. brings with it an announcement of another change in personnel. This time it is to introduce Jack Hugli who will be working with me. Jack hails from Regina and until recently has been with the "Y" in army centres. He finally realized that he

wanted to be air-minded (no, not heir-minded) and comes to Rivers with lots of experience and an open mind. The "Y" has had the advantage of Jack's wisdom, wit and vitality for seven years and we shall certainly make good use of him here. Welcome to Rivers, Jack.



At the present time the Crafts and Hobbies and the Woodworking Clubs are just names. However, plans are under way to get these clubs going strong again. Please be sure and note that the date of the Crafts and Hobbies Club has been changed to

Wednesday nights, so as not to conflict with basketball and hockey games. Anyone who would be willing to assist in instruction in any craft would be of invaluable aid in restoring activity in these clubs.

The Choral Society, under F/L Scott, is doing a good job and is practising for some contemplated concerts in the not too distant future. Speaking of concerts, how did you like the Showboat Concert Party from Winnipeg on January 15th? I thought it was rather a nice change from the movies. Present plans include bringing a troupe in monthly for the next few months. The next scheduled date is in March.

The other night your correspondent had his first game of badminton in several years and he learned, to his consternation, that he was sadly out of practice. The bird seemed to go to the opposite side of the court where I was standing almost invariably and the airman with whom I was playing seemed to take great delight in making me run from one side of the court to the other during the game.

The new P.T. and D. officer, P/O Dick, seems to be quite an energetic individual and I think we can expect great things from him. Already he is talking of "gala sports nights" which I think would meet with general approval.

With new personalities, new interests and big plans ahead of us, get set for plenty of entertainment with the accent on fun.

★

## Discussion Club

"Of Things To Come" is the keynote and name of a series of open club talks over C.B.C. and the camp's Discussion Club has decided to tie in its project with the radio program. This changes the meeting times to every Tuesday at 1930 hrs. in the Conference room.

Interest did sag almost to the washout point under the old system, but this new arrangement is expected to impart keen interest to the club's get-togethers. Title for the night will be published in advance. Members are urged to map out their own ideas on the topic before the meeting time.

The meetings will listen to the broadcast on the radio in

the conference room, jotting down notes as they go. When it is over, they will have their own discussion on the same topic, disagreeing with the radio speakers if they wish, or enlarging upon what was put forward.

F/O Scott, the educational officer can give further data to all new members.

Coming titles include: Feb. 22—Canada in the British Commonwealth; Mar. 7—The New Relationship with Soviet Russia; Mar. 14—The Rise of Asia; Mar. 21—Our Trade With The World.

★

## Air-Fever

F/O D. L. AIKEN

I must go up in the air again, that's sometimes called the sky,

And all I ask is an Anson, and a pilot chap to fly.

For the air speed and the wind speed and the ground past fleeting

Are all I know, and I don't care for the poor Wag's bleating.

I must go up in the air again, for that's the place for me,

And all I ask is a smooth day and nothing falling free,

And the comforting feel of a cardboard cup if feel at all rotten,

And the wit to cook your log a bit, with the things that you've forgotten.

I must go up in the air again, the lonely air in a kite,

That I must bring to the base again, before the fall of night.

And all I ask is an even break, and a fair amount of clover,

And a ticket to Brandon Manning Pool when the course is almost over.



Junior! What did Mama tell you about your terminal velocity?

# Chords AND Dischords

CPL. HAROLD SYM

**GREETINGS, Swing Fans!** Here we are with another issue of M.T.B. The Ansonaires are having trouble these days, what with postings taking our members away, and we need all the support we can get from you. What we need most are musicians, musicians and more musicians.

We can use trumpeters, sax men, a bass man, and while we're on the subject, we may soon need a pianist. Our present pianist is F/O Bruce Maitland, whose trade is Navigation Instructor, so we never know when we may lose him with these new Navigation Schools opening up. So come on, let's hear from anyone interested in supporting our band. We lost two more good men in Clem St. Hillaire, drummer, and Jimmie Carter, bassist, so you can see how we stand. Fortunately, we have a man to help us on drums, Hulton by name, but yes, we need another drummer too. We can never have too many men. Remember, one day not so long ago, our bandsmen numbered thirteen. Let's see if we can't reach that number again.

Well folks, enough about the Ansonaires. Let's get down to business this month. I have some news for you on Charlie Spivak, the world's sweetest trumpeter. How do I know? Well, Harry James says so, and if he says so, it must be. Charlie was born in New Haven, Connecticut, and was first hypnotized by the trumpet when he was taken to a wedding in New Haven by his parents. He heard a guy playing the cornet, and then like all young kids, he wanted a cornet. Yes, and his folks bought him one too. Charlie never tired of his new toy, and he saved all his pennies until he had enough to buy a real trumpet. From then on, it was practice that got him where he is today. His first mutes were bits of silk, old rags and paper. But after awhile he got to blow his horn so softly and sweetly that he forgot all about mutes.

The first band Charlie played with was the Paragon in New Haven. Shortly after that he played with Paul Specht's band and stayed with the outfit for five years. Up the old ladder he went and found himself playing lead trumpet for Benny Pollock, which band was well known for its instrumentalists. But even this wasn't enough for Charlie. He then joined the Dorsey Brothers, where he sat beside such top men as Glenn Miller, Skeets Herford, and Bob Crosby. He and Glenn became good mutual friends, and when Ray Noble came to America and started a new band he asked Glenn Miller to help him select his men. Yes, Charlie Spivak was Glenn's first choice.

Still not content to be in name bands, Charlie struck out for Radio, and in this field he played for the Ford Symphony, Al Pearce, Kate Smith, and Fred Allen. Still not "content," he wanted his own band, so that's what he got. Glenn Miller helped him over some of the rough spots and gave him advice on arrangers and personnel. As a result, Charlie's band was soon booked for the Glen Island Casino in New Rochelle where Glenn Miller also made his first great success.

On Charlie's Band's third anniversary, Harry James and his wife Betty Grable, presented him with a cake made in the shape of a trumpet, inscribed—"Congratulations!

Here's to the sweetest trumpet in the world—and we ain't kiddin'."

Enough for this month, swing fans, but don't forget my plea for musicians for our own band, The Ansonaires. Let's see if we can't make it the best R.C.A.F. dance band going.

## Music Hour

**I**NTEREST is on the up-beat for the station's Music Hour. Good news is at hand. A generous monthly grant has been authorized for obtaining new equipment and recordings. Make out little lists and prepare to tell the secretary your choices.

The second piece of glad tidings is that a good sized amount of money has been earmarked for purchase of new equipment. At future meetings greater justice will be done to the fine recordings presented.

Padre Boone and F/L Buller, two of the more active music hour promoters, are continually buttonholing more people to turn out. It is not "highbrow," they insist. Don't even mention the word. What they have is merely a cross-section group of people on the station who enjoy an hour twice a week of relaxation listening to the music of the great composers.

So mark this down to remember: The place—Conference Room in the drill hall. The time—Every Wednesday at 2000 hrs. and every Sunday at 1930 hrs. Everyone interested is cordially welcome.

Following are the themes of suggested programs for the future:

- Feb. 16—A-Minor Concerto for piano—Greig.
- Feb. 20—Symphony No. 7 in A-major—Beethoven.
- Feb. 23—Violin Concerto in E minor—Mendelssohn.
- March 1—Symphony No. 40 in G minor—Mozart (Tragic).
- March 5—Symphony No. 4 in C minor—Schubert.
- March 8—Symphony No. 94 in G major—Haydn (Surprise).
- March 12—Selections from Johann Strauss.
- March 15—Members' choice.



I'm glad I don't have to worry about John's cleanliness. He says he was scrubbed today.

# Section Shots

## Flying Squadron

P/O R. M. WEBSTER

"Time marches on," and the ending of January brings to our minds M.T.B. and the necessity of recording the various doings of "Flying Squadron" for the month. So here we go!

Well, we really have been piling up the flying hours of late, due to the truly amazing weather and apart from a couple of days when our pilots must have thought they were going through tests for the "submarine service" and another couple when they went into the ice and snow business and tried to peddle their goods at numerous stations east of Rivers, "washouts" have been practically nil. It has been said that they are advertising in California, "Visit Rivers for Sunshine."

Many new faces have appeared in the various flights of late, having passed the rigorous tests of Instruction Flight to join the "Noble Order of Staff Pilots."

Congratulations are in order for three of our members, namely, F/O Ulyot, F/O Thomas and F/O Rathie, the first on his marriage and the second and third on their appointment to Flight Commander and Deputy Flight Commander of "C" Flight. The best of luck to you all!

We are sorry to see our good friend F/L Power leaving us, but our loss will be No. 2 A.N.S.'s gain and we wish him every success.

I wonder how many of you know that we have two budding "parliamentary candidates" in our midst? I am told they work under the names of "The Flatbush Fury" and "Wilbur McSwine"—really, fellows, they have some "revolutionary" ideas and I do mean revolutionary.

A question that has been puzzling the world for centuries has finally been solved right on our station; it is the question of "The Missing Link." Well, they found the "Link," in fact they found two of them and installed them so that they would be on show for all pilots in two tall towers conspicuously located, and they even compile time-tables stating when certain pilots can spend an "enjoyable" three hours examining same. The comment of most of the examiners is, "Why aren't they still missing?"

In closing there is one thing I would like to mention. Yours truly, having spent the last four weeks in a square room with glass walls (incidentally they should be padded) suitably located on top of "C" Flight Hangar, has come to the conclusion that the lot of the Control Officer is not a happy one. Their day consists of six sharp "explosions" usually lasting about one hour and occurring regularly twice every morning, afternoon and evening, and during those periods they really

have a tough time. Maybe you have not noticed, but they are all sprouting a goodly crop of grey hairs, undoubtedly due to this. Let us give them our fullest co-operation in order that they can stave off the "straight-jacket" for a few more years.

★

## Maintenance Notes

By KENNARD

To the "Paper Dollies" of the Maintenance Orderly Room and the "Social Butterflies" of the Control Room (W.D.'s to you) came sad disillusionment. Despite their wishful thinking in last month's M.T.B. the new S/M proved to be a regular slave-driver, who wouldn't even give them time to make "firty-firty" eyes at the pilots and glamor boys of the 165th Squadron.

A new-comer to Maintenance is strongly impressed by the cheerfulness and diligence with which almost every man attends his job. Their willingness to co-operate was unquestionably demonstrated recently when the operating system was reorganized, costing many a lad his "48" when he changed pools. Of course, there was the exceptional case at the "Wailing Post," but not a murmur was heard from any who gained a few days on the change.

There is considerable interest being shown in the new Station Sports Program, and it is hoped that encouragement will be given in the development of Inter-Section and Squadron competitions. The promotion also, of team competition between the flights would give everyone the opportunity to play just as hard as they work. It is hoped that the Repair Squadron personnel and Servicing will soon meet on the field of sport.

To the many old-timers who are leaving us this month we wish continued success in their new situations. This section owes its existence in no small part to the early hardships and heartaches they endured, and we are mighty sorry to see them go. At the same time we extend a welcoming hand to the replacements from stations far and near. They are assured of our every assistance, so that they may be that much more able to fill the positions of our departing comrades.

★

## Equipment Section

LAW KELLY

Many years ago, on the island of Crete, a huge labyrinth was built. Today C.N.S. Rivers can boast of its own in which people will easily get lost. Location, No. 4 Hangar, formerly known as Clothing Stores. A contest is being held for a suitable name for this new creation. Prize? Oh, yes! The successful

contestant will be given a new uniform on the third Wednesday of next week.

Navigators are to be employed to keep airmen on the right track. Any volunteers from G.I.S.?

Let us go on a Cook's Tour through this new wonder. We enter what was formerly No. 4 Hangar Smoke Room. Here we are greeted by LAW Kathleen Monica Munroe of Toronto, Equipment Assistant and Painter — (Authority: spotted overalls and green hair). If we meet with her approval we are allowed to pass the railing and on to Stop No. 2, commonly known as the Boot Room. It is ruled by ACI N. Aboud of Toronto, Ontario.

Stop No. 3 comes under the jurisdiction of LAW "Frankie" Watts, who hails from Calgary. She may be small, but she wields a wicked badminton racket (see results of pre-Xmas tournament). AW1 Sills of Handel, Sask., is custodian of Stop No. 3.

Stop No. 4, where the bridegrooms-to-be visit and blushingly whisper: "I am going to be married soon. Do you think I could have a new uniform?" is the territory of LAW "Miscellaneous" Kelly (co-painter) of Oshawa, Ont.

The end is now in sight. Last, but not least, is Cpl. Lily Kangas of Tallon, who sees that no one leaves without signing at least once.

Here, there and everywhere throughout the Section, we find ACI "Billy" Costello of Montreal, who willingly helps everyone who calls for assistance.

Overseer of this wonder of the world is F/S "Simon Legree" Nixon. That grin he is sporting these days is in honor of Nixon Jr., who arrived recently. Congratulations, Flight.

\$64.00 question: "How long will it be before changes are made in Clothing Stores?"

\$64.00 answer: "Changes will be made over our dead bodies!"

Winners, 3-way tie—S/O Leach, WO1 Crawford, F/S Nixon.

LAW Kane, one of the first W.D.'s on this station, has been posted to Halifax, near her husband. We shall miss J.D., but glad of the move for her; good luck!

LAC's Willoughby, Wingert, and Carter were the lucky ones from Equipment to go overseas. Good luck, boys!

Highly embarrassing situation arose when S/O Leach, WO1 Crawford, and F/S Nixon and LAW Watts were playing badminton the other night. S/O Leach left the court in a mighty big hurry. They do say that the thread manufactured nowadays isn't as strong as it used to be.

ACI's Ezrin and Davis are two new additions to our staff. Welcome, boys; we are glad to have you with us.

The section is very glad to have F/L McArthur back.

## Ignition Shop Sparks

With my "Secretary," "Bookkeeper," etc., LAC "Hank" Kingdon still in the hospital in Vancouver, I find myself in our Ignition Shop typing (with one finger) our monthly contribution for M.T.B. As the work in our shop is now up to par, there is no need to bring our plug business into my write-up. I would, however, like to express my thoughts in regard to our last postings. We shall all miss "The Old Boys" whom this posting covered. I use the expression "Old Boys," as I am one of the original Trenton Squadron, too, but have been fortunate to stay with good old No. 1 C.N.S. It will be strange in the camp now for a while without the appearance of F/S "George" Handfield, Sgt. "Freddie" Knox, Sgt. "Romeo" Kieth Payzant, F/S "Bob" May and many of the others who have been here since 1940 and have seen our station grow up to be the best station in the Western Air Command, barring none.

On behalf of the remaining "Old Boys" I wish our posted pals the best of luck in their new positions.

★

## Motor Transport

CPL. MANSFIELD

Surprise! A Mobile Sound Unit on the station. Cpl. McGarr is the operator of this truck. LAC's Metcalfe and Morley are also Sound operators, so maybe we shall be hearing things now.

Our usual half dozen or more postings have gone out and a similar number have come in. This month the following have left our station: Three M.M.M.T. "Old Timers" in LAC's Gardner, Hunt and Wyld. Also six drivers, namely, LAC's Fairborne, Foisy, Fougillard, Gendron, St. Hilaire and AC1 Topper. We wish them all the very best of luck. We welcome into our section three M.M.M.T.'s, LAC's Golding, Jahns and King, also six drivers, AC2's Aiken, Griffith, Grant, McDougall, McLeod and Wyatt.

We hear that three of our triple M's would like to come back to good old Rivers. Maybe it isn't so bad after all. Also that our Flight Sergeant is taking over the inspection of garbage collecting.

★

Hitter, inspecting his troops, asked one soldier: "What would you be your last wish if a Russian bomb fell near you?"

The soldier replied: "I would wish that my beloved Fuehrer could be at my side."

★

## Electrical Section

SGT. "BUS" MILLER

Time has rolled around for another brief summary of events and happenings of the past month in our section of the world.

Slowly but surely we are recovering our original section strength, after the terrific beating of the latter part of the

old year, for example, fourteen men being posted in one month. Since that time we have gained AC2's McConnell, Kidd and Lang. Needless to say, these men are very welcome and we hope their stay here will be an enjoyable one.

Cpl. Jack Hamilton is back with us again, having completed his course at St. Thomas. Hope you enjoyed having eastern weather again, Jack, but you missed some grand weather here!

The stork has been kept working overtime in our section lately, with a girl to Cpl. and Mrs. Douze, and a boy to Flight Sergeant and Mrs. Boughen. Our heartiest congratulations to both families. But a gentle warning to Cpl. Douze . . . Remember not so long ago when the Hummers were visited by the stork? Seems to me the shoe is on the other foot, with some shortcomings!

All of which goes to keep up our morale. Speaking of morale, what we appreciate is the way one of our men does his bit. His contribution was a strip tease at a recent basketball game in the drill hall. Nice figure, too! It seems his sweat pants and gym shorts became one, and when he went to remove the sweat pants in a great rush to get into the game, the shorts came right along with them. Shades of Gypsy Rose Lee! ! !

★

## Instrument Inklings

LAC "GORD" HARLEY

Hi, ho! February again—only with 29 days this time and, of course, that makes it Leap Year. Just how are you fellows doing in regards to "Romances"? And gals caught up with you?—or can you run?

First of all, let me say hello to our new instrument lads. Welcome, fellows! We hope you like it here.

Sgt. Allen relates that the past New Year's Eve was his best yet. How come? Well, he spent a "real" happy-go-lucky nite at the Rivers Community Hall. Could be — anything happens there, Ted. Everyone was there plus pitchfork and straw hats. The corn came with the music—but still was good," says Ted.

In our shop we have a few curlers—no, not beauticians—can you picture Hay giving someone a hair-do? But Hay and Allen curl, plus Harrison, in our station league. Can you hear Lyold when he misses an "out-turn"? The ice would simply turn color.

Incidentally, yours truly had a great afternoon on Xmas Day. I was M.C. for a program we had at the recreation hall. It was one of the happiest afternoons, with a real "Happy" audience. Hope to get together for a few more laughs and songs in the near future.

The boys (Instrument) at Flights, are now known as the "Novelty Nuts." Sawing, hammering, glueing, etc. Handy Andies, one and all.

Joe Sokalski looks thin these days. Not throwing as many sevens lately, eh, Joe? Mark should be back from

Honeymooning by now. Pretty dull here now, eh, Mark?

Kidd is at present on a "48." Takes him four days to prepare for two days' leave.

Well, friends, I'm signing off once more till March. My, how time flies—oh well, what else on a "flying station," eh? Oh! Oh! Time to leave.

★

## Through the Overcast

CPL. L. M. MACDONNELL

You are strolling around the camp at three in the morning. You see a muffled figure with lantern emerge from the tower, hurry across the roof of No. 3 Hangar to disappear in a small shelter there. "Saboteur!" your mind flashes.



But you're wrong again. It's just one of the Met. girls going to take a pilot balloon observation—a pibal.

You've never heard of a pibal? We hadn't either until at the Toronto Observatory the corporal took us up on the roof with a large hydrogen-filled balloon and let us each take a look at it through the theodolite. Nothing to it—just watch the balloon and give readings. We were warned that in all probability in "our" station we would not have the opportunity of taking pibals.

And so we were posted to Rivers where we take four pibals a day!

It's really not so bad—that is, if you're lucky at flipping coins and are the platter who sits comfortably in the office recording what the W.D. on the roof says. Of course, you don't record all she says. If it's very cold, if the balloon bursts as she's about to let it go, or if it stops, caught hopelessly in the maze of wires atop the hangar—at these and a hundred other times you let on you don't even hear her.

Pibals are actually duck-soup in the summer (if you can stand for an hour in the Manitoba sun without getting sunstroke) but in the cold winter . . . well, we'd rather play cribbage! You see, we have a pretty good idea of how we look, stumbling up the tower stairs clad in that dainty flying suit that all Met. D.D.'s firmly believe was designed for one smaller than Bib Bill Wright. And . . . we'd rather play cribbage!

Then again, pibals taken in the day time are a walkover compared with those at night. For these, a candle in a white paper lantern affair must be

dangled below the balloon. The procedure is simple enough if half a hundred things don't happen. And if they don't one of these three is sure to, namely:

1. LAW Janet Warne sends off balloon and lantern and tells us sleepily that she lost the candle.

2. The candle goes out the minute you let the balloon go.

3. The paper lantern catches fire. In the event of 3 the balloon can still be saved providing the W.D. doesn't panic. All she must do is stand firmly on the burning lantern, hold the balloon high above her head with one hand while with the other she gently extinguishes the flame travelling up the string.

We'll admit it—there are times when everything goes O.K., and to boot, there's not a cloud in the sky. But even then pibals disturb our peace for these are the days for making records. It is agreed that Mr. Anderson and Sgt. Simpson each with a record of 72 minutes to their credit are a bit ahead of the girls' 59 by LAW Marge Carey. And speaking of records—LAW Robby Hewitt and LACI Dick Beyens have one that goes unchallenged—the one and only real explosion of the hydrogen while balloon was being filled.

Pibals? Some people think they are O.K., but, frankly, we're agin 'em!

★

## Service Squadron Slants

Service Squadron shares with the rest of Maintenance Wing the loss of a goodly number of old reliables. Included in the postings were such old-timers as F/S's May and Handfield, Cpl.'s Bull, Kettler, Schellenberg, Wrigley and Peterkin and LAC's Wood, Carnegie, Stinson, Cunningham, Henry, Mytroen and Romano. For them the battle of Rivers is over; they are now setting out on a new campaign. If the results of their efforts at their new stations are as successful as they were at No. 1 C.N.S. then certainly their new commanding officers have nothing to fear. And certainly we will not have anything to worry about if their replacements are of the same calibre.

Recently Sgt. Saville of "B" Flight was exchanged for Sgt. Frost of Repair Squadron. There is little doubt but that "B" Flight will still continue to be in capable hands.

There are some new faces to be seen in our Orderly Room. LAC Moglove who disappeared last April when he left on a "48" recently appeared as being present on our parade states once again. No, he wasn't eight months A.W.O.L., but he did spend just about that much time in Deer Lodge Hospital. Unfortunately, while he was away on that "48" he managed to get in the way of a swinging chain which left him with both legs fractured. He's still hobbling around with the assistance of a cane.

AWI Adamchuk is our new Clerk General in the Orderly Room. She replaces AWI Kowal who was posted to Weyburn. To AWI Adamchuk is entrusted the compiling and accuracy of our parade state, gasoline records, personnel records, etc., etc.

LAW Marshall has recently joined the staff of Flight Stores. In co-operation with LAC Bourget (the mad Frenchman) our Flight Stores cater to the demands for tools and equipment required for the repairing of minor unserviceabilities.

★

## Hospital "Anaesthetics"

F/L W. G. "CONNIE" RIBDELL

"Hello, folks!" Once again we bring you the latest in news and gossip from your station Hospital:

Since last month's issue we are very pleased to welcome to our midst F/L Jack Baldwin, replacing F/L Hurley on our medico staff. Jack hails from Moncton, N.B., and is a graduate of Dalhousie at Halifax. He was posted here from the recruiting centre in Winnipeg, where he has been stationed for the past year, giving the "Freshies" the once-over. Dr. Baldwin brings with him his recently acquired bride, the former Betty Hunt of Winnipeg. We wish them pleasant sojourn during their stay in our midst.

Recently arrived on posting from St. Thomas, we welcome to our Hospital staff, assistant LAW Helen Brennan who hails from Langham, Sask. We also bid farewell to LAW's Howden and Conway, now posted to Vancouver, their own home city. We hope the weather there is as nice as the Florida weather we've been graced with in Rivers this winter.

Our new Hospital wing, although half open as yet, due to lack of equipment to complete it, has still been really pressed into use "as is" and makes an excellent isolation ward.

Boys, do you realize that you must have a healthy lot of W.D.'s on this station? The W.D.'s in dock in the hospital this past month have been practically nil, yet the men's wards are full. Are they harder? Can they stand more than you tough boys? What's the answer?

P/O Keith Christie (Australian) who graduated with Class 83B is in dry dock enjoying our hospitality at present and recuperating from an operation. He says things happened so fast on graduation day he is still in a daze as to how many graduates and promotions he had all in a few short hours—LAC the night before, Sgt. in the morning, P/O in the afternoon, and Hospital a few hours later with graduation operating room honors.

The following is a little poem written by one of our ward patients and given me to publish in this issue. It is entitled:

## OUR NURSES AND W.D.'S IN BLUE

We have nurses for night and nurses for day,

There are those with grave faces and those who are gay;

They will talk to the patients to make 'em feel good,

But the wise ones are those who do as they should;

For the grave ones in this are just like the gay,

They always see to it they get their own way.

If you want to get up the nurse tells you flat,

"The doctor certainly won't stand for that!"

If you want to recline, as everyone knows,

There's always a reason, you should not repose.

(That this is just nonsense, I here will admit,

As I think that our nurses are just about "IT").

I'm grateful for all that they've done for me

And will sure sing their praises o'er land and sea.

Grateful Patient, 87B.

Watch next month's issue for the Bacteriological poem dedicated to our hospital laboratory staff, ably presided over by WO1 "Jimmie" Stewart, and solidly supported by AW Jacqueline Kenyon. In their fields of microscopic investigation many new worlds and wonders are revealed, and it is to them this poem called "The Battle of Furienculus" or "The Battle of the Boll" will be dedicated. Lack of space limits its publication this issue, but read it next month.

1. LAW Dickson: "Have you heard of the latest in poisons?"

Cpl. Kowar: "No, what is it?"

Answer: "Aeroplane poisoning. One drop is fatal." ?! ?!

2. "Are you sure," an anxious patient asked F/L Baldwin, the M.O., "that I shall recover? I have heard that M.O.'s sometimes give a wrong diagnosis and have treated patients for pneumonia who afterwards died of typhoid fever."

"You've been woefully misinformed," replied F/L Baldwin indignantly. "If I treat a man for pneumonia he dies of pneumonia."

★

## "At the Barrier"

CPL. GEORGE AMM

Just a short note in the form of a farewell to No. 1 C.N.S., to all my pals and gals and anyone else who may be found guilty of wasting their time to read it.

"This is no false alarm this time, as 'The Gestappay Columnist' has been posted overseas; just wait until Robert Ripley hears about this.

Have you heard the story about 'Snoose and his Moose?' Well, just in case you haven't, here is a brief outline of the fable:

F/S Sorenson and Cpl. Monaghan went

shunting one fine day, and returned a few hours later with a four-point buck in the rumble seat. Everything seemed fine until a neighboring farmer 'phoned the station to lodge a complaint. He said he didn't mind losing his pet deer, but whoever the party was who shot it would they be kind enough to return the halter and halter-shank which his mascot was wearing.

Cpl. Anderson has proceeded on annual leave. On his departure he said he would be visiting Toronto, Hamilton and Niagara Falls. When asked if the trip to Niagara would hold all the romance which is generally associated with the name he gave us to understand that he would be returning "double or nothing."

Cpl. Bannerman had his hammer toe amputated, and we understand that he sold it to a carpenter at Works and Buildings (for the use of).

Cpl. Baxter has become quite domesticated and darns his own Sox with a real fancy stitch. (Attention S/O Leach). One evening recently he was endeavoring to plug up a hole in one of his Sox and shouted down the line of bunks, inquiring if anyone in the barracks had a pair of screwdrivers. Just sorta talking in bunches. What could be the cause of this? Do you suppose it might be caused by the coal gas from the space heaters?

Cpl. Joe Urbin (Sgt. now) is reported to be back in England after several months in Africa and Italy.

Cpl. Ferry is still at Gander Bay, Cpl. Quane at Gimli.

This covers just about all the Gossip Gossip for the moment. Saying good-bye now and wishing P/O Ritchie and his M.T.B. staff all the very best. Nice to have known you.

★

## Headquarters Postings

Whose big gruff voice has been missing the last few weeks? None other than WO2 Stan Jones (Station Sergeant Major) who, as the old saying goes, had a bark worse than his bite. The great man of the bowling alley and curling rink has been posted to No. 1 "Y" Depot, Lachine, P.Q. Good luck to you, WO2 Jones, on your new posting.

Also on the posting list, a man whose pleasant good morning and smile we all miss, F/O H. L. Winter, posted recently to No. 5 I.T.S., Bellville, Ontario. F/D Winter always had a word and smile for everyone. One would always count on seeing him at all section activities. Veteran of the last war, school principal in civilian life, he hails from Saskatchewan. We all wish F/O Winter the very best on his new posting.

• • •

DEAR OLD CENTRAL REGISTRY  
Do you think you've got troubles, my friend,

You don't know what troubles are?  
Why they'd tuck you away in a padded cell

If you had to work in C.R.  
It's hustle and bustle all the day long;  
"Am I posted?" or "Have you that file?"

Brother, you think you've got troubles,  
You should work in C.R. for a while!

Boy, is that corn—oh, well, such is life! We can't all be poets, even though our feet are "Long Fellows." Now don't throw anything. Well things are much the same this month here in C.R. Our own AW1 Habel Tuffin just arrived back after a very pleasant furlough. But to the surprise of all, still with a bare third finger left hand. Sgt. Weinfield is still busy as ever with yours truly trying to help, but getting him more muddled than ever after each "48"—but we get through even if it does take us till 10 p.m. All kidding aside, Stan's a pretty swell guy and we all must do our share. There's plenty of hard work for everyone these days.

A short visit to the stencil room before closing shows us LAC Sabula reading one of LAW Olive Hilliard's letters from way down Newfie way.

★

## Fire Department

Hey, Joe, put that fag out in a Hangar! ! !

Just a few words to let you know about the aims and ambitions of the "Smoko Joes" or in official language, the Fire Department of No. C.N.S.

For the benefit of the new-comers, here is the line-up:

Fire Chief F/S Jack Hilton was formerly with the Brandon Fire Department.

Deputy Chief Sgt. George Stefens hails from Vancouver. He and Flight Hilton sadly miss their evening toast at the Hostess House.

Cpl. Lamb. Jeff is a genial fellow from Edmonton who plans to go Air Crew.

Cpl. Stuart Lindsay. "Cop" is in charge of No. 1 Shift, or as they call themselves, "The Fighting 69th." "Cop" has just said, "I Do" (poor fellow!) to a very lovely girl from the "Gateway to the Golden West," Neepawa, Man.

LAC Fred Jenkins, known as "Snake," shows more ability at the old army game of "Galloping Dominoes" than anyone else on this station and can prove it.

The Fire Hall sportsman is LAC Bud MacDonald, from London, Ont., who is on the station hockey team line-up.

LAC O. C. Clare comes from London, too. "Bus" would like to know more about "Snake's" game.

LAC Jim Carey (yours truly) also said "I Do" about a week after "Cop" did. I come from Toronto.

LAC F. J. Rapley. "Rap" also comes from "Canada" (Toronto) and is our panel man.

LAC P. W. "Audy" Bill is from Montreal, and is a virtuoso on the piano.

LAC Charlie Fordyce, from somewhere in Scotland, via Elkhorn, Man.

LAC Tommy MacManus, also from Scotland, and proud of it, now resides

in Selkirk, Man. A great "fiddler." ACI Ralph Scott, hasn't been with us long, drives that nice red limousine.

ACI Harold Howard, a real new-comer, is making a hit with the boys. Joined the Fire Hall "Newly Married" Club while on New Year's leave.

There goes the "all clear," but I'll be seeing you next month. Cheerio!

## Bombs and Guns

SGT. ALFORD

The Armament Section grows daily in both size and importance. With the recent posting of eight more armourers from Mountain View, we are really coming into our own. The more recent arrivals are ACI's Hill, North, Clark, Pfeifer, Gould, Lavergne, Davies, Bell, Wilson and Lamont, all of whom are working in well.

Speaking of new arrivals, hard working Harry Beaumont, in charge of Armament Stores, recently became a father. To render the triumph complete, his promotion to sergeant came out simultaneously. What with a baby wearing his arms out at night and those shiny new stripes weighing them down in the daytime, F/O MacDonald should seriously contemplate getting him an assistant.

F/O MacDonald still finds time to dream of the day when he will beat the instructors at the bowling pastime. Until then it should prove to be a nice cheap way for the rest of us to put in that three hours' compulsory P.T.

As has been stated before, the Armament personnel actually comprise of two categories; the instructors who maintain they do all the work, and the Armourers who know better.

Although the Armourer staff is quite adequate at present, the instructors are finding themselves a little rushed at times. The able assistance of Sgt. (Aircrew) Foster at the Range Estimator and the firing range is greatly missed by the Gunnery Instructors Depot where he awaits his Aircrew remuster.

In the meantime Sgt. Nagler and Sgt. Johnson strive to keep up their sessions with the breech block and return spring enthusiasts in the classroom.

In case you didn't recognize him by name, Sgt. Johnson was the man seen walking around for a day with a rent in his trousers muttering words about those casual (Oh, so casual?) clothing parades.

The Bombing Instructors eagerly await the return of Sgt. Rokosh who is enjoying a prolonged rest while attending a course at Rockcliffe. If you care to call around at any time of day or night you can generally find one of the Sgts. Bradbury, Martin or Alford, assessing bomb yardages, looking after the interests of the range crews or conducting classes in the G.I.S. or the Bombing Teacher, while Flight Menzies stands by to deprecate some of those weird excuses that the Air Bombers dream up.

# Classroom Highlights



## ODE TO 868

When they came here they were bright  
and gay,  
That was four months ago or more  
today;  
Now take a look as they come your  
way,  
They've been here far too long.  
There's dust in their eyes and in their  
hair;  
They look around with a vacant stare;  
They don't really want to go anywhere;  
They've been here far too long.

You ask them, "how was flying today?"  
They grin at you in a sickly way:  
"The birds may think it quite O.K."  
They've been here far too long.

You ask them something about the  
wind,  
They look at you as though you've  
sinned;  
They say, "It's fifty, but that's not  
wind,"  
They've been here far too long.

They look around in a sort of trance,  
The light of life has gone from their  
glance;  
They wouldn't hustle with ants in their  
pants;  
They've been here far too long.

What can be done with these airmen  
bold,  
Wasting away on the prairie cold;  
Post them away ere they start to  
mould;  
They've been here far too long.

★

## CLASS 89B

R. DENT

What! M.T.B. time again!  
I am rather afraid that our worthy  
editor has caught us on the hop this  
time, since an almost ceaseless round  
of examinations have been our lot dur-  
ing recent weeks, rounded off with a  
well earned "48." However, despite all  
handicaps, herewith accept our modest  
contribution.

One member of our class said his  
good-bye recently, bound for other  
trials at an Air Bomber School, and we  
wish him every success. His departure  
caused much heart burning to our  
worthy front row class man, Fortune,  
who expressed his concern when he  
was left in a rather conspicuous posi-  
tion under the eye of our Class In-  
structor. That situation was relieved  
by the arrival of a new student, so  
brother Fortune is again breathing  
freely! Incidentally, Fortune's impers-  
onations of a lecture by the Meteor-  
ology Instructor provide us all with  
many a laugh.

Whilst on the subject of "Met" we  
would like to express thanks to the  
forecaster whose opinions on the  
"weather likely to be experienced" al-  
lowed us to take off, but didn't permit  
us to return from a trip one day recent-  
ly. The result was a very pleasant stay  
at Portage for some, a not so pleasant  
stay at Carberry for others, not to men-  
tion a brief spell of fame for the crew  
of 6080, whose whereabouts created  
not a little panic in the area until the  
aircraft was located at MacDonald. Such  
unexpected diversions provide a  
welcome change.

Incidents provided by individual  
members of the class seem to be few  
and far between. Come on, chaps! It  
is time someone became the man of  
the moment in M.T.B. Perhaps we are  
the quieter type of class, or is it that  
our "books" are cleverly camouflaged?

Even romance seems to have no place  
among our young bloods, although we  
have noticed a worried look on the face  
of a lady in the Parachute Section when  
G. B. Gray collects a chute. This wor-  
ried look becomes the reverse when he  
returns, so maybe the seeds of romance  
will take root around B Hangar one  
day. As Hewitt remarked, "These lads  
don't know when they are causing  
heart throbs." Well, he should know,  
if his stories of far-off courting days  
are to be believed!

Well, folks, that is all. We can only  
hope that the interval before next issue  
of M.T.B. will produce some items of  
interest suitable for inclusion in the  
Highlights Section. Incidents do occur,  
but the editor might be somewhat per-  
turbed if we tried to include them  
here. After all, he is the boss. We only  
work here—and how!

★

## CLASS 90B

Hullo, fellow subscribers. For want  
of a better excuse I shall put forward  
the time honored suggestion that as



we are in the middle of mid-term  
exams this treatise will lean toward  
brevity. Having finished with C.S.B.S.  
courses, we are now rapidly approach-

ing aircraft rec. which always recalls  
to me those famous lines, "They gazed,  
and gazed, with little thought—deadly,  
he says."

But to escape from a little subject,  
our class, under the noble suggestion of  
"Instrument Joe," has gathered to-  
gether the semi-dormant talents of its  
members to form an imposing look at  
Chang's moustache.

But though the talent may be lack-  
ing (my apologies to Stove-pipe Peto)  
we possess large, I might even say with  
Jack W. in the team, enormous quan-  
tities of that invaluable asset, moral  
fibre.

Fibrous Joe for hockey. That qual-  
ity which brings a fellow home on  
E.T.A. and baffles air flight (I never  
took a log says gone).

A review would not be complete  
without a slight reference to our first  
night trip, or should I say flip, you  
know heads it's Winkle, tails it's Car-  
men. Still we've got our sextants now,  
bubbles coming next week. (Don't know  
says gone). So courage, men, "Remem-  
ber Pearl Harbour".

As an added attraction we will run  
each month a quiz and lonely hearts  
corner, the prize of which is one page  
of super star photos, and a non-return  
ticket to Winnipeg. Stand back, please!

Who is it who idly slips the hours  
away in Rexalls, while the mice are  
binding?

What advice would you give to a  
lonely W.D. whose truck driver friend  
has given her the gears?

Send answers in a plain envelope,  
enclosed with a pair of dividers, not  
later than noon-rise next week. Link-  
Trainer rear gunners half price. (Goon  
says he'll remuster).

Cheerio till next issue.

★

## CLASS 93B

We have been at Rivers now for one  
whole week, but having learned, to our  
undying horror, what is expected of  
us for the next 19, we cannot but ex-  
press some astonishment to find that  
we are still here. Why, after each in-  
structor had shaken us to the core and  
each P.T. period had nearly killed us,  
we didn't beat it off back to the good  
old shivering of Moncton, is beyond  
comprehension.

However, we have weathered the  
storm quite well and shall try hard to  
see that June 2nd brings forth those  
wings which have been so expertly  
embodied in our coat-of-arms by LAC  
Tumball.

Here then is the class, but it must  
be borne in mind that all characters  
and incidents mentioned are definitely  
suspicious and any resemblance to  
navigators an impossibility!

Tichband—"Tich", our senior man and Leicestershire policeman, wishes to know of any upper lip fertilizer. Anyone oblige?

Sullivan—Known as "Sully." Worth his weight in gold. No relation to Rockefeller, though.

Stevens—Sussex man. Like "Tich" would also be interested in a good reliable fertilizer.

Sinclair—John, a member of the Gloucester Constabulary. They're wonderful.

Arthur—A Scot and one of Joe's boys. Another policeman.

McTae—Same again. Justice and Scotland well represented.

Willows—Lincs. Wife in W.A.A.F. Senior skiver at Moncton.

Holmes—Ex-WT/OP, good at figures. Wife should be pretty good.

Kirk—A Yorkshire and proud of it. Reg. No. 656461. Draw your own conclusions.

Starmer—Northampton man. A great guy.

Lister—A Scot and university man, but recognizes England as an independent state.

Carroll—Another foreigner with a tilt. The original Rip Van Winkle.

Merry—Royal Welsh Air Force. Good line in pin-up girls.

Williamson—Londoner and should be very proud. Close second to Jack Carroll.

Brooks—In 19 weeks should "babble" quite well. Another Londoner.

Bowman—No relation to Bob, Glasgow man.

Kenyon—From near Heaton Park, but don't hold that against him. Good taste in music.

Kenney—"Bill" from Leicestershire. Soccer man. Good taste in sports.

Merrett—I wrote this, but I'm not this bad.

Smith—Ginger and another member of the Royal Welsh Air Force.

West—Londoner. Good at solo and should have made a good pilot.

Roots—Usually carried out of cook-house. Ex-bank clerk.

Grigsby—Kent. Wields a nifty broom. Keen social worker.

Kirby—Londoner. Married to a "clippy." Apparently worried about mail.

Diggins—From Aigargirk; anyone heard of it?

Turnbull—Hearts man. W.D.'s taken out Tuesdays and Thursdays.

### CLASS 92A

Chaperoned by the inimitable Sid Colman (serving airman—remustered), and tristing, despite the bleak first glimpse of Rivers, that man is not lost 92A (and B for that matter—we must mention them because they beat us at volleyball) entered severally with the new year.

We extended our sympathies to F/L Jerry on first meeting him, and had faith, and still have, in his "rock of ages" and experience as an instructor, duly expressed in "Per Jarry ad Jerry,"

immortally becrested by Sir Basil Gilbert. Our thoughts go, also, to Barrow, Craig, and Freeland, unfortunately lost to our present course through injury and illness.

To work, to work, armed with a sharp piece of string with a hole in it, and a photo of Lord Roberts, with Jester Hank out front, puffing his pipe of puns. Which reminds us that Red Indians have not yet been seen, due probably to our slight knowledge of reconnaissance, though back-bencher Joe occa-



sionally assumes the warpath with a ludicrously bewildering filibuster. Weak jokes, too, can always die content (and who wouldn't) to hear Sid's sepulchral choiced echo into the night. And a Hull-voiced line-short, for there are many, should always be prefaced, "This England never did, nor ever shall." Even retiring Jock H. goes to great lengths in admiration of the local ladies—"Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn"—introduces Len and Stan, partially occluded in a corner.

### CLASS 93A

We make our bow in M.T.B. and therefore shall be brief.

The company in which we find ourselves is a godly one; already we are steadily settling into the routine. There is a great deal to which we must yet become accustomed, but at least we are now familiar with the station and have even explored the delights of Rivers.

Among us can be numbered such personalities as the "Duce," to whose artistic ability we are already indebted, stalwarts mighty at athletics men of letters and even a poet. Also, we have the dubious honor of including the two most voracious appetites on the station.

Enough! A poetic note shall conclude: There is so much of home I miss, Not least of all a sweet girl's kiss.

Memories!—haunting all my dreams—  
"Remind me of those things, it seems,  
That I have left forever—  
I am lonesome for the rain!"

### CLASS 91A

New Year's leave provided a welcome break and it was spent in many various ways. I predicted in the last issue that quite a few chaps would make their way to the U.S.A. and they did! Apparently they saw the New Year in, in the right spirit.

One or two humorous incidents have arisen during the past month. A certain bright spark thought that L.M.T. was the time when the mean barmaid called "Time, Gents, Please"—maybe he was thinking of home? Then there is the keen airman who went sick with a sore left toe and came away with his right foot neatly bandaged.

The first photography trip has proven the one bright spot in all our worries here. In spite of many discomforts suffered (frost bite, wrong pin points, cameras dropped, etc.) many fine photos were taken—was it by accident? I wonder what "Wally" was thinking of when he took all those photos—he can safely say, "Get some in!" now.

One member, who incidentally shared our three months' stay at Gimli, has fallen by the wayside. We wish him every success in his new career.

Our Art Genius has found his voice again, but he is still a little subdued and so our sleep does not suffer as yet.

Well, fellows, "Nihil sine laborare," so dig in and get cracking.

### CLASS 92B

"They have their exists and their entrances," and 92B are at present much more interested in their "exits." Who can blame us? Our first "48" approaches, and the feverish occupants of Room 32 are cheered by an occasional heartfelt sigh of, "Well, only three more days now." Time is obviously the greatest influence in the life of No. 1 C.N.S. Like the "Sword of Damocles," above us hangs the grim, relent-



less stop-watch. In the imagination of the writer are visions of twenty-six haggard trainees hastening toward Rivers station, pursued by a callous shout—"You have just 39 minutes and 4 seconds before the train leaves. Or of these same twenty-six men asking the C.N.R. conductor, in all seriousness, for his I.A.S. and weeping with disappointment on being 5 minutes behind E.T.A. at Winnipeg.

It was unlucky that we had to change instructors after only a week. F/O Da-

vidson had the miserable job of working out our pre-flight Plan, and was then spirited away to impart the great message to building pilots. Although he will not be here to read this, perhaps it may sometime reach him, and with it go our thanks and best wishes.

F/O Leroux, having set course with an alarming airspeed, is now doing his utmost to climatize drift.

The class was highly honored when a canine mother chose LAC Skinner's bed space as the birthplace for her four puppies. What uncanny perception on her part in choosing for her protector a gentleman of such high moral character and well developed paternal instincts.

The month's biscuit goes to LAC J. Watson who, panicking in the S.D. R.T., glanced up just in time to see his pin-point flashing from the screen. Without hesitation he triumphantly shouted "Blenheim."

A word of thanks to LAC's Williams and Richards for their work on the coat-of-arms. May they never be crestfallen.

The thoughts of cool sheets is seducing your columnist from his puny efforts, so until next month—"Good night, good night. Parting is such sweet sorrow."

★

#### CLASS 91B

The weeks have slipped by since our advent in M.T.B. and we are now on the threshold of our six-week exam which threatens numerous of us with mental instability, including, we believe, our instructor P/O Newall. Introducing our course in the approved manner:

Briston — Minneapolis fan, Alias "Newt."

Brown—Manchurian, has been nearer his pilot's wings than many of us will get to nav's.

Butcher — Useful in class to copy from.

Comfort—Symbolical of his name.

Davis—Gen man to "Elephants."

Garner—Lives in classroom.

Grieve—Scotch (and soda). Originator of no breakfast idea.

Head—Uses his.

Hill—Works hard (at cribbage).

Hoare—At last he's found an A/C to accommodate his (B/19).

Miller, Phoebe —

To P/O and Mrs. Bruce Keith, a son, Ronald Bruce, on

Dec. 12, 1943.

Shaope — Something "fichy" about him.

Small—Winnipeg dog specialist.

Stephen—In dock; hope to have him with us again soon.

Tempest — Engaged to Iris — diaphragm.

Wilson—Permanent "Barrack Joe"?

Young—"Man is not lost, despite reports!"

★

#### CLASS 23 NI

Who are the handsome, upright young fellows who wear the white arm-bands? That is analogous to asking what caused the war. Haven't you one opinion on it? Of course. So has everyone else. Yet an all-around analysis would show each opinion is similar in fundamentals. Everyone agrees as a fundamental that we of the white bands are in the Air Force. Why, they don't know. However, that is beside the point. What are we? Opinions vary, but the following have been given. You pick the one which best fits. After all it will only be one man's opinion. We vouch for none.

1. T.A.B.T. victims—Overheard, in a restaurant by Lew Kroeger, oil field engineer. The author being a brand new Army Deuce impressing a very glib blonde with his Air Force knowledge.

2. Special S.P.'s—According to Stan Townend, mining engineer, slightly befuddled naval ratings become quite belligerent, well, anyway, somewhat annoyed when R.C.A.F. Officer Cadets fail to produce seats (with blonde attached) on crowded trains.

3. Goons—A learned ornithologist, to whom Colin Macmillan stated our case, decided we were goons. Now, apparently the goon is a bird. Yet on the other hand it isn't a bird. It eats and sleeps with the exhaled birds, but is covered with the fur of a lowly animal.

4. Radicals—However, George Peacock, staunch supporter of conservatism that he is, has sworn by the beard of Lord Bennett to pin-point our tracks along saner courses.

5. Superman—This opinion is held by our instructors F/L Weaver and F/O Bray. Now, mind you, this is not an expressed opinion. Oh, my, no! But it is an inferred one. After all, if an average man can do ten hours' work a

To F/S and Mrs.

on Jan. 9, 1944.

end, that's "Mac" Macdonald, former R.A.F. man, then mining engineer; graduate of Queens, but don't hold it against him. Over in the corner stands Warren Solman, meteorologist and school teacher. He made an estimate of the winds seven days in advance of a flight. The boys still won't let him out of the corner.

That is the lot. Now, if you will pardon me, we have a "48" coming tomorrow and we simply must make a list of the homework and studying we shall accomplish over that period.

★

#### CLASS 86A

Swan song from 86A, for this will be the last time we shall appear in M.T.B. Yet it seems such a short time ago that we first rushed into print as new and unseasoned navigators. And now look at us!



At this stage it may not be out of place to indulge in reminiscence. Our greatest invention, the T. C. Williams, Modified Polygamie Projection, which was specially devised for frustrating Art Flight, has come to naught. Our chief recollection is of hard work and of the occasional satisfaction of doing a good navigational trip. Of cold nights and carefully conceived flight plans, with the vexation of a changed route at the last minute. Of hours of star shots and the perplexities of sight tests. But this is tedious repetition to most of you and what is of more concern is the future with its prospect of operations, when we hope to put into good effect all that we have learned here.

Little remains to be said, apart from the thanks which we owe to so many people. To our instructors, H. J. Boughen, a son, Wayne Thomas,

N.C.

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**CLASS 87B**

LAC M. F. MCGINN



A navigator arose one morn.  
And found the sun was bright,  
He ate his breakfast with a smile  
And everything was right.

He strolled to briefing right on time  
To make his plan of flight,  
The "met" forecast a cloudless sky  
With not a front—Sight.

The hot air jet was blowing,  
As old Annie climbed on track;  
The compass had no errors  
And the plotting arm no slack.

The drifts and pin-points all were  
right,  
The astro shots were hot;  
The fixes showed him right on track,  
Not a failure—the lot.

The trip was quite a happy one,  
The instructor shouted fire,  
And penciled in a good report  
With average log and nav this time.

The navvie to his barracks sped  
Without the slightest care  
And kneeling by his little bed  
He prayed this little prayer:

"Oh Lord, I know some day I'll die,  
For airmen often do,  
And now as aft to bed to lie  
Just one request of you.

Today I never spoiled a plot  
And everything went right,  
Oh Lord, if it's all the same to you,  
Fd like to die tonight."

out Tuesdays and Thursdays.

★

**CLASS 92A**

Chaperoned by the inimitable Sid Colman (serving airmen—remustered), and tristing, despite the bleak first glimpse of Rivers, that man is not lost 92A (and B for that matter—we must mention them because they beat us at volleyball) entered severally with the new year.

We extended our sympathies to F/L Jerry on first meeting him, and had faith, and still have, in his "rock of ages" and experience as an instructor, duly expressed in "Per Jerry ad Jerry,"

**CLASS 89A**

A forty-eight  
Forgot the date—  
Entry late!

On last night  
Had a flight,  
What a plight.  
Given time,  
Wrote a rhyme,  
Not worth a dime!

Wrote these lines  
To midnight's chimes  
And they're pretty awful.  
No matter what time it is.

★

**CLASS 88A**

My orders are to shoot a line. But really this is no go where 88A is concerned. We are so very good. Just ask Jeff! Passing over our efforts to tell Garnet from Martlet we have answered boldly the taunting challenge of our motto—"Ou ne passe Jamais." French—we feel you should know it. There are those who will haunt Room 23 till after midnight, and then deny in all modesty that they do a stroke of work. And still the mail situation does not improve.

In the air there is nothing you can teach us—or anyone else. We do each exercise over and over again before we realize what is all about. We surpass Air Flight. But as time goes by our sextant shots are still either too high or too low, and we shall soon be sporting the red flag on our blackboard. Confidentially, we were all given our brevets after our 6 weeks D.R., so we have nothing to fear.

★

**CLASS 88B**

Third leg. We have now passed the half-way mark. Perhaps, then, this is a good time to pause a moment and look back. Twelve weeks ago none of us had tried Air Nav anywhere but in classroom. Now we have found with awe and amazement that it really can work out in the air, although there are traps for the unwary. (Or should we frankly admit—the careleses). Traps which have to be explained away to a cynical and unbelieving Air Flight by

now familiar with the station and have even explored the delights of Rivers.

Among us can be numbered such personalities as the "Duce," to whose artistic ability we are already indebted, stalwarts mighty at athletics men of letters and even a poet. Also, we have the dubious honor of including the two most voracious appetites on the station.

Enough! A poetic note shall conclude: There is so much of home I miss,  
Not least of all a sweet girl's kiss.  
Memories!—haunting all my dreams—  
Remind me of those things, it seems,  
That I have left forever—  
I am lonesome for the rain!

casual references to unexpected wind shifts, unpredictable fronts or just plain unprintable act of God.

To our even more cynical class mates we whisper darkly of crimes committed by other members of the crew—of track crawling, of absurd loop bearings, of impossible pin-points given us by Second Navigator or Bomb Aimer. This is known as crew co-operation and is a good thing.

Then there is the sextant "Life is mostly froth and bubble," but the bubble is usually invisible or the wrong size. As for the froth, that is quite invisible—especially at the wet canteen around Christmas. But that is another story, so "let us return," as the French so wittily put it, "to our muttons."

We have learned that Time is relative, though to what, we are not quite sure. What with GHA, LHA, SHA, LMT, GMT, AMT, ZT, and a few more mysterious alphabetical expressions, it does not surprise us in the least now to start off on a night trip at 0200 hours tomorrow morning and arrive back just in time for supper at 2300 hours this evening. We now await patiently for the night when we go to bed today and wake up yesterday morning.

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**CLASS 87A**

This month we would like to depart from the usual effort and give you the low-down on some of the class members:

Phinn — "Mickey," no relation to Huckleberry of the ilk.

Taylor—Tall, dark and good at "Met." Richardson—Taxi! !

Scott—By name and by native, Usher — C. G. B. (Chief Ground Binder).

Morgan—Denies that he is a descendant of the pirate, certainly knows a lot about charts!

Skelton — I dood it! Another disclaimer.

Amerena—Such beautiful eyes. Smith—Well, after I'd finished my fourth stick of gum! !

Overheard in Air Flight:  
"You'd strike an Air Bomber?"  
"So I came in on a prefabricated loop."

"I forgot to take up the spare tin of bubbles for my sextant."



less stop-watch. In the imagination of the writer are visions of twenty-six haggard trainees hastening toward Rivers station, pursued by a callous shout—"You have just 39 minutes and 4 seconds before the train leaves. Or of these same twenty-six men asking the C.N.R. conductor, in all seriousness, for his I.A.S. and weeping with disappointment on being 5 minutes behind E.T.A. at Winnipeg.

It was unlucky that we had to change instructors after only a week. F/O Da-

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## Promotions

F/O R. Scott to Flight Lieutenant (Navigation)  
Sgt. H. E. Cullen to Flight Sergeant (W.M.)  
Cpl. C. E. Pierce to Sergeant (M.M.M.T.)  
Cpl. A. Nagler to Sergeant (Arm.) (G)  
Cpl. R. M. Twigg to Sergeant (Fitter Gen.)  
Cpl. A. H. Beaumont to Sergeant (Arm.) (B)  
LAC J. D. Orton to Cpl. (Arm.) (G)

F/O B. Ferguson to Flight Lieutenant (Navigation)  
LAC G. B. Judson to Cpl. (Stat. Eng.)  
LAC Lethbridge to Cpl. (Tract. Op.)  
LAC A. S. McGarr to Cpl. (M.M.M.T.)  
LAC B. Korber to Cpl. (W.O.G.)  
LAC A. Jampolsky to Cpl. (W.O.G.)

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## Marriages

AC1 E. F. Francis to Henrietta McKinnon, on Dec. 24, 1943, at Brandon, Man.  
LAC L. R. Wood to Gladys Mary Tremaine, on Dec. 15, 1943, at Hamiota, Man.  
F/S C. R. H. Dow to AW1 M. I. Sproule, on Dec. 18, 1943, at Quebec, P.Q.  
LAC D. H. Luce to Cpl. M. M. Baron, on Dec. 29, 1943, at Rivers, Man.  
Cpl. R. G. Fern to LAW A. Sood, on Dec. 21, 1943, at Rivers, Man.  
LAC J. M. Mitchell to Willo Marion Cliff, on Jan. 3, 1944, at Fredericton, N.B.

AC1 H. W. Howard to Eleanor Mary Ross, on Jan. 12, 1944, at Pembroke, Ont.

F/O L. W. Ulyott to Violet Coleene Stanley, on Dec. 28, 1943, at Regina, Sask.  
LAC K. F. Dudley to Edythe Isobel Jenkins, on Dec. 31, 1943, at Toronto, Ont.  
LAC E. M. Wesmacott to Phyllis Ethel Agar, on Dec. 23, 1943, at Winnipeg, Man.  
Sgt. C. D. Young to Vera Lillian Emmerson, on Dec. 30, 1943, at Saskatoon, Sask.  
Cpl. A. H. Johnson married to Vera Marion Stenson, on Jan. 1, 1944, at Brandon, Man.  
P/O K. A. Gropp to Betty Loraine Shelstad, on Dec. 25, 1943, at Regina, Sask.

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## Births

To AC1 and Mrs. S. L. Wasney, a son, Garry Leonard, on Dec. 14, 1943.  
To AC2 and Mrs. H. C. Cunningham, a daughter, Gale Darlene, on Nov. 27, 1943.  
To F/O and Mrs. H. S. McIntyre, a daughter, Bonnie Darlene, on Oct. 29, 1943.  
To LAC and Mrs. E. B. Grange, a daughter, Kathleen Margaret, on Oct. 20, 1943.  
To Cpl. and Mrs. C. M. Pape, a daughter, Sharon Diane, on Dec. 5, 1943.  
To Cpl. and Mrs. R. Masters, a son, Robert James, on Jan. 4, 1944.  
To P/O and Mrs. Bruce Keith, a son, Ronald Bruce, on Dec. 12, 1943.

To Cpl. and Mrs. V. G. Douse, a daughter, Gloria Victreda, on Jan. 5, 1944.  
To P/O and Mrs. A. V. Robinson, a daughter, Evelyn Leslie, on Jan. 1, 1944.  
To Cpl. and Mrs. A. McNeil, a daughter, Janet Peggy, on Nov. 15, 1943.  
To LAC and Mrs. M. D. Monson, a daughter, Maureen Ellen, on Nov. 22, 1943.  
To LAC and Mrs. H. N. Irvine, a daughter, Linda Lee, on Dec. 26, 1943.  
To Sgt. and Mrs. H. Beaumont, a son, Michael Allen, on Dec. 25, 1943.  
To F/S and Mrs. H. J. Boughen, a son, Wayne Thomas, on Jan. 9, 1944.

# CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

WORLD'S GREATEST TRAVEL SYSTEM

## CONVENIENT FAST TRAIN SERVICE

### To WINNIPEG AND EAST

From CENTRAL NAVIGATION SCHOOL	DAILY	DAILY	DAILY	DAILY	DAILY
By BUS					
Le SCHOOL	11.45 a.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	6.00 a.m.
Ar BRANDON	1.00 p.m.	2.15 p.m.	2.15 p.m.	7.15 p.m.	7.15 a.m.
By TRAIN					
Le BRANDON	FRI. ONLY	No. 4	No. 1	DLY. EX. SUN.	No. 2
Ar BRANDON	3.00 p.m.	3.50 p.m.	4.45 p.m.	5.30 p.m.	5.25 a.m.
Ar WINNIPEG	5.50 p.m.	6.45 p.m.	7.45 p.m.	9.00 p.m.	8.45 a.m.
Le WINNIPEG	7.30 p.m.	8.30 p.m.	9.30 p.m.	10.00 a.m.	
Ar TORONTO	7.10 a.m.				6.45 a.m.
Ar MONTREAL			11.15 a.m.		6.45 a.m.
Ar SAINT JOHN			6.45 a.m.		6.45 a.m.
Ar MONTGOMERY			10.15 a.m.		10.15 a.m.
Ar SUMMERSIDE			6.10 p.m.		6.10 p.m.
Ar QUINCY			6.35 p.m.		6.35 p.m.
Ar HALIFAX			6.30 a.m.		6.30 a.m.

On Sundays Ar. Montreal 5.20 p.m. On Sundays Ar. Halifax 9.30 p.m. Daily except Sundays

### RETURNING from WINNIPEG

	SUNDAY ONLY	DAILY	No. 3 DAILY	No. 7 DAILY	No. 1 DAILY
By TRAIN					
Le WINNIPEG	10.50 p.m.	9.00 a.m.	10.30 a.m.	11.10 a.m.	9.00 p.m.
Ar BRANDON	1.50 a.m.	1.05 p.m.	1.35 p.m.	2.15 p.m.	12.40 a.m.
By BUS					
Le BRANDON	DAILY-BUS	DAILY-BUS	DAILY-BUS	DAILY-BUS	DAILY-BUS
Ar SCHOOL	8.00 a.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	5.00 p.m.	2.15 a.m.

### DAILY SERVICE WESTBOUND

Leave	NAVIGATION SCHOOL	DAILY-BUS	DAILY-BUS	DAILY-BUS
11.45 a.m.	1.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	6.00 p.m.	
1.00 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	2.15 p.m.	7.15 p.m.	
1.50 p.m.	1.00 p.m.	2.15 p.m.	7.15 p.m.	

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

Travel Information and Reservations from Ticket Agent, Wharfedale, Phase IN King St. or write W. Hooper, General Passenger Agent, Winnipeg, Man.

# Canadian National Railways

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

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

**EASTBOUND DAILY FROM RIVERS** "The Continental Ltd."  
 Lv. RIVERS 3.30 p.m. (Toronto Section) Ar. WINNIPEG 6.45 p.m.  
 Lv. RIVERS 4.45 p.m. (Montreal Section) Ar. WINNIPEG 7.45 p.m.  
 Ar. TORONTO 7.30 a.m. (second morning)  
 Ar. MONTREAL 11.15 a.m. (second morning)

**WESTBOUND DAILY FROM WINNIPEG** "The Continental Ltd."  
 Lv. WINNIPEG 10.15 a.m. (Toronto Section) Ar. RIVERS 1.40 p.m.  
 Lv. WINNIPEG 11.20 a.m. (Montreal Section) Ar. RIVERS 2.50 p.m.  
 Lv. WINNIPEG 6.15 p.m. from Winnipeg only. Ar. RIVERS 10.20 p.m.

**WESTBOUND DAILY FROM RIVERS**  
 Lv. RIVERS 1.50 p.m. and 3.00 p.m. "The Continental Ltd." for Saskatoon, Edmonton, Jasper Park and Vancouver.  
 Lv. RIVERS 10.30 p.m. for Saskatoon, Prince Albert and Edmonton.

Air Conditioned Cars and Dining Car Service on all Trains.

North Reservations, Fare, etc., from Ticket Agent, Rivers. Telephone 30  
 For Travel Information, write H. J. DUPUIS, District Passenger Agent, Winnipeg W. E. DOBBS, General Passenger Agent

## MOVIES OF THE MONTH

Sat. & Sun.—Feb. 5-6  
**"THOUSANDS CHEER"**  
 All Star

Mon. & Tues.—Feb. 7-8  
**"NO TIME FOR LOVE"**  
 Claudette Colbert,  
 Fred MacMurray

Thurs. & Fri.—Feb. 10-11  
**"WHISTLING IN BROOKLYN"**  
 Red Skelton, Ann Rutherford

Sat. & Sun.—Feb. 12-13  
**"HIGHER AND HIGHER"**  
 Michele Morgan, Frank Sinatra

Mon. & Tues.—Feb. 14-15  
**"CRAZY HOUSE"**  
 Olsen and Johnson

Thurs. & Fri.—Feb. 17-18  
**"WHAT'S BUZZIN' COUSIN"**  
 Ann Miller, John Hubbard

Sat. & Sun.—Feb. 19-20  
**"HIS BUTLER'S SISTER"**  
 Deanna Durbin, Franchot Tone

Mon. & Tues.—Feb. 21-22  
**"SONG OF RUSSIA"**  
 Susan Peters, Robert Taylor

Thurs. & Fri.—Feb. 24-25  
**"DESTINATION TOKYO"**  
 Cary Grant, John Garfield

Sat. & Sun.—Feb. 26-27  
**"PHANTOM OF THE OPERA"**  
 Susan Peters, Nelson Eddy

Mon. & Tues.—Feb. 28-29  
**"LOST ANGEL"**  
 Marg. O'Brien, James Craig

MacArthur Transportation Co. Ltd.  
 Brandon

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

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

Phone - Rivers 45

### LAKE OF THE WOODS — TRAIN SERVICE, 1943

EASTBOUND—READ DOWN				WESTBOUND—READ UP			
No. 8 Daily	No. 4 Daily	No. 2 Daily	STATIONS	No. 3 Daily	No. 7 Daily	No. 1 Daily	
PM	PM	AM		AM	AM	PM	
8.30	7.30	10.00	Lv. WINNIPEG	9.30	10.00	7.45	
	1.00	12.30	Engel		7.25	8.11	
	108.17	12.54	Lacu		7.35	8.27	
11.30	10.50	1.15	Lac Seul	6.40	7.15	8.25	
11.40	10.40	1.25	Ar. KENORA	6.30	7.00	8.15	

(\*) No. 4 will stop to detain passengers at Engel and Lacu on Fridays and Saturdays.

(\*\*) No. 7 will stop at Lacu and Engel each Monday for passengers to Winnipeg and beyond.

### LAKE WINNIPEG RESORTS — TRAIN SERVICE, 1943

NORTHBOUND—READ UP				SOUTHBOUND—READ DOWN			
No. 1 Daily	No. 2 Daily	No. 3 Daily	STATIONS	No. 4 Daily	No. 5 Daily	No. 6 Daily	
PM	PM	PM		PM	PM	PM	
1.15	1.30	1.45	WINNIPEG	1.45	1.55	2.05	
			St. Charles				
			St. James				
			St. Paul				
			St. George				
			St. Andrew				
			St. Nicholas				
			St. Basil				
			St. Elizabeth				
			St. Ignace				
			St. Joseph				
			St. Anthony				
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