

MESSAGE O BASE

MAY, 1944

VOLUME 1, No. 10



Control Tower

Putting Victory First

No. 1 C.N.S., VI Victory Loan Campaign

Was officially opened on Monday, April 24th, by Group Captain W. A. Murray, our Commanding Officer, with an excellent introductory talk and presentation of the quotas to the respective station sub-units.

Station Quota Objective

\$125,000.00—as compared to the last Loan Drive when we had allotted to us the sum of \$100,000.00.

Sub-Unit Quotas

G.I.S. and Training Wing	\$40,000.00
Flying Squadron	35,000.00
Headquarters Wing	25,000.00
Maintenance and Servicing Wing	25,000.00

At the time of going to press for M.T.B. we had at the end of the first week of the drive amassed the sum of \$123,000.00—98.2% of our quota. With one week yet to go we should go over the top by a tidy sum.

Flying Squadron boys, under the able charge of S/L Bell and his Flight Commanders, really went to town with a bang at the onset, reaching their quota objective of \$35,000.00 by the end of the fifth day of the drive, led by "D" flight and closely followed by "B," "A," and "C" flights respectively. They are now over the top with 104.5%.

G.I.S. and Training Wing hit their \$40,000.00 objective at the end of the sixth day, and have gone on steadily to reach \$52,150.00, or 125.5% at the time of going to press. Special mention must be given No. 1 Officers, Staff Navigators Course under F/L Minton who, with only sixteen subscriptions, ran up the magnificent figure of \$11,000.00.

Headquarters Wing and Maintenance Wing are steadily climbing and hope to reach their quotas in the near future. Headquarters has 88% of their quota of \$25,000.00 to date.

Our large station daily returns and drive total register board near the main gate is worthy of note. Splendidly designed and painted in real true to action colours by our own LAC "Smitty" Smith, it depicts a turret gunner shooting down an FW190 in flames. This scene is most appropriate for an Air Force Station, especially when tied in with the slogan "Put Victory First."

In closing, may I express my appreciation to all the canvassers from the respective units who have given our Committee such splendid co-operation in putting the Drive across, and keeping No. 1 C.N.S. right on the top.

(W. G. Riddell) F/L,
Chairman, No. 1 C.N.S.
VI Victory Loan Committee.



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

Printed for the publisher by The Wallingford Press Ltd.,
303 Kennedy St., Winnipeg

VOLUME 1, No. 10

MAY, 1944

EDITOR'S CORNER

IN THE editorial each month it is M.T.B.'s aim to begin with the foremost event, thought, or what have you, in life on the station and while it is a far from pleasant one, this month, nevertheless, our nightly drill sessions of late far outstrip all else. In fact, if Hitler thinks his people are resigned to their fate these days he should have glimpsed Rivers personnel during their drill sessions. M.T.B. sincerely hopes that no one found the ensuing drill test beyond reach and that all will be better equipped to handle men on parade in future. Self-confidence on parade should be everyone's gain.

At time of going to press we had subscribed \$123,000 or 98.2% of our 6th Victory Loan objective of \$125,000 and on release of M.T.B. on May 15th we should be celebrating with the rest of Canada, another forward step in our war effort.

Both Armament and Photo Sections, featured in this issue, have highly specialized personnel who know their jobs well. Armament has one unique aspect in that, to M.T.B.'s knowledge, they have no W.D. personnel on staff. Perhaps they should be called the "lonesome polecat" section. Photo section, on the other hand, are loaded with camera-conscious girls. This section will be leaving us en masse shortly.

The sudden overseas posting of Educational Officer F/O Ray Scott was a surprise to everyone. Ray, as he was known to one and all, began his career as Y.M.C.A. Supervisor when 1 C.N.S. opened and later became our Educational Officer. Keen on sports and all station activities, Ray was easily one of the very best friends of officers and airmen alike. Good luck, Ray, from everyone at Rivers and don't forget to keep in touch with us.

M.T.B. lost a willing worker when F/S Bob Landry, Admin. Orderly Room, was posted in May. Bob was our Circulation Manager, handling all M.T.B. distribution each month. It is hoped he will find his new station in Alaska to his liking.

A new and popular fad has taken a firm grip on life at 1 C.N.S. to provide competition for our Riding Club. Have you noticed the bicycle parades lately? If you wish to get in on this popular sport, book your time well in advance or you've had it. A bike club is a super idea and congratulations are in order for the organizers.

Yes, we certainly have an abundance of recreational facilities at Rivers, a fact of which we are both proud and happy. But sometimes a person is apt to become too complacent and self-satisfied. If so, take care, because you're working right up Hitler's alley. Too many of us these days have the ridiculous idea that the Allies are well beyond danger in this war—post-war problems are on everyone's minds—we aren't worried about losing any more. After all, we say, the second front is only a matter of minutes, hours, days away! But how many have stopped to consider that the second front could fail? It's only a 50-50 chance at best! So let's all keep our heads at this crucial hour. Next time you hear anyone counting on speedy victory, remind him of these things and, above all else, until the job is finished, be ye reminded yourself!



Wack Dotts

by Ollie





Reading from left to right, top row: F/O "Ted" Chute, F/O "Doug" McDonald, Bombing Up: LAC Gosnell, LAC Kampen, AC Pfeifer, LAC Lepitre, AC Penn.
Second row: Maintenance, LAC Tabor, Cpl. Schofield, AC Lahti, 25 Yard Range, LAC Jones, AC Kalinovich, Sgt. Nagler, F/S Menzies, F/S Bradbury.

Third Row: Fuzing Hut, LAC Bastien, AC Davis, LAC Georget, AC Gould; Store Room, Cpl. Starr, Sgt. Wager, AC Knox, LAC Pallin; Plotting Office.
Bottom row: Plotting Office, F/S Martin, Sgt. Alford; Bombing Range Crew; Demonstration, Cpl. Orton, AC Baugh, AC Clark, AC Dunlop, AC Lamont.



Armament Section



SINCE the introduction of morning work parades for G.I.S., much argument has arisen, particularly among the instructors, as to the exact status of the Armament Section. In short, are we fish or fowl; sheep or goats? (emphasis suggests answer.)

Say the instructors, "If we do not belong to G.I.S., why must we go on their parades? If we do belong to G.I.S., why do we not have a holiday every Sunday?"

To answer this weighty problem, let us look for a moment at the organization of the Armament Section. We are a branch of Training Wing. Within the Section, duties are of two main types: (a) Instructional, (b) Servicing and maintenance of equipment. The instructional staff is subdivided into Bombing and Gunnery Instructors. The maintenance staff includes night and day servicing crews, repair section, range crews, and armament stores.

To provide space for these varied activities the Armament Section is accommodated in No. 2 Hangar. To the

Gunnery Instructors, however, this is mainly, a place to hang their hats between visits to the Ground School, where their work consists of lectures to embryo Navigators. They also guide their classes through periods of machine gun and rifle drill on the 25-yard range, and give instruction on Range Estimation in a special room in No. 2 Hangar. Sgt. Johnson, Sgt. Nagler, and F/S Menzies are the personnel of this hard-working cadre.

F/S Bradbury, F/S Martin, Sgt. Alford, and Sgt. Rokosh—Bombing Instructors all—put the Air-Bombers through their paces, briefing them before flights and recording their bombing results. They also conduct classes on the Air Ministry Bombing Teacher synthetic trainer, supervise the bombing ranges, and prepare the daily programs.

The maintenance staff, headed by Sgt. Wager, Sgt. Starr, Sgt. Schofield, Cpl. Lee, Cpl. Orton, and Cpl. Baker, includes all the lads pictured opposite and not previously mentioned. They are responsible for keeping all equipment in serviceable condition. Night and day crews load and unload bombs and A/C flares, inspect carriers, bombing switches and signal pistols. Two bombing ranges, one at Griswold and one at Alexander, are operated night and day by a staff of armourers who live at the ranges for a seven-day shift. In addition to our own courses, No. 5 A.O.S. and No. 7 A.O.S. also use our ranges, thus increasing the work of range crews and Bombing Instructors, who record and transmit results to the stations concerned.

The Armament Section is ably headed by F/O D. McDonald, aided and abetted by F/O Chute. In addition to all that has been mentioned, storage of explosives and maintenance of danger buildings come within our scope.

"Now, about that Sunday holiday, Sgt. Johnson. After all, you are still an Armourer, even if you are an Inspector. But I think you've got something there!"

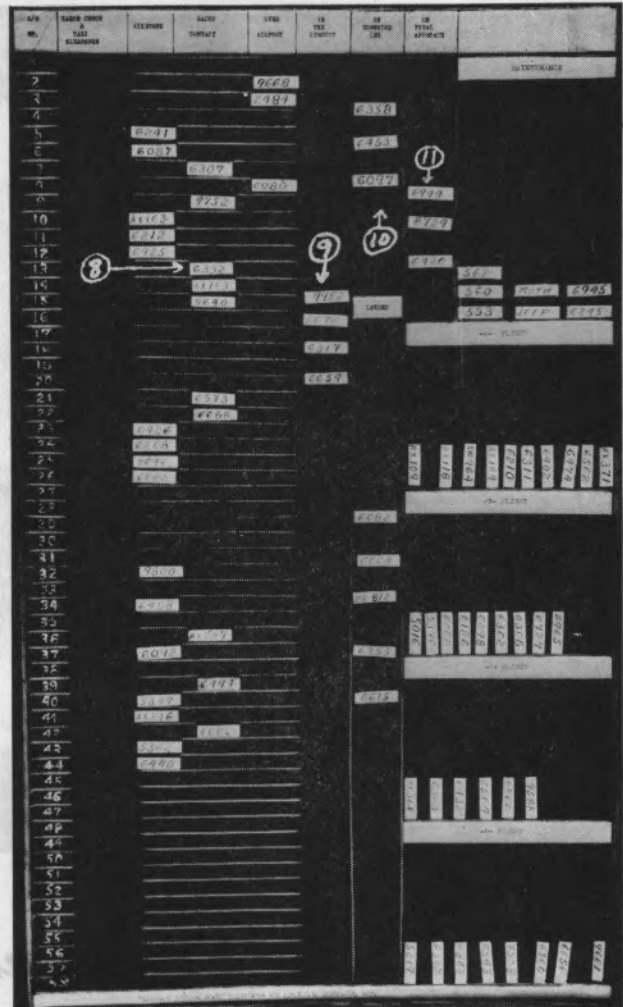
Those Control Tower Men

Two of the most colorful personalities of this, or any other station, F/L "Tom" Graham and his partner-in-control, Flying Officer John Baptiste Edward Eugene Champagne (best known as "Fizz") turned us down quite emphatically when we wanted some little "story" on them, but we managed to get a little gen on our own.

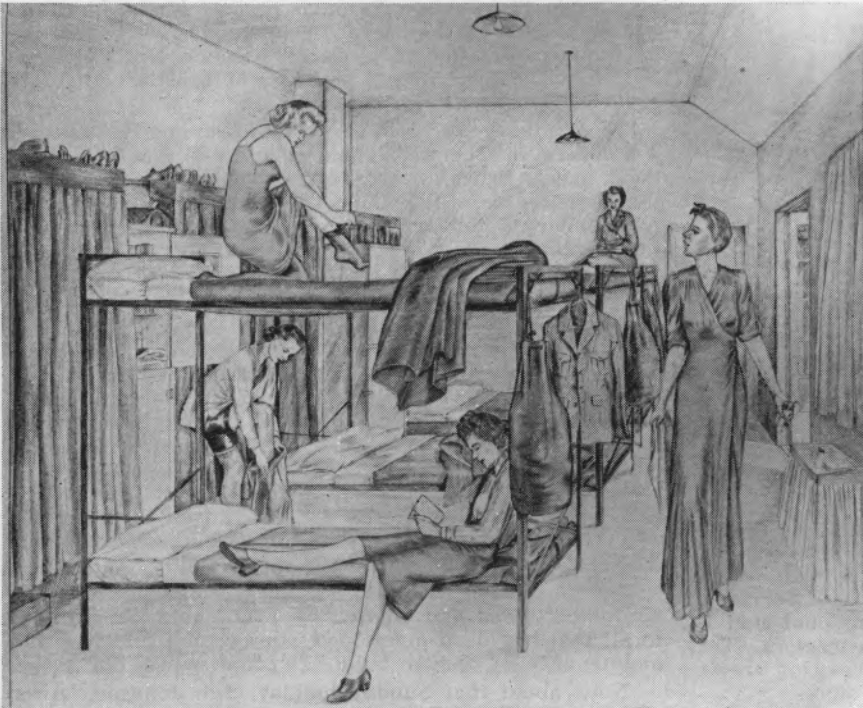
Flight Lieutenant Graham is one of those last war pilots who had the good sense to spend a year in Ireland before returning to his home in Canada. But don't for one moment think that he picked up that Irish accent in one year, he was born with it. (He has even been accused of kissing the Blarney stone!) He has been in the R.C.A.F. since July, 1941, and his experiences as a 'Drome Control Officer have been in Brandon, Paulson, and Rivers.

"Fizz" Champagne has just about the most fitting nickname we have ever heard. He is, at all times, effervescent and when he gets the least little bit excited . . . well, just set your stopwatch and see how many hundred words a minute that resident of Montreal can rattle off—in good English, too. "Fizz" lays claim to twenty-seven years of flying in the first Great War, in the present war and in the spaces in between. He has designed a control tower board which is in itself a tribute to "Fizz's" ingenuity and ability. In short, "Fizz" is a fast thinking, flying Frenchman who speaks excellent English and when he gets on a red pleated skirt could pass for the sergeant-major in a Kilties' Band any day. He is an excellent rider, an expert in club-swinging and an all 'round good fellow.

The control tower, in fact, is just about the most cosmopolitan spot on the station. At any time during exercises you can hear English spoken (a) by Englishmen of the R.A.F. (b) by Aussies of the A.A.F. (c) by New Zealanders of the N.Z.A.F., (d) by Canadians, (e) by an Irishman in the Tower, (f) by a Frenchman in the Tower, and by F/O Gentles, another Englishman in the Tower whose hobbies are boat-building and gardening.



Reproduced here is an ingenious control board, the invention of F/L "Fizz" Champagne. Its use makes it possible for control officers to keep a constant check on all aircraft while in the circuit. At present Ottawa is considering its merits with a view to adopting it on a nation-wide scale.



M.T.B. is pleased to reproduce an excellent etching by one of our W.D.'s. It is a typical barrack scene drawn by Sara A. Thompson, Photo Section.



Hugh Walked Home from Germany

P/O J. S. CAULEY

SPENDING the summer in Europe is a fashion which died a sudden death in Poland in 1939. F/O Huston, at present of the S.N.I.N. course at Rivers, being one of the few people who have been in and out of Europe since then, we sought him out for some inside dope on life under the heel of the Third Reich. If you've never talked to a clam, try talking to a man who has walked back from a bombing mission — you get the same effect, and I've talked to some pretty tight-lipped clams.



F/O HUGH HUSTON

Hugh was Navigator of a Halifax on a night mission last July when it was hit and all hands were forced to bail out. He landed safely, and four months later stepped off a British ship in an English port. Because your brother may now be taking the same trail that brought Hugh home, that's all that can be said of those four months for the moment, but we'll bet his grandchildren get mighty sick of the story.

Like so many men just back from "ops," Hugh speaks very highly of the work of the ground crew at an operational base. A part of the ground crew goes out with every mission—in the hearts of the men who fly and in the very fibres of the fighting ship. If a plane is lost, a part of the ground crew dies with it, and no mother ever welcomed her sons home with more eagerness than the ground crew display when the first lights begin to wink in over the airport in the small hours of the morning.

Another phase of the service that comes in for special commendation is the work done by the Air-Sea Rescue

group. They pick up floating airmen almost any place in the water between England and Europe. If a Navigator, on his way back from a raid, sees a light signal on the water, he records the position, and his first job after landing is to make a report direct to headquarters giving the location and time. If it is verified as a crew requiring help, immediate aid is dispatched, and anything from a pick-up in a speedy launch to the dropping of a dingy complete with sails may result.

Following his rather extensive junket in England and the continent, F/O Huston looks forward to spending some time in the vicinity of his native Vancouver. After three years away we'll bet those blue Pacific shores don't look any better than the murky coast of England on that grey morning in October—four months after take-off!

★

R.C.A.F. Ladies' Club

KAE RIDDELL

THERE is little to report since our last visit with M.T.B.

If you will think back to January, 1944, we decided to have one evening meeting per month, *especially* for the girls who previously could not attend our afternoon meetings. One of our four meetings was well attended, while the other three had very small turn-outs. Our club has decided to dispense with the evening meeting, and hold four Thursday afternoon meetings per month. It has been suggested that these girls, if they so desire, might organize a separate club and hold evening meetings. In any event, it gives you something to think about.

Our last book raffle was very successful, financially, the winner being "our very good friend" Mrs. Dick. There will be another book for raffle very shortly.

We have just recently completed the packing of a box of clothing and footwear for the Aid to Russia.

A request has been made to our club for the salvage of empty, usable medicine and prescription bottles, sizes ranging from one ounce to eight ounces. As yet, there has been very little response. The Station Hospital *urgently* needs such bottles for the dispensing of medicines, as such are almost impossible to obtain through stock.

INSTRUCTION FLIGHT



F/L M. G. McKERNAN—*Personality of the Month*

KAY FULMER

PLASTIC SURGERY GAVE HIM NEW FACE

GERRY McKERNAN may have a new face, but don't call him two-faced. He's a wit, he's a wag, he's always the life of the party and, even in telling his interesting—and hair-raising—experiences, he pokes fun at himself. . . . His full name is Michael Gerry McKernan and he is a

Flight Lieutenant of the R.C.A.F., and this month's colorful personality.

After leaving school and college behind him, Gerry McKernan started his business career as "Lighting Supervisor, Home Service Director, and Advertising Manager" of the City of Calgary Electric Light and Power System, all of which is a combination of jobs which, says Gerry, "required me about 22 hours a day! !". . . . Asked if he had to know how to whip up a batter for an angel-food cake as "Home Service Director," Gerry said: "No, but I . . . well had to learn, though I never did get to the point of being able to master crumpets! !!" In his own words: "Finally, I got weary of too many hours'



work in each day for the number of hours on the clock, and . . . as I had always been interested in radio I tried out in radio competitions and came first in Western Canada and went to Winnipeg to become a free-lance radio announcer in the fall of 1939 . . . I had applied for service in the R.C.A.F. during the first week of war and, finally, in March, 1940, I was called up . . . the R.C.A.F. had me slated as a pilot, but I had set my heart on being a wireless air gunner . . . for no particular reason except that I wanted to be one . . . and then in I.T.S. decided that it would be more fun to be an observer . . . the service, however, still stuck to their determination to have me qualify as a pilot . . . and, finally, I exacted a promise that if I took a pilot's training I could get on the observer's course . . . then went from one course to another, Lethbridge, Camp Borden, Regina, Mossbank, and A.N.S., Rivers, in January, 1941, as an airman trainee . . . Overseas in March, 1941, and I recall our first hope was to see a balloon barrage, and you should have seen our flattened noses against the windows of the train, trying to see the barrage! ! We finally arrived (after many interesting experiences and much hospitality shown to us at all stops by the kindly English people) . . . a huge P.D. station where we were paraded and warned *not* to go to London on account of air raids . . . needless to say that very night three of us, Ronnie Carter (Toronto) and Jack Evelle (Vancouver), (the three Canadian Indians), found ourselves walking around good old London. . . . We were nearly killed twice by gasping little taxicabs (the kind that run you down first and then toot their horn to warn you that if you're still alive they'll be back to finish the job! !) and we were continually being tossed into air-raid shelters by irate wardens when we insisted on getting in the way during a raid. . . . Our stay at the P.D. was short and we were soon sent on to an O.T.U. which hadn't had time to open when we got there, and during our wait for the station to get opened we visited Stratford-on-Avon where we shook hands with the ghost of Willie Shakespeare at every turn. . . . We were trained on Wellingtons at our O.T.U., and on one of my first trips I managed to get thoroughly lost . . . was told "there's a river coming up" and when I couldn't find what river it

should be, the bomber said, "It's a helluva big one, too," and the captain, who knew the score by this time, interpolated, "That's no river, that's the English Channel!" . . . On that occasion I feel sure that I was the original P/O Prune. . . . Eventually we reported to our squadron where we learned we were to be the nuclei of the first All-Canadian Squadron in England.

We were given to understand that our first raids over enemy territory would be so-called "nursery raids" or, rather, lighter ones, and you can well imagine my surprise when, upon being told that the Squadron Commander (W/C Gilchrist of Regina) wanted to see me shortly after my arrival, he said that I would be "taking him to Cologne tonight." . . . You could have propped me up against the wall, it was just such a jolt, and I'm sure my face was the color of chalk! ! " . . . I was the first Canadian Navigator to go into action in the first All-Canadian Squadron to be called R.C.A.F. . . . One night we came down in the sea about one-third of a mile off the coast of Yorkshire; we lost our kite and renamed the new one "D for Donald." . . . In fact, in flying over the sea several times I came face to face with a little fish. . . . "Was I ever wounded or injured? ? ? Well, let's not talk about that! ! !"

After considerable persuasion on our part we were able to get F/L McKernan to say further: "Well, it happened on July 16th, 1941, and I suppose that the fates had decided that we'd flown long enough . . . we had just dropped our bomb load (we were trying for canal locks in the Ruhr Valley) when we were hit. . . . The kite went into a dive, but the pilot, co-pilot and myself managed to pull it out and headed for home. . . . We were just nicely started when the starboard engine decided to give itself a rest and quiet, shortly afterward bursting into flames . . . We discussed briefly how long we might stay airborne with one engine and the other one on fire. . . . Did we think we could make it? . . . We were up about 9,000 feet and figured we could make it alright, or at least we would be getting closer home. . . . As we headed out over the North Sea the fire spread out over the wing. . . . We were losing height gradually, so we decided to jettison everything loose in the plane—machine guns, oxygen bottles, chute harness and chutes (why the latter? Well, bailing out over the North Sea at 2.30 a.m. they would be little or no help, you see taxi service on the North Sea at that hour is at a premium! ! !)—the fire was starting to come down the fuselage and we could see the coast of England coming up in the moonlight . . . We flew over the coast of England right for the point that we set course for (beautiful flying on the part of the pilot) and by the time we got to the vicinity of our 'drome the kite was really announcing its arrival, and the pilot decided he would have to force land, as he started to decrease height (from about 150 feet) and we were about 25 feet from the ground (so the watching boys at the station said later) when the kite just disintegrated after a short upheaval inside . . . The next thing I knew I was sitting, with complete undisputed squatter's rights to a little flaming pile of debris, completely stripped of all my clothing except my helmet, which was on fire. . . . I remember heaving myself off my pile of debris and rolling onto some cool, wet swamp grass and then was grabbed and put on a stretcher. . . . I was the only one of three survivors who was still conscious. . . . I was taken to a hospital in the city of York and afterward told that during my first night there I had proposed to three nursing sisters! ! !

"It's absolutely fantastic . . . I must have been a pretty sight, third degree burns about the face, neck, shoulders, hands, arms, legs, a broken leg and broken shoulder and all my hair burned off my head! ! We were the only three airmen in the hospital whose casualties were due to enemy action and we were completely and beautifully spoiled. . . . I was moved after several weeks to an R.A.F. hospital where some plastic surgery (pinchgraft) was

done on my 'map' with skin taken from various parts of my body for the grafting. . . . I was later transferred to a spot right out of Heaven . . . Torquay . . . where I fooled the Jerries who were after me again, by leaving a month before the convalescent hospital was bombed. . . . "

So there it is! That's only a small part of the amazing story of Michael Gerry McKernan who hails from Calgary, but whose mother's name was Kelly! Take a look at his picture and decide for yourselves about the miracle of plastic surgery.

Gerry McKernan's hobbies? Making people laugh. . . . On our station, while he was here, he was known as "Legs" McKernan, after he put on, at the amateur show, a little skit of a young woman preparing to take a bath!! Sports? He loves skiing (up and down the bars, says he!!) and riding. He likes books (reading and writing them) and all music that IS music, including Swoonatra. When he's at his home station he's an instructor at St. John's, Quebec. He's popular, affable, reticent about his life in the R.C.A.F. and, altogether, one of the best.

Weddings

KAY FULMER

DOERFLING—HARTNELL

An event of considerable importance, the first wedding to be held in the new Station Chapel, occurred Saturday the 6th of May, when Peggy Hartnell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Hartnell of Wheatlands, Manitoba, became the bride of Sergeant Robert Doerfling, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Doerfling, Galt, Ontario. Flight Lieutenant Dale Jones, Senior Protestant Chaplain of this station officiated.

The bride, given in marriage by her father, wore a floor length gown of ivory brocade net made with sweetheart neckline and three-quarter length sleeves. She wore a fingertip veil of embroidered net and carried a bouquet of red roses and white carnations. The bride was attended by her sister, Miss Maude Hartnell, who wore turquoise blue sheer and carried a bouquet of carnations and pink roses. Flying Officer Joseph Campbell attended the groom.

The ceremony was performed in the Chapel against a background of spring flowers. Flying Office Bruce Maitland played the wedding music and during the signing of the register, LAC J. Smith sang "Because."

Following the ceremony a reception was held at the bride's home in Wheatlands, after which Sergeant and Mrs. Doerfling left for Toronto for their honeymoon. The bride travelling in a tailored suit of navy with brown and white accessories.

Upon their return the young couple will reside in Wheatlands.



SIMPSON—KUTZLEY

Dr. Woodside's residence in Winnipeg was the scene of an interesting wedding in March when LAW Dora M. "Tillie" Kutzley became the bride of LAC Joseph W. Simpson. The bride who was attended by LAW May Allnutt is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Kutzley, Regina, Sask.,

and the groom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. John Simpson, Darmody, Saskatchewan.

The groom was attended by his twin brother, LAC John Simpson, also of this station, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. W. Woodside.

Following a brief honeymoon in Winnipeg, the young couple returned to Rivers where they are now residing.



LEWIS—MacGREGOR

In Trenton, New Jersey, the 19th of April, 1944, LAW Kathleen "Scotty" MacGregor was united in marriage to Sergeant Albert M. Lewis, Jr., son of Mrs. Mary Lewis of Philadelphia, Pa. Rev. Pennington Corson of Trenton, N.J., was the officiating clergyman.

Following the ceremony a reception for the bridal couple was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Ather-ton, Trenton, N.J., and later in the day the young couple left for a brief honeymoon in Atlantic City.

Mrs. Lewis is stationed at Rivers and Sgt. Lewis is with the U. S. Army at Dawson Creek, B.C.



WEYERS—STOKES

Saturday, May 6th, one of the popular members of the hospital staff, Catherine Stokes, became the bride of Corporal Hal Weyers, formerly of No. 1 C.N.S. The marriage was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents in Edmonton, Alberta. The groom was formerly a Link Trainer Instructor on our station, is well known as a baseball player and was formerly the drummer of the Station Orchestra. Cpl. Weyers is now an aircrew trainee at I.T.S. in Edmonton.

LORD WHIFF of GRAPESHOT

by
Gazie





F/L KEITH MURPHY, D.F.
Ottawa

P/O MACK EAGLETON
Edmonton



P/O MORRIS KOTOFSKY P/O HENRY GIESLRECHT
Montreal

Rivers Graduates Make Good

P/O J. S. CAULEY

AFTER completing tours of operations overseas, F/L Keith Murphy, D.F.C., and P/O Mack Eagleton, pictured above, have recently returned to Rivers, scene of their graduation several years ago. They are both in Course 43 S.N.I.N., the other members of which have gained much from the stories of incidents from the battle experiences of these two men.

Flight Lieutenant Murphy, a native of Ottawa, went through Malton and Jarvis before graduating from Rivers as an Observer in 1941. Overseas he operated with two R.C.A.F. Squadrons in England and, after finishing his first tour, received his D.F.C. and the job of Navigation Officer. He also occupied this position with his Squadron in North Africa where he completed his second tour.

Keith was in Africa at the time of the invasion of Sicily and saw something of the actions in both Sicily and Italy. He flew in Wellingtons all through both tours and his high regard for the "Wimpy" probably stems in part from the fact that he never had to walk home from a trip.

P/O Eagleton, being a native of Winnipeg, and having done all of his training here in the West, should feel quite at home at Rivers. After graduating as an Observer in 1942, he was one of 15 Canadians attached to an R.A.F. Squadron and flew in Mitchells on day-light tactical raids. Mack

refers to this as a "circus" tour, since most raids were carried out at heights of fourteen to fifteen thousand feet. "Circus" evidently refers to the fact that at this height the flack is thick enough to make life as exciting as a circus with the lions loose in the main tent. Like F/L Murphy, he has never had to bail out or make a forced landing—a reassuring thought for those who are about to go on operations.

Regarding life in the Squadron, Mack says that one of his vivid memories is of the Station M.O. standing amid the rest of the faithful ground crew to bid "God Speed" to the departing planes as they left on missions. Such unity of purpose, representing as it does the Spiritual backing of the nations as a whole, must be inspiring to those men taking off for the "circus."

It is as the final fragile touch of the cloth that adds the ultimate luster of moral certainty to the already highly polished technical skill of the operational man.

The other ops-men, pictured above, are all remustered radar mechanics from whom M.T.B. had hoped to get an inside story. Unfortunately, however, radar is very much on the secret list so that their story had to be curtailed.

Procedure on Discharge

- Q. What do ex-service personnel get on discharge from the Armed Forces?
- A. At present, regulations provide for thirty days' pay and one month's dependents' allowance if service personnel have had 183 days' continuous service. The clothing allowance recently has been raised to \$65.00, not payable, however, to officers. A free railway warrant is given to the man's home community at the time of entering the service, or to any other place, provided no extra cost of transportation is involved.
- Q. Are all ex-service personnel entitled to these discharge allowances?
- A. No. If ex-service personnel are discharged for reasons of misconduct, the discharge allowances do not apply. If they are discharged at their own request, or if an officer resigns his commission, they do not apply.
- Q. What department takes care of discharge allowances?
- A. Discharge procedure and allowances are the responsibility of the Department of National Defence. Once the discharge procedure is complete ex-service personnel come under the program of the Department of Pensions and National Health.



This AIN'T Rivers!

The Bombing Offensive

F/L J. B. G. KELSHALL

DURING the month of April the Anglo-American bombing offensive on Germany and occupied Europe reached an intensity which few could have visualized three years ago. This climax has not come suddenly, but as the result of long, careful expansion in the weight of attack by a dual process. Simultaneous with the continuous increase in the number of aircraft involved in each raid, new and bigger aircraft replaced the older and smaller bombers. Thus the old Wimpeys and Hampdens gave place to the Stirtings and Halifaxes which are themselves now being superseded by the Lancaster. New techniques have also resulted in more rapid and effective bombing, which has increased the saturation rate in tons per minute.



The following table shows clearly the progressive increase in the weight of attack which has resulted from this dual expansion; and the increase in the saturation rate:

	DATE	TARGET	TONNAGE	DURATION	TONS PER MIN.
1942	May 30	Cologne	1500	90m	16.6
1943	Feb. 28	St. Nazaire	1000	45	22.22
	May 12	Diesberg	1500	45	33.33
	June 21	Krefeld	2000	50	40.00
	July 27	Hamburg	2000	45	44.44
	Sept. 27	Hanover	2000	29	68.95
	Nov. 3	Dusseldorf	2000	27	74.07
	Nov. 22	Berlin	2300	30	76.66
1944	Jan. 14	Brunswick	2000	23	87.00
	Feb. 15	Berlin	2500		
	Mar.	Stuttgart	3000		
	Mar. 15	Berlin	3360		
	Apr. 20	Berlin	4480		

These figures refer only to isolated raids which have been picked as illustrative of the trends mentioned. From total tonnage over given period a far more accurate idea of the weight of attacks may be obtained—e.g., in March (1944) the Allied Air Forces struck on 28 days out of the month.

The U.S.A.A.F. dropped 23,000 tons of bombs while the R.A.F. dropped 31,000, making the staggering total of 54,000 tons of bombs in the European theatre alone. Moreover, the trend still continues towards greater and greater attacks. In the last week of March, 16,500 of the 54,000 tons were dropped, and in one 24-hour period towards the end of the month some 5000 aircraft dropped 7000 tons.

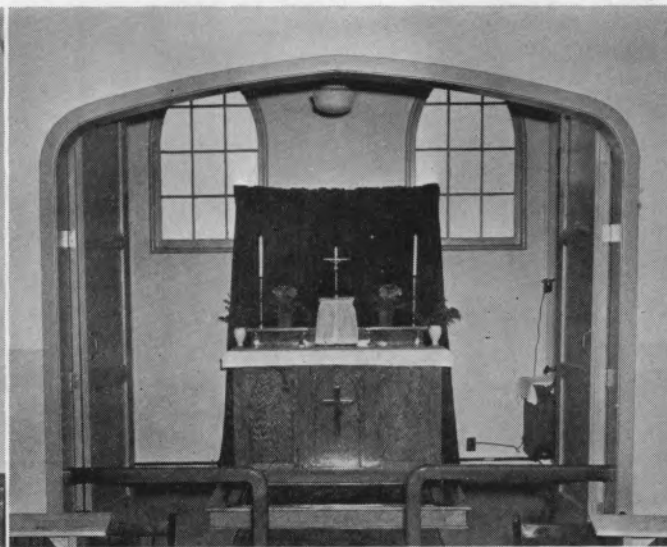
After a slight pause at the beginning of April, the offensive started again. In the week of 8th to 15th April, the combined Air Forces struck at Europe 40 times, making an average of one attack every four hours. They dropped 15,000 tons during this week. But this was merely a sort of running start for the full blow commenced on the 18th. In four days from the 18th April some 9000 aircraft dropped 17,500 tons. In six days it had mounted to 25,000 tons. By the end of April the total for Europe had risen to the incredible tonnage of 65,000.

These by themselves are figures that sound large even to the uninformed. But to really understand what they mean the observer needs some sort of standard for comparison. Such a foot-rule can be found in the German Blitz on England. Most people have an approximate idea of the damage done to London by the Blitz. Some have actually seen that damage. London proved that there is simply no answer to aerial bombardment of cities. Pending the introduction of some new and revolutionary weapon, great damage will continue to be the effect of mass bombing of civilian centres. Yet the damage to London was inflicted by raids which were insignificant compared to the present Allied assault of Europe. In the entire Blitz period, lasting about three months, the Luftwaffe dropped approximately 7500 tons only. As against our saturation rate of between 80 and 90 tons PER MINUTE they seldom achieved a rate greater than about 20 tons PER HOUR. As against our mass bombing of over 4000 tons in less than one hour, the greatest raid they ever launched was one in which they dropped 500 tons in 24 hours. Again there is the case of Coventry. This town was so severely damaged as to be spoken of as "wiped out." The very name Coventry has become a word synonymous with total destruction. But Coventry received only some 250 to 300 tons of bombs. It is when measured against these figures that the real meaning of our bombing offensive becomes apparent.

The Nazis who sowed the Gorgon's teeth are now indeed confronting their harvest.



PROTESTANT



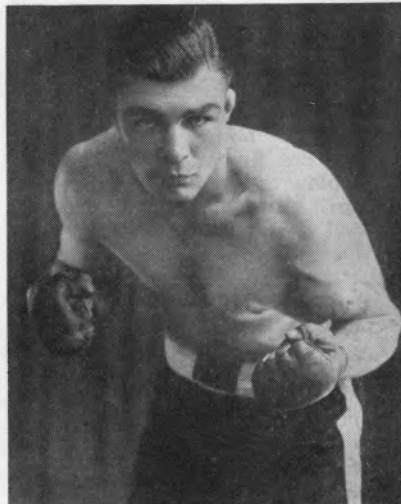
ROMAN CATHOLIC

NEW STATION CHAPEL DEDICATED

The dedication of the Station Chapel was held Sunday, April 23rd, with Wing Commander L. Costello, Command R. C. Chaplain, taking the Roman Catholic services at 9 a.m., assisted by F/L V. Thomson, Station R. C. Chaplain, and Wing Commander McFarlane, Command Chaplain (P), taking the 11 o'clock service, assisted by F/L Dale Jones, the Station Chaplain.

Put Up Your Dukes

ONE of the weightiest problems around the station these days is that of would-be law breakers in the event that LAC George Brennan, Course 99 Navigators, is taken on strength by our Gestappy. If he ever said, "Put Up Your Dukes" they would simply take one look and quietly



lay down and die, because George is easily the most outstanding boxer, amateur or professional, ever to hit our fair station at Rivers. Proof of the above statement came about in Saskatoon two weeks ago when he made a special trip there to fight an exhibition match. At the last minute the corporal from Carberry, scheduled to fight him, decided that discretion was the better part of valor, so you see what we mean. We might add, however, that the corporal had just finished a tough

match and therefore should be given every consideration for his decision. The fact remains, however, that we at 1 C.N.S. were anticipating the outcome with sadistic pleasure.

Just to prove that we are not kidding one little bit about George, his record follows:

AS AN AMATEUR BOXER—

- 1925—Army Boys' Champion.
- Imperial Service Boys' Champion at 16 years.
- 1926—British Senior School Boys' Champion.
- 1931—Army Middle Weight Champion.

- Imperial Services Middle Weight Champion.
- 1932—Army Light Heavy Weight Champion.
- 1933 and 1934—International Police Champion.
- 1933 and 1934—British Amateur Champion.
- 1933 and 1934—European Amateur Champion.
- 1934—Empire Games Champion in Wembley.

AS A PROFESSIONAL BOXER—

20th July, 1935 and December, 1935—Fought Tommy Farr on these dates; lost on points; one 8-round match and one 12 round.

Miscellaneous—Sparring partner to Ed Pierce, Light-Heavy South African Champion, and to Ed McGuire, Middle Weight South African Champion.

Sparring with Jack Peterson, British Heavy Weight Professional Champion, and with Larry Gains of Canadian fame.

One fight in Canada—Moncton Benefit Fight for Red Cross, against Sgt. Porter, Eastern Canada Professional Champion — lost on points. Was outweighed by 30 pounds.

George is an R.A.F. trainee, whose home is in Nottingham, England, and he is really in earnest about passing his navigation course. Shortly after arriving here he was asked to fight in Brandon, but turned down the offer stating that his primary interest while on course was going to be work. He did generously state, however, that he would be willing to do some sparring or coaching on the side, so for anyone interested, here's your chance to get some first-hand training.

As you will note from his record above, George has fought twice in his career with no less a notable than Tommy Farr, losing on points on both occasions. We don't need to go any further into his record than that. He is admired and respected (naturally) for what he has done and he has his many friends behind him who will join in wishing him every success on course and later overseas.

M.T.B. is giving full warning here to all personnel and takes no further responsibility for what might happen to anybody who decides to get antagonistic. All kidding aside, we appreciate George's boxing record and congratulate him on his many fine achievements. About boxing, he said, "It's a good game if you know when to pack up," which is sound advice for anyone who anticipates a fighting career.

Bike Club Latest Fad



Besides the present riding stable another building will soon be erected. The contents will provide all station personnel with another way to relax and exercise when the mood strikes. S/L Wensley and P/O Hamilton, the gentlemen who look after the school's ponies, have purchased

thirty bicycles for the amusement of everyone except six-day riders. By tucking a box of lunch under your arm the hidden wonders of the prairies may now be seen from bicycles built for one.

Equestriennes Perform

Topping the W.D. page this month is one of our "top" equestriennes and certainly one of our "show" horses. The rider is LAW Jean "Red" Reddon, and she is giving you a perfect demonstration of how "Tim" likes to stand on his hind legs.

Several of the station W.D.'s, besides those pictured here (Corporal Anne Rusnak and Jean Reddon) are excellent riders and many of them take advantage of the sunny days to ride out on the prairies. Audrey Farley, Phyllis Harrod and many others take "time out" to get their riding hours in.

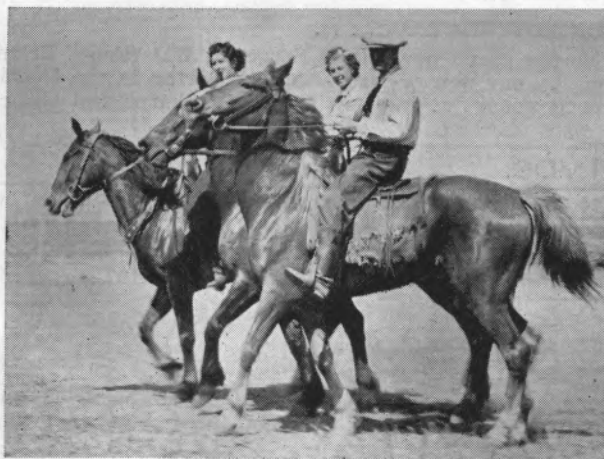


LAW Jean Reddon atop of "Tim."

In the lower picture, left to right, Jean Reddon riding "Tim," Corporal Anne Rusnak astride "Bomber"—one of the station's favorite ponies—and Mr. Baker riding "Pat"—one of the really beautiful sorrel horses!

Corporal Rusnak and LAW Reddon are skilled chefs, as well as skilled riders—Corporal Rusnak adds interest and variety to the hospital menus and LAW Reddon adds sunshine and what-have-you to the menus in the Officers' Mess.

All the good riders have their favorite horses, Corporal Rusnak's favorite is "Bomber," "Red" Reddon's specialty is "Tim," and if Mr. Baker HAS a favorite, it is "Pat," though he is most impartial in his treatment of the horses.



LAW Jean Reddon, Cpl. Anne Rusnak, and Mr. Baker.

Canteen Stewards



LAW's K. LaRiviere, I. Boyer, K. Lewis.

They know their sandwiches and their candy bars and their odds and ends of canteen supplies; and they know, too, the "ups and "downs" of being canteen stewards.

They are amiable gals, these three, Irene Boyer, K. LaRiviere, and "Scotty" Lewis; and one, two or three of them can always be found on the job serving from behind their counter and trying to please the tastes of all in sandwiches, coffee, soft drinks, candy bars, etc.

★

She Knows Her Targets



Don't get any low brow ideas from the caption because this pretty young lady happens to make it her business in G.I.S. to help familiarize the boys with targets from Ridgely to Berlin. She's LAW Anne Johnson, of our Map and Charts Room. Anne hails from Peterborough, Ontario. Ever heard of Peterborough canoes? Take a tip and brush up on her home town product if you want to get the jump on the rest of the boys.

Here 'n' There

KAY FULMER

BOUQUETS . . . nice gardenias, too, to OUR basketball team, the gallant W.D. cup winners of 1944! Yessirree, those gals—Capt. Dot Kotow, Marg. Gartside, Ruth Kinsella, Leila Horne, "Dangie" Dangerfield, Johnnie Walker (red label), Marina "Chuck" Atamanchuk, and "Clarkie"



Clarke—went over to No. 12 S.F.T.S. one fine April night and won a game from that smart aggregation of players and gained themselves a nine-point lead and were able to hold it in the final, exciting, game at Rivers. In the final game Edith Macalaster, just arrived back from Trenton and just off a train, pitched right in in Johnnie Walker's place and "gave" . . . there were erstwhile dignified officers yelling . . . and we do mean YELLING . . . from the bench, and hundreds of spectators in the Drill Hall. . . . One of the members of

the men's basketball team was heard to suggest that someone sign up Marina Atamanchuk for the men's team !!! He said, "that little gal is EVERYWHERE !!!" . . . After the game Mrs. Dick and Miss Thompson, those genial and kindly hostesses in the Hostess House, entertained the teams at a little social gathering . . . The gals said the eats were "yummy" !!!

More bouquets to Frankie Watts, our diminutive badminton star who won out in the doubles here, at No. 12 S.F.T.S., and again at Saskatoon where she, with Bud-Jewett won the doubles championship! !!

SOCIAL DOIN'S . . .

Thursday night, April 27th, a busload of Rivers Navigation School dance loving lassies left for an evening at Shilo. . . . A3 Artillerymen were the hosts and the gals were right royally treated (as is usual at A3). Two buses came for them (complete with a handsome escort, Lieut. Nicholson), and the girls were transferred to Army Personnel Carriers at Brandon. To most of the W.D.'s it was a new experience and they all enjoyed the ride very much. . . . Major Challoner, Lieut. Nicholson and the Comandant of A3, Colonel Nash, all helped in making the girls feel at home and quite happy . . .

"THE ICING ON THE CAKE" . . .

Much has been heard in these parts of the excellent type of entertainment dished out by the Great-West Life troupe, and Saturday, 29th April, personnel of our station were able to sit back in the theatre and enjoy the much anticipated treat . . . Patients in the hospital said that they wished, AND WISHED, that they could be out, because they could hear the cheers and yells and thunderous

applause . . . Yes, it was grand, and the members of the troupe (particularly the lovelies) were much appreciated after the show when they were entertained at the Officers' Mess . . . They got a special reception, too, were met at the gate by Messrs. Ben Murray, Chuck Crocker, and "What-a-Man" Scrimgeour, as well as Mesdames Riddell (former Great-West) Pennie, also G.W.L. and Fulmer. . . . F/L Hammond (our adjutant) was right there, too, during the evening, renewing old acquaintances and getting up to date on new ones !!!

CHEERIO DEPT. . . .

This month we get out our freshly laundered hankies and say too many good-byes . . . to too many really extra special people . . . Padre Boone, our quiet chaplain with the picturesque Scotch brogue, has left us for Portage la Prairie and he will be much missed, especially in such spots as the Music Hour. . . . Then, Padre Thomson, that delightful Irishman, beloved by all on the station, whether of his faith or not. Padre Thomson was just "part" of this station and we hope he's happy in Saskatoon. . . . Then there's Flight Officer Ward, our dimpled senior W.D. Officer, who was only here long enough for folks to get to know her and appreciate her, and away she flew back to Rockcliffe again. . . . And then three popular senior N.S.O.'s, WO1 "Casanova" Crawford, Flight Sergeant "Heartbreaker" Landry, popular Orderly Room figure for many months, and latest, Sergeant "Albair" Albert from Training Wing Orderly Room. Happy landings, folks, and may you like your new surroundings as much as we liked you !!!

EMBARRASSING MOMENT . . .

Remember the tall willowy blonde whose quick wit sometimes is heard over the steam table of the Sergeants' Mess? Well, recently she picked herself up a measle or two and found herself in isolation. . . . As is usual with convalescent isolationists, our blonde had lots of time for looking out the window, watching the passers-by, and one day recently, she spied a W.D. whom she knew and yelled, "Hi . . . Chum!" completely neglecting to notice that one passer-by—on a bike—was our Commanding Officer! !! If you notice her rosy face after she returns from leave, it won't be from the rashes! !!

SPECIAL MENTION DEPT. . . .

Those of you who patronize the steam table in the Officers' Mess might notice an extra specially sunny smile from that direction 'long about Sunday the 21st, because the gal-with-the-smile, Phyllis Harrod, is having a birthday on that date . . . and here's another, on Friday the 5th of May, George Holliday in the Sergeants' Mess is celebrating her birthday.

CONGRATULATIONS . . .

To our brand new Flight Sergeant, WD "Erlie" Erlandson . . . our new "Sarge" Andy Anderson in the Hospital Orderly room . . . and new Corporals Sharpe and Uhrich.

GERALD GEN The Keen Type

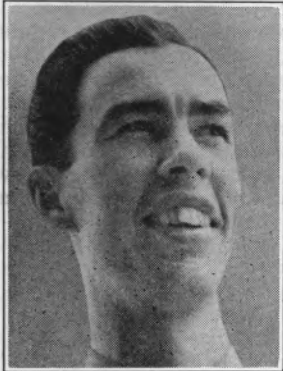


by Chie

SPORTS PARADE

H. J. BOUGHEN

ONE fine morning while sipping coffee at "Heckler's Row," better known as the "Snack Bar," F/L Bob Arn came along and took up a position on the stool at my left. It so happened I was seeking the new Sports Committee President for a few notes on his past. We chatted away while the cups of America's favorite stimulant disappeared. Soon it was time to get back to work and I recalled Bob saying, "Will you be on the sports committee for softball?"



Several days later I attended a meeting of Rivers "Gas House Gang," wondering if the orators would be in their glory as of a few months ago. Sports offer a large variety of opinions and it may be said the meetings of this committee bring out the finest vocabulary in a fella. Many new faces appeared in the Conference Room for the meeting that day.

As the meeting progressed, plans were drafted to build more softball diamonds, new tennis courts, and other items. I heard it said eighteen inter-section softball clubs would be formed, many tennis, volleyball, and horseshoe teams would be brought together. The program sounded gigantic. A truly great plan if ambitious support were forthcoming from an energetic public. All of the various sport representatives on the committee were told it was their job to look after equipment and playing accommodation. Past records show inter-section competition has never flourished operating on a small scale, but all members were interested to give the new plan full support.

A few days ago I was permitted an interview with S/L Wensley, who is guiding our sport policies. He explained that, in the past, much emphasis has been placed on station teams with, say, twenty people participating. His conclusion stated that the airmen's money will be spent in such a way as to allow the maximum number of people to make use of the purchased sports equipment. It is true in other seasons the greatest amount of our organizing ability has been for the aid of station teams. This year, then, it is requested we all pitch in and make the forthcoming program a success.

An Air Force Routine Order of recent date listed three hours of Physical Training a necessity for all ranks. The ground crew will be able to spend this time at games if they so desire. By playing two games of softball and an hour of tennis, we can save ourselves an appearance before the Section Commander. A suitable slogan for the large sports schedule soon to be launched could be, "Be a Player."

★

Rivers Couple Win Command Crown

BADMINTON CHAMPS

A stop the press article has come to our attention. The scene is the I. T. S. school at Saskatoon and the game is Badminton. Frankie Watts and Bob Jewitt, our mixed double stars, stand opposite Davidson's entry for the Command Championship. The first game stood 13-13 before the Rivers kids won 18-13. The next game was even closer with the count 14-14. Then Jewitt smashed five birds into the opposition's territory for a 19-14 win. Gimli came next as Frankie and Bub stood within a stone's throw of the title. The two games were in Rivers' favor by 15-5 and the Rivers couple had gone all out. It was a fitting climax to a successful badminton season. Congratulations, Frankie and Bob. Our only regret is that we weren't in Saskatoon that afternoon!

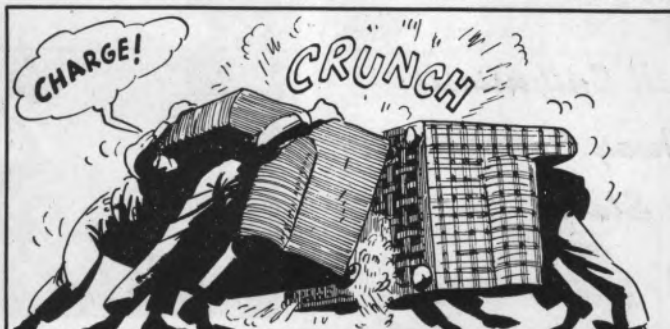


LAW Frankie Watts and LAC Bob Jewitt

LORD WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT

I mean, after all, where was the Battle of Whatsitsname won, y'know

by Gzzie





Back Row, left to right—"Dangie" Dangerfield, "Mac" McAllister, Lila Horne, "Johnnie" Walker, "Dot" Kotow, Ruth Kinsella, "Chuck" Crocker.
Front Row, left to right—"Short Change" Graham, Isabel Hystead, Ann Amanchuk. Missing from picture, Cpl. Marg. Gartside and chief rooter, S/O Kay Fulmer.

40 Bob Arn Becomes President of Sports Committee

ONE of the most difficult behind the scene jobs is the presidency of Rivers Sports Committee. For fifteen months Flight Lieutenant Morrie Minton held this position, lining up equipment for a wide variety of sports. He gave unsparingly of time and effort to make this station sport conscious.



Recently Flight Lieutenant Bob Arn became prexy of the committee, bringing with him a strong sports background. Bob played at the University of Saskatchewan, Saskatoon; University of Manitoba, Winnipeg, and south of the border at University of Minnesota and University of Washington. While at Minnesota he took instruction from Bunnie Bierman, one of America's highly touted football coaches. All his life he has coached and played sports, and more recently he handled the No. 1

C.N.S. Basketball Club in the B.D.S.A.A. league. This peppy gentleman was the president of the Sports Committee at the Bombing and Gunnery School at Mossbank.

Softball Enthusiasts Get Away To Early Start



Girls take P.T. on ball diamond. It looks like a hit.

Girls' Basketball Team Wins

In a post-season district series the W.D. teams from North Brandon and Rivers met in home and home games with total points deciding the winner. Rivers took the first game 28-19, but lost the return match on their home floor 23-21. The total score gave Rivers the district cup and successful wind-up of the season.

Much credit must go to Chuck Crocker who coached the Rivers club this year. He drilled his charges to the district championship after the regular schedule had been played. Credit to S/O K. Fulmer is also due for her regular attendance and the way in which she kept the girls in there pitching all the way. It would be unfair to mention any stars on the Rivers crew, the team as a whole deserving congratulations. Nice work, gals!



Tennis Courts Move to New Site

LAST summer Alex Jamieson and Ted Allen did their best to enthuse people to help build up three courts on the back campus. The tide was against them and the courts were left uncompleted. Folks were noticed heading for Rivers with racquets on their shoulders to play the game.

This year new ideas have been offered to bring tennis into its own. Five courts will be marked out on the east apron of the big Maintenance Hangar. When backstops are erected, this concrete surface will make it possible for many fast sets to be played. Alex Jamieson will be among the missing for a few weeks, but in his absence Ken Hall of Maintenance Repair Squadron is carrying on arrangements. The support of all those interested in the game is necessary to make the season's play a success.



Back Row, left to right—"Dangie" Dangerfield, "Mac" McAllister, Lila Horne, "Johnnie" Walker, "Dot" Kotow, Ruth Kinsella, "Chuck" Crocker.
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C.N.S. Basketball Club in the B.D.S.A.A. league. This peppy gentleman was the president of the Sports Committee at the Bombing and Gunnery School at Mossbank.

With the backing of players and followers you may rest assured that Flight Lieutenant Arn will be trying to provide a sports program to please the majority.



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Girls take P.T. on ball diamond. It looks like a hit.

Softball Enthusiasts Get Away To Early Start



DRILL TEST

What more typical scene than this for April?

Indoor Track Meet Success

A new form of activity went on display in the Drill Hall with the downpour of April showers. It was the first time an Indoor Track Meet has been held on these grounds and featured some events unknown to a goodly part of the population stationed here. All competitors had a good work-out because they could take part in all six events on the program. From the fifty-three entries in the meet nine were chosen as the station team. LAC J. Harbill, Cpl. J. Hamilton, LAC W. Riddell, LAC W. C. Bates, F/O Y. Lamont, LAC J. Blackwood, Sgt. J. Albert, F/O W. Edwards, and Cpl. L. W. Page, will be ready to match their talent against other stations.

★

Scotch Diving Star at Rivers

On New Year's Day a lad named Doug Hutton was posted to Rivers to learn the fine points of Navigation. He had



Aw, c'mon, Marge . . . we all had to get used to it!

M.T.B. for MAY

excelled in aqua sports at home, but it took until this late date for news of his achievements to be made known. Modestly he says he won the Scottish National Springboard Championship in 1937, retaining the title until World War II commenced. Doug entered many meets in Edinburgh, Dundee, and Aberdeen, winning cups for free style swimming. In the town of Arbroath, Hutton's home, a troupe was assembled and they toured Scotland, putting on exhibitions of swimming skill. This young gent with the Weismuller build, who looks like a swimmer, will be glad to start climbing diving towers again.

★

Rivers Fairways Attract Early Birds

F/L DOUGLAS MCKAY

THE golf season opened on Good Friday, with half a dozen enthusiasts playing the nine-hole course. There are clubs available in sport stores, but thus far we have been unable to obtain a supply of golf balls. However, efforts will be continued and in the meantime the usual arrangements are being made to allow service personnel playing privileges on the Rivers Golf Club course. You may travel to town in sports clothes, then walk to a knoll on the north-east corner of the townsite.



GIRL ON SPRINGBOARD



Drawing by Smitty.



Ymca



CHUCK CROCKER

SPRING! Oh, boy! An' baseball, tennis, an' stuff! By the looks of our summer program, the personnel at Rivers Airport are going to be kept plenty busy during the next few months. Softball leagues for airmen and airwomen are being formed and to accommodate the number of teams



anticipated, new diamonds will be laid out on the sports field. Baseball will also have its place and by the practicing already started some good teams are in the offing. The tennis courts are to be moved, the new location being on the apron on the east side of Maintenance Hangar. With a good surface to play on, tennis enthusiasts should have a bang-up season.

Not to forget our English lads, soccer will be much in evidence. These boys have been bouncing balls on their heads all winter in the drill

hall, and, if their feet work half as well as their heads, we shall see some excellent soccer. Plenty of fun was had during the winter months in the mixed volleyball league. This popular game will be continued this summer and played out of doors on courts available on the sports field. Of course, station teams will be selected from the more experienced players in the respective games to represent No. 1 C.N.S. in any inter-station events. Oh, yes, if you want a little relaxation after dinner, you will be able

to pick up the horse shoes and toss a few. Pitches will be placed at convenient points throughout the station.

Maybe you would like to get into the country for awhile for a ride through the lovely hills and dales surrounding the station. Well, just rent a bicycle for an afternoon. A supply of these two-wheeled vehicles may be found at the curling rink. The cost, 15c the first hour, 2 hours for 25c, all day for \$1.00.

Along with horseback riding, golfing, swimming and athletics, the airmen and airwomen on the station will not have much difficulty finding things to do in their spare time.

Congratulations are in order to the W.D. basketball team. In the play-offs they edged out No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon, for the district championship in a two-game total point series. Nice going, girls!

Two indoor track meets were held during April, the Training Wing team taking the honors with a score of 273 points. Headquarters came second with 241 points. Sgt. Dangerfield was the high scorer in the W.D. team and LAC J. Harbill topped the other contestants in the men's section. Congratulations! Keen competition was displayed and a good crowd of spectators turned out on each of the two nights. The following competitors were chosen as the men's station team from all the contestants:

LAC J. Harbill, LAC W. C. Bates, Sgt. J. M. Albert, LAC J. Hamilton, F/O Y. Lamont, F/O W. M. Edwards, Lac W. B. Liddell, LAC J. E. Blackwell, Cpl. L. W. Page.

Around the first week in June an outdoor track meet is planned, so you track enthusiasts better get practising right away. We'll be seein' you again next month.

★

"Between The Bookends"

F/L T. DALE JONES

IT would be impossible in the space allowed to give you a full and comprehensive survey of the books which have been added to the Station Library since our last issue.

One of the most talked of books in recent times, and one which has been adapted to radio broadcasts is "The



Man Born To Be King," by Dorothy L. Sayers. In a very reverent manner, the writer of this book has made to re-live in modern speech the characters of the Holy Land. Written around Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth, these plays are well worth anyone's time. Another good book along the same line is "Blessed Are the Weak," by Tofia Kossah. The life story of St. Francis of Cessisi has always been regarded as a golden thread in the history of Christendom.

Turning to something lighter, the "Fireside Book of Dog Stories," by Jack Goodman, is well worth reading, as is "You Can't Escape," by Faith Baldwin. Many books will be written of wartime Britain

and the devastation wrought on Sacred Shrines and places of historical and literary interest. It has often been said that "Whatever touches London, touches the World." Read "A Literary Journey Through Wartime Britain," by A. C. Ward, and get a glimpse and first-hand knowledge of England and especially, "What Was, and Is, and Will Abide."

The valiant defense of Malta is racingly described by Ian Hay in his book, "The Malta Epic," and then, as in a flash journeying to China in a book by a very young writer, Lin Teniya, gives a portrayal of the steadfast strength of youth in a world that has lost all other stability.

In the "Incomplete Anglers," by John D. Robins, the author has taken his readers from a world torn with madness into the world of simple and happy things that have been, and will be again.

Among the many books too numerous to mention are:

"The Pageant of Canadian History," "A. M. Peck."

"The Lost Week-end," Charles Jackson.

"The Nile," Emil Ludwig.

"The Conquest of North Africa," A. Clifford.

"Science for the Citizen," Horrabin.

"Mathematics for the Million," Hogben.

"The Greatest Stories of All Times," Somerset Maugham.

Chords AND Dischords

HAROLD SYM

HERE I am again after missing the last issue of M.T.B.; and I have good news concerning the Ansonaires—that small group of musicians who supply the jive for all station dances. Ot last he has come to us in the person of Charlie. No, not Spivak, but to us he's another Spivak.



Charlie Windsor is his name and he was born in Kamsack, Saskatchewan. That, as well as being his home town, was where Charlie got his start in a small combo. After learning to read and handle his horn fairly well, he left Kamsack for bigger places and was hired by the "Masters of Melody" in Regina, playing in all the jive dives and doing the odd radio job for CJRM. By this time Charlie was doing well, so he left Regina to join a larger band in Edmonton. Here he played with Chet Lambertson and Jack

Taylor. Jack, by the way, is the brother of Dick Taylor who now plays guitar for "Swing Time," the R.C.A.F. show, but at that time was with his brother's "Swingsters." With Jack, he did radio work for the "Good Morning Neighbors" show, playing between recipes and penny stretchers over CJCA, Edmonton. But Charlie was always a boy to travel, so again he hit the road, this time to end up with Joe De Courcy. More radio work, but this time over the CBC Network. During the two summers following his

debut with De Courcy, he played with him at Jasper Park Lodge.

After leaving Joe De Courcy, Charlie figured that he should improve his education, so went back to school for two years, after which he joined the R.C.A.F. as a Navigator and ended up here in Rivers as an Instructor, and once again back to the horn with the Ansonaires. You've all heard Charlie, so I needn't say anything about his playing, but that's just a little of Charlie's history. At about the time you read this, the station will be getting ready for another airmen's and airwomen's dance, so if you're not busy, just drop around and you'll hear Charlie and see how he has improved the Ansonaires. Fate must have known how we needed him, to get posted to No. 1 C.N.S. Let me say here that we all welcome Charlie to our station!

Now about the big American bands. By now, I guess you all know that Benny Goodman, the King of Swing, has given up his career as a band leader. Some of his men have been absorbed by Jess Stacey who has started his own band and Goodman wished him the best of luck. Stacey was Goodman's pianist.

Frankie Carle has started his own band and in my spare time I looked up his line-up and here it is:

Piano, Frankie Carle; alto sax, Artie Mendelsohn; alto sax, Pete Johns; tenor sax, Irving Trestman and Percy Booth; baritone sax, Danny Small; trumpet, Bernie Mitchell; trumpet, Dudley Santin and Roger Bacon; trombone, Eddie Lucas, Harry Zeile, and Bert Prager; bass, Maurice Roy; guitar, Lee Columbo; drums, Hack O'Brien; vocalist, Betty Bonney; arranger, Al Avola.

★

Sergeants' Mess

F/S STAN BERNECHE

MANY and varied have been the columns so far written on the Sergeants' Mess. This month yours truly was Joe'd to write a bit about the "underground activities" carried on behind closed doors. Any similarity to persons living or otherwise is definitely not accidental.

The age of miracles is not passed! Our last mess dance began as a social affair and ended the same. I can't believe it either. On checking up in the roaring metropolis of Brandon I found that the little gals that came out as hostesses thought the lads in the mess were gentlemen and scholars—they really enjoyed themselves. Nice going, fellows—it was the best "April Fooling" I ever saw. Now we can let our hair down again.

A certain P. T. & D. had quite an exciting day recently. Here's the story as it was told to me: Being a real "Hepcat" she carries her own private collection of popular recordings everywhere she goes. On Easter A.M. she was seen entering the church carrying "22 of the best" and emerged an hour later sans records. After a hectic day of sleuthing, in which she enlisted the services of our Rivers Bloodhounds—the records were found. All's well that ends well, but, they tell me—"Dangie" doesn't care for a certain recording any more—"Why Don't We Do This More Often."

A Snooker tournament was "arranged and conducted" this last month by our erstwhile Messing Committee—namely, Sgt. (Gutrobber) Knott. A few of the boys having "no idea" almost wormed their way into the finals. Little Mike (30-28) Petasky pitted his wits and resources (not to mention luck) against the finest and just about reached the finals. He still insists the only thing that beat him was the roll in the table. Better change your brand. In the

doubles tournament Inkster and Knott came out on top (only because Knott was the only man who could interpret the rules). The singles champ turned out to be our very versatile Robby. Just goes to show where some of the boys spent their pre-war leisure time. Other potential D.F.C.'s wrack their brains "coining" new phrases—"Cards at this wicket, Chips at this wicket."

Since the P.T. boon hit Rivers the more energetic of the mess have decided to become Atlases. Some are even going so far as to play "Cowboy," etc. Have you noticed the Riding Club taking a beating—and when I say "beating" I mean just that! The other day "Stevie" was seen charging down the "rose-scented" highway to Rivers—astride a beautiful chestnut (slightly sway backed). One hour later a red-faced sergeant was caught dragging a beaten-down mule back to the corral. Why not pick on someone your own size, Stevie?

Others have been taking to the "Commando Trail" (after hours and on their own time too). Funny part of it is—I can't understand how they can find the hurdles—after the sun goes down. Again I say—the boys are really serious about this P.T.!!

Our mess is in the throes of a "reformation" by none other than our S.W.O. These noon-hour Gen-Sessions are really hot. It's amazing the things you can find out—or am I sticking my neck out, Robbie? The general consensus of opinion seems to be, "Those are things we should know about," so—my vote goes that way, too.

If anything new happens, I'll be in the N. W. corner hiding an Esquire—until then, "This is your station, let's keep it clean."—(Ref. D.R.O.).

Clewless McGoon

by Gye



Surely you know our Sgt. Miller, and of course he doesn't take P.T. He comes by that naturally. Don't you, Sargie? "Well," don't you? Oh well, I didn't want my next forty-eight, anyhow.

Oh yes, a new member has been added to our happy family in the person of "Mac" Beckton. Mac came here from R.D. in St. Johns, Quebec, and hails from Sask. Glad to have you with us, Mac. I hear Wheatlands is to be your new home. Lovely little spot, isn't it?

A number of you folks have heard of the Wandering Minstrel, but how many have heard of the "Wandering Tompkins." This lad with the itch to travel has caused our section no end of worry. It seems whenever he is wanted, a square search is demanded. Up until recently he could be found occasionally in the vicinity of the Fabric Shop. This of course became somewhat tiresome, so Sgt. Miller "planted" Tom in the Battery Shop with the belief that if ever a call for the "Wanderer" should arise, he could be easily located. This idea of our Sergeant's was very smart indeed, because now whenever a call goes out for Tom all we have to do is send a runner over to the bowling alley and Tommie comes on the double. A most effective system, I must say. It is sincerely hoped that working between games doesn't put you off your ten pins, Tom.

I've seen everything now. It seems "the boy" or Eddie Watt, as he is sometimes known, decided to give his parents a break on his forty-eight and let them spend some of their own money. Eddie left here with a return ticket to Winnipeg, his pass, and ten dollars to boot. We won't say how he came in possession of this huge sum of money, although we have our own sneaking suspicions. Anyhow it has been reported that one day in the "Peg" a lady with a very happy smile could be heard exclaiming, "That's my Eddie." A proud Mother, indeed, and a proud section is ours, I might add, because now we can throw out our chests and say likewise—"That's our Eddie."

In closing may I add a bit of sound philosophy, "TAKE IT EASY, IRISH."

★

What's What in Accounts

CPL. LABELLE

"Spring is here, de' grass has riz.
I wonder where de' boidies is."
Don't tell us, we know—no trees,
no boidies.
Is dat spring?—No dat's Rivers.

Speaking of spring, folks, brings us back to Easter Monday, and a thorough spring clean-up in our section, everybody participated, dressed in their

smartest Easter fatigue attire, rolled up sleeves were the order of the day, from officers to AC-ducees, all official duties ceased until the job was finished, and a mighty good one it was, too.

Since our last appearance, there have been many changes in this section. A newcomer and N.C.O. in charge of the Pay Office is Flight Sergeant Wells, hailing from No. 2 I.T.S. Another comparatively newcomer is that tall, dark (Ceasero Romero type) Sgt. Jackson. The girls stop and wonder what is behind that disguise of his. He is from the East and says he always did want to see Canada.

Then we have our four W.D.'s (clerk accounting), Cpl. McNeely, our "snooze gal," who came from Brantford and was mighty pleased to be sent out here. We notice she spends most of her time in Winnipeg and of course, we don't blame her as she is still a bride. Peggy Russell, with the gleam in her eye; Mary Wonnacott, that one-time school marm, and Gerry Harms, quiet but cute, compose the trio from the golden west, Calgary to be sure. LAW Anderson, clerk steno. in the Pay Office, is kept busy typing big long lists of figures and more figures. Incidentally she is from the west, too.

Cpl. McPherson, whom you have all seen several nights in the week taking tickets at our little theatre, walks around with at least two buttons off his tunic these days and demands to be called "Daddy." Congratulations, Mac.

The high order of "Flight" was conferred on Sgt. Baller recently, a very deserving award it is, too.

Well folks, this has been our little "accounting" for this month, so-oo, Cheerio!

OUR FUTURE AIRMAN



"AC¼" Brian Kenneth Hall at 9 months. Brian is the son of WO2 and Mrs. Ken Hall.

Hospital News Commentator

F/L W. G. CONNIE RIDDELL

Since our last issue of M.T.B. a really busy month developed in our Hospital department. Despite the nice spring weather many have succumbed to colds, tonsillitis, sore throats and what have you. The M.I.R., at times, has been a veritable seething cauldron what with sick parades of "large" proportions, giving of treatments, inoculations and such, with the result that yours truly and Sgt. Sutton have developed a wild and tired gleam in our eyes. This is particularly so when cases report in off the M-25 and wanting to "cut in" according to their whims, not ours.

One and all of our staff seemed pleased with the splendid picture articles in last month's M.T.B. "here and there" around the hospital. The M.T.B. photographers did a fine job indeed.

Two changes have occurred in our medical staff since the last issue, with F/L Cam Allen being posted to Winnipeg and F/L Jack Baldwin to Brandon. We are truly sorry to see them go, and wish them the best of success in their new ventures. Cam Allen, our surgeon, has been with us for many months, and one and all will miss him greatly, but Cam's new posting is "at home"—nuff said. Jack Baldwin has only been with us four months, but he has made many friends and we all hate to see him go—such is life in the service.

The two medical officers replacing Cam and Jack are F/L's Mell Gibson of Kingston, Ontario, and a grad of Queen's University, who is to be our general surgeon in the future; and Steve Thorson of Winnipeg, grad of Manitoba University. We hope both will like our hospital and station, and I am sure they will soon make many new friends in Rivers.

Oh yes!—our cheery, blonde, efficient office steno, Margaret Anderson, is now flying three hooks up on her tunic. Congratulations Sgt. M. I. Anderson or "Andy" on your promotion. Also Jacqueline Kenyon is now sporting her Cpl.'s hooks to give her authority to boss the laboratory and all her pet microbes. Congratulations.

Word has been received that F/S Dave Chappell, remustered to aircrew, is finally started in his aircrew training.

On the present VI Victory Loan Campaign, our hospital staff, largely composed of W.D.'s, have done splendidly again with almost \$4,000 in returns to our credit. Nice going girls and boys.

Yours truly's office has been a hive of activity these last few weeks with Victory Bond sales returns piling in by the hundreds to be totalled up, recorded and turned in to accounts.

This about completes our newscast for this month, so allow me to say Adios and cheerio till next issue.

"Venimus, Vidimus, Perditi Sumus"

COURSE NO. 1 STAFF NAVIGATORS

F/L G. A. McKERNAN

Go hence, people, go hence!
Go sit on a picket fence!
Go gargle with mineral oil,
Go out and develop a boil!

Melancholy is what we brag and boast
of,
Melancholy we mean to make the most
of,
You beaming optimists shall not destroy
it,
But while we are it, we intend to enjoy
it.
Go, people, feed on kewpies and soap,
And remember, please, that when we
mope, we mope!
(With apologies to Ogden Nash)

★

And as Electra becomes morbid, through these portals pass the most intelligent men in the Air Force—the first onslaught of Staff Navigators. Subjected to the most devastating blast of theories—pet and otherwise—in the history of air warfare, it is the question just who has reached the effulgent pinnacle—the students or the instructors. We feel certain, however, that it has been our blessed lot to bring to our instructors the realization—the illumination of vast, new fields of endeavor which, at one time, they didn't dare to conquer—the scope being such that it must cause them to dash wildly into the night crying all the more, "such calm, such sweet repose, Rivers where is thy sting?"

Strange, this evacuation, when one thinks that our introduction to Rivers has yet to achieve the formal status. All the more strange that this most important detail was neglected—due to what? It makes one shudder to think of it—why, in this little exclusive realm of navigation, this model of parades and Balmoral shoes, this criterion of knowledge and shoe laces—why the impinge of such overwhelming potentialities should not have been heralded far and wide to the very distant corners of this entity. How dreadful it is to allow a shadow of thought to creep in—the thought that there may be the few unfortunates who have not been aware—of those weird and wonderful people—the Staff Navigators.

It is with your kind permission and in humble hope that we herewith present:

F/L Del Bannerman—a distant relative of Diogenes and suggesting, "Isn't it also true that . . ."

F/L "Pick" Pickering—every now and then realizing the annoyance of other existing types by, "It can be confusing."

F/L Gerry McKernan—the eternal youth, suffers the existence of lesser lights by admitting, "Ye gods, I'm dim!"

F/O "Box" Baxter—never misses the tide of events, at times it does swing ahead and you hear, "How the hell is that?"

F/O Bill Burt—quiet efficiency will always pay dividends, as he says, "You could be incorrect."

F/O Charlie Cavell—the world is such a huge wide apple, but he's a big boy now, as witness his remarks, "This is a — awful course!"

F/O Don Collyer—such a vast capacity and those instructors must be kept in line, "Question?"

F/O Hal Cummings—this is such a bind and the perspicacity is astounding, "I'll keep my own quiet opinion."

F/O "Doc" Curry—such sheer confidence should be an inspiring thing—"You may be right, but I have never been wrong."

F/O "Gil" Gilbert—the perennial S.P.—all is well with the world, until, "I don't see where you get that."

F/O Col Gourlay—the savoir faire shouldn't show any cracks, but watch those little people, oft remarks, "Who am I to judge?"

F/O Doug Kennedy—such burning emotion, and so stubborn about it—but, "I've had it."

F/O Dean Kerner—Depth of knowledge is most impressive, but don't dig too far, take heed too, "It says in my notes."

F/O Dave Marshall—the talent is being conserved for a postwar world—witness the thought, "All these hours and hours—what a shambles."

F/O Bob Mitchell—dream on, sweet prince, and may you never again have to say, "It's an awful issue."

F/O George Murphy—the rock of ages, behold Gibraltar and, "What's your opinion, Collyer?"

F/O Art Palmer—a dark horse, if there ever was one—wheels in now and then to observe, "It's very enlightening."

F/O "Red" Redmond—always experiences the extraordinary phenomenon of "happening" to be right, certainly, "In my opinion . . ."

F/O Larry Trenholme—as the cost of living approaches zero, two can live as cheaply as one. "A guy can stand so much."

With which flurry the curtain descends on the fascinating delight of meeting the lambs . . . But, the lions, our guides and mentors—those characters, to whom we have always been accustomed to offer burnt offerings; we thank the spirits of Valholla that it has been our extreme pleasure to have been exposed to their vast, thoughtful and tender tortures—in short, our instructors.

A fanfare—we now present in no order at all:

W/C A. H. Gillson—the nabob of navigation—"actually, in fact, it is clear from the diagram."

F/L M. C. Minton—the Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo is passing up a fine bit of work in "The Propagation of a Radio Wave." with choreography by Minton. However, "more interesting stuff to come, so I'll leave this with you."

F/L "Cec" Solin—the beloved enemy—persecution may protect that prestige, because, "It is essential to think mathematically."

F/L R. Watson—our dear departed; we, the pilots, find it all "very, very simple to say double-u instead, of omega."

F/L Doug MacKay—such phlegmatic lethargy, 'tis wondrous to see, and hear, "You give me a definition."

F/L "Stoneface" Smith—to be, or not to be (an instructor), that is the question, now, "here's a little point I like."

F/O Norm Bray—ah, beneath that brittle mask of cynicism beats no heart at all—"monotonous, isn't it?"

Mr. "Admiral" Johnston—there's not much of the ideal weather left and watch where you put that comma, as "It's more confusing than it looks." And to that sustained roll on the kettle drums, our "instructors" bow to our thundering acclaim and breathe in unison, "You cannot resign the earth."

The overture has just finished and the play is on—but who is the author; ah, A.F.H.Q., Ottawa—but, no, it can't be, the theme has changed—the cry is now—"You, the victims,"—why, we are to write the drama as it unfolds—and for a glorious brief period we write, produce, direct and act the tragedy—suddenly, can it be the Coward touch, it's a comedy—it is now being created by mysterious clockwork in the astral plane.

Have you some problem, some point that no one, least of all you, can understand—teach it to the Staff Navigators—now beaten into a soft pulpy mass, they can absorb anything.

And we did—resilient as Satan himself—we rose splendidly above it all and on the ashes and bones of our careers we created a new spirit—a new category for aircrew, "General List" instructors—prepare ye the way, for into your small, insignificant world we emerge to be known to all posterity as "Mathematanavigaticians."

Behold, our ghastly, ultimate finale, the crashing exit—a portrait, edged with applied wolf-bane, of the intelligentsia ourselves, millibars and all, and bearing the inscription, "L'amour, toujours, l'amour."

(Note: Any similarity to actual persons, living or dead, is a feather in our cap.)

Classroom Highlights



CLASS 43 SNIN

P/O J. S. CAULEY

If you have noticed recently, when passing F/L Hutchinson that this formerly taciturn gentleman now wanders around brooding and muttering to himself, you probably thought that his wonderful synthetic world had at last come tumbling down about his ears. Far worse than that. He has been placed in charge of 43 SNINS!

The Short Navigators who have been keeping Flight Lieutenant Hutchinson and Smith from becoming bored with life hail from all parts of Canada, the U.S.A. and a small island near Guadalcanal. They range from brand new P/O's, with shiny wings, to Flight Looies, with bashed in hats and glittering "ops wings." Of our operational men, more elsewhere in this issue.

Pilot Officers Kotofsky, Matier and Giesbrecht being former Radio Location men from England, we are well stocked with first-hand information about the D/F organization in an operational theatre.

Our lone American, P/O Clitherow, comes from Chicago where he formerly sang on the stage. He tells us he "wowed 'em" in Chicago, but that close harmony with Burke and Mills has the management of the "Four Star" theatre in Rivers dickering for a contract.

As is inevitable, the relative merits of the various Navigation Schools come up for discussion often, and at great length. Mills, Kotofsky, May and Low hold out staunchly for Malton against Levy, Clitherow, Matier and Clarke, who advance overwhelming arguments for London. The lone wolves like Williams from Edmonton, Burke from 'way down east at Chatham, and Cunningham from Winnipeg, just don't have a chance in that league.

We look to the native Westerners, Graham, Denby and McCorquodale to provide us with authentic dope about the country out here. After our first flight, they had quite a job to convince us that all the towns weren't called Pacific, National or Lake of the Woods Milling Co.

The two Australians, P/O's Levy and Pridgeon both come from Melbourne, and they try to tell us that Melbourne is so large that they hadn't met before. However, since they both knew the same Kangaroo, no formal introductions were required.

Baseball Opener Spotlights SNINS

Highlight of the opening of the baseball season at Rivers was the challenge game between the SNINS and the SNIPS, which took place in the Rivers

Bowl on the evening of April 19th. An interested crowd of four gophers and a SNIP saw the SNINS go down to sorry defeat before the wonderful pitching of Lefty Gomez, whom the SNIPS had imported for the game. The main attraction of the evening was the cunning stalking and capture of a mammoth gopher in the outfield by an enterprising SNIP, with his shoelaces for weapon and a beer for incentive. Only casualties of the evening were a fractured wrist, a slight concussion and, of course, the gopher. The score, 23 to 7.

The newly opened Officer's Information Centre took quite a beating when the SNINS moved into Winnipeg "en masse," for the mid-term "48". Dates were provided by the ladies in charge, who produced some of their top-drawer numbers for the occasion. Most of the contingent turned up Friday night for the Air Force Auxiliary dance at the Marlborough. If our ball-playing was anything like our rug-cutting, there would be fewer smug SNIPS at Rivers. No casualties were reported from this mission except a few thick heads on Sunday morning.

And so we pass through and out of No. 1 C.N.S., carrying with us many fond memories of the friendliness of this station, of the great West, and of the girls in Winnipeg. And Flight Lieutenant Hutchinson kisses us goodbye with a happy little smile and a steal from Longfellow:

"And the night shall be filled with music,
And the SNINS, who infested my day,
Shall pack their computers, like the Arabs,
And as silently steal away."



CLASS 94B



AIKEN ACADEMY

Superior: (VERY) D. L. Aiken.

Curriculum: Advanced course in torture.

Method: MADNESS IN SAME.

Fees: All you are asked to give is your life, happiness and 24 hours a day.

Miscellaneous:

This renowned and revered establishment, from which so many of this war's "gen men" have graduated, must be visited to be fully appreciated.

Situation:

Nestling in beautiful Manitoba, from where it appears G.B. got all her preblitz sand-bags, and skirted by the picturesque Assiniboine, its south windows command a view quite reminiscent of fondly loved Dartmoor, a view which, at all times, consists of approximately ten of A. V. Roe's 'super-jobs', one two-foot fir tree and innumerable elegant telegraph poles scattered any old where.

Prospects:

None.

Capital:

One mangled computer, twenty-two mangled souls, and three mangled moustaches.

Diplomas:

The cheaper - seated members of Aiken's automatons, having already been awarded their 'Orders of the Irremovable Finger,' it is to be hoped, that, in return for their insistent attempts at 'ascending' they will be duly presented with 'Orders of the Red Noses.'

Scholars:

From all the best parts of the 'Old Country.' Majority have never heard of 1314. Minority have. Range from connoisseurs of W.D.'s to advocates of complete and total abstinence. Are the envy of 94A.

From the above facts it can be seen what a desirable institution we are in. Recent fire precautions caught us off balance. Pity!

"The best laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."



CLASS 90A

SGT. H. DINMORE

Reluctantly leaving Rivers after our brief hour of glory (0900-1000 hours, 21st April) we were closely pursued by the Editor demanding yet another article; as if we hadn't written the magazine for five months. (Or perhaps our resemblance to the glamorous Clewless McGoon and Wack Pott was purely coincidental). However, we welcome this last fling, and make it bouquets to the following:

To our instructors, F/O McRae and F/O Kerr, who taught us the elements

of Navigation and how to enjoy 48's and did a fine job even if we were a dumb set of clucks; to Compass Joe, Cloudy Joe, Computer Joe, Armament or Strip-tease Joe, and our other instructors; to those pilots, bless 'em, who flew our courses; to the Mess Staff for our grand flight dinner; to the Post Office girls, for handing out our mail (or not) with such sympathetic smiles; and to Cpl. Abercrombie, Barrack Joe.

Air Flight is awarded the Blue pencil order of the Clover Hoof; and to those who follow us we wish Mark V Ansons and happy landings.

Our last memories of Rivers are of Mr. Kerr looking somewhat small beside our C.N.R. locomotive, and of Mr. Clarke in charming company doing a milk round, and not making too good a job of the navigational problems involved. But the final word belongs to the lady watching us board the train: "Look at all those boys with Sergeant's stripes." Such is fame!



CLASS 98B

Allow us to introduce ourselves, 98B! We have been long enough in Rivers to appreciate the transient nature of a "48" in Winnipeg, but this is our first opportunity of making our presence known in this manner.

Like our immediate predecessors we too hail mostly from Bridgnorth and although it is possible that some of us remembering those multitudinous hostelties, now cry "Floreat Salopia" with something more of nostalgia than of irony we have found great pleasure in our travels and discovered here in Rivers ample and devious compensations.

We are indeed very glad to be at No. 1 C.N.S. and are settling down to the allotted period of toil.

Our Soccer team is our greatest pride, having won its first two matches, (further horrible lines in due course). That is the appearance of pie, let's see the contents. Our work goes on under F/O Coulter, our respected instructor who works us hard with a leisurely expression. With us, and of us, are two officers, F/L Nicholson and F/O Jerreat; we know nothing of their past but are glad of their presence.

The honor of class senior is shared by Harry Middleton, from Yorkshire, ex-Chemist, now an Airman of some years standing, and dynamic Donnelly, a hard-bitten man of the sea, coming from London.

We occasionally boast of five Scotsmen: Bill Kennedy, Aircraft Inspector, played soccer for the Celtic, and our Wullie Gibson, equally keen on football, both hail from Glasgow; Ted Godfrey comes from Edinburgh and gives tone to the Scots accent, while from Dunfermline, we have Haggis Wallace, u/t M.O., and Billy Liddell, Scottish International footballer. Two Paddys: Clark

from Cavan Eire (says he is still neutral), and Guy, our Belfast purifier of putrid air. Also, two Taffy's: Hoppy Hopwood, of R.A.F. Regiment fame, from Wrexham, and Franky Thomas, who has deserted Wales to live in Bristol.

Honors for Extractus Ripcordus go to Sid Hooseman, an experienced airman who should have known better, and our very round (Plum in mouth) Tubby Blight, whose doings have ceased to surprise us. Ronnie King, our computer king, comes from Lancashire, likewise Arnold Davies, who liked Heaton Park for its S.O.P.'s. Syd Heywood, pianist, insurance assessor, who also was born in Manchester, but made haste to leave. Frank Franklin, our Canterbury Choir Boy, assisted the public in the local offices, while our marker, Slim Bishop, was a real engineer.

Frank Tuck and Ken Gibbs are the representatives of law and order, and what didn't happen on their beats in Bristol and Swindon isn't worth noting.

Farmer Alfred Miller comes from the place made famous by a certain Vicar who stood on the bridge over the Ouse, while Aros is represented by Frank Southwell, from Portsmouth. Sincere apologies to blue-eyed, fair-haired Yorkshire born Gerry Carey for keeping him 'til last. Gerry, it will surprise you, taught little boys their A.B.C.'s. No seconds—pie's all gone.



CLASS 95A



Since M.T.B. was first founded, some 170 Classroom Highlights must have been written, and the task of finding an original theme for a class article becomes increasingly difficult with each new issue. Accordingly, since variety is the spice of life—not that we'd know anything about that at Rivers—we present you this month with a maid fare. Firstly, with apologies to Kipling and the reader, we give you—

THE RIVERS TYPE

If you can dream on, undisturbed by masters

When a morning's sleep is all you have as aim

Because you have the vision to avoid disasters,

By getting someone else to say your name.

If you have had the sense to sit by someone

Who at Aircraft Rec. is absolutely tops,

Then G.I.S. will think you're not a dumb one

And that your Rec is good enough for Ops.

If you can't cook a log when you are homing,

And always put the wind before the fix,

If you can't get the pilot to stop roaming
And have to wake the w/op to get your fix.

If you're not the kind of bloke who checks his courses

After each alter course for base.

And when in Air Flight, cannot answer without pauses

And yet can't manage to keep straight your face.

If you can't keep your lunch when all about you

Are losing their's and blaming it on cu.

If you often send an M.T.B. from Shilo,
And forget to finish off your airplot too.

If those are but a few of your deficiencies
In character and navigation skill,

Don't panic, chum, that type of efficiency

Is not what's wanted—there's hope still.

If you can get out on parade each morning

With buttons shining and your boots aglow,

If you have had your breakfast long before the dawning

And made your bed, with half an hour to go.

Then keep it up—bull of that kind

Will help the allies beat the Hun,

And what is more, one day you'll find
On Wings Parade, the course is won.

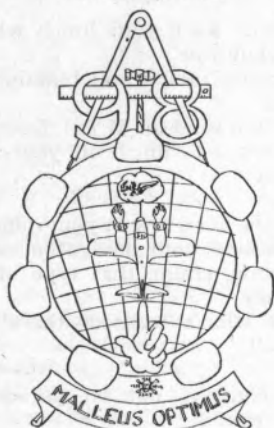
Let it be understood that the "Rivers Type" represents the ideal character to which all aspire. So far removed are we, in fact, from that paragon of efficiency that one of our number (no doubt affected by the previous night's celebrations) went up to the astro-compass stone, shortly before briefing, and solemnly asked for an apply-pie and ice cream. When informed by the storekeeper that he could not get his heart's desire at that place, he replied in the same dreamy tone, "Well, just apple pie, then." (Good show, Hutch.) And what is one to think of a bloke who manages to land twice at Winnipeg? Smart fellow! (Don't forget to wear your best blue next time you fly, Morgan.)

Opinions may vary about our work (and I'm not kidding), but at least our football is not too bad. Course 97A,

with 12 men in the field (including a referee) were put in their rightful place by a victory of 3-1. We don't want to shoot a line but nobody in our class can remember a goal being scored against us. (But what can one expect if the centre forward barges the referee.) And two of our goals were scored with the aid of winds (sixteen of them. There's a joke there, class 95A).

And now, with regret, we must bid good-bye to F/O Burns, who leaves us for overseas at the end of this month. Most officers find it difficult to be an officer and remain a gentleman (to their own men). To all of us it has been a pleasant and educational experience to come into contact with a character that could at once command respect and yet have no side. Good-bye, Mr. Burns! Your example will remain our model.

★ CLASS 98A



To receive the ovation that is afforded by the overjoyed permanent staff to every new course, we should have made our first appearance in the Easter M.T.B. Now, with two courses junior to us, having survived Duty Watch, P.T., first flights and even our first date with Winnipeg, we are too well known and established for a formal introduction, name by name, to be appropriate.

Already several Sections have cause to remember 98A, but there are perhaps some regular readers who are as ignorant still of our claims on their interest as were the W.D.'s on our day of arrival. This, on March 25, coincided with the descent upon the station of Rivers' female population: our reception was, strangely, less cordial, and we were not among those present when the W.D.'s were at home that evening. For this slight, some of us have taken harsh revenge by attending the weekly dances and forcibly demonstrating the differences between Canadian and English dancing!

98A is noteworthy in several respects. It includes a remustered Gremlin (the shortest cadet in captivity), and three of the oldest types in training: the latter tend to emphasize the youth of others, who in self-defence have allowed the weeds to grow on their upper lips. Our ranks include a large number of re-

mustered men (do not blame them unduly) and no fewer than six, temporarily amputated, limbs of the law: there is even an ex-S.P., who, with typical modesty, wishes to remain anonymous. Once we boasted seven Pukka policemen, but one must have had a preview of the last number of M.T.B., for he early succumbed to the charms of the hospital staff. Four distinguished members of the course who disobeyed the Navigator's Eleventh Commandment, "Thou shalt not Pull"—misunderstanding their pilots' injunctions and pulling their ripcord handles out in stead—must find honoured place in our introduction: we must not overlook our two Scotsmen—one of whom is unique in that he actually prefers listening to talking—nor our human dictaphone, the bright lad who nightly entertains his colleagues with a verbatim report on the day's lectures. The class humorist, (who tucks beneath the front desk a pair of U/S feet that have caused jeeps in the M.I.R. and panics in Equipment) has suggested that we do not bother to attend class, since the Recorder, set going in G.I.S. and played back in the billet, can give us the gen while we sleep in much greater comfort than on the hard chairs of the classroom. Lastly, but never so in the thoughts of us all, is a phenomenon not exclusive to 98A: I refer to the Voice from the Back—the man who wants to know. Without him, life would be a duller affair: when we think we know the answer, hear our resigned sighs—and note the relieved silence when he asks the question we all need to ask, but for shame will not!

The crest that has filled space I would otherwise have been obliged to fill with more grounds for libel actions, is a combined effort: the class is suitably reticent about the many latent wits and u/t pavement artists it musters, but their work is detectable still in the cleaned-up and thus unoriginal crest that heads this article. For those who have not had classical educations, I must explain that the motto, when translated, is equally mysterious as at present: it isn't vulgar (we don't know enough Latin for that) but is otherwise very typical of the small-talk in Room 23. My colleagues have not been slow in suggesting items for inclusion herein: had I used their ideas, you would doubtless have enjoyed this more—but the above has one supreme advantage. It's printable—I hope!

★ CLASS 93A

The man of the hour is he who baled out of an Anson Medium Bomber over the flak-scarred skies of Griswold, the other night. When questioned by our reporter he grinned shyly and said, "Oh, jeeze, it was nuthin'. Not eating Rivers breakfast foods makes me that way." He has been shooting quite a legitimate line to an admiring audience of would-be paratroopers ever since. Actually the biggest bind was his having to look for his 'chute, (to prove it?).

Once again it is our sad duty to record the passing of five more of our members to the higher plane of airbombers and gunners. May their days be long in the land. Comes Wings Parade and one solitary navigator will justify the existence of this class.

In our last report we bewailed the fact of not having flown at night. Since then we have become "gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon," flying almost every night trip—with one glorious hour of hedgehopping when we shot-up the lone prairie at zero feet. Were the R.S.P.C.A. to hear of the exploits of some who stampeded cows and horses and old men on bicycles we should have none of us leave Canada.

We are now awaiting with, for the most part, feelings of resignation the end of our course here and that day of days when brevets are pinned to our bursting chests. When the next issue of M.T.B. appears we shall have left the Prairies for ever. But the mark of Rivers shall be upon us (and we don't mean the dust, entirely).

★ CLASS 95B



We open our speech for the month with that famous saying, "Days may come and days may go but the Precise goes on forever."

Our class football team opened in fine style (a defeat) but we credit this loss to the fact that our star player was caught in his little escapades and bashed on the bean by an indignant W.D. "Anyway, it sounds good." The result of this soccer match is that there is a football team for sale, forty star shots or nearest offer.

Now that the order of "no smoking" is being enforced, no longer will there be bitter fought battles for the largest nubs from Sgt. Taps ash tray. We shall have to content ourselves with baiting the wild boy from Worcester. Comrade Higham has at last found the secret path to air flights heart but disbelieve any rumours of his in-laws working there—alone he did it.

This is our eleventh week at Rivers and soon it will be with great regret that we leave the tranquility of the prairie and return to civil-err Moncton. But there is work to do before then. Where the heck's Polaris?

CLASS 93B

Once more 93B sends its literary masterpiece to press, and it's printed at that stupendous, magnificent, health giving holiday resort of the prairies—Rivers Airport—the Navigator's Paradise.

How happy are the days at Rivers—carefree hours, hours where one can relax and idle in the glorious sunshine, or, if preferred, to wander into the scrumptious luncheon bar, especially provided for everyone but Navigators. . . . It's all in your A.P. 1234!

Since our last article in M.T.B., the most brilliant brains in the class have been selected for further training. Five members are finding new fields for their particular brilliancy. We are very sorry to see them go, and wish them good luck in their new sphere, and trust that in the near future we may all meet again.

We are now in our 15th week and our course is drawing to a close. The way has been hard and tedious but perseverance will see us through to those coveted brevets.

Our instructor, F/O Giesbrecht, has had a most difficult task trying to fill empty cavities with navigational knowledge—may his efforts be duly rewarded.

Navigation has revealed wonderful things to us, such as taking star shots on a beautiful afternoon. We wonder why the sextant is issued—seems foolish—we get better results without it!

One physical training enthusiast unfortunately sprained his ankle many moons ago, and sad to relate has had to stand by whilst his comrades develop massive muscles through the medium of those magnificent P.T. methods of 1850—push-ups—the P.T.I.'s wonder tonic. One wonders what would happen in P.T. period if these were removed from the curriculum—perhaps they would have to fall back on the old-fashioned method of organized games!!

Good luck to Compass Joe, who has joined the ranks of those poor misguided folk—Air Flight. I can hear him now, "Did you use the Astro Compass to check co., obtain fix, get drift, check G/S, obtain relative bearings, etc." Lads, use the astro compass if you take your logs to Compass Joe. Enough said.



CLASS 97B

LAC E. THOMPSON

As I write this month's report for M.T.B., we are all busy preparing for our second "48", which has been eagerly looked forward to after six hectic weeks of life here at Rivers.

There is Stan Riding, for instance, wondering whether he will need his greatcoat . . . and someone remarks, "Well, Stan, if you are not going to be a gentleman, you may need it to keep



warm in the park at night!" and Stan replies, "And if I am a gentleman I shall spend the night in her flat!" The barracks echo with a medley of song and laughter, as the boys "bull" buttons and boots, and argue which number to dial on arrival in town.

Strange what a difference in atmosphere there is tonight at the thoughts of spending three whole nights away from G.I.S. . . . But still we did hear of one fellow who had half an hour to himself during the last six weeks. We offer our apologies to Class 96B, on being unable to play them at soccer on 24th April, but maybe all work and no play will make A.1 Navigators (we wonder!).

We have noticed the absence in the R.A.F.'s effort in M.T.B. of any mention of life in Canada, as it appeals to us British lads. I am sure all my classmates will agree with me when I say that we have all found the Canadian hospitality (especially in Winnipeg) . . . wonderful . . . and extend our warm appreciation to the people of this great country of yours.

Most of us also noticed the almost overnight change from winter to spring, here at Rivers . . . we can hardly believe snow and ice lay on the ground a few weeks ago . . . the climate certainly suits us boys—at least, it does at this time of the year!

Yes, we shall all remember Canada for some time to come . . . go to it Maple Leaf, we hand it to you!

As for our progress here so far, we are not committing ourselves at this stage, maybe nearer the 12th week we shall see how the land lies. Most of us have fallen into the usual "potholes" when donning our flying kit and taking to the air, in spite of our alleged "gen men" title (not applied by us, please note)—and many one of the lines shot in Air Flight—the usual cadet lines.

So far the class has only lost one bloke—"Mac" McAinsh, who has had a bout in hospital—sorry to lose you "Mac", after being so long with us. Welcome to 97B—two newcomers.

VINEY, William—hails from Bristol. Ex. 96A.

BOWMAN, Douglas—another Scotchman from Glasgow. Ex. 93B.

Here's introducing to readers of

M.T.B. our Jockey Club, the only qualifications required to join is a height of under 5' 7".

OAK LAKE STAKES

(Final Call Over)

Jockey & Horse	Colours	Odds
Stephens—Pin		
Point Prince.....	Dirty Blue.....	5-2
Sandoe—Roaring		
Rhumb Line.....	Black & Blue.....	10-1
Llewellyn—Fear-	(G.M.T.)	
less Fix.....	Virgin White..	3-1
Will—Astro Harry..	Red	5-3
Smith—Merry		
Mercator	Yellow	100-1
Leydon—Stainless		
Stephen	Pea Green.....	200-1
Riding—Great	Last Week's	
Circle Gert*	P.T. Vest....	20-1
Kitchener—D. R.	Orange &	
Dora	Lemon	2.5
*Filly		(Z.T.)

RULES

1. No more than three jockeys on one horse.
2. No giving horses monkey glands.
3. No stones to be thrown at rival jockeys.
4. T.57 to be filled in by all jockeys.
5. Revised E.T.A.'s for winning post to be made.
6. Airplot to be kept of all courses steered.
7. Paper bags to be kept in side saddle.
8. Parachutes must be worn, in case jockeys fall off.

And finally before I close, there are a few things we should like to know:

1. Who was the gallant gentleman from Scotland?
2. Who was the chap who asked the met. man whether Thermal Winds were those used by sailing ships?
3. Who resembles Anthony Eden?
4. Who is the guy who acts as nursemaid down at Rivers?
5. Who is the guy who is learning to be a pilot and navigator at the same time?
6. Who was it who sneaked around the Service Clubs in Winnipeg, armed with a razor blade, "silently" ripping pin-ups from magazines?



CLASS 92A

ROLL ON THE BOAT!!

When various fellows can be heard planning the instability to be gained from the course party, it is clear to all that Rivers will not know our work-bound forms much longer. Under the combined wings of F/L Jarry and F/O Moen (nicknames withheld for security reasons) we have taken all that Rivers can give, and not lying down either. (But our knees are very sore!)

Our trials and fears have not been navigational only. For of Welsh and Scots we have quite enough—Ha-a-rris, that ray of moonshine, and the swooning Hatton; Verley the varmint, and Duncan, complete with protractor.



Any likeness to aboriginal Australians is simply the colleke and "educational" element at play. "Sunkist" Halestrap still hisses between star-shots. The qualities of Superman Joe go without shouting. And here a little note of sympathy for temporarily toothless McGoon.

Hair seems a funny thing to correct people with, but with us it's sacred. Curly-headed Harry, blue-eyed beauty, contrasts with the once-Hitlerite gloom of Field, Ron, Currie for the care of, while lack of hair and seemingly appetiteress Allen are one and the same.

Typically enough, Ben will probably sleep his way through Wings Parade, if not awakened by surrealist words from Gil George, our problem child, who is still funny with his teeth out. And Eric and Fred are honorary class caretakers—they never leave the place. Olive should have been pickled long ago, but now the dashing Denny bawls "Oh! stop binding, Shortie!" So I'd better leave the lads alone. No one doubts that we were happy here, and that a good time, etc.—thanks to an understanding instructor, and Air Flight's unconscious humour.

★ CLASS 99A LAC A. STANFORTH



This, for those who are interested (Class 99A), is the debut of Class 99A in M.T.B. Deeply impressed by the wit, irony, artistic skill, and impression of much toil undertaken, conveyed by

others, we shall be completely original.

In case no one knows anything about heraldry, this is our crest interpreted. Shield red and white quartered above the Spirit of Navigation, benevolent St. Joe Smiling, he looks on the eternal triangle of navigation symbolized by Anson, dividers and the Lunker own quantity. Semper Spero" (Always take an aspro after semolina) supports. Class 99A nominal scroll surmounts.

Our life recently has been duty watch. Some no doubt will understand this sinister term, and realize that we cannot as yet speak on Rivers without bias.

The course has 25 Englishmen, two are Welsh and one Irish (by his own request). The latter has already given birth to some phrases affording a pointer to the high standard of intelligence:

Geography: "Where do we marke the C. of E., sir?"

Signals "This dot and dash business, all dashed difficult, what? (attributed to a faie taiepe).

A/Rec: "That tree in corner makes it an 88."

Armament (hoarse whisper): "Move yer 'ead till it glides down the drift wires."

General: "This watch is useless. Lost five seconds last week."

On the amusement side, by common consent, our spare time was utilized on the following best book, film and song, respectively: "Gone Without the Wind," "In Which We Serve" and "Sand in My Shoes."

★ CLASS 91B SWAN SONG OF 91B

This is our farewell to Rivers and you will have to excuse the tear stains on the paper. Having spent a wonderful time here, we would like to see new arrivals, enjoy their sojourn at this resort as much as we have. It will be no exaggeration to say that the memory of our stay at Rivers will remain forever with us!

Never before have we spent such a Christmas as we spent here! Beer flowed plentifully (in Winnipeg and surrounding areas). However a good time was had by all (officers and N.C.O.'s) and we rounded off the evening with a spell of duty watch.

Now for a typical day at Rivers. The day begins with a morning during which you should be ready to help the Flight Commanders at any time. Next you will march to G.I.S. being very careful to use the correct entrance, and keeping an eye on your second hand of the watch all the time. You will have heard of Bulova Watch time, well, it's just a little different here. Skipping the boring details, we will trip over to P.T., where we meet the "Harvard Quintuplets," who will be glad to entertain you with a few ditties which they learned free of charge from yours truly. After work we retire to the canteen,

where it is a criminal offence to drink coke on the chesterfield or look happy. As for the Snack Bar, just wait for your 48 in Winnipeg and have a good meal.

After a flight you are given an official welcome by air flight and if they do not approve of your log recipe your goose will be cooked. Do not believe the rumour that Anson V's are equipped with special ovens for this purpose.

However to Course 101B, we can honestly say that we are passing on a fine set of instructors, and most of all, we leave you our Navigation officer, whose courage, resolution and sense of humour have seen him through the hardest twenty weeks of his life time.

★ CLASS 92B



"Time, like an ever rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away,
They fly forgotten . . ."

Since the shadow of a soulless regimentation has hung over us of late, we are glad that the "ever rolling stream" makes no exceptions. A few short days after this appears, the station will lose another crowd of martyrs to the art of Navigation, martyrs who, having been extended to the utmost, will trek eastwards sadder but wiser than when they travelled westward five months ago. We can depart with a proper pride, though, for have we not had our moments?

Consider the fact that among us are at least two brilliant students who attempted almost successfully to disprove the theory that East is East and West is West! At any rate, they were certain of it for the first hundred miles! Not content with this, one of them even showed a tendency to explore, and went to the trouble of landing in the wilds of Maryfield merely to become better acquainted with the country. Truly noble efforts!

On the eve of our departure, then, we make our final bows and express our thanks to all who have done their best to turn us into "gen men," especially to F/O Leroux. There were times, indeed, early in the course, when we wondered how much longer both he and we could keep up the pace, but perhaps after all he has convinced us that it is worth bothering "About this flying time!" Adios.

Promotions

Sgt. S. E. Bradbury to F/S (Arm. "A")
Sgt. P. L. Baller to F/S (Clk. Acct. "A")
Sgt. W. A. Martin to F/S (Arm. "A")
Cpl. W. S. Hamilton to Sgt. (WOG "B")
Cpl. J. F. Lamb to Sgt. (Fire Fighter)
Cpl. J. A. James to Sgt. (WOG "B")
LAC S. F. Lloyd to Cpl. (Clk. Acct. "A")
LAC J. W. Fielding to Cpl. (Driver Trans.)

LAC W. S. Bateman to Cpl. (Elec. [W. & B.] "A")
LAW H. J. Kenyon to Cpl. (Lab. Assist. "A")
F/O C. B. Stephens to F/L (LT)
F/O T. W. Graham to F/L (FC)
F/O H. W. Archibald to F/L (Nav)
F/O F. W. Keats to F/L (Nav)
F/O T. D. Lockheed to F/L (Sig)
S/O K. E. Wright to Fl/O (Mess)



Marriages

AC1 N. C. Williams to Margaret Lillian Johnston,
on 15th March, 1944, at Winnipeg, Man.

AC1 S. Daniluk to Myrtle MacDonald Neale, on 21st
March, 1944, at Joliette, P.Q.

LAC W. S. Currie to LAW Julia Ruth Thompson, on
27th March, 1944, at Rivers, Man.

P/O M. M. Eagleton to Janet Anona McIntyre, on
8th March, 1944, at Edmonton, Alta.

AW1 D. M. Kutzley to LAC Joseph William Simp-
son, on 28th March, 1944, at Winnipeg, Man.

LAC H. Wiens to Martha Emma Stebner, on 27th
March, 1944, at Winnipeg, Man.

AC1 H. J. Jackson to Janet Sophia Kippen, on 14th
March, 1944, at St. Mary's, Ontario.

P/O E. S. L. Jackson to Clara Marion Baker, on 14th
April, 1944, at Winnipeg, Man.

Sgt. J. A. Callin to Alice Whittington Evans, on 12th
April, 1944, at Flin Flon, Man.



Births

To LAC and Mrs. L. Schweig, born a daughter,
Gloria Jean, on 3rd Nov., 1943.

To Sgt. and Mrs. R. G. Warren, born a daughter,
Edith Evelina, on 27th March, 1944.

To P/O and Mrs. V. C. Temple, born a son, Victor
Albert Keith, on 3rd April, 1944.

To AC2 and Mrs. E. G. Pratt, born a daughter,
Marilyn Patricia, on 23rd March, 1944.

To Cpl. and Mrs. S. Gordon, born a daughter,
Sandra, on 3rd March, 1944.

To F/L and Mrs. A. E. Buller, born a son, Frederick
James, on Feb. 1st, 1944.

