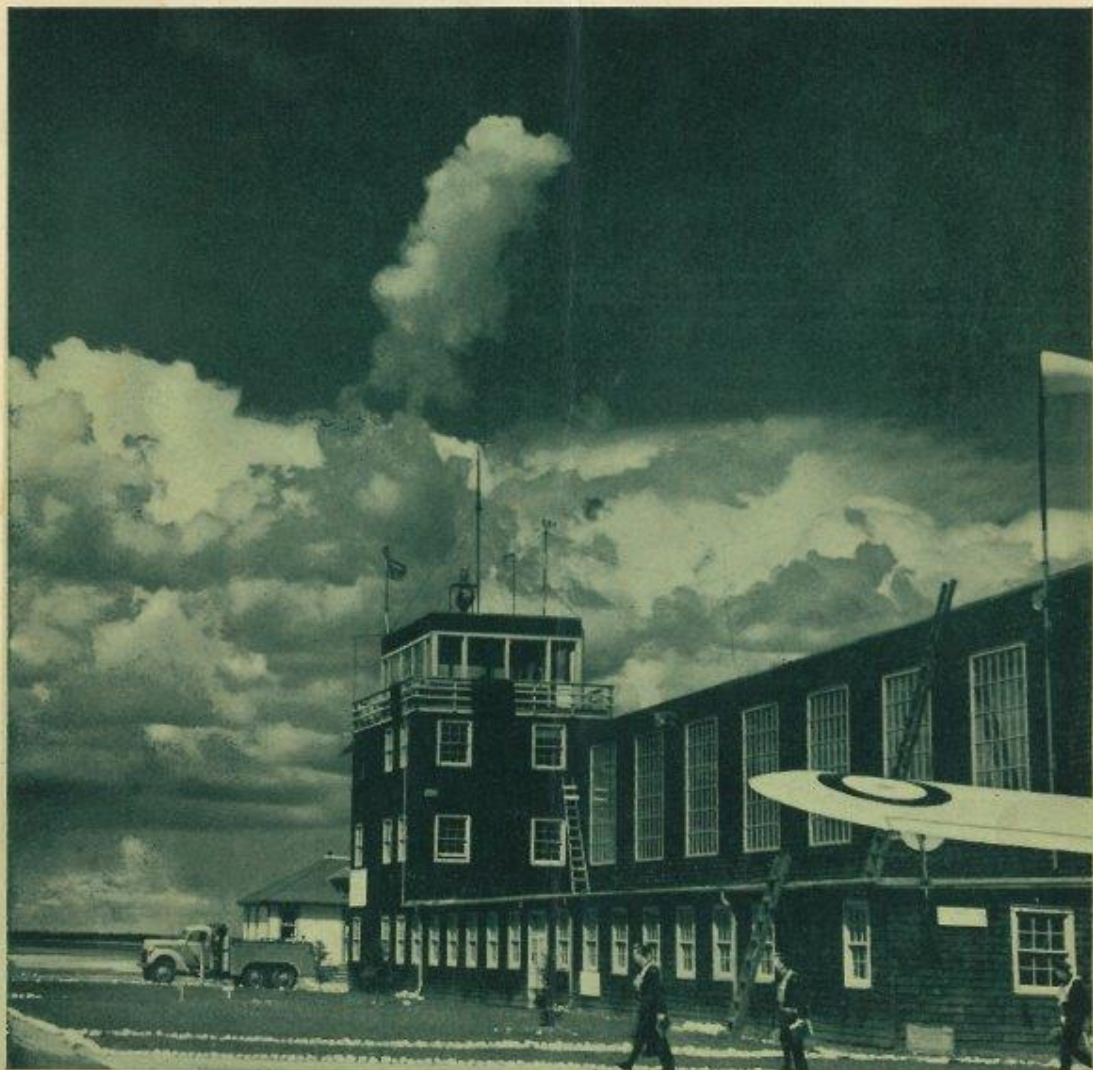


# MTB

*MESSAGE O' BASE*

JUNE, 1944

VOLUME 1, No. 11



No. 1 C. N. S.

RIVERS, MAN.

## Track and Field Meet

Thursday, June 29, 1330 hours,  
No. 1 C.N.S., Sports Field

★

Win a trip to the Command Championship Meet, August 19th. Valuable prizes will be awarded to Firsts, Seconds and Thirds of each event.

### Programme

Time Hrs.	Event	Time Hrs.	Event
1300	Parade and Opening Ceremonies.	1420	Tug o'War—H.Q. vs. Flying Squadron (Second Pull).
1330	First Heat—100 Yard Dash.	1430	Section Commanders' Race.
1330	Hop, Skip and Jump—Airmen and W.D.'s.	1445	Pilots' Race—in Full Flying Kit—Minus Pack only.
1335	Second Heat—100 Yard Dash.	1500	100 Yard Dash—Finals.
1335	Tug o'War—G.I.S. vs. Maintenance (First Pull).	1500	Standing Broad Jump—Airmen and W.D.'s.
1340	440 Yard Run.	1500	Javelin Throwing.
1345	75 Yard Dash for W.D.'s.	1510	440 Yard Relay—Airmen.
1345	Shot Put.	1515	Novelty Race.
1350	Tug o'War—G.I.S. vs. Maintenance (Second Pull).	1530	Tug o'War Finals—First Pull.
1400	First Heat—220 Yard Dash.	1530	440 Yard Relay—W.D.'s.
1405	Tug o'War—H.Q. vs. Flying Squadron (First Pull).	1540	Tug o'War Finals—Second Pull.
1410	Second Heat—220 Yard Dash.	1550	220 Yard Finals.
1420	880 Yard Run.	1600	Novelty Race.
1420	Running Broad Jump—Airmen and W.D.'s.	1610	Running High Jump—Airmen and W.D.'s.
1420	Discus Throwing.	1630	Hurdles Race.
		1645	Mile Run.
		1655	Presentation of Awards.

The above program will be followed rigidly, and all entrants are warned to note carefully the time of each event. Entrants will not be sought after for each event, but must be on hand five minutes ahead of scheduled time. Entries: All personnel interested in competing in one or more of the above events should contact:

H.Q.—P/O Hamilton  
Maint.—F/S Boughen

Flying Sqdn.—P/O Robinson  
G.I.S.—P/O Roney

The Track and Pit will be open at all times for those wishing to train. Equipment may be drawn from Sports Stores.

### ELIMINATION DATES

June 20—Headquarters.	June 23—No. 3 Squadron.
June 21—No. 1 Squadron.	June 26—No. 1 Squadron.
June 22—Flying Squadron.	June 27—Maintenance.

Two winners in each event will represent Section.



### M. T. B.

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

#### EDITORIAL STAFF

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Articles	P/O D. A. WESSON LAC. J. SNEY
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Material for publication must reach the Editor's office by the 25th of each month. Contributors are urged to sign all contributions.

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Volume 1, No. 11

JUNE, 1944

### EDITOR'S CORNER

A NEW issue every other payday has been M.T.B.'s proud record since its inception in August, 1943, but a multiplicity of complications last month almost succeeded in wiping out our record. In the first place your Editor was busily occupied in graduating his class and counted heavily on his staff for maximum assistance. Then S/O Kay Fulmer, who was on leave but scheduled to return in time to lend her usual large helping hand, took sick and was held over for 10 days. Photographer Ed Grey was our next problem, with a temporary posting to Dafoe, Sask., and we are indebted to Sgt. Morrel, who took over in fine style. Another posting for our typist LAW Barbara Kunz left us high and dry and only through the timely aid of Jack Hughli, in the Y.M.C.A. office, did we manage to get our copy to the printers in Winnipeg. Is it any wonder Editors get gray? But we did finally make it and that, after all, is the important thing.

The "every cloud has a silver lining" theory rang true when personable WO2 "Pat" Patterson presented himself at the Editorial Office and was eagerly snapped up as M.T.B.'s Features Editor. Pat comes to us with experience gained on the staff of the Ottawa Citizen as a sports writer. Due to our most immediate need of a Features Editor, however, he was quickly pressed into service in this capacity. A glance through these pages will prove to you that Pat lost no time in the pursuit of June "gen."

Speaking of graduating classes naturally calls to mind a wings' parade. These parades, though touching for those receiving their brevets, can become a bit of a bind for instructors and the like. But not so the June 2nd parade! It was a vastly changed affair that thoroughly impressed everyone in attendance, the reason, of course, being our newly acquired station band which provided a nice background of martial music. It was easily the best wings' parade up to that time and augers well for our future ones.

An auspicious centennial anniversary was marked in

May when the Y.M.C.A. celebrated its 100th year of outstanding service to youth the world over. We, at Rivers, have had an opportunity to judge at close hand the splendid work of Supervisors Chuck Crocker and Jack Hughli, respectively, and certainly they are two extremely fine examples of just what the Y.M.C.A. stands for. While congratulatory messages are in order, we choose rather to express our appreciation and thanks for the multitude of kindnesses extended us in the name of the Young Men's Christian Association.

The Signals Section, featured in this issue, is a large one indeed, and M.T.B.'s photographer hopes that any members not pictured this month will understand his difficulties. At some later date, however, he intends to get the balance in his view finder.

May surely marked the introduction of summer sports at Rivers, with softball, baseball, soccer and golf to the fore. New sports included horseshoe pitching and lacrosse. Our station teams are lining up nicely and we can be sure that the B.D.S.A.A. teams are in for some real competition.

In two weeks time our track and field meet will be in the limelight and great plans have been made to ensure an entertaining day for everyone. Last year this event was highly successful but judging from the line-up on the program, this year's meet should be bigger and better than ever before. All that the committee asks to make it so is for you to give it your wholehearted support.

By the time this issue is released the second front will possibly be underway, and if such is the case, then we at Rivers have a very definite obligation—an appreciation of its true significance.

Your attention is directed to F/L Kelshall's "Possibilities of the Second Front" appearing in this issue. He treats the subject very logically and in a manner becoming a person so sincerely wrapped up in the outcome of this war. All of us can well afford to study his reasoning carefully with a view to making it our individual business to do better jobs than we have been doing. Kelshall's 50-50 prediction of an Allied second front succeeding is cold logic; his decision that the Nazi soldier's fanatical morale outweighs our soldier's will to win has been reached after many months of careful analyses; his man to man comparison of military leaders is disturbingly accurate. In short, the article aims directly at the smug complacency, even now, of us and all about us. It is grim enough that we cannot deny these facts but we can change them!





TOP (left to right)—F/O Brownhill, F/S Cullen, F/O Tremblay, WO2 Burgin, Sgt. Austen, Sgt. Girard, Cpl. Miller, F/Sgt. Lamontagne. THIRD ROW (left to right)—Sgt. Girard, Cpl. Spratt, LAC Cornfield, LAC Kienman. SECOND ROW (left to right)—AC1 Mills and Sgt. McConnel, Sgt. Prosser, LAC Harris, LAC Derouler, Cpl. Olson, AC1 Purton. BOTTOM ROW (left to right)—LAW McNicoll and LAW Beecham, AW1 Liban.

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TOP LEFT (rear to front)—Cpl. Stephen, LAW Stergees, LAW Giles, LAW Downey, AW1 Evans, Cpl. Salmon. TOP CENTRE (left to right)—Sgt. Nix, AC1 Ferguson, LAC Wood, Cpl. Meisach, Cpl. Lawcotte, LAC Leizer, AW1 Chapin, AC1 Yaffe, Sgt. McLaughlin, LAC Mercer, Cpl. Fern, LAC Neal, AC1 Wasney, LAC Gannon. TOP RIGHT (left to right)—Cpl. Karry, Sgt. Fisher, WO1 Glass, Cpl. Procter, Cpl. Simpson, Cpl. Chanko. BOTTOM LEFT "B" Flight, left to right—Cpl. Phillips, LAC Holmes, Sgt. Crozier, Cpl. Albert, Cpl. Web, Cpl. Bestlamy, Cpl. Merin, Cpl. Bourgeois, Cpl. Hansen, Cpl. Blair, Cpl. Thompson, AC1 Swicker, AC1 Golder, LAC Pinchbeck. BOTTOM CENTRE (left to right)—AC2 Wasney, LAC Mercer, Cpl. Pera, LAC Wood, Sgt. McLaughlin, AC1 Yaffe. BOTTOM RIGHT (left to right)—Sgt. Holtby, Cpl. Johnson, Cpl. Blaine, LAW Rogers, LAW Mooney, Cpl. Lee.

## Signals Section

ALL the moans and groans concerning radio equipment serviceability and unserviceability at Rivers, are handled in the signals office located in the control tower in No. 3 Hangar. The wireless section on this station is indeed an extensive one, having control over every phase of the work from the installations in the mighty Anson to the switchboard operators in the Administration Building.

They all come under the protective wing of Flying Officer "Chuck" Tremblay, a former communication engineer, who had a radio ham ticket in civvy life. Flying Officer Tremblay has had quite an extensive tour of duty in the R.C.A.F., his travels taking him from the Wireless School in Winnipeg, to Botwood, Newfoundland, Labrador, Iceland and Greenland on installation work. Keen on Golf and skiing, and his pet hobby is photography.

His chief assistant is Flying Officer "Hal" Brownhill, an electrical engineer by profession, who claims Dalhousie as his "Alma Mammy," is a keen track enthusiast and quite a badminton flash. He claims he can take any man on the station in badminton. His only bad habit is blowing a trumpet, which I understand keeps everybody awake.

Flight Sergeant Hal Cullen is the senior wireless mechanic on the station and hails from Vancouver, B.C.

The problem of servicing aircraft radio equipment falls to a crew of fifteen to twenty airmen under the able guidance of Sgt. McLaughlin, the corniest man this side of St. John, N.B. I understand "Mac" keeps the boys hopping and jumping in and out of aircraft like Mexican jumping beans.

Sgt. W. H. Moulding is in charge of communications on the station, and his crew of men and women are responsible for the operation and maintenance of telephone lines, switchboard, central transmitting station, ground receiving station, bombing ranges and the D/F station.

Next on the list comes Sgt. Marshall, whose chief respon-

sibility is maintaining the ground school signals equipment in tip-top shape so that our trainees can keep flowing through.

Sergeant Nix is in charge of aircraft maintenance and installation in the new maintenance hangar. His crew of men are responsible for the periodic inspections of aircraft installations, and also installing radio equipment in new aircraft coming on the station.

The ironing out of kinks and bumps of W/T equipment falls to Cpl. Olson and his crew of men, in what is called the W/T workshop.

WO2 Bergin has more than his hands full in trying to keep track of all his WOG personnel. However, he is ably assisted by Sergeant Holtby in his seemingly insurmountable task, and "Holt" takes on many of the headaches for him. Space and time do not permit us to delve into the many problems confronted by the WOG'S, nor to mention all of them by name. However, let it suffice to say that these men are doing a great job of work, and are helping no end to train our navigators in the art of D/F "Fixes," sending M.T.B.'s, etc., etc.

Next on the list of sections, or should I say sub-sections under the wireless section, comes Sgt. Austin, who is in charge of signals "training." He is ably assisted in this task by F/Sgt. Lamontagne and Sgt. Girard. These boys do a real job of getting the trainees, all types, up to the required standard of aural and visual morse, and once getting them there, to keep their proficiency at the maximum level compatible with the time allowed. They are also doing a great, and at times, a horribly monotonous job, and we take off our hats to them.

Sorry that space does not permit going into detail on all the lads and lassies, but we have tried to give you a small idea of the Section.

M.T.B. for JUNE

# Possibilities of The Second Front

F/L J. B. G. KEESHALL

Once again M.T.B. is pleased to give its readers an interesting analysis of the approaching and inevitable conflict in Europe by "pen man" F/L Jack Keeshall. It should be understood that he has treated this subject with complete abandon for his reputation in that as we go to press his predictions are at stake. "If there is no second front in June," he says, "we can forget it forever."

PERHAPS the most discussed topic throughout the world today is the question of the coming invasion of Europe. For more than two years, the men and women of the United Nations have waited anxiously for the great attack on western Europe which would convert this struggle against



Hitlerism into the dreaded two front war so feared by the Nazi staff officers. Recently, at the Teheran conference the world was told specifically that the assaults now developing from the south through Italy did not themselves constitute the promised second front. The statesmen of Teheran declared that the final assault on the Festung Europa will come from the east, from the south and from the west. The interesting questions are these: **Where will this assault from the west strike, when will it strike, and**

**what chances of success will it have?**

It is obviously impossible for anyone, other than a very few men, to apply definite and conclusive answers to these questions. But the impartial observer may yet, by approaching the problem logically form certain opinions as to what will most probably develop. Let us take these three questions separately and deal with them from the standpoint of the greatest probability.

**1. Where will the assault strike?** The key to this question lies in the necessity for air control. The single greatest innovation to the strategy of war which has resulted from this particular war is the pressing necessity for air control if naval or military operations are to succeed. While it is not true that air control itself will win a war or even a battle, it is definitely true that neither war nor a battle can be won without adequate air support.

Control of the air depends on fighter aircraft because only the fighter can set up that complete domination which is necessary. But even our most modern and effective types of fighter still sacrifice range to speed, manoeuvrability and fire power. Although there are new types of fighters (which have considerable range) such as the Thunderbolt and Mustangs, it is generally true that effective air control by fighters cannot be sustained over a distance greater than 300 to 350 miles, from home bases. To the west of Europe, the only bases from which fighter aircraft can operate are those situated in the British Isles. It would seem to be a reasonable deduction then, to expect at least the naval assaults in the west to come somewhere on the European coastline within a radius of 300 or 350 miles of the British coast. If we check the geographic situation on the accompanying map, we shall see that this limitation means the assault must fall on Europe somewhere between the Jutland Peninsula and the Breton Cape. Within this region, the coastline becomes increasingly rugged to the south until around the Breton Peninsula there are quite precipitous cliffs and headlands which make the area most unsuitable for large scale amphibian operations. As the coastline moves north and east it becomes progressively flatter and more open until around the coasts of Belgium, Holland and northern Germany we find regions almost ideal for large scale landings. Moreover, any assault on

Europe will be designed to strike by the quickest possible route at Germany itself, for the only sure way of bringing this conflict to a definite and successful close is to defeat the Germans in their own land. It would seem likely, then, that the emphasis of the landing would be to the north around the lowlands of northern Germany. This does not mean, however, that the entire operation will be concentrated on northern Germany itself.

The operations now being planned will likely entail landing 60 to 70 divisions and keeping those divisions supplied after their initial landing. The latter is a gigantic task for the organizational services—65 divisions will mean more than three million men to be fed and supplied. Ports, docks and railroad centres will be needed on a huge scale and for this reason, it is likely that the assault will strike all along the coastline concentrating on those ports which offer adequate harbour facilities. Once the landing is made, however, it would seem likely that the succeeding thrust will be from the left flank or the northern end of the allied line, that is to say, through the lowlands in to Germany or from the coast of Germany inland. There is, however, a possibility that a diversionary thrust may be launched against Norway. Here, the air cover which will be necessary will be supplied from carriers and this fact in itself will mean that the assault must of necessity be of a limited nature.

**2. When will the assault strike?** This is largely a matter of weather. It is extremely doubtful that any definite date has even yet been set. Operations on the huge scale envisioned depend to a very large extent on several weather conditions. High seas, for example, would prevent the extensive use of landing barges. Conditions of fog would make naval and air operations impossible. Within the limits of 10 to 14 days one way or the other I would expect the assault to be in the early part of the month of June. In Europe at this time, weather conditions are ideal for land operations and remember it seems that the whole idea behind our second front will be an instantaneous break through and a smashing armoured drive on Germany itself. It is interesting to note that almost all of the great European movements of this war have commenced in June. This is almost invariably the German practice. Remember too, that for all their bitter defeats in Russia, the Germans are still past masters at the art of warfare.

**3. What are the chances for success?** Here we are in very grave difficulties. Warfare is an equation with many variable factors, on which hinge success or failure. The most important considerations in an assessment of the possibility of success are the following:

**1. Man power.** For safety, offensive operations should be conducted by a force four or five times the size of the defender's. This was the ratio which we were able to establish in North Africa, in Tunisia and to a certain extent in Sicily. But we simply do not have enough men to set up that ratio of superiority in western Europe. Assuming a diversionary drive in Norway, and a large scale assault from the south through Turkey, the Balkans or Italy, we may be able to muster about two to one odds against the Germans in western Europe. Greater odds than this will be unlikely. In other words, we don't have a sufficient reserve of men to offset weakness in other directions. At best there will be barely enough available forces for the task.

**2. Fighting efficiency.** This factor is really dual, being comprised of technique and morale. In technique, it is my opinion that, with the masses of modern equipment now

available, the forces of the United Nations are superior to those of the Axis. While the German equipment is potent it cannot compare with some of the latest equipment now being turned out in the factories of Great Britain and America. In respect to morale, however, it is my opinion that the Germans, by a variety of means, have been able to whip up a fanaticism and a will to win which is not matched by the British or American forces. This is a long and difficult subject and in itself could form the basis for a full article. I must content myself, however with stating my opinion.

**3. Strategic position.** Here, obviously, the Axis have it all over us. The most difficult of all military operations is the actual assault of main territory. They have had more than enough time to build fortifications and how effective those fortifications are we learned to our cost at Dieppe.

**4. Leadership.** We have no cause for complacency here either. The art of leadership in war, like the art of war itself, is learned only by practice. Most of the Allied leaders have had no opportunity for that actual battle practice. Almost none of the subordinate commanders have had battle experience. Without wishing to be disrespectful to

General Eisenhower and company, it is submitted that only a very brave or a very foolish man would state that our leadership will be superior to that of the Axis armies. Men like Rommel, Manstein and Runstedt learned their art the hard way and have proven time and again that they are able and efficient commanders. Our leaders have yet to prove themselves.

**5. Luck.** No military operation ever succeeds without a certain element of luck, and even the most carefully planned and completely prepared expedition may fail because of some unlucky accident. Napoleon used to say that his best general was his luckiest general. So let us keep our fingers crossed. In conclusion, it is my opinion that the odds are about even in the coming bout.

To summarize, an attack on Germany is likely to develop from the British Isles somewhere along the coast of western Europe, probably spread along that coast with greatest weight to the north. This attack is likely to come early in June and lastly it is still anyone's guess whether the attack will succeed or be completely stopped. If it does succeed, there is a good likelihood of the European war being successfully completed by the end of 1944.



M.T.B. for JUNE

## Stars Now Shine By Day

P/O BRUCE KEITH

M.T.B. is pleased to reproduce a splendid article compiled by P/O Bruce Keith, some months back, in the interests of promoting knowledge of our own station for all who come and go. On the secret list at that time the article had to be held over until now.

YOU'LL never be a good swimmer if you only take dips in the bathtub. That goes for swimming but it is not entirely true of flying. In the R.C.A.F.'s newly expanded program of synthetic training for aircrews, flyers can experience almost all conditions of night bomber trips, including fixing position by the stars, without ever leaving the training school's back yard. They don't take parachutes with them into the machines, and there is absence of flak outside but beyond that conditions are amazingly realistic. In fact, common stars can now be shot at any hour, day or night.

The Celestial Navigation Trainer is the most complex of the synthetic training machines used. It works on the same principle as the Link trainer in which pilots practise instrument flying, but a whole crew clambers aboard.

From the outside the C.N.T. looks like a farmer's silo. It is as tall as a two-storey building and has a cone-shaped roof. A lean-to structure, at the bottom on one side, houses the control office.

If you blunder in through a side door when an exercise is under way, you step into total darkness. The men in the trainer are flying by celestial observations and only the pin-points of star lights in the ceiling show up.

When it comes time to change crews the control man switches on all the lights, and with all the equipment illuminated you are still in the dark as to how it works.

Discussion with the control man will make the principle of operation clear, but you will never try to comprehend the actual operation of all the radio equipment involved. A top-notch technician is needed for that.

Imagine an aircraft seating four men, with its wings and tail chopped off. It is hoisted about 20 feet in the air. Below it is a maze of wires and radio equipment. To one side is the control room. It has a broad plotting table on which an electrically controlled mechanical "crab" moves. As the crab moves on its small wheels, it traces the route of travel. On the table top is a map of the territory over which the aircraft is flying. The red line marked out by the crab is the actual path traced by the make-believe bomber in leading to and from its target. A control man stands by to reset the instruments when necessary.

To board the aircraft the crew of four ascend a curved stairway that runs around the inside of the circular shell of the building. They cross a short cat-walk and step into the machine.

As with some of the big bombers, the navigator has a table in the nose. He sits facing the starboard side. Toward the tail from him is the pilot's compartment with controls, udder pedals, and full set of aircraft flying instruments. To the rear of him sits the W.A.G. beside normal-style radio equipment including two-way set and D.F. Loop apparatus. There is a fourth seat for the bomber across the aisle from the pilot. His bomb-sight is set up just ahead of the navigator's position. To bomb, the navigator would have to stand aside and allow the bomb-aimer to lie face down on the floor and sight through plexiglass floor panels.

The clock on the navigator's instrument panel is set for given time of take-off. When ready to go, the navigator picks up his inter-com and tells the pilot that takeoff is such and such a time; that he is to climb on track at, say, 30 feet a minute, and his course compass is so many degrees.

From then on the whole crew works by the clock, using the given Indicated Air Speed of their aircraft just as they would on a regular bombing trip.

Operating on the same system as the Link Trainer, the whole aircraft in this case must be held steady by the pilot. By manipulating controls and throttle he must keep his machine at the given altitude, air speed and level position. If he changes speed or altitude without directions to do so, it throws the electrical crab down below off the track the navigator is plotting for the trip.

The wireless operator must keep in touch with base as required, and must obtain bearings on radio stations with his D.F. equipment. These are used by the navigator to obtain position lines on his chart which are crossed to fix his position at a given time.

The navigator meets up with conditions just as he would find them on a trip. His pilot is not infallible so the aircraft will wobble and weave now and then. According to the fixes he obtains he must determine on his chart what wind is carrying him along. Electrically any desired wind may be set by the control man below. In actual flight the wind will change in direction and speed on a long trip through varying meteorological conditions. This can be duplicated by the control man who merely resets certain dials to change the wind from one area to another.

The most important feature of the C.N.T. to the navigator is the celestial sphere mounted above his aircraft. It has a pattern of small lights of varying brightness that are an exact replica of the sky as it appears on a clear night. The stars move in apparent motion from east to west around the earth or they do in reality. Therefore, again by electrical control, the celestial sphere above the aircraft is moved about the machine in flight in exactly the same ratio.

With his sextant the navigator measures the angle of a navigation star above the horizon. By comparing this with calculations made in his astro tables, he can find the line of position along which he knows his aircraft was at the exact second of shooting the star. By shooting several stars



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that are in different positions in the sky, he can have positions lines that cross and therefore give him his actual location.

Not only are the stars in correct relative position, and moving in true motion about his aircraft, but the important ones can be made to appear far off. Each navigation star has a columnating projector arrangement. At the flick of a switch the navigation stars jump back in perspective so that they appear far off just as they would in the real sky. This trains the navigator in use of the stars exactly as he will find them on real trips.

The C.N.T. serves the dual purpose of training bomber



Left to right—F/S Stan Bernecke, Sgt. Pat Moore and WO2 Gibson.

crews, and also of permitting their instructors to test their accuracy and efficiency as it would show up on actual trips. So important does the R.C.A.F. consider this training, that flying time in the C.N.T., as with time in the S.D.R. Trainer is actually logged in each man's flying log book in a separate section of synthetic training records.

All told, it is an amazing invention. Its cost is far up in the hundreds of thousands of dollars, but it is one more effective way that our men can be trained to carry the war to the enemy. It helps to make aircrews of the Allies even more efficient and capable than our well-trained enemies. Its makers have added one more item to the bag of tricks that will help us bring forth final victory.



Sgt. Pat Moore at control board.

## Introducing Padre Courtemanche

IT IS with great pleasure that we welcome to our station this month F/L H. Courtemanche who succeeds Padre Thomson as the Roman Catholic Chaplain. Born in Taunton, Massachusetts, U.S.A., he was educated at the Bilingual school at New Bedford. After his graduation he was very undecided what to do so worked in a cotton mill and then became a clerk in a drug store.

However, in 1913, he came to Montreal and started an Arts Course. In 1920, he joined the Holy Cross Community (Canadian Branch) and was later ordained in 1926.

His first appointment was to St. Joseph's Shrine in Montreal (famous for the work of Brother Andre) where he laboured for 12 years. While there he acted as administrator of the English and French Reviews and Director of the Secretariat Division. Following this he was Bursar, accountant and teacher of English in two colleges in Montreal.

On the 8th of Dec., 1941, he enlisted in the R.C.A.F., and after a two weeks course at Toronto, was posted to T.T.S. St. Thomas where he stayed until April, 1942.

From there he went to No. 8 S.F.T.S., Moncton, N.B., and followed the unit in January, 1944, to Weyburn, Sask.

And so to No. 1 C.N.S. he comes. His quiet yet pleasing personality will stand him in good stead and win him many friends. Welcome, Padre Courtemanche!



## LORD WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT

I mean...show these colonial types what's what, y'know

by Opie



## As I Saw Canada

LAC PETER METCALFE

M.T.B., this month, enthusiastically presents LAC Peter Metcalfe's "As I Saw Canada." Seldom has your Editor had the opportunity of reviewing such a beautifully written and smoothly phrased contribution. Peter came to Rivers with a background as a free-lance journalist and kindly consented to wedge in a story during his six-week Bomber course. He graduates in mid-June and our best wishes go with him together with our thanks for his kindly treatment of a subject close to the hearts of all Canadians.

LET'S be frank about it, eh? Let's admit that no country can compare with the one we live in, according to our own personal estimation, of course. Talk to any man isolated from his country and one gains the impression that each lives in a modern Utopia. It seems to be the natural thing to do somehow, and so everyone does it.



On coming to Canada there is necessarily a lot of this "my-country-right-or-wrong" stuff flying around, and with noisy and generally unreason-able arguments we defend our respective heritages to the last metaphorical ditch.

However there comes a time when we begin to realize that another country perhaps "has something" besides our own, and what is more has something that our own country hasn't, or is ever likely to have. So it was with me . . .

slowly I became "Canadianized."

Canada never impresses the newcomer immediately, rather she repels him by her barren aspect and air of pioneer days. I was no exception and with the "limeys," insufferable arrogance, I compared everything I saw with what I had known in England. Actually the countries are of such diverse types that it is impossible to compare one with the other.

During the first few days there was so much to do: new ways of life, long-forgotten oranges, grapefruit, ice cream and chocolate to thrill our starved tastebuds and cause our tomachs to revolt, but now I felt replete.

We were three days out from Moncton and rolling through bald prairie country. I sat and looked around me. His car (railway carriage seemed outlandish already) seemed much roomier than those back home, the negro ar man was still a novelty, and the abundance of rich foods at the diner appalled my ration-ridden palate.

We jolted to a stop in Winnipeg and I was impressed by the cleanliness of the station, which seemed to have an airy atmosphere unlike the usual old country type of railway station. This impression was retained when I saw the city later. The wide, wind-swept streets and open spaces separating the different sections of the city tended to give a straggling appearance, but the general air of health-iness more than compensated for this debatable fault. The yellow, sun bleached prairie rolled endlessly by the window as we crawled through Saskatchewan, pulling up tiny stations where we had a chance to stretch our legs before setting off again. What pleasant names these little acres bore . . . Forget, Prospect, Success to name a few.

I fell to wondering what had prompted these titles. Since then many months have passed. The summer came the prairie and the yellow corn ripened, was cut and thered in. The rhythmic sound of the threshing machine lifted across the shorn sections and the small golden outains of chaff grew higher and higher. Crickets sang dlessly throughout the evening and marauding mosquitos rried the strollers. The barren prairie came to life and asomed tiny, colourful flowers which had no scent; e waters of the Saskatchewan and Assiniboine ran stantly along their tortuous courses, and at night a prairie on shot her arrows into the tired breast of the sleeping th . . . there was peace here in a war-weary world.

Before the snow came an unexpected leave took me to the West Coast where I saw a different Canada, integrally the same yet grander, more spectacular. Mighty mountains marched across the skyline as we approached the neat, compact city of Calgary, prior to plunging into the foothills. The green, leaping waters of the Bow ran beside the track as we crept like a pigmy around the brooding feet of the massive sentinels, whose frowning faces of bare rocks were wreathed smokily in clouds . . . truly they were gods into whose domain we ventured not a little self-consciously.

A breath-taking panorama was lavishly spread before my eyes during those brief, but unforgettable days in the mountains: lonely valleys, where the echoes of dizzy falls call timelessly from slope to slope; icy lakes cradled in the mountains, on whose shores one can stand and imagine some long-dead Indian gliding in his canoe across the lake's mirror-like surface. Dark forest-clad slopes seemed to hold a secret denied to man and their air of brooding silence seemed to indicate that it would be always so.

Above the rugged shoulder of a peak, the moon appeared late, bathing the silent mountains and mist-shrouded valleys in a wash of ghostly light. A timber-wolf howled eerily to the starlit sky; all the primitive emotions of this wild spot pent-up in a spine-chilling cry as it rose to a savage crescendo then died into a sobbing silence among the valleys.

Perhaps this "call of the wild" is what attracts a person, who is used to life in a thickly populated country, to live in Canada. Perhaps it suggests greater opportunity to practise new ideas—and Canada is assuredly a land of opportunity. Who has not his eyes on the possibilities of the Peace River district these days, for instance?

The very undevelopment of the country inspires one to try to develop it in some way; to snatch at least a sip from this store of chance, comparatively untapped. When we are back home again, will the memory of that essentially Canadian sound, the mournful note of a train's siren floating through the tranquility of a prairie evening, sow the seed of discontent in us? When we are poking cautiously through a city "black-out", will the Rockies dangle a god-like necklace of sky-bound lakes before our minds' eye—tempting us, calling us, challenging us to come back?

Some of us will answer that call and return to carve out a career for ourselves in this new, practically un-exploited world as many have done before us; we'll stay out here and eventually call ourselves "Canadians." The others will never see this land again, but Canada will have inspired memories which will never be totally erased from their homely minds; the crystal charm of winter, the "ring" of skates on frozen lakes, and the hiss of the sleigh runners through the crisp snow; the hot, dry summers when the prairie sleeps beneath clear, blue skies, when lawns are zealously protected from the sun's burning rays by sprinklers round which little children gather to feel the cooling droplets on their burning skins; the placid Saskatchewan crawling peacefully through the golden crops awaiting the reapers, or perhaps in contrast, Assiniboine Park on a hot Sunday afternoon when Winnipeegers flock out from the city in crowds to laze about in a congenial atmosphere of drowsy well-being.

And so our sojourn in this happy country sprawling northwards along the 49th parallel has come to an end, and soon the lonely grey waters of the Atlantic will separate us from Canada and our many newly-won friends.

"Stone walls do not a prison make" nor can a gulf of 3,000 miles prevent our thoughts from returning here to dwell amongst the old haunts, the old sights and scenes we have known and learned to appreciate.

FS "Chuck" PEASE

## Personalities of The Month

SL C. G. MURRAY

ONE form of pilots training is today credited with the saving of hundreds of lives. Link Trainers have been installed at practically all stations to give pilots extra time to solve problems in exacting flying conditions. F/S "Chuck" Pease has been giving instructions in these trainers for nearly three years. This month, M.T.B. brings the service life of this permanent force member to your attention, as one of the personalities of the month.

A tall, gangling chap, Charley joined the R.C.A.F. in his home town of Vancouver, in September, 1939. For three years he had operated a ham radio station, so he joined the service as a wireless mechanic. Soon Chuck became part and parcel of a Torpedo Squadron on the west coast, flying in Stranraers, Blackburn Sharks, and Vedettes. Laughing he said, "The Vedettes were 1922 models, pusher type aircraft, with plenty of chicken wire surrounding you. This machine is a working model of a flying canoe but somehow earned the name flying boat."

When Pat Bay was opened, Chuck arrived there to commence long, tedious Coastal Patrol flights. The trips would last for a few days and after five hours aloft the aircraft landed for fuel. It was while on one coastal search he saw some action. Chuck was flying in a Stranraer at 7,000 feet as the twilight settled over the broad Pacific. The enemy was sighted below, surfaced, when the aircraft dived out of the sun, and Chuck wired his base, "going to attack." On the first run, a bomb was planted from low level on the conning tower, and it was all over.

For a few months this chap was one of five members running the station at Bella Bella. A corporal was O.C. of the unit, a scow and two motorboats being the main equipment. They made Chuck the cook but after he served up several meals of hash he was relieved of his apron.



Flight Sergeant "Chuck" Pease

Hunting and fishing parties were in their glory in this barren country.

In April, 1942, two Canadian Squadrons held a farewell parade at Pat Bay before moving to Alaska. "Chuck" crated the first and only link to be sent to that country. The squadrons were told they were going to good quarters with a modern electrical supply, but arriving at Annette Isle they unloaded their boat and discovered no camp. All ranks slept and ate together. The ensuing struggle to erect buildings in competition with muskag, was terrific. The American Army Air Corps, however, loaned valuable aid to the Canucks, Squadron personnel taking hammers and saws in hand to construct a lean-to for Chuck to set up his trainer. Eventually he operated a schedule in radio beam work for the benefit of the pilots.

Chuck tells of the lads going from the island to the mainland during the salmon run season. "You simply caught them swimming between your legs and threw them up on the beach." Alaskan folks treated the fellows royally and many good forty-eight hours were spent on the mainland.

With winter, daylight lasted only a scant six hours. Kolman oil stoves were used for heating and Chuck recalled how the things would explode, leaving his link equipment covered in soot. At times the fires went out during the night necessitating several hours to thaw out the trainer before training could be resumed. Living quarters were heated by oil drums which had a habit of exploding monthly. One night a red-hot stove door was blown smack on the middle of a man's chest as he slept.

Another trial was the muskag. In fact, if a fellow slipped off one of the board walks while returning home from a spree, he would sink several inches into muskag and carry such an odor that he would be ostracized for days.

February, 1943, brought Chuck to C.N.S., and since then he has been instructing pilots in the finer points of flying radio beams. This soft-spoken, mild mannered fellow believes there will be a future in link trainer instruction. His experiences in the Air Force have been varied and wide. It is a pleasure to present Chuck Pease, adventurer and Alaskan-tested, as one of our personalities of the month.

★

INTRODUCING our Chief Ground Instructor, Squadron Leader "Hugh" Murray. This ever-popular officer, whose smiling countenance can be seen at any hour of the day in the south-eastern corner of the ground instructional school, first saw the light of day on the outskirts of London, Ontario, in the year 1913. Shortly thereafter, he started out on an extensive and intensive scholastic career.

Educated in Wilton-Grove public and London Central Collegiate, Squadron Leader Murray then went on to the University of Western Ontario, where he became one of Western's famous land-marks. After attaining his Bachelor of Arts and Master of Arts, he went to University of Toronto's College of Education for one year. While at "Western" he instructed in Physics for two years, also doing research in Cosmic Radiation. The following year found him teaching chemistry and physics at the London Technical School, where he remained until the early summer of 1940.

In August, 1940, Squadron Leader Murray was commissioned in the Royal Canadian Air Force as a Navigation Instructor and was posted to Course Number 5 at the No. 1 Air Navigation and Reconnaissance School, then confined to the seaplane hangar at R.C.A.F. Station, Trenton, Ontario. Graduating in November, 1940, he was first posted to No. 1 Air Observer School, Malton, Ontario, where he



Squadron Leader Hugh Murray

remained until May, 1941. At that time he was transferred to the land of opportunities "The Golden West" reporting first to No. 12 Service Flying Training School, Brandon. He remained in Brandon until June, 1942, and then came the eventful posting "Rivers."

Since arriving at Rivers on the seventh of July, 1942, Squadron Leader Murray has, to quote "had a crack at teaching practically every course on the School." Little wonder then, that on the first day of February, 1944, this extremely likeable and multi-experienced officer was appointed Chief Ground Instructor.

Squadron Leader Murray makes Rivers his home now; he and his wife having taken up residence here. He still has a warm spot for Brandon because while there he met, courted and wed that well known Ladies Club "spark," Mrs. Hugh Murray.

Your reporter found him very reticent insofar as any-

thing concerning Squadron Leader Murray was concerned. His favourite pastime, so far as can be ascertained, is betting the course instructors "two bits" that he will find a mistake on any of the forms submitted by them.

In reply to a query on his athletic prowess, he replied, "I won a foot race at a Sunday School picnic once." However, be that as it may, Squadron Leader Murray is voted an extremely popular officer by all those with whom he comes in contact—his fellow officers, staff and even by the C.T.'s. The latter is the best compliment that can be paid to anyone, when an airman who has been C.T.'d can come out after an interview and say "There's a real officer."

## Sergeants' Mess Doings

F/SGT. "STAN" BERNICHE

BECAUSE of popular request—or sunphin—your nosing reporter is back again this month with another dirt load. Since I made so many people happy by mentioning a few names and incidents, I'll try it again—no holds barred—better hide gang.

We had to put up with another house-cleaning in the mess last month and for awhile we thought the boys would have to get together and buy the mess back from the secretary. Everything came to a surprise conclusion (after six days of diligent picketing)—the mess re-opened—but confidentially, who worked the posting for Hammy?

One lad, being fed up dining and drinking with the boys, hid himself to Rivers looking for new lands to conquer. As a true knight of the old school he need have a trusty steed—so—astride his noble C.C.M., away he sped! Much, much later that evening—after wooing his lady fair—homeward he sped, shouting (in true Rivers Fashion) Excelsior! If for one minute you doubt my word—ask my notary, Pat (just call me Pop) Moore. He'll let you in on the complete story on our little chum Weasel Dulmage.

A new fact hit the mess the other day and the "oldest" sport in the world—horseshoes—look a beating. I'll lay bets that a few lads answered "Yes" to the question "Can you milk a cow?" (Remember civvy street and National Registration?)

## New Features Editor

The appointment in late May of a new M.T.B. Features Editor is announced. He is that already popular young fellow in Training Wing Orderly Room, WO2 Pat Patterson. For a newcomer to Rivers, Pat certainly climbed into the headlines in a hurry, first as a heaven-sent softball pitcher to fill a large gap in our station team and then as a find of the month newspaper reporter.

Pat was a former sports reporter on the Ottawa Citizen, and also gained considerable experience when he assisted on an A.F.H.Q. staff paper. Because he hopes to make reporting his life's work in which event he can use general reporting experience to his own advantage, and also because M.T.B. was urgently in need of a Features Editor, it was decided to give him this important department to handle.

In the world of sport, Pat is widely known, particularly for his prowess on the pitcher's mound. Softball is his first love although he has played considerable baseball, hockey and basketball. He pitched the East Riverdale Juniors of Toronto to the Ontario Championship in 1938, the Trenton Intermediates to the Ontario finals in 1940, and the No. 17 Equipment Depot, Ottawa, to the Eastern Ontario Championship in 1943. The boys say he is a treat to watch—he has super-speed, change of pitch and control. Who can blame us if we enthuse over our chances of retaining the Softball Crown this year.



WO2 "Pat" Patterson

A hearty welcome to Rivers, Pat, and we hope you will find everything to your liking. As for us, we're only too happy to have you.

No. 1 C. N. S.

## "To Be A Refugee"

H. F. BOUGHEN

This is the story of one of our airmen at Rivers who knows the full significance of Nazi oppression—an article which M.T.B. is especially pleased to print this month. It must be explained, however, that for security reasons, fictitious names are used throughout.

In 1930, there lived in Vienna, Austria, a man whom we shall call Adam Brown. This gentleman's parents had afforded him a fine European education, and he was a successful lawyer and politician in Vienna. To mention Vienna in this country, one thinks of barges slowly moving along the blue humming Danube. This former European capital, with its open squares every four or five blocks, where folk dances and evenings in the beer garden were commonplace, seemed to picture a different type of peace. Beautiful swimming pools alongside the Danube, spacious parks, and the love of music, have always made Austrians and their country interesting. Two blocks from the Danube, Adam Brown had a truly wonderful home. His wife was teaching high school and two boys, Jack and Tony, comprised the Brown family. Through ability and determination Adam and his family were on the top rung, so to speak, enjoying the finest things of life in pleasant surroundings.

Jack was born in Vienna in 1921. He had spent three years at the school where his mother was teaching before the fateful year of 1939 arrived. The Vienna police had joined a labor union which was offering unprecedented advantages to the public. Many different political parties were operating in Vienna at the time, and a large majority of the population belonged to the poorer classes. This new labor union was offering new homes, new cars, and better working conditions to people who would join. The union took control of small business corporations, refusing to employ workers who did not wear the union insignia. The labor union was the commencement of the present Nazi party, and Hitler at its head undoubtedly had a burning desire to quickly over-run Austria.

To the average Austrian, the advantages of the union were manifold. Why shouldn't we join and have much better standards of living, was the outcry. Only men with responsible positions could see the dangers of this new order. Adam Brown and others, addressed open air meetings of the populace to explain to the people the platform of the Labor Union. At one of these large meetings, Adam was warned he would be wise to discontinue efforts against the union. That day, while driving home, he saw a car speeding after him through his rear vision mirror. A man

jumped from the racing car as it plunged into Brown's, overturning it. The lawyer went to the hospital with broken ribs and a bad shaking. Mrs. Brown left her school to nurse the sick man, and the union enforced more pressure in its quest for power.

Soon after Brown was able to get about again he was warned the second time. He was told to evacuate the country or the circumstances might bring permanent injury. It was a big decision to be made practically instantaneously. The choice was between giving up a lovely equipped home, his country, a future for his family, or obliteration of the family. Adam chose the former. In a matter of four days the family were travelling along the Danube with only the clothes they had on their backs and very little money. From a Black Sea port, they sailed on an old freighter to the Mediterranean and out into the Atlantic. During the voyage the father worked on deck while the others stayed below. In the Bay of Biscay the Browns transferred to a former German liner captured by the British in World War I bound for America. Without passports, they were refused admittance to the U.S.A., but Canada welcomed them at Halifax.

The family carried with them as they stepped on Canadian soil, four dollars, or a dollar per head. Work was scarce with a depression on, but the father got work as an interpreter, speaking fluently in most European languages. Previous construction experience brought work as the Browns began building their future from nothing. They moved to a well known Canadian city and now own another comfortable home in pleasant surroundings. The snow-haired mother is currently the secretary of a branch of the Red Cross. She has taken into her home an orphaned English child for the duration of the war, and is attempting to obtain adoption of the kiddie.

Obviously these people were forced to sacrifice everything by the same ruthless power that has turned the world into a turmoil. Fictitious names have been used at the request of a member of this family now stationed at Rivers. Adam Brown is most anxious to forget the ordeal and likewise his son. During the interview, Jack mentioned, "This country of yours is a wonderful place. It gave us a chance to re-establish ourselves in a way impossible in most lands." One could not help but feel that his heart still belongs to Austria. Affection for his homeland is in his blood and someday I am sure he will return to his birthplace. Our first home is never to be forgotten, and it is to be hoped the new Austria will permit Jack to again light and carry the torch his father held so proudly.

## CLEWLESS McGOON vs. Cumulonimbus (Round Two)



M.T.B. for JUNE

## Here 'n' There

KAY FULMER

**They Also Serve . . .** Congratulations, to our smart Flight of W.D.'s appearing for the FIRST time on a Wings Parade on Friday, June second. . . . From now on it will be a competition among W.D.'s to gain a place on the Wings Parade Flight . . . it is an honor, indeed, to be able to take part in this all-important ceremony . . . and the words of our Commanding Officer, calling attention to the work done by the W.D.'s in the Service, making such graduations possible (in releasing men for flying duties) were encouraging and much appreciated.



**These gals get around . . .** Mary Hands, Dot Riddell (Corporals) and "Mickey" Murrell of our station have recently returned from a furlough which took them to Vancouver, San Francisco and . . . yes, Hollywood! . . . They spent five glorious days at the latter place and were, they say, wonderfully entertained . . . they visited RKO Studios, had breakfast at the famous Sardi's Breakfast Club during the broadcast, stayed at the Hollywood Guild Canteen, and . . . well, they'll have plenty to talk about and think about for the next year.

**Boquets . . .** real gardenias and roses, too . . . to the W.D. Chefs of our station who so smilingly withstood the recent heat wave. . . . Anytime you doubt the fact that a Chef, in midsummer, has a difficult job to do, just drop

into any of the three messes and ask if you might "preside" over the business of making "French Frys" say, for an hour or two . . . we guarantee that you'll find out!! . . . The heat from the stoves is intense and yet, as we all know, our Chefs are our most cheerful workers . . . they realize that theirs is a very important part of the war job and so they take the heat, along with the cooking, as "all in the day's work."

**Rice and Old Shoes Dept. . . .** Really, we had always thought that June was the month of weddings and elsewhere in this issue (we hope) you'll find several "Middle-aisle" stories for May. . . . Florence Dale and Corporal Stan Kirton, Corporal "Marg" Gartside and P/O Ostrom . . . Hazel Tuffin and Pte. Tim Christianson . . . and, from Ottawa, comes news of the Nuptial Vows of our "Savvy" Savard, formerly of the Postal unit. . . . In June . . . thus far . . . we have Madelaine English and ACI Roy Jewell, and "Boots" Farrow and LAC McDonald.

**Appreciation . . .** the W.D.'s of the station have been profuse in their praise of the Mother's Day tea given in their honor by the R.C.A.F. Ladies' Club of Rivers . . . we were, unfortunately, absent . . . but we have heard tales of "wonderful" sandwiches, "yummy" tarts, "super" cookies . . . and . . . yes . . . the gals of the station were MOST impressed with their gracious hostesses and their lovely, colorful gowns. . . . The tea was a very thoughtful and friendly gesture and we, the W.D.'s, are most grateful.

**Ye Old Swamin' Hole . . .** Who said we didn't have a summer resort? There is a magic place known as "the River" and it has become the favorite spot for swimming parties, weiner roasts, picnic suppers . . . so the hot weather holds no terrors for the personnel of our station because of the cooling breezes at "the River."

### . . . Weddings . . .

#### MCDONALD—FARROW

Young United Church in Winnipeg was the scene of a very pretty wedding recently when LAW Leah "Boots" Farrow became the bride of LAC George "Bud" McDonald. Rev. Mr. Donnelly officiated, the bridal music was provided by the Church organist and during the signing of the register, LAW Betty Muir sang "O Promise Me."

The bride, attractively gowned in all white, was attended by Sergeant Margaret Anderson, wearing blue with white accents. LAC Fred Jenkins attended the groom.

#### JEWELL—ENGLISH

F/L Courtemanche officiated at the wedding of AW1 Madeline English and ACI Roy Jewell, in the Roman Catholic Church of Rivers on June 1st.

The bride, wearing powder blue sheer, was attended by AW1 Bertha Purkess, who wore rose beige sheer.

Following a honeymoon in Weyburn, Saskatchewan, the young couple will reside in Rivers.



#### OSTROM—GARTSIDE

Pilot Officer and Mrs. Joseph Ostrom leaving the Station Chapel after the wedding on May 17. Mrs. Ostrom was formerly Corporal Margaret Gartside, one of the station's telephone operators.

F/L Cohen attended the groom, and LAW Elsie Beecham was bridesmaid.

#### KIRTON—DALE

Principals in Kirton-Dale wedding, Corporal and Mrs. Stanley Kirton, whose wedding was an event of May 17, in the Station Chapel. Mrs. Kirton was the former LAW Florence Dale. Corporal Bill Blight attended the groom and LAW Isabel Schneider was bridesmaid. F/L Dale Jones officiated.

# SPORTS PARADE

H. F. BOUGHEN

**S**UDDENLY the summer sports program left the organizing stage to go into action. With softball, volley ball, and horseshoes, being played so extensively this year, it took a lot of time and work before the scheduled games commenced. "Chuck" Crocker is acting as the pivot man in the big program adopted by the front office. Fortunately Chuck is a cool and calm performer because many queries come over his telephone daily. Questions about where this team is playing, are the horseshoes supplied at the pits, or did I get my P.T. credit, he handles over and over again in the same pleasant way. A good start has been made in all of the house leagues, largely due to Chuck's untiring efforts.



Last year, one station team brought home a trophy. Rivers softball team of 1943

played in an 11 inning no-hit, no-run game to begin the season. The Brandon Sun termed the game, one of the best played in that district for years. The team went on in the Brandon District Services Athletic Association to win the league title. For that feat the writer feels their new team should have the first preview this season.

A few weeks ago some of the members of last year's club threw balls and bats in a bag to start practices. Soon there were enough boys interested to make two teams. A coach for the entry caused a real man-hunt, but before the first game, a young gent who was practicing with the team offered his services. Harold Carling is the boy who comes to our softball diamond as field general. Bert Harrison, an old-timer at C.N.S., is manager, taking care of arrangements generally. Behind the plate Gord Harley is doing nicely with the big glove. The twirling department has "Smokey" Easton and Stan Pike from last year's club, plus "Pat" Patterson. The mound corps has only right-handers so a southpaw undoubtedly would be welcomed to face a heavy right-handed hitting team. Patterson arrived at the right time with a dazzling display of speed. This corner predicts "Pat" will win at least eight games this summer.

At the initial sack of the infield, Doug McCaig, of pro hockey fame, is smoothing out neatly. A regular outfielder previously, he appears to like his new spot. Doug is taking a round-house cut with a bat, always aiming at the outer fences. Bud MacDonald is playing his third year at second base for C.N.S. Defensively, infielders don't come more stylish than Mac. He has recently joined the ranks of the benefactors and yours truly wishes him every success. Short-stop is being filled by Dick Hamon, an Ottawa boy, who can play any position from a catcher out. Dick has a nice arm and makes himself at home on the back campus. The "Iron Horse" of the team plays third base, this being his fourth consecutive year at the "hot corner" for Rivers. Ken Simpson covers grounders and gets his share of hits, showing no signs of wear and tear from his lengthy service. In the outfield, Red Neal, Burnie Jones, Bub Jewitt, and Ron Hammer, all holdovers, are experienced fly chasers. There are other boys working with these men but insufficient data has been received to mention them here. Do not think this station team is a standing line-up for this year. Every one will be welcomed who would like to play. Leaves, forty-eights, and so on, keep players away; con-

sequently, a sizeable reserve of spare players is necessary.

Other years the B.D.S.A.A. has had a good brand of softball teams. The Rivers club this year looks as good as last year and the pitching is stronger. Still it would be a mistake for us to over-rate the club at such an early date, because there may be a dark-horse entry in the league. Only time will tell. Spectator support for this team has always been lacking, but it is hoped that things will be different this year.

### Cement Tennis Courts Soon

WO2 KEN HALL

Specifications were prepared for the installation of gravel or asphalt courts for the station but the cost of constructing courts of this type on such sandy soil proved to be prohibitive.

Five courts have, however, been outlined on the cement tarmac at the East end of Maintenance hangar. Weather conditions and the pressure of work at the W. & B. Section has temporarily held this project in abeyance, but it is hoped that play may be started the first week in June.

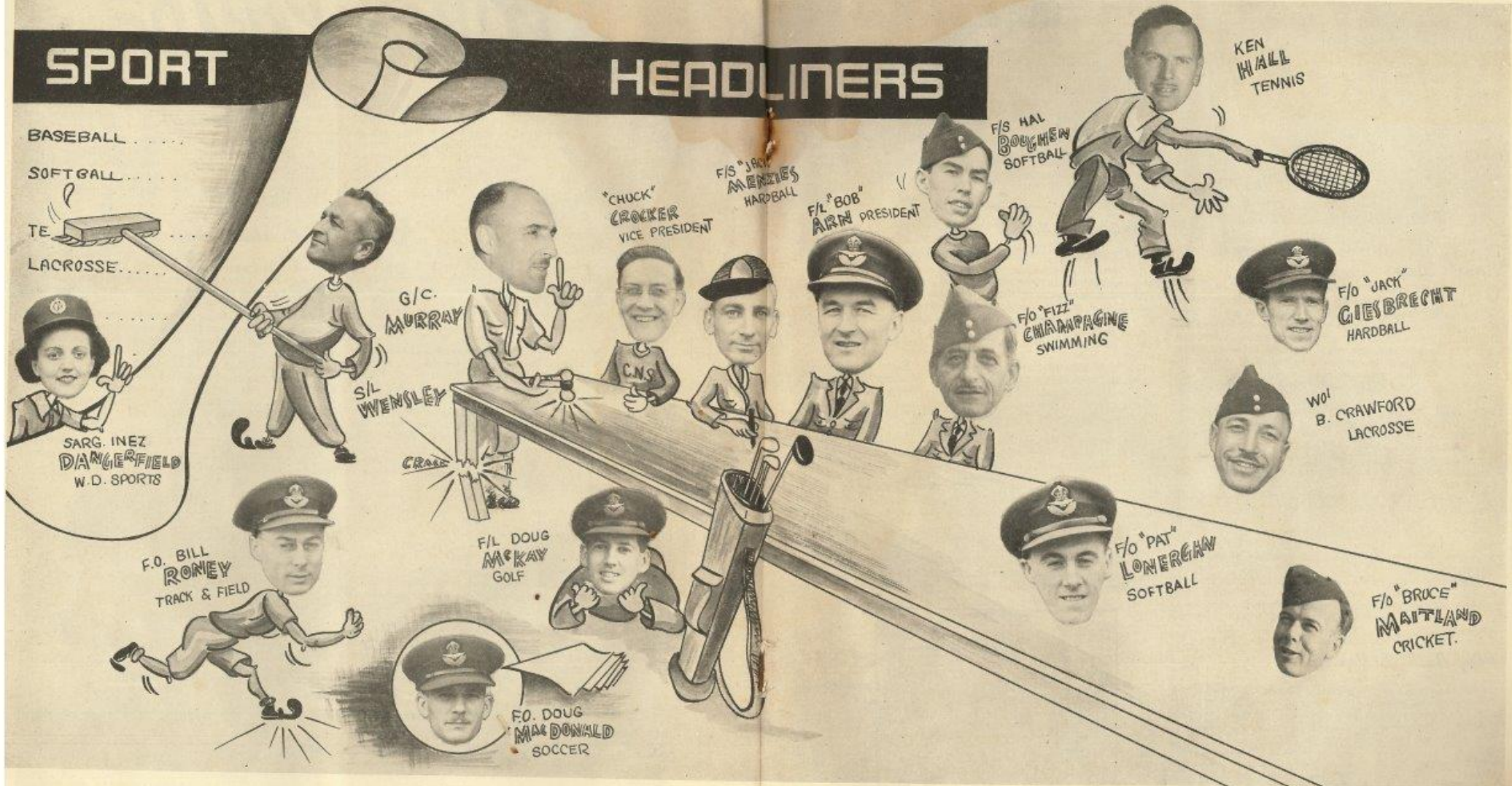
An ample supply of racquets and balls will be available. Special nights will be set aside for organized sports when teams from all Sections will be represented. Monthly tournaments for ladies', men's, and mixed doubles, as well as singles, will be played.



Double congratulations to the Y.M.C.A. this month because they also have claim to this pretty young lady. She's Kay Dawson whom you have all seen so often, and don't tell us you don't make frequent calls at the "Y." "The best thing about my job," she says, "is that I meet so many interesting people." Kay's home town is Hamilton, Ontario, and she's really proud of it.

# SPORT

# HEADLINERS



BASEBALL  
SOFTBALL  
TENNIS  
LACROSSE

SARG. INEZ DANGERFIELD  
W.D. SPORTS

F.O. BILL RONEY  
TRACK & FIELD

G/C. MURRAY

F.O. DOUG MACDONALD  
SOCCER

'CHUCK' CROCKER  
VICE PRESIDENT

F/O DOUG MCKAY  
GOLF

F/O 'JACK' MENZIES  
HARDBALL

F/O 'BOB' ARN  
PRESIDENT

F/O HAL BOUGHEN  
SOFTBALL

F/O 'FIZ' CHAMPAGNE  
SWIMMING

KEN HALL  
TENNIS

F/O 'JACK' GIEBRECHT  
HARDBALL

WOI B. CRAWFORD  
LACROSSE

F/O 'PAT' LONERGAN  
SOFTBALL

F/O 'BRUCE' MAITLAND  
CRICKET

## B.D.S.A.A Schedule

June 14—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. A-15	Baseball
June 14—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. A-15	Soccer
June 15—No. 19 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Softball
June 20—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. A-15	Softball
June 21—A-33 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Soccer
June 21—A-33 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Baseball
June 27—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. A-4	Softball
June 28—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. No. 17	Soccer

June 28—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. No. 17	Baseball
June 29—No. 17 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Soccer
July 4—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. No. 19	Softball
July 5—No. 12 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Softball
July 5—No. 12 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Soccer
July 5—No. 12 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Baseball
July 6—A-15 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Softball
July 12—A-3 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Soccer
July 12—A-3 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Baseball

## For This Summer

July 13—A-4 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Softball
July 18—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. No. 17	Softball
July 19—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. No. 19	Soccer
July 19—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. A-4	Baseball
July 20—No. 19 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Softball
July 25—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. A-15	Softball
July 26—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. A-4	Soccer
July 26—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. A-4	Baseball

Aug. 2—A-15 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Soccer
Aug. 2—A-15 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Baseball
Aug. 9—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. A-33	Soccer
Aug. 9—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. A-33	Baseball
Aug. 16—No. 17 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Soccer
Aug. 16—No. 17 vs. No. 1 C.N.S.	Baseball
Aug. 23—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. No. 12	Soccer
Aug. 23—No. 1 C.N.S. vs. No. 12	Baseball

Drawing by Bill Argon



Some of the boys (F/L Art Edwards in foreground) out for exercise per horseshoes, ad P.T. credits.

### Sports Day F/O AIRKEN

ONE day in August, last year, the sports field was gay with color and alive with motion as practically every person on the station and a large number of guests from Rivers gathered to participate in or witness the first Sports Day held by this station. Everyone was keenly interested in the various events, and milled around between items, visiting with friends they hadn't seen for all of two hours. A very diversified program was so enthusiastically received that behold! Comes another Sports Day, this time in June.

Following last year's experience, the track and field events will be of as wide a range as time permits and will include items for both men and W.D.'s. And pilots—better get in training—remember the pilot's race, when any number of Anson-drivers get into their flying suits—everything but the pack—and lost several pounds doing a sprint so dressed?

As last year, there will be excellent prizes, things really worth practicing for. Which brings us to the point. Practices will be held regularly, under experienced coaches, in both track and field contests, and all those interested are urged to turn out. There will be notices in D.R.O.'s and throughout the station, keeping you informed of the progress of the meet.

In addition to the local prizes (and the glory) there will be an opportunity to make the track team which will compete at Brandon and at Winnipeg later in the summer—a trip not to be sneezed at. Ask some of those who went last year.

### Play Ball--Batter Up!

F/O JACK GIESBRECHT

Our extensive sport program got away to a fast start this spring, and with it ye old game of baseball.

Judging from the turn out at our first practices our fans will be seeing plenty of baseball in our home league as well as in our inter-unit home league.

John Menzies is doing a grand job of getting baseball going, and we hope to see a good turnout at all home games.

If you play ball and are interested, contact Flight Menzies, of the Armament Section, or yours truly as soon as possible. There is room for everybody who will have equal chances to play on our station team, providing they play on one of our home league teams.

Already our boys had their first go at the B.D.S.A.A. league on the 24th of May when they turned in a fair opening performance against A-3, ending up on the long end of a 10-2 score. Menzies, Blackie Barabash, Slyzik and Strodyki of last year's team were again going strong, with newcomers Campbell, Johnson, Gyzna, Zenick, Desautel, Cooper, Berto, and Wayne all turning in neat performances.

### Players Needed--Cricket

F/O BRUCE MAINLAND

This year spot games are being featured for interested cricketers. The pitch is as good as it ever will be owing to the nature of the soil and the absence of turf. However, we have a pitch rolled on the far side of the soccer field and are using matting, which helps some.

The reasons for playing spot games are numerous. Our players are all trainees and therefore it is difficult to plan ahead as flying, etc. will upset the schedule. Also no matches off the station are possible as the natives do not play the game.

If you want a game it is up to you. Get your team together and challenge other classes. The equipment is in the Sports Stores. Use it.

### Are You a Hitter?

F/O PAT LONERGAN

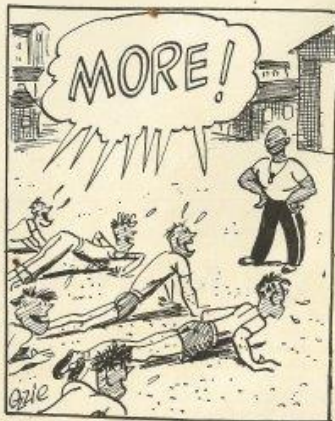
The softball program for the current season has so far been running fairly smoothly. At the date of going to press, seven games have been played in the intra-mural men's league, with no one team thus far monopolizing the No. 1 spot in the standings. One or two games have been won by default, and it is to be hoped that all sections will field a team at the scheduled times for the rest of the season.

The W.D. softball league is actually just beginning its season and with only a few games completed, there can be no report on the possibility of an A class club being in existence until we have seen a few more games. However, the girls like their softball and keep up to date on their league.

Four diamonds for softball alone are being used, two more than were in use last year and with the present size of our house circuit the diamonds are all kept humming. In the men's section we have an A and B division with ten and nine teams respectively. The W.D.'s have six teams.

A group of ball players have been chosen from the house league to represent the station in the B.D.S.A.A. softball tourney. The first game scheduled with A-4, C.A.T.C., was scrubbed because of rain. The second with No. 17 S.F.T.S., Souris, was won by Rivers, 4-2.

All softball players are reminded that to obtain credit for P.T. it is necessary for the team captain to turn in the score sheet to Sports Stores, immediately after the game.



This AINT Rivers

No. 1 C. N. S.

### Some Candid Camera Shots of Women's Gatherings



R.C.A.F. Ladies' Club of Rivers entertain members of the Women's Division at a Mother's Day tea. The function was a great success and picture at the left shows the flower-centered tea table with Mrs. Anne Dick pouring tea, right, and AISJO Penton at the left.



Members of the R.C.A.F. Ladies' Club and some of the "youngest" members shown during one of their afternoon meetings at the Y.W.C.A. Hostess House.



Candid camera shots taken at a "get-together" in the W.D. barracks the night before Flight Officer E. M. Ward left Rivers for Ottawa. F/O Ward is shown in the centre of a group in the picture at the right.

M.T.B. for JUNE



# armca



CHUCK CROCKER

DID you see the first soccer game? If you didn't you missed something. It really wasn't a game—it was a walk-away for our R.A.F. lads, who trounced the army team from A-3 Shilo by a score of 15-0. The army goalkeeper had to go to the hospital after the game to get his hands taped from the pounding he took trying to stop goals being scored. That's a grand start fellows—keep up the good work.



Not to be outdone, our baseball team handed a drubbing to the army boys on the same night to the tune of 10-2. Even at that the game went only five innings. The score-keeper was complaining of lack of paper and was thinking seriously of sending out an S.O.S. for an adding machine. Congratulations, gang, let's hope you keep going with the same gusto all the way.

Our inter-section schedule is progressing favourably except that there are still some games to get caught up. If you get out once and join in the fun you'll be sure to come out every time. The C.O. plays a mean second base position for the "Marauders." As all of the teams have not played once at the time of writing I cannot give you any leaders, but just keep an eye on the Cornells from G.I.S. They promise to go right through the league and come out on top. Time will tell. There are some expert horseshoe pitchers on the station—just take a gander at some of the boys tossing ringer after ringer on the peg. Volleyballers haven't had much luck with their games because of high winds but we're hoping for the best in the future.

Command meets are tentatively scheduled as follows in various sports. Teams representing No. 1 C.N.S. will have an opportunity to compete first in area meets and if they win there, will go to Winnipeg or Saskatoon for Command championship.

SPORT	DATE	PLACE
Softball—Men & Women	Aug. 25-26	Saskatoon
Horseshoes—Men	Sept. 8-9	Winnipeg
Track & Field	Aug. 19	Winnipeg
Tennis—Men & Women	July 29	Winnipeg
Swimming—Men & Women	July 29	Winnipeg
Hardball—Men	Aug. 5	Saskatoon
Rugger—Men	Sept. 30	Winnipeg
Cricket—Men	Sept. 2	Winnipeg
Lacross—Men	Sept. 15	Winnipeg

You will notice that horseshoes, rugger cricket and lacrosse are included in the above group. It is hoped that Rivers will be well represented in all sports in these meets.

In another part of this issue an article will tell you all about the proposed track meet on June 30th. It will likely be a gala day and will mean getting the co-operation of everyone to make it a success. P/O Roney is O/C Track and Field on the Sports Committee and has a big job on his hands with such an event to look after. Make his task as light as you can by pitching in and helping him as much as possible.

Yours truly has been kept out of mischief trying to get the inter-section games going, arranging schedules, ordering equipment, arranging transportation for travelling teams, lining volleyball courts, softball diamonds, in addition to helping with concert parties, airmen's dances, etc. All in all it's a very interesting job even though my hair is getting grey and I'm developing what the M.O. calls a dementia

proceox. (Don't know what it means but hope it's complimentary.)

There's a good chance we may be getting a boxing ring in the near future and if so you pugilistic individuals will have an opportunity to strut your stuff. The lacrosse players haven't had much of a chance to demonstrate their abilities as yet, but in a few weeks will likely see some fast games.

F/L "Barney" Lewis, the new P.T. & D. officer is a sportsman of long standing and his presence here will help a lot! We're sorry to lose "Johnny" Dick to Souris and hope he likes it there.

The schedule for the B.D.S.A.A. (Brandon District Services Athletic Association) softball, baseball and soccer games appears in another part of this issue. We're hoping that our teams will come out as victors in all three sections of this league.

That's all for now, folks. See you later.

## Between The Bookends

F/L T. DALE JONES

ONE of the main topics to report from the Airmen's Library this month is the gift of 30 books from a young Navigator who graduated from No. 1 C.N.S., gained his commission, and is now posted to another unit. Pilot Officer King enjoyed to the full the facilities of our station



library and as a mark of appreciation sent to us this collection of good fictional, biographical and historical works.

Among the collection were such works as "Robespierre," "Peking," by Lin Yutang; by Korngold; "Moment in "March to Quebec," by Roberts; and "End of the Chapter," by Galsworthy.

Of a lighter nature was a copy of "Life with Father," by Clarence Day, of which the following is a review:

"This novel by the same author as 'God and My Father' is a riot from beginning to end. His insight to real family life with such an overbearing yet lovable father is superb. The pages live as you read them, the very characters come out of the print and perform before your eyes. Some of the chapters make you gasp for breath at the audacity of Father. And mother, so adorable yet exasperating in spite of an overbearing husband is really mistress in her own home.

"The revelation of Victorian Motherhood is more precise than any account written by an historian; how she in her quiet way suffered the uproarious abuses of an overbearing husband, yet ruled her home with a firm hand. To miss reading this typically human story with all its many episodes of fun and frolic is a tragedy everyone should avoid. It is light and airy and full of clean, wholesome humour, whetting the appetite for more."

Also added to the shelves this month are the following books:

- "Finnegans Wake," James Joyce.
- "Up Periscope," David Masters.
- "French Canada," Stanley B. Hyerson.
- "The Delicate Ape," Dorothy Hughes.
- "Yankee from Olympus," Catherine Bowen.

No. 1 C. N. S.

## "Bombs Away"



## Women

LAC FORD

Some say they're a nuisance and shouldn't be here;

While others don't seem to agree.

And some they affect like an orgy of beer,

Leaves 'em dozey and weak at the knees.

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

And a few you can leave on the shelf;

A few that the boys may be talking about,

And the odd one I'd go for myself.

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

There's a lot of them running around;

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

Or bad, if so minded you're bound.

But I notice the boys like to take the odd glance;

What little they see seems to please;

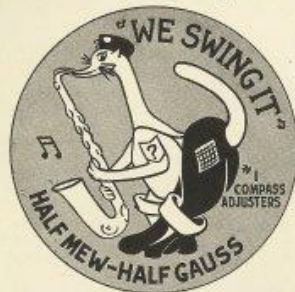
And I think quite a few would be willing to chance

A DATE WITH THE W.D.'s!

M.T.B. for JUNE

## Section Shots

### No. 1 Compass Adjusters



With minds bent on leaving the alcoholic content of compasses alone long enough to see why they require that horrible liquid, twenty men, and resemblance thereof, swept down on Rivers recently to form the R.C.A.F.'s first class of Compass Adjusters.

Instructors for the entire course will be F/L Roberts and F/O Taylor. The boys have already organized a pool betting on which one will be first to have a nervous breakdown. At this writing it is a pretty close race with F/L Roberts probably leading as it is he who is trying to remove the cobwebs from our rusty math brains, a herculean job in any man's language.

"Robert's Rithnickers" or "Taylor's Trotters" as we are often called, comprise a group of ex-clockwinders who are doing their best to hang a few hooks or more on the worn out sleeves of their two piece summer overalls.

Among the gathering are several sparkling personalities. Number one of course is our "Bob Feller" of the softball world, George Margette. The big Detroit right hander led the team to an undisputed 34-0 defeat in their initial game of the season. Following close on George's heels is our Alaskan Veteran "Hal" Halford, master cartoonist. Examples of Hal's clever work may be seen at top of this article. Also from the battlefields of Alaska is "Solid Jim" Saul, top bar room tenor, while another pleased to be out of the bush is Bob Pincombe.

Hailing from a western station we have George Wade, brother to Jim Wade, world champion bronc-buster and bulldozer, at present working on Sally Rand's Nude Ranch. (What a Posting!) Intellectual head of the class to date is little Johnny Johnston, our bashful beauty. A. W.D. smiled at Johnny the other day and he blushed so hard the Red Cross tagged him for an extra pint.

Then we mustn't forget our class senior, Jack Yuill, former medical student, who tucks the boys in every night. "Daddy," as the boys call Jack, is the

only class senior on the station who inquires into the background of each girl his classmates date. (His work involves personal contact!—the rat.)

Those with insurance problems may contact our Mac Burke. (Don't relate where you received your information.) Our congenial math wizard was posted here from Camp Borden. If early indications mean anything, remember this name when bouquets for class honours are distributed in three months' time.

And so we have endeavoured to introduce a fair percentage of our class. With space limited, we shall have to postpone our thumb-nail sketches of the remainder until next issue.

★

### Motor Transport

It was with much regret that we heard of the serious illness of our ex-Sgt. Potter at Patricia Bay, also of L.A.W. Thibault's serious accident at St. Hubert, P.Q. We wish them both a speedy recovery.

Our good old M.M.M.T. Sgt. Pierce is now in charge of the M.T. Section at No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg. Congratulations, Charlie! We also wish to congratulate Charlie and Mrs. Pierce on the arrival of their new little airman. Here's hoping they don't make him into a "M.M.M.T." as the life is very grim at times.

We were sorry our L.A.W. Drinkwater spent so long in hospital—here and there—and hope she is fully recovered and back with us long before this issue is in print.

Who was the flying Frenchman that was caught FLYING too low between here and Rivers as he had one foot on the other on the accelerator to keep the bottom foot from coming up, thereby losing his wings for three weeks. He was allowed to operate nothing but a broom for the first week and "station-driving" only for the next two weeks. He now has his "Wings" back and is on the loose again. Pedestrians BEWARE! Keep to the edge of the road as he is still looking for the suit he lost between here and Brandon.

Two of our drivers, ACI McDougall and LAC Oliver, went to Swift Current on Temporary Duty for three days and much to their surprise may not be returning. We welcome to our Section four new drivers, and one M.M. M.T., namely, Cooper, Hepburn, Krofchick, Yager and Ferguson. LAC's Burchell and Kennerley are in a whirl on courses at Oshawa and Windsor. It is to be hoped that they absorb a little more knowledge of mechanical work than some of our previous entrants on these courses.

We now have our bride and groom, "The Curries," back with us after the groom spent six weeks on a tractor course and the bride four weeks on a

tractor (spring leave). The bride has a beautiful tan but walks with a bit of a limp from having one foot in the furrow. They really think married life is great and are certainly an ideally matched couple.

Our little W.D. driver, L.A.W. Farrow and firefighter LAC MacDonald are tying the fatal knot on the 2nd of June in Winnipeg. We sure wish them all the luck and happiness in the world and hope all their troubles may be little ones. This also goes for the Curries.

P.T. is supposed to put our Senior N.C.O.'s in shape, but it seems to be working in the reverse as one is in a wheel chair and two are on crutches.

We are holding a surprise party at the Jahns' home in Rivers to initiate his newly built ice box and here's hoping it will be full of refreshments and schnapps.

★

### Instrument Shops

GORD HARLEY

Hi ho everyone! Back again to M.T.B. Yes it's true our "column" has been missing for a couple of issues of M.T.B.—but once again "Ye olde Instrument" news is here to greet you. What's new?—outside of MKV's there isn't very much. Maintenance gang are quite the same and so are the gang at Flats.

We lost three of the boys to the New Compass Course—Jim Harrison, Joe Sokalski and Fred Charles, who are sure working hard on the course. Let me on behalf of the gang wish the three lads the very best in their new venture. Overheard in the barracks:

Trigger—Hello, P.H. (wonder who?)  
Charles—X—Y—why?  
Sokalski—My blanket again!  
Pike—Who put that cake in my beer?

Grigg—Oh Pennfield wherefor art thou?

Opyr—About time I went on a 48 eh?

Knechtel—I'm taking ten days regradness.

Saban—Finished O.L.'s at 5 tonite—fast eh?

McKay—Just call me Bogart (have you seen his hair cut?—wow!).

Servais—They finally caught up with me (got a hair trim too).

Murray—Made 80c today—lost 70c yesterday.

Hay—Just call me flat-top—oooh me tooth hurts.

Allen—Where's that clock from that MK V?

Whitey—What's the use. You can't win.

Westmacott—What a headache!

Pitcher—The airspeed has 4 connections—and—

Price—What a dance at Rivers—(?????)

Buck—Holy cow—Me wife's leave is changed again—oh me—

Pratt—That reminds me of the time I—

Sammy—It's been so long—

Heuchert—Who the blankety blank stole my wheel?

Smith—That's the way I was going to do it too—!!!!

Harley—Gad—I've got another meeting today—

Harrison—There you guys go again—taking it the wrong way—

Williams—I think I'll get married in June—or—let's see—July is warm—or would it be too hot—maybe August—oh what the hell—

And so on into the nite goes the conversation uttered from the lips of those who keep the station on top—those happy-go-lucky fellows, the Instrument Mechs.

★

### Servicing Squadron Hits

The past month brought many new faces to the flights. The "Old Maestro," F/L Dodds, has a new nucleus to mold, to keep up the fine record of the past flight crews. He is ably assisted by FS's Parker and Moore to keep the efficiency going, plus L.A.W. Atamanchuck to keep the office running smoothly.

The secret is out. All that hustling around the flights is the result of our boys getting ready for outdoor sports. Keep it up, fellows, and every team will be a winner.

**A Flight**—The Angels have lost their St. Peter. Yes, Sgt. Craig is off to win new glories and best wishes follow him on his new undertaking. The Angels in the flight have unsuspectingly become afflicted with that chronic ailment "Spring Fever." Lambert, our 'l'le de France' is worn out carrying on operations against an unknown force about 1,500 miles away. Cheer up, Lamb! Carnegie, the Port Perry farmer, is now counting his numbered days to August 4th when he bows to Cupid's will and takes upon himself a bride. Smitty, whose specialty is Trailer-made recreation, has been conducting numerous sorties to Minnedosa, Oak River, etc., in his newly equipped jeep. Take care, don't pick up any souvenirs on the way, Stradecki, the Blue Fox, has reduced his objectives from ten to four, where he is concentrating all his irresistible power. His most successful bridge-head seems to have been scored in Transcona.

**B Flight**—Known in the vernacular as Beer Flight. (Who said more beer and bigger glasses?) Why is it that so little news comes from the Flight? Is it because they are so close to the Old Maestro, or is it because they expect to make the headlines in the next issue?

**C Flight**—(Charlie Flight, under the guidance of Sgt. Ferguson) is a going concern now that warm (?) weather is here. Visiting aircraft coming and going continually keep the boys on their

toes—so much so that P.T. now holds no terror for them?? The new Flight Commander, F/O Carling, sure has a way of getting things done. Floors waxed, general clean-up plus a new desk (there may be a commission in it, Herchuck), and all without a moan or groan. That's what we call co-operation. Sgt. Ferguson should replace Adonis, what with all that P.T. plus. Listen, old boy, you have our vote for the pitcher's berth.

The wetting of a new pair of Corporal's hooks should be an event in the flight soon. Better keep the old uniform well pressed, Roy. Rumor has it that tall, handsome corporal's wings have been clipped by a neat little frail from Moosomin. What's the story behind that cute little Frenchman's visit to Oak River? Naughty, naughty, Ralph!

**D Flight**—The "Little Darlings" as we know them are being put through their paces by Sgt. Buchanan. "Moose" Monson has returned to No. 1 C.N.S. to recuperate from his spring leave. Looks like a certain young fellow from Virden is contemplating spending his leave at Harding. She must be an extra special reason. Since four-steaks-at-one-sitting "Dalcourt," the slim boy from Montreal, joined our flight, mess rations for the crew have been doubled. Your writer has found out who owns that seventeen year old automobile (what nerve). After much embarrassment "Mat" admitted ownership: Could that be the reason he has lost interest in both the Mark Ts and Mark Vs, or could it be peaches and cream at Bradwarden? Sgt. Buchanan finally whipped his softball team into shape. After being nosed out 27 to 4 in the first, the tables were turned this time when they took the measure of the Typhoons 31 to 4. Nice work boys, now let's turn out more enough and keep the teams in the win column. Comes now the question of P.T. Do Flight crews need it? We suggest that we be followed on our rounds for one day only. Nuff said.

★

### Training Wing

CP. "JOEY" PASCUZZO

We were wandering down the hallway one day, when suddenly a voice came booming from what seemed nowhere: "LAY THAT SHOTGUN DOWN, BABE!"—we recognized the tune—but the words! It didn't come from the Orderly Room, either—although one hears some rather outlandish noises from that general direction sometimes. If you were to rush up to investigate, however, you'd probably stop suddenly when you got to the wicket—and quite likely you'd emit a long, low, subdued whistle, straighten your tie, and probably stay awhile. For we have glamorous blondes, sizzling redheads, and gorgeous brunettes up this way. Take Pennie, for instance, with her dazzling smile—a Bonnie

lassie, who tussles with Training forms without the slightest degree of doubt. June also can talk the lingo in a very capable fashion, and is always ready to help you out. June's away on furlough just now—Vancouver, in that paradise—British Columbia.

Don't be alarmed at the wild rattling and rumbling of keys, and a blonde head bobbing over a typewriter—that's Grace Laurens. Boy, how that girl can punish a typewriter. If you move your gaze a bit it will rest on Frances Goleboski. She specializes in examinations—fancy, or ungarlished—the trickier the better. Frances can whack one out in nothing flat, with not even a ruffle of her Airforce hairdo. And down here in front Anne Ennis is the girl with the quiet voice and slow smile. Anne juggles with log books. We've noticed that a certain Sergeant Pilot seems to have a great deal of difficulty with his, and has to make frequent calls. Over there in the corner is Alice Kelly. The very name sounds intriguing, doesn't it? If you were here this winter you would see Alice cutting quite a neat figure of eight on the local rink. Alice likes dancing, too.

Your gaze wanders and rests on Dot Attwood. Dot is one of those brunettes we mentioned, and I'm sure that some of the Powers gals would wear perturbed expressions if she were anywhere in their vicinity. Dot is the girl who always has a snappy comeback, and boy, can she give! But try to wake her up in the morning! Right at the back is Lila, our sizzling redhead. She's popular with the trainees. These Trainees are a chivalrous lot, don't you think Lila? Take Course 96, for instance—Very good taste, boys—very good...

Enid Fearles used to be with us—she was the girl down in front with the sleek black locks. Rides, cycles, dines and dances with equal grace. Station Orderly Room claimed her, and we hope she'll like it there. Remember Frances MacDonald. She was usually poring over columns of figures, but was always ready for fun and laughter. She's the luckiest of all the Orderly Room girls, because she got the posting of postings—Overseas! Likewise LAC Nicol—"Nick"—Sgt. Hutchinson's (Hutch to you) right-hand man. Don't know what we'll do without Nick to struggle with our Stationery demands in his good-natured, helpful way. Sgt. Albert, too, received the good word, and he's off Eastward. We know he'll be an asset to any Orderly Room. Good luck, you Lucky Three—an Bon Voyage!

And after sending off a few of our members, we say "Welcome" to WO2 Patterson. We know darn well you'll like it down in Training Wing, Major. Flight Kirby does, don't you Flight? And while on the subject of "Flights"—Congratulations, Eriell! All Training Wing knows our own Flight Sergeant Erlendson. She's charming—she's poised—and what's more, can give you all the "gen" there is on Aircraft

Recognition. We always gaze in awe at that beautiful upswep of hers. How do you do it, Ernie?

And out into the dazzling Manitoba sunshine we go. Sorry there haven't been any "seeps". That's "30" for this trip. Be seen' you!

## At The Barrier

"SLIME" GRENZOWSKI  
We want to welcome a new addition to the gang, the unpredictable Sgt. Rowe. Better known as "Russ," to his ever increasing circle of friends. Sgt. Rowe hails from Toronto, and from all reports he seems well contented with his new station. Although he is still at a loss as to just where the river does lie, I'm sure some of the fairer sex will be more than willing to solve the problem.

If anyone is wondering just why Cpl. Baessler is going around picking up stones and trying to guess their weight, I'll let them in on a little secret. As the story goes, it seems that one of the R.A.F. lads lost his Identification Card. Now according to all rules and regulations of Air Force Law—Sec. X, etc., the proper thing to do is report the loss to the Service Police, and in the meantime fill out a form for a temporary "I" card. In taking down the particulars, Cpl. Baessler inquired as to the owner's weight. As quick as a flash came back the snappy reply—"Twelve stone!"

Dan Cupid has struck again, or is it that the girls are taking advantage of this being Leap Year? The recent victims to go down under Cupid's barrage of arrows are Cpl. French and Cpl. Kirtson. Surprised? 'Taint the word for it! Now we know just where Cpl. French has been spending his "48's."

All kidding aside, I wonder if our two dare devils F/S McRae and Sgt. Sorenson aren't seriously thinking of remustering to the Commandos. Sgt. Sorenson, alias "Sam," put on a little display for the boys. After the dust cleared, our Saturday nite commando brushed himself off, and muttered something to the effect of, "That was nothing, you should have seen me when I was a kid." Ed's Note: Don't you boys think you're getting a little too old for the likes of that?

## Maintenance

With the excitement of the "over-seas" postings we inadvertently missed the last issue of M.T.B. We certainly miss the lively personalities of "Cliff" and "Midge"—our best wishes go with them both, "Bon Voyage!"

Our new CEO, Squadron Leader J. Gray, has been with us two months and in that time we have come to recognize him as a man of unlimited abilities and possessor of a delightful humour. In his quiet, unassuming way he appears to have all the intricacies of Maintenance at his finger tips.

Congratulations to the lads recently promoted. Corporal Luce, for one, appears to have his hands full, what with modifications and things. Do not worry "Marie," he is safe in our hands.

It seems we have missed a pair of seissors, so if you see the W.D.'s rushing around and peering into dark corners they are only looking for said item. Please try and remember what you did with them and return to M.W.O.B. Do you know anything about this, "Doug"?

185 Squadron are keeping one of the girls in sweets these days. Wonder where the black market is?

During these busy days we do not see much of "Muscles." I wonder if it is because we are so busy? And how is our energetic Sergeant who wants to go cycling? Had any luck yet, "Robbie"? Those budding romances are really blooming—you know "Aldous and heaven too" "Take it easy Irish." Our "Nicky's" smile will be more cheerful when she can pick up the phone and hear that voice from "Beer Fit." Won't be long now, kid. What fitter Sergeant is looking very lost these days? Never mind "Jimmy," furloughs can't last forever you know.

For the information of those who share our dislike for P.T. we have a few suggestions:

- (1) Don't profess to have any knowledge.
- (2) Forget what little you do know.
- (3) Think up a better excuse for the C.O.

## Photographic Section

Did you happen to notice a group of anonymous pictures above a write-up about the Armament Section in last month's M.T.B.? Well, folks, that was the Photo Section in case you were wondering.

Some of you may be glad and some sad (I hope) to learn that we shall be leaving No. 1 C.N.S. any time now. We are really sorry, all of us. Flying Officer Jimmy Johnston, our grand O.C. from Toronto, and Pfc. Sgt. Ed Gray, also from Toronto and one swell fellow to work for; the photography instructors, Sgt. Tommy Morrell, originally from Winnipeg, will be sorry to leave a certain W.D. over G.I.S. way, and Cpl. "Monty" Montague, the chap with the wicked gleam in his eyes, hails from Regina. Then there are the girls; Cpl. Marg. Sharp, from "these here parts," Minnedosa to be more exact, and by the way sprouting a new set of hooks; L.A.W.'s Lorna Harrison, a Toronto gal, but rather interested in the West Coast at the present time (I wonder why?), will be very sorry to break from Rivers; Freda Frederiek, our butterball from Calgary and Winnipeg; Sara Thompson, from New Brunswick, is one cracking good artist; "Holly" Hollingshead, Sask. born and a good kid to work with; Mary Ball and Marti Sentes, both Saskat-

chewan girls and the closest of friends ever since Manning Pool days; and yours truly, the writer of this effort, "Smokie" Brinton, from Camp Creek way up in Alberta.

We practically shed tears when we shipped all the serial cameras back. The reason for sending the cameras away meant no more aerial photography for Navigators or Air Bombers. You know, we loved those big, heavy, awkward things and the work they involved. Have you noticed some of the woebegone and lost looks on the Photo girls' faces lately? Well, that's the reason. Losing the cameras and leaving Rivers.

Nobody seems to know where we are going or when. Of course, we all want to go overseas but we know we can't and are more or less resigned to our fate. Pardon me, I made a slight mistake—three or four of us will remain here to carry on the Station Photography. Anyway, in case the rest of us are gone when you read this, Cheerio and happy landings from all the shutterbugs.

## Electrical Section

A. VERNIER  
For reasons unknown to the writer he was requested to write up the section highlights again this month. The reason could be that a good percentage of our boys are convalescing from a few rough and tumble games of softball with the instrument section. These games proved both victorious and disastrous. We were able to take the instrument lads the best out of a series of three, but in turn we suffered very heavy casualties. Barney Harper was our first casualty due to the fact that he insisted on catching an exceptionally fast ball on the end of a finger which resulted in a bad dislocation. Your writer then ventured forth and in short order was high-tailing it to the hospital with a sprained thumb. Doyle, our star catcher, caught himself a very sore thumb and a mean dislocation of one of his fingers. If we had more players to fill the gaps we might have continued the bitter struggle, but even so, we are hoping for a return engagement and then woe to those poor Instrument Mechs.

Sam Clutchuck, our number one invalid, is well on the way to recovery now. Sam, a great weightlifting expert, fractured a bone in his right ankle while attempting a back flip last month, and until just recently has been hobbling along in a cast. We're all hoping to see you back tumbling again real soon, Sam.

Never a dull moment is endured in our barracks now that Vic Douse is back with us again. If he isn't agitating a row or an argument, he's in the thick of one himself! He can mutilate the other fellows' bed clothing in such a manner that it takes a good hour of tedious work to get it half way back to its normal state. He also claims to

be one of the very few who can sleep in a bed full of salt and simply enjoy it. I don't know how he does it, but he does!

The Command Trade Test Board visited this station last month and we are proud to declare that over ninety percent of our "B" and "C" group men passed with flying colours. Now that Eddie Watt and Eric Smith are "A" groupers, we can't convince them that it isn't necessary to wear "blues" to work. Seriously tho' the section is very proud of you all, and extend heartiest congratulations.

Once again St. Thomas came thru' with another electrician for us, and in just the nick of time too, because our Sgt. Miller was starting to show signs of grey in that thickly populated wavy head of his. Populated with what you say!—The new member is ACI DeLisle, a charming young casanova from Vancouver, B.C. We hope you enjoy your stay here as much as we enjoy having you, Kel.

## Headquarters Orderly Room

HAZEL MACKENZIE  
Well, once again they've asked us for a scoop. Don't know how they expect us to concentrate with "Pappy" Crocker bothering us with the sound truck. But didn't someone say Headquarters always comes through!!!!

A few changes have taken place since last writing.

First our one and only F/Sgt. Landry left us to take up residence where dog teams are said to be plentiful—none other than at Fort Nelson. We are sure going to miss him and trust he will miss us, but then he always has the WABBIT for company.

We have now added Sgt. Chaiken to our staff, replacing Sgt. McKinnon who was posted to Pearce, Alberta, about a month ago. We are glad to have him around and hope he stays awhile.

And if you saw a lot of W.D.'s tearing madly around with sad pans just blame it on that overseas posting. We all wish Cpls. Cameron and Dorrance of Headquarters and Frances MacDonald, Midge Dockery, Alice Tilotson, and Mary Robertson good luck. Keep your fingers crossed, kids.

## Armament Section

Just a few remarks from the "Lonesome Polecat Section" under which name we were referred to in the last issue of M.T.B. And all that because we probably are the only section on the station minus W.D.'s. Apparently, ye Ed. has never seen the Armourers at work after hours.

Since the last issue, we have bid adieu to several of the lads, namely, Sgt. "Hardrock Harry" Beaumont, LAC Bjarnason, and LAC Mooney who have departed for the greener pastures



of R.D. in the 'Peg. LAC Pallin and LAC McKinnon are now at Mountain View on Bombing Instructors' courses.

But that isn't all. Our influx has been greater than our loss. Sgt. Nadurak, a graduate air bomber, has come to us as an instructor to really learn the woes attached to training of air bombers. Also, Cpls. Veitch and Berezuk, the latter "Turk" for short, have come to us from Mountain View. All are busily engaged focussing the eagle eye on the bomb aimers. Sgt. Doersom "guns" from Mountain View to complete the roster of newcomers.

Not content with winning the station softball championship last year, the lads have started this season with fire in their eyes and already have a game or two under their belts. Recently, we pulled the hat trick by winning softball, volleyball, and horseshoes all in the same evening.

## Hospital Newscast

F/L W. G. CONNIE REIDELL  
Hospital changes occur as in all other sections from month to month with personnel coming and going as the seasons of the year.

F/L Cam Allen, mentioned in last issue, is now firmly entrenched in Deer Lodge, wielding his surgical ability on the staff there, whilst F/L "Hoopy" Mel Gibson is now swinging a mean knife in our local surgical emporium, hungrily looking for new type cases other than ye olde stand-by tonsillectomy.

F/L Jack Baldwin, has now migrated to Swift Current with the No. 2 "M"



Depot staff, whilst F/L Steve Thorson, a former Winnipegger, is ably carrying on his duties here. Steve has specialized in "internal medicine," having taken post graduates at Boston and Mayo's. He was in the McLean-Thorlakson Clinic in Winnipeg prior to donning the King's uniform. Anyone interested in "what's what and why" inside, please arrange an appointment with Steve, and you'll get the works, and really find out what makes you tick or maybe stop ticking.

S/L Tommy Wilson, our worthy S.M.O., is now "Tripping the light fantastic," on a two weeks' annual leave away up home in Iroquois Falls, Ontario, (close to God's country?).

N/S Evelyn Hardwick, of Calgary, and a grad of Vancouver General Hospital, is here on Temporary Duty, on Air Ambulance Evacuation instruction, "trying to imbue our staff here with an "air minded" viewpoint.

N/S Muriel Simpson is walking on air of late. Is it the regular mail from the boy friend that causes this ethereal condition?

One and all have been sorry to lose the cheery countenance of Senior N/S Frankie Anderson, who has pushed off for lands beyond the seas. Best of luck to Frankie, and we are sure she will make good "over there," and also get a bang out of this ruddy war in front line activity instead of the "Battle of Rivers."

Oh, yes! Our W.D. Hospital Assistant, Catherine "Shurty" Stokes, has now joined the ranks of the "Double Harness Brigade," and is in a dither of confusion to know just what her right name is—Mrs. Wyers. There still is romance left in this hospital, as friend husband was a former Riverite. Pulling wires changed her name to Wyers.

## "Don" Flight is Exciting

By "CHOPIN"  
To begin with our O.C., F/L ("tiny Bill") Wright (oh why couldn't his name be Tim!) But outside of the fact that he has to get inside a plane "in sections" and that he has to stretch his legs down to the bombardier's hatch to keep his knees from obstructing his vision he's a good officer and a grand O.C. Any guy who says he isn't—well, he can't be looking forward to getting promoted in the near future!!

Then we have "the kid" Bill Scrimgeour. I hear that he's becoming hard to get along with ever since he saw his "mug" in just about every newspaper in the country a little while ago. But of course I must not forget our new crop of Flight Sergeants—Flack, Dalmege, Kushner, Ross, Bamford and Fleetwood. Eric Flack (to hear talk) expects to make papa Dionne look like a piker in the not too distant future!

# Classroom Highlights



## CLASS 98B

If these words appear in June M.T.B. it will greatly surprise the scribe who is writing this after the appointed time.

Those who have gone before us gave us fair warning but we heeded them not; satisfied with the knowledge gained at Bridgnorth we sailed merrily along, spent Saturdays dancing at the W.D.'s canteen or on short visits to Brandon, mid-week dances in Rivers, not to mention walking, cycling and riding with W.D.'s to the rippling river. Suddenly the leisurely manner of our instructor changed; a new gleam came into his eye; we trembled, bowed our heads, pulled up our socks, extracted the digit and acknowledged that our life had changed.

So this epistle contains not a vestige of humour for which we do not apologize at all.

Undoubtedly the most important event of the last month was one that occurred in Winnipeg. Two of our dimmest members were escorting two ladies (?) from a dance, when, in a drug store, one was brought to a sudden mental halt by a harsh voice calling "That's my wife you're with." With great presence of mind the dimmer member replied by extending his right hand, remarking "Pleased to meet you." The ensuing events are too painful to record.

We are sorry to have to report that another three members found the ladies of Winnipeg so bashful that they had to resort to the "Lonely Hearts Club" for a date but went to sleep and awoke three hours too late.

We refuse to be amused by the members of G.I.S. orderly room who eat our candy in our absence when tendered by so-called friends, and who offer to take our photographs with Link sextants.

**FLASH:** We are still undefeated at soccer; pull yourselves together, you challengers.

Good show Miller, two haircuts in Three days, one the day before the C.O.'s inspection voluntarily and one the day after, compulsarily. If it happens again we shall pass the hat around to pay for the next one.

We can't agree with the frequent suggestions in M.T.B. that the service in the Snack Bar is poor. When the tenth man in the queue for icecream thought he could serve it himself, he had only served seven cones and one sundae before the attendant arrived. He was distressed that no one thanked him for his wizard effort.

Did two ex-policemen spend their 48 in police courts listening to a divorce

case. If not, why do they intend to spend their next 48 at Winnipeg Beach? Cheerio till next month.

## CLASS 95B



Though we grow in quality (or do we Mr. Newton?) we are sadly depleted in quantity. It could be lack of sufficient work or over-G.I.S. indulgence, or even P.T. phobia?

Are we not sufficiently covered in Rivers dust and do not our eyes, with their navigation bags bear witness to prolonged study, that even the "rookies" Squadron Commander cannot recognize us for what we are. We have always held the opinion that D.R. was a misleading if not ominous term to use in navigation, unless it refers to the ultimate state of a U/T navigator. Our 16th week plotting exam further confirmed this opinion; indeed it would appear from the marking that "Deduced Reckoning" should read "Deduction Reckoning." However, complaints and recriminations from the powers that be have not yet descended on us and we live to see another 48.

Our crest, it would seem, has fallen into dis-use, although our short class history bears no witness to any fouling of our escutcheon (other than by yellow chalk!) due to lack of maintenance and over-zealousness in classroom "joe-ing" the eagle and globe have disappeared from the crest. A new emblem has popped up — I say popped up because "Bugs Bunny" appears daily in different corners of the blackboard, always with a topical turn of wit. One day we shall find his burrow and by laying a trail of technicolor carrots he might be lured to his proper place—rampant on an azure field of AP 1234.

## CLASS 101 A LAC I. KAY

It is our privilege and duty to introduce Class 101A (the editor insists on it). Like our many famous predecessors

after settling down at Moneton for what seemed to be the duration, something stirred in us (it might have been the cocktail of inoculations in our arms)—we had the urge to move. "Go west young man," everybody seemed to say—it can't be any worse than here (so they thought) so once again we packed our bags (like the Children of Israel) and trekked on till we arrived here — did someone say something about the Garden of Eden? But alas, disillusionment set in and this now finds us in a sombre mood. For by now we've come to realize just how much blood, toil and sweat and tears are entailed in having the honor to be an ex-Rivers student.

Rather than push out an "Whose Zoo" on the unfortunate readers, we have chosen to ponder on the first three weeks.

Coming as we did, with joyful notions of a continuous round of bright lights and kindly old ladies with luscious daughters (interspersed with a little computa-fiddling) it's easy to see that the town of Rivers shook us a bit. But the shock of seeing a camp peopled by Zombies was even more



severe. Now, however, our senses have been bedulled by the constant bombardment of gen and we just meander round in a daze. The only spark that comes into our eyes is caused by negligence on the part of the W.D.'s as they take their ease on the cookhouse steps.

This course has one definite advantage. It trains one to make quick decisions and form a sense of value. For instance, several times a week one is faced with the necessity of taking either a shower, shave or haircut. If the decision is not taken quickly the precious minutes are past and one is swept into the current of endless toil once more.

F/O Grant has courageously undertaken the Herculean task of eliminating our ignorance—namely, one previ-

ously very deeply-rooted idea that navigation was a piece of—pie. We wish him luck, but sometimes we have our doubts.

"The Creek" (formerly Room 106) now echoes with moans and groans as the "Confuser" confounds and muddles even the brightest of the dim-wits. Ah! Winnipeg, says Slim, with a dubious gleam, jabbing lustily with a dirty big thumb the first road and rail junction he can see.

Stalwart Albert, or Jock Joeves to you, is our flight leader, who has as guests at the Creek, 18 Englishmen, 6 Scotsmen and 2 Welsh men—the Dim-Wits crew. We also have a Scotsman who is just recovering from scarlet fever, and have lost another to Course 102 through sickness. We wish them the best of luck in their new class. Watch this class—you can expect big things from them (voices in unison "Not marks!").

## PARABLE OF CLASS 98B

Many centuries ago in the heart of the island Britannia there dwelt a small tribe known as the "birdmen" whose way of living differed so much from their fellow men that they decided to leave the country of their forefathers and migrate across the ocean to the west where perhaps they might find a way of living more to their liking.

And one day their leader, an old man named Tafferius Jones, a wise prophet, said, "Come children let us go," and girding up their loins they stole forth into the night, and after many trials and tribulations they reached the western shores of the country to the north called Caledonia.

And on their way they gathered in many more men of like ilk who said "Yes, here is a real type, let us follow him."

Now on reaching the shores of the wild land to the north the followers of Jones turned to him and said "Thou art a proper type for thou hast no ship for us." And Tafferius said "let not this worry you children, for I have conversed with the harbour master and after many skins of wine he promised to give us a ship, for he himself once lived in our country and hated the way of the men here, and hof my children, here's the ship," and indeed coming up the River Clydus they beheld a small galley called Queen Marius.

And with no more ado the children of Jones lept aboard and turned her about and sailed forth.

Now after many days at sea and after many battles with the galleys of the Huns (an old enemy of the country) they reached a large continent lying across their path, and they lowered their sails and crawled ashore.

And ho! a vision indeed appeared, for a large body of women came up to them and said in their own language "have some cawfee and donuts, boys," and Jones who was quick to learn the

ways of women replied in a like manner "Sure, sis, shoot us the wolks."

And after some hours of talking (for it was many moons since they had seen women) Jones arose and said, "Children, I have heard of a paradise to the west called Rivers (because the land's dry )where it is said men fly. Let us go. But before we go we must spend 14 days in the wilderness to the north so that we may become used to the ways of the New World.

And girding up their loins the children of Jones arose and bidding farewells to their native women journeyed forth once more.

And they spent 14 days in the wilderness.

And on the 15th day they arose once more and girded up their loins and set forth, and after many days of travelling they found this place Rivers.

And the children of Jones turned to him and said, "What's this? Thou hast betrayed us, for verily we should have stayed home.

But Jones said "Children, I had a dream last night, and in this dream a vision appeared, and he was a tall man, mighty in the ways of travelling over long distances, and he said "Be not afraid, for indeed if thou stayest here, I will give thee wings and thou shalt fly." And hearing of this the children of Jones said "Ho master, we will stay even unto the bitter end, for it is said that only the Gods and their chosen may fly.

## CLASS 100B

LAC'S MCINTOSH and GRIFFITHS

"Non Illegitimo Carborundum" (studious types note) is our motto and the emblem, designed by a keen classmate shows one of our number, nose to the grindstone, fixing one eye on the Navigator's brevet and feasting the other on some feminine talent. He is pleased to call the angle between the two "deviation," a better definition than the current one. It expresses the high morale built up by the excellence of the mail service, the frequency of leave, (which one bright fellow before he came here thought to be three weeks every 48 hours), the peculiarities of station cooking and the vagaries of the weather ("Canada has no weather only climate" declared one Canadian Group Captain). Reader, you would not deny that the English language has been extended if you could only watch the look of incredulity and puzzlement on the face of a forlorn classmate when he sits down to eat the odd mixtures set before him as his dinner. Often he asks if every day is Shrove Tuesday in Canada and then falls to weeping and wailing and gnashing his teeth (in more than one sense) but all to no use.

There are moments of humour to console us—the March of the Zombies, the evolutions of a certain non-comm., who shall be nameless and one or two things done to give the morning parade the show of legality. Recently the

M.O. has become very worried about the size of sick parades, which are swelled by quite half those of course 100B on certain mornings. Some malicious minds profess to have discovered a cyclic connection between the incidence of sickness and the C.O.'s parade. We attribute the fact that periodically quite one half of 100B wake up, their feet, legs, backs and arms racked with pain to the no doubt well meaning but excessive zeal of the P.T.I.'s, who torment our frail bodies with tortures unknown even to the Inquisition. Once weekly too, besides the ailing half, about a quarter of the lads concern themselves with the cleanliness of the billet (I am not referring here to that type of essentially Canadian exercise known as barrack room "sports") and hasten to enroll as hut orderlies. Far be it from me to question their zeal! Our football team challenges all comers. Having won several matches it has hopes of dethroning the proud champions.

## CLASS 102B

Many weeks ago we were given a booklet "You are going to be a Navigator," but after tasting the P.T. in the first week, we now wonder if we shall live twenty weeks. I guess we shall—others have, but how worried 94 are looking!

Each instructor might be a promoter of a company the way he talks, urging us to buy his winks, fixes our electrons for great profit—a brevet. We'll buy them, for nothing has been cheaper—they pay us to buy! and send us off on all too infrequent 48's to spend it and lose what we've bought; clever idea, isn't it? We'll be content if the profit and loss accounts balance without any days in S.S.Q. or on extra duty watch.

We knew nothing about Gremlins, Mks. 1 or V, disappearing stars or moonshine hallucinations — we shall, only too soon. We have learned of attention areas and now appreciate "No Smoking" notices. We know what it is to wait in the barber's shop and have the few drags in the five minute breaks in G.I.S. In short we're getting to know Rivers. One thing of which we are certain is that like Old Father Thames (Happy memory stream—A.C. R.C. and all) it will keep on "rolling along," sending its contents, happy at last, down to the O.T.U.'s.

Here's 102B hoping that 102B will head that way eventually and best wishes to M.T.B.

## CLASS 95A

The last time we inflicted ourselves upon the readers of M.T.B., we said goodbye to our old instructor, F/O Burns. In this issue we welcome F/O Black to our troublesome tribe and hope that we shall have the benefit of his teaching skill till the end of the course (By the time this appears the

welcome will be long overdue). We have also had to bid farewell to two class characters.

"Daddy" Downhams prolonged sickness means that he will not be coming back to us. (He is in Winnipeg, and who can blame him if his recovery is a long affair?) Taffy Jones' air sickness has cost the class the world renowned Welsh gift of song. It isn't the voice we miss so much—we can well do without that—but the repertoire!

In completing the class review of



world shaking events during the past month, we shall pass hastily over the football results. We must, however, make a great deal of noise about having seven trips washed in a row. Nowadays we only bother to prepare Flight Plans when the Met man predicts no flying.

Another matter which aroused our indignation was being mistaken by an instructor for a set of unsuspecting victims in their first week. After five minutes the instructor was gently informed that we were veterans of 15 weeks at Rivers. As if our haggard faces and lack-lustre eyes were not obvious!

Descending to personalities, this month's award of a 5-lb. lead "danger" is made to LAC Lorie, for his navigational skill and prompt action in an emergency. This airman, finding himself without a topographical map on a flight, landed at an unidentified aerodrome to obtain one. This action was instrumental in correcting an error in an air plot.

The award of the telescopic finger (fitted with the 95A quick removal device MK XIII) is made to LAC Belliver, who is believed to be the first Navigator in this war to go to sleep on the home leg.

A "Mention in Logs" is also made of the following airmen for their achievements in maintaining morale by means of entertainment. LAC STREET SINGER FOGEL: This airman has done loyal service to the class by singing continuously and so keeping out stray orderly officers.

LAC "RIDE 'EM" LEWIS: In a very entertaining exhibition, "Ride 'em" Lewis demonstrated the superiority of man over the wild equine animal. This performance was made quite gratis and not even sick leave was awarded.

## CLASS 99B

At last 99B is emerging from the strangeness of finding themselves at a predominantly R.A.F. Station. Fortunately we have picked up along the way six interpreters—one of whom interprets for one of the six—and we now find we can converse quite freely with out contemporaries. Why do we need interpreters? Well, folks you must know by now that twenty-four of us are real live Canadian U/T Navigators. How long we remain alive after the P.T. sessions remains to be seen—anyone seen Sgt. Foster?

At any rate, as long as we can hold our MTB will be hearing more about us as time goes on. If you want to see us about addresses or phone numbers from Victoria to Montreal, drop in to the Navigator Factory (105 GIS to you).

Of course, all this is not new to nine of our number, in view of the fact that they were formerly "usefully employed" here as engineers (sanitary engineers).

The "Navigator Factory" opened under the management of F/O Mertz, but since has become the chief source of worry to our new mentor, P/O Harvey.

Right off the bat, the "blokes" introduced us to that foreign game—soccer. Oddly enough we lowered the colors of "96A" to the tune of 2-0. Our softball team also triumphed over the headquarters squadron in their first game. Now we are looking forward to future victories—academically, as well as athletically.

After seven weeks of getting acquainted we're beginning to wonder:

1. Is Dunfield really going to take that fatal step?
2. Will Sgt. Foster pass the Armsament exam?
3. Is McCulloch planning on taking out an M.T. license or is he just going to remuster to be near her?
4. Are Dean and Outthet absolutely color blind?
5. Will we ever see the morning when Chapman doesn't have to run for breakfast?
6. What is the attraction that keeps F/S McCleod on the station during forty-eights?

How did Goodley, by trying to extend his trip to Regina, drift down into the States?

Does P/O Harvey still have hopes of changing our status from U/T?

What is it—three sisters?—at Byrne, Carter and Hayes mutual Winnipeg address?

Whom does Grant make those 7 dollar phone calls to?

It was a girl, but when will Poppa Snyder's cigars be forthcoming?

## CLASS 100A

After four weeks we have sufficiently recovered from the first effects of being dumped at Rivers to take time off and introduce ourselves. A motly col-

lection from all corners of the British Isles we send greetings to Canada, Canadians and our fellow exiles.

Let's go then:  
Firstly from the Huts of the Universe we have Frankie Frankel, Willesden, the course's own gremlin; Ken Gurney, Watford, our first member to qualify for the M.H.D.O.I.F.; and Len Culcheth, Wood Green, the problem child 'renowned air-sick in S.D.R.T.

From the North country we have Mike Wheatley, Sheffield, the maiden's dream; Pop Wedgeworth, Bradford, ex-policeman trying to remuster to a Bandeliers; Pete Shuttleworth, Huddersfield, a noted circular horse rider; Farmer Farnell, Great Halton, who keeps good company on Railroad Stations; Frank Cant, Doncaster, "Pop's" manager; and Baron Wrightson, Carlisle, known as the P.B.T.T. (or P.Y. F.O.).

Hailing from the midlands are "Dim" Doods-Smith, always up some creek or other, and Gen-man Law, both from Birmingham.

The Sunny South has sent us Prune Mitchell, Margate, a direct descendant of the original Prunus; Frankie Leonard, Worthing, our star twin—girls, you shouldn't miss him, puts Sinatra in the shade; Les Large, Tonbridge, one class senior—never up but always "doing"; "Olive" Hook, Gosport; and the back-row boys Tony Hatcher, Staines and Fred Drage, Royston.

Three yeoman from the West Country, Lew Woodgates, Chudleigh, another copper, who seems to prefer landing at Portage; Solo Solomon, Bath,—"send us more Japs" and Randy Rowden, Paignton, why we can't imagine.

We also are proud of our four foreigners, Taffy Jones, Orwestry, a wild Welshman; Jock Pettigrew, Saltcoats, Scotland, his name rhymes with "You will do"; Roy Corlett from Manx-Land and Jock Munnie from way up in Lerwick, Shetland Isles—so far north he is almost an Eskimo.

We should also like to mention Messrs. Brown and McClean who through illness have left us to decorate other class rooms.

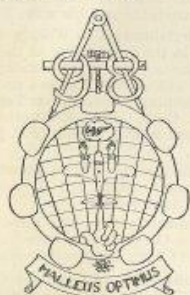
Just before leaving for press we caught this topical remark from Solomon, "With charged log jams and Indian Maps we shall soon be entering instruments, equipment and Quinine tablets checked!" Prudens Futre??

## CLASS 98A

LAC J. MORRIS JONES

It would have been an interesting occupation for leisure time, had not that been cut out of our syllabus, to consider whether the effect an instructor has on his class is greater than the class's effect on him. In our particular case, it would be difficult to believe that even we, "cunning and well salted in experience," could have worn down Mr. Maitland to an outlook and state of

mind similar to our own: and yet we cannot accept that we have been changed either. The conclusion, therefore, is that for once the right instructor has found the right class. As evidence I will cite two essentials in which the Australian Ambassador to Rivers and we are akin. He shares our idea of humour (fortunate this, since we are not sparing with it in speech and chalk) and is more than capable of improving on our efforts.



98A is a class very well aware of the delights of a stay in the hospital, and we have been glad of the recent proof that Mr. Maitland shares our view, although we missed his valuable assistance in the evening. It was expected that he would now be providing copy for the Staff Navigator's contribution to this publication; we like to think he decided he could learn more from us. With regret I record the passing from our midst of "Ting" and Frank Thomas. Not lost but gone before? Three others are threatening to depart this life, but we plead with them to stay—think how discouraged the P.T.I.'s would be if their usual class were reduced by 50% (work it out on your computer: no tolerance). It has occurred to me that S.D.R.T. has not received its need of publicity and appreciation in this record of Rivers revelry.

Accordingly in room 50 one afternoon I spent some of my abundant leisure on the composition of the following—conditions were, of course, ideal for poetry. I hope Mr. Yeats won't mind, I'm sure I don't!

I must arise and go now, into S.D.R.T.  
And an exercise perform there,  
Aground-flight ready-made,  
Nine loopfixes per leg must I have there,  
From each a W/V.  
And work and sweat in the sweltering shade.

And I shall have no peace there for  
Bruce comes swooping round,  
Dropping on unfinished airplots and  
Other ill-done things,  
And I grow ever dimmer and my head  
begins to pound  
And the room is full of wings and rings.

I must arise and go now, for always,  
night and day,

M.T.B. for JUNE

I hear the control buzzer, and low oaths  
by the score,  
While I sleep in the classroom, or on  
parade-ground play,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

## CLASS 94B

From out this paradise we are about to go!

Heap much sorrow is in our hearts for those yet to be exposed to the mercies of that infamous band of villains—officially known as "instructors." "Destructors" would be more apt a title. Now that we have nearly served our time, we must give thanks to the few who weathered our storm of ignorance, due, we believe, partly to up-currents of laziness and downcurrents of despair. In the far distance a scintillating voice can be heard demanding "Why? Why not turbulence?" from behind a tie which would do justice to the most vain and illustrious of Japanese peacocks, whilst a dignified nod of approval comes from below a "cheese-cutter," tilted in true Iberian fashion. If the gate on the Road to Freedom stands "three-stripe" from the hand of the Goon, nestling two 303 Brownings, in the company of the "Three Stooges" in full white P.T. regalia, searching for any Harvard Step Test failures. On the way to Liberty we are interrupted by some unnamed corporal asking, "Hi, fellows! are you going away now, fellows? Eh, fellows?" and out of the corner of our blood-shot eyes we notice a pair of F/O's tapes weeping bitterly astride a gigantic D.F. loop. "Ah, the pity of it all!" Lounging beside a well-groomed Montreal bicycle of unknown origin stands a lanky D.R. compass, also looking sorry to see us go. "M'importe!" says little dah-dit-dah from within a tattered "summer-issue" shirt, to the accompaniment of madame (now Flight) Dornier Tussand, who still believes an F.W. 190 is like a Typhoon.

"Now boys, this is probably where you will go," says the Geographical Genius, pointing ominously to the lower reaches of the Ganges, at the same time as Minnie's brother from Trinidad informs us that it's impossible to wipe out 85,000,000 Germans in one day.

A little advice to our unfortunate followers.

As regards eating in the Snack Bar—don't!

As regards cooking for Air Flight—Do! (it might come off)

As regards Winnipeg on a 48—Do! (it will come off).

Now we must say "au revoir," not that we're sorry but I think even we could have been worse off than way out here "On the lone prairie."

## CLASS 101B

This being our first entry in M.T.B. we shall introduce ourselves. The motley crew, known henceforth as 101B, converged on this "ere spot" from two provinces of this dominion, viz. New

Brunswick and Ontario. The minority of the class were from the "teetotalers paradise" Moncton, while the majority came from Toronto, on the banks of blue Lake Ontario. We are a truly British class with English, Scots, one Welshman (at his own request), a New Zealander, whose heart is in the Shetlands, and last but not least, "Aggie" our W.D. mascot.



We, another flight of "Sprags," are entering the last round of "to be or not to be." The outcome should certainly be the former, having had the good fortune of being graced with instructors, warranting such a write up as they had in the May issue of this "mag." After three weeks here we are now settled down, even the vigorous exercises given us by the P.T.I.'s, not upsetting us unduly!

To date we have had only one opportunity to use the "Bags, paper u/t aircrew for the use of," but we undoubtedly, according to the "Met Man," shall be using them frequently in the future—bags of boomph!

Primarily we are here to be educated but have already started our course for instructors!

## CLASS 93B

It is now almost 20 weeks since we staggered on to the station in bitterly cold weather but many other things have happened since, apart from the amazing change in the synoptic situation.

Alas! a deep depression has been centred upon our classroom for nearly the whole period and we have dwindled down to 15—reminds us of the 10 little nigger boys—only we were 26 and definitely soap worshippers.

This, then, gentlemen, is our last appearance in print and we would like to devote the remainder of our too limited space to some words of praise and respect to those who have helped us few through the storm.

Firstly, F/O Giesbrecht, our class instructor—thanks G.B. Yours we know was a hard and thankless task, but one completed in an imitatively conscientious and unwavering manner, and we leave here with the light dawning upon our puckered eyebrows—yes, we mean it! All the best G.B. We hope to meet



# TYPHOON MCGOON

Lt. Col., Air Corps, U.S. Army - 32 Citations  
Clewless McGoon's Big Brother!

