

# MTB

MESSAGE O BASE

JULY, 1944

VOLUME 1, No. 12



*Mark V Anson*

No. 1 C. N. S.

RIVERS, MAN.

## What Did You Do To-day?

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THE following poem, we feel, is an appropriate one during the invasion period. It was written by an Allied officer as he lay seriously wounded in enemy territory. He had *amputated his foot with a jack-knife and thought he was dying* as he penned these lines. After two hours' hiding he was rescued, and is now in a hospital recuperating.

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What did you do today, my friend  
From morning until night?  
How many times did you complain  
That rationing was too tight?  
When are you going to start to do  
All of the things you say?  
A soldier would like to know, my friends,  
What did you do today?

We met the enemy today  
And took the town by storm;  
Happy reading it will make  
For you tomorrow morn.  
You'll read with satisfaction  
The brief communique;  
We fought; but are you fighting?  
What did you do today?

My gunner died in my arms today;  
I feel his warm blood yet.  
Your neighbour's dying boy gave out  
A scream I cannot forget.  
On my right a tank was hit—  
A flash and then a fire;  
The stench of burning flesh  
Still rises from the pyre.

What did you do today, my friends,  
To help us with the task?  
Did you work harder and longer, for less,  
Or is that too much to ask?  
What right have I to ask you this  
You probably will say,  
Maybe now you'll understand —  
You see, I died today!





# EDITORIAL

## M. T. B.

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

### EDITORIAL STAFF

Assistant Editors .....	{ SGT. R. FERGUSON S/O K. FULMER
Features Editor .....	WO2 PAT. PATTERSON
Sports Editor .....	F/S HAROLD BOUGHEN
Artists .....	{ F/O D. A. WRIGHT LAC J. SMITH LAC W. ARGAN
Photographer .....	SGT. MORRELL

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

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

Volume 1, No. 12

JULY, 1944

## EDITOR'S CORNER

IT HARDLY seems possible and yet here we are this month releasing the 12th issue of M.T.B. to round out Volume I. A station project, M.T.B. has prospered, not so much in a monetary way as in the capacity for which it was originally created by your editorial staff—serving as an official station house organ, each copy a permanent memento of life at Rivers.

Most welcome news to everyone in early July was the announcement of a Clear Lake bus schedule direct from the station, to operate at a very nominal rate. This plan was tried unsuccessfully last year when the season was almost over. With an early start this year, however, the run should prove very popular. While accommodation is limited at Clear Lake due to heavy pre-season bookings, nevertheless, adequate provisions are made for service personnel. Anyone not familiar with Clear Lake surroundings may rest assured that a wonderful and refreshing outing is guaranteed.

July is always a pleasant sounding month because with it are associated many of our best times of the year. It is primarily a holiday month—need we go further? M.T.B. wishes all holiday-goers maximum fun, excitement and happy reunions but don't forget to come back because others will be awaiting their turn.

We just nicely launched WO2 "Pat" Patterson as our new Features Editor when No. 2 Training Command put the well-known finger on him. Up to time of departure, Pat did a grand job and we are grateful indeed for his keen interest. The station softball team also felt it keenly as Pat was a classy performer on the mound. In two too short months he was a well-known station personality and his many newly won friends at Rivers will join in wishing him every success in Winnipeg.

The month also witnessed the departure of three prominent figures when retirements came through for S/L Bell, S/L Upson and F/L Hammond. S/L Bell, who served the station for four years as O/C Flying Squadron hopes to continue in flying as does S/L Upson, who has been acting

as assistant C.F.I. F/L Arthur Hammond, our esteemed Station Adjutant, plans to settle down on a farm, thus fulfilling a life-long ambition. All three were duly feted at an Officers' Mess Dinner prior to leaving Rivers. The best wishes of everyone on the station go with them as they prepare themselves for civilian life once again.

A new procedure for procuring issues of M.T.B., if you are posted, is announced. In future all arrangements are to be made at the Y.M.C.A. office, through Chuck Crocker or Jack Hugli. Their office is handily situated and they will be pleased to accommodate anyone wishing to take advantage of this facility.

Unfortunately the sports meet had to be postponed last month but the time interval has enabled the sports section to make bigger and better plans for the day. It will be a half holiday at Rivers and everyone is guaranteed a lot of fun. P/O Roney and F/L Barney Lewis have worked hard on the Sports Day so let's all get right behind them.

The poem on the facing page does not make particularly pleasant reading but it is thought - provoking. The idea behind it is sound. Maybe we can't change over the whole world to our way of life but we can start at home by making a self-analysis of ourselves. The words of this soldier who thought he was dying are potent provided we accept them as he no doubt hoped we would.

Now that the Allied hold on France has developed into a major front, our thoughts turn to those fighting their way inch by inch, and the very least we can do for them is to give our wholehearted support. No matter what our job or how insignificant; if it is worth doing at all it is worth doing well. In the words of the dying soldier, "What did you do today?"



## HELP WANTED!

### ONE FEATURES EDITOR

With the posting of Pat Patterson, M.T.B.'s Features Editor, an excellent opportunity awaits any aspiring reporters. M.T.B. needs a replacement and offers to train anyone interested. Past experience is desirable but not essential. If you want post-war training in this type of work this is your big chance. All applicants will be considered for the job and should contact Editor, F/O Dave Ritchie, G.I.S.

## The Mail . . . Come and Get It!



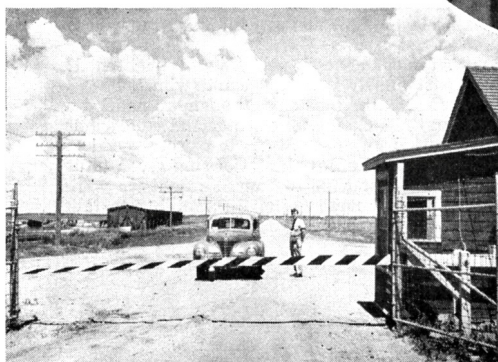
Top Left— Staff-Sgt. Geo. B. Horn. Top Right (l. to r.)—Cpl. Peter Chomoway, S/Sgt. George Horn, Pte. Archie Dajoe, Pte. Jack Redford. Second Row—LAW Audrey Farley. Centre (l. to r.)—Clare Huddleston, Mary Bodnarchuk, Audrey Farley, Helen Graham, Gay Coglon, Tony Yastrub, Cpl. Dot Goodchild. Third Row (centre)—The Post Office Gang en masse; right—LAW Gay Goglon. Fourth Row (left)—Terry Yastrub, Doris Blain, Helen Graham, Audrey Farley; centre—LAW Helen Graham; right (l. to r.)—Dudley Farley, Helen Graham, Doris Blain, Clare Huddleston, Cpl. Chomoway, Archie Dajoe, "Red" Redford, Staff-Sgt. Horn, and in background Terry Yastrub, back-stamping letters.

## Guardians of Our Safety

Left to right, standing — Cpl. Marius, LAC Stachow, Cpl. Millan, Cpl. Baxter, LAC Parker, LAC Harper, Cpl. Armittage, Cpl. Anderson, Cpl. McGarva, Cpl. French, Cpl. Grenzowski, Cpl. Bannerman. Seated—Sgt. Rowe, F/S McRae, F/L Murray, Sgt. Sorenson, Sgt. Warren.



A taste of their own medicine!



Left—"The Barrier."

Lower centre — Guard House & Post Office.

Above—Sgts. Sorenson and Rowe.

Centre page—F/L Murray & F/Sgt. McRae.

### Morale Builders

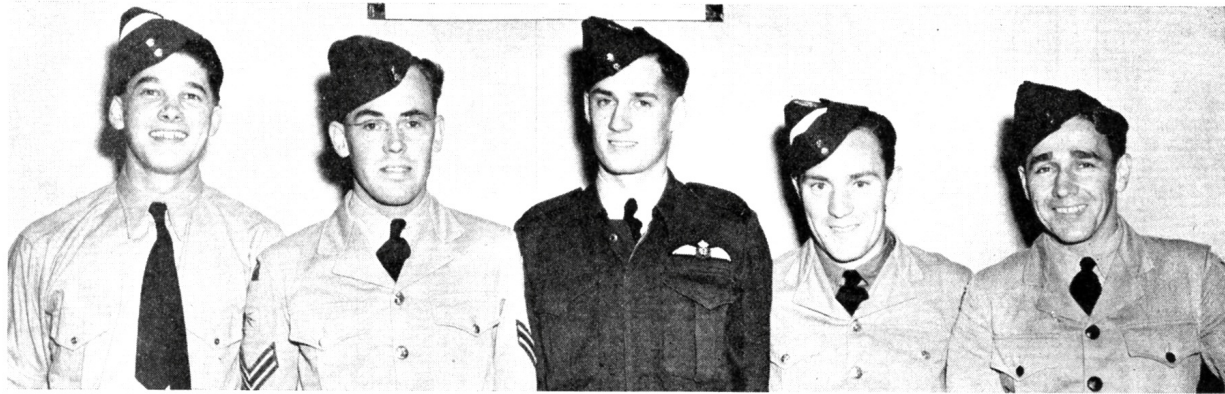
IT REALLY doesn't matter whether one gets any mail or not, the pleasant smile you receive at the Post Office is well worth the short trip. All in all the girls have a pretty hard job as everybody and his brother seems to feel that there is always some mail waiting just for him. Typical comments overheard are, "Are you sure, look again," "Well, there must be, she writes me every Sunday, without fail," and "What's the matter, is that train late again?" These girls really have their hands full.

Staff Sergeant G. P. Horne, at present on leave, is the regular boss-man, and hails from Red Deer, Alberta. Not much information is available on the Staff, due to his absence, except that he has served at the Base Post Office in Ottawa, Camp Borden and Rivers.

### The Gestappy Gang

Do you want your body guarded? Would you like the privilege of sleeping alone in one of our well-heated cells. The Gestapo of Rivers are always willing to oblige on either of the above requests and also many, many others.

It is extremely difficult to write an article on Service Police, as no matter who one is in the Air Force, or what one's job is, the Service Police are always looked upon as the hardest-hearted bunch of heels that ever got flat feet from pounding a pavement, when in reality they will nearly always prove to be one grand bunch of fellows. They have an extremely hard job to do, but like all the rest of us, it is a job to be done, and so they do it to the best of their ability.



LAC HAGEMAN

CPL. WEK

P/O BATES

LAC KENNEDY

LAC McLAREN

## Sailing Lake Manitoba in a Mark 5

KAY FULMER

"A vivid, thrilling experience, one which we wouldn't have missed, but wouldn't care to repeat" . . . "good experience for ops." These phrases sum up, briefly, the opinions of the five men who were "aboard" the floating Mark V for nine hours on Lake Manitoba one chill June morning, not so long ago.

Pilot Officer Bill Bates, captain of the aircraft, said that when the plane "sat down" on Lake Manitoba and stayed that way, "we wouldn't believe it, never thought it would happen that way, we were sure the aircraft would sink right away."

P/O Bates said that the uncertainty of their position, not knowing how far they were from land during the hours of darkness, plus the cold and wetness, were the worst features of the vigil. "We sure saw a lot of Lake Manitoba," he said, and "it's a funny feeling not to know where you are." "We realized, of course, that no efforts would be spared to get us. We had, as well, the comforting knowledge, later, of that plane overhead piloted by P/O McDuffe, and knew that they were keeping us in sight."

Members of the crew were wonderful and co-operative, not getting panicky at all, the pilot said, and when the dinghys were dropped to us it was McLaren (LAC) the good swimmer, who got the first one, and Kennedy (the non-swimmer) who was right in there blowing it up.

LAC John McLaren, of Perth Australia, and LAC Harry Kennedy of Ireland, shared the opinion of their pilot that

they did not expect the aircraft to remain afloat. Both LAC's said, too, "our pilot was tops! He was quiet and matter-of-fact and seemed able to instil confidence in us, rather than fear."

Says Kennedy, "I have often wondered how I would react in an emergency and I found out. Nobody was panicky, the pilot was cool and collected all the time. When we crawled out on the wing we were soon slapped with the waves and were wet and uncomfortable but we kept the nose up by sitting on the fuselage towards the tail.

We were prepared, if the plan sank, to make a line from the shroud lines of our chutes and all keep together. We took the cushions out of the aircraft too and found that they floated quite effectively."

McLaren, a quiet, unassuming chap who has spent four years in the Australian army in Libya, Crete and other danger zones of the Far East, said: "I thought to myself, this is happening every day in "ops" overseas, this is a good way to learn it, and we might just as well make the best of it."

Kennedy, with typical honesty said "Was I frightened? I certainly *was*, particularly because I can't swim."

Were we sleepy? No, the men said, though we nodded a bit towards nine in the morning, cold water and cold winds are not conducive to drowsiness . . . it felt pretty good to be picked up, and we DID enjoy the tot of rum given to us by the M.O. After sleeping for 16 hours straight we were just as good as new and now we have something to talk about when the boys are "shooting a line"!



Bathless Bates and Company

No. 1 C. N. S.

### "Lord Whiff's Poppa"

Formally known as Flying Officer Douglas Austin Wright, but popularly known, and very much liked, as "Ozzie," our chief cartoonist, is father of Typhoon McGoon, Lord Whiff of Grapeshott and all your other favorites. . . . To add spice to our Ozzie's collection of Air Force characters, we have recently heard that requests have come in from the well known "Wings" for some of Ozzie's work, which shows the discriminating taste of that magazine.



Believe it or not, our Ozzie was born in Dover, Kent, England, and came to Canada in 1938 to join the sales promotion staff of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, at Montreal, with which firm he is still connected (on leave of absence for the duration).

Getting any "story" on Ozzie's early life was just about as simplified as taking grizzly bear cubs away from their mama, but at least we gathered that Ozzie started his drawing career at the mature age of two, or probably, as soon as he could wield a pencil, crayon, or chalk and "do the murals" on his home walls in Dover. . . . After finishing his formal education Ozzie was sent to Art School where, he says, he "drew nudes all day long," and when, on occasion he went "sketching on the Thames" with one of his teachers, Ozzie spent his time sketching unusual "characters", picturesque fishermen, etc., while his teacher dealt with formal oil sketches.

Being a "Montrealer" when he joined the R.C.A.F. in June 1942, Ozzie's training was very largely in the French-speaking section of Canada and Ozzie says he was able to learn some of the language. . . . He was stationed at Lachine, Quebec City, Victoriaville, Three Rivers, all in Quebec, and also "served terms" at Trenton and Malton, in Ontario.

Ozzie enjoys watching people—when we asked him about sports as hobbies, (spectator or otherwise) Ozzie said that if he saw a really bang-up "moider" game between the Giants and "dem Brooklyn Bums" he would be really watching the **people** and not the **game!** . . . and here's a point that will interest you Ozzie-fans, he says, quote—Coming to Canada was the **best** thing I ever did, and I get **MORE FUN** out of doing those cartoons than anyone gets from reading them, far more fun!—unquote.

One of Ozzie's more interesting jobs in London, England, was a comic strip for a well-known vacuum cleaner corporation (Electrolux, advt.), in which he drew a character called Alibi Joe, the goofy salesman who **NEVER** did anything right.

M. T. B. for JULY

Ozzie speaks very highly of his confreres, Flying Officers Bruce Maitland and Don Aiken, whom he calls his "idea men." Both, says Ozzie, are keen students of "odd characters" and sometimes their ideas are "ready to get right on paper." Apart from this, Ozzie says, he is always being given ideas, for various cartoons, but unfortunately many of them cannot be used.

It is not a mere accident of make-up that Ozzie shares this month's spotlight with "Dynamo" Lewis of the P.T. and D. section, because . . . strange as it may seem . . . in listing his hobbies, Ozzie said (with his tongue in his cheek), **P.T., drawing, and people**, in that order! (P.T. section, please note.)

A modest fellow with a keen sense of humor and a subtle wit, our favorite cartoonist is very definitely a "personality"—long may he reign as pater to his cartoon "family."

### Pleasant, Trustworthy and Dynamic

**F**LIGHT Lieutenant A. J. "Barney" Lewis, whilst a newcomer to the station, has more than made his personality felt since his arrival at Rivers. "Barney" being the king-pin of the Punishment, Torture and Derision department, has one ideal in life,

that being not only to make the lads do their P.T., but to have them like and enjoy their periods. He is an ideal advertisement for his trade, being in first class condition himself and a very keen sportsman.



Born in London, England, in 1904, Flight Lieutenant Lewis came to Canada at the tender age of eight and received his early education in the vicinity of Parliament Hill. Moving to London, Ontario, he joined the Royal Canadian Regiment in 1923, and served with them for sixteen years. While with the

R.C.R., he took instructor's courses in signalling, rifle and bayonet fighting, musketry and gas. Later he toured all through Western Ontario as an instructor on the rifle, machine guns and visual telegraphy. "The Dynamo" as he is called by all who come in contact with him, has had his life tied up with His Majesty's Service, and would not be an easy man to tangle with.

Upon the outbreak of war in September, 1939, Flight Lieutenant Lewis transferred to the Royal Canadian Air Force. He enlisted as an AC2 and worked his way up through the ranks the hard way. He was stationed first at No. 1 Manning Depot in Toronto, and from there he went in May, 1940, to open No. 2 Manning Depot at Brandon, where he remained until March, 1941. All the administrative officers and personnel who attended the Senior N.C.O.'s course from March to August, 1941, will remember Barney, for it was he who was the chief drill instructor for both courses. In August of 1941 he was promoted from warrant rank to Flying Officer, and a couple of months later was transferred back to familiar ground, No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon. Here he acted in a dual capacity, being both the P.T. & D. officer and O/C of a Squadron. Many of the personnel presently at Rivers, both officers and men, will remember him when they went through Brandon, for he was a real live-wire in organizing sports' teams of all types. Many of his teams have gone to Winnipeg for command play-offs, including boxing, wrestling, soccer, baseball, swimming and various others.

Barney's opinion of his work is "a job which provides many complex and interesting problems but, like other phases of the training program, provides much satisfaction and personal appreciation."



**A SCENE AT THE CLINIC**

Sgt. Lee (left) and ACI Latta (extreme right) are shown making their donations under the supervision of Dr. C. M. Thomas and three of the volunteer nurses.



**SHE ENJOYS IT**

LAW Jean Moir cheerfully donates her blood, while a volunteer nurse vigilantly looks on.



**A GROUP OF DONORS**

Left to right—LAC Julius Taverofsky, Sgt. Gordon Lee, LAW "Prune" Harris, LAW Pearl Anderson, LAW Jean Moir, LAW Antoinette Tinant, and ACI Ralph Latta.

## Rivers Blood Clinic

LAC H. A. WOLFE

WEDNESDAY morning, March 15, 1944, was the date of the Rivers Red Cross Blood Donor's first clinic, with 29 donors attending to donate blood. The success of the clinic has steadily increased until at the present time, over 100 donors a week are being put through. The first donor at the first clinic was an airman from No. 1 C.N.S., who was followed by six other airmen. The success of the organization is due in no small measure, to the splendid response of the personnel of No. 1 C.N.S., who, to date, comprise over 20 per cent of the total number of donors. This total is already approaching the thousand mark.

However, the need for blood plasma is increasing day by day, and the officers, airmen and airwomen of this station are urged to donate their blood as soon as possible.

Flight Sergeant MacDonald of the station hospital is in charge of the enrolment of donors for No. 1 C.N.S. and those desirous of making a donation should contact him immediately, either by a personal call at the hospital or by telephone. Personnel are allowed time off from duties to make donations and transportation to and from the clinic is provided every Wednesday morning.

The committee and volunteer staff is composed of local citizens and the wives of airforce personnel, as follows:

Dr. C. M. Thomas—chairman and medical director.

Rev. W. R. Donogh—committee of ways and means.

J. A. Gilchrist and F. D. Taylor—publicity.

Mrs. B. J. D. Ellis, Mrs. C. M. Thomas, and Mrs. Wilkes—ladies catering.

Mr. Alex White—finance.

Mrs. Geo. Jelliff, Mrs. Shirley Boyce, Mr. John Morrow, Mrs. Harry Moulding, Mrs. Frank Jones, Mrs. Harvey White—administrative.

Mrs. J. Kelshall—rest room.

Mrs. F. Leroux—technician.

Miss C. Beaton, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. H. A. Wolfe, Mrs. M. Little, and Mrs. D. Grant—nurses.

The entire staff, including doctors and nurses, are all volunteers and receive no remuneration for their services.

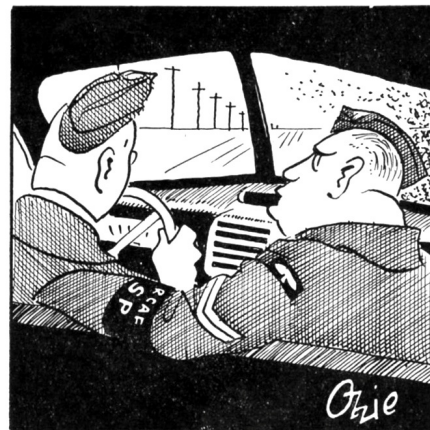
An up-to-date 5-bed clinic, complete with rest room, kitchen, refreshment and waiting room, has been established in the basement of the United Church. The procedure is simple, and the withdrawal of blood is completely painless.

On entering, the donor fills out a chart, has his temperature and blood count taken and if both are normal, donates his blood.

Following the donation, which takes approximately 20 minutes, the donor proceeds to the rest room, and is then served refreshments.

Fats in the blood prevent the plasma from drying out properly and make it unsuitable for processing. Each donor is, therefore, cautioned to abstain from fats for approximately 12 hours prior to a donation. Milk, butter, bacon and other fats must be avoided. However, tea and coffee without milk, toast and jam, fruit and fruit juices are quite suitable.

Remember—blood plasma is a must for victory and your donation might easily be the means of saving the life of one of your fellow airmen. Therefore, make it a point to enroll with Flight Sergeant MacDonald now.



"Jeez Joe, it'll be tough after the war when you have to obey the traffic rules again."

# Three Hours of Panic

"PAT" PATTERSON

MANY and varied have been the multiplicity of training devices used by the Royal Canadian Air Force since the outbreak of war, in its battle to turn out better and better aircrews. Well to the fore in the list of such training devices is the Synthetic Deduced Reckoning Trainer, commonly referred to as "S.D.R.T."

At Rivers, as at all other schools training student navigators, the S.D.R.T. is used to give practice to the trainees in an actual training navigation exercise before sending them "upstairs." To elucidate, one of the exercises may call for carrying an airplot, finding multiple drift wind velocities, plus two or three D/F fixes on each of the long legs. For a period in the S.D.R.T. the class is divided into navigators and pilots for the purpose of the exercise. The navigators are briefed, given the requirements of the trip, and sufficient information as to route, winds, etc., to enable them to prepare a flight plan. Then into the S.D.R.T. room, and the fun begins.

On entering one sees a long row of cubicles down each side of the room. On one side the pilots do their work, on the other the navigators. Each cubicle is given a letter to correspond to an aircraft, and an intercommunication set is used by the pilot and navigator of each separate aircraft; it is also possible for the pilot to get in touch with "control." "Control" consists of an S.D.R.T. operator who records all pertinent information concerning the six aircraft under his jurisdiction on the requisite form, and is also responsible for setting drifts on the drift recording trainer, and flashing pin-point photographs on the screen upon request.

The pilot is given the correct wind velocity and direction, and it is his responsibility to apply the correct wind to the courses given him by the navigator and to keep an accurate track plot, so that he is able at any second to tell the exact position of the aircraft. The pilot when settled calls "control" over the inter-com and requests take-off clearances, upon receipt of which, he notifies the navigator the time of take-off, the Indicated Air Speed, and the rate of climb to the pre-determined height at which the exercise will be undertaken. He then requests a course compass from the Navigator to steer for the first objective, works out the course true, applies the correct wind and starts his track plot.

When the navigator requests a drift, the pilot contacts "control" and requests that such and such a drift be set on the drift recorder trainer, giving the course true and the True Airspeed at the time. "Control" sets the drift according to the information received, informs the pilot, who

in turn tells the navigator that he may take a drift. During the time that the pilot is in contact with "control," the inter-communication with the navigator is automatically cut off, so that any information passing between the pilot and control will not be overheard by the navigator.

D/F bearings can be obtained by means of a very simple, vari-colored, compass-rose straight-edge. The pilot measures the D/F bearings from the D/F stations used in the exercise and passes them to the navigator, who follows the customary procedure to obtain a fix.

Another part of the S.D.R.T. is called the map-room, where pin-points are flashed on the screen at various intervals and track and ground speed wind velocities must be worked out by all personnel. The pinpoints are extremely good photographs, taken by our own photographic section, of the sections over which the aircraft is at present, and must be recognized by the navigators by reference to their topographic maps; tracks made good are then worked out, ground speed computed by means of distance and time, and wind velocities determined by means of the computer. Log entries must then be made, and by this time three more pin-points have been flashed on the screen and everybody is in a mild (or exaggerated) state of panic.

When first questioned about the S.D.R.T., the average navigator will more than likely retort "Panic" or "What a bind," but on closer pursuit of the subject, he will eventually tell you that it is extremely good navigation practi-



*Synthetic Map Reading is novel aid to navigation.*

It is also an excellent opportunity for the instructors to pick out the weaknesses in the navigational work and to help correct these points. As can readily be realized, it is quite impossible to fly with each of the students to analyse their navigational ability when working against the clock.



*Track crawling pilots.*

## TRACK AND FIELD MEET

THURSDAY, JULY 20th

The meet scheduled for June 29th had to be postponed and now is all set for Thursday, July 20th. The track has been cindered and rolled, the entrants are in fighting trim and all that remains is for you to support it. Last year's meet was a great success, this year's will be even better, so don't miss it. Everybody is welcome, including civilians. Let's make a date now and plan on an afternoon of fun.

M. T. B. for JULY

# "Peace, It's Wonderful!"

F/L KELSHALL

## THE SECOND FRONT

Well, things seem to be looking up!

The Anglo-American forces succeeded in establishing a beachhead in Normandy with comparative ease. More important, the initial beachhead was held against counter-



attack and was developed by the capture of the port of Cherbourg. With Cherbourg's harbour facilities behind him, General Montgomery may be expected to follow, once again, his well tried tactics of advancing along the coast line, helped by the Navy. This was the method which he used all the way from El Alamine to Tunisia, up the East coast of Sicily, and up both coasts of Italy. In essence it consists of a series of surprise landings behind the enemy's main defensive lines, timed to coincide with heavy offensives on

those lines. Within a month or so, the stage should be all set for this big drive northward along the French coast and through the lowlands into Germany. Incidentally, one result of success in this direction will be the elimination of the robot bomb threat, through the destruction of the launching platforms.

While most of this is conjecture, in fact a landing has been effected—there is small likelihood of the invasion force now being pushed back into the sea—and an excellent port has been obtained through which to funnel attack forces and equipment on a large scale. All this is very good indeed.

## THE ITALIAN FRONT

To the South, the situation is also good. The German defensive system across the Italian peninsula has been broken and at the time of writing the Germans are still in full retreat, retiring on to their much vaunted Gothic line, south of the Po valley. While a really decisive attack through the Balkans has been held up by the failure of the Turks to co-operate with the United Nations, the success in Italy is still bad news to the Germans in more ways than one.

## THE EASTERN FRONT

But the biggest and best news is still from the Eastern front. Just seventeen days after the invasion in the west, the Red army struck on the central front. It was a blow that had been expected by the Germans for weeks. There had been many reports from German sources of a huge concentration of Russian forces just north of the Pripet marshes on the old Polish frontier. Yet, though they expected it, when it came it proved to be a blow of such shattering intensity that the carefully constructed German defences seemed literally to melt away. Since then, in a series of great encircling movements, the Russians have continued to impose smashing defeats on the once invincible Wermacht. In the whole history of the German army there has never been such a series of defeats. This is no planned withdrawal but in many cases, complete route. In sections of the front the Red army has been advancing at the rate of 25 miles a day, and the average speed of the whole central front has been greatly in excess of the speed of the German army's advance in any of the brilliant early campaigns of this war. Moreover, those German advances were made against insignificant resistance. The Red advances are being bitterly opposed by men who know that nothing remains for them but to fight and by men who know well how to fight.

So that the picture of the Eastern front in the European

war is one of a success which may very well prove decisive.

## THE PACIFIC FRONT

Meanwhile the war in Asia has also been going comparatively well. Bypassing Truk, the Americans have landed in the Mariannos. They are now little more than 1,500 miles from the mainland of Japan and they are on an archipelago which offers a series of steps northward to within easy striking distance of that mainland. In Burma, Anglo-American forces are well on their way towards opening the Burma Road via Mytkyina.

## THE GENERAL PICTURE

Altogether, then, things are going very well on the military fronts. There is a likelihood of the European war being successfully completed towards the end of this year. If it is, the possibility will then arise of finishing the Asiatic war by the end of 1945, or at the latest, early in 1946. These possibilities have been hinted at time and again by people who should know. While General Montgomery has talked guardedly about the European war ending in 1945, Mr. Churchill has used language lately which could be construed only as meaning that the end would come this year.

General Eisenhower has said, more definitely, that he expects it this year. These men know what they are talking about, and it is quite obvious from signs even here in Canada, that the plans of the United Nations are already being conditioned by the expected termination of the European war. It is common knowledge for instance, that recruiting in the Air Force is being tapered off, that training stations are being shut down and that there is a large surplus of trained aircrew on hand.

## A SUCCESSFUL WAR ENDS IN A GOOD PEACE

But as is so often the case, even this good news has a dark side. We are obviously well equipped now to wage war, and are doing so effectively. A successful war ends in a good peace. But it is very doubtful whether we are well equipped to construct a good and durable peace. It would be a bitter farce indeed if this war ends in the unstable conditions which prevailed after the last great war. Before this ends, too many people will have died, too much wealth will have been wasted for any reasonable man to be satisfied with anything but a just and enduring settlement. During the last war we used a phrase "The war to end wars." It has become hackneyed and the expression of cynics. Yet it expresses the only aim which can justify this huge imbecility.

Wars are bred by inequalities between nations just as crime is bred by inequality between men. Within the nations, two methods are used to eliminate crime. First, laws are drafted prohibiting certain acts as crime and second, these laws are supported with adequate forces. It is made obvious to the would-be criminal that it will be more unpleasant to break the law than to suppress his natural instinct to commit crime. Once the public peace has been enforced by this system of law supported by force, the next step is towards the removal of the inequalities which breed crime. This is where the ideal of democracy comes in, for democracy is more than a political system. It is also the pursuit of equality between men. This method of approach to the suppression of crime has been proven. While crime still exists, its incidence has dropped so very considerably that there can be no doubt whatever about the efficiency of the system. As the ideal of democracy becomes more and more of an activity the incidence of crime will drop more and more.

The problem of war between nations is identical with the problem of crime between members of each nation. But unfortunately, the men and women, the statesmen and politicians of the world have not been prepared to apply on

an international scale the theories and practices that have worked on a national scale. The result has been a long bitter series of international wars comparable to the high incidence of crime which existed within nations before the development of national law. Quite obviously, what is needed today in the world is a body of international law supported by force, and the extension of the ideal of democracy to international relations. Quite as obviously this is the very last thing which present day statesmen are prepared to support.

#### THE FOUR GREAT POWERS

So that while we move rapidly towards victory in this war, all that we are offered after the war is an unimaginative attempt to reconstruct in this world the very conditions which caused the war. The official aim of the United Nations is a world dominated by the four great powers and controlled by the armies of the four great powers. Were there complete identity of interests between these four powers, there would be a possibility of a stable peace, at least until such time as changing conditions destroyed that identity of interest. But in fact, not only is there no such identity of interest, there is on the contrary a definite conflict of interest between the four great nations. Britain is jealous of the world leadership which immense industrial potential has now given to the United States. This leadership had been England's for many years and many an Englishman still refuses to recognize the fact that the British Empire must now play second fiddle. For their part, the Americans are suspicious of the anti-democratic setup which still exists throughout the British Colonial Empire. They resent the cultural superiority of the English people and there is still in the back of their minds the old suspicion of England which resulted from their revolutionary wars.

Between the English speaking nations and the Soviet Union, the alliance is extremely unstable. International socialism cannot co-exist with international capitalism. It is probable that the next national government in England will be a socialist government, and thus will resolve the difficulty as between Russia and England, but it's most improbable that any such development will take place in the United States. There will, therefore, be a definite conflict of interest between socialist Russia and capitalist America. Lastly, there is China. Suspicious of the West, afraid of the military and political strength of her three allies, China forms one of the ruling four in theory. In practice it is extremely unlikely that she will have any effective say in the control of the post-war world. This she resents and will resent.

#### SITUATION IS COMPLICATED

There does not seem then much hope of a stable peace if the United Nations continue along the direction in which they are now moving. The situation is complicated and worsened by the obvious intent of America and England to support the out-worn forms of authority which controlled the countries of Europe before the war. Support for people like George of Greece, Peter of Yugoslavia, Franco of Spain, Giraud of France, and all the other remnants of the old aristocratic class is a policy which is not only stupid, but dangerous, for Europe has been broken apart and there is not the slightest possibility of its being recreated in the old mould. The attempt to so recreate it is simply ensuring a long bitter period of turmoil and civil war.

#### POLICY OF INTERNATIONALISM IS ANSWER

What is needed today is a definite and declared policy of internationalism. The statesmen of the individual nations, if they are to save this world from a future and greater war, must abandon the old fixed and out-worn concept of nationalism as the highest source of law. National laws must be over-ridden by international law and this time international law must be supported by a real and effective international army. That is to say, an army controlled by an international executive. These international laws must

be created by the operation of international democracy and must be supported by the democratic ideal extended to an international scale. This all seems obvious—yet in no official government statement anywhere among the United Nations will you find this aim expressed. There is any amount of ambiguous talk about leagues and federations, but they are always leagues and federations of "Sovereign" powers. A sovereign power is one which is subservient to no higher authority.

In that small harmless word "Sovereign" lies the germ of the future holocaust. From that small acorn will grow the great oak of World War III.

#### ONE RAY OF HOPE

One ray of hope exists. While the statesmen and politicians insist on national sovereignty, there are large numbers of the small men in each nation, of the obscure common citizens, who realize that the time has come for the abandonment of anarchic national freedom. In these men is the hope of the world. Politicians never yet won a war. They make the wars, but the common people win them, and it is becoming more and more obvious that our present crop of old fashioned politicians will never win the peace. If it is to be won, the peace, like the war, must be won by the common man.

This is the time for thought. Individuals throughout the nations must decide the issue. Will we recreate the old world of national factions or will we build a new and better order? I repeat, if this order is to come, it must come from the common man. Public opinion must force on our leaders the step which is now necessary, for in spite of all their arrogance and in spite of all their windy, Gladstonian oratory, the present leaders of the Western world are still thinking in terms of the past. The past is dead. And peace, it's wonderful!

#### MOVIES OF THE MONTH

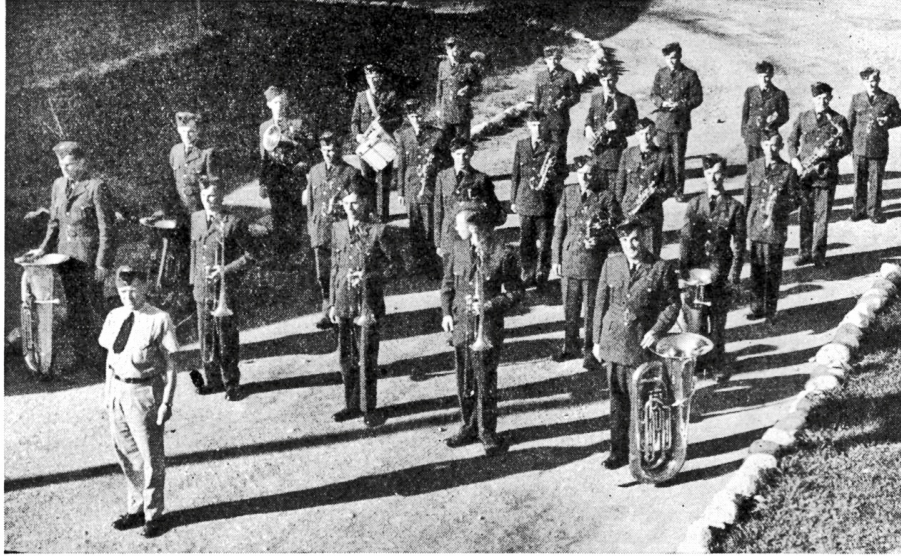
- July 15-16—**Double Indemnity.** Fred McMurray and Barbara Stanwyck.  
 July 17-18—**Follow The Boys.** Stars of Stage and Screen  
 July 20-21—**The Hairy Ape.** William Bendix and Susan Hayward  
 July 22-23—**Between Two Worlds.** John Garfield and Paul Henreid.  
 July 24-25—**Home In Indiana.** Walter Brennan, Jeanne Crain, June Haver and Lon McAllister.  
 July 27-28—**Mask of Dimitrios.** Sydney Greenstreet, Zachary Scott, Fay Emerson and Peter Lorre.  
 July 29-30—**Marine Raiders.** Pat O'Brien, Ruth Hussey and Robert Ryan.  
 July 31- Aug. 1—**Jam Session.** Ann Miller and Jess Barker.

#### Golf

The Rivers golf course is now in first class shape, the greens have been re-sanded and supplied with scrapers, the markers painted and the fairways mowed. The rough is getting more formidable every day and provides plenty of hazard. All No. 1 C.N.S. personnel have playing privileges on this course, so let's take advantage of it.

Bert Walters is still tops among the local divot diggers, having turned in the low gross in two of the three station tournaments held to date. Doug MacKay took the honors on the other occasion, and low net scores have been won by Ken Hall and Ray Harvey.

These competitions have been held every second Sunday with from twenty to thirty players participating. Play goes on all day and it is only necessary to pick up a card on the clubhouse verandah, and turn it in again when complete. Everyone is handicapped on the basis of previous scores so your chance is just as good as the next fellows. It's good sport and a sunburn is guaranteed, so watch D.R.O.'s for the next tournament announcement.



### *Rivers R.C.A.F. Band--Latest Novelty*

On the afternoon of May 19th, 1944, there arrived at Rivers a draft of thirty airmen, formerly of No. 2 Manning Depot, Brandon, Manitoba. Many and varied were the rumours doing the rounds as to who, when, where, why and how! Finally, however, the good (or was it bad?) news broke, they were all bandsmen, posted here upon the closing of No. 2 Manning Depot, and at long last Rivers was to have its own little band. Now it has become quite commonplace to hear the martial airs generating from the G.I.S. parade-square and from the front of the Administration building, as the band plays for the flag-raising ceremony and the Training Wing parade. We must admit they have really given the station that military touch; somehow, there is nothing like good military music to make one realize that he is in uniform. So without further ado, we went to meet the band in person.

First of all we met the genial band-master, Flight

Sergeant J. N. Lehman, an ex-torsorial artist, who previous to his enlistment had his own business in Regina, Sask. We met all the members of the band in person, but as the space allotted for this article will not permit of thumb-nail sketches on each of them, we will let the introductions go until another time.

One of the most enjoyable things concerning the band at Rivers has been the increasingly popular band concerts being held in the Recreation Hall every Wednesday evening. Let's have more and more of these fellows, we really like them.

Flight Sergeant Lehman has had quite an extensive career as a musician having joined the Regina Rifle Band as soloist and assistant conductor in 1926, and stayed with them for a period of twelve and a half years. He has also played trumpet with the Strauss Orchestra and the Regina Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, and in his spare(!) time organized his own dance band. So as you can see for yourself, the leadership of the band is in capable hands.

### *He Keeps 'em Flying*

KAY FULMER

He's a flying man, our "O.C. Maintenance"—with pilot's wings from the last war and hundreds of flying hours chalked up since those days.

A graduate in Mechanical Engineering from the University of Toronto, James Gray, while still a lad, joined the Gordon Highlanders there and subsequently transferred to the Royal Flying Corps when it first started up in Toronto. He was a member of the FIRST class of the School of Military Aeronautics and (says he) "due to my infantry training they wanted me to be a drill instructor!" He was given flying training at Deseronto when it first opened up (Vernon Castle was one of his instructors) and almost as soon as he had soloed he was slated for a flying instructor's job, which he held only long enough to ask for a posting overseas. After considerable overseas training in D.H.4's he spent 10 months in France with No. 27 Squadron, day bombing and long distance (for those days) photography reconnaissance flights. Following a convalescence from an



illness contracted in France, "Lieut." Gray became a test pilot in England, and was on leave in Canada at the time of armistice.

He maintained his interest in flying after demobilization, was active in promoting flying on Vancouver Island, and did a certain amount of barnstorming and pioneer flying in that district. Squadron Leader Gray was one of the originators of the Victoria Light Aeroplane Club and kept up his flying interests until the days of the depression.

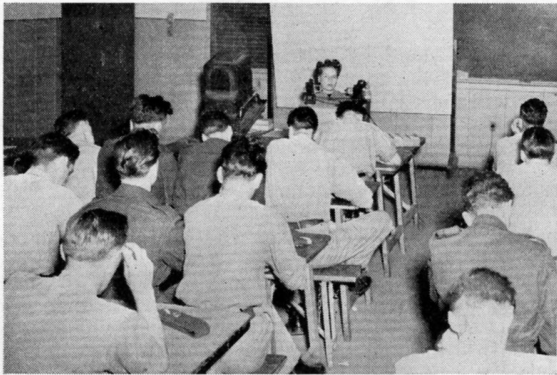
In October, 1940, S/L Gray joined the R.C.A.F., and of this he says, in his droll way, "being a pilot and an engineer I was enlisted as a Link Instructor!" As one of the original Link Instructors who set up the course at the Link factory, S/L Gray's tours of inspection and duties covered most of Canada, and for a time he was O/C the Link Instructors' school at Regina. In May, 1942, he was transferred to Aeronautical Engineering and spent some time at No. 8 R.D., followed by four months at No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon, before coming to Rivers to his present position.

Victoria, B.C., is "home" to this quiet-spoken, reticent officer who is "the boss" at Maintenance, and his wife and ten-year-old son, "Drew", reside there.

In civilian life, he was co-manager of an engineering works in Victoria, B.C., with his brother, and it is to this work that he will return when he packs away his uniforms.

Squadron Leader Gray has made a place for himself on our station, is thoroughly liked and respected by all who come in contact with him, and to quote one of his "other ranks" . . . "He's quiet, very efficient and definitely a swell fellow!"

## The Silhouette Lady



Flight Erlendson with one of her classes.

Don't let the by-line mislead you folks, we are just introducing Flight Sergeant Svava "Erly" Erlendson, the pride

and joy of our aircraft recognition section. "Erly" has been teaching the boys how to recognize them since July, 1943, and is quite the well-known figure in G.I.S.

Born and brought up in Saskatchewan, Flight Sergeant Erlendson attended Saskatchewan University, obtained her first-class teacher's certificate and prior to the outbreak of war taught school in her native province. She enlisted on April Fool's day, 1942, as an equipment assistant and after her basic training at Rockcliffe, served for fourteen months at Yorkton.

"Erly" answered the call for aircraft recognition instructors in early 1943, and was posted to Rockcliffe for Course No. 6, from which course she was posted to Rivers, Man.

She has put through a lot of classes in her sojourn here, and has worked extremely hard. In fact for a period of two months, she was all by herself, and still managed to get the boys through with a very high percentage. Nice going, Flight.

Flight Erlendson is extremely fond of dancing, (all you handsome romeos take note) and her favorite sport is bowling. Don't let her position as the senior N.C.O. W.D. on the station fool you, as her ever-ready smile is one of the bright lights in the gloomy halls of the G.I.S. Keep up the good work Flight, we're all proud of you.

## Cpl. Aileen Church

Our slim and willowy titian-haired P.T. & D. instructress is a genuine Manitoba product. She was born in Brandon and attended school in Brandon and Carberry, and until the time of her enlistment in the R.C.A.F., November 1943, was a legal secretary in Winnipeg.



CPL. AILEEN CHURCH

Aileen Church, incidentally, is doubly endeared to the girls of our station because her mother is in charge of the Leave Center at Brandon, which is a pleasant oasis for many W.D.'s from Rivers!

★

## She Sees Through You

The Air Force calls her a radiographer, which is rather a large and imposing title for such a small girl. Nancy Braschuk, X-ray technician radiographer to you, newly a corporal, can handle it however. It was in 1937 that Nancy took up this fascinating work and intends to make it her post-war career. (Ed. Note: Dollars to doughnuts some lucky man will change THAT idea!)

What is this work? Well don't be thinking it has anything to do with radio, because Nancy's job is in the hospital in the X-ray room and she alone is responsible for taking,

developing and filing X-ray "pitures." This small, attractive girl says she loves her work, that there is "never a dull moment" and she loved every bit of her two years training, too.

Born in Saskatchewan, of Polish-Ukrainian parentage, Nancy is an all-round Canadian girl. Fond of all sports, particularly bowling, badminton and softball; her hobbies are collecting poetry and autographs. This lively little girl likes dancing too, and is quite familiar with the polkas and other picturesque dances of her parents' native land. Now fellows, no trying to break your bones so that you can get X-ray pictures taken by our glamma gal of the month!



NANCY BRASCHUK

# Here 'n' There

KAY FULMER

**In Loving Memory . . .** All those who came in contact with Kay Kronbauer were shocked to hear of her passing in Deer Lodge Hospital late last month, following a brief illness. Kay was a clerk in the orderly room of the Station Hospital and her cheery disposition and willing co-operation endeared her to all who knew her. . . . Kay's home was in Kelowna, B.C., and our condolences are extended to her family there. . . .



Sincere Sympathy is also extended to two of the Station's best-known W.D. Corporals, widowed during the last month. . . . Corporal Marion Ellwood, whose husband, Richard W., died in Strathclair, Manitoba, early in June, and Corporal McNeely, whose husband died in Deer Lodge Hospital last month after a lengthy illness. Corporal Ellwood is N.C.O. in charge of the Sergeants' Mess kitchen, and Corporal McNeely was a popular member of the Accounting Section.

**Cheerio Department . . .** Since we last went to press we have said Cheerio to many of the station's familiar figures. . . . "Padre" Dale Jones left us to go to No. 12 S.F.T.S., and will be very much missed. . . . He was active in the Music Appreciation Hour, in the Library activities, in the Choir and in many other station affairs. . . . We hope you like No. 12, Padre! . . . Section Officer Ada Leach left us for Eastern Canada ("Canada" to some of you!) and will be heard from no doubt somewhere in the Niagara "garden area" before the summer is over. . . . Corporal Audrey Blaine (WOG) has recently been posted to Vancouver, B.C. . . . and then, of course, there were the six "Wids" posted overseas . . . lucky luckies!! "Doug" Douglas, Jean Hastings, Betty Chivers, Grace Trotter, Jean Ennis, and Jean Parsonage, were the gals who put their Canada badges up and then went around the station in a happy daze until they took off.

**Successful Function . . .** One of the most successful canteen parties yet held in the W.D. Canteen was that held for these girls going overseas. . . . Dancing was enjoyed until the usual hour, with the guests of honor, of course, being really "rushed," and then all guests joined in a merry sing-song, ending up with clasped hands and "Auld Lang Syne." . . . The committee in charge . . . Flight Erlendson, Corporals Riddell, Pascuzzo, Walker et al, served some yummy cake (product of May Allnutt in the Bake Shop) which was suitably decorated "Cheerio," "Happy Landings," "Bon Voyage," "Lucky Girls," etc., (Bob Doerfling was responsible for the appropriate lettering on the cakes) . . . LAC "Smitty" Smith, one of our station artists, made posters for the walls which carried such stern warnings as "Look-out Below" . . . Also included in the party of leave-takings was "Penny", formerly of the Training Wing Orderly Room, on posting to A.F.H.Q.

**Really Clicking . . .** Though not chalking up so many wins as yet, the W.D. Softball gals are really clicking this season. . . . They are a fine aggregation and, like the basketball players, the best sports and most amiable losers. . . . As usual, games played in Shilo are most popular, the hospitality handed out by the girls there being something quite "Special." . . . The gals are getting to know each other now and are just as much at home in a C.W.A.C. barracks as their own.

**Laff of the Month . . . Scoop!** S/O Fulmer checks out on a bicycle! It is expected that the above mentioned W.D. officer will shortly be awarded the special "Landing badge" for having made a successful four-point landing in the biggest, deepest, blackest, muddiest mud-hole of the station! . . . 'Twas just outside the barrier, on an evening following one of our heaviest rain storms, when this rookie cyclist came beetling along on her brand new struggle-buggy . . . somehow there was a tangle of wire just around the edge of the puddle and . . . somehow . . . the landing was made . . . spectators enjoyed the sigh as "she flew through the air with the greatest of ease" and, later, as she cycled through the gate well and thoroughly covered with approximately two-thirds of the mud and cinders from the mud hole!

**Good News . . .** By the time this issue is "rolling" there will be a brand new attraction for the W.D.'s of Rivers. . . . They have a snug cottage at Clear Lake now, where they may go to spend their 48's . . . One of our own popular Rivers' hostesses, either Mrs. Dick or Miss Thompson, will be in residence there in a supervisory capacity and their presence will add much to the happiness of the girls. . . . Clear Lake is a grand place to go to relax and swim and really enjoy summer, the cottage is comfortable and commodious, (it even includes a real fireplace . . . boon for rainy days) . . . and we expect to hear happy stories of 48's at the "Wids" Cabin, Clear Lake.

**Congratulations . . .** to our Command Staff Officer, Squadron Officer B. D. Kemp, on her recent promotion. . . . Sq/O Kemp was the first W.D. officer at Rivers "way back when" . . . congrats also to our new W.D. officer, Flight Officer Sprague, whose promotion to that rank was recently announced.

**Distressing News** was recently received by our Editor-in-Chief, Dave Ritchie, that his twin brother was "listed as missing" after operations overseas. . . . Our sympathies are extended to Dave and his family during these anxious days and, at the same time, we firmly believe that such an ingenious lad as one of the "Ritchie twins" will find his way to safety, and his family will hear good news of him shortly.



Flying Officer James Francis Clark and his bride, the former Mary Abbott Tivy of Rivers. F/O and Mrs. Clarke were married last month in St. James Anglican Church, Rivers, and following a honeymoon in Calgary and Banff have taken up residence in Rivers.

# SPORTS PARADE

H. BOUGHEN

## *Station Soccer Team Winning*

Before writing about the station soccer team we would like to mention how sorry we were to lose Flying Officer Doug MacDonald, who set the ball rolling this season and got everything in working order. He put in a lot of hard work arranging the inter-flight soccer matches and was very keen to find a winning station team. We wish him all success at his new station. To his successors we extend our best wishes and we know they will carry on his good work.

Most stations, at which we have been, have found it difficult to pick a really good team from the material available, but Rivers is in the happy position of having plenty of good material. The team selectors have an unenviable task, for with so many good players, there are always bound to be some players left out of the team.

At the present, we could field two first-class teams, which, without boasting, could put up a good show against any team in the district. Of course with so much work to be done here, the same players cannot be available to play in every game, and so the selectors are left with an easier problem to solve, that is the selection of a winning team, and so far their selections have been justified. The team has been changed for every match so far, and their victories have been 16-0, 5-2, and 5-2.

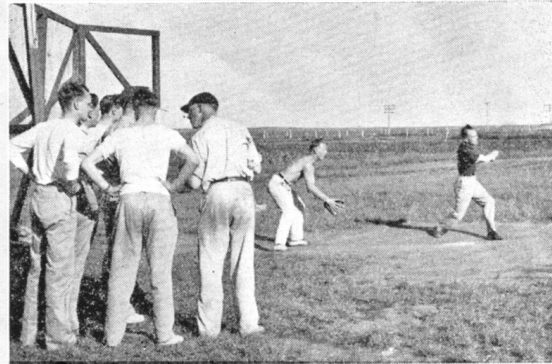
For goalkeeper, there is a choice of three, viz: Guy, Mainwaring and Wakefield, and there is not much to draw between any one of them. Paddy Guy has been roaming around the world quite a bit, but he knows when to "stay put" and he is very safe in goal, and as a goalkeeper should do. He instils confidence in the team. Then, when called upon, Mainwaring always comes in with a good performance, also being very reliable. The other goallie is Johnny Wakefield of Knutsford, and although he has not played in the station team so far, we already know of his prowess at Bridgenorth.

For the fullbacks, we have George Brown (London) and McCallum, and we have yet to find any pair that will come up to their standard.

In the halfback line there is Jock Gibson of Blantyre, and what he lacks in inches he makes up for in spirit and always goes all out. At centre half we have Tom Gore, who used to play with Preston North End before joining up. He is our big man and it takes a lot to get past him. On Tom's left, "Spike" Reynolds takes his place, working hard all the time, and along with Gibson, keeps the forwards well supplied.

Coming to the forwards, we have Gerry Casey of Normanton, on the right wing. He is our versatile man and puts up a good game in any position. Playing alongside Gerry is Bill Liddell, who hails from Dunfermline, played professional with Liverpool and has represented Scotland on three occasions. In the middle is John Donnelly our roving London seaman, who likes smashing the ball in the net. On the left wing we have a professional combination of Bill Deans and Millichip. Bill is another Scotsman who played with Airdrie, while "Millie" was with Swansea Town. With all these nationalities present, one would expect some difference of opinion, but once the boys get on the field, there is but one purpose—they all combine to form a team with complete harmony.

Other good lads, such as Bulmer, Johnston, Cummings, Jones, Davies, Kennedy, Will, Orr and Greenwood are always ready to prove their worth and so with such talent available we feel sure that Rivers will be at the top when the end of the soccer season is reached.



## *Sandlots Clippings*

JACK MENZIES

To date the station baseball team has played four games, winning three and losing one. As a result of postings, this year's team is comprised almost entirely of new members. Kershaw, Rosenburg, Lyons, etc., the backbone of last year's club, are missed. The mound corps of the team includes Campbell, Giesbrecht and Kenner. The infield is made up of Johnson, Gryzna, Desautel, Slyczik and the veteran "Midi" Blaquiere. In the outfield we have Cooper, Stredicki, Menzies, Barabash, of last year's team, and Wayne, Berto McDuffe, and the colorful McNeil. The catching department is handled by Blaquiere, McNeil and McDuffe. Bill MacDonald, from Maintenance, a former baseball star, has contributed greatly to the success of the club. He has taken over the third base coaching spot during games to find the holes in the opposition defence.

These are the men who have worn the maroon and gray of C.N.S. thus far. With the inter-unit league functioning under the able leadership of Cpl. James, many other promising players will be given an opportunity to display their ability. In speaking of the inter-unit league, this is an opportunity for anyone desiring to play to contact Cpl. James. So far some interesting games have been played, and the season promises much more entertainment in this sport.

## *Lacrosse Practices Begin*

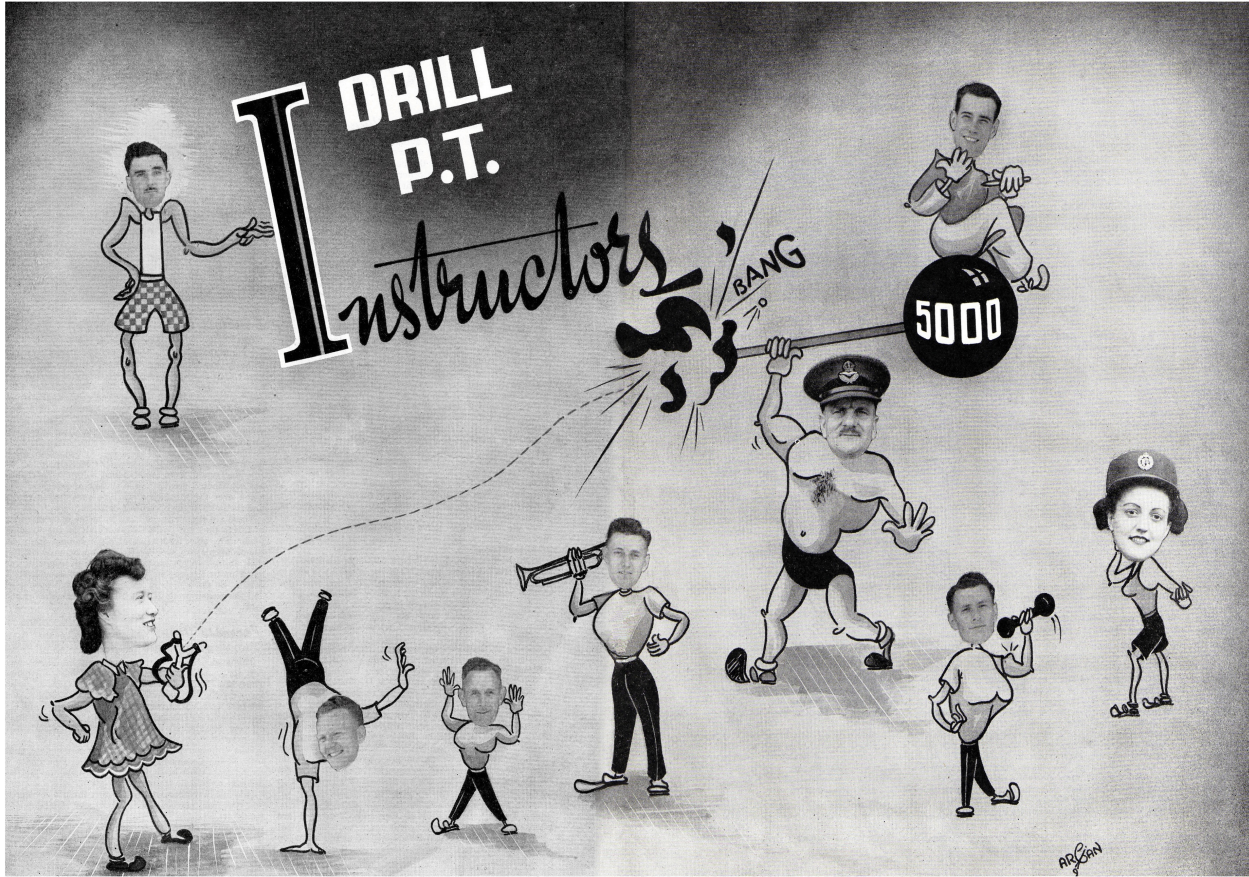
BOB CRAWFORD

This ancient game is at present being introduced for the first time on the station, and every evening, Mondays to Thursdays inclusive, many would-be "warriors" are out throwing the ball around with old-time abandon. At first, the prospects looked very rosy as far as a large number of candidates were concerned, but, the attendance has dropped off very considerably owing to other various sports getting the priority.

This situation is alarming as it is planned to enter a team in the Command playdowns in the Fall, and a very strong team must be gathered to represent this Station in order to uphold its traditions.

It is felt that lacrosse is not getting the proper support it deserves from personnel who are former exponents of this manly art.

A hearty welcome is extended to all ex-players of this game and to those who are desirous of representing the Station in the game of "box-la."



**F**OR many months the Air Force relied on voluntary methods for health standards. You took part in physical exertion as you "jolly well pleased." Gradually a physical training program became more evident until today physical training or torture, is one of the most talked of subjects on the camp.

The story behind the story of how all of us are compelled to do push-ups and become distant runners has been raked over the coals again and again. Rather than offer more food for thought, this article is being written to give you the intimate goings on of the men and girls who decide whether we should go down the Commando trail or run to the neighboring village of Wheatlands and back.

Recently the saying was coined, "grow slim in the Coupar manner." A multitude of students stretched muscles and tendons as Bob called out the rhythm until he exclaimed, "it is getting too much of a good thing, handling so many classes per day." Suddenly, the instructor staff enlarged and now news of the day says, "students take the beating."

A day in the life of a physical instructor begins at 9.30 a.m. Prior to this time F/L Barney Lewis is prepping his men on the days schedule. Three periods in the morning and five periods of grunts and groans in the afternoon face the staff each morning. When the Senior N.C.O.'s and Officers complete their late special class the P.T.I.'s then help out in any sport if needed. It is a strenuous day, needless to say.

Most sections of the Air Force legions have officers to call the plays and make sure we have our quota of boots ankle leather. Rivers P.T. section has a man on the top rung who has made army life a career. For twenty-one years F/L Barney Lewis has been in khaki or blue uniforms. A good conversationalist, Barney is in his glory reminiscing or giving you the "gen" on his library of drill manuals. A story could be written about this veteran, but here, the object is to explain, a stern ambitious fellow guides a lot of muscle activity.

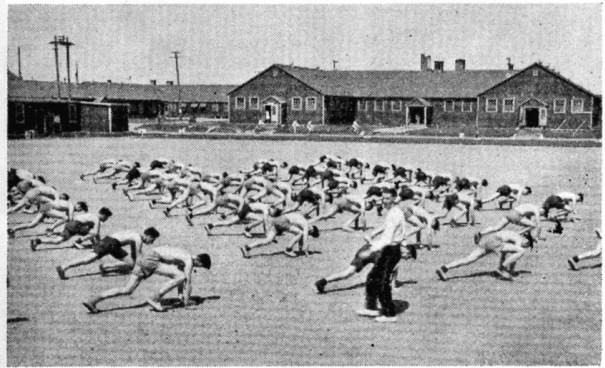
Bob Coupar, former bar-bell artist, likes to tell how he and Larry Linton were called into the front office to account for their striped trousers and sweat shirts. It seems their sports attire was considered improper dress. Red Stephenson, Coal Habour veteran, sincerely believes in running, as a conditioner. Husky Red took one class on a trot to Wheatlands. Men were scattered in the ditches all along the route giving the impression Rommell had struck.

Many Riverites probably would like to have words with Thor, Ron, Art, etc., after a physical fitness session. Here are a few leads which would at least get you started. It was asked of Ron Hart, "are harems legitimate." We noticed the gent take on some added color and quickly explain he coached the command championship swimming team while at Bellville. A tall, dark girl hustled in the office well known in this district. Following a casual, "Hi Dangy," her boss said, "meet the Rivers girl."

Gradually the sons who make or break us each week came into the room. There was "Hot Lips" Kozak, who played for Hamilton Tigers football club. This lad's brother had a whirl in the professional ring down south, including a scrap with Billy Conn. Tom Murphy worked his way up to Oshawa Generals at hockey and is coaching our W.D. softball team this year. George Piskoock has only arrived and would rather become acquainted than talk. "Thor" Thompson, that good-natured bulk of a man is expected back daily. The track is being fixed up by Art Wise, who recently took a big step. To live three years in Toronto with an S.O.P. in your pocket and then move direct to Rivers, ouch, that's what tests the moral fibre of a person. Connected to this department is Harry Hutchinson, a boy who could be called "that man about Rivers." "Hutch" is the type of a guy who becomes known or he makes himself known.

As you would expect, Barney Lewis has a frisky and ready crew. They keep in nice shape and strange as it

seems do not look worse for the wear and tear on the chassis. The territory covered by this section includes drill, physical fitness, the station sports program, and sports equipment. "Barney" spoke well of his employees saying, "the gang know their stuff and have punch." Any day you can hear the deep crescendo voice of Barney Lewis echo round the drill hall, "do it right." People who disturb our sleep take a verbal beating, but you have to hand it to them for being able to take it.



See what we mean

## Fastball Farewell

"PAT" PATTERSON

**I**T has been a great pleasure to associate with the grand bunch of fellows who constitute the Stations Softball team, and on the eve of my departure to the bright lights of Portage Avenue, I have been requested to express my views of the team. Starting with our coach, Harold Carling, and going all the way down the line-up, a finer group of athletes would be most difficult to find. "Harold" is one of the boys and gets out and works as hard as anybody in addition to his worries as the "brains of the mob."

Roy Mitchie and Dick Hamon have been handling the catching assignments, the former working with Stan Pike and Dick handling yours truly. They are both extremely capable receivers and Harold's big problem is to give them both enough work to keep them happy.

Stan Pike and "Smoky" Easton are doing well on the mound. Stan has a very good ball and with more work, should be unbeatable when the play-offs roll around. "Smoky" hasn't been given a chance, as yet, to prove his worth, but he should go well at a later date.

Our infield, of course, is the pride of the league, and one of the strongest I have seen. Doug McCaig holds down first base, and is playing better ball every time out. He's a smooth fielder, and that big glove of his snaffles them from all angles. His biggest worth to the team however, is in that potent bat of his. How that ball travels when Doug lays into one is a pleasure to watch. "Bud" MacDonald is a real veteran at second base, as he is now playing his third season for Rivers. I can honestly say that Bud is one of the smoothest ball players it has ever been my privilege to watch. Defensively, he's dynamite. Kenney Simpson at third needs no remarks at all, this being his fourth year with Rivers, everybody interested in softball knows him. We have had a brand new shortstop the last couple of weeks, Nick Staynor, a Toronto boy, who is really a ball player. Nick still plays without a glove, and the way he pick them off is a sight for sore eyes.

Our outfield changes for every game, or so it seems, but what else can Harold do when he has ball players of such high caliber as Red Neal, Clem Clemens, Gord Harley, Robby Robinson and Dick Hamon (when he's not catching)?

*A "Love" Game*



*Tennis girl . . . yum, yum!*



# yymca



CHUCK CROCKER

**R**EMEMBER June 26th and 27th? If you don't, I will refresh your memory. On those two days the wind howled and the rains came. It was partly because of that weather that the track meet had to be postponed. With the extra time available to get into condition we should see some records broken on the day of the track meet, July 20th. F/L (Barney) Lewis and his staff have been working hard getting the cinder track into good condition as well as doing a good job on the sports field in general.



A newly painted boxing ring now decorates one corner of the drill hall and before long we shall probably have boxing tournaments going here. On the warm days the swimming pool attracts many personnel and with the Command meet in mind, several people are starting in already

to increase their speed. Before long the diving board should arrive and I have no doubt we shall see some fancy exhibitions of this art.

Since the last issue in which a picture of Kay Dawson appeared, so many requests have come for her services that we were forced to let her go. At present she is on leave and we hope she will like her work in the Equipment Section.

Margaret Gray also left our presence during the month and is now working in the Accounts Office.

Dot Attwood, the poetess from Training Wing Orderly Room has replaced Marg Gray as the steno for the drill hall while we are not sure who will be taking Kay Dawson's place.

At the present time the top spot in the men's softball league is held by Wimpies with 50 points. The second place is shared by three teams: Hurricanes from Maintenance, Harvards and Liberators from Training Wing. In the W.D. Section the Iroquois team takes top honours with 45 points while the Crees are second with 40. Our men's station softball team has won all but one of its games while the soccer team remains undefeated. The baseball team under the capable handling of Jack Menzies has lost only one game. Congratulations to you all. We are hoping for Rivers to be well represented in sports in the Command meets and come home with the bacon. Our girls' team has not fared so well but Coach Cpl. Murphy promises better things for the future.

By the time this magazine reaches you, buses will be running from the station to Clear Lake on a regular schedule and likely a number of you will have taken advantage of this opportunity. It is up to you whether or not this will continue because if there is any loss, the service will be out, and you will be forced to rely on the regular service from Brandon which is more expensive than the buses from this camp.

Most of us "beef" a lot. I have done my share of it along with everybody else. However, when we stop to consider how fortunate we really are on this station, I don't think we have any room for the criticisms we pour out every so often. Which one of you in his home town has: (a) a

theatre; (b) swimming pool; (c) bowling alleys; (d) gymnasium; (e) riding club; (f) bicycle club; (g) well equipped sports field—all within five minutes walk from your homes? I think you will agree that we are a lot more fortunate than in civilian life, and I would hereby recommend that the next time we start grouching, we stop for just a minute and review the situation as it really is. If you have trouble remembering, the following poem by an unknown author may aid you.

### A MEMORY SYSTEM

Forget each kindness that you do,  
As soon as you have done it;  
Forget the praise that falls to you  
The moment you have won it,  
Forget the slander that you hear  
Before you can repeat it;  
Forget each slight, each spite, each sneer  
Wherever you may meet it.

Remember every kindness done  
To you whate'er its measure;  
Remember praise by others won,  
And pass it on with pleasure;  
Remember every promise made  
And keep it to the letter,  
Remember those who lend you aid,  
And be a grateful debtor.

Remember all the happiness  
That comes your way in living;  
Forget each worry and distress,  
Be hopeful and forgiving;  
Remember heaven's above you,  
Remember good, remember truth,  
And you will find, through age and youth,  
True joys, and hearts to love you.

### ALL HE NEEDS IS A CIGAR!

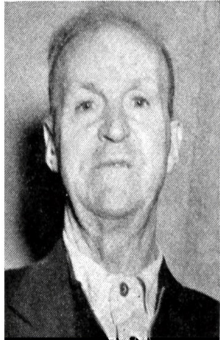


"Churchill" Crocker, scion of the Chuck Crocker family, age two.

# We Call Him "Pop"

F/O DON COLLYER

It all began with the well-known expression "Well, how are things today?" "Oh, still pushing along!" replied jovial "Pop" Kearns as he did an energetic little jig behind the big floor polisher always out in front. Yes, the station hospital is always clean, for Frank Kearns, benign "Daddy" of the hospital, hates "dust, dirt and papers." Born at Swansea, Wales, he comes from an energetic family of sea-farers. To see him working as you pass by you would not think a story was forthcoming but, after many modest admissions, the following is the result.



"POP" KEARNS

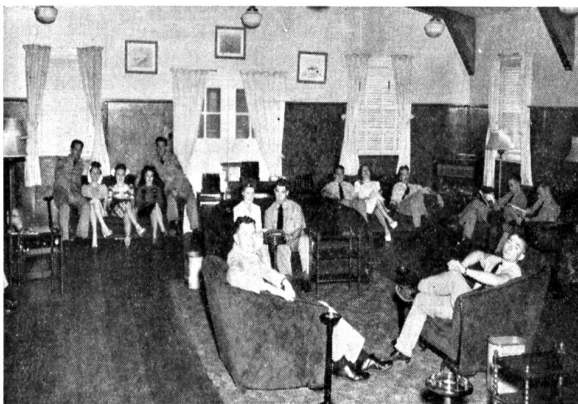
At the age of eight he was, according to family tradition, to begin his career on the sea. His choice was the navy, though he did decide to have a clause inserted in his papers that he be transferred to the Merchant Marine upon request. He spent four years schooling and training on the Marine Society's "Stogger Ship" the "M.S. Arathusa." From here he graduated to the Royal Naval Training Ship "Boscowen," completed his year's course to enter advanced training on R.N.T.S. "Seaflower" and finally on the "Minatiare" to complete a gunnery course. Sounds like training in the R.C.A.F., doesn't it!

One bright morning the H.M.S. "Melarnpus" saw a small sailor-lad of fifteen lugging his kit aboard. The whole crew remarked upon the juvenile addition and yet in a few weeks "Pop" became favorite of ratings and officers alike and

virtually ship's mascot. This opened a tremendous advantage to him in that he escaped "duties too heavy for little Frank," but was often in the position to learn a good deal about the numerous departments of the ship, "without letting on" as "Pop" put it. He was soon in charge of the Captain's cutter and held the wheel as he was too small to row.

Here his trade should be mentioned, he had specialized in Gunnery, passed his A.B. papers at 15, his Petty Officer's very soon after and had become a gunnery instructor. His marksmanship, traditionally good, as our Navy has proven often. (Remember Normandy), was to be fully tested. The Boer War was declared "open season" and Ladysmith S.A. took a terrific pounding from "Pop's" guns. General Roberts praised the efforts of H.M.S. Terrible on this occasion.

After six years of active service "Pop" transferred to the Merchant Marine—The White Seal Line. As second mate (P.O.) on the England to Suez run for two years he found life very interesting and busy. He then transferred to the Allan Line running numerous ports in Great Britain and Ireland. Finally "Pop" heard the call of the New World quite early in the nineteen hundreds and landed in Quebec, still single and "without a care in the world." He headed for the mid-west where he made Winnipeg his home, entered business, married a French-American girl and now boasts two married daughters. He loves Canada, is a very energetic person for his years and, "cute" according to nearly every member of the hospital staff. It is never necessary to issue orders to "Pop" who seems to know what needs doing anyway, and does it well. Of course there are major hospital inspections. Visiting officers arrive unheralded only to find an ever-prevailing cleanliness reflected from shining floors and walls. Our hats are off to a grand person. We call him "Pop."



Scenes photographed recently in the Lounge, Games Room, Dining Room and Bar of the Sergeants' Mess.

# Section Shots

## Servicing Section News and Views

The flights welcome a new O/C, Flying Officer McQuarrie, a very welcome addition with all the boys in there pitching for him. His two able lieutenants, Flight Sergeant Parker and Flight Sergeant Moore, who is on the sick list at present, should give him good support with their girl "Friday" LAW Adamchuk keeping the records straight.

### ANGEL FLIGHT

Seems as though their wings were clipped this past month. Their claim is that they are preparing the big news for the next issue. We shall be looking for it, fellows.

### BEER FLIGHT

The monthly report of Local 2, Rivers Taxicab Union — Drivers and Repair Crews (this is the first cab company we ever heard of that allowed P.T. in its vehicles). A while back we had one of our V's U. S. This time the board showed a unique reason for unserviceability. It seems that the said aircraft was being washed in the lake. Doubtless this issue will be full of the exploits of Bathless Bates and the Boys, so we shall leave it to someone else to tell the whole story. So far we have not had much chance to get acquainted with our Flight Commander, wandering Jack Kelshall—the Prisoner's Hope. We hope his numerous sallies to other stations will end soon so that he can take up permanent residence on the station. We hereby formally claim the title of "Wearer of the Biggest Hat" on the station for "Flat-top Nickle." Size 7½ with a crew cut. Any contenders?

Simmy is now excused P. T. for two weeks. Seems he met a bear and the ensuing hug cracked one of his ribs. Blondie (she's a man) has taken a sudden interest in literature. Ordinary books are not good enough, they must be out of the library. Wonder why, Elsie? Tiny Marshall (altitude 10,000') has taken a very keen interest in stenography lately. Claims he needs typ-

ing for his "A" group, but one look at his teacher would convince most people that typing is only half the story. Is it, Betty?

### CHARLIE FLIGHT

Too bad you are leaving us Sgt. Ferguson. So long and be good to your new boys. "C" Flight's loss will be "D" Flight's gain. Little Hopper came back from his furlough, tired, a little worn, but happy. Could that cute W.D. at No. 5 B. & G. be the answer? Own up now, boy; when do we celebrate?

So you finished the desks, Herkey? So you didn't get your commission? Don't give up hope, you're still young and good and there is still lots of wood.

Could it be that the torch Jonesey carries is just to become a Flight Engineer? What, no woman? Yes, his blood is red, same as yours. That's what Larry found out after his tenth visit to the Red Cross Blood Bank. There is a mark for you fellows to shoot at.

Is it an interest in the C.P.R. that keeps Mitch and Taylor using the Brandon bus so often? Or could their wives be the interest?

### DAWN FLIGHT

The past month found the Romeo's of the flight bucking the bad weather and carrying on their love life as usual. "Irish" receives love letters and pictures steadily. He now has a collection of "Honeys" that would make any pin-up collector green with envy.

Congratulations are due Freddie (Fish) Shearer who finally hit the high spot. She made a cute "June Bride," Freddie.

Sgt. Buck Buchanan, tanned and trim, is back off furlough and is busy whipping his faltering Thunderbolts into shape.

The Flight is going musical in a big way. Besides our go-getting Tex Sym, leader of the Ansonaires, Teddy Morton made his debut at a nearby railway stop. His Swing and Sway the Morton Way Band played a one-night stand to an audience of "Local Yokels" who showed their appreciation by

showering him with everything from fruit to eggs, plus the odd hob-nailed boot. Fortunately for music lovers and fruit conservation, Mort has decided to disband.

The farmers in the flight are all smiles. It must be the rain, or thoughts of a not-too-distant harvest leave. What say, Scharnhorst? Nuff said.

★

## Station Hospital Newscast

F/L W. G. "CONNIE" RIDDELL

This past month news has not been plentiful around our halls and wards, but a few things of interest have been noted.

Many of our staff are, or will be, taking annual leave in the near future and the looks of eager anticipation that greet one when they push off on furlough "behind the front lines," away from the battle of Rivers, are really a revelation.

S/S Tom Wilson has now well recovered from his furlough and is swinging a mean game of golf, while yours truly has more fun knocking gophers over, driving balls down gopher holes, or straining one's eyes in a game of hide and seek for a wee white elusive pellet hidden under a tuft of grass on the fairway. Talk about your A3B(t) aircrew vision standard—one really needs it on our Rivers course to keep in the game with nine holes in less than two hours.

N/S Agnes Barr returned from her leave spent "away down east" around ye olde Ottawa sector, and according to all reports had a splendid time despite the handicap of being from that part of the country? ? !

We've had no word from our ex-N/S Frankie Anderson, so presume she will by now be overseas in "Ye Merrie Olde England."

Sister Bobbie McRae had a whizz of a leave out west doing up the Rocky Mountains, and sight touring good old Banff.

Cpl. Scotty Stewart, our masseur,

## W. Rockingham Underlip

SCION OF ONE OF ENGLAND'S PROUDEST FAMILIES,  
CLASS SENIOR AND GERALD GEN'S WORST RIVAL!

Opie

BUT SIR, YOUR ANSWER WON'T STAND UP WHEN THE HAVERSINE FORMULA IS APPLIED TO THE CO-DECLINATION, NEGLECTING LITTLE 'D', OF COURSE.



DO YOU THINK IT NECESSARY TO BE QUITE SO BEASTLY TO OUR WETCHED INSTWUCTAH, GEN?



I HAVE TO MAKE AN IMPRESSION SOMEHOW, UNDE - AND I CAN'T GROW A MUSTACHE LIKE YOURS



MY DEAH MAN, YOU GWAVELY UNDEWESTIMATE THE UNDERLIPS IF YOU THINK WE WESORT TO MAKIN' IMPWESSIONS ... MY MUSTAWCHE IS FOR SECWETIN' CWIB NOTES



spent his leave quietly at a place called "Saskatoon"—somewhere in the west??

LAW Dot Stacey "painted the old town red" around Toronto on her leave and returned safely out of the clutches of the law until her return!!

LAW Dora Brett took Winnipeg as her main sport's centre on leave.

The Dickson sisters, Doris and Marion, hid themselves to home at Joffre, Alberta, and rode the ranch together.

LAC Steph Stefansson took his leave back in "the gateway to the golden west" renewing acquaintances on the Winnipeg Police Force.

F/S Harold Smith, on his leave, is heading for the west coast—"Vancouver or bust."

Sgt. Carl Berg, believe it or not, hit for Bromhead, Saskatchewan, and its desolate acres of Saskatchewan farmland!?

LAC Don Arlind toured Vancouver and Trail, B. C., on his travels, whilst LAC George Heads went to Toronto and points east and was most reluctant to return again to Rivers to be safe in the arms of . . . the S. P.'s!

Yours truly reluctantly passed up his old home stamping ground at Kenora this year and is putting in a marvellous time at Clear Lake, at Wasagaming golf course, tennis courts and lake, but still reports Lake of the Woods as Canada's finest summer resort, bar none.

We have been sorry to lose the services of LAW Pat Jackson, now returned to the States and eventually to Australia; but have gained again in having LAW Dorothy Harris return to us on posting after several months at No. 2 T.C.H.Q.

Our Hospital Staff ball team are really "rarin' to go" and turning out a smooth working combination of "Spit-fires" with many a good game and laugh, plus exercise out of it.

F/O Don Collyer has been our star patient this past month, being in for a duration with a lovely "crooked up" kneec. P.T. was too tough on him, so it seems, and he now joins the ranks of the "has-wasers."

Sickness sometimes strikes at home even in the medical world. LAW Isabel Hystead, one of our "rarin' to go" W.D. chefs, finally folded up and had a nice juicy cute little appendix excised. A most rapid recovery was made, however—was it due to the thoughts and anticipation of a little convalescent leave that helped things along? "Vancouver, here I come," or was it "Bertie, here I come."

Well, folks, time and space is limited and this just about takes in the monthly gossip for now. Anon till later.

★

## Training Wing Orderly Room

HELLO Everybody!!!

This month we want to devote a paragraph of our allotted space to our proud papas of G.I.S. We will bear

with you and sympathize when you arrive in the mornings with dark circles under your eyes, looking very weary and worn.

On the other hand, there are those glowing faces, chests absolutely bursting with pride, when the latest photographs are being displayed.

There just isn't room to list each one individually, but to all of you go our congratulations and best wishes.

They've gone and done it again. T.W.O.R. is losing her popular Major "Pat." Don't know exactly how it happened. Seems he spent a 48 in Winnipeg . . . what a 48 . . . wonder who could have been on that party? ? ? All kidding aside, we do wish you the best of luck, "Pat." It has been nice having you here.

T.W.O.R. had a weiner roast down at "Ye Olde Rivers." After a long trek, some disputing as to just where we were going to camp (our side won, incidentally), and a little difficulty getting one of our number—guess who—through the gate, we reached our destination. "When did you discover this?" and "I've been down here several times, but never came across such a heavenly spot," were remarks heard from two of the gang. One R.A.F. friend had never been on a weiner roast before. He thoroughly enjoyed himself and agreed to take the idea back to the Motherland with him. (Our good deed to promote the Good Neighbour policy.)

We bid welcome to two new Aircraft Rec. Instructors — WELCOME, Sergeants "Sandy" MacDougal and Burton. Hope you will like us.

D-Day came and with the need to "Back the Attack" — two Rivers instructors were rushed to the front. Au revoir and good luck to F/L Jarry and F/O Boyce. Say hello for us to all our friends who have gone forth from Rivers before you. May you all be back home soon.

That's all for this month, folks. Bye for now.

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## Electrical Section

Once more time has rolled around for another report on events and the goings-on of the section in general.

To begin with, I believe an explanation is in order about the rather hectic looks on the boys' faces lately. Changing over to Mark V's has presented some very tricky problems to us and it has kept everyone pretty well on his toes to keep up with difficulties that are sure to crop up when dealing with new equipment and components. But the situation is getting pretty well in hand now and we are regaining our normal routine again.

But at that, a lot of things that are happening and have happened could hardly be blamed on new aircraft, such as frequent trips into Brandon. It's really not necessary, Tom and Irish, for you to travel so far away from home. And they claim its just to have a nice quiet supper!

I have heard many speak of the gorgeous shades of our western sunsets. But even this has been eclipsed by one of our own boys who has become an animated sunset, and should you doubt my word, wait until you see the bright red-checked shirt, and checkered sports pants. They really scream at you!

Our softball team has been really going great guns, with only the loss of one game this season. The score of the last game, 22 to 0, should be fair enough warning that we mean business and are out to win the league this year, so look to your laurels, armourers, your going to have to really play to win this year!

One of our most reliable men has been lost to us this week with the posting of Ron Hammer to Debart, N.S. I'm sure the station softball team will join me in wishing you all the best of luck, Ron, and that you will be happy at your new station.

Outside of the fact that Wain "The Gray Wolf" is still very much on the prowl, and howling just as loud as ever, everything's going along very smoothly.

It was noted in a previous issue of M.T.B. that the Armament Section claimed to have the distinction of being the only section not having W.D.'s. This is untrue, as there are no W.D.'s on the Electrical Section's strength.

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## Motor Transport

AC1 W. D. McLEOD

We are sorry to inform you that we are losing two of our drivers. LAC's Cooper and Gregory are being posted to Debart, N.S. We didn't even have time to welcome our LAC Gregory into the M.T. Section when he was posted right out.

Our M.M.M.T. LAC Currie has also been posted to Paulson, Man. That certainly was a tough break on our newlyweds—the Curries—to have to be separated, as they were getting along very nicely here and were probably figuring on setting a home up close by. (Boom town). This posting has also put the kibosh on their having their furloughs together.

Who was the Sleepy Frenchman that was caught knocking off forty winks in the back of one of the vehicles after a hard all-nite session in Rivers. He will have time to get straightened up again, as he lost a "48" over it and was going around with quite a worried look on his face.

We now have our own little paint shop and LAC Ferguson is the official spray-painter and fender dents taker-outer. The drivers keep him pretty busy and as fast as he gets a fender straightened out of one truck they usually have another one already for him to go to work on, just to keep him a little busy and out of mischief.

Our Cpl. Colvin decided he would go for a flip the other day and everything was rosy until he climbed into the plane and his ripcord caught in the door. Alas, he got a handful of chute and forfeited the fee of \$1.00.

Our W.D. Drinkwater arrived back with us after spending quite some time on sick leave. She still has a little time to spend at Deer Lodge for a final check-over and then she will be back in the old groove with us again.

We are still wondering whether it was P.T. or falling out the wrong side of the bed that put our Major in a turmoil for a couple of weeks, as he sure was swinging the axe around here (or maybe it was losing the odd ball game that got him crackin' on the boys and gals). It was a good job he started to settle down again or he might have found himself hanging on the extra hook out in the workshop.

After three years and eight months service at good old Rivers our Flight Sergeant is looking for a posting. (Would it be Winnipeg?) We are all pulling with him for his posting.

★

### Equipment Section

Since last hearing from the Equipment Section several changes, in personnel, have taken place.

AC1 "Billy" Costello is now at Daffodil—good luck to you, "Bill."

The chaps from No. 2 Manning Depot—on temporary duty—Sgt. Pettigrew, LAC's Bateman, Gough, Anderson and Daley, are now at Swift Current. A fine bunch of lads—we were sorry to see them leave, but, perhaps they will be returning one of these days to No. 1 C.N.S.

Sgt. Walker, who worked at Maintenance Stores was posted to No. 12 Equipment Depot, Montreal. Nice posting, sergeant.

Sgt. La Pierre, from No. 2 Equipment Depot, Montreal; Cpl. Fritzier, from McLeod; L. Garcia, from McDonald, and AC2 Wood, from Trenton, have joined our staff, and we hope they like the section, also the chaps who work with them.

LAC "Stan" Pitura—that likeable

chap in the I. & R.—is leaving us for Swift Current, although he would rather stay at No. 1 C.N.S., we know he will get along very nicely at his new station. The best to you, "Stan," and we will miss you.

The W.D's in the section have planted a flower garden along the front of the Clothing Stores, Orderly Room and Barrack Stores, and it gives the section that clean-cut appearance, as the girls keep working at it in order to eliminate the weeds. Flowers are now showing in this garden.

We are also quite proud of our lawn in front of the Orderly Room.

Publications, with its new coat of paint, is the pride and joy of the section. LAW Snelgrove really keeps it clean.

We thought it would be a benefit to the readers of M.T.B. if we gave them a brief outline of the various departments in the Equipment Section, which are as follows:

I. & R.—"Shipping and Receiving." Through this department all equipment must pass, coming in and going out. There is a large amount of detail work involved in this section in checking all items, coming and going. Great care must be taken to prevent a bottle-neck in transportation.

BARRACK STORES—In this department is handled bedding—sheets, pillow slips, blankets, also, all barrack equipment and items used by the mess halls and hospital. This department also looks after the laundrying of sheets, pillow slips, blankets, hospital, dental and mess hall linen.

PUBLICATIONS — All stationery, forms and publications used by the R.C.A.F. is in this department.

CLOTHING STORES—This department has in stock clothing of all types used in the R.C.A.F. Clothing packages are arranged for wornout items of clothing and the issue of flying gear. Boot repairs are also looked after by this department. Clothing Stores have held numerous parades, this season, for the issuing of Khaki Drill to trainees—the personnel deserve a great deal of credit in the manner in which these parades were handled.

TECHNICAL STORES—This depart-

ment carries all technical equipment used by Motor Transport, Works and Buildings, Maintenance and Flights. This entails receiving, storing and issuing of a very numerous number of items in order to keep our aircraft in flying condition.

GASOLINE—This is a section that plays a most vital part on a flying station. We must have large quantities of gasoline and oil, on the station, at all times and the huge consumption of these consumables necessitates very accurate attention.

PROVISIONING—Plays an important role in the operation of the Equipment Section, as appropriate quantities of the correct equipment must be ordered previous to the need of same. Needless to say, we endeavor to have all required equipment on hand at all times, thus a steady flow of equipment is coming and going constantly. We pride ourselves that an aircraft is seldom grounded due to negligence on our part. Thus we say with pride, "Equipment, the Key to the Air Force."

After reading the above we are sure you will agree with us that the personnel of the Equipment Section play a vital role in the R.C.A.F.

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### Maintenance Wing Orderly Room

Since Maintenance last went to press, we have had our share of postings in, and postings out.

F/S Moon, a senior N.C.O. of long standing, has left for No. 8 Repair Depot to be replaced by F/S Hunt. Good luck to both of you.

The Orderly Room "Whizz," Bette Chivers, has been posted overseas—and was she happy? Well, put yourself in her shoes. Here's hoping it lives up to her expectations and bon voyage, Bette.

At the same time, AW1 Grace Jones was transferred to G.I.S. to work. Hope you like it Grace.

Two of our carpenters were also posted overseas, Cowan and Anderson, and we wish these boys all the best.

Still on the subject of postings, F/L Dodd left No. 1 C.N.S. after a good

## Ceiling Zero with Clewless McGoon v. Meteorology

by Ozzie



length of service here, and F/O Mac-Quarrie transferred his sunny disposition to take over the duties of O.C. Servicing Squadron, and we might say we miss him.

The Parachute Section lost a valuable asset in the person of Corporal Mary Hands, who left for Montreal. Seeing that gleam in Mary's eye, all we can say is—Look out, Montreal.

Maintenance Hangar is being enhanced by window boxes in which are flowering beautiful geraniums, petunias and lobelia, all of which look very lovely. F/L Sankey is the willing gardener, and seems to enjoy digging his hands into the good soil. 'Tis said the Maint. W.D.'s are to take care of said flowers, so if you see them hanging out the window with watering cans in hand, you'll know what's up.

F. L. O'Brien, our good neighbor of 16 $\frac{1}{2}$  Squadron, arrived back from leave looking very fit and pleased, but there seemed to be something missing. Another look confirmed the fact, for "Obie" has lost his well-cultivated moustache. How did it happen? Well—what's another story.

A certain F/S in Maint. Control Room has been "sticking" around home ever since his wife went on holidays. Better not get lost behind that wallpaper, Bob!

Sgt. Robertson has left his harem in the Control Room to work out on the floor. No more will we hear those well-worn words—Let's go down to the river, Flossie — or Pepper—or Jeannie—or anyone else!

One of the Electrical Section Corporals has been making frequent visits to the Control Room lately. What about it Van?

Last minute news — Sgt. Brooking just arrived from Weyburn to take up duties here, and "Flash" McChesney, from Equipment is the cheerful new steno in the Orderly Room. Welcome to Maintenance, both of you.

That's all for now, folks.

## Armament Section

"Bombs away, — Master Switch off," does not always mean that any bombs have left the aircraft. Ask any of the armourers, especially A. C. Lahti, and he would drone out in a painful voice—" 'ats right—want to see my Battle of Rivers war wounds?" (So as not to embarrass anyone we suggest you don't insist on seeing those powder and shrapnel burns).

The boys at the Bombing Ranges are not without excitement, either. The other day while bombs were raining down around the target—but let us start at the other end of the story.

Corporal Veitch, it seems, was sitting in the plotting office waiting for some readings when the phone rang.

"Hey, there's a man (deep breath) walking across the target area—(another deep breath)—and the ships are still bombing!" And then in a VERY

excited and troubled voice, "What will I do?"

Enough shop talk for the present. Let us turn to the subject of sports. I hate to say this, and G.I.S. will never live it down. (You guessed it), Servicing Squadron and Armament 19: G.I.S. 12. What a baseball game!

Our heartiest congratulations to F/O Chute, our new Section Commander, F/O McDonald having left for greener pastures? to keep F/S Martin company, away up there at the station whose motto is "Six or Bust," Dafoe, Saskatchewan. The best of luck from all of us to them.

Much to our sorrow we bid farewell to Corporal Orton and LAC Barabash, neither of whom are strangers to baseball enthusiasts on the station. Accompanying them to Debert, N.S., goes Corporal Baker after more than three years at Rivers. They've been with us a long time, and have our best wishes.

Best of luck goes also to A. C. Northey on his Instructor's Course at Mountain View.

We welcome Corporal Nelson, just arrived from the Instructor's Course at Air Armament School, and LAC Nykolaychuk, from those far east places, "Newfie" and Gander.

## No. 1 Compass Adjuster Class



LAC JACK MEIKLE

The stock of this hustling class has dropped considerably since our last writing, but No. 1 carries on (and how those boys carry on).

To those who have left we wish the best of luck on their new station—we will always remember our original class as a topnotch lot. Even the P.T. instructors were sorry to see them go. As a red-headed sergeant told us, "We had our life's work cut out in those fellows and now they've gone." (But good old Red still carries on and does a life's work every day with the rest of us!)

Foremost in this month's list of class events is certainly about our ball team. There is no disputing the fact they have shown more improvement than any other team in the league.

From stinging defeats like 34-3, 26-7 (and others too horrible to remember) the boys have shown steady improvement until they finally hit the win column. Today they rate a potent contender for league honors. If you doubt our word—just remember the name, "Typhoons."

As forecast in last month's column Max Berk copped class honors in the mid-term exams. To endeavor to forecast the final outcome would be as difficult as getting excused at P.T. period ('nuff said!)

In the social column we have several interesting items to report:

The Lamentiny Liniment Co. Ltd. wishes to announce the appointment of F/L Roberts as their official representative. Mr. Roberts is a man who has used a great deal of their product. It is sincerely hoped by the management he will also continue in his present capacity as shortstop of the Typhoon baseball enterprise.

Frank "Stop-Dem-Bums" Paterno will spend his furlough visiting relatives and friends in Brooklyn, N.Y.

F/O Taylor was on hand to umpire a thrilling ball game held June 29th. Group Captain Murray was called out on a close play at third base. Best wishes accompany Mr. Taylor on his posting to Alaska.

When the next issue of M.T.B. rolls off the press it will contain our final column and No. 1 will be but a happy memory.

In the meantime twenty new would-be Compass Adjusters have arrived at Rivers. Let's hope they continue along the road paved for them by No. 1—even though it does contain a few breaks and shell holes.

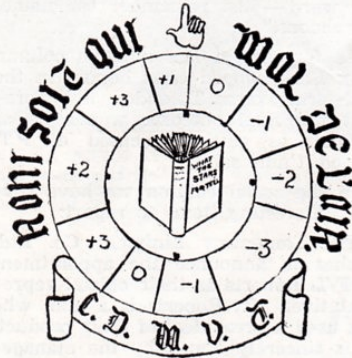


Grant Hamilton, future lightweight champion and son of the popular Bill.

# Classroom Highlights



## CLASS 103B



Any illusions we might have had about Rivers being comparable to Grasmere were soon rudely shattered. The description "It's miles from Fanny-Adams" appears to be as accurate as any. Of the station there is little to be said beyond the things already said, but we certainly do think your P.T.I.'s are wonderful. We look too, with admiration, at the lists of available entertainments and sigh for an opportunity of sampling some of them, but our paths seem confined to those between 12B and G.I.S., with occasional detours via the attention area. It has been observed, however, that the Gen. men find time to call in the mess hall. A suggestion that met with almost unanimous approval was that we move our bunks to G.I.S. so that periods devoted to "Student Lectures" could be profitably filled.

Amongst the class members it is noticed that the dropping of "Goolies" is not the prerogative of Tibbenham as this habit continually crops up in 114; one such "Fox-pass" was "I applied variation to T.A.S."

Ross (locally pronounced RAAS) is convinced that all instructors have kindred personalities as his is invariably the first name selected to answer a question. A bookmaker laying odds on this probability and provided with anyone rash enough to bet against it, would have his fortune assured.

The executioner's axe may hover, but has not yet fallen among us. Armaments, air-sighting and A/G's pay however, seem to occupy a great deal of interest, rivalled only by the study of Burmese Customs (Household).

Seriously tho', in spite of moans and groans we shall leave Rivers with real regret as we board the train for Winnipeg on our first forty-eight, bearing with us the immortal slogan "HONI SOIT QUI MAL DE L'AIRE."

## CLASS 99B

Bouquets to F/O Harvey, LAC Goodley, LAC Outhet.

### PLAY

"Hero Harvey's Contemptibles"  
or  
"The Star and Planet Cookery"

### CAST

Curly McClutch—Queen of the Fairies.  
(Sm)art (F)ellar Covey—A Gen man on Gas.

Precision Pete—His sextant never errs.  
Hooley Higgins—"Luckie" ten to one.  
Ettie Ete Carter—King of the isoBars.  
H'Airplot Outhet — The man burning with enthusiasm.

Pudding Head Goodley—Stepping into a pudding he can't pull a plum out of.  
Pile Driver Rose—A week behind.

Scene I—A shabby nook in Room 105.  
Theme: A day at G.I.S.

0100—Exit all members.

0300—Exit Curly McClutch, brushing real hairs off his shoulder.

0530—Enter Precision Pete.

0829<sup>3</sup>/<sub>4</sub>—0831<sup>1</sup>/<sub>2</sub>—99B staggers in.

0832—Reckless Ronnie Enters—"Silence." "Sight Test on the Moon today Gentlemen."

0833—Pudding Head, "What star did you say sir?"

0935—Enter Met. man amidst intermittent drizzle.—Discussion on Fog. (e.g.) "On East Coast adults walk through fog with their heads sticking out."

Ettie Ete, "How do the kids manage, Sor?"

1035-1225—Fires burning with H'Airplot Outhet firing.

### Scene II

1330—Scene ANSON 6080. Base S/C we hope.

1530—Hooley Higgins to Pile Driver "Where are we?" Pile Driver sings 1st verse of "South of the Border." Hooley, "Let's pick up some Luckies while we're here." Pilot asks for snap alteration Canada. Hooley, "A/C Canada 000."

### Scene III—Interrogation Room.

1645—One of our aircraft is missing—Is Castilattus visiting Shoal Lake again??

### Scene IV

1900—The Sling Shift begins:

0015—Enter Beau Brummel McClutch.

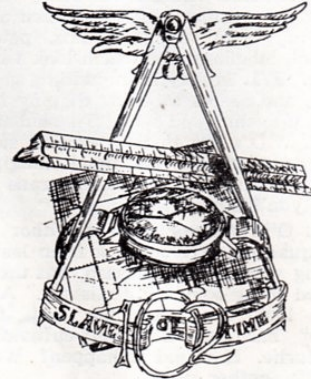
0055—(Sm)art (F)ellar Covey enters.

Class in unison: "Excuse Us."

\* \* \*

P.S.: In the above play any similarity to persons living or dead is purely intentional.

## CLASS 102A NAVIGATORS



After a long period of happy inactivity our nerves were completely shattered when we arrived at the hive of industry known as Rivers. Need we state that they were not improved by the very "helpful" lines shot to us by former arrivals. Having recovered somewhat we make our literary debut.

Potential Navigators all, we were soon well and truly blessed by a taskmaster in that subject. There is a rumor that in his spare time he chews old copies of A.P. 1234 (Verily we have two deities—Collyer and G.M.T.). Mr. Cunningham is deputizing at present as Mr. Collyer is in hospital recovering from an accident suffered during P.T. We all sincerely hope that he will be with us again soon.

A few periods of P.T. were sufficient to permanently wreck our physiques. Only the dull apathy induced by the "Rivers" grind saves us from despair. While on this subject of being made fighting fit (?) we cannot forget our ventures in the realm of football. Although these have not been too successful, we are sure that the mention of 98B will act as an excuse.

We expected flying to take up a great deal of our time, but fate and the weather seem to conspire to keep us on terra firma and we have only three trips to our credit (?). However, the time-table indicates that before long we shall be flying all day and all night. We hope that this will not cause too great a shortage of paper bags.

As is the case with most courses, we spent an enjoyable 48 in Winnipeg. From most of the conversations overheard when back in Rivers it would appear that for most of us the day began on Portage avenue at about 0200 hours.

The course to date numbers 27 and we understand that the three Scotsmen do recognize the existence of an area "South of the Border" from which 24,

including 2 Welshmen, come.

We shall close now with one of the lesser bard's famous motto "VENI, VIDI, PANIC!" hoping desperately that the next issue finds us all still together.

★

### CLASS 102B NAVIGATORS

Who is Paddy, who is he,  
That all our class commands him?  
Mighty, wise, and kind: he! he!  
The Gods such knowledge gave him,  
That revered he might be,  
That revered he might be.

With Apologies.

As there are but few outstanding characters in the Pit, let's introduce you to them. First, our chiefy, black-haired, black-eyed, but by no means black-hearted, Teddy Quinn, who hails from Durham, and has the welfare of the miner very much in mind, as well as the tactful management of his rather unruly but never disobedient mob. Then there's Bill Dracup, our grand-daddy (at 24), a Yorkshireman and, naturally, proud of it. What he doesn't know about cattle could be typewritten on a postage stamp. At the other end of the scale is our baby, John Webber, who has eighteen summers and bags of gen to his credit. Tom Greenwood comes into our list, for he alone of the whole class has savoured the joys of connubial bliss. (We hope that means he's hitched. We lost our dictionary in Montreal, trying to decipher the name of the next town).

102B is unique in one respect. We have but a solitary Scot, and not one Welshman, or even an Irishman, to back him up. However, he manages to put up a cold — sorry, bold — front. "What do you make it, Beveridge?"

We also have a member who LIKES to read about a certain town called Manchester. If you don't believe us, ask Ron Waite for any information you require. And we ain't kidding! Then of course, there's his bosom pal, who got 96% from Air Flight. Oh, Harry, how COULD you?

The Long and Smalley of our strong silent man is that he was a brewer by trade. Next time we hope to Usher in more gen. We don't even know his Christian name!

At the time of writing, we regret that one of our Geordies, Dick Humble, is in dock. We all hope to see you back soon, Dickus. We welcome to the Pit, our new member Jim Monaghan from course 100B.

A week or so ago, blinded with science and D/F, we poured into Winnipeg, where the extremely generous hospitality of those good souls refreshed

and soothed our wearied minds and bodies. Back to Rivers we came, full of beans and tales of winsome wenches — but the next day we had P.T. Oh, Death, where is thy sting? But we're defeating 'em. Already five of our number have found legitimate excuses to escape the soul-rending drudgery.

Our chart of progress in the football field shows a straight line—downwards. But how many other classes could set out for Rotterdam, not get there, bomb it, not get back to base, and yet go for lunch?

Flash!!! We have it on good authority, that one of our members was taken sick whilst getting a drift (in bumpy flight conditions) in the S.D.R.T. room. Th-th-th-that's all folks!

★

### CLASS 103A

G. HARRISON

*From the halls of A.C.R.C.*

When we arrived here we were wet; we still are in the opinion of our de-structor (sorry, instructor), a brave and fearless man withall, who reluctantly agrees that we must sleep sometime. When, that's the point, when!!!

P.T. — O.K. chaps, let's double, eh! Our class is composed of: (a) Three (3) would-be air gunners, and (b) twenty-four (24) disheartened, disinterested and dishevelled aircrew cadets, P.T.I.'s for the use of.

We shall have sampled with devastating effect a 48 in Winnipeg, if and when this reaches our gargantuan audience.

Remembering our old (reform) school motto "PRESS ON REGARDLESS" we'll say adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu (This to the P.T.I.'s, Sergeants and below).

★

*Thank You,  
Sgt. Tommy Morrell*

★

M.T.B. is indebted this month to Sgt. Tommy Morrell for his outstanding work in the photo department. In particular, we point with pride to his cover shot of one of our new Mark 5 Ansons. Tomy really specializes in scenic photos. He is doing a grand job in replacing F/S Ed Grey who has been posted to Rockcliffe, and all we ask is that he stick with us for awhile.

### CLASS 99A

We are reliably informed that a tremendous number of people have visited our quarters (in our absence) inquiring on our non-appearance in the last M.T.B. The reason—the coincidence of a despondent return from 48 and the 6 weeks exam. Our apologies (Voice from Back: "To Whom?"). Numbers are diminishing; 21 weakening men now plod on. A lottery may be held on just which one will represent us on Wings parade. Having had three 48's since arrival, we have noticed a few "types" on the train journey. Can you recognize any of them?

The gentleman, 1234 hidden in his haversack, who gives out faint murmurs of "Ferry Command." The Met. expert; he carries no waterproof and spends most of his time explaining just WHY one can hardly see through the streaming windows. The contortionist, who tears into train, whips off coat, fits himself horizontally into seat and sleeps all way. Then the thoughtful type, who sits aloof, working out "she loves me, she loves me not" on the hairs of his plush seat. One with a warped view of the whole thing. He surveys a large pair of boots propped on seat in front (shoes are in repair) with morbid satisfaction, muttering "Dancing" in tones of contempt.

Various, but all with one thing in common, an incredible smart appearance far in excess of that for any inspection, but completely changed on return. The Met. expert presents a draggled and creased sight, collars are curling, shoes are dusty, hair minus its Brylcreem surface. All aghast at the 13 weeks ahead.

Leaving this depressing point, a brighter spot has been somewhat overshadowed by Ozzie's introduction of Typhoon McGoon a month before we could reveal that the famous Prune's younger brother is in 99A. Not under his own name of course, because as yet he only possesses one wrinkle. This was caused by a methodical search for the correction card to his astro compass, and the later difficulty in checking course standing in the astro dome.

You can, of course, attempt to identify him, but in case of failure we shall pass on any statements worthy of these august pages. Only one this month is a novel theory of astro. Prune Jr., has a firm idea that all buildings of interest in Europe are marked with stars. He intends all trips to be low level, note these stars and then find position by reference to a copy of Baedeker instead of the Air Almanac.

Insert: Having just finished a plot in the Calcutta area which we believe is the first done by a class at Rivers (0845, June 22nd, notable occasion) Prune is engaged on a revision of this scheme. Something to do with a swamp reclamation survey.

P.S.: Hats off to the bomb-aimer, who on being asked what he'd taken his air shots on, said "How should I know. That's what the Air Nav. Tables are for."

## CLASS 97A

R. MILES



Wee must apologiz for the dela in contributing this artikl but we hav only just recovered from the shok of seeing our previous artikl in print—boi o boi wat spelling whent into that ishu of M.T.B.

Eneway wun cood hardle sa that lif is dul in 97A espheshully with th masinashuns of Guthree and the demoniac laf of Cumbl ringing in our eers as we tri to get sum wel ernd sleep.

Thre of our numbr hav met thair fat at the hands of the G.I.S. exicushuners following the twelf weak examinashun and now th site of thees lads sunbathing (wen the sun shins) whilst wee swet and stran maks us wundr hoo wer the lukee wuns.

This will probalee bee our larst contribushun too this tabloid so we cannot let the oportunittee pars without menshuning th gallant exploits of wun of our mebrs too wit (not twit) Dingee Haggis ushallee known as Maxamillian Hagman. This bawld boy was the first among us too mak a forsd landing thru enjin trubl at Broadvu—accompanid by wun 7 Fix Dai—now not satisfied with this he must tri his hand at forsd landings on our loel lake thus creating kwit a stir in the loel pres. In a rescu mor pregnant with dangr than a tim bom he was removed after nin ours gruling on the tal of an Ansn—lashd by mouwntainus sees, etc., etc.

Now wee must leev yu and in cas wee don't hav an oportunittee again wee shud like to sai that th most enjoabl part of ovr stai has been ovr akwaintanceship with our instruktr F/LT Keets. And we aint kidding.



## CLASS 95B

RIVERS IN RETROSPECT

It's early yet to write an ode  
Of Rivers as if in the past.  
But it's grand to know we've travelled  
the road

And made the grade at the last.  
And what will our memories of Canada  
be?

Of that it's too early to say,  
For time heals the rough and forgetful-  
ness too

Turns the humid air into the gay.

Yes' we'll remember the prairie  
With the sunshine and shower  
And in winter it's mantle of snow  
We'll speak of its dust and it's heat,  
and at nights

In our darkened England we'll think of  
its lights

That's the way memories grow.  
But foremost in all our thoughts of this  
land

Are its people, their ways and their  
homes

We'll never forget that they "did us  
right grand"

And if you hear any moans  
It will not be from England, who's  
sampled your fare  
In many Canadian homes.

We'll be leaving you soon  
Ere this issue's in print we surely will  
be on our way

Whither bound? who would know, 'tis  
more than any will say.

We hope for dear England, our homes  
and our friends

And the welcome attendant on all jour-  
ney's ends.

We missed her in spring with her rain  
and her flowers

But we'll love her in Summer when  
lazing the hours

And looking out to the sea.

We'll think of the new world and per-  
haps in our hearts

We'll want to come back one day.

Thanks Canada, you've treated us swell  
And fitted us more for the job we've  
to do

We'll see your lads in England are  
treated as well

As war rationing permits us to do.

But where there is friendship

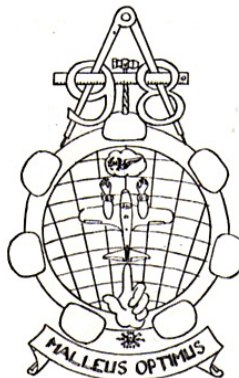
And where there's a home

There's nothing amiss with the world

So Canada farewell to you.



## CLASS 98A



J. MORRIS JONES

My last report, overdue and in de-  
mand, had to be written in S.D.R.T.  
and a mild panic: This one would have  
had the distinction of being scrawled  
on a log form in flight, as I again left  
it till the last moment, had not an Air  
Flight officer, whom we had misguid-

edly taken up for a familiarization  
flight, pointed out that another kind of  
"M.T.B." had prior claim on my atten-  
tion.

As one does on such occasions, I fell  
to contemplation, wondering whether,  
when this publication was launched  
(with a paper bag-ful of champagne?),  
the name was chosen with sufficient ap-  
preciation of its aptness: for, so far as  
"Classroom Highlights" are concerned,  
it is most appropriate, having resem-  
blance to those baneful chits we never  
have ready in time and always forget  
to record. Into the placid stream of  
everyday work, the Editor, alias the  
W.O. (G.), hurls a depth-charge —  
"M.T.B. in five minutes — well, two  
days, anyway!" Then, those of us who  
were born to this talk, who achieved  
it, or had it thrust upon us, must dedi-  
gitate, and produce a scroll stating pre-  
sent position along the way to "wings,"  
how we got there (usually with refer-  
ence to a certain ubiquitous creek)  
and whither we are going. E.T.A.'s are  
known, the problematic factor being  
our arrival at target!

Which reminds me—has anyone a  
crystal ball I could borrow? The Met.  
people are having theirs overhauled. I  
don't want to know what's inside the  
cookhouse Weiners — some things are  
better left alone—but to make some  
forecasts for the next few weeks. By  
the time this article appears in print,  
looking nothing like the one I wrote  
(who reads the proofs?), today's hot  
news will be as cold as 33B's showers.  
If up-to-date gen is to be printed I  
need either a minor prophet or a space  
at the bottom hereof for stop-press  
items. Can anyone assist?

Although, by the time most of you  
pass over this article and go on to read  
what Joe has written about your own  
flight, F/O Cohen will have been with  
us for several weeks. He is the new  
guide of our unhappy band of pilgrims  
along the Burma Road who has yet to  
be given a formal welcome: well, this  
is it. Last month I boasted that no in-  
structor could alter us — Mr. Cohen  
seems to regard that as a personal chal-  
lenge!

Tearful farewells are in order. Four  
more of our dwindling number fell by  
the wayside at mid-term: they were  
most disappointed to find that, although  
one of them guarded the Stirling very  
nicely during its recent visit, they  
weren't given a lift back to England,  
Home and General Duty! We wish them  
well in other trades: a few good wishes  
wouldn't do ME any harm! To those  
W.D.'s who are unfortunate enough to  
be used as decorations at our "wings"  
parade (but one M.T.B. away), it should  
be mentioned as solace that they're  
luckier than most—at least we shan't  
keep them away from their "cokes" for  
long!

And with this thought in our minds,  
we leave Room 23—Gateway to the  
Orient!

P.S.: Junior course men! We have in  
stock a large number of best quality

flight plans, complete with winds and temperatures, guaranteed unused, 20 double routes, all different. Buy our flight-plans and don't waste time on your own when you know you'll never use them! Any reasonable offer accepted.

★  
CLASS 95A



D. LEWIS

At last it has come. Graduation day, viewed up the stairway of twenty work-packed weeks, seemed hopelessly distant to us when we arrived. But the sun climbs relentlessly, if slowly, and here we are—eighteen of the original twenty-six—Navigators!

But though the Air Force may classify us by the single term "Navigators" (they hope!), we have come to know our fellows as a collection of contrasting personalities, each having strongly developed idiosyncracies of his own. There is Jock Bryson who cleans all (repeat, all) his brassware every morning, but is otherwise quite sane. There is "Booger" Church, so named because of his repeated injunction "Fame again, Knobby"! And it was Freddy Day who, when the Graduation Party was under discussion, professed ignorance as to what "teetotal" meant, and enquired whether it were a golf score. At the same discussion, Bement asked for bottles of milk be ordered, complaining "It's the hep-cat in me." But even that sample of wit was pardonable, judged by the effort put forth by stable-boy "what a smell" Lawrence; "She was only a W/Ops' daughter, but she did it because dah-dah-didit." After that even the cacophony of the 95A glee singers, headed by that blind Fogel (nightingale or crow?) is bearable. (There's a redundancy, somewhere!)

And we shall not lightly forget the mighty names of measles ("Garn, them's only mosquito bites") Brooker, "0800 hours" Edwards, Lieutenant Esmond "I can't see what you see in that photo" Knight, WO2 (Grimsby? — Bah!) Gates, Klanger ("Step on it") Klingy ("Who is this guy Harvard, anyway"), "Slacker" Morgan, Hummer "I shall move right out" Isty, Din-Din Hellyer, Daddy Job, "Chief cook and bottle washer" Smith and "Who

dya think I am, Joe Coon?" MacHale. Yes, they are names to conjure up memories and long will they remain in our thoughts.

Nor shall we easily forget the characters on the permanent staffs who have impressed themselves so deeply upon our lives and training. Firstly comes the fearsome, awe-inspiring, commission-dealing F/L Buller, of whom it was once said, "I like him because he reminds me of my little brother." And then there is the perfect met man, sociable Mr. Johnson, to whom all we can say is "thank you." And then, unfortunately, there is Air Flight. Our best advice to junior courses is to ignore completely the marking of Air Flight in assessing your own ability as a Navigator. Each log is marked by a different officer with a different standard. And you don't know whether the next chap cooked more or less than you did.

But now we say farewell to all this. Farewell to Air Flight and G.I.S. and a fond farewell to the P.T.I's (The fondness is for the farewell). In retrospect, we find we have enjoyed our stay here much more than we had suspected. In the common striving of these busy weeks, perhaps some of us achieved happiness unknowingly. But whether we did or no, we shall always remember historic Rivers. For Rivers is historic. Thousands of operational navigators, the world over, are putting the training they received at this station into action. Rivers, 3,000 miles from the nearest battlefield, has played a leading part in the battle for air supremacy. We go forth, your latest contribution to that battle, with gratitude for the training that will enable us to play our part.

★  
CLASS 101B NAVIGATORS  
By "772"

Per Tantrums ad M.T.B. Maybe our pet Latin scholar, none other than Aggie our W.D., could do better, but, unfortunately it was she who had the tantrums, tearing her own special contribution to shreds before our eyes. So the task of providing this month's instalment of 101B's epic story has to be borne by the second string, gallantly sacrificing himself on the very eve of the "Met" exam. Oh awesome thought! With the forecast reading continuous drizzle we go forth disbelieving, to invent all we don't know about the weather and its habits. Who would still believe?—continuous drizzle in Canada in summer, when the sun should shine hotly upon us! This is but typical of our recent doings; exams and bad weather washing out flying and dampening our ardour in Winnipeg. Winnipeg—yes that is a new experience since our last month's contribution. There are some who have strayed from the well-worn track and have come back propagandists for Saskatoon or Regina, but the majority remain faithful and duly make the pilgrimage after each wearying three weeks. Unfortunately little is known of the class's doings

there; for that "post-48 feeling" closes their lips tighter than modesty would normally do, and all there is to record is the sight of many ardent shoppers and others scarcely less ardent, haunting the Assiniboine park in the gloaming.

Would you acquire a bronzed physique? Apparently a large proportion of our number would. As yet they have scarcely done more than taste the experiences of a lobster, and make many solemn vows of moderation in consequence. And to the odors of the barrack block has been added that of skin lotions, and to its noises, the groans of the afflicted. The present writer gets a good smug satisfaction out of all this; for he hibernated while others were tanned, and now visibly restrains himself from "I told you soing."

The current question is: "If navigators we be, where are we to navigate?" Most of us probably think of England (or Scotland or Wales; if you must be finicky) as being as good a place as any. Possibly we are fascinated by the prospect of meeting the Green Witch to whom we were introduced by our instructor. She apparently lives round Londonway trading with time and being very mean about it. The counter-attraction is the Mikado; but Gilbert and Sullivan have already displayed him for us.

★  
CLASS 101A NAVIGATORS



LAC I. KAY

Now that the seventh week exam (called the seventh week progress by optimistic instructor) has passed we are settling down to grind for a few more weeks till the next sifting out process.

Our second "forty-eight" however, did not go off with as loud a bang as it might have as there was present in everybody's mind a vague uncertainty about the results of the previous week's effort. So the glorious binge we had promised ourselves was postponed till brighter, happier days.

The leading question of the moment, which perhaps our intelligent readers can solve is: Who is the love-sick young airman who spent a wintry Sunday afternoon pouring out his heart to Rita Hayworth? Is it Snow or is it

Frost? Great stir was caused in the "Coconut Grove" (Class 106, formerly "The Creek" changed because of an unfortunate misunderstanding on the part of our readers) this week when our suave Don Ameche (called Ted to avoid confusion) returned from Winnipeg with a small delicate article of ladies' cast-offs which unfortunately did not fit the plump prospective wearer. "He" did, however, thank Ted for the rather embarrassing gift and expressed appreciation for the spirit in which the gift was made.

Our readers may not be aware of it, but we have a visionary in our midst—a man endowed with psychic powers—who solemnly recorded in his log the presence of a Southern Hemisphere heavenly body in the Northern heavens over Winnipeg. By the way, what does Compass Joe do with all the heavenly bodies? Is that where he gets all the sunburn lotion from.

Talking about stars, our instructor says you can tell "Beetlejuice" by its color. We should very much like to know what Flying Officer Grant puts in his pipe.

This week we say goodbye to two popular classmates, Ian MacAulay and "Jock" Jeeves, who unfortunately are leaving us. We wish them the best of luck and good hunting as "Rad" men, and are sorry to see them go, especially Jock — our well-liked efficient class senior, whom we feel should have finished the course on his hard work alone. We end this account of our recent activities on a personal note, with an important notice to W.D.'s.

The morale of airmen wearing short trousers on this station is being severely undermined by W.D.'s who give a long low whistle when any of the above-mentioned airmen are seen.

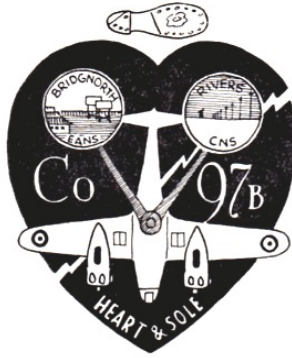


### CLASS 97B

LAC E. TOMPSON

Although at the time of writing, we have five weeks to go on our course, it is with regrets that this will be our last appearance in M.T.B.

We are pleased to have been able to appear in the Royal Canadian Air Force's No. 1 Training Magazine, and in the years to come, pleasant memories of Rivers?? will be recalled, when we shake our dust from carefully preserved M.T.B.'s.



Unfortunately 5 of our bunch left us after the mid-term effort, and we wish them all the very best of luck wherever they go. At this time it would be appropriate to give our impressions of No. 1 C.N.S. as we saw it.

We were all rather disillusioned when we first stepped off that train; somehow the prairie was not what we had pictured in our minds—not that we had expected to see Indians and covered wagons!! — but — well, we had imagined Rivers something different to what we found.

We had a lot of things to get used to at first, some of them we found very pleasant — ice cream, oranges, chocolates and cokes—things we had almost forgotten. Then there were other things not so pleasant—a camp isolated, miles from anywhere—that was new to us, some of us had hoped to make up for that by learning to ride a bucking bronco, etc. — but we soon found out that work and study occupied all our time.

Dollars, cents, comics, hamburgers, hot dogs, are only some of the things we shall always associate with Canada.

How we looked forward to that first "48" and to every one after that!—we all appreciate our luck in spending them in that fine city of Winnipeg, a certain cure for "Cheesedness."

Quite candidly the "bull" here is more than we have known before, but it has been a new innovation to us to have an orchestra play to us while on parade. The station band is quite one of the finest we have known—congratulations No. 1 C.N.S.!!

On looking back, we say farewell and

thanks a lot to—pleasant Saturday evenings in the W.D. canteen, to the Rec. hall for some really top line movies, to the Post Office girls for their patience and good humor at our continual yapping for mail, to the P.T.I.'s, for their unflinching attempts to break our spirits! —and to our various instructors—"Compass Joe" who taught us the art of sun-bathing and P.6's (What a tan!), "Elma" our Met. wizard, whose duff weather reports have given us many a nights sleep, but whose forecast of the state of the grocos in Assiniboine Park has proved remarkably accurate (very mediocre!) and Air Flight to whom we each bequeath a gross of red pencils. To the staff pilots whose ability to remain calm, amidst the feverish attempts of goon navigators, is really amazing, and the hard working W/Ops whose work is now made much easier by the introduction of Mk.V's! not forgetting the parachute girls, in whose hands our lives really lie, and to all the others whose none too easy task has been undertaken in good will and spirit.

And finally to our navigational instructor, Flying Officer Stephens, who has sailed us through many troubled waters, these last sixteen weeks. Thanks a lot all of you, and may we all pay back your hard work by all successfully reaching that Wings Parade! Was just going to close when a T.57 was handed to me, apparently it has not originated from the Met officer! Here it is:

**ROUTE FORECAST:** For period 0001 hours to 2359 hrs. on a 48-hour pass.

**SYNOPTIC SITUATION:** The depression over the area is expected to give way to an extensive high, centred over the area. This high may exist for only a short period, not greater than 48 hours.

**STAGE:** Assiniboine Park.

**WEATHER:** Fair (brunette or red-head). The weather will be warm to extremely hot. State of grass, dry to slightly wet.

**CLOUD:** None—slight haze.

**FREEZING LEVEL:** Variable.

**VISIBILITY:** Excellent.

**WIND:** Nil.

**PRESSURE:** 20,000 mbs. Rising rapidly.

That's all folks, so until the next war —Cheerio!!

## LORD WHIFF OF GRAPESHOT

I mean, white man's burden and all that, y'know, but don't mess about with a fella's tea!

by *Guis*



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## *Promotions*

P/O D. A. Wright to F/O (SR) (GL) (Nav)  
P/O D. H. Nickel to F/O (SR) (GL) (Nav)

P/O R. F. E. Harvey to F/O (SR) (GL) (Nav)  
F/O T. W. Boyd to F/L (Nav "B") (SR) (GL)

## *Marriages*

LAC A. M. Waugh to Eileen Barbara King on 23  
May, 1944, at Vancouver, B. C.

P/O F. Dietrich to Doris May Jasper on 27 May,  
1944, at Briercrest, Sask.

LAC F. S. Kirton to LAW F. M. Dale on 17 May,  
1944, at Rivers, Man.

LAW L. M. Farrow to George Angus MacDonald on  
2 June, 1944 at Winnipeg, Manitoba.

P/O W. A. Buhr to Margaret Isobelle Anderson on  
28 May, 1944, at Calgary, Alta.

AC1 R. A. Jewell to Mary Madeline English on 1  
June, 1944 at Rivers, Man.

Cpl. M. J. Gartside to P/O J. Ostrom on 17 May, 1944,  
at Rivers, Man.

WO2 P. J. Smiley to Rosaleen Boyer on 8 June, 1944,  
at Toronto, Ont.

LAC R. J. Parker, to Carol Joyce Asbury, on 10  
March, 1944, at Van Nuys, Los Angeles, Calif.

## *Births*

To Cpl. and Mrs. W. Hogg, a son, James Allan, on  
15 April, 1944.

To LAC and Mrs. A. C. Harman, a daughter, Gladys  
Ina May, on 17 May, 1944.

To Cpl. and Mrs. J. R. MacPherson, a daughter,  
Linda Marie, on 25 April, 1944.

To F/O and Mrs. J. M. Coulter, a son, Robert John  
Michael, on 2 June, 1944.

To LAC and Mrs. C. W. Snyder, a daughter, Joan  
Kathleen, on 7 May, 1944.

To Cpl. and Mrs. E. Martindale, a son, Duncan Eric,  
on 26 May, 1944.

To F/O and Mrs. F. L. Stevens, a daughter, Elizabeth  
Eileen, on 16 May, 1944.

To S/L and Mrs. Hugh Murray, a daughter, Mary  
Eleen, on 3 June, 1944.

To Cpl. and Mrs. R. F. Beckett, a daughter, Ruth  
Elaine, on 2 June, 1944.

To F/O and Mrs. J. W. M. Campbell, a daughter,  
Valerie Susan, on 21 June, 1944.

To LAC and Mrs. D. A. Maze, a son, Richard James,  
on 3 June, 1944.

To F/O and Mrs. Don Collyer, a son, Robert Edward,  
on 26 June, 1944.

# FROM PRIMEVAL MUD TO NAVIGATION *by Ozie* or HAS CIVILIZATION KEPT PACE WITH MCGOON?

In response to the insistent public clamor (well, one guy asked us, anyway) for light on the antecedents and early activities of Clewless McGoon, we present this month a few brief excerpts from the thrilling saga of the House of McGoon. It will probably not be continued next month unless the Editor gets very careless

