MTB Message to Base

No. 1 C. N. S. RIVERS, MAN. SEPTEMBER, 1944 VOL. 2, No. 2



Photo by F/S Melrose.

"FULL BLOOM"

They need your blood NOW





don't hesitate

In the past a number of appeals have been made through D.R.O.'s for blood donors on behalf of the Red Cross Clinic in Rivers, Manitoba, but the response was not as enthusiastic as might have been expected. Right now, more blood donors are needed. As the pace of the war accelerates the use of blood serum supplied by the Canadian Red Cross will save many more lives . . . but only if the serum is available.

All Airforce personnel other than aircrew (Trainees or Staff), are urged to donate their blood now. You can help our wounded by giving a little of your blood at the Rivers Red Cross Blood Donors Clinic where donations are accepted every Wednesday morning. It is simple and easy to give and will not take long. Do it now. Your gift of blood may mean a life saved because it was there in time.

ENQUIRE AT STATION HOSPITAL



M. T. B.

By kind permission of GROUP CAPTAIN W. A. MURRAY

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

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

Volume II, No. 2 SEPTEMBER, 1944

EDITOR'S CORNER

MOST of us have experienced "paint-up, clean-up" campaigns before entering the service but M.T.B. wagers that none could possibly have measured up with the Rivers campaign which preceded the A.O.C.'s visit in August. It can be safely stated that our station's enormous bulk was literally scrubbed. from top to bottom, from corner to corner. On the day of inspection we could all sit back and feel that our contribution was important, our job well done. The Air Officer Commanding's reactions to our station were not for our ears but we all sincerely hope that we measured up to his expectations.

Have you ever had the feeling that something unpleasant was bound to happen but you keep hoping selfishly that it will be postponed indefinitely? That was our feeling about S/O Kay Fulmer's transfer to the Canadian Women's Army Corps, which was pending for so many months. Just as we were completing the copy for this issue it happened. Kay is now serving the Army in an important, new capacity, being one of six Canadian women chosen to do specialized work for the Directorate of Personnel Selection. That she should be chosen is a compliment not only for her but for our station. Kay's work since joining M.T.B. as assistant editor in October, 1943, has been a vital cog in hitting our deadline every month. Not only has she reported so excellently on station events and personalities but she has operated behind the scenes such as making timely trips to Winnipeg to ensure delivery on the 15th each month. Of her, it can be said she carried the torch for M.T.B. As a station we shall be ever thankful for her time and interest on our behalf, and wish her every success and happiness in the years to come.

No. 1 C.N.S. athletes certainly went all out in summer sports, bringing wide fame to our fair station. M.T.B. congratulates the many performers in swimming, softball, baseball, tennis and track. For the complete picture turn to the sports section where F/S Hal Boughen and his able lieutenant, LAC Homer Foster have compiled all the "gen."

In this issue we have featured some of the better known station civilians and hope that you all feel as we, that they are a group deserving of our praise. Everyday these people are doing jobs for us which too many are inclined to take for granted. One of the more pleasant aspects, however, is their reassurance that they have always been treated well and courteously, that pleasant relationship between civilian and service personnel has been a keynote at Rivers. Our job is not only to maintain this keynote but to do even better in future.

Where are all those letters to the editor? Has no one anything to say that is printable? The welcome sign is still out for anyone so inclined and we hope that soon a steady flow of letters will be coming into the editorial office, Room 19 G.I.S.

It is human nature to slacken off in our war effort unless we are continually reminded by words, posters or deeds. On the facing page is testimony to this state of affairs existing at present on our station. When the Red Cross Blood Donors' Clinic began at Rivers it was taxed to capacity to handle the volunteers but of late the response has been poor. Surely the crucial hour in France is not the time to weaken the boys over there, through lack of healthy blood. Need we say more?



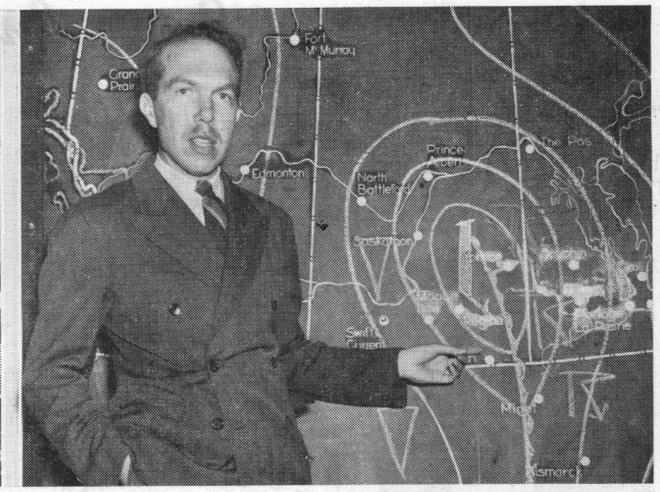
The war is going increasingly well in Europe, every day bringing further news of Allied successes on every front. It is going so well that for many the end is in sight. But not so for us in Canada. When the war ends in Europe we shall only be starting our real work; the defeat of Japan!! If ever we needed to keep a fact in sight, it is now, and it won't be easy. V day in Europe will be accompanied by almost hysterical rejoicing and relief, but our real celebration must be withheld for V Day II. In the days, months, we hope not years, ahead, let us all strive even harder towards the fulfillment of this goal because our job is only beginning. Those who have fought so valiantly for us in Europe are almost finished. Soon it will be our turn to fight for them.



First Row (left to right)—E. Einarsson, Met. Forecaster; Met. Instructors Gordon Donaldson, Harvey Johnston, Fred Burbidge and Dave Rivers; Ray Walkden, Forecaster.
Second Row (left to right): LAW M. Carey, Records Met. Observations; LAC M. Bourgeois at work at Teletype; LAC Ralph Botoshan releasing pi-ball.
Third Row (left to right): Cpl. M. Macdonnell at Teletype; E. M. Anderson, Forecaster, astride his bicycle per usual; LAW Cramer.
Fourth Row (left to right): LAW Janet Warne taking report from Theodolite; LAW Davies gets ready to release pi-ball balloon; Sgt. Ken Simpson, Met. Observer.



Ralph Anderson, Chief Forecaster i/c Met. Section, is shown drawing a weather map.



Norman Powe, Met. Forecaster, explains why we have active weather at Rivers.

"Always - The Weather"

F/O DON COLLYER

TO begin with, the Met. Officers are a popular group on this Station. They may not wear the service uniform but they never lack or lag in that essential service to the flyer—prediction of weather.

Here at No. 1 C.N.S. we have the one and only forecasting centre for No. 2 Training Command. Not only this, even more—no other weather station in Canada forecasts strictly for Air Force use alone as our office does. Pages of printed matter could not cover completely the vast topic of "weather." But we shall be able to mention some, namely, the forecasting of weather; the Perforator Transmitter and Teletype; Map Plotting; Forecast Maps; weather observing; "Pi-balls"; the Barograph; and Radiosondes. The others we shall have to omit.

In forecasting the weather no crystal ball is used, though this may disappoint a few dubious Navigators and even Pilots. The forecast of just what weather will occur in the way of high, medium and low clouds (how high and how much) temperature, dew-point, humidity, barometric pressure and tendency up or down, visibility, past and present weather, direction and speed of wind, etc., is made four times a day, every six hours.

This forecast is made up from weather forecast summaries sent by teletype (to us better known as "tic-tic-tic-clunk)" in code through the distributing station at Regina or Winnipeg to this station.

The forecast is made up in code and ingeniously abbreviated phrases lacking word vowels but easily read, and sent in turn to every R.C.A.F. station in No. 2 Training Command. Our Command is sub-divided into an Eastern District for Gimli, Winnipeg, Portage, Macdonald, Carberry, Brandon, Souris, Virden and Hartney; a Central District for Dauphin, Paulson and Yorkton; a Southwest District for Swift Current, Moose Jaw, Weyburn, Estevan and Regina; and a Northwest District for Prince Albert, North Battleford and Dafoe. Each District has its own particular weather—each is given a complete weather picture.

The Perforator is the telephone or telegraph of Meteorology and combines either of these with a typewriter, the keys of which punch symbolic perforations for all the letters, numbers and special "met signs" on a moving paper tape which in turn is fed through the Transmitter and picked up by hungry receivers known as teletypes which transform electrical "perforation" impulses back into their original code or abbreviated form on revolving rolls of paper, feeding line by line in typewriter-fashion from the machine.

For brevity the whole set-up is called the "teletype" over which analyses in code go out to all Districts at 1330 hours, valid for 2½ hours after.

One hour later a "general area" forecast goes out and in addition a detailed report valid for eight hours after and sent often enough for a two-hour time overlap on the previous "Detailed Report." This is followed by a "General Operations" forecast for the whole region valid for 12 hours or an overlap of one hour on tomorrow's forecast—hence our little "always—the weather."

Map plotting relies on the 1330 hours "weather signals" from all over North America and this 1330 map is completely plotted by 1500 hours. By 1530 hours the isobars and fronts are drawn in. Then an immediate analysis is made from it for all the reports mentioned. These are ready by 1600 hours. Following the completion of these reports, the forecasting of future weather is carried out.

The "T. 57" weather gen form is a direct outgrowth of the above procedure and contains the practical essence of weather factors influencing an airborne aircraft. By judicious use and interpretation of this form the plane's crew is able to carry out a successful trip or decide to terminate or postpone it. These forms are distributed to every crew before take-off on navigation flights and on the reverse side the navigator enters his own "Air" observation which he turns in to the met. officer at flight completion to further assist forecasting.

There are also special maps for weather conditions at higher levels known as "5000 and 10000 foot maps" and this is where the radio-sonde balloon sent up for this region from Prince Albert to Edmonton comes in.

By radio transmission several weather checks for various heights are "sent down" to the recording station, and thus without the necessity of sending up human observers the radio-sonde does the job thoroughly.

The "Pi-ball" is a hydrogen filled balloon. On release it is followed by a theodoite which records at intervals of one minute, its angular ascent in direction (wind direction) and its speed over the ground (wind speed). By interpolation the winds at thousand foot levels are determined. Pi-balls are sent up at 0300, 0900, 1500, 2100 hours daily.

The tephigram, that enigma of lines also called a graph, records air moisture content for all levels up to 25000 feet or more at any particular ground position as well as air stability and is especially vital in the forecasting of thunderstorms.

The Paragraph records the complete story of air pressure and its tendency to go up, down or remain steady.

The writer is appalled at this point as perhaps is the reader at the immense study and science of Meteorology ("meteor"—"to fall") and herewith concedes a point—that it is impossible to explain fully many significant aspects of weather not even mentioned in this article. Why not visit the met office instead when you catch yourself in the middle of some spare time.

Peace In Europe

F/L J. B. G. KELSHALL

"THE rapacious Nazi beast was dieing—but he was dieing hard. Now he was back to the door of his cabin and the blows of his enemy reigned upon him without let. Through a bloody haze he saw vengeance closing in. He could no longer think, no longer speak to his followers in words that made even Nazi sense . . . He backed away flicking his paws . . . the haze before the beast's eyes deepened. Soon night would shut."



Thus Time Magazine for September 11th. Time's poetic outburst was an accurate summary of the most widely held opinion on the European war. Commentators and generals vied with each other in predicating an early collapse of the German war machine. The world looked on hopefully expecting the struggle to end any day. But the hope of a quick end to the European war is still largely a matter of wishful thinking. For the Germans, while beaten, have still got a lot of fight in them. While victory is now more or less certain, it is still some distance off.

Wave of Optimism

The great wave of optimism was caused by Allied success in the Battle of France. After the initial landing on the shores of France there was a considerable pause while the British and American armies created effective communication systems and built up reserves of men, machines and equipment needed for the smashing drives of modern mechanized warfare. Then the Allies struck and then the Battle of France began. The Allies succeeded in this battle. The Germans, defeated and severely mauled, were yet able to avoid large-scale encirclement. The failure of the Allied trap at Falaise was typical of a series of manoeuvres which followed, the Allies always striving to encircle and destroy, the German army repeatedly withdrawing. Realizing that their first line of defenses had been breached beyond repair the Germans pulled back across Europe to the Reich itself. Meeting no effective resistance the Allied armies overran France and the lowlands with unprecedented speed. It was this which caused onlookers to believe that the end of the war was iminent. Even generals involved in the campaign jubilantly declared that the German armies were destroyed, in effect the war was won.

Altogether the situation bore remarkable similarity to that which existed immediately after the early German successes in Russia. In Russia, initial defeat had resulted in large-scale retreat with minor encirclements and heavy losses, which led the German generals to declare that they had won the war in Russia. They had not won the war in Russia. Neither have we won the war in Europe—yet.

Germany's Strategic Position Strong

The position at date of writing is that the Allied armies in the west are on the borders of the Reich itself. But every indication exists that German defences are sound and that the German armies intend to make the most of their strategic position. Thus Patton's Army, hard on the heels of the retreating Germans, crossed the Moselle River and threatened Germany itself. Prompt and violent attack threw the Americans back with heavy losses. In the east the German armies have succeeded in stabilizing a defensive line from the Gulf of Riga to the Carpathians. By abandoning East Prussia, which they will shortly have to do, the Germans could withdraw to a line from the Carpathians in the vicinity of Cracaw to Danzig. This line based on Poland's great North-South Railway would only be about half the length of that which they now hold. In the south the defection of Romania and Bulgaria has resulted in rapid advances for the Red Army. The Balkan Peninsula is now lost to the Germans, but again the German armies in the region are substantially intact and there seems to be no reason why they should not withdraw west and north through Hungary into Austria where they could take up excellent defensive positions across the Vienna gap between the Carpathians and the Alps.

Once these withdrawals have been carried out the German armies will be in the strongest defensive position in the continent of Europe. They will be fighting on interior lines of communications and Germany's excellent system of rail and motor roads all radiating outwards from Berlin will allow the German general staff to make the most of this advantage.

Can the Germans Continue?

The strategic position is good for Germany, but what about the Germans, can they continue to fight? To wage war a nation needs three things: the ability to fight, the equipment with which to fight and the will to fight. Let us analize the German nation on these points.

First, the ability to wage war. Few people can doubt that as technicians in the art of warfare the Germans are excellent. If proof of this were needed it could be found in the remarkable success which the German staff has had in extricating their armies from the depths of Russia, while fighting off pulverizing blows from the larger, better equipped and fanatical Red Army. With the exception of a few top ranking Russians the German generals are still the world's leading exponents in the art of warfare. Indeed, if the Reich had in its control the weapons and resources of the Allied coalition, there would be no possibility of defeating it.

Which brings us to the second requirement—equipment. The best trained and the most determined soldier is useless without modern arms. It is the relative lack of modern weapons and equipment which has been the greatest single cause of the German defeats. Completely outproduced by the Allies, Germany's initial preponderance in modern arms has long since ceased to exist. But her lack of weapons and equipment is only relative. Judged by the standards of the last Great War, for example, Germany is even now most dangerously well equipped—sufficiently well equipped, at any rate, for some very formidable defensive fighting.

Lastly, the will to fight. This is where the optimists find their greatest argument. The German people, they say, have taken such a beating that they will crack. Revolution in Germany will end the war. People who say this overlook three things. Firstly, defeat is a comparatively new experience for the Germans. While the crisis of this war was in the winter of 1942, at Stalingrad, it was not until the winter campaign of 1943 that the Germans suffered obvious and unmistakable defeat. They could and did rationalize away Stalingrad and the loss of the Caucasus. Defeat is still new to them and it has come after long years of the most amazing victories and successes in the history of the world.

Secondly, even if the Germans did wish to revolt and put an end to the war they would have to reckon with a large, efficient military organization designed to prevent such an occurrence. How effective that organization is, was proven by the total failure of the recent General's revolt.

Thirdly, the immense success of the Nazi indoctrination programme which has created a new type of human, a being to whom Der Fuehrer is Godhead and who has mystical if illogical faith in the destiny of his race.

For all the optimistic talk of revolt it is fairly certain that the German nation will continue to fight just as long as an effective organization exists and their Nazi rulers so order them. Well, what about these Nazi rulers? Theirs is the power to call a halt to the holocaust. They are comparatively intelligent human beings. They must surely

Our A. O. C.

By KAY FULMER

THE story of Ted Guthrie, son of a Presbyterian minister of Guelph, Ontario, is, briefly, the story of a man who, though still young, has attained the important position of Air Officer Commanding this Training Command and who has lived by the Air Force motto "Per ardua ad astra" and, literally, by hard work has reached the heights.

Getting his first taste of flying in the Royal Flying Corps on overseas duty in 1917 this air-minded young man resolved to stay with the skytroopers and even when he returned to Canada in 1919 to join the R.C.A.M.C. he was known as the "Flying Storekeeper," because—at that time, there were no vacancies for pilots. In 1920 he left for the Air Board and later flew in Northwestern Quebec and Northern Quebec until the spring of 1923 when he came to Western Canada to Victoria Beach where he was flying in Forestry work for the Province of Manitoba in the Churchill River and Reindeer Lake area and in Northwestern Ontario, Northern Saskatchewan and Northern Alberta.

In 1925 the young Guthrie's ability was attracting some attention and he was called to Air Force Headquarters as Staff Officer in charge of Personnel—which position is now known as the Air Member for Personnel. "In those days," says AVM Guthrie, "I had the large staff of one clerk!" After five years at A.F.H.Q. he was sent back to the West to again take command at Lac Du Bonnet, the main subbase of the Winnipeg Air Station.

In December, 1931, AVM Guthrie was sent to England for the Royal Air Force Staff course and returned to Canada in 1933 to the First Army Co-operation Course held in Canada. AVM Howsam (AOC of No. 4 Training Command) was also on that course and both were Squadron Leaders at the time. At the completion of the course S/L Guthrie came back to the west as Air Staff Officer for M.D. 10, Winnipeg, which was commanded by the late Brigadier (Air Commodore) J. Lindsay Gordon, — the first and only officer who has been a District Officer Commanding and an Air Commodore at the same time—wearing an Air Force uniform!

June, 1935, found S/L Guthrie in Ottawa established as the first director of the combined Militia and Air Force Intelligence Section under the directorate of Military Intelligence and Operations.

From 1938 until the present time AVM Guthrie has been Commanding Officer of the R.C.A.F. Station at Rockcliffe, Senior Air Staff Officer of Eastern Air Command, Air Officer in charge of Administration under AVM Stevenson at Western Air Command, Deputy Air Member for Air Staff (Plans) at A.F.H.Q. and since May of this year Air Officer Commanding No. 2 Training Command.

The A.O.C.'s favorite sports are baseball, tennis and hunting and, he says, "when he gets older" he will take up golf and archery! He claims to come out about even when enjoying his favorite spectator sport—horse-racing, and is understood to be almost infallible at the billiard table.

Tall, keen-eyed and alert, our Air Officer Commanding gives an instantaneous impression of being efficient, intelligent and master of any situation. He speaks with a pardonable "family man's" pride of his wife and sixteen-year-old daughter, Ann, and says of the future and his plans—"the future? it is covered with the fogs of war—and peace."



AIR OFFICER COMMANDING A.V.M. GUTHRIE WITH G/C W. A. MURRAY.

PEACE IN EUROPE—Continued

know that they are beaten, that defeat can now be only a matter of time. Why should they continue to fight?

One last hope for Germans

They continue because they have one last great hope. They hope to be able to fan into flame once more the fear and hatred of Communism still latent in the minds of Russia's Allies.

If the Germans can persuade substantial numbers of men in England and America that Russian success will be a dangerous and evil thing it is conceivable that the Germans may yet be able to manage a negotiated peace designed to preserve German military might as a "bulwark against the Communist hordes from the East." Such a peace would become progressively more attractive to Western statesmen in direct proportion as the difficulty of imposing unconditional surrender increases. The more desperately and determinedly the Germans fight in their last stand, the greater the cost of their total defeat becomes, the more readily will the idea of a negotiated peace be accepted. Even now there is a large and increasing clamour for the abandonment of "unconditional surrender" as our war aim. Even now influential persons and periodicals are playing up the "danger" of Communism. This campaign seems to emanate from the Vatican. The Catholic Church, always intolerant of other faiths, has lent itself knowingly or unknowingly to the German plan in order to further its own private war against Communism.

An excellent example of how far the trend has developed can be seen in the September 4th issue of Life Magazine. In this world famous and immensely influential periodical appears an article by William C. Bullitt which is nothing but a series of violent backhanded attacks on the Soviet Union. While the article itself is illogical and obviously misleading, the mere fact of its publication is significant.

The Germans hope of a negotiated peace is not quite as fantastic as one could hope. Certainly Mr. Bullitt's article must have raised spirits considerably in the Reich.

Three Months From Now?

The Germans then, have the ability to fight, sufficient equipment for a considerable struggle, and a reason to continue fighting. Moreover, even if the Nazi leaders could be completely convinced that there is no hope of splitting the western powers from Russia it is still very likely that they would continue fighting, for nothing faces them personally but death. They have stored up too great a mass of hatred, have caused too much pain and suffering to have any survival value in the post-war world. And Hitler himself is just such an unbalanced, mystical personality as would demand a melodramatic end.

We may expect then, bitter and savage fighting in the battle of Germany. The Germans have at least two more secret weapons and the majority of the Luftwaffe still in hand for the final struggle. And when defeat is finally imposed upon them, the Reich will go down in a welter of blood and fire, fighting to the last.

As things stand now it is my opinion that that happy day is still three or four months and many thousand lives away.

Our Pilots' Chief --- S/L "Dusty Rhodes"

IF we introduced him as Squadron Leader Herbert George Ellis Rhodes, Officer Commanding Flying Squadron, you probably wouldn't dream that we meant that enthusiastic, dynamic officer known as "Dusty" Rhodes . . . however that is his formal title and though his monicker may be "Dusty" it is the only thing about him which is.

Born in the beautiful Ganonoque country north of the St. Lawrence in a little town called Ellisville—named for his maternal grandparents—this personable officer did not remain long in the East. Says he "my coming west was decided for me at the age of six months when my parents brought me to Regina." They left the Saskatchewan capital just in time—just before the cyclone in 1912 and now all that is left of the old home is its foundation. "Things have been moving fast ever since then," says S/L Rhodes. He lived his public school years in Saskatoon, came to Winnipeg with his family and attended High School and University in that city. He joined the R.C.A.F. during his first year university and was part of the pilot training system for the summers of 1928, 1929 and 1930. Wing Commander Larry Cooper (former C.I. at Rivers) was his flying mate for those three years and it is interesting to note, here, that it was the famed General Andy McNaughton who presented these



S/L Rhodes, O/C Flying Squadron

pilots with their wings in 1930. General McNaughton was then Col. McNaughton G.S. at National Defence Headquarters at Ottawa.

During the university years preceding his graduation as an Electrical Engineer in 1933, Dusty Rhodes was interested in many of the activities of the university including Dramatics, Glee Club, Public Speaking (he was runner-up for Manitoba in the International Oratorical contests), and one of the happiest phases of his varsity life, in fact, was when he was baritone in the Varsity Quartet which sang all over Manitoba.

Armed with his sheepskin—with its ink hardly dry—the young Rhodes lad started on his first job of building relief camps and moved on, in various stages, to jobs in Engineering Equipment, Aerodrome Refueling, and Rehabilitation Engineering. The latter job was the one Dusty considers most interesting. It consisted largely of building dams and irrigation projects for the Water Conservation Board (Prairie Farm Rehabilitation Act) in southwestern Saskatchewan. Many times families were moved right out, lock, stock and barrel, from the dried out areas to the irrigable areas of Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Early in September, 1939, while Engineer Rhodes was doing the topography of the 60,000 acres of the Swift Current Valley, he got his wire to rejoin the R.C.A.F., and since that time has chalked up flying time which totals more than 2200 hours. His Air Force career has taken him to Moose Jaw, Camp Borden, Uplands, Ontario; Central Flying School, Trenton—he was an instructor on the staff there in 1940-41—Yorkton, Saskatchewan, (for two years); he was on a short tour off duty at Elementary Schools, then Souris for a while, next to Trenton C.F.S. for a refresher course and on to Rivers.

Squadron Leader Rhodes could—if he would—write a history of the growth of the R.C.A.F. during the last five years. He has either instructed, tested, or attended the graduation of just under 4,000 pilots, was present at the time when the Prime Minister and the Cabinet attended a display of flying at Uplands with the Earl of Athlone officiating. After this auspicious occasion a strange complaint came back to Uplands via Group Captain McGill. It was to the effect that "though there is a big S.F.T.S. within four miles of Ottawa the people complain that they never hear a 'plane." Steps were immediately taken to remedy that situation to the intense amusement of the pilots at Uplands.

The O/C Flying Squadron is—as befits a Westerner—a good horseman and is the co-owner with Mrs. Rhodes of two saddle horses. These horses are part of the Rhodes family and travel everywhere with the Rhodes' in a specially built trailer—with "smokey" their big grey cat as mascot.

Tennis, swimming and—in winter—figure skating are the favorite sports of this flying man and his favorite spectator sports are hockey and rugby.

His hobbies? We've been saving these as a surprise! Widely divergent yet somehow closely related, Squadron Leader Rhodes' hobbies are, designing clothes for women, and aircraft design—specifically modification of wartime aircraft to peacetime cargo carriers. With a good ear for music and the singing talent which was necessary to keep him as baritone of his Varsity quartet, he also derives much enjoyment from music and the production of musical shows.

An ardent reader, a quick thinker and a fast talker, our O/C Flying Squadron possesses those attributes which make for success anywhere—versatility and intelligence. His peacetime plans? Undoubtedly the pursuit of his hobbies—either one of which could be remunerative, and who knows? perhaps in post-war days S/L Rhodes will be the Canadian "Adrian," designer of women's clothes, and we shall be able to say that "we knew him when!"



Those Lodestar Laddies

By KAY FULMER

Flying Officer Borden Dennison

IF, and when, the war story of Flying Officer Borden Dennison, D.F.C., is told it will be the "local boy makes good" type of yarn and then Cardale, specifically, with Manitoba, generally, may share in the plaudits of Canadians everywhere for this modest young hero.

Because Borden Dennison, son of Mr. and Mrs. Noble Dennison, well-known citizens of Cardale (just about 18 miles from this station) IS a hero though he would be the **last** one ever to admit it. Even now, when questioned and cross-questioned by the ever-curious sleuth of M.T.B., he denied all knowledge of interesting experiences and pooh poohs the idea that he ever did anything unusual or spectacular. His winning of the D.F.C., say Borden, was "just lucky breaks"!

Born, raised and educated in the Cardale area, Borden Dennison went to Winnipeg to join the R.C.A.F. at the beginning of 1941 and was overseas in December of the same year. He became a member of the first R.C.A.F. Bomber Squadron in August, 1942, and was about six months with that squadron on bomber and coastal command work but **had to walk back from his last trip.**

LODESTAR PILOT AND CO-PILOT



Left—F/O DENNISON; right—F/O COWAN

Coming down in Belgium via the Silk Express on the 11th of March, 1943, Borden's "walk back" took him from that day to July 24th and by devious ways and means as far as the Pyrenees, through Spain and on to Gibraltar. In August, just one month later, he was back in Ottawa.

At the present time F/O Dennison is happy in his work as O/C No. 165 Squadron and is particularly fond of the "boys,"—paratroopers, — whom he drops from his Lorestar in "sticks" day and night. F/O Dennison speaks with the voice of experience when he says that the paratroopers are doing a wonderful, worthwhile job and that their training is second to none.

One of the things he enjoys about his present work is the tactical work, called "strafing." The paratroopers are dropped out and given an objective to be made by the next day. When the Lodestar pilot locates them sandbags weighing two pounds each) are dropped on them from a height of 15 or 20 feet. This keeps them pretty well under cover and gives them practical experience in strafing; another happy association with the paratroops for F/O Dennison is that their O/C, Major Fauquier ("a great chap" says Borden) and F/O Dennison once worked for his well-known brother"Johnny" Fauquier, D.F.C. and Bar, overseas.

We'd like to be around when Borden Dennison tells his experiences, — it would be a privilege to write a story of the exploits of this clear-eyed, straight thinking, modest fellow who is one of Manitoba's own sons.

Among other things worthy of note about F/O Dennison, he is a member of the world-renowned "Caterpillar Club," having walked back from a sky-ride.

★

Flying Officer Stewart Cowan

SHOT down in the Bay of Naples, drifting around in a dinghy for seven hours, picked up by Italians, flown to Naples and then to Rome, in Rome during the first big air-raid by the Americans; taken across and imprisoned in a camp in Chieti, then turned over to the Germans; escaped from the prisoners' train en route to a new prison camp in Germany, and for six weeks a hunted fugitive from the Gestapo—"Stew" Cowan is not only still alive but a pleasant, happy-go-lucky flier who speaks quietly and very offhandedly of his vivid experiences and narrow escapes.

Just to keep the record straight, it is here noted that prior to his captured and subsequent miraculous escape, F/O Cowan was in Malta in 1942, in Egypt and all the way through the campaign from Alamein to Tunis, and it was while he was engaged with other R.C.A.F. and allied aircraft in covering the invasion of Sicily and attacking a German convoy that he was shot down in the Bay of Naples.

One of four who jumped from the moving prisoners' train, Stew Cowan was one of two surviving. Two of the four were unable to escape the bullets of the guards while Cowan and his companion were lucky in rolling close to a pile of railroad ties which proved adequate protection from flying bullets. In jumping from the train F/O Cowan "wrecked" his knee, tearing a cartilage which necessitated the two escapees remaining "holed up" for a period of ten long, lean, hungry days. (His companion was a member of the British 8th Army who had been captured in the fall of Tobruk). During the period of being "holed up" a young Italian lad found the boys and brought a young Italo-American girl to them who proved to be guide, interpreter, mentor and friend. She brought food which could scarcely be spared, and many books to the boys and taught them enough Italian to get by on their six weeks' trek. In repayment of these acts of mercy, Stew Cowan was able to bring to the girl's American father in New York the first news of his daughter and wife which he had had in four years.

Proof of the amazing stamina of Canadian youth, F/O Cowan says he lost 30 pounds in almost as many days. Part of the time during their long trek over nine ranges of mountains, being shot at, and chased by patrols, the two escaped prisoners existed on raw potatoes, raw mushrooms and even raw sheep. Says Stew, they "didn't care what it tasted like, it was just food and nourishment." The Italian peasants would have helped out with food if they had had it, F/O Cowan said, but the fact was that they had so very little.

Small wonder Stew Cowan says he was "glad to be back in Canada" in February of this year.

Like F/O Dennison, Stew Cowan is a Manitoba boy, born in Dauphin and educated in Winnipeg. He is a member of the select Goldfish club—ask him about it!

Modest, reticent, reluctant to speak of themselves but glowing in their praises of the good work of others—these are the Lodestar Laddies . . . and we are proud to know them.





"TIME OUT FOR LUNCH"

F/L Doug. McKay and F/L "Hutch" Hutchinson. *F/L Doug. McKay and F/O Don Collyer*

The Three Voyageurs

It was a delightfully cool day in early September when three adventurers set out by canoe from our fair station to battle the rapids and hazards of the Minnedosa River and entrance to the Assiniboine to eventually reach their goal—Brandon. This arduous task was successfully undertaken by F/L "Hutch" Hutchinson, F/L "Doug" MacKay and F/O Don Collyer, three experienced paddlers who

(Continued on facing page)

LOG. 2nd. Sept. 1944.

0813½	Cast off "CAP WALLEY'S LANDING"	No Sun
0814	Encounter 1st rapid	
0820	" 2nd "	No Wind
0823½	" 3rd & 4th rapids	WATER
0829	Trouble where islands divide stream - water reduced to half depth.	AV. 2'6"
0833½	- Deep water - 1st encountered - no wading necessary for last 5 minutes	THIN CU 7-8/10 AT 900-1000 ft above ground
to 084 1 to 0851	Making good time, no trouble with shallows, canoe handling well in rapids. average G/S approx 4 mph.	
0852	Beach to bail out after partial spill, inspected hull - O.K.	No Sun slight NE wind
0853½	Loaded and under way	
0902	Pos'n (map) High cliffs 40-50 ft stbd. Country rolling, valley deep, well wooded - autumn tints colourful. wild bird life is abundant here - various small species, hawks, eagles, & owls	
0910	large rapids - good speed made shooting this one.	Wind freshening 2-3 mph
0913	Drop of 2 feet at rapids	
0917	Drop of 3 " " "	
0918	2 larger rapids	Compass working well
0919		
0940	Encounter 1st barbed wire 2ft above surface. DUCKS PLENTIFUL	
0922 - 0926	High cliffs to port, 40-60 feet hundreds of bird-nests in cliffs.	
0942	- Map does not contain enough detail. Three islands passed - none charted. Minor bends not mapped	
0942 to 0947 to 0950	Making very poor time - approx 2 mph. "Too many meanders" becoming chief complaint	
1008	Hit semi-submerged snag - capsize enough to ship several gallons. All three of us fairly wet - equipment and provisions OK (in canvas) Beach, tip canoe of water. Reload. (LOG MAP WATER-SOAKED)	Quite cool Thickening low cloud.
1022	Underway after studying map	
1232	ETA LAKE above DAM (MINNEDOSA RIV)	
1027-30	HIGH CLIFFS to port G/P MAP? 100ft.	
1033	RAPIDS AND BARBED WIRE ! - O.K.	
1045	PROGRESS NOTED GOOD Speed approx 6 mph	WIND VEERING
1052	DISASTER - SNAG TREE-TRUNK. BEACH AND BAIL OUT	
1055	UNDER WAY	
1059 - 1144	UNEVENTFUL - PLENTY OF HILLS FOR MAP READING - DEEP WATER Good Av. Speed of 4-5 mph but too many alterations of course to gain much straight distance downstream	NOTE Compass Shows SE, E, NE NW, W, NW, N, NE and back to E SEVERAL TIMES!
1150 - 1201½	Smooth water good speed maintained Canoe cramp beginning to slow leg movements - crew half wet half dry. Under abandoned bridge ?	
1225	3-strand barbed wire fence - tricky passage MUD TURTLE	
1238	Climb 150 foot hill for observations.	Observe twisting valley running NW-SE.
1251	CAST OFF UNDER WAY, VERY POOR POSN	
1307 - 1329	Barbed wire bad across stream Doug reaches top wire, begins to leave canoe, decides to release wire rather than leave canoe	
1335	Beached & unloaded for lunch & rest BUILT FIRE POSITION NOTED	
1439	UNDER WAY WITH DRY GEAR AND CLOTHES!	No Sun
1530	SHOULD ENTER LAKE ABOVE DAM	(Complaints about raw cold wind.)
1640 - 1510	APPROX 1 HOUR PLENTY OF MALLARD. LONG STRAIGHT STRETCHES OF WATER SHORE RESEMBLES LAKE WATER BACKING UP.	
1533	Enter lake above dam Make 5-6 mph. on lake - BLUE HERONS	
1544	SIGHT DAM	No wind below dam but 5 mph Head Wind on lake
1549	REACH "	
1550	BEGIN PORTAGE, UP 20 ft bank over DAM down 50-60 ft bank	
1607	CAST OFF; UNDER WAY	
1608	Strike best rapid of trip Hutch dubious but we decide to risk it	
1611	Result - bounced off several rocks ribs of canoe cracked reached 10+ mph ? shot out to clear ? water and stuck on flat rock throwing us all forward - nearly lost Hutch.	
1620	Cross under Road Bridge - not mapped	
1629	Hit tree broadside out of control - no water shipped	
1645	Swift water	
1654	AT LAST - REACH JUNCTION MINNEDOSA - ASSINIBOINE RIVERS. HAVE TAKEN 9 SNAPS so far, of trip.	Head Wind about 5 mph
1657	Under Way down stream	
1709	SIGHT YEARLING SHEEP BOGGED UP TO BELLY IN MUD AT BOTTOM OF SOUTH BANK TOOK SNAP Hutch and I rescued it - estimate trapped 2 days - weak, ravenous	
1715	UNDER WAY	
1726½	PASS FIRST MAPPED ISLAND	
1729½	ROUNDED ISLAND SPEED APPROX 7½	
1740	PASS SECOND ISLAND	
1756	EXPECT TO REACH BRANDON 2030	
1819	LANDED ON THIRD MAPPED ISLAND FOR SUPPER - SHORE COVERED WITH SHELLS OF BIVALVE MOLLUSCS	
1827	UNDER WAY	
1831	SIGHT DEER - LEFT BANK - STOOD ABOUT 45 SECONDS	LIGHT FADING. SLIGHTLY
1832	DOUG SIGHTS BRANDON WATER TOWER - ESTIMATED 6 MILES DOUG AND HUTCH CHANGE POSITIONS.	
1905	CREW IN GOOD SPIRITS BUT WIND STIFFENING COMPASS COURSE 085 LOW CU EAST	HEAD WIND
1912	RAIN THREATENING STEADY PROGRESS SINCE 1819 but now getting monotonous - no rapids	
1914	RAIN LIGHT - WIND DIES DOWN	
2015	FRESHLY PEELED LOGS - BEAVERS. ETA BRANDON IF WE KEEP UP THIS PACE. WE "CHANGE PADDLES MORE OFTEN - SIGN OF FATIGUE.	SHAD FLIES
1930	Enter West Brandon Limits	BAD
1957	AT OLD WATER POWER DAM-SITE. REACH BRIDGE (TO EXPERIMENTAL FARM) HEAVY RAIN SHELTER HERE	RAN DOWN FLOCK OF PEWIN DUCKS
2003	UNDER WAY - EST 2 MILES TO GO	
2032	SIGHT BRANDON - MINNEDOSA HIGHWAY. 1 MILE EAST	
2042	BOTH ETA'S UP PADDLING FAIRY GOOD - 3-4 K. BUT A BIT PAINFUL. - BANKS WIDE. SEEM TO PASS VERY SLOWLY	ROUSE HUNDREDS OF CROWS
2052	BEACH 50 YARDS ABOVE DAM ON SOUTH BANK.	

CAN. PAC. RY. SEP 2 1944 BRANDON, MAN. DEPOT

Don Goode CPR Telegraph



MAINTENANCE CONTROL ROOM

Left to right—AW1 Evelyn Parker, Cpl. Bunny Baxter, AW1 Jean Nixon, LAW Flo Henderson, and LAW "Pepper" Colton.

Maintenance Hangar---

Its Control Room and Organization

B. T. O'CALLAGHAN

BY far the largest hangar on the station is Maintenance and, as its name implies it is here that all the aircraft are thoroughly serviced and the more technical repairs carried out.

On the inside, this hangar looks like a vast aeroplane factory with machines on all sides in various stages of dismantlement. The dark grey fuselage of the Lodestars lends an operational tone, while their great bulk overshadows the surrounding Ansons.

Like all large concerns, the keynote of efficiency in this hangar is organization and, being interested, we went to the control room which is the heart of Maintenance.

Inside this room the first thing to meet the eye is a circular desk with rows of files in pigeon-holes along the top. This desk "houses" four W.D.'s who are responsible for the files relating to the aircraft coming from the four flights, each W.D. looking after a particular flight. In this way, every aircraft has an up-to-date history on hand. It is really surprising how busy these four girls of the "Squirrel Cage" (as this desk is known) always are.

F/S McClung is the N.C.O. i/c Control Room. He has seen service overseas with 400 squadron and was at Aylmer before being posted here in May of this year.

There are about 14 sections in Maintenance. F/S Boughen, our sports writer, is i/c the Electrical Dept. Instruments come under Sgt. Mann. The engines and fabric are dealt with by F/S Hunt and F/S Bremner and their respective staffs. All aircraft woodwork is handled by the Carpenter's Shop under Sgt. Constable. Sgt. Page is over the Component and Fabrics shop. The Wireless on the aircraft is tended by Sgt. Nix's staff. The Armament, Ignition and Prop Sections are under Sgt. Schofield, Sgt. Hooper and Cpl. Wilson, respectively. The Engine and Machine Shop is under Cpl. McDonald and the Sheet Metal Shop is under Cpl. Dobb.

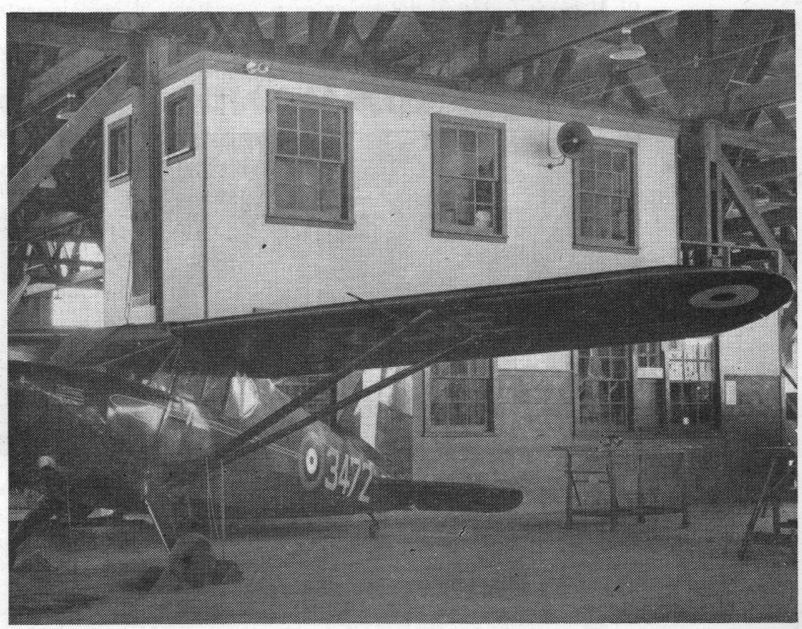
In a short article it is impossible to tell all the things that we would like to about these sections. Any of the above departments would easily take four times as much space as this article is permitted. In addition, 165 Squadron, shares a place in Maintenance. The Lodestars belong to this Squadron.

Music is relayed throughout the hangar by means of loudspeakers. The latter are also used for locating personnel if needed.

Maintenance Wing Orderly Room, under Sgt. Wingate, performs all the routine work. Discipline, leave and duty watch rosters are attended to here.

SENIOR N.C.O. OFFICES OR MAINTENANCE

"Goon Cage" as the boys call it (Stinson in foreground).



The Three Voyageurs

(Continued from page 11)

snapped up S/L "Jimmie" Morton's offer of twenty sawbucks to any party completing the trip by midnite of any given day. Actual travelling time was roughly 10 hours, trip duration, which includes meal time, etc., 12 hours, 38 minutes. Any further comments re the trip would be superfluous as the excellent log printed below and kept by Don Collyer gives a very accurate play by play description. However, it remains to be said that excitement over the voyage ran extremely high both in Rivers and on the station. Heartiest congratulations are extended our three hardy pioneers on their outstanding feat. The latest wager challenging the imagination and skill of one and all is a $100.00 stake, again put up by S/L Morton, that Winnipeg cannot be made by canoe in seven days. There's the offer boys, so go to work. The biggest hitch seems to be how to get the seven days off to make the trip.

M. T. B. *for* SEPTEMBER

Two Civilian Soldiers

DON COLLYER

"FRANK" FOREMAN is a grand Irish-Canadian. Born in Umouselin Builieborough, County Cavan, Ireland, on November 9th, 1877, he has been a very active member of society ever since. He still loves the Irish Midlands, inland some twenty-five miles from Dundock on the East Coast. In 1898 at the age of twenty-one Frank entered "Gentleman Service." He first served Cramer Roberts, Esq. Next he served Sir John Arnot, owner of the Irish News and later Major General Sir Hugh McCalmont.

"I had full charge of the household — both country and city, in every case enjoyed the work immensely," Mr. Foreman reflected as he looked back over rich years of memories.



F. D. FOREMAN

Lord Percy, St. Maour, Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Fortesque and many others became good friends of Mr. Foreman during his years of service for them. Winston Churchill himself, well acquainted with these people, dined more than once at "Frank's table." Once the occasion was a memorable Stag Party in Mr. Churchill's honor upon his brave venture into married life.

"I finally decided I wanted to see Canada," Mr. Foreman states. "No jobs I was offered deterred me. I landed at Montreal the 10th of May, 1910." Mr. Foreman travelled from coast to coast with the C.P.R. "I saw Canada all right and liked it," he says, "and I tried and really enjoyed a trip harvesting on the Prairies."

He entered service at Government House, Winnipeg, until 1916 and says, "There wasn't a finer hostess anywhere than Lady Cameron, wife of the Lieutenant Governor. Up until 1938 Mr. Foreman served in much the same capacity with the Royal Bank of Canada and for 28 years East Kildonan was his home. He is the proud father of a son "Jack," a Sergeant Radiologist with the Medical corps in Italy, and two daughters, one married and one living at home.

"Frank" is well known to all the officers on the station. He supervises their three barrack-blocks and looks after all visitors staying over night. He sums everything up saying "Vast changes have occurred at No. 1 C.N.S. since I arrived on April 15th, 1941. Everything seems to have improved, but then conditions are just what one makes of them. I like it here because everyone is considerate and friendly."

BORN in Plymouth, Devon, England, in 1896, a member of a family of seafaring folk whose sons all became sailors, Art Berriman is now one of us here at Rivers. He tells a good yarn, no doubt, of deep-sea fishing off the Dogger Banks when three days at sea are really busy and often rough.



A. BERRIMAN

The time soon arrived when Berriman was a member of the King's Navy of H.M.S. Warrior which saw action aplenty in the Dardanelles. Later he signed on the light cruiser H.M.S. Penelope, which in 1915, under Commander Tyrwhitt's leadership, helped to torpedo and sink the German battleship Blucher at the Battle of Jutland. He demanded new experiences and shipped below aboard the "A" Class sub"A12." In 1917 alone, he completed six round trips across the Atlantic to New York and in 1918 on the H.M.S. Sunflower, the destroyer flotilla leader, acted as escort to President Wilson on his way to Versailles.

In 1920 Mr. Berriman arrived in Canada, landing at Quebec from the S.S. Megantic. He spent two years mining in Timmins, Ontario, then headed westward in 1923 to Winnipeg where he worked with the Claude Neon Sign Co. for about five years.

This station was a pretty bare and "new"location when he arrived at No. 1 C.N.S. among the second group of civilians on December 17th, 1940. "That winter was the worst of my four here, especially with conditions as they were," he says, "but improvements have been rapid!"

Mr. Berriman contrasts service life today with that in the First World War as "A piece of pie compared to the old days." He reflects the opinion of service personnel and civilians well when he says "Personally I must remark upon the greater harmony between the two groups in this war, particularly here at No. 1 C.N.S." However, Mr. Berriman offers the suggestion that there should be a club for civilian personnel living on the station and he expresses the hope that one will soon be organized.

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Incidentally, all civilian personnel have access to the station library which offers the best in magazines, periodicals and the latest in books. The Y.M.C.A. is always open to any suggestions from them for further improvements. And don't forget to visit our friendly snack-bar, bowling alleys and games room, occasionally. M.T.B. salutes the civilian staff for careful handling of so many station details without which our comforts would be sadly reduced.



Here 'n' There

By KAY FULMER

CALLING ALL W.D.'s . . . Each and every W.D. who was on the A.O.C.'s parade may now take a bow, because it was the expressed opinion of Air Vice Marshal Guthrie that the W.D's squadron (from Ma'am Sprague right down to the smallest AW2) was smarter by far . . . than any other squadron on parade!



Bombed Out . . . News reached us recently from London, England, that two of our gals, of those who went overseas from here in May, Corporal Pat Dorrance and "Red" Cameron, came home from their work in London one evening, not so long ago, to find that home just wasn't . . . it seems a doodlebug, or robot bomb, had been there first . . . like all good Britishers Pat and Red just took it in their stride and probably thanked their lucky stars that they were at work when it happened.

It's on . . . it's off . . . Chuck Crocker and the sound truck did a double take on Tuesday the 29th of August much to the amusement of listeners . . . first came the incessant rain, then the disturbing news that our 100 hostesses from Brandon were unable to arrive because of the condition of the roads, then the idea that the dance was to be cancelled . . . then Chuck out announcing in his boom-boom voice that there would be no dance . . . then Dot Riddell and Vera Bathgate and Bunny Baxter galloping up the road, sloshing through the mud and rain, frantically trying to stop the truck and the announcement . . . (having gamely volunteered to carry on the dance in spite of hades and high water!) then Chuck (with a different accent) announcing a correction, please! . . . the dance, by the way, was a decided success. The Band was "super," the guests were right in the groove and all was merriment until the last waltz . . . Wing Commander Hawkins, who was acting Commander Officer, was thoughtful enough to attend and his presence (in the capacity of approving onlooker) was much appreciated.

They like Rivers and can't stay away . . . Here's one for the books, and all scoffers take due note! . . . These are some of our "ain folk" who have come back to spend one day or more of their leave with us after having been posted to Ottawa, Winnipeg, and points east and west . . . WO2 Pat Patterson, Barbara Kunz, Peggy Scherer, Lila Murray and Sergeant McKinnon . . . there is much to be said for a station when folks will come back to it on leave, don't you think? Anyway it's not the place that makes a station it's the PEOPLE!

Gardenias are being ordered . . . for the newest corporals, Aldous (fabric section), Marg Sherk (Parachute rigger), Vi Heinrich (hospital), and Irene Baker (equipment) . . . and that brand-new crown being worn above the stripes by Flight Sergeant Inez Dangerfield (Dangie) . . . we should be able to speak of our singing corporals now, shouldn't we? since two of the best sopranos on the station . . . Vi Heinrich and Rene Baker . . . have joined the ranks of N.C.O.'s . . . how's about it gals?

Our apologies to Corporal Edwin Olson, nee Giles . . . Last month the caption under the very lovely picture of the Olson-Giles nuptials carried the words "Corporal and Mrs. Giles" . . . we know that bridegroom Olson has taken a ribbing for the erroneous caption and wish to publicly acknowledge the mistake . . . sorry Corporal, it won't happen again!!!

And, speaking of weddings, a special little blessing and a raft of good wishes for our bride and groom of about two days hence . . . Squadron Leader Jimmie Morton and Section Officer Norah Penton . . . there will no doubt be a picture of this distinguished couple somewhere in the next issue of M.T.B.

Good luck, Wren Luchuk! . . . Just a few days ago a very popular girl from this station, civilian steno Fran Luchuk was "Stolen" from our midst by the Navy . . . the headquarters staff, every one of whom will miss Fran and her cheery quips, held a farewell party for her before she left and said their good-byes almost tearfully . . . now Fran, how about writing a letter to M.T.B. telling us if it's true that Wrens have a sailor in every port???

Chuckle of the month . . . 'Twas in the movie emporium and the hero was being held in close embrace by his fond missus just prior to his departure for the wars (it was at the time of the invasion of Poland and he was a Polish offiseh) . . . as she clung to him and breathed fervent prayers for his safety, allowing her tears to fall recklessly all over his resplendent epaulets . . . a deep voice behind us in the back seat of the balcony said . . . "Jeepers! from the fuss she's making over him you'd think he'd been posted to RIVERS!!!!" It wasn't kind but it was funny.

And now this is it . . . Why is it that one must say goodbye??? Leaving the station as I did, breathless from galloping from section to section for clearance—it was utterly impossible to say "so long" to any of our friends, so now to each W.D. on this station, individually and collectively, we say "adieu" and ten thousand thanks for being so thoroughly nice and for leaving us with the happiest of happy memories of the finest girls in all of Canada . . . and to all our friends in all the sections . . . headquarters, motor transport, service police, hospital, training wing, maintenance, Drill Hall, Y.M.C.A., Hostess House, works and buildings, all the messes, and everywhere on the station, please accept our sincere appreciation for the very best of cooperation during our eleven months at the station . . . and to all those we have worked with, recreation committee, basketball, softball and swimmers, teams, M.T.B., dance committees and others, one and all—THANK YOU! and Hasta La Vista!



Jeez, Joe, payday! We should get some passengers tonite, eh keed?



F/O JOHN IVERACH

"THREE TOURS" JOHNNY

Here for only three short weeks F/O "Johnny" Iverach eluded M.T.B.'s roving reporters as successfully as he did "Jerry" through three highly eventful tours of "ops." His adventures took him all the way from the Norway theatre to the Near East with several trips to his credit in each war zone. Consider the length of time it takes to complete three tours! During this time F/O Iverach was navigator on many highly secret and exciting missions which, unfortunately, can not be told at present to M.T.B.'s readers. Destined to be ever in the forefront Johnny is now off to India. M.T.B. extends best wishes and happy landings for a successful fourth tour.

★

FAREWELL S/L WENSLEY

On Friday, September 8th, S/L "Phil" Wensley, Senior Administration Officer, took leave of Rivers and reported to nearby No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon. He was genuinely sorry to go and every one will join in wishing him the best of luck in his new surroundings. To replace him we have S/L McClennan who comes to us from Brandon with a splendid advance name as a friendly, efficient officer. We welcome him to Rivers and hope he will enjoy every success in handling a difficult job.

★

NEW SPORTS REPORTER

Into the M.T.B. fold this month comes LAC Homer Foster, who has been appointed to assist F/S Hal Boughen in covering the sports activity at Rivers. Homer attends every game of any kind wherever it is being played just so long as Rivers' boys or gals are participating to bring first-hand information to our readers. Welcome Homer Foster and best of luck in your enterprising program.

Home, Home On The Range

LAC's VAREY AND BROWN

Home, home on the range,
'Cos the D/F's been lousy all night,
When ever is heard the W.A.G.'s cheering word.
And the astrograph's got no damn light.

Home, home on the range,
While above the thunderclouds lie,
But for Old cloudy Joe we'd have known where to go,
And might even have known where'd we fly.

Home, home on the range,
With my log no more than half full,
Though I've tried hard all night, I just can't get a sight,
So the Air Flight can bind for their bull.

Home, home on the range,
That Air Flight shall soon be my doom,
For I spend all my time putting fixes in rhyme,
'Cos you can't get your brevet too soon.

HER TURN TO POSE



CPL. MARG. SHARPE, Photo Section

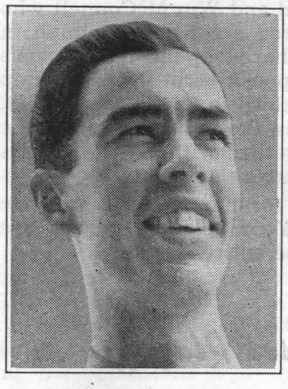
For some months now Cpl. Marg. Sharpe has been helping to photograph M.T.B. celebrities, so now we turn the tables—and very nicely, too! Marg. is a local girl, coming from nearby Minnedosa.

SPORTS PARADE

H. J. BOUGHEN

Bray and Young in Tennis Win

THIS is the first year C.N.S. has had playable tennis courts. Previously, a small band of people caught MacArthurs 6 p.m. bus run for a go at the lively pastime in Rivers. Behind the Maintenance hangar the builders put a concrete apron which serves a dual purpose. Naturally it makes the man-handling of aircraft easier, and once post holes were drilled and cracks filled with pitch, tennis courts were marked out.



Some seven Air Force schools from this district sent the pick of their tennis crop to Rivers one warm August evening for eliminations in the Command area games. The Riverites earned the lion's share by winning two out of three events.

In mid-August three teams from Rivers were playing in Winnipeg the same week-end. The tennis team totalled four with spacious Sergeant Park in Winnipeg the scene of action. The hard-packed white shale courts were in good shape as the first games began under ideal weather conditions. A day before, Aileen Church and Jimmy Stewart, our mixed doubles pair, had a good workout with Norm Bray and Bob Young, the men's doubles players, going down 6-5. However, once in the tension of the actual competition Aileen and Jimmy couldn't get going. Saskatoon took two straight sets to put Aileen, a girl who goes for tennis like a duck does water, and Jimmy, a real team player who puts everything into his game, onto the sidelines.

Bray and Young won the semi-final round in two sets, moving into the feature game of the display. A classy team from Dauphin was set to battle the Rivers pair over every serve. Rivers took the first set with Norm Bray featuring a backhand drive on placement shots. Young had brilliant speed in covering the net and at times seemed everywhere. Dauphin won the second set to increase the tension.

TENNIS CHAMPS



Left to right—F/O Bob Young and F/L Norm Bray

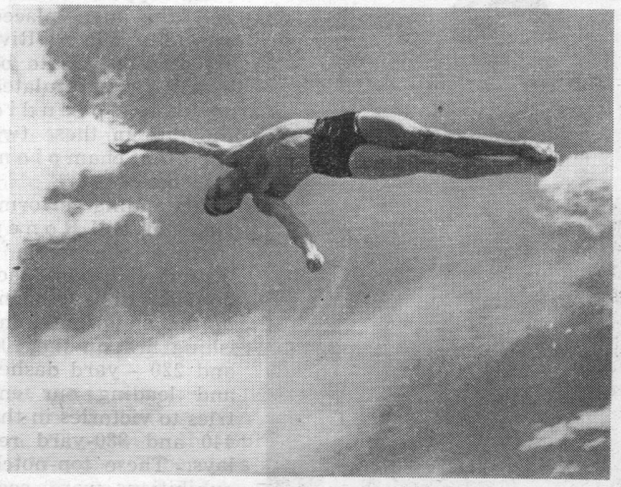
In the third set Bob Young dropped a crack that gave all a breather. One Dauphin player was an Aussie and he had a lob shot which looked as though he was shoving the ball over the net. The shot was effective and after missing one Bob came up with, "I'll bet that lads mother was frightened by a lacrosse player." The four players pelted the ball for long volleys, giving a fine display of tennis. Rivers won the final set giving Bray and Young the men's doubles command crown.

★

Therialt Leads Rivers to Command Aquatic Meet

LED by "Terry" Theriault the C.N.S. swimming team completed the major event of the season in mid-August. The Rivers swimmers splashed their way to a decisive win in the area elimination trials at the Kiwanis pool in Brandon.

Winnipeg's Sergeant Park pool was selected for the command final and the only disadvantage for the human fish was the narrowness of the racing lanes. Perfect weather greeted the speedsters throughout the afternoon. Ross



WO1 "Terry" Theriault doing a half-gainer.

Brownlee, formerly a member of the Detroit swimming club sprinted his way to a second in the 50-yard free style race. A western boy, Larry Laidlaw, who did his early swimming at school in Oakland, California, got a second doing the 100-yard free style. Ted Simpson, a tall, blond bombshell, had tough luck in the breast stroke. Ted has the back, breast, and free style strokes down to a science and he would be a medley specialist. Ted Allan won the diving competition to make himself the only C.N.S.'er to bring home a red ribbon. He had only two weeks of training, which says a lot for coach Theriault. Dot Attwood, the only girl to go to Winnipeg placed second in the diving competition. This young lady swept the ladies' events at the Rivers track meet and is fast becoming Rivers all-round girl athlete.

Coaching and helping the members of the C.N.S. swimming team all summer was left to Terry Theriault. The boy's record amply explains why the job was left to him. Since he swam in his dad's pool fifteen years ago he has kept himself ready for competition. Terry took the Canadian junior tower diving championship at the C.N.E. in Toronto in 1936-37-38. For a couple of years he was in

California, diving for the Hollywood Athletic club. He can show you pictures of the pools adjoining the name hotels on the California coast which would make any one take an extra glance. Terry also worked in a touring Aquatic show besides being a pro at skiing, and his picture gallery shows he is a good angler. F/L Graham looked after the pool in fine style, helping the swimming team greatly.

In the Winnipeg meet the Rivers swimmers performed under par to their previous efforts. The lack of girl entries handicapped the navigation hub. In the men's events Rivers had the highest point total, but in some ladies' events there was nary an entry. This summer was definitely our best year in swimming and the palm beach carpet beside the pool was the sun tan porch for many.

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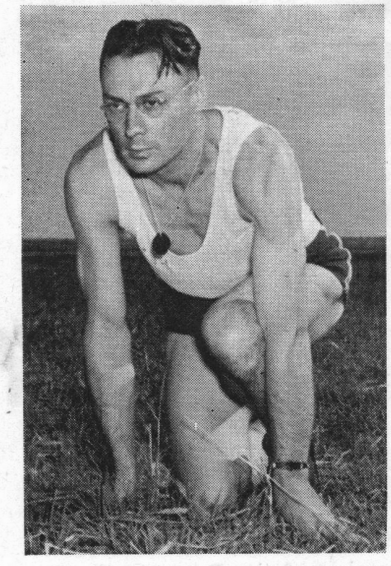
Sports Round-Up

By H. W. FOSTER

TRACK AND FIELD

Rivers Stars in Command Meet

PACED by F/O Bill Roney and Sgt. Inis Dangerfield, Rivers athletes won high honors in the Winnipeg and MacDonald track meets of this past month. At MacDonald, our representatives showed a decided superiority in winning both the men's and women's aggregates, while at Winnipeg, in the Command finals, the women's team topped the field and the men placed second. All in all, Rivers athletes are to be heartily congratulated on their splendid showing in these two important championship meets.



F/O Bill Roney, Track Star

Outstanding performances by Bill Roney sparked the men's team to victory at Macdonald. Roney burnt up the cinder path, finishing first in the 100 and 220 - yard dashes and leading our entries to victories in the 440 and 880-yard relays. These top-notch exhibitions were seconded by LAC Barr and P/O Dales, Barr topping the field in the 440 - yard sprint and Dales winning the high jump event with an impressive 5 ft. 9 in. hop. LAC Gething also posted a win for the home team, with an 11 ft. 2½ in. effort in the pole vault. But it was Roney who earned individual laurels and copped top spot among the men, with his two firsts, compiling 10 of Rivers 41 points. His times, 10.2 seconds for the 100, and 24 for the 220, were not record-breakers, but they were far and away the best at Macdonald that day.

Over in the women's events, the home team piled up point upon point, eventually emerging with 56 to their closest opponents' 15. It was indeed a field day for our entrants, Sgt. Dangerfield and Cpl. Edith McAllister sharing top honors. Miss Dangerfield placed first in all three sprints (the 60, 75 and 220-yard races), in addition to pacing the relay to victory in the 300-yard event. Cpl. McAllister won the running broad and hop, step and jump events, finished second in the 220-yard dash and also ran in the relay. These two were neck in neck for individual honors, but Sgt. Dangerfield triumphed by one point in the end. Dorothy Attwood, with a first in the standing broad and a second in running broad jumps, also starred for the locals.

At Winnipeg, the men's team gained 13 points and ended up in second spot behind a strong team from No. 3 Wireless School. Once again Roney starred for Rivers, finishing in a dead-heat for first place in the 220-yard sprint and second in the 100-yard event. Ken Palmer, a great Sydney, Australia, runner, was Bill's conqueror in the 100-yard affair and sharer of the spoils in the 220, but Bill's times were not as good as at Macdonald, and many feel that our own sprinter can defeat the speedy "Aussie" yet. P/O Dales won the pole vault event with a soaring 11 ft. 6 in. jump. The relay teams of Ritchie, Ewing, Roney, Newman and Barr also gave good performances in the 440 and 880-yard relays.

The womens' club topped the field with 18 points and this time it was Dorothy Attwood and Win McConnell who shared first berth. Dorothy scored a brilliant triumph in the standing broad jump and shared in the relay team's triumph, while Win topped all opposition in the high jump event. Sgt. Dangerfield finished third in the 75 yard sprint, while Cpl. McAllister ended up in the same position in the high jump. The latter two, together with LAW's Davies and Attwood formed the victorious relay team.

So, congratulations and wishes for more victories to a fine group of first class athletes. Your splendid efforts are appreciated and applauded by the entire station.

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Softball - C.N.S. Loses Playoff to Brandon

The station's senior softball team also ran into some hard luck, losing a playoff game to a team that was actually inferior in almost every department. As a result, Harold Carling's boys did not have the opportunity of getting into the command finals in Winnipeg, a tough break for a club which deserved a better fate.

The home team gained the right to enter the playdowns with a hard-earned victory over a strong Souris team, at Souris. That game saw Rivers come from behind three times with great surges of batting power to eventually triumph, 8-7, and thereby eliminate Souris from the playoffs. Doug McCaig, powerhouse first sacker for the locals, reaped top honors in the hectic struggle, blasting out a tremendous home run, and a double which brought in the winning markers. Stan Pike, on the mound, proved his true metal by holding the Souris team hitless in the crucial sixth and seventh frames when Rivers was striving to protect their one-run margin.

Two nights later, in a home game, the club seemed well on its way to the command semi-finals, for they boasted a 6-2 lead over Brandon S.F.T.S. at the end of the first half of the sixth inning. But then disaster struck. The visitors pushed five runs across the plate in that fatal inning, Rivers contributing greatly to the splurge with two decisive errors, and those five markers were enough, for the home team failed to score again, Brandon walking off the field with a 7-6 win.

That game was later protested on the basis of the reversal of Umpire Plumb's decision on a play at the plate, but the protest was rejected by the B.D.S.A.A. on the grounds that an arbitrator is privileged to change his mind if he sees fit. A re-play of the contest would undoubtedly have been disastrous to Brandon for our boys out-hit the winners, 16-6, and proved superior in both the pitching and fielding departments.

One of the key players on Harold Carling's team is the pitcher, Stan Pike. Stan has turned in some splendid performances on the mound, and has been a regular work-horse being the only hurler the home team has now. Also deserving credit for stellar work are the hard-hitting infield pair, short-stop Nick Staynor and first baseman Doug

McCaig. The whole team has played good ball, every member of it giving his very best every time they have taken to the field.

The boys are very much in the running for the B.D.S.A.A. championship, so very best wishes to them in their battle for that goal.

Following are the results of the games played by the team during August:

August 1, at Rivers—Rivers, 3; Shilo A15, 2.
August 7, at Souris—Rivers, 8; Souris, 7.
August 9, at Rivers—Brandon, 7; Rivers, 6.
August 13, at Rivers—Rivers, 9; Shilo A35, 6.
August 15, at Rivers—Shilo A15, 4; Rivers, 0.
August 20, at Shilo—Rivers, 13; Shilo A35, 8.

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Baseball - Rivers in Command Finals

Although defeated by Dauphin in the command finals, the station baseball team gave a very creditable account of itself throughout the play-offs, and, indeed, throughout the entire season. Manager Jack Menzies and every member of the club played heads up ball all the way, adding greatly to Rivers' splendid reputation in the sports field.

Entering the command semi-finals with a resounding 8-1 triumph over Portage la Prairie, the home team carried on in Winnipeg, pounding out an 8-4 win over the favoured Saskatoon nine, which was managed by the veteran hockey star, Eddie Wiseman. Jack Kenner hurled both of these games for Rivers and gave excellent performances, rationing the opposition to eleven hits in the two contests combined.

But the home team met its nemesis in the command finals in the form of tall, experienced Orval Minish, the moundsman for No. 10 S.F.T.S. Dauphin. Minish threw an impressive seven-hitter at our boys and struck out 18 batters. It was Minish's and Dauphin's day, and when it was all over Dauphin received the championship trophy by virtue of a 4-1 victory.

Our boys ran into some tough luck in Winnipeg. In the game with Saskatoon, Manager Menzies received a very painful shoulder injury and had to be taken to hospital. As if that were not enough, Jack Giesbrecht was hurt in the Dauphin contest, and forced to retire from the mound in the fourth inning. The absence of these two key players had much to do with Rivers' failure to defeat the Dauphinites, Minish or no Minish!

Midi "Blackie" Blacquire, veteran shortstop, came through with some timely hits at Winnipeg, one of them a towering triple off the invincible Minish. Blackie has been one of the main-stays of the team throughout the season both at bat and in the field, and certainly proved it in the playoffs.

Second baseman Nick Staynor, one of the softball stalwarts, and outfielder Bill Roney, the station's top track and field man, turned in sterling performances in the big city too. In tossing two men out at the plate, Roney gave an exhibition of fielding, drew applause from the crowd and praise from everyone, including the opposition. Another player meriting laurels for a splendid effort is first baseman McNeil.

In fact the entire team deserves credit for a good try at the championship and certainly ought to receive plenty of support in the race for the B.D.S.A.A. championship, which will probably be in its final stages by the time this appears in print. At the present time our team is well out in front in this section of the league, so may they continue on the victory trail and bring home the title with them.

Following are the results of the games played by the team during August:

August 1, at Rivers—Rivers, 8; Portage, 1.
August 11, at Winnipeg—Rivers, 8; Saskatoon, 4.
August 12, at Winnipeg—Dauphin, 4; Rivers, 1.
August 21, at Souris—Souris, 3; Rivers, 0.



OUR BALL CLUB

Left to right: Hank Berto, Don Campbell, Ron Howe, Midi Blaquiere, F/L Bob Arn, Bill Roney, Jack Kenner, Jack Menzies, Art Edwards, Ernie McDuffe, Ches Gryzna, and Johnny Stredicki. Missing from pix: Jack Giesbrecht, Nick Staynor, Stew Johnstone, "Des" Desaultel, and Clare Doucette.

Girl's Team Improves

Inexperience has cost the girls' softball nine several games this season, but the future holds more hope, for the team is showing considerable improvement as the season progresses. They gave a splendid exhibition against Carberry on sports day, and with more schooling from Coach "Red" Stephenson, we are convinced that the girls will be on the victory trail once again.

They have played only one game during August (up to the time of this writing), and that at Shilo, so the home crowd has not had much opportunity of seeing them in action lately. However, several matches still remain on the schedule, some of them home games, so come out and give the girls the support they deserve, and they won't let you down, as they so ably demonstrated on sports day.

"Prune" Harris, second sacker, and Outfielder Schultz played top-notch ball at Shilo, the latter blasting out a long home run in addition to giving an errorless performance afield. Coach Stephenson had high praise for these two, and they certainly earned it. Others have shown plenty of ability too, so we feel justified in looking for more wins from them yet before the season ends.

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Inter-Section Softball

At the time this was penned, five teams remained in the race for the intersection softball championship of the station. They were the Spitfires and Hudsons in A League, the Wimpies, Liberators and Typhoons in B League. The playoffs are in full swing, and it is probable that the top clubs in each league will be in the midst of a best of seven games series for the title by mid-September.

There have been good and bad exhibitions of ball played in these leagues during the season, but on the whole, the standard has been above average, and many of the games were first-rate contests, well worth seeing. It is to be hoped that the playoffs draw more spectators than usual for there will undoubtedly be some good games in these all-important finals.

In A League, the Spitfires, under the capable management of F/S Macdonald of the hospital orderly room, will meet Sgt. "Rocky" Rokosh's Hudsons in a best of seven elimination series, which promises to be quite a struggle, for both have shown plenty of strength all summer. Sergeant-Major Seifred, Spitfires' first baseman, has been one of the leading home run sluggers of the league, and when he comes up against the Hudsons' clever hurler, George Gorget, it will be interesting to see the result.

Over in B League, the Wimpies, from the Maintenance department, will play off with either the Typhoons, a compass adjusters crew, and the "Libs," aircrew men from B flight, will decide the right to meet the Wimpies in a

three-game series. Whichever one of these two emerges victorious will give the Maintenance nine a hard battle, for both have been near the top all season. Johnny Moore's Typhoons have played good ball, but then so have the B flight club so that it is impossible to judge between them. The Wimpies have a power-stocked line-up and have been high in the standings throughout the regular season.

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New Soccer Line-Up Faces Tough Job

Weakened greatly by the posting of many star players, the station soccer club is, nevertheless, carrying on under the able leadership of Coach "Scotty" Stewart. Faced with the loss of such key men as Scottish Internationalist Bill Liddell, Scottish Pro. Bill Deans, and Centre-half Yank Gibson, the task of re-organization must have looked pretty hopeless, but "Scotty" went right to work rounding up replacements and moulding them into a team. With more experience and plenty of practice, the new line-up promises to develop into a first-rate team, well worthy of representing Rivers on the football field.

The new captain is tall, solidly-built Jack Jones, who faces a tough assignment in trying to fill the shoes of former captain Liddell. But Jack is a hard working footballer with plenty of driving power and organizing ability; if anyone can replace Liddell, Jack is the man.

The re-vamped eleven played two matches during August, drawing one and dropping the other to Souris. The tie was a contest with No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon, in which the fortunes of battle swayed from one side to the other constantly, treating the crowd to a thrilling game all the way.

Lack of combination and inability to take advantage of scoring opportunities proved the downfall of the boys at Souris. They played good football generally, and had numerous chances to score, but seemed unable to boot the ball at the critical moment. This defect can be overcome with constant practice together, and no doubt the next game will show considerable improvement in this respect.

One of the new members of the club who has already proved a real asset, is Goalie Guy, and another is Left-Half Lowe. Both of these fellows played exceptionally fine football at Souris, and will undoubtedly continue to do so. If the rest of the team turns out as well as these two, "Scotty" Stewart will have a team that will be hard to beat.

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C.N.S. Enters Winnipeg Football League

THE longer the duel goes on between our side and Adolf's prize packages, the more types of sport C.N.S. athletes are entering. Last year baseball began on an inter-station bases. This fall football makes its appearance on the back campus. Without football the autumn sports season is dull and this corner feels the powers that be at command in Winnipeg, deserve a big hand.

There are many problems to be ironed out before Gimli, McDonald, a Winnipeg team, Rivers, and possibly an Army team, can get into huddles at Osborne Stadium. Western football rules have been decided upon and tentative arrangements schedule a doubleheader to be played in Osborne Stadium each Saturday afternoon. Group Captain Murray has given the Sports Officer, F/L Lewis, permission to enter C.N.S. F/L Bob Arn, F/L Tom Graham, and Sgt. Thor Thomson were chosen for the football committee.

For two weeks twenty-five men have been limbering up under the watchful eyes of F/O Roe Foster and P/O Nick Staynor, "Shank" Foster played on the line four seasons with University of Saskatchewan Huskies. His 250 pounds must have been most useful and he will handle the wing line. Nick Staynor is fresh from a good softball and baseball season here. He played with a well-known high school team in Toronto and is coaching the Rivers backfield. Nick's speed and ambition makes him a natural as a quarterback. The big difficulty at present is the lack of equipment. Command are doing everything possible to obtain equipment for the team and as soon as possible, scrimmage practice will begin.

So many times in sports, fellows will not try out for teams because they believe they haven't a chance to make good. Skip that idea on the matter of football. This is the first time Rivers has had a team in the most popular game at any high school or college. The ability of those interested is unknown so everyone will have a good opportunity at blocking, plunging, kicking and passing. The only regret will be most of us will only be able to read about the games in M.T.B. or a Winnipeg daily. The band, a cheering section, and a flying pigskin, would have looked good on our sports field on a Saturday afternoon. However, those numbers who will be in Winnipeg, Saturday, August 23rd, and Saturday afternoons later, will be well advised to drop into Osborne Stadium. There will be someone on the field you know, sweating to mope the yardsticks for Rivers.



Rivers Soccer Team

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Meet The Gardener

TRUE to our promise of last month we tracked down our gardener who is responsible for the beautification of our station — the man who has been able to get grass to grow on gravelled fields and the man who has produced flowers and vegetables in abundance for our station. His name is Lewis Birchall and he came from Lancashire, England, 19 years ago to reside in Elkhorn, Manitoba.



LEWIS BIRCHALL

Mr. Birchall has always been keenly interested in farming gardening and farmed in the Elkhorn area until his son joined the Army just over four years ago.

Though he has been an employee of this station for 2½ years, Mr. Birchall has a much closer link with the R.C.A.F. His third eldest daughter has been two years in the Air Force and is at present stationed at Moncton, N.B. Besides his two patriotic children he has three other daughters and a small boy of six.

Mr. Birchall says that the soil here is difficult for gardening (isn't it the truth?) that it is very light and sandy and requires plenty of moisture.

After the war, granted the safe return of his son, Mr. Birchall will return to farming in the Elkhorn vicinity and, in the meantime, the two acres of garden at Rivers and the thousands of beautiful blooms, plus the healthy catch of grass everywhere on our station, pay silent, glowing tribute to this man who "likes to see things grow!"

"Right To The Heart"



Memoirs of Rivers

DON COLLYER

ABOUT five miles from No. 1 Central Navigation School, is the town of Rivers. It is a small town, a modest town. No one can say that here is the place to spend an exciting time in comparison to that offered by the attractions of the city or resort. Quite the opposite! To a stranger in town, all appears very quiet. In fact, perhaps, often there is "nowhere to go and nothing to do."

Inevitably, however, this town, like all others, must create impressions on the visitor-for-a-day, or the people who stay a few weeks or months, and on its more permanent citizens. Many of us who belong to one or other of the above groups have memories of arriving in Rivers, on the prairie yet overlooking the steep banks of the Little Saskatchewan (Minnedosa) River.

The town itself has some nine or ten stores, including friendly general stores, bustling grocery stores, drug stores busy at night where young and old gather at palate tempting soda fountains, or order a hot-cooked meal. Late at night the good smell of fresh bread prevails to leeward of the busy bakery.

In contrast, by day, the tailor shop is a hive of industry rivalled by the tink-tink hammering of the shoe-store and the quiet but intense passing and setting of time at the little watchmaker's. A new red-brick post office flutters stacks of freshly stamped letters into rows of hungry boxes at the town's ten-thirty evening meeting place. A dignified municipal office shelters a large window of cultured plants and the records of government. A main-line railway station demands investigation by all and sundry at "train-time" more than once a day, handles freight, feeds ten-minute stoppers and telegraphs their needs. Freights shunt and strain, crash and stretch, puff smoke and steam in a never-ending east or west direction through spacious yards where tired clanking locomotives can be seen gratefully entering the round-house for hospital care. In town is a hotel, two theatres and a community hall where a spirit of friendliness and a persistent but pleasant sense of war-time is ever present. Garages, a real estate office, a lumber yard and transfer services look after other vital aspects of life in Rivers.

A four-roomed consolidated school, boasting spacious shaded grounds with swings, a George VI Granite Cairn and well used softball diamonds, stands out north of town. Four little churches look at one another over the roof tops of their respective flocks. Once or twice a week their bells call, and in the meantime the old tower bell in the Town Hall tolls the beginning of night and rest.

In a store window are dozens of pictures of young men and women from Rivers and its surroundings, serving everywhere against the threat that would ruthlessly cut out the free heart of this town. May they return to enjoy its happy sunshine again. Not able to wait and stand by, Rivers lads formed 320 Squadron Air Force Cadets, to capture the hearts of all who see them banded together.

"Where do all these people live in Rivers?" You have often heard this! They make do with a happy admission that many things are lacking, but somehow everyone makes a home, whether it be a room or two apart in a house, a "suite," part of an abandoned shop, a cottage, a trailer or a tent. You hear people say "This will really make us appreciate a home someday." People seem happy here and you soberly realize that they will never regret Rivers but will all miss to some degree their so-called hardships in this town.

Everyone is aware of bustling activity and a large number of the younger generation. Children and babies bounding with health, stature, complexion and good-looks, take second place to no other town! Every Saturday night dozens of cars and folk from the surrounding countryside flock to town and the pace of business might rival for a few hours that of any city. In Rivers one meets people from every part of Canada, from Vancouver Island and Alaska to Newfoundland and Labrador, from California and Texas, to the Peace River and Hudson's Bay. It is taken as a matter of course to meet someone from Trinidad or Guatamala, Australia or New Zealand, the British Isles or India. Here walking down an avenue we see a man who flew with McLeod, World War 1, air ace, another who fought at Dieppe, men back from nearly every combat zone and



AN AERIAL VIEW OF RIVERS

Photo by F/S Melrose.



ymca



CHUCK CROCKER

WOULD you like some sick leave? If you come to work in the Y.M.C.A. office you can be practically guaranteed of a trip to the hospital and subsequent sick leave. At least that's what a lot of people think. Yours truly had ten days in the hospital followed by 14 days down in "Canada." No sooner had I got back when Jack Hugli informed me casually that it was his turn and promptly proceeded to Deer Lodge Hospital. At the time of writing he reports he is progressing favorably and that the nurses have put him into the "dangerous" ward—that is the ward where super wolves are put.



Congratulations to our swimming team which placed first in the Birtle meet, first in the area meet in Brandon, and second place in Winnipeg. In tennis, the men's doubles team carried off the honors in the command meet, while our mixed doubles team did not fare so well. The fact that this latter team got as far as Command indicates the caliber of the playing they were up against. The station baseball team also went to Winnipeg and got as far as the finals. If it had not been for injuries to our team I think they would have come home with the bacon. A fair share of honors is due also, to the Track and Field team which placed first in the Women's events and second in the Men's section. Our station softball team was knocked out in a sudden death game with No. 12 S.F.T.S. in the area playdowns. This game which was played here was a very closely contested one with each team having an off evening.

The inter-section softball has reached the semi-final stage with Hudsons and Spitfires playing off for top honors in "A" League, while the Liberators and Typhoons are vieing for first place in "B" League. These teams will play a five-game series to decide the station championship and the possession of the Reesor trophy. There will be undoubtedly a good brand of ball played in these games and they will be well worth seeing.

Plans will be laid soon by the Sports Committee for Fall and Winter sports and it is anticipated that inter-section competition will be arranged in various sports on somewhat the same basis as softball has been for the summer months.

The Hobby Club has been moved to its new location in the Drill Hall in the space formerly kept by Sports Stores. As many people as possible will be accommodated so that various crafts and hobbies can be carried on here. The Photographic Club has also changed its location and will soon occupy a room in No. 1 Hangar which was formerly the store room for cameras in the Photographic section. This room is three or four times larger than the present dark room and will enable more people to work there at the same time.

The stage will likely be remodelled to permit the production of plays and musical comedies and with the aid of the station band we should have some very fine evenings of entertainment this coming fall and winter. See you next month.

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thankful to be back and still we complain of our conditions here!

Sunday dawns in direct contrast, quiet and dignified, but the afternoon will find dozens of young people out cycling, swimming, fishing, walking in summer or skating and skiing in winter. Sunday evening under a clear summer sky when tree leaves are silent, the quiet of a scarlet and gold prairie sunset is interrupted by the tang of tennis racquets on the outdoor courts and the measured tones of church bells at six and seven-thirty. North of town one can see golfers in little groups about the course and farther out to the east a quiet little cemetery. There are dozens of flourishing gardens, for soil here is rich and hands are willing to cultivate it. Victory vegetable gardens are the rule, crops are heavy and gardeners are generous with their surplus products, giving to those who haven't the opportunity or space for a garden. The casual observer notices many kinds of wild flowers and shrubs in the district around town and this year a plentiful supply of Saskatoons—ah, visions of a juicy pie! In the distance every shade of green surrounds the town from waving fields of yellow-green wheat, white-green oats, barley and rye, quilted together by strips, dots and patches of wild grass, scrub oak and other bush. All this spells not a bad little town, where families are, without realizing it, living a phase of their lives they will look back on with a smile in future years, not of regret, but of deep thought upon something which people will be the richer to have enjoyed.

Yes, life here is different—forcibly so because of lack of the things of normal times and towns—but life here is good, and opportunity to be of help to others actually knocks twice and always brings a feeling of concord typical of prairie towns and people. This is Rivers.

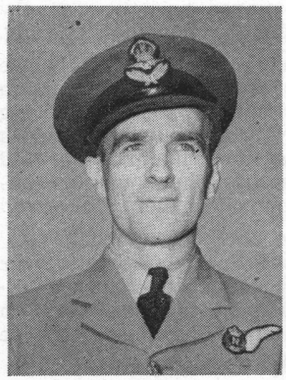


A.O.C. pauses to chat with P/O Doug. Giffin during his inspection.

The Leadership Scheme

B. T. O'CALLAGHAN

WITHIN the last few weeks, a scheme has come into operation whereby every trainee on the camp receives an insight into the duties and routine functions of an officer and N.C.O. This idea was born when actual operations, and operational station discipline, showed that new officers and N.C.O.'s were unprepared and, in many cases incapable, of burdening their responsibilities.



F/O C. GOURLAY

Briefly, the plan is this. Throughout the course every trainee has an opportunity of performing the duties of all the usual ranks from corporal to wing commander. Usually he holds an appointment for a week and at the end of that time moves up a rank until he has worked through to the top. In this way he receives a fair opportunity of developing his latent powers of leadership and organization. At the same time it is possible to assess his intrinsic value as a leader and thereby assist in determining his suitability for a commission.

Leadership, basically, depends on three things, namely, a confidence in oneself and one's own judgment, an ability to think and act decisively and clearly and, finally, the gift of understanding others. Self consciousness when dealing with a crowd can only be overcome by developing the first two of the above points. With this in view, every trainee is given a chance to drill his comrades, thereby expanding his sense of self-reliance and lending a force to his orders. The third point becomes a reality with experience and ordinary service life is largely instrumental in assisting it.

Organization and administration are taught, to a lesser extent, during the ordinary everyday run of affairs. As an N.C.O., the trainee must accept the responsibility for his flight or course on a number of matters and in this way learns a little about looking after men.

Arm bands bearing the badges of the different ranks are worn on the left arm. In the case of sergeants and corporals, the stripes are inverted. Officers' bands are worn obliquely.

F/O Gourlay is the driving force behind the new movement and presides at the weekly meeting of trainee, N.C.O.'s and officers in their new Orderly Room. He is now being assisted by F/O George Grover. This meeting is held to discuss any problems which might arise and also to give advice where needed.

The A.O.C.'s parade was the first big event to be handled entirely by trainees and its smooth running augers well for the scheme. Results will tell in a short time but it is rather too soon yet to appreciate its true value.



Aircrew Leadership Training Orderly Room.

Eire's Neutrality---Continued

B. T. O'CALLAGHAN

M.T.B. regrets that the conclusion to this splendid article on Eire's Neutrality was inadvertently omitted in our anniversary issue. O'Callaghan's summary of the reasons for this neutrality are printed herewith.

Neutrality was popular and still is, for a definite set of reasons. The mass mind has been directed, through circumstances into this way of thinking. Let us examine these reasons and circumstances and the reader can judge for himself whether Eire's neutrality is logical or a volcanic upheaval of the Celtic mind.

I will takes the causes in rotation.

Firstly, fear of internal chaos. For 800 years Ireland has had no real peace. As late as 1922 a disastrous civil war culminated an age of suffering. If Eire declared war there is little doubt that an insurrection of the ultra nationalistic elements would take place and a bitter feud would be restarted. The peace which had at long last come was considered too precious to risk its being broken. The older people saw a chance of old feuds being forgotten under the common bond of neutrality and, heartily tired of bloodshed, they stood firm for it.

Secondly, by religion and race the Irish are a family nation. War would mean the disruption of family life and, as yet, the domestic happiness which was certainly newly-found under a constructive policy was not mature enough to withstand the ravishes of war.

Thirdly, militarism in Eire has become thoroughly unpopular. Within living memory families all over the country have suffered through the use of arms. Front line warfare is not new to them and the thought of being bombed and blasted out of their towns and cities did not appeal to them. So they chose neutrality.

Fourthly, the international outlook is not strong in Eire. This is perhaps the most important reason for her neutrality. There are no Empire or Commonwealth politics present. Overseas responsibilities do not exist. No trade route or foreign market of hers is menaced and her only claim to the world's limelight is her proximity to Great Britain. Her only politics are internal and these have been developed through years of strife. The national mind is not educated to appreciate foreign affairs, nor, indeed, do many of her people understand them. Small communities live their own lives, have their own code and customs and regard the outside world with a certain amount of aloof distrust. The time has not yet come for them to take their place as one body and face the world as such.

The above four points are the chief reasons for Eire's neutrality. If this war had come half a century hence, when the cherished peace had become established and the bitter feuds of a few years back had faded away into oblivion then Ireland would be able to take her place on the side of right and assist other nations to obtain what she herself holds dear.

Section Shots

Equipment Section

So— "Once more unto the breach"—you will remember our last notes mentioned that one of our young cavaliers had suffered painfully through the caprices of a frisky horse. Well, we are happy now to report that Dicky has at last found the perfect steed. Can you picture it? . . . Dicky astride Girlie, ambling aimlessly through the fields, appreciating the beauties of Nature—with D saying over and over, "Well, she goes anyway." We're not quite sure about P. M. yet—he presents a real problem. We were all duly impressed when he took Pat (the horse, that is) out, was thrown, but returned **on** the horse wearing the proud smile of the conqueror. However, our faith in his horsemanship was shaken seriously the afternoon he tried to play Maypole with a guide—wire—and returned covered with blood, sweat and what—no tears? You tell us, Pat.

Recently, as we were gathered about our bulletin board, there was a sudden hush, indicating that "Something new had been added." Great consternation reigned as we viewed the evidence that not Germany alone had resorted to ersatz commodities. Those underlined captions were not to be sneered at:

i Piles
ii The Location of Piles
iii Care of Piles

and finally the main one:

iv The Removal of Piles for Further Use.

There was some confusion as we tangled with our imaginations—what could the further use be? Quite needless our worrying—some careless creature had neglected to put the small word "coal" before the piles—far worse than putting a cart before the horse!

It is not unusual for us to be reading strange matter these days. In our newest addition to the section personnel we have a poet! In his spare moments Ken cannot be idle. That numb expression creeps over his features and from his fingers streams a torrent of lilting lit——. In fact if it weren't that our Titian H.U. is expecting a tie that binds (most of them just get dirty around here) around Christmas time, she might easily be swayed by what we'll call Ken's Ode to Helen; O'—splendid effort that!

We feel that we must make special mention here of the way our male-bags have been raking in the filthy lucre lately. It's truly amazing the amount of the stuff that can be made by stooking and then on the other hand —lost by stooking. It seems there is stooking **and** stooking. Just ask the lads—some time around noon hour.

Now off to the little iron cot . . . but say, where are Mac and Sparky? Look, Red, and you, too, Mitch—the war is not yet won—we must keep in A-1 condition and these **late** hours, tch tch!!

★

Maintenance Wing Orderly Room

A new and cheerful personality has been added to our list in the person of Flying Officer D. R. LeFlufy. He may be small, folks, but it is a true saying that "All good things come in small packages." Welcome to Maintenance, and we hope you'll stay a while.

Our favorite boss of Repair Squadron, Flight Lieutenant J. P. Stanley, is now Squadron Leader Stanley, and hearty congratulations from all of us are extended. We hear that he is intending a "48" at Clear Lake in the near future. Beware, Sir, we hear that it is a favorite stamping ground of all the wolves and wolverines.

One of the sergeants in the Electrical Section is rather disappointed this month. He was unable to get any "gen" on the W.D.'s of Maintenance Wing as that little clan has been most angelic for the past little while. Too bad, sergeant, maybe next month.

Should you be passing in the near vicinity of the big No. 5 Hangar, some day about 10 in the morning or 3 in the afternoon, you might wonder at the "jive" issuing forth. This is a new feature: "Music while you rest."

'Tis said that Mickey and Parky had a good time at Clear Lake on their last "48." The "snow" seems to have arrived early this fall.

If you want a good hour's information on "How to bring up baby,' see Flight Sergeant Moore. We are sure that he would be only too willing to give forth. No kidding though, Flight, I'll bet she's a beauty.

And, no doubt, Andy Anderson will be able to give you a few more pointers. After all, he is the proud papa of a nine-pound 13-ounce baby boy. They're folded from corner to corner, Andy.

Smitty seemed to have a wonderful time in Toronto on his furlough. After hearing all about it, we wonder if he even knew where he was. That's quite a question, eh Smitty?

Our own "Nicky" from the Control Room has been wandering around in a rosy daze of late. What's the matter, Jeannie, have you been "flying too high?"

The Major has taken up the added side-line of "match-making." Too bad those things never work out right, Major, but maybe one of these days you'll be successful.

What was that little agreement drawn up by Cpl. Baxter and LAC Ripley? It's a great idea if it works out, kids.

The sergeant in charge of the Orderly Room has been seen walking around in circles and muttering to himself all this month. What's the matter, Windy, have those Harvest Leaves been giving you trouble?

Well, folks, that seems to be all we can dig up for this month's issue, but we'll be seeing you.

★

Diddly-Dahs from the Signals Section

The section that deals with M.T.B.'s is finally getting around to "M.T.B." Herewith below is our initial presentation.

Cpl. Norm Sewell is in the hospital. Here's hoping it's nothing serious, Norm.

Major Freddie Burgin is NOT posted. (He's busy amending the "Q" books.)

Sgt. Bill Holtby's wife has returned to Elstow, Sask., and Bill is not so happy about it, either.

Sgt. Harry Moulding finally got his Harvest Leave. No comments from Harry.

AW1 Winnie Chapin, our cute stenographer, has severed all diplomatic relations with the Met. Section, and as a result, we get no more hourly weather reports.

F/O Harry Brownhill, our sigs. officer, seems to spend all his 48's in Winnipeg, although his home is in Nova Scotia. What's her name, Harry? (or I mean, Sir?)

Eddie Sturgeon and Henri Beauchamp are cooking up something; also Sammy Salmon and Pete Urbanovitch. Could be I hear Wedding Bells in the distance, eh?

At the time of writing, the Signals Corn Roast Committee is planning a Corn Roast on Sept. 5th. They sincerely hope that everyone had a good time, and that we roasted all the corn that's been floating around the section this past year or so. (F/S McLaughlin and Cpl. Abercombie please take note.)

FLASH! .-.-.-

Cpl. Karry (Bugs Bunny), "A" flight, will fight any man on the station, including Cpl. Beckett, "C" flight.

Sgt. Marshall reports that Alice the Goon is posted to the Repair Depot in Winnipeg. Frank doesn't know what he's going to do without her.

Well, I guess that's all for this time, fellows and gals, so until the next time, you must remember this:

Would you like to swing on a Spar,
Carry Slip-stream home in a jar,
And be higher up than you are,
Or would you rather be a WOG.

A WOG is an animal with 'phones on his head,
His morse is a terrible disgrace,
He flies all day, and he wolfs all night,
And he sure makes out with the gals alright,

So if you don't try to keep a decent log,
Then you'll grow up to be a WOG.

Or would you like to swing on a spar,
Carry Sidetone home in a jar,
And be higher up than you are,
Or would you rather be a WEM.

A WEM is an animal with brains in his feet,
You'll always find him on his seat,
He sighs, and sighs—and he does D.I.'s,
While the lucky guys all pound the skies,
So if you don't care a holler or a heck,
Then you'll grow up a Wireless Mech.

(Words by Sgt. Frank Marshall.)

★

Electrical Section

"BUS" MILLER

This comes under the heading of the Electrical Section. In my opinion, this is not entirely correct. The boys have gone out 100% for "back to the land." Take a trip down to the gate any evening and you'll see what I mean, almost the entire section will be climbing aboard some farmer's truck to go out "stooking." They seem to be enjoying themselves, and are making no small contribution in helping the local farmers harvest the crop. Some of the smaller fellows have it a little tough, some of the sheaves being larger than they are, for example, our own Wirt, his plan of attack goes something like this: Pick up the sheaf, which is too heavy and knocks him down, yell for help, and have someone pick up Wirt and the sheaf. What a way to make a living! Especially when they have to travel in a "covered wagon"!

However, there are some of the boys who still have energy enough to carry on with "social activities," perhaps "wolfing" would be correct. Segal and Georges now make expeditions regularly into Brandon, but only as far as the hospital, then across to the "Moonlight Inn." But after the last trip in, they look a little worse for wear, all this of course with good reason. It seems that while they were escorting their lady friends back to the Nurses Home an attendant came dashing madly across the ground and asked the boys, "How the hell did you get out of the building." Needless to say, no time was lost in putting considerable distance between that unfriendly fellow and themselves.

Our old Gray Wolf is away on leave now, but Tompkins, DeLisle, and McConnell will be all together again real soon, and with the conclusion of the harvest the "wolfing" season will be here in earnest, and the wolves will be in their glory.

But enough of this for now, and next month there will be more to report from this "Den of Wolves."

Training Wing Orderly Room

ANNE JOHNSON

Greetings and salutations from T. W. O. R. ! ! ! At last we are able to lift our heads from the endless work and say hello to you. It isn't the graduating classes who are the cause of so much work, but rather the Ceased Trainees. However, there are usually a few fellows left in the class by the time graduation day comes along.

There have really been some changes around these ports since last you heard from us.

The welcome mat is out to our O/C, W/C Hawkins, who has come to us from Portage la Prairie. Definitely our gain. Welcome also to F/L Sankey, Training Wing Adjutant.

Our Major, WO2 Adamac, hails from Windsor. The Sergeants have already elected him president of their establishment and no doubt basketball fans will see much of "Dur Major" before long. Note to Instructors: His bark is much worse than his bite, no foolin'!

We welcome two comely misses to our humble abode. The blue-eyed lass is Peggy Lloyd, formerly of S.O.R., and the pretty blonde miss is Mildred Byerley, who has come to No. 1 C.N.S. from No. 8 R.D. Do stay with us for at least a little while, girls, please ! ! !

The staff of G.I.S. had a weiner roast at "Ye Olde River" a while back. From all reports a good time was had by all. In fact such a good time that a corn roast is being planned for the very near future.

Congratulations to the G.I.S. Instructors who have recently been promoted.

F/O and Mrs. Harvey are now the proud parents of a baby daughter. P/O Windsor, an in-law, is quite handy with advice, having a daughter of his own. But, please, please, Mr. Harvey, don't let him talk you into hanging her on the line when she cries at night.

S/O Kathleen Fulmer is adding that womanly touch to the Adj's Office while F/L Sankey is on annual leave. It's really becoming quite homey with flowers on the desk and a real shine prevailing throughout the office. Hope you will enjoy your stay with us, we like having you.

The Staff has been ably assisted the past few weeks by aircrew trainees, awaiting course. Thanks a million, fellows, we really needed a helping hand.

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

★

Beer Flight

P/O EWING

We have had numerous suggestions that we should not call ourselves Beer Flight, but Best Flight. Both titles, of course, are very appropriate — but something makes us stick to the old name; even though it might make you smack your lips and think of better days.

We were in Winnipeg when the hardball team came so close to winning the Command championship and the thing that struck us as being very significant was the way in which the young kids chased Hank Berts for his autograph. Seems that Hank is a mighty popular boy around town. Wonder why?

Have you ever met the smallest gunman who ever roamed this dry and barren land? Pistol Packin' McCormick is said to pack the meanest Very Pistol that has been seen around here in a long time. Of course much credit is due to a foreigner by name of Handoo who faithfully passed the ammunition 'til the rack was bare.

Every month we have put up a champion for sundry titles around camp. This month we put forward a character in Course 105. (He shall be nameless) for the title of the "Best Marathon Navigator in the World." Why? Because he was officially clocked trotting one hundred and forty yards in two hours and fifty-five minutes, while the pilot and his instructor patiently watched him. If you care to work it out it is the same as going from Rivers to Moose Jaw in a year. And that is quite a feat. Doubtless, longer distances than this have been made—but until such time as an official count is turned in on someone else this will have to stand as THE record. The moral of the story is that the stiller you keep, the stiller the aircraft will be, and chances are it won't remind you of a dog begging for it's supper.

★

The Post Office

DOT GOODCHILD

Just a reminder that there are only 86 more shopping days until Christmas, so trade in your gum and soap wrappers and mail early to avoid the rush! Please watch for dates of mailing for Xmas parcels overseas. While glancing through one of our magazines I noticed an item about a mother mailing a meringue pie to her son overseas—only lately we received a box of ripe tomatoes which did not exactly smell like Yardley's lavender.

An officer purchasing a money order at our office thought that by dropping it in our mail box it would get to its destination. We suggest this certain officer stay out of the sun or put his money order in an addressed envelope.

We noticed our stamp sales going higher since our "Terry" got married. Our "Peter" recently returned from leave looking very well. He tells us he was pitching hay; he is still pitching, and we don't mean "hay"!

By the way, we noticed "Jack" sporting a pretty shade of lipstick on his sleeve. What happened, Jack? The camp should be saving on beer rations,

as "Poker Shark" Archie, our daddy of the post office is away on leave.

Should you notice a sad look on our S/Sgt's face, yes, and even chewing his cigar down to the last inch—a loss of a 48 could be the cause.

★

W.E.M. Section

The Radio Servicing Department is sadly lamenting the absence of the contagious "corn" of F/S McLaughlin, who is on furlough at present. "Max," as he is known to all, has established a far-reaching reputation for his famous wisecracks (some good and some —phew!) so that the W.E.M. Section morale dropped several points when he left even for a short time. However, he will soon be back, fortified, undoubtedly, with more of his little anecdotes, which only he can relate with such uproarious effect. Mac's home is in Middleton, N.B. (where's that?) where he is reportedly picking pears or husking corn (spreading it is more probable!). We understand that the last lap of his journey is made by horse and buggy, so we hope that "Bessie" is on her best behaviour (for her sake) while transporting such an indispensable member of our section.

Another abiding sorrow of this section is the closing of the Clear Lake resort early this month. This action was a foul blow to the many weary, war-worn Wems who sought solace there on 48's. They seem to have found soothing salve there to calm their electron-shattered nerves, for they returned to the soul-lifting (hmm!) scene time after time. However, they still have their memories (wow!) and they can dream, can't they?

The section is short-staffed at present, due to the departure of various members who have been granted harvest leave, and those who are on furlough. Sgt. Harry Moulding of Work Shops, LAC Jack Tivilly of Communications, and LAC's Ferguson and Ulsifier of Servicing are out reaping the crops, while LAS's "Flash" Arnett of Servicing, "Master" Bates of Maintenance and Day and Foster of Communications are on leave. Cpl. Fred Spratt, of the Maintenance Department, is replacing Sgt. Moulding in Work Shops during the latter's absence.

Congratulations to "Jim" Mitchell, of Communications, who took a leap off the deep end and became entangled in the net of matrimony while on furlough last month. The old saying that "East is East and West is West, etc." has been definitely refuted in Jim's case, for his bride is a Vancouver girl, while Jim himself is a Montrealer. Very best wishes to you both, Jim.

That seems to be the limit of our prattle for this time, so we'll sign off now without further adieu.

MOVIES OF THE MONTH

Aug. 28-29—**The Seventh Cross.** Spencer Tracy-Signe Hasso.
Aug. 31- 1—**Up in Mabel's Room.** Marjorie Reynolds-Dennis O'Keefe.
Sept. 2- 3—**Hail The Conquering Hero.** Eddie Bracken-Ella Raines.
Sept. 4- 5—**Mrs. Skeffington.** Bette Davis-Claude Rains.
Sept. 7- 8—**The Summer Storm.** George Sanders - Linda Darnell.
Sept. 9-10—**Music in Manhattan.** Anne Shirley-Dennis Day.
Sept. 11-12—**I Love a Soldier.** Paulette Goddard - Sonny Tufts.
Sept. 14-15—**Bride By Mistake.** Laraine Day-Alan Marshall.
Sept. 16-17—**Sensations of 1945.** Dennis O'Keefe - Eleanor Powell.
Sept. 18-19—**Step Lively.** Frank Sinatra-George Murphy.
Sept. 21-22—**Heavenly Days.** Fibber McGee and Molly.
Sept. 23-24—**This is the Life.** Susanna Foster-Donald O'Connor.
Sept. 25-26—**Take it Or Leave It.** Phil Baker-Phil Silver.
Sept. 28-29—**Wings and a Prayer.** Don Ameche-Dana Andrews.



G. I. S. WEINER ROAST HUGE SUCCESS

Classroom Highlights

CLASS 108B

Since, as yet, 108B has nothing of outstanding importance for the general public, we will be brief in introducing ourselves.

We are all C/T pilots; eighteen of twenty-five have spent periods varying between six months and a year training in the States, while the others have been flying Cornells, Harvards, and Ansons, locally. Some have as many as 250 hours air experience. During our six weeks' useful duties in Toronto and Picton, opinions both for and against everything in general were lurid and often not unprejudiced. The sudden descent of Rivers' toil on us has dampened our voice a little. The cloud shows every sign of lifting in the near future, however. Then we hope to be able to contribute something of real use to M.T.B.

★

CLASS 105A

Owing to the unfortunate departure of our literary type the job has been thrust upon one of the more illiterate members of the flight, so I trust the readers will forgive spelling mistakes, grammatical errors and other boners.

Most of the once happy and carefree airmen who arrived here eight weeks ago have by now got over the first shock and have accustomed themselves to the barbarous conditions. Our members, alas, have started to diminish alarmingly and it is noticeable that one or two of the remaining brethren avert their eyes as they pass the Squadron Commander's office.

We also feel that it showed our excellent attitude on the part of one of our Scotch friends to say he didn't object to flying, only making the qualification that it was not to be as first navigator.

We have been rather unfortunate in our flying so far as the weather always occurs to be demonstrating fronts when we are flying.

The P.T.I.'s find in 105 A.N., a keen and willing class, and judging by the numbers in the class who are selected during P.T. periods, to demonstrate the exercises to the class, a very high standard is being achieved.

The greater frequency of 48's takes the lines from many a haggard face and although the pay parades are cunningly arranged so as to occur just after a 48, most of the class seem to make the usual pilgrimage to Winnipeg, the one bright spot in the rolling prairies.

R.C.A.F. drill was somewhat strange to us at first, but we all realize how useful it may be to us later in the jungles of Burma and on gleaming corral islands in the Blue Pacific, and we are even getting used to it.

Concluding with the remarks we are beginning to appreciate where the Ardua comes in, in connection with the astra, we bid you farewell and hope that we shall still be on the course next month to write another article for M.T.B.

P.S.—Why do WOG's always ask for M.T.B.'s when you are DR'ing ahead?

★

CLASS 101B

J. J. REED

The time is drawing near when 101B will say farewell to Rivers and when we shall remove the white flash from



our caps and the U/T from our paybooks. Already this prospect is compensation for our weariness and the vision of wings parade at last a conceivable time way, spurs us on through the hours, and days and weeks which drag as a slough about our legs. Coming events cast their shadows before: at time of writing the first of finals is but three days off, although we'd nearly forgotten in the pandemonium of cleaning and pressing which preceeded our last month's visitor, and then this is our last appearance in M.T.B.

It is a pity that the contact any course makes with a station is such an impersonal one. 101B's passing will be just as unnoticed as its coming; and, with the exception of a few who strove to teach us our Naviagtion, D/F, compasses, and what have you, there will be none to remember as even names or numbers, or will there? Perhaps some of our number will be remembered in the parachute section and not entirely because of the use made of the facilities they offer, and will not the P.T.I.'s remember us? Enough has been said and thought in the harder moments, such as the fiftienth (or is it five hundredth?) press-up immediately after a wearisome flight, to make them turn in their graves forever. But to be remembered or not, 101B is going and it cannot be said that the thought grieves us one little bit.

It must be admitted that Rivers has caused us much amusement as well as much sorrow. There have been the times with the classic reminiscence of the low level, ending, "So we climbed like mad and came back at thirty feet." There have been the books, and the triumphs turned sour; but why poke and probe at the tender spots, we are tender enough as it is. The recent weeks have not been so very eventful, our star personalities having been largely submerged in the general hurly, burly, except Ciggie, our W.D. It has been generally agreed upon by everyone, including the A.O.C., that corsets are really a prime need.

We cannot depart from Rivers and leave out of M.T.B. a tribute to our class instructor. For, without his tolerance, patience, helpfulness and his cheerful grin, our numbers would certainly not have been so respectable at so late a stage on the course. We cannot tell who will instruct IIIB, our presumed successors, but if we wish them our own instructor we could wish them no better to guide on their 140 days in the wilderness.

★

CLASS 108A

At last Rivers has a top-notch course in its midst, namely,US. This is absolutely no reflection on our forerunners—they are good, but—

(Before this goes further, we feel we should warn the reader that we have found no sound reason for false modesty, and therefore do not intend to pull punches—let it be impressed upon you that we have a very efficient class —it says so here).

And, naturally, the sharpest class deserves the sharpest instructors, hence F/O Stephens and Editor-in-Chief F/O Ritchie, are leading this bright mob.

It's a 99% Canadian class—the 1% being a representative of the motherland, in the form of LAC Donald Anders, whom, by his quiet steady work, we have singled out to be a gen man. It's fellows like him that make the rest of us work so hard to keep from appearing as morons in our instructor's eyes.

The remaining 99%, being natives of this domain, have their home towns ranging from the east to the west coast, with emphasis on Vancouver, and the prairies. A highly versatile lot, we have fellows of all moods and talents.

F'rinstance, in the line of wit, who could think of more humorous things to say, on any subject that may arise, than "Pudgy" Rashbruk; or for the dry type of humor, Freddie Edwards has it down pat.

In the other extreme, the serious, concentrative individual is represented by Julius Weiss, alias The Thinker. Where we touch the bare surface, Julius delves deep into the mechanism of things.

Music lovers should look to Harvey Bath, whose guitar playing and singing is a delight to all occupants of 9B. It's getting so the boys won't go to sleep until Harvey sings a few songs for them.

Here we should mention one of the more studious groups—F/O Young—an officer no less and, in a manner becoming an officer (so it says in K.R. Air, or is it D.R.O.'s?) he spends all his spare time working over a hot mercator. His colleague, F/O Coombes, the other of the two officers in our class, is right alongside him, and it is they whom we rightly expect will lead the way to navigational victory.

Probably, in the interests of the W.D.'s on this station, the most handsome of our group should be mentioned. A quiet, blonde-headed lad, with a personality and a smile that softens the hardest heart, Doug Mullen (no other) is our answer to Tyrone Power. Competition is hardly the word—compared to Doug, Tyrone looks like a bum.

What other course can boast an ardent supporter of P.T.? Yessir—Eddie Ponsart (we are trying to place him on exhibition in the drill hall for the benefit of those who doubt that such a person exists) is the lad—gad, the stamina of the man!

Really, all the class should be mentioned, to prove that we have everything, but space is limited, and so only a few of the many personalities can be brought forward this month.

And, incidentally — almost forgot (hmm) course 108A won the extra swimming periods for being the best on parade on our second week—yes, our future looks quite bright—we keep telling ourselves!

★

CLASS 102B

The past month has seen great changes in 102B. We first of all shed a bitter tear for the members of our class who have left for happier lands; Mr. Cator (who wanted to take all his ground star shots on Polaris), Mr. Greenwood (who sets course 000 to regain a position on the map), Mr. Cross (of guitar, darts and yo-yo game.)

Then our second current event was the staggering news of the dissolution of Air Flight, and the consequent induction of F/O Clarke (of geographical fame) into our pit. On hearing that there was to be no more Air Flight, there was a notable improvement in the mental condition of all the class—the "lust for blood" look left the eyes, the shuffle of the feet lessened for a day or so and once more we were able to look a red pencil in the



eyes without visibly wilting. One member of the class was even heard to whistle for a few minutes, which was courteously overlooked by the remainder.

At the time of these literary pages going to M.T.B.'s roaring presses, we are suffering from the effects of very recent fourteenth week exams. Previous to the exams themselves, the frequent words of wisdom of Bill Brewer smote our ears, "I honestly don't know a thing about this." How right he was! Still, small groups of people cluster around various tables in the room, while they discuss in hushed voices the most potent exam questions. At frequent intervals a nerve-racking scream rents the air signifying that yet one more member has discovered that the one question he thought he had correct is now U/S.

However, the advent of F/O Clarke awoke interest in the class. We note the gentleman still boasts a large portion of his sanity; we have seen fit to ignore this, also the glint in his eye that portrays a certain keenness, and the spring in his step which signifies energy (What's that? asks Pong Lee). We feel confident that a few periods of instruments and air analysis will soon rectify this.

We must, at this point, remedy an error of the first magnitude—Teddy Quinn's transference to another class (our sympathy to them) was not suitably honored in our last article. This valiant Durham mining genius was the victim of Winnipeg hospital for some time—we are not so sure now that it was the hospital building which kept him away so long—we hear odd phrases such as "smashing figure—those eyes?"

The mental system has been slightly rejuvenated lately by a long overdue 48. For a few days before this happy condition we were able to wander around with the look of men who have been permitted the sight of some Valhalla, as we stumbled forward to grasp it lest it flit away proving to be another mirage. Who, incidentally, was the cadet who spent his 48 riding round in a truck trying to capture the heart of the female truck driver who has since turned butcher?

The C.N.T. (or as our Babe Cooper names it, the "Celestial machine"). What joys this name conjures up for all. The joys of being able to columnate all by yourself at dead of night. The stealthy stealing up the stairs to the aircraft fuselage in soft shoes reminds one of civvy life (we bow our heads in reverence to this happy state of life).

FLASH! The results of 14th week are up. A few desolate airmen stand around the board on which is the one piece of paper (with its numerous red rings) determining their fate. We hear mutters of G.D.—good as any—mines!

And from the far corner of the room comes the last dying wolf howl of a struggling U/C Nav.

★

CLASS 107B

At time of writing 107B has passed the Junior Course phase. We are not sorry. In common with all other forms of youth a Junior Course is subjected to many unpleasant experiences in the course of duty. Unlike the other forms of youth, however, the blessing of ignorance concerning better things is not present and the pain of extra duty is mentally and physically sustained.

During the first week or so more matured members of G.I.S. sometimes condescended to offer us advice and seemed to gain a peculiar satisfaction when the question of advancement in the course came up. On the whole, we appreciated their advice and tolerated their humor, but wished they had spoken less glibly in terms of astronomical references and navigational allusions. To a crowd of beginners it was disconcerting and we were inclined to believe in sadism. However, it sounded good, and there must have been a touch of envy deep down in a few of our hearts.

The feeling of a supporting flight on Wings Parade has often been penned and there is little doubt that ours were similar. Unfortunately, we had a double dose of this distinction and, although it is undoubtedly a rare experience, two hours of standing up watching the final stages of a successful navigation course is not conducive to restful thinking. The obviously suppressed hilarity of the graduating classes was not shared by us.

We had heard the story of Course 98 (Nav.) and as we watched the remnants march up and receive their reward our minds tried to fathom the machinery w hich did the sifting so thoroughly. Opinions were formed, crystallized, and accepted.

Next came Duty Watch, and under this heading we explored every back water on the camp. It was the sort of experience that made the old army joke of potato peeling more appreciable. The messes claimed some of us

but we still wonder what use we really were. The Snack Bar was presented with four who soon found out that they were more of a nuisance than an aid. Mopping and cleaning seems to be an integral part of every service and the Air Force is well under way in building that tradition.

Turning over the pages of past classroom Highlights, we were puzzled by the constant reference to P.T. At the time it was difficult to understand, but now we know.

At the outset, let it be known that we all congratulate F/L Lewis, officer in charge of Physical Training, on his well developed physical make-up, but regret that, on the whole, we have no real desire to emulate him. A few years ago, when Tarzan was all the rage, some of us did start a little wishful thinking, but it ended there. Since then, life's more pleasant waves lapped at our shores and we plunged into the inviting surf beyond, giving little thought to the finer points of muscular development. Our ideas of being fit were governed by experience and consisted of being able to enjoy the good things of life without fatigue; of being able to withstand the ravishes of a full table and follow it with a full cup; of being able to stay out late and arise without a headache. These, and a million other exquisite sensations that are now safely stored away in the archieves of the memory, well out of the way of F/L Lewis and his able-bodied staff, provided our only criterion and we were well satisfied with it. Again, repeat, we admire the idea, but it must end there to be of any value to us.

The maze of G.I.S. was rather startling to the newer members of our course; S.D.R.T. and C.N.T. were initials that signalled panic. The former we have sampled and as with P.T. we are unanimous that a little goes a long way. The latter has yet to come and until then we will continue to treat its two omnious towers with quiet respect and clean thoughts.

Of the boys themselves there is not a lot to say. Team work looks as if it will be easy because an even key runs throughout the spirit of the class. If F/O Little were not to read this we would congratulate him on having us, but, unfortunately, he probably will, so we'll tell the truth and say we wish ourselves the best of luck and sincerely hope his patience is beyond bounds. This latter prayer might also include F/O Lee.

★

CLASS 105B

Emerson spoke thus of the days,
Daughter of Time, the hypocritic days,
Muffled and dumb, like barefoot dervishes,
Mad marching single in an endless file
Bring diadems and fogots in their hands
To each they offer gifts after his will
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and the sky that holds them all
I, in my pleachéd garden, watched the pomp,
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily
Snatched a few herbs and apples, and the day
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,
Under her solemn filet saw the scorn."

What we seek from the days in their march is that the 140th of our stay here will bring us that coveted wing of a Navigator. That day may come if, from each one preceeding her, we take as much as we are able. P/O Bell, our instructor, is making sure that each day offers an abundance of instruction, of information and experience. It lies with each of us how much of this abundance we keep unto ourselves. And the days are slipping by, quietly and quickly.

Rivers may not see ma "Pleachéd garden," but it has been heard that after a year or so one could grow to like the place. Recently the flower beds have made a noteworthy contribution to its appearance. In the way of diversion there's the cinema, of course. We've also noted the Saturday night dances in the W.D. Canteen and the music hour on Wednesdays and Sundays.

Through them the days offer pleasant associations with men and women that can broaden our personalities, and enjoyment of the world's finest music. Some say, too, that the conciciality of the canteen is good for one.

Already three of our members have found days in other places more inviting. Slim Embree has joined the ranks of A.G.'s, while Chuck Cook and Woodie Woods have gone with the W.A.G.'s. We hope that they won't regret their decision. But we're nearly holding our own, for we've gained Andy Andrews from Course 104 and Bert Noble from Edmonton. The results of our first interim exams we know not, but in that regard we're hoping for the best.

We'll go on with each day in the way that many courses have gone before us, and hope that when the time comes the total of the things we've taken from the days will be enough, not only to get that wing but to live fuller lives thereafter.

★

CLASS 104B

F. CUMMINGS

"I have lived long enough," groaned MacBeth, and indeed, he was speaking for all of us. We feel that this is a fitting time to wind up our affairs in this dusty Eldorado, and hie to the land of the nation of shopkeepers, and woodbine—we hope.

Many strange customs in this new land have at times baffled and embarassed us, and here we feel that a timely word to Course 110B would help greatly in ameliorating their future woes. F'ristance when a girl tells you, "Jeez, you're cute," it simply means that she knows you got paid recently. When that harsh monosyllable "Crap" is uttered in your ear, this refers to the stuff you've got an awful lot of, in your pockets, lockers, and "gen" books. When the instructor says, "The chips are on the table," he does not refer to that by-product of the fish industry so ably administered by our Italian Allies, but is simply referring to the exam which you are going to sit tomorrow. I don't think there is anything else we can tell you, except perhaps that this is the station where they take thirty minutes to boil eggs, and still serve them up pretty soft.



CLEAN-UP PARADE
Course 108A Navs. cleaning up for the A.O.C.'s visit.

Reid attributes this to the high altitude of the station, but he is biased on the side of the cook-house staff.

At the end of each course I suppose it is the custom of the members thereof to sling a little mud around, but right now we are in the middle of a dry season, and besides, the freedom of the press should not be taken in vain. On the other hand, we all take this opportunity to thank the instructors of the various sections for their conscientiousness in a thankless and rather boring task. We appreciate the fact that, like Gilbert's policeman, their lot is not a happy one. This does not include the P.T.I.'s, but we would console them with the thought that if people stopped insulting them they would probably change the usual fifty push-ups to a hundred.

We all thank F/L Ferguson for his guiding hand throughout the course and wish him the very best in the future. And so it is with a pang of regret that we depart from this temporary asylum and go to our travels once again. Get out the cards, Johnny. Let's go, eh! What d'ya say?

★

CLASS 106A

C. JAMES

This being our first contribution to M.T.B., we take the advantage of saying hello to its many readers and to introduce ourselves in as modest a manner as possible.

It was night seven weeks ago that twenty-five of us arrived at this station. At first sight we were impressed by its magnitude and layout, but rather perturbed at the lack of surrounding entertainments. Because of the torturous ordeals of P.T., two separate weeks of Duty Watch and a cancelled 48, we are at the moment feeling very sorry for ourselves. As regards to the camp itself we have very few complaints. Discipline is very strict and the work too continuous with not sufficient opportunity for recreation. But otherwise we find the station well supplied with entertainment, if only we had the opportunity to take full benefit of it.

We are very fortunate in having two excellent instructors in F/L Black and F/O Temple. We are confident that they will do their utmost to help us all they can, and we readily put our faith in them. Of the original twenty-five there are now twenty-four of us left. We regret that one of our members, popular Stan Miller, our original Flight Leader, has been taken to Deer Lodge Hospital. We sincerely hope that he will soon recover and be in our midst once again.

We have already evperienced a 48 at Winnipeg, which was so successful that we are eagerly looking forward to our next. To some of us it was more or less a familiarization trip, but it was noticed some got more familiarized than others . . . perhaps too familiarized. The hospitality afforded us there was excellent and fully appreciated by all.

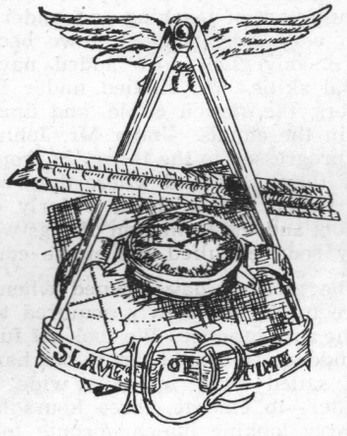
In closing, we would like to congratulate M.T.B. on completing its first year so successfully. We sincerely hope the second year will be as successful, and its Editor and staq given the full credit they deserve. We also congratulate the station band on its excellence, and thank them for helping to relieve the monotony of arduous drill parades.

★

CLASS 102A

LAC STUBBS, R.I.P.

We all enjoy a laugh—we are all grateful to a "bloke" who raises a laugh. Therefore I record for posterity's sake the doings of a certain redheaded member of this little band of hopefuls. He is an endless source of amusement to us all. The P.T.I.'s (great



fellows) invariably have him out to do a few hundred push-ups, because he was last to sit down. He staggers out with an air of injured innocence that would touch the heart of old Nick himself and solemnly proceeds to serve the "sentence"—arises, and bowing to the now enthusiastic spectators, totters back into line. You must ask him to tell you what it's like in the sewerage ditch whilst doing the assault course—to see him emerge dripping with ?XX! accompanied by a stench that would have put a skunk to shame, was great.

Here are two announcements:

1. Trainees flying with "A" Flight will be pleased to hear that luxurious motor-coaches, MK1, will convey them to the awaiting kites, together with sextant, astrograph, parachute, navigation bag and astro. The buses will leave the briefing room at 20 and 40 minutes after hour, light refreshment will be served en route, a staff of colored gentlemen being loaned by the C. N. R. for this express purpose.

2. If, when the astrograph is switched on, star P/L's are found to be remarkably clear on the floor, but non-existent on the table, disregard the whole business and do not, repeat not, place chart upon floor and continue unconcernedly from there. Obviously it would shake the pilot somewhat to see you emerging from the well of the ship and, with loud Ashs! hand him a revised ETA from a crafty Polar's shot. Well, that's all, folks, so Toodle-oo. We will only be a nuisance for five more weeks (or less). Bye!

★

CLASS 103B

It is a matter of conjecture how many of us will still be members of 103B when this article is published, as the 14th week looms ahead and many gallons of midnight oil will have been consumed, who knows, perhaps in vain attempt. Several familiar names have been erased from our register and their leaving for more congenial climes leaves us with the feeling that some people are "suckers"—but who?

To pass to more entertaining matters, we notice that paper bags have other uses than those for which intended, let us hope this habit will not spread unless on Op's over Germany. In that case we can find no possible objection, but here we look upwards with apprehension whenever an Anson passes overhead.

May we express our regrets that Mr. Johnson no longer unfolds before our eyes (and bewildered ears) the mysteries of "Met." We are almost convinced that he took a deep breath at the door before entering, which lasted him through the period of the lecture. Of Mr. Rivers we have seen little, but look forward with interest to our next meeting, not only for the "gen" he exudes, but also as an illustration of what is new in outfitting.

F/O Campbell has been observed to be strangely active at P.T. of late, this may be due to the fact that Mrs. Campbell and family now reside in the vicinity, or does this add up? But greetings, Mrs. Campbell and junior, may your peace be never disturbed by the rustle of marked and unmarked Sight Tests, nor your rest be shattered by "Come along Sherry, you'll have to smarten up a bit.

★

CLASS 107A

Class 107A having just passed out of the sprog stage, is beginning to recover from the impact of work—and P.T.—and is now able to sit up and take nourishment.

Its first reaction when told what was expected of them on the course was, "What! Us?" and by the time they got around to coherent reasoning again, they found themselves slap in the middle of it.

After spending the last few weeks delving into the intricacies of D.R. it was collectively decided that the ancient who wrote, "Man is not lost," was as big a lineshooter as the gent who put on record in I.T.W. notes that a good navigator could point unerringly to true North after wandering

around the London tubes for half an hour.

I'm afraid F/O Harrison, our instructor, will never be quite the man he was, but a lesser man in any respect would have given up the ghost long ago.

Of course, even this serious business of nagivation has its humorous side, as witness the afternoon which saw the beginnings of first class racial riot when an innocent instructor unwittingly referred to Wales as a "district" of England! The Welshmen in the class—all two of 'em—were foaming at the mouth and had to be led quietly away to recuperate.

Winnipeg "68s" are definitely approved of, though Clear Lake comes a good second, and we grasp with both hands these opportunities of furthering Anglo-Canadian relationships, whenever they arise.

In conclusion we would like to say that, after delving into as many copies of M.T.B. that we could lay our hands on, we think we have an original motto-cum war cry in "Ou sommes nous?"

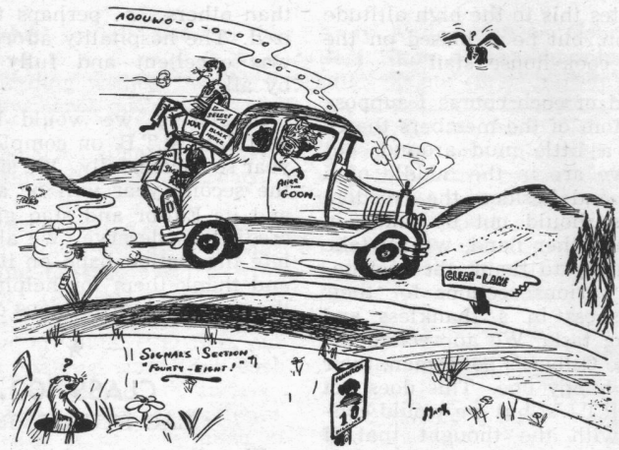
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CLASS 34 S.N.I.P.

P/O S. COHEN and P/O R. LEE

One summer's day in mid-June, when a young man's fancy lightly turns to other thoughts besides navigation, a group of potential pedagogues arrived in No. 1 C.N.S., all eager bent for the famed S.N.I.P. course. They were a happy group of boys—then, with little thought of what lay ahead. Alas, they were soon to learn!

Under the able guidance and instruction of F/O Cohoe and F/O Reilly (he graduated), these unsuspecting youths were initiated into an avalanche of navigational theory, trigonometry, instruments, compasses, and emerged a week later dazed and bewildered with a look of blood, sweat and tears on their countenance, but still as enthusiastic as the day they arrived. A small minority—about 89% (the other member was in the hospital—already sick) were thinking of remustering to a less nerve-wracking trade such as air-gunner. However, after the gentle persuasion of W/C Hawkins they once more entered with fervour and zest into their studies.



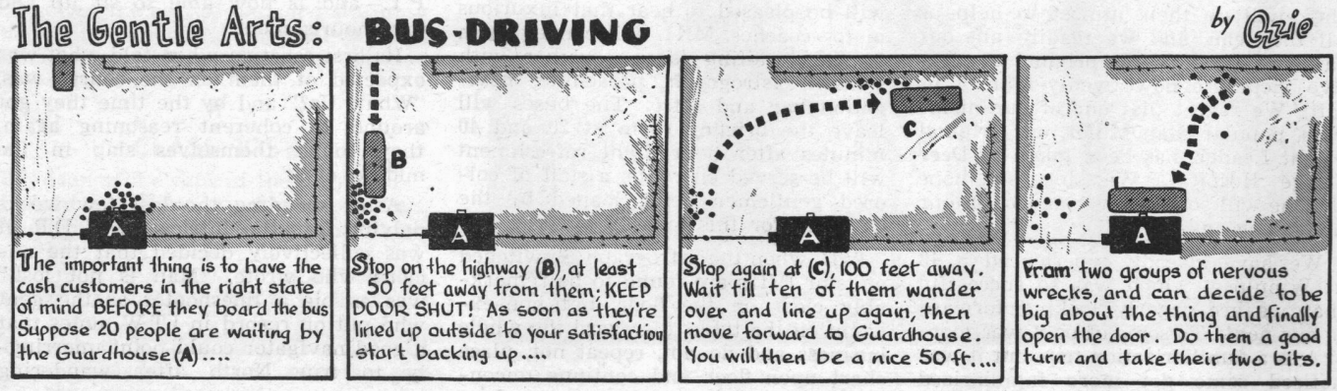
Other subjects livened the interest of the course. The pedantic F/L Smith introduced us to the mystic and intriguing art of teaching and under our own very able instruction we became more conversant with added navigational skills. We studied under Dave Rivers, the station circle, and finished up in the clouds. Under Mr. Johnston we progressed to the theory of fronts—how they come and where they went; the ticker tape with its orderly confusion, and the formation of fogs which very soon engulfed the entire course.

The glorious day dawned when we were to put our newly acquired technique into practice. We took off full of confidence (a beam chart in our hands) and sailed away into the wide blue yonder—to emerge, three hours later, a sorry looking bunch enroute to the hangar for mop and pail. This was the first time, however, and only after five similar performances would the Met Department open up their secret vaults and supply us each with a precious pill. At this time a paper bag was inaugurated as a necessary part of our equipment.

For all these set-backs, the many characters in our course supplied us with ample amusement. We had an excellent glee club consisting of P/O's Britnell, Ward, Walker, Smith, and Evans; which Mr. Cohoe conmmended time and again. P/O Clarke acted as disciplinarian and enthusiastically attended all morning parades. P/O Quiz Kid Hewett fervently supplied the instructors with any information otherwise unobtainable, and to quote his famous remark after an instructor was baffled—"The theory is quite simple—I figured it out myself." P/O Johnson, always conspicuous by his absence, occasionally honored us with his august presence, and thrilled all by leisurely strolling in at 10:00 hrs, just when we'd begun to give up hope. The inventive genius, P/O "Rube Goldberg" Smith startled us all with his automatic cocktail shaker, dainty kitchen helper and adjustable pin-point transferer. Other members, characters one and all, of this exclusive body, were P/O's Archibald, Bellamy, Benjamin, Burnie, Cohen, Derhak, Faurschou, Holt, Hunter, Lee, MacDonnell, Mitchell, Phillion, Vaczey, Walker, Ward, and Graham.

P/O Carr, our efficient class senior, who, except for slight pyrotechnical manias such as setting mercators ablaze, performed the job ably.

In a serious vein, we sincerely appreciate and thank our instructors F/O Cohoe, F/O Reilly, F/O Bruce, F/L Smith, Mr. Rivers, and Mr. Johnston for their patience and endurance. We would also like to thank the staff pilots and W.O.G.'s for their willing co-operation, and, lastly but not least, we would like to thank God that our course is drawing to a close.



Promotions

P/O G. E. G. Graham to Flying Officer (Pilot).
Sgt. G. B. Coleman to Flight Sergeant (Pilot).
Sgt. G. W. Anderson to Flight Sergeant (Pilot).
Sgt. O. V. Stevenson to Flight Sergeant (Pilot).
Sgt. G. W. G. Bosworth to Flight Sergeant (Pilot.
P/O V. C. Temple to Flying Officer NAV).
P/O D. E. Mathews to Flying Officer (Pilot).
P/O K. A. Gropp to Flying Officer (Pilot).
Sgt. Rundle to Flight Sergeant (Pilot).
S/L W. J. Hawkins to Wing Commander (NAV).
F/L J. P. Stanley to Squadron Leader (AE).
F/O A. L. Reilly to Flight Lieutenant (Pilot).
F/O G. E. Murphy to Flight Lieutenant (NAV).
F/O D. A. McRae to Flight Lieutenant (NAV).
F/O J. V. Newton to Flight Lieutenant (NAV).

Marriages

LAC R. R. Robinson to Margaret Laurine Kollman on 21st July, 1944; at Brandon, Man.

AW1 R. A. Bolger to Frederick Ernest Totten, on 27th July, 1944; at Renfrew, Ontario.

LAW T. Yastrub to Gerald Cisco on 17th July, 1944; at Melville, Sask.

LAC K, McCartney to Florina Linkletter on 18th July, 1944; at Wilcox, Sask.

LAC R. S. Dunfield to Elsie Weitzel on 5th August, 1944; at Winnipeg, Man.

LAC. N. F. Mitchell to Eileen Margaret Pollitt on 2nd August, 1944; at Vancouver, B.C.

LAC. C. G. Rennick to Zena Kathleen Carefoot on 31st July, 1944; at Brandon, Man.

LAC. J. Robertson to Wilhelmina Stonehouse on 15th Aug., 1944; at Two Creeks, Man.

LAC A. R. Goodley to Catherine Margaret Chipley on 1st July, 1944; at Regina, Sask.

LAC H. B. Carnegie to Ella Marie Bigelow on 31st July, 1944; at Toronto, Ontario

P/O P. Merchant to Isobel Cockburn on 28th July, 1944; at North Bay, Ont.

Births

To F/O and Mrs. J. C. McQuarrie, a daughter, Marilyn Gail, at Brandon; on 18th July, 1944.

To F/O and Mrs. J. P. Moen, a son, Michael Grant, at Brandon; on 8th August, 1944.

To F/S and Mrs. E. J. Flack, a daughter, Sharon Adele; on 30th July, 1944.

To LAC and Mrs. F. G. Whiteley, a daughter, Karolynn Marie, at Princeton, B.C.; on 15th February, 1944.

To Cpl. and Mrs. W. Heywood, a son Robert William at Winnipeg, Man.; on 7th July, 1944.

To LAC and Mrs. G. G. Erickson, a daughter, Judith Irene, at Brandon, Man.; on 15th July, 1944.

To Cpl. and Mrs. H. G. Allen, a son, at Winnipeg, Man.; on 24th July, 1944.

To LAC and Mrs. E. H. Anderson, a son, David Gerald, at Wiarton, Ontario; on 27th July, 1944.

To AC2 and Mrs. J. H. Tooke, a daughter, Holly Ann Tooke, at Owen Sound, Ontario; on 26th July, 1944.

To Cpl. and Mrs. N. Frankland, a daughter, Carol Anne at Winnipeg, Man.,; on 3rd July, 1944.

To LAC and Mrs. V. G. Peever, a daughter, Diane Victoria, at Winnipeg, Man.,; on 21st July, 1944.

To LAC and Mrs. A. Vaillancourt, a son, Andre Vaillancourt, at Brandon, Man.; on 1st August, 1944.

BACKBONE of EMPAH

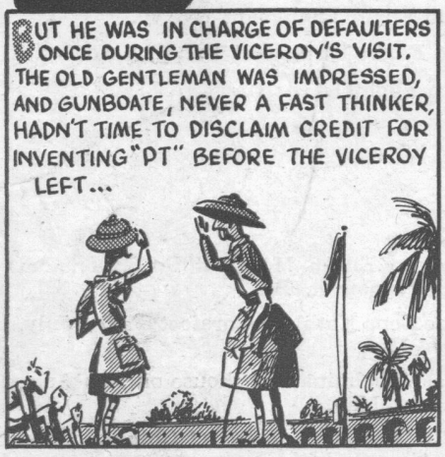
Gadfrey Prangham-Gunboat DSO, DFC
First Lord Whiff of Grapeshot

by Ozzie

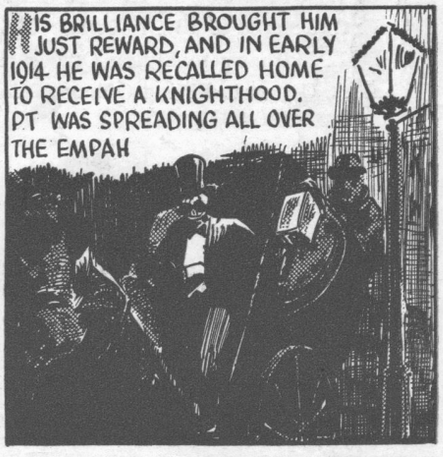


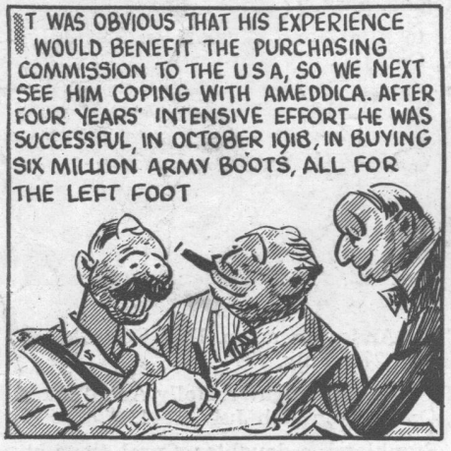
In Poonah in '03 (or was it '04?) standard punishment for defaulters in a certain regiment was an hour of pushups. This gave maximum effort from the men with minimum effort for the O·i·c parade ... and was very popular with all the officers, being known as "The Poonah Torture, jolly good for the blighters" ... or "PT" for short

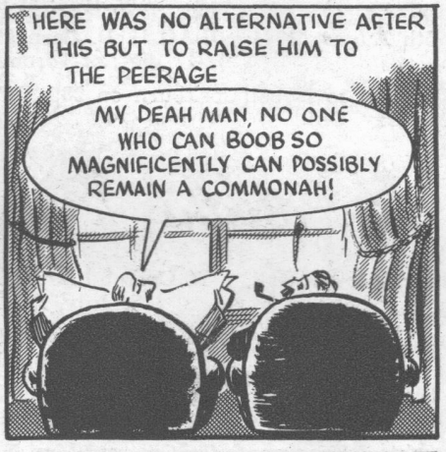




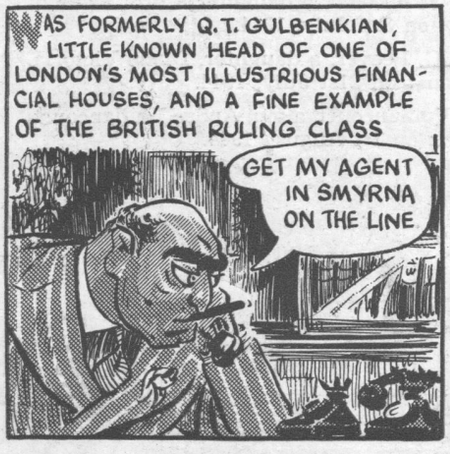
















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