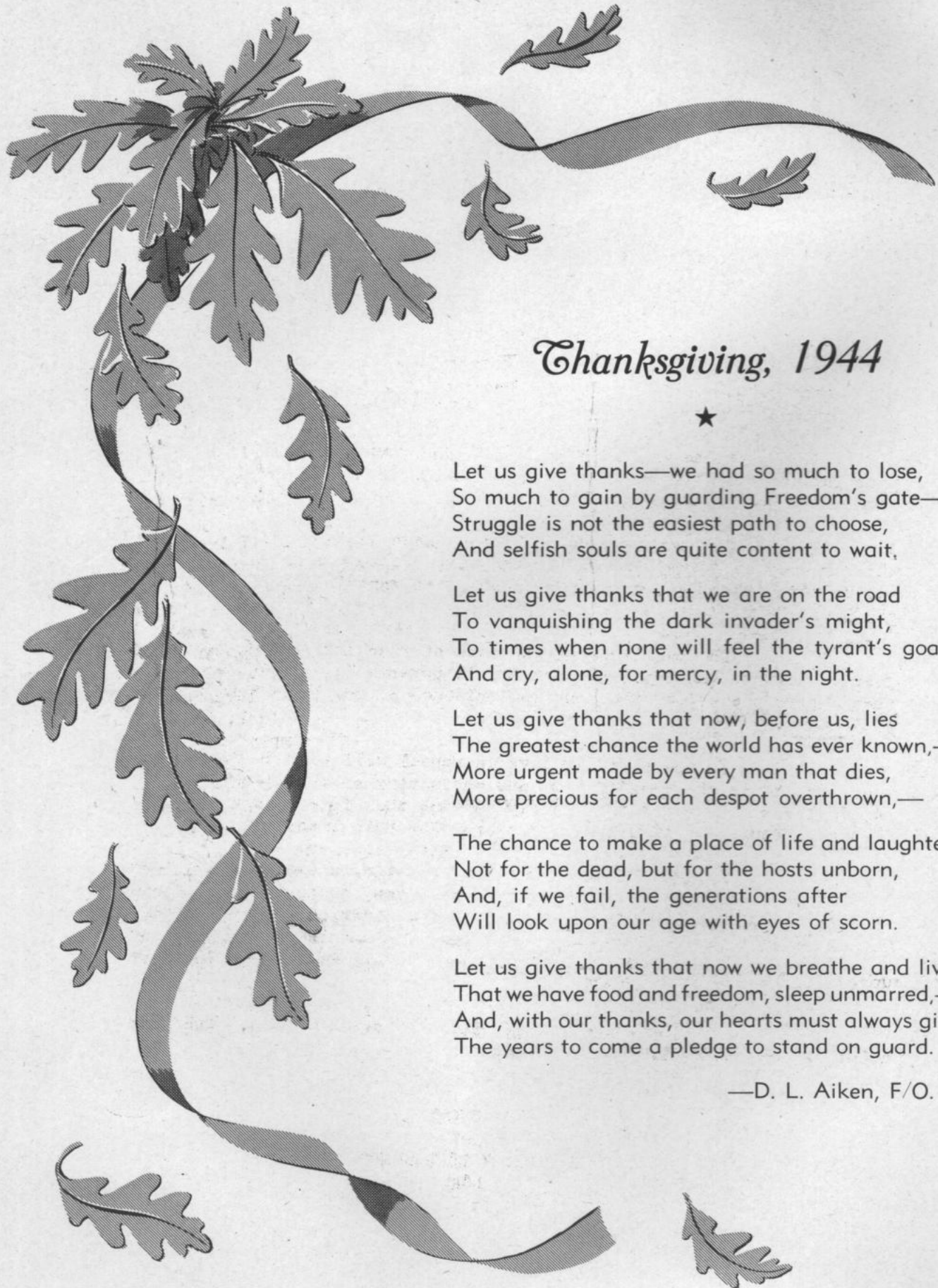


MTFB

Message to Base



Photo by F/S Melrose.



Thanksgiving, 1944



Let us give thanks—we had so much to lose,
So much to gain by guarding Freedom's gate—
Struggle is not the easiest path to choose,
And selfish souls are quite content to wait,

Let us give thanks that we are on the road
To vanquishing the dark invader's might,
To times when none will feel the tyrant's goad,
And cry, alone, for mercy, in the night.

Let us give thanks that now, before us, lies
The greatest chance the world has ever known,—
More urgent made by every man that dies,
More precious for each despot overthrown,—

The chance to make a place of life and laughter,
Not for the dead, but for the hosts unborn,
And, if we fail, the generations after
Will look upon our age with eyes of scorn.

Let us give thanks that now we breathe and live,
That we have food and freedom, sleep unmarred,—
And, with our thanks, our hearts must always give
The years to come a pledge to stand on guard.

—D. L. Aiken, F/O.



OUR FILE.....
REF. YOUR.....
DATED.....

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

Rivers, Manitoba,
10th October, 1944.

INVEST IN VICTORY

The Seventh Victory Loan will open on October 23rd and in the ensuing three weeks every member of No. 1 C.N.S. will have the opportunity of supporting the biggest drive yet conducted.

As usual, it is expected that your School will lead this Command both in amount subscribed and in number of subscriptions received.

Our past record of Victory Loan participation is one of which we may be justly proud. In the Sixth Victory Loan \$141,000 was subscribed. This time we have been asked to contribute \$175,000. We shall not fail.

The magnitude of the task of reaching so large an objective demands the loyal support of all personnel; a task, however, much easier because of the mounting evidence of the impending defeat of Germany.

In the next few days an appeal will be made for volunteers to aid in the organization and conducting of the campaign, if you feel you can assist in this way contact the Victory Loan Committee at once. Your help is urgently required for this important work.

During the course of the campaign, an application form will be presented to you on which to record your subscription. Canada appeals to you. Buy to the limit, your cash first and a pay assignment as well. Do your bit, preserve your self respect, remember your support lightens the load of others. Don't leave the job to George-- he has his share to do already.

\$175,000--can we make it? Of course we can, with your help! We cannot fail. We shall not fail.

INVEST IN VICTORY

BUY SEVENTH VICTORY LOAN BONDS



EDITORIAL

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. 3

OCTOBER, 1944

EDITOR'S CORNER

A FEW days ago it was Thanksgiving, 1944, an occasion earmarked for meditation, a day in every year set aside for opening up our hearts in thankful prayer. This year, as a nation, we had more for which to give thanks than ever before—for guidance through five long, war-torn years until now when we can state with confidence that the "end of the beginning" is truly behind us. Thanksgiving, 1944, should long be remembered as a milestone in the annals of World War II.

We were reassured by the response of our plea last month for more red-blooded men and women. F/S McDonald reports a definite increase in donors but was quick to add that there is still plenty of room for improvement.

M.T.B. is ever dogged by D.A.P.S., and one of these times we're going to have a showdown because there just isn't room for both of us in the same airforce. Lend an ear to their latest insults. Not content with our problem in meeting Kay Fulmer's departure, they calmly upped and relieved us of F/S Harold Boughen, Sports Editor, and Sgt. Bob Ferguson, Assistant Editor. Both these boys were original staff members of M.T.B., and all our praise and thanks, for their untiring efforts, go with them.

To replace Hal Boughen as Sports Editor, we are fortunate in having the services of LAC Homer Foster, who made his debut in last month's issue. Homer has plenty of experience behind him as a sports writer for the Toronto Star, and follows every sports gathering like a hawk. Wherever No. 1 C.N.S. is performing, you can count on Homer being there.

Our new man behind the Sections Shots was P/O Wally Ewing, who turned in a creditable job for the October M.T.B. before he too was snapped up by D.A.P.S. Something will have to be done, and quickly, about this D.A.P.S. set-up.

The Women's Division now boasts two young ladies at their helm in the persons of Cpl. Vi Heinrich, as Women's Editor, and Cpl. Joei Pascuzzo, who has taken over "Here

'n There." This latter statement is made with reservations because at time of going to press, Joei was in No. 2 Training Command on Attached Duty, so we have our fingers crossed for her safe and speedy return.

The reader will note that we have spotlighted feature articles this month dealing with post-war problems. These are in keeping with our policy to keep everyone posted on government benefits and their plans for our rehabilitation. You are referred to the articles entitled "Are You Ready For Peace" and "Is A College Career Your Answer?" Both F/L Ferguson and P/O Mann have given much thought and time in preparing their respective articles and are well qualified to offer helpful advice on these timely topics.

Saving our most grievous grudge against D.A.P.S. until the last, it is now our painful duty to inform our readers of the posting to No. 2 Training Command, of our esteemed politician, F/L J. B. G. Kelshall. However, a bright spot remains in that F/L Kelshall has promised to submit his monthly review for M.T.B., a concession for which we are grateful, indeed. He has been appointed Accident Investigation Officer for this Command, and while we would like to see him at Rivers on pleasure trips, we hope his business trips here will be few and far between.

The semi-yearly drill course for officers and senior N.C.O.'s is providing our most current moan, being accepted with traditional service resignation.



Easily the most spectacular feat in September was our football team's thumping victory over Gimli in their first appearance in the Senior Service League. Barring postings and injuries, our boys should rate top place in Winnipeg's major league. At any rate, we are behind them 100 per cent, and hope the authorities will see fit to have one game played on home grounds.

It is fitting that Canada's Victory Loan VII should be timed to coincide with Thanksgiving month; it is urgent that every member of No. 1 C.N.S. personnel give serious consideration to his or her obligation, keeping in mind that the life blood of our actively fighting forces might well be measured in dollars and cents. The Victory Loan Drive opens officially on October 23rd. Can the boys "over there" count on No. 1 C.N.S.? Time will tell, but we've never let them down yet.



Top, left—F/S Hilton, our genial Fire Chief. Right—Rivers Fire Hall. Bottom, left (left to right)—F/S Hilton, Sgt. Lamb, Cpl. Reid, LAC Goulet, LAC McManus, and LAC Howard. Bottom, right—"The Pride of the Fleet."

Blaze Blitzers

DON COLLYER

FIRE Prevention Week was a good one in which to visit the Firehall.

At 2100 hours I reached the Station Firehall. I took it for granted the firemen would be on duty. They're always on duty, yes, even those on their bunks or reading or writing or playing cards. If ever the watchword "be prepared" carries its full significance, it was here!

Fire Chief Sergeant "Jack" Hilton lived up to that well known friendly and happy reception all firemen give visitors to their interesting headquarters. In a few moments we settled down to chat, as he lit our cigarettes from a match that seemed to know it was in good hands. This match actually tried no tricks. I watched it intently as it lay comfortably curling up in the ash-tray. Not a chance for mischief there, I thought.

"We have plenty of good equipment worth thousands of dollars," Flt. Sgt. Hilton explained. I replied that I realized this; though the stuff didn't seem to glitter like gold! All the time I felt conscious that my cigarette must not be laid down, forgotten on some table-edge just over someone's paper-stuffed wooden wastebasket. "Doesn't glitter! Then look in here," he replied. "We have a crash truck—a good one, but she's out in position for the night flights at present." He led me to the garage. The fire truck I saw there really looked studded with jewels as the slanting light reflected back her polished surfaces of red and metal.

"How many men have you?" I queried, "Fourteen of us, a sergeant, two corporals, ten aircraftmen and yours truly." "Say, the place looks really cared for," I remarked,

"both inside and out!" "Yes," replied the chief who good-naturedly tolerates no rubbish or dirt and whose men don't either. Their gardens and lawns are the best kept on the station.

Then I felt I should really stop bluffing, that I knew everything about a firehall and ask how a fire is tackled or an alarm answered. Briefly, here is the result in F/S Hilton's own words:

"Our chief job here is fire prevention *before* the damage by fire can occur. Our chief hazard? Why cigarette butts every time, that is, coupled with carelessness in butting or not butting them properly! We have very few chimney fires and virtually no cats to rescue for pretty housewives from trees or poles. But we do have a little trouble with electric switches and transformers during thunder-storms." Then he added, "You are wrong in saying there are only fourteen fire-fighters at No. 1 C.N.S. There are as many as the personnel you see around you, and one more—yourself!"

"Know where your nearest alarm box is. Try to put out the fire you may discover. If you succeed, no alarm is necessary, but you still must notify the firehall about it. If it proves beyond you, get to that box and pull the handle and stay there to direct the fire fighters as the blaze may still be concealed from outdoor view.

"The handle you pull transmits the number of the fire-box to four places immediately and automatically. Ticker tape begins rolling out its number. The interior firehall

Introducing S/L McLellan

TED MANN

WHEN we finally found that our new and already well-liked S.A.O. was "in" and available, and indicated that M.T.B. was interested in a short write-up, his first words were: "What does M.T.B. want to interview me for? I have no story to tell."

Perhaps Squadron Leader McLellan's ancestry helps explain this modesty, for he was born around the turn of the century in Greenoch, Scotland—which, Canadian readers, is on the mouth of the Clyde. With the outbreak of the Great War, he turned up to enlist in the Glasgow Highlanders at a "quite young" age, the exact figure being a secret and not approved by military authorities. It was at the great battle of the Somme in 1916 that the young Scotch infantryman got wounded and as a result had to spend six painful months in a hospital. To this day he bears the unfortunate marks of that battle.

After the war, the young veteran went from cost accounting to the grain business, meantime joining the ranks of those thousands of hopefuls who came "to make their

million," in the New World. Apparently our S.A.O. never intended to stay in Canada; anyhow he declares he came here first in 1923 purely on a visit but quickly impressed with what he saw, settled down in Winnipeg. No, it wasn't a girl either, for when he decided to marry, this Scotsman, loyal to his clan went back and married up with a lass from his home town. In between working for the Pool as a grain man, he has been back to the "ole country" six times since 1923, which proves something or other.

From the very beginning of his airforce career, which began in 1940, Squadron Leader McLellan has had his finger in interesting work. His first important job was as personal staff officer to the Air Officer Commanding No. 2 Command, namely Air Vice Marshal Shearer. Late in 1940 when he took over this job, our command had but two flying stations, Fort William and Saskatoon. Rivers station was not even on the map. During the next three years our S.A.O. assisted the Air Vice Marshal in opening up some twenty stations all across this command—a gigantic task and an achievement in which any man might well be proud to have a part. Among other stations, the two men were behind the construction of Rivers. (Ed's. note: The interviewer's question as to whether Squadron Leader McLellan did not consider that project perhaps a mistake, was ruled out as an impertinence).

When in 1943, Air Vice Marshal Shearer went to Ottawa as Director General of Economies, he soon called his old staff officer to be his executive assistant. Their new job was, in the S.A.O.'s own words, "To be watchdogs over R.C.A.F. expenditures the world over." In order to do this job properly the two men toured Canada extensively and inspected stations from Newfoundland to the West coast, becoming acquainted with their various stages of development and suggesting economies, where advisable. Many sizeable savings were thereby effected for the Canadian taxpayer. When Air Vice Marshal Shearer retired, our S.A.O. went first to No. 2 Command for a short while, then to Brandon, and after a few months, on to Rivers.

Make no mistake, this tall, handsome, vigorous administrator is no introverted desk-man. He has always been athletic, has played soccer, hockey, tennis, badminton and almost all outdoor sports of consequence, and, if we are any judge, has played them vigorously and well. One of his favorite games is squash, which as any fool plainly knows, is no kids game. Moreover, he is the type who frets to get overseas and will probably achieve his goal, too.



Our Senior Administration Officer S/L W. G. McLellan

gong tolls out its number and so does another similar gong in the telephone switchboard room. Two powerful sirens, one on the firehall and the other between barrack blocks 47 and 48 blast out a high-pitched and eerie wail for all to hear and act upon.

"The crews man the truck, its motor already turning over, and as the 'second round' or signal sounds on the gong and the corporal re-checks the tape, the attack is on!

"It took us one minute and thirty seconds to reach our farthest box, No. 32, which is at the S.W. corner of barrack block 55. Our line was laid ready for pumping, exactly two minutes after leaving the firehall."

I began to realize the significance of a good fire fighting unit. More than this I had a strange feeling I was part of the crew on that truck, whatever my own daily duties might be.

This station has a splendid "fire-prevention" record. The only bad fire occurred on the 13th of December, 1941, when part of the Parachute Section suffered heavy damage.

"Did you know there is a four hundred foot hose in each of the seven reel-houses at strategic points and literally dozens of extinguishers of several types on this station?" No, I didn't know this. How many feet of hose altogether? I give up!

Well, let's face the fact that it is possible for everyone

on the station to be familiar with the use and operation of each type of extinguisher.

I butted my cigarette thoughtfully as I wondered what I would do if I were suddenly faced with a fire leaping about right in front of me. "On the spot," and what do I do? Well, I know what my best defence would be—knowledge of the situation! With that I'm fairly certain to act upon it quickly enough, and without panic. Given a fighting chance I should win out. Frankly, I'll admit the odds are so heavy in favor of "Know your fires and how to prevent them," that I don't intend in the first place to allow a fire to start, through my own carelessness. Should one start, the odds against me are so heavy, especially in frame buildings, housing no end of inflammable stuff—both solid and fluid—that I know I'm licked unless I know what I'm doing when a fire starts. How do you feel about it?

Remember how, as a kid, you always liked firemen? They're still the same boys, so drop in for a visit to refresh your memory on preventing and blitzing blazes.

"Wherever the biggest fire in history was," F/S Hilton spoke, with determination, now, "its beginning was smaller than the burning tip of your match or cigarette." His strong fingers beat out the rhythm of his statement as he ground the life out of—you guessed it—that cigarette butt, our number one fire hazard on this station!

The Great Problem

F/L J. B. G. KELSHALL

WITHIN a comparatively short time, the war in Europe should be drawing to its bloody close. It will end with the Allied Armies driving deeply enough into Germany to surround and crush the Wehrmacht. With organized resistance ended the Allies can then rapidly over-run the



whole of the Reich, wipe out the Gestapo and the Nazi party and subdue those isolated bands of fanatic Nazis who no doubt will attempt guerilla war-fare. Hitler himself will either commit suicide melodramatically or more probably simply disappear. The Allied Commanders meanwhile will have assumed complete control of the German Reich and it will be governed by autocratic decree. There will come a day, let us hope it will be soon, when German resistance has been so generally subdued

that the Allied High Command can feel justified in announcing the conquest of Germany; that day will be "V" day.

Then what? Then we face the greatest political problem which this world has ever known. For, however great the ravages of that final savage fight there will still exist in the centre of Europe, a solid cohesive block of at least some seventy million Germans. They will be a beaten nation, yes, but a highly literate and skilful nation, and moreover one which will undoubtedly tend to forget the many evil and ugly things in Nazism and to remember instead the conditions out of which Nazism sprang.

Germany Had A Real Grievance

For the Nazis, with their particular brand of international Fascism, did not get control of Germany by magic, but by exploiting a widespread social discontent among the German people. It was a discontent which was justifiable. For an unbiased observer cannot deny that Germany had a real and justifiable grievance against the Allied powers between 1918-1938. These powers themselves, all competitors in the cut-throat competition of international capitalism, combined to eliminate Germany, whose highly developed industry was a threat to them all, from that race. They used the excuse of German aggression of 1914 to attain their end.

That aggression, while real enough, was the result of the policy of a few men, who at that time ruled the German state. It could certainly not validly be blamed on the German nation as a whole. Yet, using that aggression as their excuse, the Allied Powers proceeded to impose on the Germans a peace treaty which was designed to eliminate the German nation as a competitor in the world for world trade. Thus, to mention one of the more obvious steps, Germany was stripped of her colonies and these with the expanding markets they offered for manufactured goods, were divided among the victors. It was well known then, as now, that if a highly developed industrial economy such as Germany's is to operate satisfactorily under the capitalist system, outside markets for its products are indispensable.

As a result of the restrictions of the Versailles Treaty and of the economic policies of the Allied Nations in the post-war years German industry slowed down and almost stopped. Germany ran into a depression and an inflation, which it is difficult to believe had not been foreseen by the Allied statesmen at Versailles. With their industry literally dying the German people faced a dilemma. They could follow the Russians, adopt a controlled Socialist economy and attempt to gear production to their own use, an economic possibility, remember, which had not then been

proven by the Russian experiment, as it has been since. Or they could adopt the Fascist system which the Nazi party was then pressing vigorously in Germany. They adopted the latter or at least they allowed the Nazis to impose it upon them. The Nazi's success stemmed directly from the fact that they were preaching a philosophy of hatred, force and violence, while their opponents, the Communist and Socialist parties, were predominantly pacifist and liberal. At that time the Germans, particularly the young generation, who had had no hand in World War No. 1, yet were being made to suffer for their father's sins, were bitter, frustrated and vengeful. The Nazi philosophy filled their psychological need of the moment and they adopted it.

The Gospel Of Vengeance

And the Nazis had some success. By preaching the gospel of vengeance and war they were able to persuade the German people to accept a lower standard of living. By lowering their standard of living the Germans were able to put German industry back on its feet. But it was a false prosperity based on an evil doctrine and it led inevitably to the struggle in which we are now involved.

So that while it is perfectly true that two wrongs never make a right, perfectly true that nothing can excuse the evil methods which the German nation adopted to right their wrongs, yet it is also perfectly true that these methods were adopted by the German nation to right a real wrong, to remove a valid grievance. When they have been beaten in this war, the Germans will, as has been pointed out, forget the methods they adopted and remember only their wrongs. For, after all, they are humans and they have their share of human frailty. It is this real and honest sense of grievance which is the dynamite in the German problem.

Three Solutions For Dealing With Germany

What then is to be done? If the problem is examined it will be found that the solution can be sought for in three distinct ways:

1. Extermination

We can adopt the stand that the German nation is **inherently** militaristic, sadistic and evil. If we do so seriously, then the only logical solution to the problem is their total extermination. This of course is theoretically possible. There will be nothing to prevent us enlarging and perfecting the German method of "elimination" by the injection of air bubbles in the veins of the victims. As a practical proposition, however, the total extermination of the German nation will be impossible. Modern Germany is not tiny Carthage. Even if we could "eliminate" Germans at the rate of 20,000 a day, it would take, with natural increase, well over ten years. Moreover the excavation of graves or the cremation of the resultant corpses would be themselves engineering problems of the first magnitude. This argument as to the impracticability of such a course could be developed at length, but it would merely be a waste of time for the real argument against such a solution is that the conscience of the world would never permit it. It is nonsense to talk about any group of human beings being **inherently** this, that or the other. Generalizations are always inaccurate. Look for example at the excellent citizens both in the United States and here in Canada, who are of pure German extraction. Personally, I would hate to be responsible for any solution to the German problem which would deprive the world of the services of Thomas Mann or Einstein, to mention but two of many preeminent Germans. I therefore would be violently against any plan for the solution of the problem by total extermination of the German race.

Well, if we are not going to kill them all, what else can we do?

2. Treat As Wrong-doers

We can say, "Well, even if they are not **inherently** militaristic, at least the generations of Germans now living

have been made militaristic by environment and education." They have caused the world suffering and loss, and they must as a nation be treated as wrong-doers. They must pay and be punished. This seems a most attractive and logical proposition. All the more attractive because it can be so easily used to bring material benefit to us at the expense of Germany, while providing us a pleasant feeling of righteousness. We could for example "punish" the Germans by having them rebuild our homes without inquiring whether or not they themselves need homes more badly than we; or by seizing German machines and minerals; or by sharing among ourselves the richest parts of industrial Germany and shipping out the Germans. All this would be very easy to do at first. Remember the Germans will have been totally defeated. Their civil administration will be in the hands of our Armies, their legislature will be the Headquarters of our Commanders. And we could make it all sound very uplifting and idealistic indeed. Men have never been at a loss for pretty words to cover ugly deeds. There will be just one snag. We would have to enforce our punishment over many long years on a people who will be convinced that they are being wronged. It will take large armies to hold in check 70 million aggrieved Germans and the difficulty will grow more intense as time goes on. There will always be the realization and the fear that as soon as we relinquish control we must start preparing for another war in say ten years time. Personally, I do not relish the thought of spending five days, much less five years as a member of an Air Force Unit in Germany holding a glowering populace in check. I relish the thought even less because I am convinced that any such attempt will defeat the purpose for which this war has been fought.

After all this is not the usual sort of war; this is no struggle over a stretch of veldt or a strategic island or indeed even over world markets. Whatever some of our leaders may think about it this is, in fact, a war of ideas. The basic cause of the struggle is the conflict between the idea of international Fascism and the idea of international Socialism. An idea cannot be stamped out by force. While force may hasten the process by driving an idea underground, it can only be completely exterminated by demonstrating its untruth. Since men have an innate craving to be martyrs, the use of force alone against an idea invariably results in its spread. Christianity owes an immense debt to the Roman Empire for its attempt to stamp out the Christian religion. Communism similarly owes a great deal to the stupid attempts to exterminate it by force. No, if German Fascism is to be exterminated, it will not be by the use of force.

How else then?

3. Co-operation

Well, suppose we try co-operation and the force of example. We in the United Nations believe that the democratic system is the only really stable form of government, since it is the only form of Government which has the acquiescence of the majority of the government. We believe, moreover, or should believe, that if the democratic process is developed fully, its advantages will be so apparent that even fools will appreciate them.

If we make an honest attempt to aid the Germans in the creation of a real democracy I am convinced that the effort will succeed. We must first start by practicing what we preach; by honestly and sincerely attempting to back up the political system of democracy in the United Nations with the real equality which after all is the end and reason for political democracy itself. The success of the democratic system does not depend solely upon the political system of complete adult franchise. Democracy consists of more than the vote for all. The ideal of democracy, that is to say, the ideal of equality between men socially, politically and economically must be accepted and developed. We must then attempt to create a similarly effective democracy in Germany just as soon as it is consistent with the military necessity of defeating the German armies totally.

There are still in existence, in Germany and without, large sections of German opinion which are basically democratic. It should not be too difficult for the United Nations, without the obvious use of force, to encourage

and aid these democratic sections of German opinion. Such aid and encouragement plus the violent reaction from authoritarian Fascism, which is bound to occur after Germany's defeat, will undoubtedly result in a genuinely democratic government arising in Germany. That is the first step. The next step will then be to ensure the success of this democratic government and it can only be done by such economic co-operation on the part of the United Nations, as will result in an appreciable rise in the standard of living of all Germans.

This does not mean, however, that those Germans who have committed proven crimes against international law, or even against the more generally accepted humanitarian principles should be allowed to go free. No system of government, democratic or otherwise, can survive unless wrong-doers are brought to punishment. Those Germans, who have so committed crimes, must be tried and punished if found guilty. But it must be clearly demonstrated that they are being punished as wrong-doers and are not merely Germans bearing the brunt of our vengeance because they are Germans.

But once we have so punished the wrong-doers we must quietly and skilfully encourage the resurrection of democracy in Germany and we must then see to it that the new government of Germany is able to prove its superiority in the only really effective way. That is, by improving the standard of living of all Germans, and by providing fuller and happier lives for all Germans.

What Better Time?

Well, this sounds like a tall order, does it not? It will at first certainly mean a lowering of our own standards of living as compared to the halcyon days of 1929. It will certainly be "milk for the hottentots" in the eyes of many of our supposedly intelligent leaders.

Of course it is a tall order, but what is the alternative? After all, sooner or later we are going to have to quit talking and start working for our brave new world. Will there ever be a better time than this?



Sure feels good to be back in civvies again, eh, Maxie?

What About This "Russian Menace" ?

LAC A. DESPATIE

M.T.B. wishes to make it clearly understood that this article in no way represents the thoughts of the R.C.A.F., or any group of persons. It is the carefully presented reaction of an individual, LAC Despatie, who is entitled to present his side of the picture, the same as any free thinking Canadian. A former writer for the well known "La Press" of Montreal, Despatie enlisted in September, 1942, at which time he spoke scarcely a word of English. In preparing this article he had to write it out completely in French and then translate it in English.

THE reader of our M.T.B. who wants to keep an up-to-date understanding of what's going on in Europe these days, reads the columns written by F/L J. B. G. Kelshall. Smoothly phrased, his writings bear the mark of a democratically-minded gentleman; all the personnel on the



station who enjoy and study his articles will admit that they learn a lot in so doing. However, this sincere appreciation does not necessarily mean that we have to endorse all the statements appearing in M.T.B. under the name of F/L Kelshall. He expresses his own point of view of situations, so why shouldn't others have an equal chance to do likewise. These are some of the thoughts I had while reading the September issue of M.T.B.

In the outstanding article "Peace in Europe," the author, F/L Kelshall, emphasizes the idea of a "last hope for the Germans" and wants us to believe that,

" . . . 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.

" . . . Even non-influential persons and periodicals are playing up the 'danger' of Communism."

When debating a topic of so great importance, I would like to point out that there are always two sides to such a question. F/L Kelshall referred in his study to an article published in "Life" magazine under the name of William C. Bullitt, ex-Ambassador to France, and I am sure he did not go further in his investigations. Let us go back to July, 1943. The "Reader's Digest," although it may occasionally print incorrect information, is a fair-minded publication and from its condensed articles we can judge the average American's opinion. In its July, 1943, issue, this magazine published an editorial signed by Max Eastman: "To Collaborate Successfully . . . We Must Face the Facts About Russia." I quote the "Digest":

"Max Eastman had high hope for the Russian Bolshevik experiment—until he saw how it actually worked out. He lived two years in Russia, 1922-24, learned to speak the language fluently, and has studied Communism, both in theory and practice, more thoroughly than any other American."

These are Eastman's credentials. What he will say of Bolshevik Russia will be the truth—and we can always check his statements by comparing them with other writers, French, English and American, who were in Russia, studied the effects of Communism and saw Stalin's hordes at work. Here are a few facts, excerpts from Eastman's article. First of all:

"Let us remember that the stubborn resistance of the Russians no more justifies Communism than the stupendous assault of the Germans justifies Nazism."

We all know that the real Communism as laid down by Karl Marx was not the despotism invented by Lenin and

carried on by Stalin. In his book Marx had not in mind the mass murder and tyranny that took place, after his death, in Russia. He outlined a poetic revolution, without the use of arms—a persuasive upheaval. His immediate successor, Lenin, invented the system of totalitarian one-party technique, which stamps out personal freedom completely. Stalin perfected it, extinguishing in Russia the last surviving trace of the democratic concept of the Rights of Man. Let Max Eastman say what he has in mind:

"That Stalin is a dictator is the simple truth. And it is so important a truth that I am not going to leave it in my own words.

"The Soviet Union, as everybody knows who has the courage to face the fact, is a dictatorship as absolute as any dictatorship in the world."

"That statement, made by Franklin D. Roosevelt, February 11, 1940, is as true today as it was then."

There are people who think that we can do business with Stalin, simply by furnishing Russia with all the war tools she needs—or, by making speeches, movies or books, glorifying our ally. "This is, of course," as Eastman affirms, "the very opposite of what the Russians are doing. Soviet spokesmen make no attempt to 'sell' the Democratic way of life to their people. They do not permit agents of Democracy to propagate the overthrow of the Communist society."

So, why shouldn't we speak freely of what we know and think about communism? This is not an "attempt to drive a wedge between the Allies" or "a service to Hitler" or even "Fascism," but simply a plain speaking of minds—the sole basis for a lasting collaboration between us and Russia. As for the persistent communist propaganda directed by Moscow and operating all over the world, we can point out the following truths:

1. Wendell Willkie's description of those "barbed-wire concentration camps in various towns" which appeared in "Reader's Digest," had somehow dropped out of the article by the time it appeared as Chapter Five of his book.

2. When the book of the former U. S. Ambassador to Russia, Mr. Joseph E. Davies' "Mission to Moscow" was made into a movie by Warner Brothers, every item of the communist propaganda was inserted in the film, distorting not only the historical fact, but even the peculiar interpretation in Mr. Davies' own book. This film is anti-British, anti-democratic and anti-truth.

In reference to the above, these are only two ways of cajoling the minds of millions who believe that Communist Russia is an overgrown democracy. It is Stalin and all his followers who want us to believe that, not Hitler. There are, of course, simpler ways to weaken democratic capitalist America and Britain, i.e., creating disunity inside these countries; provoking racial and social conflicts, epidemics of hatred, suspicion, intolerance and political demoralization. Whatever method they choose is purely up to them.

You will say that these articles emanating from former lovers of Communism who have converted to our way of life, are merely revenge and that partiality is the main characteristic of the statements made. But everybody should know that statesmen and businessmen alike are going to Russia with a democratic background in their minds. They are supposed to be given the inside dope. Really, they are given a guide, a "perfect travelling companion," a puppet of the regime, who shows them only what the Soviet Party wants them to see, in other words, the top of the basket. They do not see the bottom layers,

Are You Ready for Peace?

F/L BLAIR FERGUSON

In preparing this timely message for M.T.B., F/L Blair Ferguson, a veteran of the North African Campaign, made a careful study of post-war business prospects during a recent trip to Eastern Canada. In particular, he canvassed the prospects for service men and women returning to former positions as well as for those who entered the armed forces direct from school or university. A graduate of Manitoba University where he majored in economics and statistics, F/L Ferguson was employed by the Canada Life Assurance Company as an investment analyst. In other words, he was entrusted to invest thousands of dollars in the best interests of policyholders, indeed a job for an expert. He is particularly well suited, therefore, to deal with this topic. Next month F/L Ferguson plans to explain the position of women at present holding jobs in industry and commerce.

THE rapid progress of the war in Europe has given rise to a great wave of optimism in Eastern Canada. The general opinion is that Hitler cannot hold out much longer. People realize that Hirohito will still remain to be beaten, but there is perhaps not as much keenness to get to grips with "those little brown bastards" as you find amongst the people of Western Canada. There is a lot of foolish talk which shows how shallow an impression the war has made on the lives of some people,—one young lady was heard to remark: "Oh! I just can't wait for the war to end so I can get some Chen-Yu nail polish again," — but, on the whole, people are doing some very sober thinking about the post-war period of readjustment.



In talking to men of authority in the government, in finance, industry, and the railways, I found evidence of good solid planning for the future. Some admitted that the swift liberation of France (Churchill termed it "as if by enchantment") had put them behind schedule in their personnel requirement surveys and new development studies; but the base has been well and truly laid. The business world will know its personnel requirements, and be ready to go ahead with new developments, as well as to resume services interrupted by the war, just as soon as the government flashes the green light.

In business and in the government the responsible men are determined that their former employees, men and women, who are now in the Services, will be given the best possible break when they return. They will receive first consideration in all post-war plans, but they must be ready to pull their weight and not expect a soft job for life.

Next will come the young men and women who went i.e., concentration camps, forced labor, threatening of the people.

Eric A. Johnston, president of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, had an intimate talk with Marshall Stalin and Premier Molotov at the Kremlin a few months ago, and reports what he heard and said to the Supreme Chief of the Soviets. Really, even if you go further and study this conversation, you will say that it was a colossal farce and there's no other name to qualify this supposed "conference of commercial understanding." I do not want to deprive you of reading such a revealing article. You can study it and make up your mind about Russia, because Russia has no intention of changing her policies to coincide with ours.

REFERENCES—"The Reader's Digest":

Sept, 1944—Walter Lippman, "U.S. War Aims," pages 120-123.

October '44—Eric A. Johnston, "My Talk With Joseph Stalin," pages 1-10.

October 1944—Alexander Barmine, "The New Communist Conspiracy," pages 27-33.

Walter Lippman's book, "U.S. Foreign Policy."

directly into the Services from the schools. There will be a good selection of jobs for those who do not wish to return to school or university, but they should realize that, unless they have had experience at the work they take up, they must be prepared to go through the mill and get their training just as everyone has done before them. Salaries are not high for beginners in business, particularly in the financial field. For example, before the war, the standard initial salary for a University graduate in the large insurance companies was about \$65.00 per month, and for the first six months at least, the average University graduate isn't worth half that. Even after six years their salaries would not have compared favourably with the wages of a skilled tradesman; but they would have been given a very sound and thorough business training which, with initiative and industry, might take them to the highest positions. However, most service people have saved a fair amount of money which could be used to tide them over such a period. The difficult thing will be to knuckle down to it, especially if you have been one of "The Brylcream Boys" dealing death and destruction from the skies.

Another class of veteran is the man or woman who had some experience in business or a profession, but does not wish to go back to the same line of work. This type may be more difficult to place. For jobs requiring experience the large companies will give preference to those who were with them before joining the Services. Therefore, the best chances for these veterans would appear to be in small or new companies, perhaps in new industries. It is a general policy among large established concerns to bring up from the ranks all their executive officers. However, there will be exceptions, where a job requiring particular experience or talent cannot be filled from the ranks of the company's present or former employees. Therefore, if you have had special experience or training and wish to apply it in a new sphere, you are well advised to make yourself known to companies or institutions which might need you. Write a letter, or better still, make a personal call if you have an opportunity. You will find that the top executives are usually more accessible than their assistants. If you have any sort of an introduction or entree, by all means make use of it.

Men and women in the Services have clearly shown leadership by volunteering for an active role in this war. Some people have questioned the precept that we have been fighting to *protect Canada from aggression*; no one can question the fact that Hitler, Mussolini, Hirohito & Co. threatened "the Canadian way of life," whether it be that of the Maritimes, Quebec, Ontario, The West, or The Pacific Coast. The present standing is one down, one caught off base, and one to go. We think our side will be up to bat before long. You are hoping to re-enter civilian life soon, but this country and the world still needs leadership. We must supply it. On returning to civilian life, therefore, we must be careful not to settle down in a niche and never come out except to march in a Dominion Day parade. Rather let us assume our responsibilities as citizens and do our utmost to make Canada what we would like it to be. For one and all a final note of warning—study all government schemes closely and be sure that in getting what you want for yourself, you do not mortgage the future of your children.

Is a College Career Your Answer?

P/O TED MANN

The author of this article, P/O Mann, is a graduate of the University of Toronto where he majored in sociology. While on leave in the East, Ted attended a student-sponsored conference at which the whole problem of post-war education was discussed by students, college heads and government officials. In this article he reveals the outcome of these discussions for the benefit of M.T.B. readers.

AS the Allies near victory, no personal problem more deeply concerns service personnel than that of landing a secure, well paid job after the war. Yet, one can ask almost anyone in the service, regardless of rank, about this question and receive an answer such as: "No, I haven't made up my mind yet; I'm not quite sure what I want to do. I've been thinking of taking more education, but . . ." In short, many of us are intrigued by our government's expressed intention of providing financial aid to those who are interested in a college education, but, not knowing all the facts, have yet to come to a decision.



College Years No Stop-Gap

Before discussing what aid the government intends to give and what qualifications hedge around that assistance, it is necessary to decide whether or not university education will amount to more than a stop-gap. In other words, will a three or four year course at college merely postpone the day you will be obliged to strike out into the business world looking for a job? What guarantee will you have that after a college course you will not be graduated into a depressed labor market where your education will count for naught and you must accept the first paltry job available? Will your college period, in brief, amount to more than putting in time and holding the wolf away from the door?

Due to the uncertainties of economic prosperity under our prevailing economic and social system, it is impossible to give a categorical answer to this question, but government plans are calculated to ensure that, in the general instance, college education will bring employment. In fact, the whole purpose of the government's bill, P.C. 7633, is not to educate so much as to train individuals for specific jobs. The plan is simple. Prior to college entry a war veteran will visit a rehabilitation committee which will assess his ability, discuss his plans and guide him to the choice of a university course which holds best promise of leading to employment after graduation.

Periodic Employment Surveys Are Planned

Surveys have already been made across Canada to determine what the employment needs will be in various industries and professions. The government intends to keep abreast of new developments in Canada's employment scene so that they will know approximately the number of openings that will exist in various branches of our country's economy in the early post-war years. Thus the rehabilitation committee will be in a position to advise the potential university student as to the course he should take. To quote the government, "The absorptive capacity of the profession must be taken into consideration in deciding whether it is in his (the veteran's) interest to enter this training. The candidate may sometimes have to be advised, if he shows promise, to train for some other occupation." Clearly, then, the government does intend that university education shall not be a pure stop-gap, but a means of training individuals for real jobs which are likely to exist upon graduation.

Certain facts already make it possible to predict needs and tendencies in some professions. For instance, the in-

terest already shown by those who have taken advantage of the government's aid in addition to inquiries that have come in, indicate that a very large number of veterans want to go into engineering and business administration. Interest is so high in these two fields, actually, that it is quite likely the rehabilitation committee will have to persuade certain persons not to take such courses for fear of glutting the market. On the other hand, surveys point to a great demand, for some years to come, for doctors, dentists and teachers, especially the latter. Other facts along this line may be secured from our personnel counselling officer, Flight Lieutenant McKay.

Who Can Qualify For College?

Now let us understand clearly just what positive aid the Canadian government promises to give veterans. Although it is not in the scope of this article, it must be pointed out that short-term vocational training projects, especially along technical lines, constitute a large part of the government's rehabilitation scheme. University training is offered to any veteran, man or woman:

1. Whose peacetime career was interrupted by service, (a) before admission to university or other training, or (b) after admission to university, or
2. Who through their service have incurred disabilities militating against the resumption of their pre-enlistment employment.

Thus, one is not required to establish that his formal education was interrupted by enlistment. It must be made clear, however, that in the words of the government circular "Training should not be regarded as a right or as a reward for service to the state. Training is more in the nature of compensation for loss of opportunity or skills resulting from a changed manner of living while in the armed services."

The Living Allowance For Students

A certain number of reasonable qualifications hedge about this government assistance. In the first case such government aid is only to continue for a number of months equal to the veteran's term of service in the armed forces. However, if you have been in the airforce two years, that 24 months entitles you to three years' college training, since the college year only covers eight months. This must further be qualified, however, because the government insists not only that you pass the final exams each year in order to receive aid for the following years, but also that you stand in the first quarter of your class. In short, you must do well and prove to the authorities that their investment of public funds in you is justified. Again, in order to qualify for the grant, you must begin the university training within 15 months after cessation of hostilities or discharge, whichever is the later date. Furthermore, the government reserves the right to decrease the amount of the monthly grant "by such amount on account of any wages, salary or other income such person may have received or be entitled to receive in respect of the period for which such grant is paid." Thus, students are not encouraged to work and receive wages during the college term, but to concentrate upon their studies. Finally, the applicant for government aid must meet two more standards. Firstly, he must prove to the rehabilitation committee that he has a "realistic occupational objective," and secondly, he must meet the university admission requirements.

Certain Problems Still Exist

Last month at a student conference in Toronto, attended

Signed The Book, Sir?

DON COLLYER

MEET Mr. Edward Thorogood, Mess Foreman at the Officer's Mess since the opening of the station. His birthplace is historic, being no less than Crystal Palace, London, England. Born on the 5th of April, 1883, he was soon to leave London for the lovely Isle of Wight where his family took up residence at Vetnor. His boyhood was well influenced by life at Vetnor close to the sea. On reaching early manhood, he surprisingly joined the army instead of the Navy on the 8th of January, 1906, as a private in the 2nd Battalion, Royal Fusiliers, City of London Regiment.

October, 1906, found him at Liverpool en route for India where he saw service until the 4th of August, 1914, at Jublepore, Calcutta and Silsundrabad. While there he played fullback for the battalion soccer team and refused to admit he holds a silver and a gold medal for two "All India Series" finals, one of the biggest aggregations of top soccer teams in the world.

After a short bivouac at Warwickshire he returned to England in 1914, when his regiment headed for ill-fated Gallipoli. There, they assaulted the cliff-dominated beaches on the 25th of April, 1915, only to be forced to evacuate in November of the same year. "Ted" knows all about machine guns strafing from murderous cross-fire positions

by government and university officials, some light was thrown on this last question. First, it was pointed out that if anything like the number of veterans estimated by the authorities apply for university training, the colleges will be faced with a very serious dearth of teachers and an almost impossible accommodation problem. Such congestion may well impair the standards of the education received, especially in the smaller colleges. It may also cause certain universities to raise their entrance requirements. At the moment, however, college heads are tentatively suggesting that they may admit older students, (presumably 25 and over) into the first year with less than the usual matric requirements. In some cases, depending upon the course which the veteran intends to take, he may be able to get into first year with only three instead of the usual five matric subjects. This cannot be taken to apply generally and as has been pointed out, undue congestion may force college registrars to become very tough about entrance requirements. There was also talk at this conference about instituting classes for returned men in matric subjects so that they might pass this hurdle quickly and still get to college within the 15 month period after discharge. It is quite clear, however, that the government is not going to interfere with the colleges' admission requirements nor give them any financial assistance in finding buildings for swollen enrollments. Finally, the college being a law unto themselves, will reflect varying policies regarding admission, so that those who lack full matric standing may have to investigate a number of universities in order to get satisfaction. American colleges, incidentally, are inaccessible under the scheme, except for those who propose to do Ph.D. work, or who can't find the same course in a Canadian college.

Extra Advantages of College

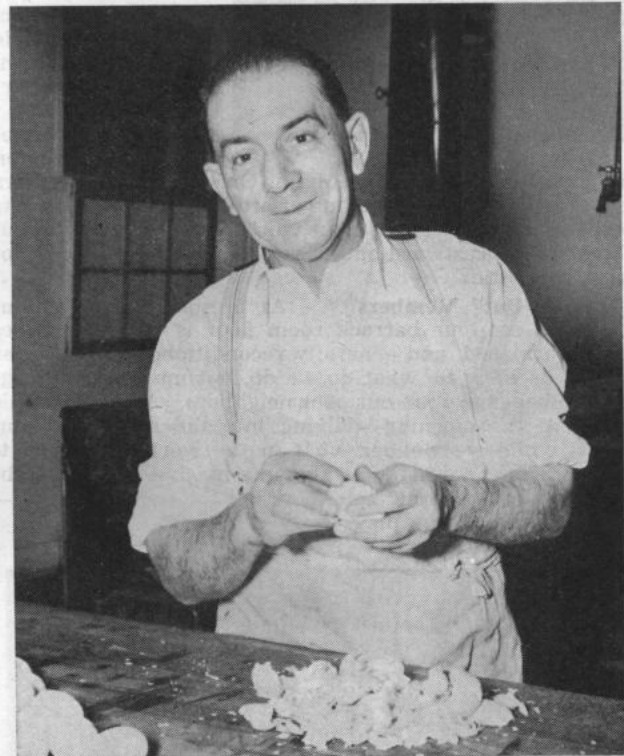
It should be clear that in spite of the hurdles, the government's scheme is still attractive. For those with the ability, the energy and the drive which a clearly defined goal in life supplies, here is a chance to secure specialized training at little expense and increase one's earning power threefold. At the same time one must not minimize the by-products of a college education which stem into widened cultural horizons, deeper appreciation of the treasures of our civilization and the winning of many stimulating friendships. Hence in weighing the pros and cons of taking a university course, besides the financial advantages one must give due importance to the fact that to alert young people, four years in college adds immeasurably to their capacity to understand and enjoy life in all its ramifications.

M. T. B. for OCTOBER

"up on the hill" but still maintains the Turks were gentlemen beside the Gerrys he later encountered in France when his regiment landed at Boulogne in 1915. He saw plenty of in-fighting at Albert, Arras, Amiens and Peron and was finally wounded severely by a "dum-dum" mushroom or "explosive" bullet which was his ticket to the splendid military hospital at Davenport for three months.

Anxious to return later he actually reached France but was sent to Proness Convalescent Camp. The war ended before he could take another jab at the Hun and he was discharged in London in 1919. Vetnor's call was loud and for a number of years Ted remained there at various jobs, his favourite being that of "Chief Bar Steward" at the Commercial Hotel, a large tourist centre.

In 1927 he came to Canada and headed west to try farming just north of Clanwilliam, Manitoba. Following this he worked in Brandon and then moved to Winnipeg where he took up the building trade in the construction of banks and telephone exchanges. When war broke out Ted headed for Rivers, arriving here in May, 1940. He has been three years and 5 months at the Officers Mess and says during this time he has enjoyed his work, his many memorable experiences and his life on the station generally. "This is the healthiest climate I've ever experienced" is Ted's conviction. "It makes folks happy—all said and done." Yes Ted—we'd really miss your cheerful grin around Rivers and, especially your ever-ready query after night flights.—"Signed the book sir?"



Mess Foreman "Ted" Thorogood

MOVIES FOR THE MONTH

- Oct. 12-13—**Merry Monahans.** Donald O'Connor-Peggy Ryan.
Oct. 14-15—**Janie.** Joyce Reynolds-Robert Hutton.
Oct. 16-17—**Dragon Seed.** Katherine Hepburn - Walter Houston.
Oct. 19-20—**Prisoner of Zenda.** Madeline Carrol - Ronald Coleman.
Oct. 21-22—**Minstrel Man.** Benny Fields-Gladys George.
Oct. 23-24—**None But The Lonely Heart.** Gary Grant - Ethel Barrymore.
Oct. 26-27—**My Pal, Wolf.** Jill Esmond-Una O'Connor.
Oct. 28-29—**Melody Parade.** Mary Hughes-Eddie Quillan.
Oct. 30-31—**Impatient Year.** Chas. Colburn-Jean Arthur.

Here 'n' There

CPL. "JOIE" PASCUZZO

THE "UNDER NEW MANAGEMENT" sign is hung out this month for "HERE 'N' THERE." We are well-acquainted with the dubious glances which accompany such a sign, and we scarcely dare hope that this effort will contain the finish and polish with which it was heretofore blessed under the capable leadership of S/O Fulmer, but lend us your ears, and we'll do our best.



As no doubt a great many of you know, S/O Fulmer was released from the Air Force and is "in the Army now" — most certainly a break for the senior Service. Rivers will surely miss her. We wish you the best "Ma'am," and may your days be happy days.

Welcome Rita . . . We welcome back Cpl. Rita Labelle, who is still wearing that "Temporary Duty" glow, as a result of a 4-week course at Trenton.

Rita is all genned up on Admin. Orders, Routine Orders, and what-have-you in the line of orders of the day. And in the same breath we say "Au 'voir" to Cpl. Dottie Riddell, who has gone eastward on the very same course. Hope you enjoy it, Dottie.

"Living Out" Members . . . At present we are "living out"—you see, our barrack room floor is being smoothed down, varnished, and generally reconditioned to within an inch of its life. So what do we do, but move in, dunnage bag and baggage upon our poor neighbors. And you should see us in the morning—delving into the recesses of one locker, while we wonder what in the world happened to the thingamabob in the thingamajig that was in the whoosit. But soon our neighbors will be living in on us—so turn about is fair play.



Married on Friday, October 6th, in the Station Chapel. Reception in the Hostess House.
Left to right—F/S Don Merner, Cpl. Walker, LAW Val. Ianson, F/S Cliff Label F/S Mike Petasky, Padre Gowdy at rear.

Our Riding Enthusiast . . . Did you ever see anyone as enthusiastic about riding as that little Ann Rusnack, who is responsible to a great extent for the dainty, well-balanced meals which come forth from the Hospital Kitchen? Just about eventide we see a horse and rider bobbing on the horizon, and know that Ann is out for an evening's canter. She can really handle horses, too.

Bon Voyage "Canada" Boys . . . The W.D.'s are casting longing glances in the direction of the coveted "CANADA" badges so many of the boys are wearing right about now. 'Tis whispered that they are India-bound, and of course we are just as thrilled as can be that this grand opportunity has been laid before them. Heaps of very best wishes from the W.D.'s, boys and bon voyage.

Refreshing 48's a la carte . . . Most of the girls know about the lovely Leave Centre in Brandon, supervised by the very efficient and charming Mrs. Church. Honestly, girls, there's absolutely no need to spend your 48's in barracks when there's such a swell place to go to—lovely lounge where you can sit in your housecoat and listen to your favourite programme—spacious reception room downstairs where you can entertain your boyfriend, if you so desire—and believe us, if you haven't tasted those delicious butter tarts that Mrs. Church makes, sister, you've really missed something. About ten yards from the C.P.R. Depot, you'll also find a convenient spot in the Recreation Centre which is sponsored by the War Services. It's a honey of a place, with Wurlitzer, dance floor, checking facilities, snack bar, and the grandest writing room upstairs. The people are so wonderfully genuine, and generous with their time and good spirit. And they love the lads and lassies in uniform.

And speaking of Hostesses . . . We have two very charming ones here on the Station—Mrs. Dick and Mrs. Tedmarsh at the Hostess House. You've probably seen Mrs. Dick at our Saturday night dances, sitting smilingly on a chesterfield, chatting with the boys and girls, that lovely white hair of hers shining in the lamplight. She's so interested in everyone, and has a delightful sense of humor. We know the "Welcome" mat is always out for W.D.'s at the Hostess House.

"Shoes and Rice" . . . Never an issue of M.T.B. goes by but what there isn't an "old shoes and rice" item—and this time we extend our very best wishes to S/L and S/O Morton (We were almost going to say "Mr. and Mrs. Squadron Leader Morton—it doesn't sound too unusual, at that—Wonder what K.R. (Air) has to say about it?). We think the custom of being escorted through Camp in the ancient democrat should be adopted as a traditional welcome for all our C.N.S. newlyweds.

"All Personnel Remove Hats" . . . There have been a number of these intriguing signs about lately, and now when we enter a building, automatically we doff our caps. It gets to be a habit after a bit. We tremble, however, at the thought of returning to civilian life. We have a mental picture of us strolling into a smart tea just about five o'clock, and suddenly, and without warning, yanking off the divine creation which tops our curls.

Rehabilitation . . . Rumor has it that the girls will be taking instruction in the culinary art, and also dressmaking will be taught. Should be sort of fun, shouldn't it? We're sure, that away down deep most girls have the desire to learn to cook and to sew. Of course, we know that this latter won't mean much to girls like Bart Bartholomew, the dit-dah girl, who has reached the stage where she tailors her own garments. Clever girl!

Where Else But Rivers . . . Station life has its moments. Where else, but a Navigation School, would a boy go out walking with a girl, their faces upturned heavenward, while with rapturous expression he waxes eloquent and no one even bothers to give a second smiling glance. They know darn well that he is probably telling her all about Betelgeuse—or Polaris—or Bellatrix!

Presenting S/L and Mrs. James Morton



"Here they come!"



Left to right—Mrs. W. A. Murray, Fl/O W. Wright, S/O A. Laidlaw and, of course, our new bride, Mrs. J. Morton.



"Look happy, don't the!"

New Women's Editor

CPL. VI HEINRICH

THE departure of S/O Kay Fulmer last month left a serious problem for M.T.B. but per usual things worked themselves out as they have a habit of doing if given half a chance. Into our fold stepped a young lady of wide acquaintance in the person of Cpl. Vi. Heinrich of our Station Hospital, who has undertaken the assembling of W.D. material for forthcoming issues of M.T.B. She will have the direct responsibility of covering personalities and in general keeping us posted on the girls. Her job is a big and important one and we know we can count on her. But can she, count as readily on W.D. support and assistance? So go to it girls, make of your section what you will.



CPL. VI HEINRICH

★

"Number Please?" . . . Did you ever stop to think about the tedious hours spent behind a telephone switchboard? We happened to be passing by one day, and unobserved, poked in our head, in typical womanly curiosity. Buzzers kept going, lights kept flicking on and off, plugs were inserted and removed—and all the while, with perfect equanimity, the cool voice of the operator kept reiterating: "Number, please" — or — "Sorry, that line is busy." Just to look made us confused. We've often wondered if telephone operators build up a mental picture of an imaginary person to suit a voice which comes travelling through space. At any rate, bouquets to the girls who so patiently play their parts behind the scenes: Elsie Beecham, Peg Liban, Hazel Hamilton, Marg. Bennett, Muray Chamberlain, Jessie Dunc—and to AC1 Patterson, the owner of the masculine voice which occasionally comes booming over the wire.

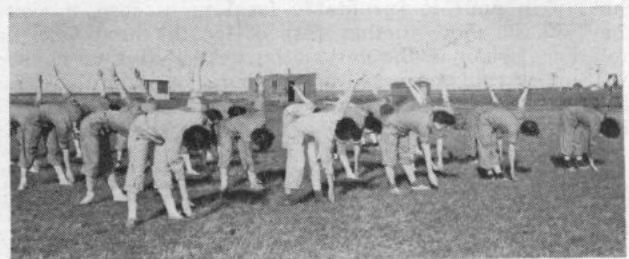
And finally P.T.! . . . "Have you got your P.T. hours in for this week?" is a very familiar one. We've found that thinking about it is much, much worse than the actual proceedings. It can develop into real fun, under the supervision of Cpl. "Churchie" Church, and LAW Kay Payne. We really enjoy it when we jaunt off, breathing deeply of the Manitoba air, while the sun and wind play tag with our tossing locks.

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Greetings With a Smile



Our pleasing postal clerk—who never fails to greet her customers and friends with a smile and word of cheer—is none other than Cpl. Dot Goodchild. Dot hails from Montreal. Her occupation prior to enlistment two years ago was stenography and office clerk. She is fond of all sports—particularly bowling, tennis and cycling. Dot ventured forth and feared the "Wilds of Rivers" Januari 1sst, 1943. Her ever-ready smile has always been one of the bright lights in the Post Office and has won many friends. Keep up the good work, Dot, we are all proud of you.



W.D.'s at P.T. "that men may fly."

Stories From Ops.

C. L. FRANCIS

Flt. Lieut. Herschel E. Reilley

THE assignment of interviewing a returned "Ops" man for M.T.B. was approached with no little trepidation. The first job was to find Flight Lieutenant Reilley, the second to get him to talk. For twenty minutes we probed from him the facts that he worked for a construction materials company at Asbestos, Que., before the war; that he transferred to the R.C.A.F. from the R.C.E. in July, 1940, and trained at Regina, Mossbank and Rivers; that he spent 31 months continuously on torpedo-carrying Beauforts of Coastal Command in England, Malta, Egypt and Ceylon.



He then opened up and we enjoyed an hour forgetting our assignment and listening to a vivid description of the bazaars of Bahrein in the Persian Gulf, where there are no taxes whatsoever (Mr. Ilsley, please

note) and everyone lives comfortably off the oil wells; of its airport, on Muharak Island, just above sea level, that has a peculiar "cushion" effect and you never know just when you are airborne; of gem-purchasing in Ceylon and how not to be taken for a sucker; and of life in barracks beside a jungle runway with a roof of coconut-leaves.

The sleuth in us (or was it just our conscience?) came out again and we pried him with questions on his Coastal Command duties. It was strictly low-level work apparently: Ft./Lieut. Reilley claims that all the time overseas he never flew over 1500 feet. They caught a sub just as it surfaced one day in the Bay of Biscay and scored a "kill" with depth charges. Another assignment was to lay mines in daylight in the harbor at Brest, with everything around throwing stuff up at them.

After a year in England, he moved with the squadron in June, 1942, to Malta. This was in the days of El Alamein, when the Germans were shipping everything possible across to Rommel in Africa. The Beauforts sank a Trento-class cruiser, a 14,000-ton transport with tanks and men packed on its decks, and other merchant-men. After three months, the four crews that remained of the original 30 went to Egypt for a rest.

After being refitted, they proceeded to Ceylon via Bahrein, Karachi and other stopping-points. The Japs had raided Colombo on Good Friday and Trincomalee on Easter Sunday in none-too-profitable fashion; in case, however, they should show further respect for the next Christian holiday, Christmas, the authorities were taking no chances. No further raids occurred and sixteen long months passed almost without incident on two single-runway jungle aerodromes.

Finally, in February of this year, Flight Lieut. Reilley was posted back to England. Here (sorry to disappoint you, girls) romance blossomed—a Canadian girl from Winnipeg in the W.A.A.F. After six weeks of married life, the Air Force intervened to send him back to Canada—eventually to Course 48 S.N.I.N., Rivers.

Flt. Lieut. Frank A. Sutherland, D.F.M.

TWO tours of operations with Bomber Command, one of them with a pathfinder squadron, are enough for most men; but not for F/O Sutherland, D.F.M., who, after a brief return to Canada and Course 48 S.N.I.N., Rivers, is going back to semi-operational duties with 168 Squadron on the "Mail Run."



A native of Toronto, he transferred to the R.C.A.F. from the R.C.A. in Dec., 1940, and trained at Victoriaville, Malton, Jarvis and Pennfield Ridge, New Brunswick.

"Exciting moments? Yes, there were a few," replied Frank to our questions. "Once we made the nearly fatal mistake of doing a dummy run in the Ruhr, over Duisberg. The searchlights coned us for eleven minutes and the ack-ack gunners nicely plastered us

"Another time when we were over the target, a leak developed in

the pilot's oxygen mask and the Flight Engineer had to steady the controls. Our skipper revived in time and brought us back safely, however."

He completed his first tour in May, 1943, and then instructed in O.T.U. for seven months before going on pathfinders. During this time he was commissioned. "Pathfinder work is easier" he declared. "You get in there before the enemy is ready and don't have to face nearly as much flak or fighter opposition."

Of the original 32 Observers who graduated with him, Frank knows of only one other survivor—"Soggy" Norton of Ottawa Rough Riders rugby fame, now a prisoner of war in Germany.

The trip back to Canada was made in a Halifax, the first one to come to this country. His skipper was Flight Lieutenant G. G. "Sudsie" Sutherland, D.F.C., D.F.M., of Winnipeg, (no relation) who had also completed his second tour.

Frank has stayed single thus far in life, but ventured the opinion that English girls are "wizards." English people in general are "incredibly kind to Air Crew, especially Canadians," he added. We mentioned London and leaves—Frank smiled, then solemnly averred that all distances in London are measured from the Regent Palace Hotel, Piccadilly Circus. Not wishing to argue the point, we changed the subject.

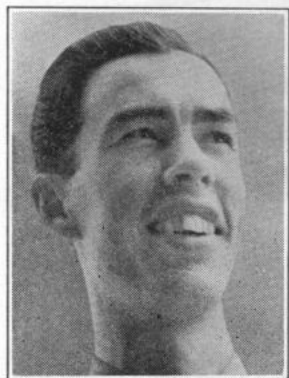
"Future plans? Extremely vague, believe me," came the abrupt answer. "Perhaps the permanent Air Force—then again, I've often wanted to get a job in a financial institution—we'll see."

Post-war plans? "Depending on opportunities," says Flight Lieut. Reilley. We're betting that the immediate all-consuming problem is how to get together with a certain person again. Here's hoping you get that opportunity soon—and the others you deserve from a long arduous tour of duty for the allied cause.

SPORTS PARADE

H. J. BOUGHEN

DURING the latter part of September the Sports Committee held meetings to clarify and organize the fall and winter program. No. 2 training command has commenced football, and it is understood the Brandon arena is encouraging the service



understood the Brandon arena hockey leagues to play games there this year. Basketball and volleyball will continue as major sports and curling undoubtedly will hold its appeal. Bowling, a game without postponements, can handle a lot of players.

There is a real jam packed program. Among the sports recreation features anyone at C.N.S. should find some game of interest. A second look at the program makes the writer think "what a time to be posted." It all came about very suddenly and by the time this issue is released we'll be on our way to the hot spot.

A few Riverites became members of this large school when it had another name. Our travel was limited so that some disliked the ordeal while others made the best of the surroundings. As the years slipped by handshakes followed handshakes as the turnover of men went ceaselessly on. Gradually, the ole' boys of Rivers have thinned out, and now the author of Sports Parade has been given his turn to move on after four years of pleasant memories.

Soon after M.T.B.'s release, Dave Ritchie was approached to include in this magazine a monthly sports column. Hence it became my happy lot to serve M.T.B. Dave was a truly great chap to work with and until you realize the effort he puts into M.T.B. every month you are taking the magazine for granted. I am convinced many miles of travel are between me and another person with the drive of the editor-in-chief.

To those players on future station teams is wished continued success. If you don't make the big team don't feel badly because there will be house leagues in all sports to get you in the game.

In the September issue Homer Foster made his debut in the Sport section. He was in Northern Ontario covering news for the Toronto Star before donning a blue uniform. His Sports Round-Up column last month was excellent and should attract your future attention for up-to-date sport news. Homer is very interested in station sports and gets play-by-play description of every game.

On leaving it was suggested that we Riverites submit a monthly column from wherever we are stationed. The idea was accepted by ye editor, so under another title yours truly will still keep his pen in front of you. Looking back, it was an enjoyable stay at Rivers. Many things took place to make this fellow realize his life is richer for the experience.

★

Roney and Dale Outstanding In Track Meet at Brandon

The annual B.D.S.A.A. track meet was held in the "Wheat City" last month, Barney Lewis running the program.

M. T. B. for OCTOBER

Ideal conditions prevailed for the men and women from the Army and Air Force.

Early in the afternoon Bill Roney placed second in a 100-yard heat and Dales won the pole vault for C.N.S. Roney took a 220-yard heat and final going away from the field. The 100-yard final was the feature sprint as Roney beared down to cop his second first prize. Dales made a neat high jump to win his second event. The remainder of the Rivers club was minus the stars of the MacDonald and Winnipeg Meets.

The W.D.'s were trying in every event but the army girls carried away the major share of the ribbons. The score board showed C.N.S. in second place after the adding had been completed.

★

Maple Leaf Hockey Star

Called upon to pinch-hit for the Sports Editor, we had the pleasure of interviewing a man well-known in professional hockey circles—Don Metz, of Course 110 Navigators. Don played for Toronto Maple Leafs from the spring of '39 to the end of the play-offs of '42. In so doing, he followed in the footsteps of his older brother, "Nick," a faithful on a famous Leaf forward line for eight seasons.

Stocky, well-built, shy and retiring by nature, Don answered our questions with an obvious dislike for publicity. "Yes, he enlisted in the Army in May of '42 and took Basic Training at Regina and Prince Albert. His home is in Wilcox, Sask. He transferred to the R.C.A.F. in Dec., '43, and hoped to become a pilot—but recent developments in the training plan ruled out that possibility."

Don thinks that at 28 he is getting too old to go back to professional hockey after the war. Post-war plans are still indefinite. "Professional hockey is a hard game—you're working, not playing, when you reach that stage," he confided, and added: "I enjoyed playing baseball twice as much and got nothing out of it." Don helped lead the way to the B.D.S.A.A. Baseball Championship when Rivers defeated Shilo in two straight games. "Navigation is a full-time job and I am going to try to handle only one job at a time," he declared, when queried about station hockey.



LAC Don Metz

Rivers Pathfinders Classy Team

OUR FOOTBALL COACH

"DISPLAYING unexpected strength in all departments of the game Rivers Pathfinders chalked up somewhat of a surprise victory in the Service Football League Saturday by soundly thumping Gimli Hurricanes 24 to 0 at Osborne Stadium.

"The Pathfinders placed a well-drilled machine on the field despite lack of equipment for strenuous workouts. Working with a well-balanced line and two spinning half backs, Rivers had too much power for Gimli throughout the sixty minutes of play."

Thus the Tribune reported our Pathfinders initial appearance in the Service Football League. This wasn't good enough for M.T.B.'s readers so we hounded elusive coach "Shanks" Foster for a "play behind the play" description and came up with some real "gen."

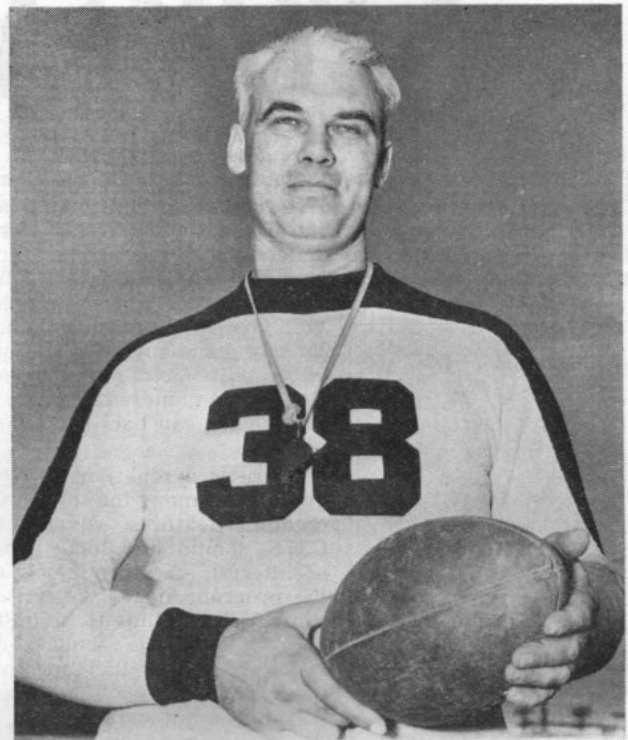
To get the true picture we must take you back and explain the Tribune's reference to "lack of equipment for strenuous workouts." Can you imagine any team facing major competition in three days time and not even enough equipment for six-man football? Yet this was true at Rivers. Was it any wonder newspaper scouts publicly discounted our chances before the contest even got underway.

But enough of that, let's get on with the game. The day was foul as foul can be. The rains came, snow fell freely, the ball was slippery, the field was muddy but the game went on. Counting heavily on a fast aerial attack to provide the punch our boys were obliged to change over completely to ground attacks. And when you are outweighed in every single department such a decision is a tough one. Sized up as our team's weakness the line proved the greatest single surprise feature of the game, giving superb blocking on every play. Particularly outstanding on the line were Pestolis, Bebeau, Hart and Scott.

In the booting department Clemens' performance had the crowd gasping. His kicks averaged 50 yards and far outstripped anything the opposition had to offer. In praising Clemens, "Shanks" Foster stated that not until after the game did he learn that Clemens had never played anything but six-man football in his life.

The greatest single contributing factor in our success? "Pure guts and a will to win. In my football career I've never been connected with a gang displaying more team spirit," answered Foster. If any player could be singled out in this feature of the game it is Art Bray, centre who was a tower of strength and kept the boys in high gear by constantly talking up the game.

Quarterback Nick Staynor proved an outstanding field



F/O Roe "Shanks" Foster

general, calling every play. A classy ball totter, Nick played heads-up ball all the way and along with Clemens and Hart went the limit for sixty minutes.

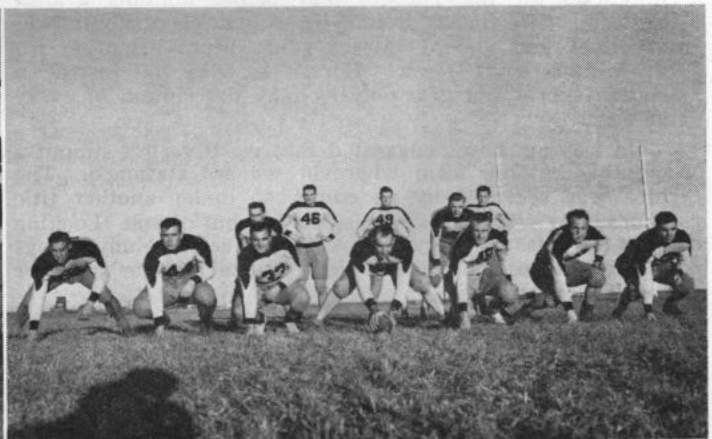
To mention only a few of our stars, Murphy at end, did some beautiful downfield tackling and blocking; Meyers, who plays any backfield position equally well, pinch hit for Bray when the latter was hurt, intercepted a pass, shook off four tacklers and ran for a touchdown; Huffman, flying wing, did an outstanding job with some superb blocking which paved the way for our ball carriers; Lloyd Boivin's open field running was sensational; McCaig only played 15 minutes before being forced to retire with a nose injury but in that time he certainly impressed with his terrific line plunges; Kozak's running game was a treat.

Questioned about our club's chances against the other teams, Foster stated emphatically that our present team could lick anything in the league. Postings and injuries, however, would tell the tale.



In a Huddle with Quarterback Nick Staynor

Left to right—Moore, McCaig, Clemens, Kozak, Huffman, Murphy, Dulmage, Scott, Bray, and Hart.



Pathfinders' Linemen and Backfield

Left to right, line—Moore, Hart, Pestolis, Bray, Scott, Bebeau, Murphy; backs—Staynor, McCaig, Clemens, Huffman, and Meyers.

Baseball

H. W. FOSTER

A lot of first class baseball has been exhibited by the station team this year, and Manager Jack Menzies and his crew deserve plaudits for their efforts on the diamond. The locals have shown more than enough power and tight defensive play to overwhelm any district opposition and there are not a few, including this writer, who believe they had a good chance of bringing the command championship home with them if it had not been for some tough luck in the form of injuries.

The task of organizing a team on a flying station is not an easy one, and it must have been rather disheartening for Jack Menzies at times. However, Jack, a mildspoken chap, has a definite organizing ability, which combined with his like of obstacles and the result was a top-notch club which Jack has moulded into a strong team. Jack handled the catching duties himself but had to retire from that position in favor of first base when he received a very painful shoulder injury in one of the Winnipeg contests. Seeing him spark the boys to one victory after another and observing his handling of the team, it is not hard to find one reason for the success of the locals.

The hurling assignments were well taken care of by two splendid moundsmen, Jack Kenner and Jack Giesbrecht. Both are tall, impressive figures on the hill and both have blazing fastballs, which have had the opposition swinging madly at thin air all season long. Kenner hurled the boys into the command semi-finals and finals and was well on the way to pitching them to the B.D.S.A.A. Championship, when this was written. Giesbrecht has elbowed his way to several wins throughout the regular season and appeared well on the way to winning the command championship title when he was hurt in taking a first base play.

Bill Roney, patrolling centre-field, is unquestionably one of the finest outfielders in the district and probably in the west. His lightning pegs (no relay) from the outfield to the plate drew praise from everyone who has seen him in action, including the Minish-minded Winnipeg publications. It's a real thrill to watch Bill throw a man out at home from away out there in the grass. Bill is no slouch in the batting department either and if batting average records had been kept, he would be well up near the top.

We could go on talking about these fellows for hours, but unfortunately we haven't the space, so we must content ourselves with just a brief mention of a few of the others. Midi "Blackie" Blaquiere, who came in from his short stop spot to take over Manager Menzies' job after the latter had been hurt, has been one of the club's stalwarts throughout the summer, proving himself a capable receiver as well as a good short stop and batter. Nick Staynor, at second base, Desautel at third, McNeil at first and Slyzuk in the outfield, all merit more than a mere mention but I'm afraid that is all we can do this time.

All in all, Rivers can be proud of the reputation these players, and the others who make up the team, have established for our station on the hardball lots.

Pathfinder's line-up:

Moore	end	Huffman	backfield
Zenick	line	Meir	backfield
Bray	line	Clemens	backfield
Pestolis	line	Boivin	backfield
Hart	line	Kozak	backfield
Murphy	end	Dulmage	backfield
Panchysyn	end	Harley	backfield
Bebeau	line	McCaig	backfield
McNeil	line	Carling	backfield
Porter	line	Foster	coach
Thompson	end	Gibson	M.O.
Bower	end	Arn	lineman
Scott	line	Stewart	trainer
Jampolski	line	Laikens	trainer
Staynor	backfield		



Softball

H. W. FOSTER

Over in the softball department, another powerful club was going great guns until it ran into some tough luck and lost a crucial play-off contest to a definitely inferior Brandon team which went on to win the command championship. But for that loss the home team would undoubtedly be the command title holders today, and we are willing to wager that our boys could trounce the same Brandon outfit if an exhibition game could be arranged. Such a victory would be small compensation, but the locals are eager for an opportunity to show one and all that they were not beaten by the Brandon boys, but by an unfortunate misplay on their part. And we would like to see them get that opportunity.

Perhaps the saddest player over the failure of Rivers to go on to the finals, is Manager Harold Carling. Harold had done a splendid job of moulding the locals into a strong winning organization, and it must have nearly broken his heart to see them miss the big chance of the year.

One of the hardest hitting players we have ever been privileged to see in action on the softball diamond, is first baseman Doug McCaig. The leading home run slugger of the club, and of the district, Doug has shown tremendous power at the plate and has played excellent defensive ball too.

One of the finest all round athletes on the station, Nick Staynor, softball, baseball and rugby star, holds down the short stop position on Harold's line-up. Nick is an all round good player, a heavy hitter and a great defense man.

The outfield trio, Neal, Clemens and Harley, are, without doubt, the best in the district handling scores of chances without flaw. Red Neal is a great fielder, grabbing anything that is within a mile of him and having a splendid peg to the plate. He is one of the best softball fielders we have yet seen on the field, some of his running catches saving many a game for the locals. Clemens and Harley are good defensive players too, and are heavy sluggers at the plate.

Stan Pike, the club's only hurler, has been one of the main-stays of the team throughout the summer. His pitching has been tops, in fact we have yet to see a district moundsmen who can equal him in this department. His fast ball is really just that with plenty of "stuff" thrown in for good measure.

Bud MacDonald at second is another stalwart of the club, handling the middle sack with a great display of errorless fielding. Hamon and Michie behind the plate have also given fine exhibitions of first rate softball.

"Don" Flight Softball Champs of Rivers



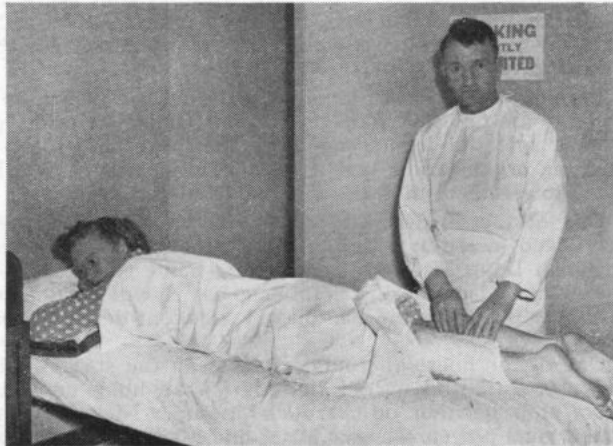
Back Row, left to right—F/S Jones, F/S Dulmage, Cpl. Browning, Cpl. Clark, P/O Panchyshyn.
Front Row—Cpl. Pollard, Sgt. Turgeon, LAC Michie, Cpl. Cchnare, and Cpl. Laing.

Feeling Muscle Bound?---See Scotty!

DON COLLYER

BORN in Elgin, Morayshire, Scotland, in 1896, some four miles from Lossiemouth, birth place of Ramsay MacDonald, Cpl. R. M. "Scotty" Stewart, our station physio-therapist finally granted an interview for M.T.B.

May we introduce a remarkable sportsman? Remember too, "Scotty's" Dad fought in the South African War and his mother at ninety-five is still living in good health in Aberdeen, Aberdeenshire, Scotland.



Cpl. "Scotty" Stewart

The family moved from Elgin to Aberdeen in 1908 where Scotty continued his schooling with his five brothers. One brother was killed in the first Great War, the remainder are again serving in this war as in the last. Asked how he liked Aberdeen he replied: "It's a grand city, third largest in Scotland." Incidentally, Aberdeen's population is over three hundred thousand.

Scotty played junior football for Richmond and Maggiesmoss and professional football for Aberdeen Seniors for one glorious season. He won the Boy Boxing Championship in Aberdeen at the age of fourteen.

In 1914, he joined the Gordon Highlanders, was wounded in France and discharged in 1915. This obstacle was apparently surmounted in 1915 when he joined the Medical Corps, but in 1917 he was again discharged owing to shrapnel wound and shell-shock. Later in 1917 the old regiment again found Scotty with the Gordon Highlanders until his final discharge in 1919. During this time he won the lightweight boxing championship for the Scottish Command at Edinburgh.

A memorable football game was played at Boulogne, France, in 1916 in front of Field Marshal Foch, David Lloyd George and the King of Montenegro. "Scotty" was, as he puts it, lucky enough to score the only two goals of the game" and as the youngest and most effective player that day on the team, he met the above celebrities.

"Scotty" arrived in Canada in 1920 and came west to Moose Jaw, Regina, Saskatoon, North Battleford and Killarney. He soon became a well-known player and coach in football circles. It was in Saskatoon that he married and established his home. He looks forward to his 48's and has good reason to, judging by photos of his four attractive daughters and lovely home. One son and himself are thus roundly outnumbered.

From 1924 to 1927 Cpl. Stewart was placed in charge of touring Old Country professional soccer teams across Canada, arranged by the Dominion Soccer Association.

Putting his knowledge of boxing to good use he trained Gordon Wallace of Vancouver who became welterweight champion of Canada; Dick Demray, welterweight of Bismark and Del Fontaine of Winnipeg. He also trained Ted Moore, middleweight of Plymouth, England (while the latter was in Vancouver) for his fight with Max Schmel-

ling which later took place in England.

In 1942 and '43 he was trainer for the Saskatoon Flyers which numbered Eddie Wiseman of the Boston Bruins. Hoping he would get overseas he had already joined the R.C.A.F. in 1941 at Saskatoon and arrived at No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers in May, 1943.

Since his arrival he has been right in the forefront, coaching R.A.F. soccer teams made up of boys on course. Often he has coached and managed without help, arranging for transportation and equipment and patching up injured players. His name is well known and his presence a real asset to our station hospital, where his cheery Scottish accent and humor lighten many a long day spent in convalescence. Scottie's latest assignment is our already famous Pathfinders for whom he acts as trainer.

Next time you meet "Scottie" try coaxing a few good yarns on the many great games and fights he remembers so well.

★ After The War, What?

The governments in Canada and Britain have recently passed bills to assist the rehabilitation of veterans. Do you know all the provisions they make for your re-establishment? Are they going to be adequate? Is it not true that a great many airforce personnel look forward to the post-war period with a gnawing sense of insecurity?

A certain group on this station want to see this problem and similar problems of peace-time adjustment clarified. If you are interested in trying to hammer out the answers to these and allied questions, you are invited to the new station discussion group. After a competent leader has presented the main facts, you can join in and profit by the discussion that will follow. The first meeting is scheduled for Thursday, October 5th, at 7 p.m., in the conference room. If successful, it will be followed by others, announcement of which will be made in D.R.O.'s. Inquiries may also be addressed to Chuck Crocker, or the Education Officer, F/O Comfort.



"A Nice Catch"



?? The Mystery Man ??



F/L Rodion Rathbone

What can you do with a fellow like F/L Rodion Rathbone who lays down the law in no uncertain manner about what M.T.B. can and cannot (mostly the latter) print for the enlightenment of its readers. This was our position when we attempted to get the inside dope on the latest addition to the Staff Navigators' Instructional Staff (we can tell you that much). As for the rest of the story it must be left to the imagination of the reader. Yes, a mystery man indeed, but a nice, personable one at that. (Ed. Note: We did manage to grab a very good picture of him).

★

Instruments His Specialty

FLIGHT Lieutenant W. L. Gillespie took his training at Regina, Mossbank and Rivers and went overseas at the end of June, 1941. O.T.U. of course was next on the list and in August, 1941, F/L Gillespie arrived at his Squadron. He was soon in action on operations and later became Navigation Officer for the Squadron. This was old No. 7 Squadron, the first to fly four engine aircraft on bombing missions. Their Mark I Stirlings were something all the Wimpy boys in other squadrons marvelled at.

In September, 1942, "Gill" was posted to Air Ministry. He says the work there was intensely interesting. "Would like to be there now," he remarked. What did he do there? Sorry, the Air Force version of the Hayes Office cut our script. For "security measures" we must miss some very interesting information. However, it is of interest to note that during his stay there he made an extensive trip out to Seattle, Washington and Wichita, Kansas, to make an inspection of the B29.

He left the Air Ministry in October, 1943, for the Central Navigation School at Cranage where he and F/L Rathbone became buddies on their nine-month Specialist Course. The school moved to Shawbury Shrewsbury Shropshire (say these quickly) along with "Gill" who seems to have quite an aptitude for all the latest navigation gadgets used for the general purpose of getting there and getting back successfully by air. On completion of the course F/L Gillespie continued working as a Navigation Specialist.

Flying home by T.C.A. on 9th of August, 1944, he took a month's well earned leave and proceeded here to Rivers

from "good old Toronto—west end" which spells "home" for F/L and Mrs. Gillespie.

Before the war he was associated with Mutual Life of



F/L W. L. Gillespie

Canada Insurance in Toronto and was interested in City Playgrounds. This immediately shows his interest in sports. He assisted Bob Abate with the "Lizzies" in the tricky plays and "gen" of hardball and coached and refereed North Toronto Basketball.

We welcome back to Rivers an old-timer, and sincerely hope his stay here is a happy one. Best of luck from Number 1 C.N.S.

★

W.A.S.P.'s Invade Rivers

On a recent Saturday night in September you may have noticed three Norseman Aircraft landing at Rivers but what many of you may not have noticed were two of the pilots who proved to be a couple of nice W.A.S.P.'s from south of the border. W.A.S.P. stands for Women's Air Force Service Pilot and is symbolic of the outstanding war work being done by this group of air minded young women. For instance, Lenore McElroy below, has put in two years of service and is credited with over 3000 flying hours. Prior to her present job she was instructing for eight years. The other, Margaret McCormick, has no less an enviable record with one and a half years of service and over 2000 hours. These girls ferry everything from transport to pursuit planes.



Left, Lenore McElroy; right, Margaret McCormick

Airborne Air Cadets



Front to rear: F/L A. Reilly, pilot; F/O W. T. Stewart, P/O J. J. Morrow and F/L B. Ferguson.

ON Sunday, October 1st, F/O W. I. Stewart, Commanding Officer No. 320 (Rivers) Squadron and P/O J. J. Morrow, Adutant, went up for a flight with F/L A. Reilly at the controls, and F/L Blair Ferguson doing the bombing and navigating. After dropping two bombs at each of the Griswold and Alexander ranges they flew above the clouds for an hour, coming into the clear again near Neepawa. The time spent above the clouds, with bright sunshine lighting up the billowy tops below the aircraft, was particularly thrilling to both air cadet officers. It also provided an opportunity for F/O Stewart to check his navigational technique. For P/O Morrow it was first-time up but he was as calm as a veteran. It is hoped that next time F/O Anderson, of Rapid City, the Flight Commander, will also be able to go.

The squadron swings into action again with the re-opening of school and parades are being held every Wednesday evening, usually at the school in Rivers. G/C W. A. Murray appointed F/L B. Ferguson to act as liaison officer in place of F/L A. Weaver, who has been posted to No. 5 A.O.S., Winnipeg. The first parade of the season was held at No. 1 C.N.S. on Wednesday, Sept. 6th, when the cadets saw up-to-date moving pictures on the progress of the war and also on low-level bombing technique. Another parade was highlighted by a talk from F/L Herschel Reilly, recently returned from Ceylon, who spoke of conditions in the India-Burma theatre of war and gave some reminiscences of torpedo strikes off the Norwegian coast, in the English Channel, the Bay of Biscay and from Malta. S/L Northcott, of Rapid City, who was recently awarded the D.S.O. for his success in leading night fighters to cover the invasion of France (he already had the D.F.C. and Bar) was the guest speaker on September 27th and enthralled the boys with glimpses of a fighter pilots' life during the Battle of Britain, the offensive sweep period, the Battle of Malta and lastly of the night fighter sweeps covering the invasion.

The training syllabus for this season includes many new and interesting subjects. F/O McQuarrie is instructing on aero-engines. Theory of Flight will be taught by P/O Scrimgeour and it is planned to offer a course on wood-working in conjunction with instruction on air frames. Drill is in the capable hands of Sgt. Hutchinson. He and the cadets are determined to retain the Drill Pennant which they won under the direction of Sgt. Thompson at the Brandon Rally last year.

M. T. B. for OCTOBER

The Tailor Shop

After four years No. 1 C.N.S. has a tailor shop. As might be expected it is connected pretty closely with Equipment—being situated at one end of the same building. Sgt. Fritzler is the N.C.O. in charge. For some time he has been working in Equipment and when the project of the tailors shop was put forward he was chosen to attend to it.

Starting right from the bottom and emptying the pro-



Tailor Fritzler hems a "stitch in time."

posed room from its contents of boots and shoes, he cleaned, scrubbed and painted it. Following this, he became a carpenter and put up the necessary tables, etc. Finally, he painted it and ultimately had the place ready for work.

Until now, all clothing for alterations, etc., was sent to Rivers for adjustment, thereby causing an amount of unnecessary trouble and expense.

Clothing for alteration may be left any morning. In the case of trainees, where this is not always possible the flight commanders concerned should be informed and then the necessary steps will be taken.

All reasonable alterations are made, and despite the amount of work that has to be gone through, the results are good. W.D. uniforms, naturally, take up more time, as great care is taken with them.



"Before I tell you where you are, you tell me what is a SNIP?"



Y.M.C.A.



CHUCK CROCKER

WHAT a fight! What a finish! What? — the final softball game of the season between the Hudsons (D flight) and the Liberators (B flight). If you were not on hand to feel the excitement of the game you really missed something. Until the last half of the inning it looked as though



the game would be a walkaway for the Hudsons as they were leading 12-4. But the Liberators came up to bat and taking advantage of every break they could, crept closer and closer to the Hudson's score. With two men out and the score now 12-10 an infield hit was pitched to first and the game was over. The small but very energetic crowd roared its approval of a very fine exhibition of softball and of course the backers from "Don" flight were vociferous in their praise for their boys. And well they might be for the

Hudsons came up from behind to take the honors with three straight games. All in all it was quite a series with the Liberators taking the first two games 7-1, 9-8. The next game was a tie 10 all. Then the Hudsons started on their road to victory defeating the Liberators 9-6, 12-2 and 12-10 to take the series. Unfortunately, one team has to lose in any league and this time it was the Liberators. However, they have the satisfaction of knowing they put up a grand fight and that they treated the spectators to a good brand of ball. Well done both teams!

Jack Hugli is still away and at the time of writing is not much improved over his condition at the time he left. We sure miss him here and hope he recovers quickly and returns to our midst.

By the time this article goes to press the re-organized photography club will be in operation in their new location in No. 1 hangar. New members are welcome. Membership costs but one dollar with 50 cents payable monthly to cover the cost of chemicals and the purchase of new equipment. Expert instruction is available.

F/S Lehman is organizing a Glee Club, which, in conjunction with the band, will broadcast from the Recreation Hall every two weeks. If you are interested leave your name with F/S Lehman or at the "Y" office.

Did you ever feel as though you wanted to create something? Haven't you sometimes wished you could make with your own hands an article of furniture for your home, toys for the kiddies, a belt for your kid brother or maybe a wallet or purse for yourself? If you have, why not come down to the Crafts and Hobbies Shop some night and try it! Tools and benches are supplied and you secure materials at cost. You'll be pleasantly surprised how cheaply you can make things. Then too, there's the satisfaction of doing something, of feeling proud of your handiwork and accomplishment. Ask the man who's just built something himself—he knows.

The tang of Fall is in the air and with it, Rugby Football. Our boys have been practicing nightly for weeks and play their first game in Osborne Stadium, Winnipeg, against Gimli on Saturday, Sept. 30. Likely you'll all know the results of that and subsequent games before this magazine reaches you but in the meantime we're hoping for the best.

Jack Menzies' boys have won the semi-final in the B.D.S.A.A. baseball league, defeating No. 12 S.F.T.S. two straight games, 5-0 and 8-3. They still have to play off against A15 Shilo for the championship and we wish them the best of luck.

This fall and winter should see some real games in inter-section volleyball, basketball and bowling. A badminton club will likely be in operation before long and the B.D. S.A.A. league will be under way in the near future. Hockey will be played on an inter-section basis, weather permitting. Later on, skiing and curling will get their fair share of enthusiasts.

For your information we are listing below the services available through the "Y":

- (1) Telegrams sent.
- (2) Flowers wired to all parts of the world.
- (3) Information available on train, bus, plane schedules
- (4) Ping pong balls available.
- (5) Electric irons loaned.
- (6) Information available on resorts near Rivers.
- (7) Playing cards, cribbage boards, small games available
- (8) Incoming and outgoing express handled.
- (9) Hospitality arranged in Winnipeg.
- (10) Books on many crafts and hobbies available free of charge.
- (11) Information re Photography Club.
- (12) Information available re Crafts and Hobbies Club.
- (13) Free writing paper and envelopes.
- (14) Magazines for barracks.



Wartime Marriage Ceremony

(As Drafted by Signals Section)

Chaplain: "Wilt thou, John, have this woman as thy wedded wife, to live together in-so-far-as the Director of Airmen's Personnel Services will allow? Wilt thou love, comfort, honour and keep her; take her to the movies and come home promptly on all 48's?"

Man: "I will."

Chaplain: "Wilt thou, Mary, take this airman as thy wedded husband, bearing in mind liberty hours, P.T. periods, restrictions, duty watches, sudden orders, uncertain mail conditions, and various other problems of Air-force life? Wilt thou obey him, love, honour and wait for him, and learn to wash, fold and press his uniforms?"

Girl: "I will."

Man: "I, John, take thee, Mary, as my wedded wife from 1700 hours to 0730 hours, as far as permitted by my Commanding Officer, liberty hours subject to change without notice, for better or worse, for early or late, and I promise to write at least once a week.

Girl: "I, Mary, take thee, John, as my wedded husband, subject to the orders of the Officer Commanding; changing residence whenever you are posted; to have and to hold as long as the allowance comes through regularly, and thereunto I give thee my troth."

Chaplain: "Then let no man put asunder those whom God and D.A.P.S. have wrought together. By virtue of the authority in K.R. (Air) and the latest bulletins from D.A.P.S. concerning matrimony, you are now man and wife, by direction of the Commanding Officer.

Section Shots

Equipment Section

By Hortense Hippobottomuppermost

We have finally scraped all the tar off our pen nib and are able to scratch out a few monthly memos; though we are still dazed from the struggle we had with the thundering herds that roared through Clothing Stores last week. It is presumed that Equips are expected to possess a sixth or even seventh sense that should enable them to anticipate such a number of postings and stock the required quantity of clothing. We were intending to have a short discussion on "Why our shelves appear to be fully stocked when we never have the right size," but the subject title itself was very long and too, we're quite comfortable in the frying pan, thank you.

We have five new Equips on strength now; already after only a week one reports that he feels he is "Getting into a rut." We smile knowingly and wait. Segal, having learned the fundamentals of demanding, receiving, and retaining equipment, is off to 201 Holding Unit, where he will doubtless demonstrate "How to hold equipment, tenaciously and effectively, for long periods." Major Crawford is now in Canada on course. He has not found it too difficult to re-adjust his way of living.

There is a real western feud raging between the Dental Corps and ourselves. The Corps suffered a decisive defeat in the Battle-sur-Volley Ball Court, September, 1944. (Any rumors to the contrary are to be completely discredited.) A further conflict is expected to take place in Bowling Alley district sometime in the immediate future.

It was too bad that our W.D. Sgt. had that unfortunate experience last week—she was out doing some higher (oh infinitely) accounting, but due to c. beyond her c., she spent several hours "nourishing a blind life within the brain." Both Sgt. and brain are doing well, now.

We are pleased to report that after having spent their 48's on the station all summer, "the boys" finally managed to escape to Winnipeg. Evidently it was a revelation to the decorous citizens who are establishing a special fund for demoralized Riverites. Chuck Wunder, with his 150 H.P. voice had a little tie trouble and was barely recovered from that when he and Rougeau were forced to subjugate an obstreperous train-man. Dicky, a trifle foggy perhaps, forgot his room number and made an inexcusable blunder . . . but they're back.

Speaking of 48's, there is something eerie about them here. Every time one of our girls leaves the station on one, she appears back with third finger, left hand, heavily weighted. First Ev, then Merle and . . . well we'll have to wait a week for the next . . . it's inevitable, though . . . three in a row. At any rate,

M. T. B. for OCTOBER

we now feel that we may hold up our heads and walk beside the W.O.G.'s. McGrath just looked at the rings, sighed heavily, and murmured brokenly, "Well, we still have our hopes."

In closing, we suggest that Cpl. Roupeau save all his little coppers in a piggy bank so some day he can buy an M.T.B. all for his little self.

★

Flash and a Dash

By SWISH

There are many stories to be told about the men behind the wrench, the spark or the vacuum. Tales, that would shock the old, make us smile and become good material for the wolves of tomorrow. Stories materialize right here under our very noses. Let's proceed with an outburst like Walter Winchel and say "FLASH."

The belle of the hour, better known as "Pepper," spends her 48's in new circles. Can anyone give us a clue to the mystery? Where, oh where, is our little girl going?

FLASH! A certain party "believe it or not" and one of the fair sex in the Clewless MacClung harem have been seen in the best and the other circles together. There's a old saying in the ring, old man, "Don't watch the two hooks, watch the left hook and the right hook will take care of itself."

FLASH! Sid and Windy have our sympathies when we take into consideration the inconvenience of the new drill program in conjunction with the duck season. Score 2-0 in favor of the ducks.

FLASH! FLASH! Congrat's to F/O LeFluffy and F/S Parker, the two new members of the Fathers' Union. In case of a broken leg, while walking the floor, use adhesive tape as a silencer.

Early Autumn rolls around and Mani-

toba's co-o-o-old winter will be setting in. Thoughts of November approaching reminds us that No. 1 C.N.S. has nearly completed its fourth year. Some of the old boys can remember old 6040 flown in by F/O Preston, the first of the Flying Greenhouses to arrive on the tarmac. Many goodbyes have been said and without a doubt many more are to come in the not too distant future. F/L Stanley, one of Maintenance favorites started, the September ball rolling, followed by our own "Pop" Bremner. Jimmy Cormier, who has taken steps toward matrimonial procedure, and Bill Heywood are all on their way, with many others we would like to mention. So long and good luck, you lucky people.



ATTENTION! Stand at ease to congratulate our new WO1, better known to all as Major Hall. I did it all with my little needle and thread, the girl said, she said. Congrat's to our new Cpl. Fabric Worker, on both romance and promotion.

In welcoming our new O.C., F/L Downes, to our humble abode, we might warn him of what he might run into at any time during the day. We have screwballs, wolves and married men, plus a combination of all three. Wel-

"PIONEERS" OF MAINTENANCE



Taken 4th January, 1941, outside old Maintenance Hangar.
Back Row, left to right—Cunningham, Parrett, Page, Caswell, P. Laski, Bowen, F/O Mitchell, Smith, J. P., Wakely, Prosser, Slater, F/O Pritchard, Grundy, McKay, McDonald, Nolan, Kidrosky.
Front Row, left to right—Bremner, Blanchard, Garrett, Frost, Smith, R. S. O'Leary, Beirault, Allen.

Do you recognize the seven still here?

come, sir, we hope you like working with us.

A new addition to our Orderly Room is the young and pretty Mrs. Brown, who has spent most of her life in the town of Rivers. We hope you like your stay, Bert.

In bringing this article to a close, I might say you can kiss some of the girls all of the time and you can kiss all of the girls some of the time but can you kiss all of the girls all of the time? Ask LAC Dick.

KEEP SMILIN'!

Beer Flight

This month we come to you with the saga of two dauntless characters—who, being unable to roll our twin-engined, yellow painted Spitfires, took to the King's Highway and without the formality of a little dual proceeded to do the aforementioned rolls. Walt was the first, but he was pretty chicken—all he could raise was a miserable little half roll. However, Joe really did a dandy job. He did two complete turns—not one, mind you, but TWO. I guess we can safely appoint Joe as the "Station Roll King."

Last week we enviously said goodbye to Jud, Blondie and little Dragie—who are now bound for ports unknown. Seems a fellow will have to do a little remustering if he is to get anywhere.

Frank went and bought himself a worn-out motor bike and after a week's work he had the Fricker Special put to shame. Of course, that doesn't say very much for the job he did—but we hear that it goes to Rivers, non-stop.

Ian, Louis, and Doug used to be three of our most promising bachelors but by the time you read this (if you do?), one of them will have said goodbye to the happy days and the other two will be very close to the D Day and H Hour.

Last night our softball team bowed out of the inter-section finals. Pity to take a powder so late in the season—but the boys put on a pretty good show to get to the finals. The winners, being illiterate, and thus unable to blow their own horn will have to hope that Chuck Crocker gives them a build-up in his "Y" column. So we will leave you for this month with the hope that the other flights will put in a contribution next month, even if they have to hire someone to do the writing. As an afterthought, the station softball final was an All-Flying Squadron show. Maybe someday some other section will raise itself to tangling with the mighty.

Electrical Section

Hear Ye! Hear Ye!

The electrical section or at least what remains of said section are back once more. In the last two drafts we have lost twelve good men and true: Sgt. Hunsinger and LAC DeLisle and Tolley

to Vancouver; F/Sgt. Boughen, Cpl. Douse, and LAC's Smith, Bourque, Wirt, Georges, Watt, Sutherland and Whalen to duty overseas. Best of luck, boys, wherever your duty may take you, and you will always be remembered here at Rivers. Won't they, girls? But don't let it get you down, for strange to relate, most of our "Wolf" pack are still around. For with Irish (Pat) McConnell and Jack (Tollipop) Fenwick still here, what more could a girl wish for. You might ask the boys where they picked up the nick-names, Irish would have quite a story to tell—interesting, too, eh! Irish. And for the Rivers' girls—well, Wain is still around.

Amid all the celebrations of postings, however, crept a very sad note with the passing of one of our quieter lads, LAC A. D. (Don) McIntyre. Home on Harvest Leave, he died in Dauphin General hospital of acute appendicitis. A real fellow and a conscientious worker, he will be missed by one and all. To his family we extend our deepest sympathy.

Training Wing Orderly Room

By ANNE JOHNSON

It's in the Air!! AUTUMN!! Yours truly strolled to the river on Sunday afternoon and it was heavenly. The only thing missing was trees—maple trees—the kind we have in Ontario. Ah, Ontario in the Fall. Of course, the west has its points too. Our western friends have been heard to say recently, "Just wait till you see our Harvest Moon."

Everyone seems to be back from their wonderful furloughs. Some have come back completely and others came back in body only—their hearts are still A.W.O.L. Take our sweet little Alice, for instance—just one look and anyone can see that she is miles away. It's really wonderful, isn't it, Alice? June will be back soon but her heart, too, is elsewhere.

How about those vitamin pills, Pee-Wee? Are you taking them religiously? Never mind, dear, we love every little bit of you.

Betty and Don Deacon can be heard almost any time of day talking of matrimony and such stuff. Look out, Don, this is still Leap Year.

The Major has returned after spending a marvelous leave in Windsor, Ontario. . . . No more "canteen" in the mornings for Betty and Milly. You'll have to start getting up for breakfast, Peggy, even if you "Don't wish to be disturbed at 0630 hours."

Bill "Pilot" Graham, is ably assisting Alice with trainees flying times. . . that is, when he isn't engrossed in take-offs. 'Tis said, Bill, that everyone will have his own plane in the post-war world. Guess you'll have to wait till then.

Ted didn't think much of Winnipeg after his 48, but then Ted is rather hard

to please. We don't half believe him about this "woman-hater" role he plays at T.W.O.R.

Jay Munroe is spending her leave in Calgary. Seems she was stationed there before coming to Rivers. . . see what I mean?

Joey is on attached duty at present but we hope she will come back to us soon. We miss her.

That seems to take care of the T.W.O.R. family for this month. Be seeing you.

Hospital Section

By CPL. VI HEINRICH

Since our last appearance in M.T.B. we lost a member of our Medical Staff in the person of F/Lt. Riddell, who was recently posted to No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg. We miss his cheery countenance about the Hospital—but our loss is someone's gain. Good wishes—and continued success, Dr. Riddell, in your new field of duty.

Our attention is drawn to the fact that there appears to be an increase in Morning Sick Parade—there is some speculation as to the cause of this. One suggestion is the care bestowed upon the out-patients by the personnel in the Treatment room. Perhaps the attraction has been the medications and treatments received—but that is hardly likely.

One out-patient was seen in the treatment room three times in one a.m. We are wondering if we are "Dot"-ing it correctly by concluding that the feminine touch may be the attraction. Keep up the good work Dot—we as a staff are perhaps a little envious.

Cpl. Kruch was "caught in the draft" recently—destination—parts unknown "Kas" has been a valued member of our staff for over two years, and we do miss him. "Bon voyage"—safe and happy landing. Good wishes from us all accompany him.

Monthly staff parties are arranged each month for staff and friends. LAW Dickson and Cpl. Bathgate convened our last party. What a lot of Fun! Softball introduced the evenings sport. "City Slickers" versus the "Farmers." "Farmers" held the winning score. Bowling and badminton provided later entertainment. At 2230 hours we gathered at the W.D. Canteen for delicious refreshments planned and provided by our capable Kitchen Staff, concluding the evening's fun with dancing. All reported an excellent time—and are keenly looking forward to the next party. Even Flight McDonald in the Orderly Room—wearing a grieved expression (with the appearance of a battle scarred hero as a result of the ball game) was one of the first to enquire of future parties. Better luck next time, Flight.

Two enthusiastic hunters, namely, S/L Wilson and WO1 Stewart, were among the early risers who ventured forth in the sport of Duck Hunting when the Season opened Monday a.m.

After a strenuous morning of watching, waiting and firing a few shots, our friends returned with their "bag" full. Each in turn is justly proud of his duck "tale." Keep it up, friends.

A new wrinkle in surgery was performed in our Hospital (kitchen). Nurse in attendance: scrub nurse, Sister Barr; circulating nurse, Sister Whatley; chief assistants, Sisters McCrae and Simpson. Patients were prepared by being immersed in boiling water, assuring sterility. Prep. continued by removing all outer garments. Patients were then handed over to the Great Surgeon, Dr. Gibson, aided by his ever able assistant, Dr. Thorson. Standing over his precious patients was Dr. Wilson—in readiness to administer oxygen in the event of a casualty (mostly staff). All was successful. Don't be alarmed, friends—these were the ducks from the aforementioned hunt of S/L Wilson and WO1 Stewart. The said ducks provided a delicious meal for the senior staff and our ever-faithful friend, F/L Murray.

A new member has been added to our Kitchen Staff. Cpl. Wegren was posted from Dafoe. We find her congenial in personality, and capable in her cooking abilities. We hope she will enjoy her posting here and stay with us for a while.

So-long for this time—we don't want to bore you—but want you to know we are very much alive—even though we haven't published news items in two recent issues—until next time—"Be seeing you."

★

Diddly-Dahs from the Signals Section

Glancing through last month's M.T.B., we didn't find any contribution from the Armament section. What's the matter, you Armament "Bombs," are they working you too hard, or, to be closer to the truth, are your 48's taking up too much of your time? We'll let the "Duke" answer for you. His headquarters are in the library. aren't they?

We welcome a new arrival to our section, a WOG by the name of Hector Cunningham, twin brother of Harold Cunningham, also a WOG here. Something tells me that there are going to be some pretty nice mix-ups, as nobody can tell those two apart. Both Hector and Harold have their wives here, living in the town(?) of Rivers. We hope, Hector, that you enjoy this place as much as we do. Heh-heh-heh-heh.

Our section has been taking a real beating lately, in regards to weddings, engagements, and the like. Here is the line-up, as far as we know: Sgt. Henri Beauchamp and LAW Edith Sturgeon to be "hitched" on the 14th of October; Cpl. Frank Lee has won himself a Winnipeg girl, frankly speaking, and is going to take the fatal and final step on the 21st of October; LAC Mercer was married on the 9th of September, while

on a 48. Nobody knew a thing about it, either—which proves that secrets can be kept. Cpl. Louie Bourgois is engaged to one of the Parachute Beauties; and Cpl. Doug Golden is engaged too, according to the latest despatches. (What's her name, Doug?) We wish all of you the best of everything, and may your little ones be as beautiful as your dreams.

We regret to announce the posting of F/O Bland to No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon, to continue his training as a pilot. No fooling, he will really be missed by us, especially when we are amending the books he was supposed to be doing.

We thought there was enough corn floating around this section, but two of our luscious Wogettes didn't think so. They had to go to the gardener and talk him into giving them a large supply of the stuff that comes in ears. Flo's trailer certainly comes in handy for cooking corn, doesn't it, Bart!

Speaking of corn, are there any persons on this station who haven't heard our handsome Cpl. "Togo" Abercrombie shoot his face off about his home town, "Togo, Sask." (five grain elevators and two annexes)? If there are, please contact Aber., and he will fix you up, but quick. (We collected five bucks and two cokes from Aber. for this advertisement.)

One of our beautiful Wogettes; namely, Rita Evas, who works(?) in Radio Servicing, has difficulties in keeping her dates straight, and couldn't make Brandon one certain night last month. Oh well, she's had it, anyhow. He's gone overseas, and the Navy again "rules the waves."

There have been reports reaching the Signals Office that Cpl. George Bellamy has been talking Morse code in his sleep. What's the matter, Georgie Porgie, has Rivers finally caught up to you, too?

Well, I guess that's all for now, people. See you next month, same time, same station.

★

Armament Section

We welcome from the Griswold Bombing Range Max Swan who has decided to return from Temporary



Duty there. He was out there before the arrival of the Mark Fives. The first night on the line, we caught him with his mouth open and eyes shut at the wonder of the new aircraft.

The call is out for witnesses who saw our George (the little bundle of trouble) Thompson ground-loop the bicycle on his solo flight en route to Pyro Stores. He and the bicycle were up for repairs. The bicycle has recovered but we are doubtful of George.

Fifteen of our number have departed east, for points unknown. This posting cut the strength of our Gun Armourers in half. "When I was overseas" Jones now carries on by himself. The remaining Bomb Armourers have to really step to give the station the required service.

Armament Section boasts the only section newspaper we know of, written and edited every Sunday by our Turk Berezuk. It is published under the name of "Sness," whatever that is. In it are all the latest bits of gossip and the newest gen on Armament.

Following closely in the footsteps of Cpl. Veitch, go about half of the armourers of the section here at No. (local) 1 C.N.S.

To the one that had left previously, all that are left wish the best, and to all the boys on the present draft, we say, like our good friends the Russians, "Dye Bosheh, Shchashlevoho" — "Let God guide you in luckiness."

I know many who must remain would gladly trade places with the ones that are going.

BUT WE CAN'T ALL GO!

So, remain we will, at Rivers C.N.S., with a few of our old friends and hundreds of pleasant and ever-returning memories.

Visions will forever return—

Big Jim Gould grunting under the weight of an eleven and one-half pound bomb.

Moore's persistent wisecracks before leaving for Maintenance every morning.

Wilson's continuous arguments, with Tabor's help in all of them.

Sgt. Wager's twice daily question, "Time for a coke. Who's coming?"

And "Doc" Henwood—won't be the same without old Doc.

Pete's and Leo's quiet, careful, conscious ways about work and life at C.N.S.

But more than the armourers, the W.D.'s will miss our "Wild Bill" Skalenda.

With Ryles, have gone all our hopes of ever really getting acquainted with the fair girls in Brandon.

Enough could never be said about them—Pfeifer, Hill, "Kelly", Bastien—the whole lot, a good bunch of sports, friends, and of course, down to the last, every one a good armourer.

Quotations:

LAC Dunlop—I know it is hard to take, not going over, but I still can't figure out why I landed on my foot and not on my head, when I fell off the verandah in my younger days. Then, I could not have hurt myself and would have been able to go overseas now.

Sgt. Nadurak—There is just one thing I want to see in this Air Force before the war finishes, and that is bigger and better crap games.

Classroom Highlights



CLASS 107B



Within the last month there has not been a great deal of interest outside the usual routine. Five members of the class have left us. We are sorry to have lost them but such events will happen. We wish them the best of luck wherever they go.

Winnipeg claims the attention of all, now that Clear Lake is no longer available for forty-eights. We like the City and judging by conversation overheard there is no reason to doubt that it likes us. Our whole problem is one of money as far as Winnipeg is concerned. Pay-days are invariably held immediately after our return. This, of course, has certain advantages but we query their worth.

Our old war with P.T. still goes on. Despite the fact that annual holidays have temporarily depleted the ranks of the P.T.I.'s there are still enough to go around. Slowly, but surely, the idea that games are good for body and mind seems to be creeping in. We like the idea and hope it will be kept up.

In the air, there has been nothing really outstanding. The most remarkable occasion, perhaps, was a recent trip when one lone aircraft headed east on an exercise for the west route, while all others went the opposite way. A "Pathfinder," too!

The recent issue of a Mercator Projection which deals exclusively with India and its adjacent countries has, as must be expected, caused an amount of conjecture. No one knows, apparently, what it's all leading to but we are fairly good guessers. It seems peculiar to think that in what may possibly be a short time, places with names like "Chittagong," etc., may be replacing Winnipeg as a rendezvous for forty-eights.

Again, the speed of the war in Europe is giving some the home-going complex. Rumour again has brought forth a series of delightful ideas, all with no end of

advantages to ourselves. It would be a pity to damp all the wishful thinking yet so we shall continue to note whether or not a new course arrives each Saturday afternoon.

In the dark depths of S.D.R.T. the language used is not what it should be. We have been told this in a number of lectures on the subject. At least, the language is all right (we think) but the way it is used does not satisfy the powers-that-be. Consequently, we are being watched, and it is not unusual in the middle of a particularly complicated bit of "crew co-operation" to hear a soft voice break in and deliver a quiet monologue while we wait.

Until next month then, we shall retire peacefully and hope that there won't be too many surprises in store for us.



CLASS 110A BOMBERS

By A. ROE

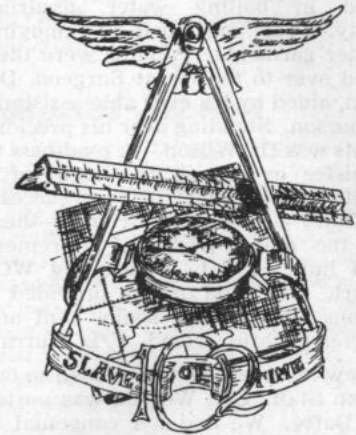
"Man is not lost." Well, I guess that may be right, but he can be mighty uncertain as to just where he stands. At least that is what we have gathered from the dazed expressions on the faces of some of the fellows. From what we gather most of this group did not enter the R.C.A.F. with any illusions of ever becoming navigators. We are fast coming to the conclusion that they had the right idea in the beginning. When LAC's can't navigate their way from the mess hall to their beds we would certainly hate to trust them over Berlin and Tokio, particularly if we were bomb aimers in their kite.

"Come the dawn, I'll be gone." Pretty familiar isn't it. Believe me the fellows are just now beginning to realize the brevity of their stay here. Star shots, air exercises, G.I.S. and of course, last but not least, P.T., all combine to keep Joe on a steady run. Well do we remember 'way back in the good old days at "B & G," we really thought we were hard done by if we worked during the day and had to do an hour's flying in the evening. But we will probably look back in the future to the days when we were at "number one" and realize that we really were done by.

In a few days now we shall be saying goodbye to Rivers, and the many new friends we have made during our brief stay with you. Ourselves, we shall undoubtedly be split up to a certain extent. Some of us will be going in one way, and others another, Our only hope is that when all is over, when the enemy is finally broken, we will all be able to gather once again in the best gathering place in the world, Canada.

CLASS 102A

By LAC RIP STUBBS



Have you ever ridden on a ghost-train at the fair? You remember the things, your car speeding blithely on when a huge skeleton springs out, grinning with malicious glee; around the corner a red-cloaked old witch endeavors to heave you out with her broomstick; giant cobwebs cling tenaciously to your face and hair. Recalling the carefree days of my misspent youth and the ghost train, it occurred to me that it was quite a fair analogy with a navigation course.

One "boards" the course as one would the car at the fair, with an easy nonchalant air, yet fully aware of a "something" gripping your inside. Then; you are off, led, steered, pushed and pulled through the murky tunnels of navigation, the gloom thickens as you gather speed, neither secure nor safe, now that something really asserts itself—fear?—who knows? A hair-raising screech and up pops the skeleton—just look at that horrible grin—its grisly fingers would pluck you from your seat—what else would this be but the progress exams? A sigh of relief—passed that, thank goodness.

Now those cobwebs—made up, you notice of strands, bearing labels meteorology, armaments, signals, instruments, etc., so many of them and so interwoven and entangled—Jeepers. Minor scares now follow rapidly—spears that shave your car—a poised tomahawk that nigh scalps you;—sight, mental D.R. and computer tests?

Wow, the red-cloaked old witch with the broomstick—out go two of your comrades, perspiration streams down your ashen grey face—"My turn next?"—who could this be but the worthy Flight Commander?

Again the skeleton, larger and more terrifying than previously—mid-terms, obviously. More petrifying scares and close shaves when suddenly—what's

that ahead?—do your red-rimmed eyes deceive or do you really see our highly esteemed C.O. holding out—No! not an olive branch, stupid—but that coveted brevet—Ah! but first you have to circumnavigate a huge black-masked figure holding aloft his executioners axe—finals? Of course. Your car successfully evades his death dealing stroke however, and you suddenly break through into the blessed daylight again, after 20 minutes—or was it 20 weeks of mental and physical torture. But was it really fun, really a thrill? — of course!

Yes, you've guessed it, folks, we are soon to leave you. In fact, we shall be gone even as you read your beloved M.T.B. Whither? Ah!!

The fittest have survived their ride in the ghost train, although at the time of penning these few unworthy lines we are not quite out—the scarlet old witch or the skeleton, gibbering with fiendish glee may claim more of our number to satisfy their sadistic lusts. Even so, I would like to take this opportunity of offering thanks to our willing and able instructor, F/O D. Collyer, who, by his skill, has led large and stumbling feet through the aforementioned tunnels of gloom, who guided our fumbling attempts to unravel those cobwebs—but for this assistance we would surely have fallen by the wayside. We, of 102A, therefore, say "Thank you, sir," and mean it.

That's all, folks. We have appreciated your help. Gracias! goodbye and good luck.

★

CLASS 105A

Slowly the days roll by and still more slowly the navigators of 105A stagger towards their final goal. Some fall by the wayside, no longer able to support the weight of their sextants, whilst others still unable to find a bubble in their MK IX's are taken gibbering to the Canadian equivalent of Colney Hatch.

As the course progresses many new and original methods of navigation are being discovered; perhaps the best being an entry in one particularly bright navigator's log of "MTB 2 bears 235 ASCO." Homing on Q.F.E.'s and movable DR positions can also be recommended as useful and trustworthy methods of navigation.

P.T. seems to have taken second place to the food as grouse number one now, and were it not for the excellent peanuts in the canteen, together with the National Beverage, "Coca-Cola," it is difficult to see how one could exist on the peculiar and unappetizing food that is thrown at us.

We should like to know the function of the interesting looking machines which are now working in our barrack blocks. Looking like a glorified sausage machine and emitting clouds of coal dust, ash and draughty air, these machines lull one to sleep with their clanking and whirring, and provide employment for a host of gremlins who come and bang on them with sledge

hammers at intervals throughout the night. One or two of the boys say they can get good star shots from these machines, but we should welcome more information on the subject.

The 14th week exam looms ahead and murmuring a short prayer for our survival, we finish our article and return to A.P. 1234.

★

CLASS 106A

By C. JAMES

In this, our second article to M.T.B., we regret having to say farewell to the five members of our Flight who ceased training owing to air-sickness. They are LAC's Abbott, Horne, Smith, Lawbury and Burton. Although it may seem disappointing to them now that they have to leave here without having first gained their wings, there is no doubt that the pleasure and delight of seeing the Old Country again will restore their lost spirits and allow them to realize that the world is not such a bad place after all.

In any case, we wish them godspeed and the very best of luck, and we all fervently hope to be following them over pretty soon. By the time this article is published, we will be in the midst of our half-term exams, so it is only to be expected that the hopes of some of us may be fulfilled much sooner than expected.

Our instructors, F/L Black and F/O Temple, are bearing up to the strain very well and so far have shown no signs of breaking down, although we do believe that Mr. Temple did have a relapse one day—after the results of a D/F Test, small wonder, either. But there is no doubt that the crucial moment for them will be the marking of our mid-term exams. We wish them every success and hope that that day we will be as far away from them as possible.

Our fortnightly forty-eights still manage to creep along in their very own characteristic speed, and then are over and done with almost before we even realize we are due for one. But even although the periods between each forty-eight appear to pass so slowly, we must admit that upon looking back, the twelve weeks that we have been here have simply flown by. Let us hope that the remaining eight weeks here will pass even more quickly.

In conclusion, we must make reference to our pet subject, P.T. Maybe this Flight will go down in the annals of history when we say that we love P.T. Our only complaint is that we do not get enough of it. It is very annoying to all of us to receive just five minutes of pleasant P.T. per day, supplemented by some forty minutes of physical tortures meted to us by unsympathetic, heartless P.T.I.'s. Back in England P.T. is considered an abbreviation for Physical Training, but over here in Rivers we can only hazard a guess as to its real meaning. Why not have games such as football incorporated with P.T., and why not have one afternoon per

week set aside for organized games? That is what we have been used to, and to which we always looked forward and appreciated. Perhaps in this way the discovery of hitherto latent talent may benefit the Station teams—who knows?

Now, once again, we say cheerio to M.T.B. readers until next month when we shall all be with you again. (We hope.)

★

CLASS 103A

This is our last gibe before we leave. I think everyone will agree that it could have been worse. Thank God it wasn't.

Aircrew? Chum . . . or I Wonder Where My Baby Is Tonight. — By NEEMO.

The persons hereunder depicted are purely figments—and boy what figments—of the author's imagination and have no counterpart in actual life.

"Colonnah" Coles—"What's the difference, we both got it."

Automatic Devices Inc., J. W. Mantle, president—An aspiring aeronaut.

Panic Lister—"What do you get for your fix? . . . Oh, mine must be wrong."

Trig Johnson—Secant of the latitude—mumble—cosine—mumble.

Harpy Hargreaves—"Honey, have a sniff on me."

Groucho Marks—"The least said the better."

Bam Damp Last—"When I was on the Bam Damp at Gransden."

Keen-Type Fuller—"How many star shots have you got, eh?"

Bel-tup Leeden—"What's the date on the pages in the Air Almanac for?"

Genman Crocker—Commissioned type.

Finger Jewel—"Just get that finger wind, eh?"

Butcher-Bird—Composite aircrew types.—When's the happy event?

"Amorous" Astorga—and only 12 years old, too.

"P.F.F." Kitchen — President of Pit Finder Force, Inc.

"Wha Hae" Kay—You can't take the trousers off a highland man.

"Benny" Goodman—Compass Blues is his piece de resistance.

"Feets" Ingham—Once a cop always a cop.

"Torch" Andrews — whose got the Torch of Life, now.

And now, last but not least, we have two flowers of English manhood (Yorkshiremen both), namely "Tyke" Hudson (His way with the women is something to marvel at), and Slash Harrison (Who runs around the sports field in the nude, building sand castles?)

And now we have those ambiguous types, Canadian Instructors, "Good Book" Lindsay. (Edmonton must have been a terrific place.)

"Binder" Aiken—"I've got to get this class down to 10 men."

SCENE I

A classroom in G.I.S. Time: 1804 L.M.T. Sounds of raucous laughter from corridor outside.

Enter right background—Hargreaves,

Ingham and Jewel singing "Honey, have a sniff on me."

Hargreaves—Anybody done a flight plan for tonight?

Leeden—Belt up Hargreaves.

Fuller at blackboard—I'm just putting it up; I think this (indicating track of 059 on the board) should be 059 6/48.

Hargreaves — Oh, Woodbines, 059's near enough.

Harrison—Anybody got the LHA Aries?

Leeden—Belt up Harrison.

Coles—Here, Harrison, have you heard the story about the wife and daughter of an old Jew . . . etc.

Johnson and Mantle make a dignified entrance singing, "She Was Poor But She Was Honest," after two verses of this they sit down and begin to examine Mantle's LHA machine.

Lister—What's the time? Briefing's at 1830, isn't it? Are we taking an astrograph? Whose got the setting longitude?

Leeden—Belt up Lister.

Finally the noise dies down and at 1828½ LMT the classroom is deserted.

SCENE II

The Billet Ablutions

Time: 2320 hours, same night. Two people are engaged in having a shower, three more are having a game of tag around the wash basins, whilst a large group are standing round Coles, who is to be heard decrying bomb aimers as the lowest of the low.

Coles—We got in the kite—

Chorus of "Yes's".

Coles—Then he said to me, "Where's the drift thing?"

Chorus of Ha-ha-ha's resound through the washroom and a highly educated type in one of the barrack blocks asks how they can expect anyone to get any sleep, etc., etc. He is rapidly answered; with light banter flowing between the two parties for roughly 35 mins., 14.5 secs.

Fuller—How many fixes did you get, eh? (followed by girlish giggle.)

Leeden—Belt up Fuller; I'm going to bed.

Exit Leeden, closely followed by Lister, Astorga, Kitchen and Hargreaves.

Harrison—I was only second so I listened to the radio. Came back on Mental D/R.

As Leeden goes into the barrack block, Lister, who is now in bed, mutters angrily, "Can't anybody get to bed in this billet."

Meanwhile, in the washroom (sorry, ablutions), the riotous revels continue until the early hours.

Silence eventually descends on the billet. The only sounds that can be heard are whispers such as "Co T 095, no can't be 087, I make it . . ."

Then a high-pitched scream, "Wrong, wrong, I tell you!" and so we leave these pukka aircrew types to whatever fate has in store for them.

So, Adios, men(?).

CLASS 102B NAV.



OBITUARY

This is to notify the world in general, and Rivers in particular, of the passing, on October 6, 1944, of Class 102B.

No flowers, by request. R.I.P.
(Send money instead.)

On this, the last occasion on which our literary works will grace the pages of M.T.B., we wish to put on permanent record our appreciation of the assistance given us by our instructors. F/L Murphy and F/O Clarke have, by dint of hard work, enabled practically all of us who began the course to come within sight of 'that' day—wings parade day. We sincerely thank them both, and wish them, in future, saner courses.

We also wish the best of luck to those two members of our course—Jim Managhan and Dougy Howarth—who at this late stage have been forced, by smoke and screamers, to transfer to another course.

Our thanks also, to those people who have raised the flower beds on the station. They've helped to cheer the place up. And the band, who have given us plenty of enjoyment on Wednesday evenings — and incidently, on morning parades, although "Smilin' Thru" doesn't seem to mix with the C.O.'s inspection.



CLASS 107A

Strangely enough, there are still a few survivors of 107A to justify a report in M.T.B. The usual reasons for "C.T.-ing" have exacted their toll and our classroom is beginning to take on a deserted air—pretty soon there'll be more instructors than pupils.

Our special correspondent, reporting on our class instructors' mental conditions, stated that they spend most of their time tearing off leaves from calendars, muttering to themselves, "Only 60-odd more days to go."

The elements, too, conspire against us. Hitherto, the sun was taken for granted—now its rare appearances are followed by a mad rush out-of-doors by wild-eyed youths clutching sextants to their breasts. Many a poor wretch has fallen under the heels of the mob in this fashion—never to be seen again.

Again—last month, stars were twinkling in the most friendly fashion, night after night—but, now, that their pres-

ence is more or less necessary in the compilation of star shots, they've turned shy and blanket themselves with stratus.

It is strange how our unguarded moments reveal our secret ambitions. Thus it was that one cadet in the ranks, dreaming of a commission and suiting his actions to his thoughts, blissfully saluted the flag as he came abreast of it during a morning parade.

Ah well, who are we to criticize, we poor souls who are Burma bound—rigid!



CLASS 108A

Before I commence—I must remind you that we are on our 7th week at this time of writing—we are beginning to find the score—small score, isn't it?

Probably you, dear readers, like ourselves, believed that a navigator's job was simply to guide the aircraft from one position to another — sounds all right. But now that we have seen a few weeks go by, and have lost sleep and had short noon hours, we find a navigator is one who can perform ten different tasks at any given split second, and remain partially sane afterwards. On that coveted wing, "N" stands for "Nuts" to a much greater degree than "Navigator."

Life in Room 23 has been going along in its regular abnormal way lately—very few have been seen cutting out paper dolls, although a few have resorted to that line. Red Wilson has been voted most likely to succeed in said art—he has made some dandies lately—one of them had five on a chain—good show, Red!

Otherwise nothing outstanding in our dilapidated group. Well—Stan Manyuk stood out a bit the other day when he gave a two-minute push-up performance at the request of the genial P.T. host.

"Tiny" Rashbrook also stood out—a bit too far, as far as our instructor, F/O Ritchie was concerned—in a floor hockey game. You don't run into Norm more than once without at least a slight limp—hence Mr. Ritchie's limp. We hope Norman is allowed to remain on course, despite his apparent lack of discretion—don't take it out on an instructor, Norm!

S'funny but we notice a decided reluctance in the fellows coming off 48's from Winnipeg, back to camp here. S'matter, fellas, water too hard out here?

The usual 7th week exams are partially completed and the boys are going at them tooth and nail—grinding their teeth and scratching their heads!

The cold weather is coming on, and we are beginning to feel winter's gentle touch—one of the gang needn't worry though—he's well equipped for adverse weather at all times—good old "fur-piece."

And so this ends with a bang as we shuffle back to our living-room at G.I.S. and whip off six or seven flight plans for tomorrow's flight.

We hail from over Canada,
And duty watch, just for a treat,
We've winged along, and in the stride,
Have mastered every test.
To beat it all, we were, one time,
The cream of I.T.S.

But now—our fears are realized,
We've mustered every power.
Black Magic—what? What'er it is,
It's tasting mighty sour.
And furthermore, we slowly are
Going batty by the hour.

But—Dish it out! Turn on the heat!
A flight plan every night,
And duty watch, just for a treat,
To make the outlook bright.
We'll take it all; and still turn out
The best and highest flight.

Yours truly,—108A

★

CLASS 110A

As the "sprog" course (Nav.) at No. 1 C.N.S. we hereby say "howdy" to our more fortunate brothers who are lucky enough to be 12, nay, even 16 weeks ahead of us. That they have lasted so long is beyond comprehension, but perhaps the Prairie air "gets you" after a time.

Rivers, we know, is reputed to be the bright spot of the great, wide, rolling prairies—well, we make no comment but to ask whether you have heard of a certain airman here, who, on waking up in the morning said he was sure he heard a prairie wolf howling last night. We are not inclined to believe that, as surely no prairie wolf would be fool enough to come out **HERE!**

Having received, the first week, the full blast from our instructors, we appeared duly impressed but having since caught some of them enjoying the "brighter" things of life we realize that perhaps they are human after all and so we are endeavouring to recover our Sang-froid. We must, however, modify our previous statement in regard to our Met. instructor who can churn out "gen" with such precision that we are sure he

secrets a tape machine under his coat before coming to class.

In closing, we feel we must pass comment on the station "loonies." They can be seen any hour of the day or night squatting on the grass outside G.I.S. muttering queer mutterings to themselves, whipping out little black boxes and pointing them at the sky. Some day we may pick up enough courage to ask if we can look too, for there might be something in it, but meantime we just look at each other, shrug our shoulders and say "Poor fellows!"

★

CLASS 109A

We have only been at No. 1 C.N.S. for five weeks but during this short time we have aged at least 20 years—or at least that's how it feels. Of course, we are not the first class to undergo the great ordeal and there is very little of interest that we can add to the profound observations which are published in these columns from time to time. Quite a few of us have just come from the happy land and it is highly probable that at least some of us will complete the round trip shortly if reports which come to hand on the mid-term exams prove to be "gen." Should this come to pass, the onus, however, cannot be laid on our instructors, F/L Edwards and that athletic type, P/O Dales, who have put much hard work into the task of instilling into us the mysteries of D/F, Air-Plots and all the other plagues which beset that misguided individual, the U/T Navigator. Unfortunately, F/L Edwards found the job a bit of a bind or something, so of late he has vanished on a period of recuperation. In the meantime, F/O MacFee is carrying on with the Herculean task.

The biggest bind, our path-finders opine, in R.C.A.F. Station Rivers, is P.T. We unfortunately, have no desire to attain the dizzy heights of fitness displayed by the P.T.I. types, and the

sooner these boys realize the fact, the sooner everyone here will be happy.

In our next spasm, we hope to present, for your connoisseur appreciation, some of the major boobs perpetrated by some of our less path-finding types. These are confidently expected to be on a par with the deeds of P/O Prunes' redoubtable homing pigeon, F/O Fixe. So it is with this happy thought of future historic episodes we will close, trusting that these few lines have at least served their primary purpose of helping to fill up M.T.B., and their secondary object, of introducing Course 109A.

★

CLASS 103B

By C. B. SMITH

As our regular author has fallen under the axe (which is no discriminator of persons), at the 14th week, it has fallen to my lot to make my debut as the new representative for 103B. Said author was one of several who have said "goodbye" to us in recent weeks, and we, who are left to fight to the bitter end wish them good luck in whatever tasks they next undertake. One of our members has found a new use for topographical maps, that is not to be found in the good book. We do not advocate that others should follow his example. "Turn it up, Gus."

Clemshon Yandell decided to investigate what happens when the rip-cord of his chute was pulled. His eyes were opened and so was the chute. He claims to be the first of our number who has bailed out in the briefing room.

Dickie's party, which was a roaring success, shattered the inhabitants of Winnipeg, on our last 48, and a good time was had by all. Some, to show their appreciation, did press-ups on the cellar floor around a bath of beer. Whether under the influence of P.T. or beer, we have yet to discover.

Our "invincible" football team has played three matches, won none, drawn none and lost the rest to our opponents,



Sgt. Proctor, Course 108, Air Bombers



Sgt. Guetta, Course 101, Navigators

Honor Graduates in September Wings Parade

103A. We are undismayed, and shall keep trying.

We cannot say our farewell to M.T.B. without introducing you to some of our friends. "Spike" Bunan; "There ain't no justice" Watts; "Sinatra" Ward; "Turn it up Gus" Sherry, of Southampton; "Yandy's Uncle, Angelface" Pengellon; and many others who are in our thoughts.

As we hope to be leaving Rivers in the near future, we take this opportunity of expressing our sincere thanks to our instructors. First and foremost, "thanks to F/O Campbell" for your patience and never-ending attempts to make navigators out of us. We realize that we have not exactly been potter's clay in your hands, but yours has been a more thankless job, far more difficult than ours. To F/O Plummer and P/O Lindsay we also say "cheerio" and "thanks a lot."

What we would really like to know is:

Who wanted to get a 3P/L Fix on the sun?

Why is Mavy getting so much busier, lately?

Who is going to be the unfortunate "six shooter" who is going to get up in the middle of the night to shoot Jupiter?

Who writes all those letters to Jock?

Who started writing all this bilge, anyway?

★

CLASS 108B

Since the last issue of M.T.B. we have been holding our breath in awe of 108A. The colossal display of personality and character they hinted at has given us all acute inferiority complexes. 108B, almost without exception, is a collection of very conscientious little beavers. The competition for marks in tests is colossal. Please, Sir, won't this answer do? No . . . other . . . answer . . . will . . . do. Anything . . . else . . . gets . . . a goose-egg! 108B is furthermore always on time for lectures, a prominent maxim heard in Room 10 is "Flight plans for tomorrow, today." And you should see the smiles on the faces of the P.T.I.'s as we dash into the drill hall in a compact body to get at those calisthenics.

Even on 48's many of us never relax, and members are regularly to be seen on the 3:20 from Rivers carrying their navigation notebooks; many stay behind solely to make up for the temporary absence of P.T. by taking their workouts in the saddle. Rumour has it that the Cossacks have nothing on Crosby and his troop.

Yet, some do relax, but we hasten to add, only into intellectual spheres. Winnipeg probably does not realize that in its very midst a second golden age is blooming. Just as London coffee houses were the home of Doctor Johnson and his circle of servants in the 18th century, so, today, Winnipeg beer parlors are becoming the stamping ground for young artists and promising young men of betters.

Not only is 108B intent upon lending to the full, its strength to the Allies in their present struggle against the force of evil, but in its spare moments it turns our minds to the poignant problems of the peace, to which the world must sooner or later find an answer.

★

CLASS 106B

Eleven weeks have passed since we made our unpretentious arrival at this navigator's shrine of learning. This is our first contribution to the station's magazine and we feel that the time is now opportune to introduce to you (you lucky people) the remaining members of our original class of 26 u/t navigators. Like the fate of the 10 little nigger boys, we are gradually decreasing in number. Regretfully, we have lost our hot guitarist, Peter Crisp, "Lofty" Ariver, "Gal" Galashan, Tony Edon, "Bov" Bovington, and quite recently, our Lancashire lad, popular Walt Cross—wherever they may be or wherever they may be going we wish them luck and hope to see them at peacetime reunion dinners.

After spending a long time carrying out "Joe" jobs in England, we found, during the first weeks, our ideas of navigation sadly "up the spout," but now we are soaking up the "pukka gen" on the complexities of navigation, ably

put over by our instructors, F/L Newton and P/O Maner. A trying job, and they have our deepest sympathy.

Two weeks of duty watch and preparations for A.O.C.'s inspection in the early stages of our course disheartened us somewhat, but we lived up to our motto, "Frangas non flectis" (they may bend us but not break us), emerging from these ordeals, better but not wiser "Joes."

Like other classes, we are a cosmopolitan crew and have our outstanding characters—Doug Hedley, of Durham, who gave birth to the new famous saying, "Hedley East Mercators Least"—change the sign on wet days. Taffy Grenfell, the lad with the unquenchable humour, who hails from the land of the leek, and whose navigation in the air is a brilliant imitation of a tic-tac man and his mental D.R. is outstanding. Flash Gordon verily vies with his namesake on the screen, his navigational theories are something to be wondered at, and his latest theory is taking drifts on the moon. Finally, we must not omit the name of "Bang on E.T.A." Patterson, the prefix is self-explanatory but we think he calculates E.T.A.'s to the nearest hour! Space does not permit us to present other members, but watch out for our next write-up.

Our 48's have been spent in Winnipeg and Clear Lake, except for those unfortunate few late risers who politely requested to enjoy the facilities of camp, anyway, this gave them the opportunity of "genning" in a quiet classroom and a good reason to have a binge in the town of Rivers. Never shall we forget the earnestness of "Taffy" Grenfell reciting poetically the words of Wordsworth to an astounded W.D., outside the dance hall.

We offer our thanks to the Canadian people who have endeavored to make our 48's as pleasant as possible.

The sword of Damocles, in the grim shape of mid-term exams, overhangs us, but, armed with our motto, we hope to report in our next article that all have survived.

"FRANGAS NON FLECTIS."

CLEWLESS (One Confirmed) MCGOON



by *Clive*

Promotions

P/O J. C. Marshall to Flying Officer (Nav.)
LAC T. A. Ciaccio to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAC H. J. Saucier to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAC M. J. Huth to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAC K. D. Barr to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAC E. J. Foret to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAC D. F. Golder to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAC M. C. Gould to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAC M. D. McInnis to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAC E. C. Olson to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAC T. A. Siddall to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAC G. A. Burr to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAC R. A. Holms to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAC H. Smoker to Corporal (W.O.G.).
LAW P. E. Aldous to Corporal (Fab. Wkr.).
LAW M. H. Sherk to Corporal (Para. Rigger).
LAC W. H. Greenhalgh to Corporal (A.E.M.).
LAC R. R. Powers to Corporal (Laundryman).
LAW E. F. Heinrich to Corporal (Hosp. Asst.).

LAC J. E. Greasley to Corporal (A.E.M.).
LAW I. Baker to Corporal (Equip.).
LAC J. Donnison to Corporal (Fireman).
Cpl. W. A. Brandon to Sergeant (Elect.).
Cpl. C. Fritzler to Sergeant (Tailor).
Sgt. I. M. Dangerfield to Flight Sergeant (P.T. & D.I.).
Sgt. M. S. McConnell to Flight Sergeant (Carp.).
Sgt. T. A. Trachy to Flight Sergeant (Laundryman).
Sgt. R. H. Moore to Flight Sergeant (L.C.I.).
Sgt. L. H. Burton to Flight Sergeant (Pilot).
P/O J. A. M. Whitelaw to Flying Officer (Pilot).
P/O W. D. Bates to Flying Officer (Pilot).
P/O R. D. Monahan to Flying Officer (Pilot).
Sgt. D. A. Perry to Flight Sergeant (Pilot).
F/S E. J. Flack to Pilot Officer (Pilot).
F/S E. C. Ross to Pilot Officer (Pilot).
WO2 R. E. Dunlop to Pilot Officer (Pilot).
WO2 K. W. Hall to Warrant Officer 1 (M.M.).
F/S T. L. Bamford to Pilot Officer (Pilot).

Marriages

F/S H. W. A. Cook to Sybil Elizabeth Gryce on 5/Aug./44 at Saskatoon, Sask.
LAC F. J. Smith to Dorothy Muriel Coulter on 29/Aug./44 at Winnipeg, Man.
Cpl. G. M. Gingras to Jean Isabel Robinson on 5/Sept./44 at Walpole, Sask.

LAC R. A. J. Mercer to Rose Kathleen Cater on 9/Sept./44 at Theodore, Sask.
F/O D. Campbell to Margaret Mitchell on 9/Sept./44 at Calgary, Alta.
P/O J. A. Michaelson to Mary McGillivray Fraser on 5/Sept./44 at Edmonton, Alta.

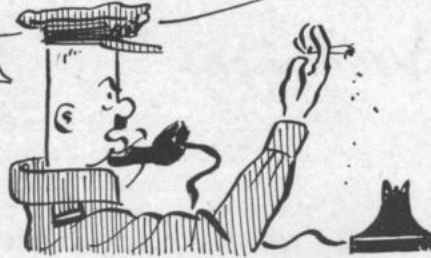
Births

To F/O and Mrs. R. F. E. Harvey, a daughter, Joan Frances, on 23/Aug./44, at Brandon.
To LAC and Mrs. F. Dart, a son, Terrence Robert, on 10/Aug./44, at London, Ont.
To Sgt. and Mrs. F. E. Jobson, a son, James Roy Frederick, on 21/June/44, at Grande Prairie, Alta.
To Sgt. and Mrs. L. C. Mulligan, a daughter, Sharon Louise, on 28/Aug./44, at Brandon.
To F/S and Mrs. J. E. Moore, a daughter, Elizabeth Margaret, on 13/Aug./44, at Winnipeg, Man.

To Sgt. and Mrs. D. S. Porter, a son, Allan David, on 6/Aug./44, at Tuscorora, Ont.
To Sgt. and Mrs. A. L. Green, a daughter, Phyllis Kaye, on 1/Sept./44, at Brandon.
To Cpl. and Mrs. J. C. Graham, a son, Melvin Wayne, at Swan River, Man., on 5/Sept./44.
To LAC and Mrs. H. P. Hultman, a son, Thomas, on 30/July/44, at Winnipeg, Man.
To F/S and Mrs. J. G. Parker, a son, James Thomas William, on 2/Sept./44, at Winnipeg.

SEND A BODY!

by
Gale



SIR, YOU SENT FOR ME?



I HAVE TO GO TO PT NOW... HAVE THIS OFFICE PERFECTLY CLEAN WHEN I GET BACK

'SIR



MUCH LATER:



THIS OFFICE HASN'T BEEN CLEANED AT ALL! YOU'RE GOING ON CHARGE! WOT'S YA NAME?

I AM ABODDY



IF YOU'RE NOT CAREFUL I'LL SLAP YOU ON TWO CHARGES! ANOTHER ONE FOR INSOLENCE!

SIR....



SIR, I AM ABODDY..... R222222 AC2 ABODDY, C.T. PLEASE DON' BE TOO TOUGH WITH ME, SIR, I'M WORE OUT..



EVERY TIME ANYBODY WANTS A JOE BOY FOR ANYTHING THEY SAY "GULP" SEND ABODDY ..."

SOB!



OK, I'LL LET YA GO THIS TIME BUT DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN, EH?



COME BACK HERE! DON'T YOU KNOW ENOUGH TO SALUTE WHEN YOU LEAVE AN OFFICE?



SIR, I GOT NO ARMS.... I'M JUST ABODDY