

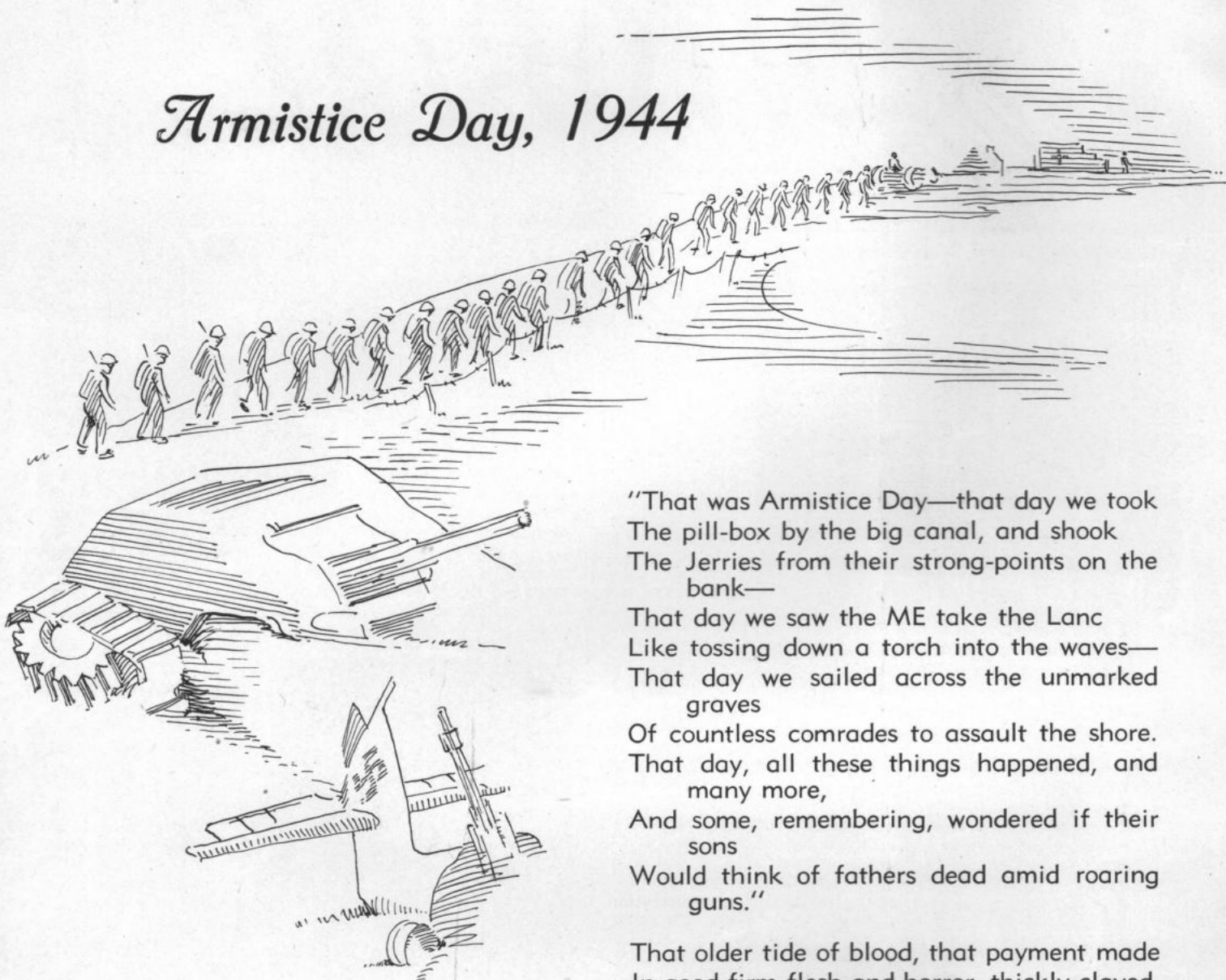
Message to Base



UNCONDITIONAL
SURRENDER
YOUR
BONDS
ARE HELPING

Drawing by Sgt. Sibley.

Armistice Day, 1944



"That was Armistice Day—that day we took
The pill-box by the big canal, and shook
The Jerries from their strong-points on the
bank—

That day we saw the ME take the Lanc
Like tossing down a torch into the waves—
That day we sailed across the unmarked
graves

Of countless comrades to assault the shore.
That day, all these things happened, and
many more,

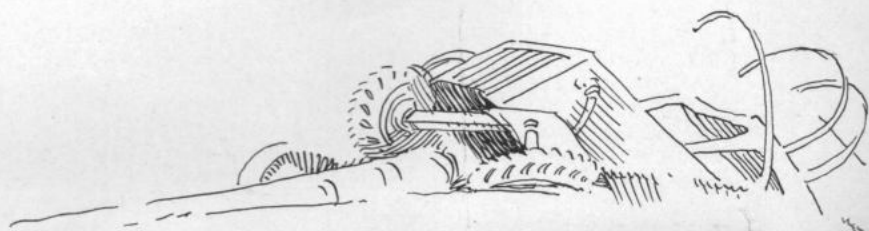
And some, remembering, wondered if their
sons

Would think of fathers dead amid roaring
guns."

That older tide of blood, that payment made
In good firm flesh and horror, thickly-clayed,
That was the first world-sacrifice of death,
An offering-up of love and hope and breath,
And this, our second, that our seed may grow
In strength and peace, with will to stop the
flow

Of dark barbaric floods; that they may win
The peace we covet, ere their wars begin.

—F/L D. L. Aiken.





EDITORIAL

M. T. B.

By kind permission of GROUP CAPTAIN W. A. MURRAY
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Volume II, No. 4

NOVEMBER, 1944

EDITOR'S CORNER

LAST Saturday at the eleventh hour of the eleventh day of the eleventh month of 1944 we paused. For one hundred and twenty full seconds our thoughts were for those before us who laid down their lives fighting for the same cause we fight today—freedom! It seemed ironical to be dwelling on armistice in the midst of strife, yet in another light it was quite appropriate because even a brief pause should have been sufficient to goad us on towards World War II Armistice. And this time we must do more than win the war—we must win the peace!

The month of November rounded out four years of combined effort on the part of all who have helped make Rivers the Central Navigation School of Canada. It is quite impossible to properly direct our credit to those who laid the pillars of construction and administration, but those of us who enjoy the facilities of today can appreciate what has been done in the past. One has only to walk the length of corridor one, G.I.S., for a glimpse of the high standard set at Rivers in turning out top navigators. There, lining the lengthy walls, are no less than thirty-six decorated veterans, all of whom graduated from Rivers during the past four years. We are proud of them but we are proud of Rivers' record too.

The highlight activity of the past four weeks was undoubtedly our Hallowe'en Victory dance. It was an all-out station party to which everybody was invited and was held in dual conjunction with Hallowe'en and the Seventh Victory Loan. The dance was pronounced a huge success by one and all, the most common post mortem remark being "Why can't we do this more often?" The price of admission was one War Savings Stamp, the entire proceeds being turned over to our Station War Loan Committee. It can be safely stated here that the event established a new high in popular appeal and the co-operation received by the dance committee was extremely gratifying.

The dark clouds hovering over M.T.B. of late completely disappeared with the latest addition to our staff—AW2 Clare Gellatly. A graduate of the University of Manitoba, Clare began her literary career with the Winnipeg Press. Later she was taken on staff by the Regina Leader-Post as a reporter and with whom she also had her own daily column. Need we say that M.T.B. welcomes her?—but definitely. Clare has been taken on strength as a staff reporter.

M. T. B. for NOVEMBER

The outstanding artwork appearing in this issue is by Sgt. Sibly, another newcomer to M.T.B. although not to Rivers. The front cover, visual aid caricatures and our football girl are Sib's contributions for the month. He has a real future not only in forthcoming issues of M.T.B. but also in the post-war field of commercial art.

A popular innovation was introduced by the Met. Section in October who came up with revolutionary weather forecasts for the benefit of all station personnel. In future it will be quite possible to plan outdoor events with a view to advance weather information—if they call their shots correctly. Bulletin boards all over the station now carry both the latest newscast and the weather map providing "gen" for all.

M.T.B. presents another rehabilitation article this month by P/O Ted Mann, who has recently been selected to devote his full time to organizing discussion hours along these lines. He explains fully the benefit under the Veteran's Land Act and the Rehabilitation Fund for getting established in home, business or on the land. M.T.B. strongly advises all personnel to peruse this article carefully as it deals with a subject in which we should all be keenly interested.



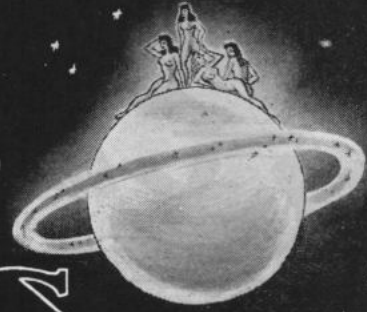
A serious falling off in morale is prevalent throughout the R. C. A. F. in Canada. Granted, many regulations are coming through for which we can see no obvious need, but if we are to speed final victory no good can result from bucking them. With acute shortage of help imminent we may all be obliged to do extra work and surely this stage of the war is not the time to create a weakness. This is not presented as a sermon but rather as an earnest endeavor to ensure final victory as quickly as possible.

That is what we all want now with all our hearts, so let's go after it with all our hearts.

SURPASS VICTORY LOAN OBJECTIVE

The magnificent response to Canada's seventh Victory Loan Drive on the part of Rivers personnel was gratifying to all who watched the total rise day by day. A decided hush fell over the entire crowd at the Bond rally when an objective of \$175,000 was announced (our last objective was \$140,000. This high objective not only was reached but was far surpassed, the final figure being over \$200,000. The Victory Loan Committee under the chairmanship of S/L J. Morton wishes to thank all personnel who so generously supported the drive. Well done, 1 C.N.S.!

visual aids



"Seeing is Believing"

DON COLLYER

OVER in No. 1 Hangar, next to the Photography Section, with which Visual Aids Section combines efforts in some of its work, we find the staff so aptly and masterfully portrayed on the facing page under their historic tams, behind their glorious cravats.

No. 2 Training Command is a large one. Nevertheless, all Visual Aids for the command are developed here from the embryo idea to the final smart turn-out in poster, diagram, slide or chart—the work of skilled and patient hands which mould a remarkably high standard of art into each piece of work. Time is no object in its painstaking production.

However, do not get the idea that time is disregarded, because all projects must be completed, each within its own time limit. To the surprise of the outsider visiting Visual Aids, elaborate, near-perfect and involved diagrams and manuscripts sprout mushrooms from busy sets of draughting tools, from brush and paint pot, from easel and air-brush in as many colors and designs as a Disney Cartoon. These are whisked off in the mails. Huge packages go out and as quickly are replaced by new work to be created.

Whether it's an official, dignified sign-board in its tuxedo black and white, a gay poster heralding Hallowe'en, a powerful clarion of form and color summoning support and loyalty to some just cause—a Victory Loan, perhaps, Visual Aids has done the job well. But the big orders come from official sources, for visual aids do "Navigation" chiefly. It is astounding how many different types of

navigational problems have been turned into tangible and instructive form. Here we realize that Visual Aids is the key to "learning by seeing."

Visual Aids Go Modern A La Silk Screen

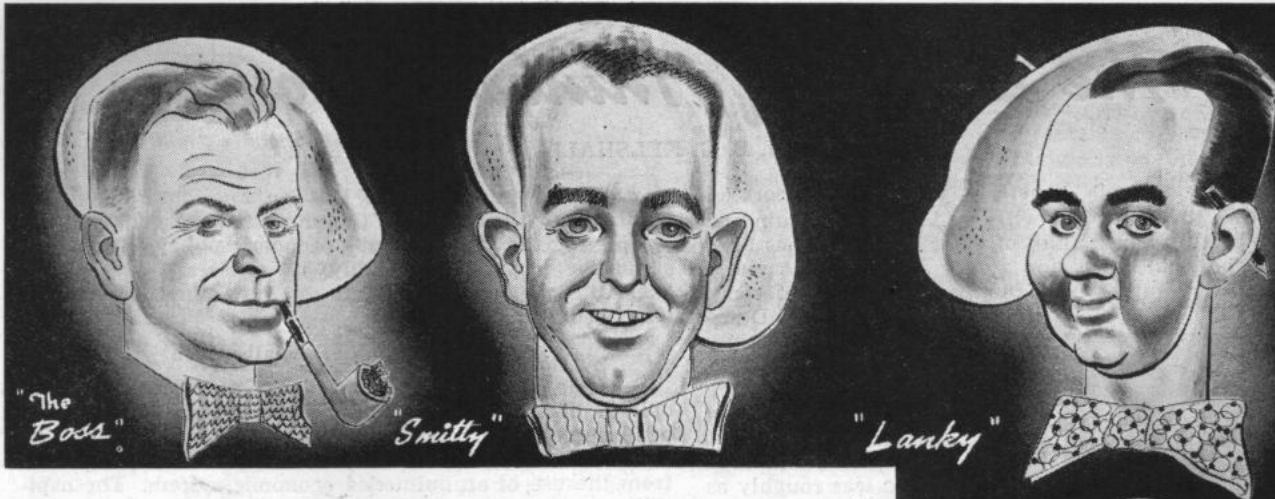


Left to right—Sgt. Sibly, Sgt. Spencer, F/L J. Pollock and LAC Argan. In background is a recent silk screen job.

BLIND APPROACH by McGoon



by Ozie



F/L J. R. "Jimmie" Pollock ably heads Visual Aids. He comes from Vancouver, B.C., where his vast knowledge of "seeing aids" was gained in his capacity as Visual Aids Supervisor for Vancouver Schools. The five staff members include Sgt. Spencer, Sgt. Lancaster, Sgt. Sibley, LAC Argan and LAC Smith.



Leading Aircraftsman "Jack" Smith from Islington, Toronto, came over from General Duties to Visual Aids Section through sheer interest in the work. He has proven himself a valuable member and is a steady and reliable worker. He is also very keen on sports.



Sgt. Eric Lancaster was a commercial artist in Montreal where he operated his own business prior to the war. He attended No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, where his ability in art resulted in a transfer to the Navigation Visiting Flight and from there to Visual Aids. The recent L. H. A. Demonstrator was his work.



Sgt. Frank Sibley of Toronto is the section's "wild-haired" eccentric and aesthetic artist. With liberal originality and ability he creates, sketches, produces caricatures and cartoons and evolves eye-catching color schemes. The outstanding caricatures shown here are the work of Sgt. Sibley. Need we say more about his artistic ability?



Leading Aircraftsman Bill Argan, a six-foot-plus giant of even disposition and a cool, steady eye for line, form and tone, has developed a remarkable "Disneyesque" technique with his rainbow magic air-brush. He sleeps on a special bunk for tall artists and at work gets things done in record time with no more noise than the motion of a leaf. Look for the signature "Argan" in back issues of M.T.B.



Al Spencer hails from Winnipeg—master of descriptive geometry of spheres, champion frisket (fine stencil) cutter and an old-timer in this section.



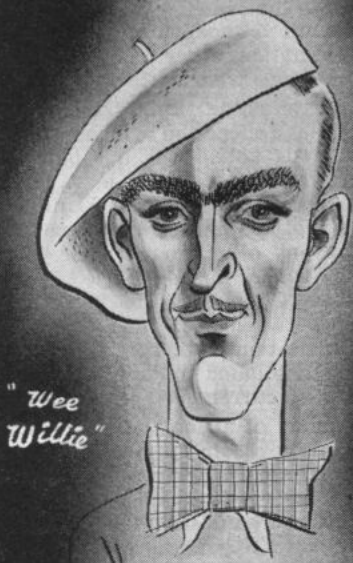
The Photo Section should be mentioned here as important in that it takes care of all photography concerning Visual Aids. F/S Melrose and his staff of photographers are to be commended for the top quality work they always produce in their section.



The latest development of Visual Aids is a silk-screen work-room which has been outfitted for immediate use and will probably "speak for itself" in pictures very soon. The first silk-screen chart has already been produced.



We are all grateful to Visual Aids for so much—we look forward to their future creations with eyes for art and design to equal Paris and New York.



The Shape of Things to Come

F/L J. B. G. KELSHALL

ALL the world waits hopefully to see what sort of structure the statesmen will build out of the ruin and chaos left by this war. A hint of what is to come has been given by the final plans for a new international world order drafted recently at the Dumbarton Oaks Conference in the United States. At Dumbarton Oaks representatives of the Four Great Powers met and discussed how the future peace of the world was to be preserved.



The plan upon which they finally agreed was roughly as follows. The Four would assume to themselves Police powers over the whole world and would exercise those powers to prevent any breach of the peace, aided by elected representatives of the other Nations in a Security Council. In preventing such a breach they would not use a special

International Police Force but their own National Armed Forces in such combination and proportions as suited the need. Finally and most important, the decision so to use force in any given case would have to be made by the unanimous vote of all members of the Security Council.

A Plan Stillborn

This last provision, of course, damns the scheme to failure before it is even tried, for under it no action could be taken to stop an aggression by any of the Big Four themselves; so that, in effect, the Conference's Plan amounts to nothing but a modernized Military Alliance directed against any nation other than one of the Allies, which attempts to wage war.

Now the interesting thing about the situation is that it was the Soviet Delegation which insisted on the inclusion of a unanimous vote. This has baffled many people, for the Soviet Union has always been the great champion of collective security. The Soviet Union supported the old League of Nations more wholeheartedly and enthusiastically than any other power. The Soviet Union was the one Power which honestly tried to bring the ill-fated Disarmament Conference to some realistic agreement. Altogether between 1920 and 1940 Russia acquired an enviable reputation as a peace-loving nation, with those who were not blinded by the anti-communist propaganda campaign then current.

But the heart of all collective security is the control of the powerful by a combination of the weak. If the unanimous agreement of all the collective nations is necessary before combined action can be taken, then obviously any member of the organization can commit an aggression and legally prevent the sanction being used against it. There would be little security in such a scheme except for the aggressor. It looks, then as though the Soviet Union has suddenly gone back on the policy which it supported for 20 years. In holding out for a unanimity clause at Dumbarton Oaks, the Russian Delegation doomed the conference to failure in so far as it had attempted to build the nucleus of a new scheme for world wide collective security.

Is Russia Becoming Militaristic?

What does this mean? Is the Soviet Union going to abandon the ways of peace? Has their control of what is now obviously the finest fighting machine in the world turned the thoughts of the Soviet leaders to world conquest? If the Union were still peaceminded, why should it insist on such a provision?

The answer to these questions, the answer, indeed, to

all the apparent riddles in Russian Foreign Policy is to be found in the fact that Communism is a religion, and not merely the Government's economic policy. To understand the position thoroughly, it is necessary to glance back through the years and see how the Soviet state was born.

The Birth of the Socialist Idea

For many years prior to the first Great War a body of opinion had been developing around the economic doctrine of the great Karl Marx. These thinkers held that the obvious current deterioration in human society resulted from the use of an outmoded economic system. The capitalist system, then exclusively used, had developed out of the breakup of the older feudal system. Its outstanding characteristic was its use of human selfishness and greed as the basic motive for labour and production. Men and women worked because of what they got for themselves in return. The system had worked very efficiently in developing economics, but with a high degree of industrial development, difficulties had developed. It was the contention of the Socialist thinkers, as they were called, that the capitalist system was ill-adapted to developed industrial economics; that it should be regarded as transitional; and that it should be replaced by a modern scientifically planned system. Their great argument was a philosophic one. They pointed out that civilization itself was co-operation between men—social living. But the capitalist system was conditioning men to be anti-social through the emphasis it placed on personal gain as the motive for all action. The Socialists offered a system in which the means of production were to be first vested in the society itself. Having thus disposed of vested interest there was then to follow a period of production for use during which the workers were induced to produce by the desire for their own personal gain. Meanwhile intensive education would shift the motive of production from one of gain to one of personal service. Men and women would be taught to produce, not for what they themselves got out of it but from a sense of duty to the community and love for their fellow men. Once this motive had been developed the last step in the process could come. The Socialist society would become a Communist society, all men would work for love of their fellowmen, and the State as an organization would "wither" and cease to exist. This was the great dream of the Socialists. They believed that in their plan was the panacea for which the world, in its turmoil and agony, cried aloud. They believed that they had the cure for human suffering, the pathway to Utopia. Note particularly that this was truly international thinking. It transcended the bounds of nationalism, narrow patriotism. It was a belief, a new religion.

The Socialists Get Their Chance

For many years this Socialist dream developed against the bitter opposition and often the persecution of men who had a vested interest in the continuance of the capitalist system. Then in 1917 came the great chance the Socialists had waited for. Under the strain of the First World War, the corrupt social structure of Tsarist Russia collapsed. The Russian masses rose in blind spontaneous revolution and the country was in a state of flux. Here was the chance of the century. A band of "Militant Philosophers" seized power. Led by Lenin, a man of great genius and humanity, they controlled the revolutionary ardour of the masses and directed it into Socialist channels. They started by creating in Russia a modern industrial society operating on a system which became more and more socialist. Simultaneously they commenced to educate and condition the people to think socially; commenced to educate them toward eventual Communism. Here two important points must be noted. First, this was literally an attempt to

change human nature in order to attain the good life. Secondly it was not primarily a Russian experiment, but an experiment in Russia by internationalists.

The Socialists Begin to Succeed

Since those early days the Russians have come a long way. There can be no doubt that the first half of the experiment succeeded. Pursuing their aim with an unswerving, almost inhuman fanaticism, they have created, out of a backward and ignorant agricultural community, the second most powerful industrial economy in the world. And they have developed that economy to almost 100 per cent Socialist control. They did all this against time and at a sacrifice. One such sacrifice was political democracy. This was retarded in order to increase the efficiency of the economic development. Their socialist development was imposed on the people from above with efficiency and often with a ruthlessness which caused untold suffering. All this was regarded as part of the cost of the experiment. Today the Soviet Union is nearing the second phase of their great experiment. The development of the people culturally and politically and morally and the swing from socialist production to pure communism. Perhaps in twenty years time the introduction to communism should be getting started. Within two generations after that the world should know whether or not human nature can be altered to produce social human beings.

Outside Opposition Makes Enemies

But while all this was going on in Russia the outside world was doing everything in its power to wreck or prevent the experiment in Russia. They started with an actual armed intervention in an attempt to wipe out the Socialist State. Most of the capitalist countries had armies in Russia or contributed in some way to those campaigns. Great Britain, for example, spent some \$500,000,000 on this War of Intervention and did some 10 billion dollars worth of damage according to a subsequent Russian claim before an international Court. After these military attempts had failed the capitalist Powers then concentrated on economic and political blockade and on a thorough-going propaganda campaign. All this violent opposition was explained as arising from the fact that the Russians were preaching World Revolution. In fact it arose because of the fear of Socialism. Socialism as we have seen, is international in its scope. There were Socialists in every country, and the Governments of every country were well aware that if the experiment in Russia succeeded it would mean the adoption of Socialism everywhere. But this was the last thing the capitalist Governments wanted, for the very men who formed the Governments were the men who benefited most, personally, from the capitalist system. They therefore did everything in their power to hamper and oppose the Russians. And they made the Russians their enemies.

A Common Threat

The Nazis, by attacking both simultaneously, have now forced the Russians and the surviving capitalist Powers, Britain and the U.S.A., into each others arms. A union which is both unnatural and unstable and one which will continue only as long as the common threat persists. For the Russians have not forgotten and will not forget the past.

A Key to the Riddle

If the present world situation is looked at in the light of the foregoing, many hitherto puzzling things resolve themselves. Remember always that the cardinal principle of Soviet policy is the preservation of their great sociological experiment and remember that the continuance and/or success of that experiment is against the personal interests of the men who form the governments of the capitalist powers.

It is obvious for example, that an experiment like that described cannot be properly carried on during war. The Soviet Union was therefore wholeheartedly for peace—and still is. Subject always to the continuance of their

experiment the leaders of the Soviet Union can be relied upon to co-operate in any scheme for world peace. Thus while the League was functioning, they gave it every possible aid and support. Being interested only in security, they were prepared to disarm totally at the time of the Disarmament Conference if the others would do likewise. Now at Dumbarton Oaks they are consistent. They are prepared to do everything in their power **short of risking their experiment** to support the scheme. They asked for the right of unanimous vote because they consider it essential to the safety of their experiment. Regarding the present Governments of China, America and Britain as essentially hostile to their experiment (a perfectly valid stand), the Soviet Union is afraid that at some future date these Governments might use the mechanism of the Alliance against her if the Alliance were controlled by a majority vote. She, the minority, therefore insists on unanimous decision.

The Great Question

Basically, then, the Dumbarton Oaks conference broke down because of lack of confidence between the Soviet Union on the one hand, and the Anglo-Americans on the other. The suspicion arose because the one was Socialist the other two Capitalist. This is a portent. There is very little hope of any permanent or even semi-permanent political settlements in the international world after this war unless the great question of the age is first answered. Is the world to stay capitalist or is it going to move on to some form of socialist economy. The two cannot co-exist for they are both international and global in scope and they are mutually exclusive. The question will be answered soon, for whether we know it or not, the world is undergoing a revolution. The tragedy of World War Two has been superimposed on that revolution and has in some cases been inextricably mixed with it. But while World War Two has the stage and hits the headlines it is the silent social revolution beneath it which is the really important occurrence of this day and age. When it is all over the world at large may emerge more or less in the same form it had before this war. A semi-feudal capitalist society ranging politically from dictatorship to a limited democracy. If this is the case we can expect nothing at all out of this war. Instead there will be a generation of strife and turmoil ending with the greatest of all wars, in which the forces of the Left fight the last great battle against the reactionaries of the Right.

The Hope of the World

Fortunately, however, this horror is unlikely to occur. Every indication now points to a new and better society emerging from the present flux. All over Europe new Socialist societies are arising from the ashes of the countries the Nazis smashed. New socialist democracies dedicated to freedom and to maximum production for the use of the common people. Such a society seems very probable indeed in Britain when once she returns to democracy.

A Socialist Europe would be a Europe which Russia no longer feared. A Socialist Britain would be a Britain which no longer offered a threat to the Soviet Union's experiment. Between such a Europe, such a Britain and the Soviet Union there will be born the nucleus of the new World Order for which we wait. The Americas offer the greatest problem. With the present reactionary trend in the U. S. there is some danger of the world splitting into continental blocks divided ideologically with a Leftist Europe and Asia facing a Rightist America. Our only safeguard against this lies in the remarkable ability of the Americans to accept new ideas once proven. If a Socialist Europe succeeds, America will undoubtedly take heed.

Meanwhile the experiment in Russia will go forward, possibly to success and the salvation of mankind. But whether or not it did succeed the world as a whole would be one step further forward in its age-old and ceaseless search for the Good Life.

Scenes at Hallowe'en-Victory Dance



The above scenes speak for themselves—our station dance, held on the night of Hallowe'en and in conjunction with the 7th Victory Loan, was a terrific hit.

The price of admission to the dance was appropriately one War Savings Stamp which entitled the purchaser to a half mask and a decorative program as a permanent souvenir. And that was not all, for, before the evening was over, the sum total of the War Savings Stamps was given right back in the form of war saving certificates. These were given as door prizes and for novelty dances including the winners of the jitterbug and waltz contests (winners are pictured above).

Master of Ceremonies Gord Harley (shown at mike above) was in great form all evening, getting the dance underway with a grand march led by Group Captain and Mrs. Murray (see above). Our own Ansonaires provided the music and are deserving of the highest praise for their vital part in

the program. They put in several hours of practice in advance and came through with flying colors.

An especially big hand is due the decorations committee headed up by LAC "Smitty" Smith and F/O "Ozzie" Wright. Carrying out the dance theme, the walls were lined V's for Victory and black cats for Hallowe'en. Suspended from the rafters were approximately ten crazy cartoon characters such as Mickey Mouse, etc., not to mention Ozzie's distinguished "Lord Whiff." Each in turn was observed through a maze of streamers for further effect. Topping off all of this was a huge revolving centre piece on which hundreds of pieces of mirror had been painstakingly pasted to cast piercing shadows about the hall.

The evening left everyone wanting a similar treatment more often, and M.T.B. hopes that this will be possible. Besides, they are very good for morale.

Astronomer Jack Heard

DON COLLYER

AN astronomer, Squadron Leader Jack Heard, Ph.D., should feel right at home in the study of astronomy in connection with air navigation. The point of interest here is, what connection has present day air navigation, aided by astro, with astronomy? More particularly, with the astronomical experiments carried out by Squadron Leader Heard? Most of the work at the David Dunlop Observatory where the 76-inch reflecting telescope ranks third in size in the world, is in the field of spectroscopic research involving the physical properties of stars, their velocities, and their movements.



S/L Jack Heard, Ph.D.

It is interesting to note that observatories the world over have an international arrangement whereby many types of research are carried on by designated observatories. Nevertheless at the D.D.O. one of S/L Heard's colleagues has done some valuable wartime research on sextant design. Squadron Leader Heard added that "today astronomers don't sleep all day and stay up all night. In fact, one hour's observation at night usually means four hours reduction of the plates at some later time."

In November, 1940, Squadron Leader Heard was at Brandon, Manitoba, waiting for No. 1 C.N.S. to open so as to begin training on No. 7 N.I. course here—the first to start at Rivers. Work began that same month with classrooms in barracks, a lack of running water, and the use of coal heaters as wood burners. "They were noisily stoked at least once an hour," he remarked. "That was a cold winter."

In February, 1941, came a posting to No. 4 A.O.S., London, Ontario, where S/L Pitcairn was C.I., and later, S/L McKillop. In April, 1942, Squadron Leader Heard went to No. 10 A.O.S., Chatham, N.B., until April, 1943, when he returned to London, Ontario, for a brief period. From this posting he went to No. 1 Training Command, and later to the War Staff College on Course Three, with Wing Commander Cooper, again to return to London until his posting back to good old Rivers.

Squadron Leader Heard arrived here on September 13th,

1944. Over three and a half years have elapsed since his departure in February, 1941. His response to the many changes which have since occurred was: "Astounding differences and a vast improvement have altered everything."

Born in St. Thomas, Ontario, on the 18th of June, 1907, S/L Heard has, until recently, resided in Richmond Hill, Ontario, roughly fifteen miles north of Toronto, where he was a member of the staff of David Dunlap Observatory for five years.

Squadron Leader Heard was lecturer in Astronomy at the University of Toronto while at Dunlap Observatory, and remarked how well he enjoyed his work at the University. He hopes to be able to return to this work after the war. It is quite evident that he was a popular teacher from his quiet, unassuming manner, his knack for conversation, and for creating a feeling of "at ease" among his fellow workers and students.

We take this opportunity to extend our wishes to Mrs. Heard and three young daughters, at home in London, Ontario. And to S/L Jack Heard, welcome back to Rivers as officer in charge of Specialist Navigation Training.

SNINS:

We've had them all!



INNOCENT TYPE
Six months and he's laughing at the new SNINS



PERSONALLY-I-THINK-MYSELF TYPE
Stuck his foot in the door till his instructor sent him here



AUSTRALIAN TYPE
Took a post-graduate course in boloney before they let him leave Australia



REPAT TYPE
Must be an expert because he uses RAF words for everything (Exact op. details hard to elicit)



TIMID TYPE
(That's us)



ANOTHER REPAT TYPE but cheesed
Three tours, two gongs



EINSTEIN TYPE
Potential Staff Navigator



AIRWOMAN'S DREAM TYPE
Has pals on the SNIP course



SOPHISTICATED TYPE
Knows all the girls and all the songs - Winnipeg takes a beating on 48's and the piano on Saturday nights



They all have hat troubles

by Gyle

Are You Ready for "Civvy Street" ?

TED MANN

OVER a cup of coffee a discussion was going on in the mess between a young pilot and a veteran of the last war. "But surely it won't be hard to find a job when the war is over," the former exclaimed. "The government will see to it that there are lots of jobs." The older man's features took on a more serious expression as he replied, "Ah, my boy, you don't know what the situation is going to be like; why I tell you, I can't think of one field of employment in which you could be certain of finding a secure job after this war." In these words the older man voiced the fears of many servicemen about their future.



Smaller Labor Force After War

How much do we know now about the employment situation which is likely to exist in Canada after the war? We know this much, that reliable estimates by government agencies and economic experts put the number of new jobs to be found when all armed forces personnel are discharged and munition plants closed down at 1,500,000. This is after making allowances for the withdrawal of 600,000 old folk, women and young boys now engaged in industry.

The really grim fact is that at the time these million and a half persons are looking for employment, due to improvements in production techniques since 1939, Canada will be able to manufacture up to our pre-war level with a considerably smaller industrial labor force than in 1939. This shrinkage in demand for manpower is serious. It is made more acute by the fact that thousands of women who did not expect to work before the war, will have to find employment, either because their husbands have been killed, or because there are not men around to marry.

Old Jobs May Not Be Open

There are some servicemen who rest easy in the expectation that since the government has promised their old jobs back, there is nothing to worry about. Unfortunately, however, the law forcing employers to rehire old staff has loop-holes. In many cases firms will simply not be in a position to take back all their pre-war personnel—and the government does not promise to force employers to rehire men whose wages will be a total loss. Secondly, many servicemen will have lost their pre-war skills after four years or more in uniform and once again employers will not be obliged to rehire the veteran. Moreover, a great many businesses dependent upon the war effort for a goodly percentage of their orders, will have to cut down their payrolls after V day or else go out of business. Again, those servicemen who are planning on taking vocational or university training may also be bitterly disappointed when it comes to looking for employment. They too may find many doors shut in their faces. Summing up, one may predict that at least 70% of servicemen are going to suffer many jolts and detours, as they try to elbow their way into secure employment.

This picture of exacting competition for regular employment may look discouraging but those who say we cannot do anything about it are the real pessimists. Although demobilization day is some time away and we cannot know completely the situation at that time, it is not too soon to begin planning. For instance, we know that quite a proportion of the R.C.A.F. will be demobilized within the next twelve months. You may be in that group and your success in getting secure employment will depend on the

preciseness, flexibility and thoughtfulness of your plans for job finding. This in turn will depend upon two things, your knowledge of all the aids that our government offers to veterans and secondly your trained capacity to do the job you want to do. The government's "Back to Civil Life" folder makes this emphatic: "The Canadian program of rehabilitation can succeed only to the extent that ex-servicemen are prepared to help themselves and to the extent that employers will provide opportunity. It cannot help those who have no desire to help themselves." The rest of this article is an attempt to suggest directions in which you personally may plan for post-war economic security.

Re-establishment Credit Ideal For Many

One of the newer forms of government aid to veterans is the Re-establishment Credit. It is a grant equal to your gratuity which is given for certain general purposes. If you want to go into a business or profession for yourself, you may secure it to purchase tools, instruments or equipment, or use it as working capital, or to buy an interest in the business. In this way, the government is encouraging servicemen to go into business for themselves. For certain aggressive types, with business experience and sufficient capital, this may well be the answer to post-war security. The credit may also be used "to purchase special equipment required for one's education or vocational training."

Furthermore, if you are interested in building a home, this credit may be used "to pay up to 2/3s of the amount which you would otherwise have had to pay out of your own pocket." Accordingly, if you decide to build a home under the new National Housing Act, your Re-establishment Credit may take care of 2/3s of your initial down payment. Thus if you propose to build a \$4,000 house, out of the \$400 necessary for a down payment, i.e. 10%—apart from buying the land—all you need to find yourself is \$135. Other government grants, such as one month's pay on discharge, plus your gratuity would more than cover this. Moreover the remainder of the credit coming to you—if you were entitled to more than \$265—could be used to purchase furniture and household equipment, up to 2/3s of the outlay. Thus, with a very small down payment, and carrying charges, which in the case of a \$4,000 house are only \$22.61 per month, you could have a furnished home of your own. And a little home of your own with low carrying charges, is unquestionably one significant step towards post-war security.

Veterans' Land Act Excellent

The Veterans' Land Act is another bill that offers attractive opportunities. For those who want to buy land and start farming as a business, a down payment of 10% of the value of the land and stock, up to \$6,000 (\$4,800 for land and \$1,200 for chattels), secures a government loan to cover the remaining 90%. The veteran farmer is given 25 years to pay back only 2/3s of the \$4,800 (for land), which carries interest at the low rate of 3½% per year. It is important to note that the veteran farmer is not required to pay back the amount loaned, up to \$1,200, for chattels.

Another section of this Veterans' Land Act is very interesting. It provides for 2-5 acre land holdings on the outskirts of cities for those whose main source of income is industrial or other employment. Once again the down payment is 10% of the total loan, of which only 2/3s need be repaid. And, as above, the veteran's gratuity could be used for furnishing the house or buying farm equipment, thus considerably reducing the initial outlay. The special advantages of these small land holdings in the suburbs are many. First, by means of a large garden and a few chickens one's living costs could be materially cut. Secondly, taxes would likely be less than in the city itself. Again, suburban living provides the family with a healthy physical

Smiling Joe

THIS is a story which not only typifies the Wireless Operators of our station, but also introduces Corporal Walter Joe of Vernon, B.C., born there on November 6th, 1916. His mother and father still reside in Vernon where "Joe" attended Public and High School. He loves Vernon—



CORPORAL WALTER JOE

the Okanagan Valley, fruit garden of B.C., and is really looking forward to returning home some fine day.

Enlisting in November, 1942, Joe (we all call him Joe) went to W.E.T.P. School in December for three months at the Vancouver Technical School where Morse code, theory and procedure were the big features. Hours were spent each day improving sending and receiving of all types of messages. "But there was no drill or P.T. and we had a '48' every week-end," beamed Joe.

In March, 1943, this class boarded a train for the long trip to Lachine Manning Depot, Montreal, where alas, they made up for lack of drill and P.T. However, along came the merry month of May and until August Joe attended No. 1 Wireless School, Montreal, graduating with Course 3 on August 13, 1943. He arrived here at Rivers as an official W.O.G. on the 16th of August, 1943.

The W.O.G.'s flying hours reach very high averages each month and their crew co-operation with pilot, navigator and air bomber is excellent. Their work is essential in the radio-equipped aircraft of today.

Joe says that "the flights are swell" and the station "not half bad," as most people will admit. His mother was born at Yale, B.C., in the Caribou gold rush days. His grandfather took part in the push up the Fraser for gold in 1848. Joe's father came over from Canton, China, in a sailing ship nearly 60 years ago.

One of our best morale-builders on this station, and a fine Canadian, you will always find "Joe" happy and ready to chat, to laugh and always—typical of his trade, to give you a hand in his very practical manner whenever he isn't too busy.

and mental environment which among other things will save on medical bills. Finally, if his city job disappears in a depression, the small land-holder can keep money expenditures down to a minimum by extending his farming activities. In short, a small suburban land holding offers a very handy back-log in the event of poor wages, inflated living costs, or actual unemployment, any of which, according to the experts, may appear in the few years following V day.

Where Lie Best Business Opportunities?

Now, in directly facing the problem of economic security after the war, the most pressing question is, in what fields will there be opportunities? Or to put it more bluntly, in what fields will I stand a better chance of competing successfully?

Economic surveys, especially that made by Dr. Weir about a year ago, provide a fairly reliable index to future occupational opportunity. It seems that some occupations are definitely in danger of serious overcrowding, after V day. During the war, for instance, far more skilled machinists, office workers, factory hands and foremen have been trained than are needed to meet expected peacetime demands. In general, workers in industry and office are going to find plenty of competition. A survey by the Financial Post in May, 1944, among 2,400 of the largest manufacturing concerns in eight major industries, showed that these firms will reduce their number of employees by 11% from the '43 level, during the three years following the war. At the same time, wartime demand and the popular trend has also produced more engineers and radio specialists than our economy can likely absorb after V day. Competition in all these fields is going to be exceedingly severe; thousands may go jobless.

It need not be you—for there are some fields where everything points to increased opportunities. For instance, Canada's housing needs are so vast now that one can safely predict thousands of construction jobs for years to come. The government's housing commission reports that 700,000

new housing units will have to be built in the next ten years. Construction work will therefore be expanding and those with any training in this field should find employment easily. Similarly there will be openings in mining, oil refining, and forestry as Canada's northern resources become more fully exploited. The railways also, according to Dr. Weir's report, will need 100,000 new personnel. Our civil service, especially in the provinces, will require another 100,000 newcomers and veterans have preference in all such jobs. In our provincial civil services, the public health, education, social welfare, lands and public works branches indicate the greatest need for more trained personnel. Among the professions, the greatest number of opportunities will be in medicine, dentistry, psychiatry, social work and teaching. Again, there is bound to be a growing demand after the war for trained managers for co-operative establishments of various kinds. Some of those veterans who believe firmly in co-operative principles might well think of making co-operative work their career. According to recent surveys, these are the trends; it is up to each serviceman to use this information to his own best advantage.

Start Planning Now

But what can one do now? First, it is not too early to give serious thought to the line of work you want to engage in after V day. Secondly, you can start thinking now in terms of two different occupations, taking vocational training in one line, while you already possess pre-war skills in another. The more strings to your bow, occupationally speaking, the better chances of steady employment. Finally, it is certainly none too soon to begin reading, and studying by correspondence or any way possible, to add to your skill in the occupation or occupations in which you want to establish yourself. Unquestionably, post-war economic security will go to the man who knows what he wants and prepares himself now and during the period between armistice and demobilization to be as skilful and competent as possible in an occupation with a future.

Here 'n' There

AW2 CLARE GELLATLY

Toujours la Politesse . . . was the motto of one sergeant whiling away a few idle moments in the snack bar one evening. Said sergeant had neglected to remove his hat, and an officer looking through the door noticed it. Wishing to do the right thing in a nice way, he looked the sergeant



AW2 CLARE GELLATLY

straight in the eye, and raised his own hat. Obviously pleased at this civil courtesy, the sergeant tipped his hat in return. The ruse didn't work, so the officer repeated it. Again, the sergeant gravely doffed his hat and put it on again. By that time those who witnessed the pantomime were convulsed with laughter, and then the sergeant caught on. Sounds like something from a Laurel and Hardy picture, doesn't? it

Pardon me . . . was the sentiment of Cpl. Marj. Macdonnell the night the fire alarm roused a couple of thousand sleepy souls all over the station. She was on her way to

work on the graveyard shift, when the alarm sounded just as she reached the fire hall. The doors of the hall flew open, and the fire engine clanged out, as firemen piled aboard. One hapless gent rushed out into the night clad only in a pair of very short shorts. His pants streamed in the breeze as he grabbed them in one hand and dashed to get on the fire engine. And he really did a Dagwood-catching-a-bus act. One swoop and a dash after the engine, and he fell flat on his face. Still clutching his pants he picked himself up and dashed on in pursuit. As blushing Marj. turned her eyes elsewhere she thought she saw the poor chap miss that darn truck again!

Paging Yehudi . . . The switchboard was buzzing and flashing full speed ahead when operator LAW Hazel Hamilton received a call which stumped her momentarily. Usually Hazel can contact everyone from the C.O. to the most anonymous person on the station, but this time it was different. A woman from Rivers wanted to talk to Mr. X. What section was he in, the operator inquired. The woman didn't know but volunteered the information that Hazel must know him, he was a tall good-looking blond chap. That was no help either, so Hazel asked his rank. "Oh, I don't know what he is. But he must be at least a sergeant. He's been in the air force a long time." Then Hazel couldn't help it . . . "Well I've been in the air force a long time, and I'm still nobody. And, oh, I'm sorry, I can't place your tall blonde."

Cpl. Elsie . . . Elsie Beecham of the telephone operators' section was honor guest at a party given to celebrate her obtaining her corporal's hooks Oct. 1. Gathered around the festive board the telephone operators and met. observers drank a toast in H2O to Elsie's abilities as a corporal and cook.

Introducing George . . . We think it about time that formal recognition were accorded one member of the personnel of this station whose existence is very unofficial. As yet he hasn't been listed T.O.S. in D.R.O.'s, but George figures on staying here anyway. He's as reminiscent of

Rivers as the drone of \$1,000,000 worth of Ansons in the night, or a rousing chorus of male voices from the wet canteen. His coat is the well-known air force blue, slightly faded. But his eyes are outstanding. Not many eyes are like George's. Many W.D.'s have gazed into their enigmatic depths, for W.D.'s are partial to George. So we give you George, the Persian cat who, along with all of us, has adopted Rivers as his temporary home.

Whiz kid . . . Just run into aero engine mechanic LAC Irv Chapley, and in less time than it takes the gal in the snack bar to rustle up a jug of java, you'll be convinced that Irv's a promoter par excellence. A few of his pet dreams are a weekly station radio program broadcast from Brandon, bi-monthly dances in the drill hall, a wurlitzer in the girls' canteen, a station date bureau, a political forum, and a championship girls' basketball team! (Irv's a red-ribbon athlete himself.) Then he would like to star a beautiful song written by an S.P. on the station, and boost in Life magazine a batch of pencil sketches of the W.D.'s at home at Rivers, drawn by a W.D. Yes sir . . . that boy Irv and his ideas really get around . . . but that's his business . . . in private life in Toronto he functioned as a theatrical agent and athlete!

That little apple dumpling . . . from the Sgt.'s mess, Cpl. Marion Ellwood, is up to her old tricks again. Singing for her supper no less, and she a chef herself! This time Cpl. Marion is making the rounds at a series of fowl dinners around and about Rivers. Now to her list of "places she has sung at" including the Guelph penitentiary, Red Cross functions, service clubs, armed force gatherings, radio stations, concert halls, etc., Marion can tack a long list of places where you can enjoy a fowl dinner as is really a fowl dinner any time the frost is on the pumpkin!

Godspeed and good luck . . . from all the W.D.'s go to the girls who have packed their kit bags and left Rivers for new postings. Cpl. Laura M. Craven, "girl Friday" to the S.Ad.O., has been posted to A.F.H.Q., where she will lend her stenographic talents to the directorate of postings and careers. Chefs Cpl. Ann "Russ" Hannon and LAW R. D. Batsford have gone to start things cooking in Macdonald. Good-bye tears have also been shed in Barrack Block 53 for Leading Airwoman Lorna M. Harrison, photographer, now in Dunnville; D. L. Stacey, who will soon soothe fevered brows in Jarvis; I. G. Coglon, now gracing the post office at No. 7 E.D., Winnipeg; and for dischargees LAW R. A. Totten, AW1 M. M. Jewell, and AW1 A. E. Gray.

The glad hand . . . of welcome is extended to the following rookies to Rivers: Cpl. M. G. Hobden, postal clerk; Cpl. Saunders, chef; Leading Airwoman A. T. Piermontier, chef; M. M. Barthe, fabric worker; M. L. Jenkins, hospital assistant; E. M. Kerber, photographer; A. A. Kellett, clerk general. Wel'll be seeing you, gals!

Not strictly O.H.M.S. . . . was the sort of class held in one of the rooms at G.I.S. recently. It was a class on "how to be beautiful in a few easy lessons" given to W.D.'s by a representative of Dorothy Gray beauty products. All of which, as Ma'am Sprague nicely said about her chicks, was simply a case of "gilding the lily."

Middle aisling . . . from Rivers recently were LAW Marjorie Wright, parachute rigger, and staff pilot F/Sgt. Edward Wilton, who were married Oct. 19 in Grace Presbyterian Church, Calgary. Best man was F/Sgt. Orman Ferguson. The happy couple honeymooned at Banff before returning to Rivers to get back to business with the R.C.A.F.

Latest project undertaken with a will . . . by W.D.'s are the sewing classes held every fortnight under instruction of Miss E. Warne from Brandon. The classes are another Legion educational service; and from the large enrolment, it would seem that quite a few W.D.'s are contemplating domestic careers after the war!



SGT. ANDERSON, Hospital



CPL. R. LABELLE, Staff Nav.



LAW ELLEN PAKE, Teletypist



LAW HOLLINGSHEAD, Photography

Meet The Girls

AWI Grace E. Jones, Vancouver, B.C. "Jonesy" is definitely the domestic type, as her pictures of mother and dad and home on her locker show. In fact she has no ambitions other than leading a quiet, peaceful life. Her chief relaxations are knitting, listening to the radio and writing letters, when she is not mothering all the girls in her bar-
rack room.

LAW Muriel Snelgrove, Kelowna, B.C. "Snelly" was a housewife before she donned a uniform 15 months ago, but she vows not to go back to housekeeping again. Instead of working around kitchen or linen shelves, "Snelly" now spends her time in clothing stores over at the equipment section. Her peppy personality and heart as big as a barrel have endeared her to all W.D.'s on the station.

LAW Ellen M. Pake, Rosedale, B.C. Ellen is one of the five big stars in the front window of the Pake family. Her dad is in the army, her brother in the air force, her sister in the navy, and her sister-in-law in the W.A.A.F. overseas. Temporarily taken from her W.O.G. work, Ellen works in signals H.Q.

LAW Jean Hollingshead, Neilburg, Sask. "Holly" is an old-timer at Rivers, this station being her one and only posting since basic days at Rockcliffe. She likes her work in the photographic section so much she would like to continue in photography after the war, instead of going back to her former occupation as hairdresser.

LAW Betty R. Cramer, Arborfield, Sask. Betty is the met. observer who is as great a specialist in jiving as she

is in plotting weather maps. Her ear is so well tuned to the downbeat that she could even jive to the clash and clatter of the teletype! She's just as active in other fields too, and is known as "Strike" Cramer in the bowling alleys.

LAW Margaret N. Geddes, Hope, Sask. Just hear Marg. speak and you'll be seeing bluebells and heather. "Scotty" was born in Banff, Scotland, and though she has been in this country for some years, you'd think from her accent she had just left Scotland's shores yesterday. A practical nurse before the war, Marg. plans on entering nursing after her days as chef in the hospital are over.

Sgt. Margaret Anderson, Owen Sound, Ont. "Andy's" sense of responsibility and conscientiousness are well employed in the hospital where she officiates as clerk medical. That's akin to her peacetime occupation as stenographer, to which she will return when the W.D.'s disband. This blonde sergeant came to Rivers New Year's eve, 1942, with the first group of W.D.'s to arrive on the station.

Cpl. F. Rita LaBelle, Regina, Sask. Rita's the lucky W.D. who had a taste of glamor in the service during her stay in Washington, D.C. While temporarily posted there as a stenographer with the Canadian Joint Staff Commission, Rita decided that Washington was her favorite city. Everything impressed her there . . . the expansive layout of the city . . . and the movie celebrities she met . . . and then she got posted to Rivers!



LAW SNELGROVE, Equipment



LAW CRAMER, Meteorological



LAW MARG. GEDDES, Sgts. Mess



AWI JONES, Synthetic Training

"Lucky" Looks Things Over

CLARE GELLATLY

WHEN No. 6 Visiting Flight was here recently, it was revealed that all but one member of its illustrious roster had flown commercially before the war—F/L C. N. Larkin.

But when he enlisted in the R.A.F. in June, 1940, he quickly made up for what aerial adventure he had previously missed. In fact it was not long before he became known as "Lucky" Larkin.

Being located at Coventry during the blitz might have had something to do with his nickname, but F/L Larkin declined to comment. Could be that he was simply lucky in love and cards, he suggested! Or that "Lucky" was a corruption of "Larky"!

His stay at Coventry, however, was made interesting, he admitted, by the necessity of having to do climbing turns at 200 feet to avoid the balloon barrage, or by occasionally getting caught in searchlights focused on Germans doing a spot of intensive bombing overhead.

"That was an every night occurrence," he shrugged nonchalantly, "but you just hoped you wouldn't land in a bomb crater."

After a session of such activity as a sergeant pilot with training command in England, "Lucky" received his commission. Incidentally, each officer in No. 6 Visiting Flight, including W/C Macklin, likewise received his commission after serving as sergeant.

Personnel of the flight included Wing Commander D. I. Macklin, A.F.C., Sarnia, Ont., who has flown commercially since 1929; F/Lt. E. V. Detenbeck, Ridgeway, Ont.; F/Lt. Larkin, London, Eng.; F/O F. H. Hopkins, Kimberley, B.C.; F/O E. C. Hugh, Hollywood, Calif., and Cpl. S. J. Cole, St. Agathe, Que., who is flight engineer.

No. 6 is the only Visiting Flight in the R.C.A.F. which tests pilots from coast to coast, each inspection tour lasting about one year. The itinerary of No. 6 this year included some 32 schools. Every training school is host to Visiting Flight once a year for from ten to fourteen days, and there are six visiting flights in all, each specializing in different types of schools.

The officers of No. 6 Visiting Flight have all instructed at elementary, service and flying instructors' schools. At

No. 6 Visiting Flight



Left to right: F/O Hugh, F/L Detenbeck, W/C Macklin, A.F.C., F/O Hopkins and F/L "Lucky" Larkin.

one time Wing Commander Macklin was O/C of C.T.S., Rockcliffe, and later served at the Empire Central Flying School in England. As well as every type of training plane, the Wing Commander has flown almost every type of operational aircraft.

Rivers is the twenty-fifth station inspected on the current tour of No. 6 Visiting Flight. On this tour 2,500 staff pilots have been tested, including men in the Fleet Air Arm, R.A.F., R.C.A.F., and civilian pilots operating in the British Commonwealth Air Training Plan.

Schools tested have been C.N.S., A.N.S., A.O.S., B. & G., Wireless Schools, N.A.G.S., Test and Development units and Communication Flights. The testing officers have jaunted about the country in a Lockheed.

It is in the power of Visiting Flight to suspend a staff pilot for unsatisfactory service, and to recommend him for dual instruction. Before being reinstated such pilots must be tested by the O/C of flying at their own stations.

Besides testing the flying ability of pilots the Visiting Flight checks maintenance wings, link sections, aerodrome control, parachute sections, and intelligence libraries.

Despite a share in such responsibilities, "Lucky" no doubt considers all this activity in the way of a rest cure, after surviving the blasting of Coventry.

He has been in Canada for thirty-one months, most of which time was spent at Neepawa, Carberry and Trenton. So Rivers wasn't a new story to him, as the west was his foster home for quite a while.

But when he does go back to his home in London, "Lucky" will work with a pencil instead of a joystick. In peacetime he was head of the large British firm which manufactures women's clothing under the famous trademark "Scottie." And this same F/L "Lucky" Larkin is none other than the clothing designer himself! He has designed clothes for one or two members of the Royal Family, and exported others to this continent.

Thus "Lucky" is torn between two loves—clothes designing and aviation—but he had made his choice. Clothes designing for business and aviation for pleasure!

Oh, yes—"Lucky" has thought of another answer to those who ask about his nickname.

He thinks himself very lucky to have spent almost three years in Canada, and to have had the opportunity of meeting many grand people.

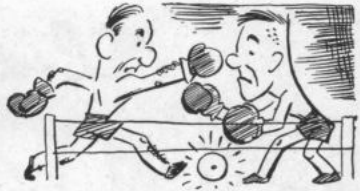
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MOVIES OF THE MONTH

- Nov. 16-17—**National Barn Dance.** Joan Heather, Chas. Quigley.
Nov. 18-19—**Our Hearts Were Young and Gay.** Gail Russel, Diana Lynn.
Nov. 21-22—**Sign Of The Cross.** All Star.
Nov. 23-24—**Kansas City Kitty.** Joan Davis, Bob Crosby.
Nov. 25-26—**Till We Meet Again.** Ray Milland, Barbara Britton.
Nov. 27-28—**Frenchman's Creek.** Joan Fontaine, Arturo De Cordova.
Nov. 30-31—**Very Thought Of You.** Dennis Morgan, Faye Emerson.
Dec. 2-3 —**None But The Lonely Heart.**



Sports



H. W. FOSTER

CONGRATULATIONS and thanks are certainly in order for those people responsible for the fine organization that is behind the sudden appearance of basketball, volleyball and bowling leagues. It seems to be the tendency to forget about the planning and work that must come before

any sport can get underway and this tendency strikes us as very unfair, for without driving organizers behind the scene, there would be no leagues. We are thinking particularly of Chuck Crocker, F/L Gil Gillespie, S/O Laidlaw and others who are doing a swell job of starting the winter games off on the right foot. . . . Earlier hopes that all district hockey matches would be held in the Brandon arena this season, seem to have fallen through, and last year's policy of each station building its own rink is to be followed again.



This is all for the best, because under the Brandon idea only a few rooters could be on hand to see their favorites in action, as happened when no football home games were scheduled. Also, the absence of a station rink would K.O. plans for skating parties, and that would be definitely catastrophic. . . . Speaking of hockey, Rivers should be able to muster a good station team this year, for there are some first-rate players on the station. With Don Metz, Doug McCaig and Mike Petasky as a strong nucleus, No. 1 C. N. S.'s national sport prospects couldn't be better. . . . One thing has puzzled us ever since we arrived here, and that is the complete lack of interest in one of the most popular sports—boxing. Every other field of sport is well organized and active; why not the ancient and honorable (?) arts of boxing and wrestling? Equipment is available, trainers are not lacking, and we feel certain that there are sufficient mat aspirants on the station to keep up a high standard of competition, so why not give the idea a try anyway? . . . The recent sports banquet served to emphasize (if any emphasis was needed) the splendid record that our athletes have posted during the past season. Rivers may feel justly proud of that record, as there is not a station in Manitoba that can come even close to equalling it. . . . We have only one complaint to make as regards football. We feel, and not a few agree with us, that it is a shame that so few Rivers personnel were treated to seeing F/O Foster's great club on the gridiron. Surely at least one match could have been held here. We realize that some work would have been necessary on the field, but that is the very least we could do to honor a fine group of athletes and show our appreciation of their efforts.

★

Summer Sports Wind-up

October saw the end of virtually all summer sports, including baseball and softball. Track and field activities had been terminated early in September, while swimming,

M. T. B. for DECEMBER

tennis and golf packed up about the same time. The ball play-downs alone remained for the "Golden Month."

Jack Menzies' hardball club wound up a very successful season early in the month by defeating A15 Shilo in two straight games to cop the B. D. S. A. A. championship. The locals showed plenty of power and top defensive play in winning this all-important series from an Army team which put up a hard struggle before going down for the long count. Hurler Jack Kenner pitched great ball, allowing no earned runs in the first game, which Rivers won 7-3. Hitting told the story in this match, and when Manager Menzies walloped a tremendous three-run homer, no doubt remained as to which side had that power. The final contest proved to be a thrilling pitcher's battle between Riverite Don Metz and Shilo's Chapman, which our boys did not pull out of the fire until Metz blasted out a two-run double in the last half of the ninth frame. Shilo was well on the way to taking that contest and prolonging the series when Metz rapped out that hit, for they had established a one-run lead in the first half of the final frame and Chapman had been almost invincible in the pinches up to that time. However, the home team came through and it was all over.

The station softball team did not fare so well, losing the B. D. S. A. A. title series to A3 Shilo, two games to one. We are not offering any excuses for their failure to beat the Army club, as we predicted they would, but in all fairness to the boys themselves we would like to point out that new players had to be found at the last moment to replace the fellows who were busy on the gridiron. These replacements played well, but it is not to be expected that a group of fellows who have never played together before could come through in similar fashion to the powerful, well-balanced line-up that Harold Carling had organized throughout an entire season. Anyway, the fact remains that they lost and I'm certain the boys themselves would not want us to dwell upon any excuses. Special plaudits are due Stan Pike, the stocky, courageous hurler who pitched fourteen innings of ball in two days, winning one game and coming within a hair's breath of triumphing in the second. One of the new men who deserves credit is "Moe" Morris who turned in splendid performances at short stop, especially in the first match.

★

Bowling Off to Good Start

What with three five-pin leagues and one ten-pin loop already functioning, the bowling season is off to a flying start, thanks to the activities of S/O Agnes Laidlaw. S/O Laidlaw worked hard to put the sport on a firm basis and her success is indicated by the fact that thirty-two teams have been organized. It is to be hoped that this interest is maintained throughout the season, and that Rivers is able to enter a strong club in the command title play-downs next spring.

Twenty full weeks of bowling are planned, the season being divided into two halves the first ending Dec. 18th and the second commencing Jan. 8th. S/O Laidlaw says that there is plenty of room for new recruits to the various teams, so anyone interested is urged to get in touch with the club captains whose names appear below. Five-pin play is subdivided into the Training Wing section headed by F/O Plummer, the Headquarters league under Cpl. Rougeau and the Maintenance section with Sgt. Constable in charge. Ten-pin operations are led by LAW MacCarter of the Equipment section.



Scott Carling McCaig Bray Huffman Dulmage Clemens Thompson Johnson Staynor Pestolis Harley Dean Stanton Jampolsky Meier Bebeau Murphy Boivin Kozak Moore

Fighting Pathfinders Have Plenty On The Ball

A POWERFUL, courageous Rivers football club has blazed a fine record on the gridiron this season. Under F/O Roe "Shanks" Foster's capable coaching, the locals have shown plenty of clever football play in piling up 84 points against the opposition in only six games (up to the time of this writing), an impressive average of 14 points per game! Not only that, but only 32 points have been chalked up against the team in those six matches. That record speaks quite eloquently for itself; need we say more?

At the time this was penned the team was preparing for the final play-off struggle with the highly regarded No. 3 Wireless School Bombers. F/O Foster's boys had a man-sized job cut out for them in attempting to overcome the four-point margin the Winnipeg squad had won in the first match, but if anyone can beat the Bombers, our boys can do it. The first game of the play-downs was a close one, which we believe the Pathfinders could have taken if they had had a little rest after two previous gruelling matches in the same week. With fourteen days lay-off between the two matches the squad will be rested and raring to get at the Wireless boys.

It is practically impossible to single out various individual stars from Coach Foster's line-up for the entire team has been tops, but for all-round first-class football we would nominate Lew Meier, Gord Clemens, Doug McCaig, Nick Staynor and Lloyd Boivin. Those five have stood out particularly, but the team is a well-balanced one in which every man plays a vital part. Below we present a brief commentary on each member of the first string line-up, but we would also like to mention the second-liners who have done a swell job of holding the line when injuries and fatigue left holes in the squad. These second-strangers are, Moore, Zenick, Hart, Panchysyn, McNeil, Porter, Thompson, Bower, Dulmage, Harley.

Now here is the first team:

A Regina product, backfielder Lew Meier, is the team's leading scorer, amassing an impressive 21 points during the six games played. Lew, a clever, speedy fellow, is the youngest member in the line-up and takes a lot of kidding because of that fact. He has proved to be one of the finest players on the club, perhaps displaying some of the tricks learned under the expert tutorship of Regina Rough Riders' Ken Charleton.

One of the biggest surprises of the club has been the great play of Gord Clemens. Clem, a Preston, Ont., native, had played nothing but six-man high school football previous to coming to Rivers. His splendid record has earned him recognition as one of the most valuable members of the club.

Fleet-footed quarterback Nick Staynor is definitely one of the mainstays of the line-up. Nick, an all-round sportsman, hailing from Toronto, is a speedy, courageous playmaker who has figured prominently in the team's winnings.

Husky, plunging half Doug McCaig is the strong link of the line who has put many a touch over the line with his great plunges through the opposition. Doug, hockey star

of the Detroit Red Wings, once played football with the University of Detroit, but was forced to retire from the game because it was interfering with his hockey career.

Star plunging and running half-back, Lloyd Boivin is definitely senior football calibre. He played for the famed Winnipeg Blue Bombers for one season and his splendid plays with the Pathfinders single him out as a man with a football future.

Blocking-half Don Huffman of Toronto has given an excellent account of himself, especially in the line . . . Chunky Pestolis, playing his first year on the line and doing a swell job, hails from Sturgeon Falls, Ont. . . . Scott, an Old Country football player who spent two seasons with Greenwood O. T. U., has played well on the line . . . Left end Murphy, who has started some of the club's best plays, is a native of Oshawa, Ont. . . . Well known Art Bray, who is the club's driving snap-back, has played three and a half seasons with Balmly Beaches and was one of the finest snaps in the O. R. F. U. . . . Toronto and Hamilton senior footballer, Kozak, is handling right end in top-notch fashion . . . Harold Carling, softball coach, has never played football before, but has shaped up well in the backfield. Harold's home is in London, Ont. . . . Right middle Jampolski, who played for Regina College in '39-'40 and hails from the same city, is doing his part well in holding the line . . . Bebeau, doing a fine job at middle, is from Edmonton where he played for St. Joseph's College in '39.

With one match to go, here is the way the scoring lines up: Meier, 21; Clemens, 16; Boivin, 16; McCaig, 15; Huffman, 7; Hart, 5; Pestolis, 2; Staynor, 1; Murphy, 1.

Regular Season

Here is a short summary of the games played by the Pathfinders during this splendid season:

RIVERS 24, GIMLI 0

Opening the campaign in impressive style, the Pathfinders thoroughly trimmed the favored Gimli Hurricanes 24-0. F/O Foster's powerful machine was in high gear for this contest, and displayed complete superiority in all departments by overpowering the battling Gimli eleven time after time. Great plays by quarterback Nick Staynor, Gord Clemens, Lloyd Boivin and Lew Meier featured the Rivers assault, but the entire team played well, so that the victory was a well-deserved one. Speed and clever football play were the deciding factors, and Rivers had both in abundance. Scoring: Touchdowns, Hart, Boivin, McCaig, Meier; point after touchdown, Staynor; field goal, Clemens.

WIRELESS 11, RIVERS 7

Two bad kicks told the sad story of this encounter with the famed Wireless club. The Pathfinders held a 6-0 lead at the end of the first half and were well on their way to upsetting the Winnipeggers' appellation when Lady Luck

intervened on behalf of the Bombers. A blocked kick followed by a short one gave the Winnipeg boys the breaks which they were not slow to take advantage of. The net result was that Rivers suffered its first and only defeat of the regular season, despite top performances by Nick Staynor, Lew Meier, Lloyd Boivin and others. Scoring: Touchdowns, Meier, Lucid, Harrison; points after touchdowns, Meier, Berry; rouge, Brooker by Boivin.

RIVERS 12, MACDONALD 0

Our boys had little trouble in crushing the Macdonald Mustangs at Macdonald on Oct. 16th. Once again the steamroller was operating the way it had in the Gimli match, and once again it was invincible. With husky Doug McCaig, Lew Meier and Don Huffman sharing the spotlight, F/O Foster's crew completely outclassed the scrappy Mustangs throughout the 60 minutes of play, proving superior both offensively and defensively. Scoring: Touchdowns, McCaig, Huffman; point after touchdown, Meier; rouge, Wylie by Murphy.

RIVERS 19, ARMY 5

In the final contest of the regular competition, the Pathfinders rode roughshod over Fritzie Hanson's highly regarded Army Grenades. Hanson did not play, but even the fleet-footed Fritz could not have saved the day for his army boys, for the local squad absolutely overwhelmed the soldier eleven and held the edge in almost every department. Steady, clever play by Gord Clemens, Lew Meier and Doug McCaig sparked the Rivers line to this win which gave the home club second place in the final standing. Scoring: Touchdowns, Clemens, Boivin 2; points after touchdowns, Meier 2; safety touch, Huffman.

The final standing in the league was as follows:

	P.	W.	L.	Pts.
No. 3 Wireless	4	4	0	8
Rivers	4	3	1	6
Army	4	2	2	4
Gimli	4	1	3	2
Macdonald	4	0	4	0

The Play-offs

RIVERS 15, ARMY 5

Coach Foster's club carried on where they had left off in the regular season by once more trouncing the Army team in the sudden death semi-final game. The "Twinkle-toes" himself got into this all-important struggle, but he had no more success than his team mates in stopping the powerful Rivers aggregation. Effective lateral passing plus all-round heads-up play by the whole team, but especially by Lew Meier, Nick Staynor, Doug McCaig and Gord Clemens, beat a determined Army club this time. Hanson's 92-yard run for a first quarter touchdown put our boys in a spot, but they were quick to recover, taking

the lead with two touchdowns in the third quarter. Scoring: Touchdowns, Clemens, McCaig, Hanson; point after touchdowns, Meier 2; rouge, Hanson by Clemens.

WIRELESS 11, RIVERS 7

Playing their third game in one week, the Pathfinders dropped a close one to the Wireless crew in the first match of the final goals-to-count series for the Manitoba championship. Our boys put up a hard battle, but lack of rest between contests told the tale. Coach Foster could only use the services of stalwarts Staynor, Meier and Boivin for half the game and the absence of these top men weakened the Rivers line considerably. Our boys pulled off some good plays in this game, but one especially stood out. That one was when Lew Meier raced over the end for a touch after getting the ball on a clever lateral pass from Clemens and Murphy. Scoring: Touchdowns, Meier, Harmer, Harrison; point after touchdown, Berry; rouge, Dunsmore by Clemens 2.

★ Starry Backfielders



Standing—McCaig, Clemens. Kneeling—Meier, Staynor. Missing—Lloyd Boivin.

Basketball Season Under Way

Yes, it's time for the great indoor game of basketball again, and all indications point to a very active season at Rivers. Formation of an inter-section league is already in progress, while a station club, under the capable direction of F/L Gil Gillespie, has been organized and is functioning in the six-team B. D. S. A. A. circuit. So there is plenty of opportunity for any aspiring net players to get into action during the coming winter's competition, and they are urged to do so.

F/L Gillespie, who is doing a fine job of moulding a strong station line-up, is scouting for a good centre or guard to strengthen his team in the passing and ball-handling departments. Gillespie has been fortunate in being able to enlist the services of F/O Busher Jackson, one time star of the famed Victoria Donalds. A good all-round player, Jackson is slated for either centre or guard, and F/L Gillespie expressed confidence that he could handle either position well. Anyone who has seen Jackson in action will certainly agree with the coach.

The coach singled out three other players who stood out in practices and an exhibition game with St. Andrews seniors. They were right forward Al Gloucester and guards Roy James and Brooks, whom he praised for their fine play and fighting spirit. F/L Gillespie said he expected his boys to shape up into a powerful club as the season progressed, but he seemed rather downhearted about the bad defeat they had received at the hands of St. Andrews.

Nine teams have been entered in the inter-section league and the outlook is for a season of first-rate basketball play. The loop has been well organized under Chuck Crocker's direction and Chuck deserves credit for this splendid effort to arouse interest in a great but often neglected sport. The fact that nine clubs have been mustered points to the success Chuck has had. So good luck to the league, may it turn out as well as did the inter-section softball circuit.

Curling Plans Laid

At a recent organization meeting plans were laid for what should be a very successful curling season. Representatives of the various sections mapped out a well-integrated program and elected the following officials to put it into operation: President, F/L Reilly; vice-president, F/S Menzies; secretary-treasurer, Sgt. Knott. At the time of this writing F/L Reilly expressed hope that 40 or 50 rinks would be formed, so that there will be ample opportunity for anyone interested to get on one of the teams. Persons wishing to curl this winter should get in touch with the representative of their section as soon as possible, so that they may be placed, and the considerable task of organization be completed before the season opens. Section representatives are: Maintenance, Sgt. Page; Headquarters, Lieut. Garrow; Training Wing, F/L Edwards; W.D.'s, Cpl. McAllister.

F/L Reilly outlined the set-up to us this way: The 50 rinks will be divided into four or five groups for each event, the groups being reshuffled at the end of the event in order to balance the competition. A committee composed of F/L Edwards and Sgts. Page and Knott will group the rinks for the first play-off, and will take care of reshuffle necessary after each one. Prizes will be awarded to the winners of each event at the end of the play-downs, and this should serve to enliven play considerably.

Rivers will be out to recapture the inter-station championship shield, which at present is held by Shilo. F/L Reilly stated emphatically that No. 1 C. N. S. is the proper home of that shield and that our curlers intend to challenge Shilo for the trophy as soon as the season opens. The president expressed confidence that the shield would be "back home" again before long, and let's hope he is right. It is also to be hoped that several rinks from here get into the Manitoba Bonspiel which is held in Winnipeg at the end of every winter.

Sports Banquet Wind-Up

THE Airmen's Mess was the scene of the annual sports banquet on the night of October 11th. Group Captain Murray presided over the large gathering of sports people in attendance, while the Y's Chuck Crocker ably directed proceedings as M.C. All fields of Rivers' summer sporting activities from baseball to tennis were represented at this 1944 edition of the yearly tribute to our sports participants, and it was fitting indeed that such a large attendance was possible, for the past season has been a very successful one for this station.

In his opening remarks the M.C. reviewed briefly the highlights of the season's competition, drawing attention to the high standard our athletes had established on the playing fields during this summer's events. He pointed with pride to the excellent record of the track and field aggregation, to the B.D.S.A.A. championship held by the hardball club, to the triumphs of the swimming team, to the victories of the tennis players, and so on. It was an impressive summary, for there were few sports in which

Rivers representatives had not distinguished themselves by repeated top-notch exhibitions of sportsmanship and skill.

The highlight of the evening was the presentation of the inter-section softball trophy to this year's champions, the Hudsons of Don Flight. The team captain, Cpl. Laing, received the plaque and congratulations from Group Captain Murray amid applause from the entire gathering. Beer Flight's Liberators, who lost the final play-off series to the Hudsons, three games to two, also received well-deserved congratulations and applause for a good try. The two club captains spoke briefly, thanking the assembly on behalf of their respective teams.

Following this ceremony, members of the various organizations paraded before the Commanding Officer to receive jacket emblems in recognition of the parts they played in 1944 summer sports at Rivers. After the presentation of the badges each team or group captain said a few words on behalf of his particular group.



"Who Wouldn't Tackle for Keeps"



Weather Forecasts For All . . .

NORM POWE

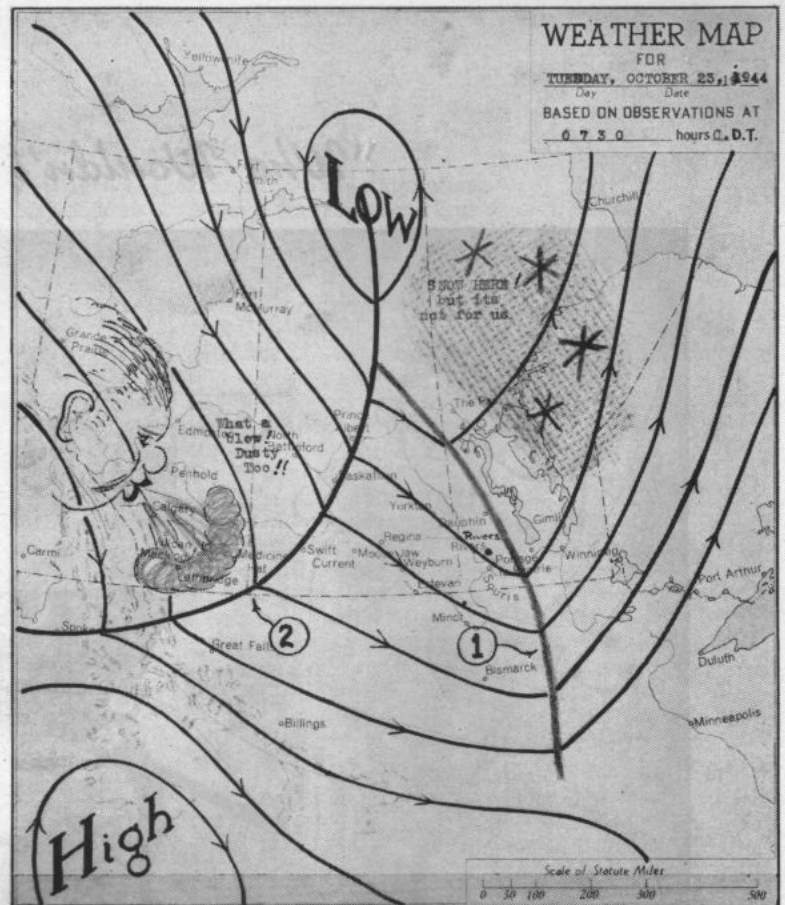
No. 2 Training Command Forecast Centre is located at No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers, Manitoba, our staff of five forecasters under Mr. Ralph Anderson being employed daily in forecasting weather for those engaged in flying throughout this command. Naturally, with the inside information we have on what to expect in the way of weather we are frequently beset with questions about the weather from other than flying personnel, probably with a mind to holding sports, picnics, weiner roasts, or going on "48's." The Met. Section has hitherto been reticent about divulging such information because war regulations used to prohibit it. Such requests furthermore generally mean that the forecaster must go out on a long slender limb. However, it has been decided to take this chance and to introduce to the station an innovation—a "popular forecast"—the answer to all the questions "what will the weather be?"

Now it must not be presumed that henceforth you are going to be able to go about your affairs always prepared for all weather changes, though we hope to help you to prepare for most of them. We get all the latest weather information from which we prepare charts. We apply to the study of these charts our training and the experience of a number of years. But there are a great many complex factors which influence the weather, and it is inevitable that from time to time some hidden factor will cause the weather to develop quite differently from the way we forecast it. The longer ahead we try to forecast the less likely we are to be right. Long range forecasting is still in its infancy.

In some corner of your daily newspaper you are sure to find a simple weather forecast such as "Fair and Cooler." We consider this is not enough for you. Most people would want to know how cold it is going to be and perhaps why it will be cooler. Each day we will have posted prominently throughout the station a weather sheet on which there will be: first, a copy of the latest weather chart; second, a synopsis of the weather discussing the weather map and its significance; and third, the weather forecast.

Weather charts are drawn every six hours in the Met. Section from weather observations reaching us by teletype from every corner of the United States and Canada. Our W.D. assistants have the tedious job of plotting them on the chart. The chart is then drawn by the forecaster. When it is completed it indicates the location of high and low pressure areas outlined by black lines called isobars. Most often we associate these areas with good and bad weather respectively, though when you study the map you must not consider this infallible. Colored lines, red, purple and blue appear on the map too, marking the boundary between masses of warm and cold air. When warm air is advancing it is indicated by a red line, cold air by a blue line. If you watch these lines from day to day you will see that they may move long distances from one chart to the next. If they pass Rivers the temperature will rise or fall depending on whether these lines are red or blue. In the weather synopsis we will try to explain how these things will affect the weather here. On the chart patches of green will indicate where rain is falling. Snow will be indicated by stars. Lightning flashes or a capital "R" will indicate thunderstorms. Patches of yellow will indicate fog.

The forecast of course will be of most general interest. We are going to give a forecast for three days. Our forecasts for flying are very detailed, and for eight hours only. We do make regular forecasts covering twenty-four hour intervals for use by other stations in the Command. With this experience our forecast for the current day may be



I. SUMMARY OF WEATHER CONDITIONS EXISTING AT 0730h C.D.T.

It became warmer at Rivers during the night when a warm front (1) passed here. A cold front (2) is moving south-eastward very rapidly and will pass Rivers about mid-afternoon. You will recognize it by the big wind which will come with it.

II. WEATHER DEVELOPMENT EXPECTED

Today it will be windy in the morning but get ready to hold your hats this afternoon. It will really blow then. Better wear your dust cap too!



Wednesday—It will be a great day for the out of doors. The "Crystal Ball" says, "Wonderful for Thursday."

CANADA—DEPARTMENT OF TRANSPORT
AIR SERVICES—METEOROLOGICAL DIVISION

2216-3

read with some confidence. A forecast for the next day will be more difficult. To do it we shall have to use all our experience and intuition along with such charms, corns and rheumatism as may be at our disposal. However, we should have a fair average. For the third day we shall have to use wizardry and consult the crystal ball. We'll generally have to go away out on the limb but we'll try it. If anyone wants a fourth day forecast he'll have to go to the almanac.

May we make some suggestions about the use of these forecasts. Make sure it is the latest forecast published for the current day. It will be distributed about 1100 hours. For general information please consult the forecast. Call the forecast office for special information. If you find the day to day trend of the weather interesting get a book on it from the station library or the Met. Office in G.I.S., and study a little about it. The Met. Office will be glad to explain something about it if you arrange to meet them. It is hoped you will find this service useful.



The Navigation Laboratory

For the past two weeks, we have had an up-to-date demonstration laboratory here at No. 1 C.N.S. This room, with its fine array of navigation aids, is there for the use of the entire school.

"No. 71," in Ground Instructional School, contains all the latest equipment used by the Allied Air Forces in the form of working demonstration models. A display of the various types of sextants is there for all to see, along with drift instruments, computers, compasses and flight instruments.

The laboratory is available for lectures by instructors and has a seating capacity for twenty-four. Arrangements for use of the room may be made in Room 67.

This room will eventually become a complete test laboratory for all navigation instruments. Included will be a collimator for sextant and dome calibration, pressure and vacuum equipment for instrument tests, etc.

A special feature to be added will be the Radar Laboratory, where a number of Radar devices will be in evidence.

The instructors in charge extend a special vote of sincere thanks to Flight Lieutenant Mitchell and his Works and Building staff, and to Sgt. Allen, and Cpl. Opyr, of Instruments Section, Maintenance, for their prompt and skilful aid in the development of the laboratory in such a short space of time. To all others who worked toward the successful completion of this project, "Thanks, your efforts were appreciated."

Credit is due F/L Gillespie who has been the driving force behind the creation of the laboratory. He was ably assisted by F/L Rathbone and F/L Bray, both of whom you will undoubtedly meet in room 67.

This is your Lab reporting for duty—make your own arrangements and enjoy working with up-to-the-minute instruments.

Y.M.C.A.

CHUCK CROCKER

A NEW member of the staff, Lou McFarland, has joined the staff. Lou comes to us from Saskatoon with a good background in sports and music. He is also a track star, a proficient basketball player, plays all reed instruments as well as the piano. We are sure that Lou will make a

worthy contribution to the activities of the station and hope he is with us a long time.



F/O Lowe has organized a choir and so far the response has been very gratifying from the female point of view and very disappointing from the number of men who have offered their services. Your help in making this endeavor worthwhile would be very much appreciated, so come on out and let loose with your vocal chords.

At the time of writing the Drill Hall is being decorated for the combined Victory Loan and Hallowe'en dance, and from all reports this is going to be quite a "do." It is hoped this will be so successful that permission can be secured for future dances of this kind.

Probably you have heard hammers banging, saws cut-

ting, and other similar noises emanating from the Hobby Shop the last while. The contributor of most of the noise has been F/O Leroux who has already completed the framework for a super-duper motor boat approximately 18 feet long which it is claimed will travel about 35 miles per hour when completed. There are three other people definitely interested in making boats, but at the moment space is at a premium and work will have to be confined to smaller objects until we are able to secure sufficient space to accommodate the larger projects.



F/L Don Aiken---Poet Laureate of Rivers

CLARE GELLATLY

WHEN the autobiography of one of Canada's great poets is written, one episode in his life will be his stay at Rivers with the R.C.A.F.

He is F/L D. L. Aiken, navigation instructor, self-styled "O/C of wall map displays in the intelligence library."



With aviation his temporary concern, poetry is his greatest interest. He writes prolifically, habitually hunched over his borrowed typewriter far into the night. Despite his long stay behind G. I. green walls (he has been at Rivers two years) he never lacks inspiration.

Littering his office in G.I.S. are bulging envelopes and notebooks of poems, short stories and articles written whenever he found the time.

Next spring some of F/L Aiken's poems will be published in book form for the

first time by the Ryerson Press, under the title, "A Time for Sowing."

Another major project is his novel. He describes it as a personal novel, depicting the experiences of a woman in contemporary Canada. He wrote some 50,000 words when he became dissatisfied with the manuscript and burned it. A second draft of the book has proved more to his liking.

Of doubtless value to his depth of understanding and interpretation of life is the interesting life Don has enjoyed to date.

Born and first schooled in Winnipeg, he went to Scotland as a young lad, but later returned to Winnipeg to finish his education. His capabilities as a poet evidenced themselves early, for he had just entered his teens when his parents were staggered by some of his verse they had read while he was out of his den.

He used to hibernate in a room in the basement at home for days. His family soon learned not to become alarmed if he failed to appear at meal times, or even for a few days!

And so it was only natural that his first job should be with a newspaper, the Winnipeg Tribune, in fact. During this period he did extensive free lancing, and his work merited recognition in Toronto Saturday Night, among other periodicals.

His impulsive spirit found excuse to seek new fields of experience when the depression hit Winnipeg. He worked his way to England on a cattle boat, and pulled a Richard Haliburton stunt by wandering around the world for a time.

Yearning for Canada again, he returned as a deckhand on a nine hundred ton freighter which made the crossing in storm all the way, docking in 29 days after having been given up for lost.

After that perilous adventure he edited the weekly The Manitoba Commonwealth, and also officiated as feature writer, book reviewer, typesetter and general "Joe" for that lusty journalistic baby.

Things quietened down considerably after that venture, and Mr. Aiken went to normal school. He taught for three and one-half years immediately prior to his enlistment in the air force in 1942. The pride of his teaching life was his school at Merridale, Manitoba, where 74 children of assorted ages were taught 10 grades in a single room.

Meantime he was writing steadily, and having "tons

of fun." Fun he considers an important ingredient in life, for when he puts aside his wit and whimsicality, F/L Aiken is a desperately serious person.

This serious side is evidenced in his poems about the Nazi crematorium in Lublin, or the fear-nurtured children of this war, or the actuality of death, or in his philosophies on the war to come after this, for instance.

F/L Aiken looks like a poet too, to see him esconced at his desk flooded with bundles and wads of paper. Not that he's long-haired or anaemic looking either. He's an extremely fit looking type, befitting his energetic disposition.

His immediate ambition, however, is definite enough. He has his heart set on a posting to bomber command overseas. Thus far his air force experience has been confined to Brandon, Regina and Rivers.

Uncertain though his practical future may be, critics who have privately previewed his poetry, and been imbued with his vision of life, consider that F/L Aiken's artistic reputation as a poet will rank with the highest.

And when discussion focusses on D. L. Aiken, Canadian poet and man of letters, many a man will proudly boast that he was a navigation student at Rivers in one of the poet's classes during the second World War!

"Marj Excels At Cheering"



Those bright blue eyes are provocative, boys, but F/Sgt. Marjorie E. Bell is not kidding when she admits she is "strictly single!" Where does she work? In headquarters, where she's a clerk administrative. Marj. was a civilian steno. in the air force for two years prior to her enlistment in August, 1942. Her arrival on the station three months ago was spectacular in that she had a broken arm in a cast. Seems she fell off a horse. Now riding is her special aversion, and her hobby is needlepoint! One sport she does indulge in though, is cheering at rugby games. With that inspiration, how can the boys lose?

This IS Rivers



Winterizing at Rivers

DON COLLYER

THE winter season is off to a good start in town this fall. Everywhere one sees preparations for lower temperatures. Chunky stacks of wood are being hauled about and stored up. Glistening piles of coal rattle off busy trucks and disappear into hungry bins.

A few last leaves scurry about in swirling eddies as the winds chase up and down the streets and lanes, chilling each corner of town. A hurrying figure is seen to shrug his shoulders and increase his sharp echoing pace homeward, soon to be heard only and not seen, as darkness takes ascendancy over shrinking light.

Now it is that several hours of morning sunshine slip by before it is warm enough for the very young to venture out in their bouncing buggies. All sounds ring more sharply to the ear and distant views loom closer as if lonely in their cold, remote places on the far off Prairie horizon.

Talk and thoughts in this town, as in many others, are turning to the boys and girls overseas as Christmas casts

its first cheery spell over the land. Many have been the Victory Bonds bought here of late. See our inspiring big flag with its proud Union Jack and V floating majestically on its snow-white red-bordered background. Here is testimony that men and women who understand the way to win have really acted. The younger generation, by sheer unbeatable force of numbers, dodging and darting about in the half lights of Hallowe'en like weird, costumed sprites speeding to their dusky dens, spirited away silver, tinkling nickels and many a penny for less fortunate little sprites across the seas.

And after these and many another thing happened, and the rolling mists cleared away, we found quiet, friendly clean-grey streets with clustered buildings squatting beside them.

A large bus suddenly came to life as motors rumbled from within and a horn blared two punctuated blasts. We climbed aboard, reluctantly turning our backs, for now, on events in town.

Section Shots

Meteorological Section

LAW MARGERY CAREY

Congratulations this month to our genial O.I.C., Mr. Ralph Anderson, on the fourth anniversary of his coming to Rivers. Back in 1940 he arrived to set up the Met Section in a little room at the back of No. 2 Hangar. Since those grim days the section has expanded till it now comprises two separate offices, and issues the forecasts for the whole of No. 2 T.C. Through all the growing



pains, the advent of the W.D., and the increase of responsibility, our boss has remained good natured and soft spoken. Happy anniversary, Ralph, and may there be many more of them.

Lately there seems to have been quite a turnover in Met. instructors. Gordon Donaldson has accepted the position of lecturer in Economics at the U. of M., and we wish him the best of luck in his new position, and hope the brief case comes in handy. The staff said goodbye to Gordie with a bang-up party at which Mr. H. Johnston was very much the "life of the party" (and what happened afterwards, Harvey? ?).

Another loss to the instructional staff was Mr. Dave Rivers (no relation to the station), who was posted to his home at Vancouver. He was so happy about the whole thing he hardly knew whether he was coming or going.

To replace them we have Mr. Eric Dexter, who came here from Carberry, and Mr. Des. Wright, who was posted from Medicine Hat. We also have Mr. John Crawley, who came here from Dauphin on relief duty, while some of the other instructors have their holidays.

The observer staff (and the M.T.B. staff) has been increased with the posting here from course of Clare Gellatly,

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Equipment Section

We don't like to brag, but confidentially, did you hear the rumour about the latest "girl" that we would most like to be with on a desert isle? The Compass Adjustor boys picked her from this section! Now you might venture to guess as to who is our pin-up girl!

Cpl. Traill is looking into the future for the events to come . . .

By the way, our supply of Boots For Repair has been reaching enormous figures lately . . . could it be the cold weather coming on or could it be our little blonde "bootress"?

Did you hear about the embarrassment the Army Officers ran into when they interviewed the "Would-Be Pilots" and ran into questions such as, quote—"How are chances of getting into the Navy? . . . What about the Merchant Marine? or, Is there any chance of getting into the Fleet Air Arm?"

THINGS YOU SELDOM SEE:

Cpl. Rougeau on the station in possession of a 48.

Major Crawford without his mustache.

LAC Saunders without his pipe.

M'am Laidlaw without a date to go bowling.

An empty bus at the gate on a Saturday night.

No one in the Orderly Room during Smoke period.

An airman with a full bottle.

A wit in our section consoles us: We are still ahead of the Germans, fellows—We've got the V-8!

★

Introducing "Don" Flight

Since the last issue of M.T.B., we have been searching vainly for some intelligent member of Suds-Guzzling Flight to aid us in overcoming our illiteracy. The bright lights having seemingly burned themselves to an ash, so we shall have to kindle our own flame.

Perhaps we should begin by introducing a few of the so-called illiterates, whom you may have seen around the station from time to time or around "Don" Flight, known best by:

F/L Wright (Bill)—"Where's Corky?"

F/L McCorquodale (Corky)—"I don't know but I guess it could be arranged."

F/O Monahan (Bud)—"Holy Gee, it's Snack Bar time."

F/O Lambert (Jack)—"Don't ask me, Monahan made up the list."

P/O Scrimgeour (Scrim)—"I've got a brand new invention, you know."

Cpl. Schnare (Deac)—"Refuse to fly 306, will you?"

P/O Petrie (Pete)—"You can't set course over base."

Sgt. Beauchamp (Henry)—"These high altitude trips are wearing me down."

F/O Nusbaum (Al)—"Did you see that lovely bit of feminine humanity?"

Cpl. Pollard (Russ)—"Who has that book on Health and Control?"

Sgt. Fletcher (Fletch)—"Jolly good trip today."

P/O Leslie (Les)—"Formation bombing, did you say?"

P/O Rollins (Rolly)—"WHAT—no cabin heat again?"

P/O Bailey (Ace)—"This circuit is mass murder."

F/O Edwards (B.C.)—"I thought I'd clear the nose O.K."

Cpl. Sheppard (Shep)—"That's a good ship. We haven't any better."

P/O McCulloch (Mac)—"That happened in June . . . my last 48, you know."

And with these few members of our happy group, we leave you now, returning next month with more introductions.

★

Airmen's Canteen Gossips

LAC AIME DESPATIE

"Where is this 'Tech Store'?" We heard this shakespearean phraseology last month as three lucky stewards handed us their clearances. Yes, sir! these postings were long to come, but finally, three of the old-timers grabbed them.

LAC H. N. (Trapper IRVINE, who used to trap muskrats up north in civvies and flies in the canteen, will enjoy the well-known hospitality of No. 12 S.F.T.S., Brandon.

LAC W. GRAY, 'Wally' for the W.D.'s and all those 'joes' with a feminine touch, will sing us an "Adieu, Rivers," with joyful tears in his eyes, and will take the train for Saskatoon.

And finally, LAC LENTON, will quit, once and for all, brooms, mops, wringers, cokes, O'Henry, etc., to go and adore the enchanting landscapes of Souris.

Three chaps coming from other stations are expected. So far, we have welcomed LAC Harry BALBERT, who hails from No. 4 S.F.T.S., Saskatoon. We heard that he was in the station band up there and that his home is Winnipeg. His little moustache a-la-Errol-



"Jeez, it's wonderful . . . no P.T., no parades . . ."

Flynn is quite an attraction. LAC Walter CAUCH will be on the 'spit-and-polish' team from now on. These lads will continue the traditional ever-ready smile policy of the canteen staff. And, believe me, it makes the stewards feel like heels to say, with a smile: NO apples, NO revels, NO cigarettes, NO, NO, NO to a bunch of hungry airmen.

Our old friend, 'Billy-the-Kid' Seymour, the wolf-par-excellence, is loitering around these days, having this far-away look in his eyes, reminiscing. . . .

Sergeant Goudreau, our i/c, still can't get down to the idea that he didn't win the Kiwanis House in St. Boniface. You know, the guy who sold him the ticket, convinced him that it was the luckiest one. Do you want to settle down in the wonderful . . . prairies, sarge, or has Ste. Catherine Street, Montreal, too many appeals?

★

Maintenance Wing

BETTY McCHESNEY

Since our last article most of the boys to whom we said good-bye "just couldn't stay away" so have come back to us, in body anyway (some a little late), no doubt they were "otherwise more pleasantly engaged."

Windy still thinks the stick above the rudder is for the purpose of steering the aircraft by hand. Won't someone enlighten him?

F/O Zachanko just came back from his leave. Perhaps he can tell us if "apprehension is greater than reality." Somehow he was able to tear himself away from Maintenance Wing Headquarters long enough to have a furlough. Now F/O LeFluffy has gone his merry way—happy too, but then he has reason to be. We will expect him to be properly domesticated when he returns.

Providence helps those who help themselves, with this in mind, Smitty learned how to make tomato soup. Keep it up, Smitty—you'll make somebody a nice little wife.

We shall all miss Vern McC. when he leaves, Claire in particular, as he considers it his special duty to take the vivacity out of our W.D.'s. If Vern is prematurely bald he'll have Claire to thank for it. Serves him right—he shouldn't be such a philanderer.

Some may wonder if our W.D.'s ever heard it said that "AIRWOMEN DO NOT CHEW GUM" unquote, as those of us who do not "inhale" consider it our privilege to "chew."

Thanks to the efforts of Clewless McClung and Illusive Luce, the Control Room and Squirrel Cage are looking much brighter now, which is only befitting to the bright lights who work there.

★

Motor Transport

After missing a couple of months in the M.T.B. we finally got around to a little news again.

We wish to say "Congratulations" to LAC Jahns and LAC Yager upon the arrival of their new daughters.

We welcome back to our Section LAC Gordie Pickerell, who has been overseas. The same Gordie—maybe a little more experienced.

Since our last write-up we have had several postings out, including our Major. WO2 Lawrence and three M.M.M.T.'s, namely, Cpl. McGarr, LAC's Golding and Haines were posted to Neepawa and, we understand, did not stay long, but have been re-posted. Cpl. Colvin, our little red-headed M.M.M.T., has been posted to Dawson Creek, B.C. He sure hated to leave good old Rivers. With seven of our drivers posted out, namely, LAC's Wyatt, Barker, Aiken, Krofchick, Hepburn, Kitley and Lacroque, it left us short-handed. However, one day we had five postings in, namely, LAC's Barker, Aiken, Krofchick, Hepburn and Kitley. The boys were really thrilled about their overseas postings, but were not very pleased when they didn't materialize.

Our auburn-haired W.D. driver, LAW Currie, has been discharged from the R.C.A.F. We also send her the best of luck and good wishes and hope the new addition to the Currie family carries out the Currie tradition of being red-headed.

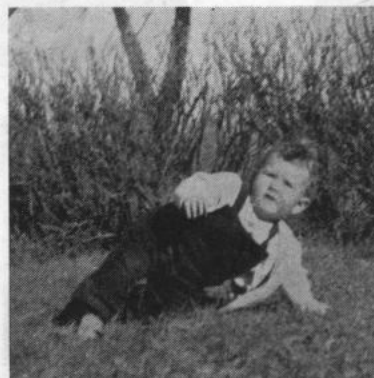
We have with us the ex-private detective, LAC Baxter, so now we can keep on the right side of the Gestapo and get any inside information. Regardless of that, we wish to welcome him into our Section.

★

Hospital Notes

CPL. VI HEINRICH

Within the last month we have had a great deal of activity and many happenings of interest—apart from daily routine—in our section. Nursing Sister McRae started the ball rolling, when she learned that her request for an Eastern posting had been granted. F/O McRae, stationed at Rockcliffe, Ontario, was the attraction. Our good wishes accompanied her as she journeyed forth to what our Eastern friends call "Canada."



"Kid stuff—these one arm push-ups"

Sgt. Onder, who has been master of his domain in the hospital kitchen for nearly three years, has been posted to Toronto. Sgt. Onder is well known on the station, and his art in cooking has won praise and recognition from all who have entered our doors to be GUESTS. Our praise goes with you, Sgt. Onder, may continued success be yours in your new environment. Cpl. Ann Rusnack now rules with a firm hand, and with the capable help of LAW Schultz and LAW Geddes, we have every reason to believe continued praise will be forthcoming. Cpl. Wegren stayed with us only a short time. Saskatoon, No. 4 S.F.T.S., gained by our loss.

I wonder how Sister Barr would like to be the only Nursing Sister on duty, and have every day Friday, the thirteenth? It just so happened that Sisters Simpson and Whatley were on leave on that fateful day. Oh—yes, Sister Barr, the above date wouldn't have been complete without an emergency operation. The patient is doing nicely, through the combined efforts of F/L Gibson and Sister Barr. Very good, Sister—keep it up.

LAW DesRoches is back again flashing her charm and wit about our hospital. Trudy, a native of P.E.I., thus gets more travelling time than furlough—on her annual leave. We surely welcomed her back on duty, and are glad she had such a lovely time while away.

F/Sgt. McDonald, from the Orderly Room, and Law Dickson are away on annual leave at the moment. Writing an account of activities while away, George exults in the fact that his aim was straight and firing accurate—the victim being a Mallard duck.

LAW Stacey paid us a hurried visit last week. She was here only long enough to say Hello and Good-bye. She went to Jarvis, Ont. We miss you, Dot, and our kindest thoughts accompany you to your new field of venture. LAW Jenkins, from Jarvis, is replacing Dot Stacey on our staff. We hope you will enjoy your stay here with us, Marian.

LAW Weyers returned this week after an extended leave with her husband, Sgt. Weyers, in Hamilton, Ontario. She reports an excellent leave. Sgt. Weyers proceeded on to Three Rivers, Quebec, and "Shortie" to Rivers, Manitoba. Sad parting—but we hope it won't be for long, Shortie.

★

Training Wing Orderly Room

ANNE JOHNSON

My, my, just look at that calendar! Two more months and it will be Christmas, 1944.

Business has become rather slack around T.W.O.R. of late. Of course, Peggy and Grace could find some work to do on C.T. forms if the necessary information reached this office.

Our friends, F/L Sankey, the Adj. Nic, T.W. Discip., and the usefully em-

ployed airmen, spend most of their time trying to win free theatre tickets in the aircraft recognition contest. One aircraft which really stuck these masterminds, turned out to be no less than a MK. I Anson.

Have you noticed the major's brighter disposition lately? Well, it seems that at long, long last he has found accommodation, in Brandon, for his wife and daughter. Who wouldn't be happy, I'm asking you?

What happened to the much anticipated 72 in Minneapolis, boys? Maybe you didn't emphasize the "strickly big time operators" line, quite enough? Could be? ?

Frequently heard around T.W.O.R.— "Please, Major, it's five minutes to 1700 hours and our work is all finished" . . . etc., etc. NO!!! "Yes, Major."

Poor Junie—It's really tough when he has to move around so much. However, he may get the sweater for Christmas, after all; provided you don't have to study C.A.P. 90 half a dozen more times. Good luck, Junie, you deserve it.

Training Wing bowling league got off to a fine start on Tuesday last. The team captains will appreciate very much all members being present and on time. Let's get behind them, chilluns, and make a go of this league. We can all have fun and the exercise is good for you (it says here).

Alice is kept very busy these nights between nightly letters and cleaning up that top locker.

★

Armament Section

In discussion, the attempt is too often made to place the Armament trade in a slightly less favourable light than the other allied trades. This, of course, is a mistake, for further pursuit of the subject serves only to show the Armourer as he really is, a plier of the "senior trade."

The dictionary defines the Armourer as a maker of armour or arms, a manufacturer of instruments of war. The use of armour dates back to ancient times. The soldiers of Troy who lived in twelve hundred years B.C. are stated by the poet Homer to have worn armour. In early times the chief forms of armour were shields, breastplates and helmets, but gradually the rest of the body was covered until knights were clothed from head to foot in mailed armour. When gunpowder was invented the use of such armour soon declined as it was of very little protection against bullets. The farsighted armourer kept pace with these successive changes in armament equipment until now we find him the custodian of arms, explosives, pyrotechnics and sundry other items. In addition he installs, cleans and repairs arms, bombsights, carriers, synthetic trainers, gun turrets, etc.

Of those among you who are broad-minded enough and sufficiently interested in extending your knowledge of this superior trade, we ask, "Can you now deny an armourer the respect and esteem he so richly deserves?"

With this subject so close to our hearts we would like to continue ad infinitum but perhaps this will serve to silence the critic who complained that the armament section has been a little lax in writing up its monthly contribution.

Number One on the Armament Hit Parade these days is: Is You Is Or Is You Ain't Going Overseas?" We wish we could answer this question for Wilson and Tabor, who got married on their "embarkation" leaves and now find that they have to live with their wives. Seriously, to both these couples we offer our heartiest congratulations.

★

Diddly-Dahs from the Signals Section

This month we are going to give you lucky people a birds-eye view of our Signals Section, and let you know just what we do for a living.

The section is broken up into two main parts—W.M.'s (Wireless Mech's) and W.O.G.'s (Wireless Operators, Ground).

The W.M.'s are the boys that repair all transmitters and receivers. They are divided into several sub-sections; namely, Radio Servicing, Workshops, Communications and Radio Maintenance.

Radio servicing looks after changing u/s sets in a/c, and also D.I. the ships each day. The W.M.'s in the flights come under Servicing.

Workshops is the place where our radios are repaired and made serviceable again.

Communications looks after our ground transmitters and receivers, the

The Bells Tolled



Congratulations Sgt. and Mrs. Beauchamp (née Sturgeon)

telephone system, and also the public address systems on the station.

Radio Maintenance (in Maintenance Hangar) is where new a/c are equipped with radios, D.F. loops, and all other work of installation is completed.

Our W.D. W.O.G.'s work the W/T Ground Station in the Control Tower, third floor. They keep in contact with aircraft at all times. When the girls have any moans to report about the equipment, a W.M. from Communications is called. Then the fun begins, especially if a/c are flying and cannot be contacted because of a faulty ground transmitter or a u/s receiver. The girls work in two shifts, one on days, and one on nights, changing around each week. There are usually four girls operating, plus one spare and one N.C.O. in charge.

The flying W.O.G.'s are all attached to flights. The Signals Section only sees that they use correct procedure when operating in the air. Discipline, promotions, etc. all come under their respective Flight Commanders.

★

Fire Hall

LAC J. H. CAREY

As usual the Fire Hall has had its share of postings, the same as the rest of you. LAC Bus Clare was posted to Fort William, and now we hear he is at Yorkton. LAC's Rapley and Whitlegde are overseas, and we wish them the best of luck.

Unlike many sections, however, we also got some new men. LAC Morrow, from Brantford, Ont., is a fair cribbage player and comes if you call Scratch.

LAC Stone (Rocky) comes from Vancouver, B.C., and prefers Bunk Fatigue to any other kind (who doesn't?).

Bill Audy has just spent a long time in hospital and on sick leave, then back in dock, then on more sick leave, and now for a change is on annual leave.

Bob Goulet (Major) has returned from the Fire Fighting course at Trenton full of vim, vigor and vitality, we hope.

Number One C.N.S. Fire Fighters
Down at the old Fire Hall.

At getting there fast,
When the old sirens blast,
Are right there on the old ball.

There's Flight Sgt. Hilton and Sgt. J. Lamb,

Corporal Reid and then Corporal Hall,
There's non coms and men,
Just crammed full of gen,
A bunch that you can't beat at all.

MacDonald and Carey, from somewhere
down East

Are always aiming to please.

And if they regret it
They cannot forget it,
For both married W.D.'s.

There's LAC Morrow and LAC Stone
The newest recruits in the gang,

When at night the bell tolls
From his bunk each one rolls,
And both hit the truck with a bang.

Classroom Highlights



CLASS 105A

In this brave new world of ours, where computers sometimes convert T.A..S. into Co.C., and an A.M.T. for September still produces bang-on fixes in October, even the best of regulated oracles cannot be relied on.

Therefore, No. 1 C.N.S., it is with caution that we hint at the probability of our leaving you shortly. No longer, alas, will you be able to depend upon our 100 per cent attendance at Duty Watch, eager to do our little bit for our less fortunate brothers, who have never tasted of the joys of making out flight plans before the route is changed.

So much for our leisure time. However, we hope we don't leave the impression that our stay at Rivers was roses, roses all the way. Not so. Sterner tasks have faced us during our twenty weeks sojourn, and many a commission has been won (and lost, too, in some cases) in the barrack blocks and the washrooms. Many of us have had to perform, with grim resolve, the dual tasks of winco and room joe on the same day. Few, in fact, have escaped the responsibilities which come to all who carry the white man's burden at No. 1 C.N.S., Rivers.

But now, with the number of "Days to Go" rapidly approaching nil, we should not be human if we did not anticipate with pleasure the end of our 20 weeks at Rivers. We think a special word of thanks is due to Mr. Johnston, whose instinctive wit has so often raised us from the depths of a mental low. With all sincerity we thank our instructors, Mr. Nickel and Mr. Braun, for all they have done for us, and trust that the damage we have done to them is not irreparable.

CLASS 107A

107A is a class of many talents and professions: Policemen, lawyers, tailors, clerks, chemists, civil servants, truck drivers and—a poet! Even his name reeks of poetry; a name which used to make grandma's young heart flutter with romantic ideas. Today, of course, his name has a totally different effect on the young ladies of Winnipeg.

Our tame poet lacks one item—his hair; he lacks those luxuriant locks associated with his famous namesake. We do not propose to say he is bald, but he is definitely a little thin on top. To prove our point (about him being a poet, not his hair) we offer the following ballad. 'Joe' hides the identity of one of our respected gen men, who abound in plenty in 107A.

ODE TO THE SECOND JOE

It's eight o'clock on Rivers Camp.
And the Yankee motors roar,
There's a feverish scratching
At those flight plans,
Which should have been done before.

And the student quakes as the Anson
Shakes
And thunders on its way,
For the poor guy must plan to hit
St. Anne,
Without help from the light of day.

But our Joseph straddles the bucking
floor,
In his eye there's a feverish gleam,
And his marvellous eyesight stabs the
night
To a town no one's ever seen.

He must get a fix and to make it right,
He checks it seven times,
It's just the same when it's plotted out,
Just seven parallel lines.

Now it's getting close to E.T.A.
As the Anson cleaves the air,
The student anxiously studies his watch,
And pulls at his thinning hair.

But all is well, for our Joseph stands,
With his forehead bathed in sweat,
He's got a fix, don't plot the wind,
For it's nothing like the Met.

The pilot thumps the desk and shouts,
"We've hit st. Anne dead on,"
The student seems to have his doubts,
And carries the air plot on.

There's Winnipeg under the starboard
wing,
Joe grasps the As/Co fixtures,
He strains his eyes to see the ground
To find what's on at the pictures.

There's confusion on the second Joe's
desk,
And the kite's on the homeward run,
And no one is sure of where he is,
So the Second shoots the Sun.

The poor guy's eyes have a haggard
look,
He's in a sorry plight,
As he wearily struggles from side to
side,
For a glimpse of McGregor light.

And there it shines like a ray of hope
In a night of black despair,
But the ruddy thing's on the starboard
side,
Surely we can't be there.

"We'll alter course and hope for the
best,"
Say's the student with a curse,
We're bound to hit some ruddy place,
And that can't be any worse.

He scans his chart with a jaundiced eye,
To see if he's made a mistake,
The light of a town looms through the
murk.
Impossible! Shoal Lake.

★

CLASS 105B

PER BELLO AD BELLUM IN BURMA

One finds it difficult to write with one's fingers crossed but we write this article with a fervent hope that it is the last. Providing there are sufficient of us to justify a Wings Parade, we shall graduate before the next issue of M.T.B.

Now, therefore, is the time to introduce you to some of the "soaks" of the class. First, Asco Elliott, the gen man who according to reports, flies with an Asco in each hand. "Reciprocal-Wind" Chapman, a pioneer in a new method of D.R. navigation aided and abetted by "Air-distance" Joe Edlington (well, what's a five miles here or there anyway?). "Position-line" Cook, renowned for arriving at St. James on predetermined E.T.A., "Horse-laugh" Yeates, "Bang-on" (alias Pathfinder) Bingham, George (Jackson) Willox, hiding his smile behind a darts medal, and Reg Bailey (pronounced Biley). All these and other unmentionables (Panic Buick, "lets have a drink" Lutz, the old men of the class—popular Kerr and SAINT Dennis) form this, the super-dupper class of G.I.S.

A recital of (un)famous names would not be complete without the most famous. We take our caps off to our instructor, F/O (Doug) "Sight-test" Bell. We bless his grey hairs which seem to have appeared rapidly during the last 18 weeks and in expressing our gratitude we bequeath him an endless supply of red pencils.

★

CLASS 106A

At the time of writing this article, 106A navigators are in their 15th week at Rivers. In another four weeks' time we shall know our fate. Naturally we all want to go back to the Old Country, but according to current rumours, it does not look too promising. But as this is not to be our farewell article we do not deem it advisable to harp on the subject of home too much.

This month we have to say farewell to Andy Molyneau who has come off the Course through sickness. We wish you all the best, Andy, and good luck.

This month we have no complaints about P.T. We have discovered much to our amazement that the P.T.I.'s are

almost human at times. Recently they have taken our advice and we have been able to take full benefit of the clean fresh exercise afforded us on the football field. We feel a lot better for it, we work harder, and we appreciate it. To the majority of us it is a luxury, particularly after spending a whole day in the stuffy atmosphere of the classroom, to relieve the monotony with a pleasant hour of sport instead of monotonously grovelling in the dusty, germ-laden and artificial air of the Drill Hall. Why not consult the M.O. as to which is the more healthy.



Maybe some of you have noticed that the stars and other heavenly bodies have taken a rather dissipated look these nights. Perhaps this can be attributed to the rather skilful shooting of some of the relatively keen members of our flight so anxious to catch up on some of their shots. Our only complaint here is that on our Astro trips the stars are not where they should be—at least we are not. The planets so far have eluded us, but we do not worry—what the sextant can't do, the frying pan can. Only why anyone should want to cook a "heavenly body" (?) we don't know. Do you?

In conclusion we must thank Jack Arrand for making such a fine drawing of our crest, and of course give thanks that we still exist. So cheerio until next month at which time we hope to say "good-bye."

CLASS 104B

M. D. THOMAS

Class 104B—No. 1 C.N.S. Rebels. How familiar the name! Yes, folks, at last we are saying good-bye. (Do I hear a sigh of relief?) Now you, on our departure from No. 1 C.N.S., like us, will recover from this twenty weeks' nightmare. For you it must be like the restful recuperation period after a bad attack of malaria. Strange that malaria should enter our thoughts now that the course is over! I wonder what the connection is?

Now that we have completed our first stage towards operational navigation, we give a great sigh of relief. When we pause a little to look back on the course, we realize how much we owe to the untiring efforts of our much respected instructor, F/L Stevens. His great

interest in his not too 'understandable' class, and the way he nursed some of us weaker pupils along the hard, tortuous road to Wings Parade, arouses a great feeling of admiration and gratitude.

We, 104B, with utmost sincerity, convey our congratulations to him on his promotion to his present rank.

As we say farewell, we would like to wish him all the very best for the future. May he continue his good work. When we think of it, our thoughts of F/L Stevens were well expressed by Goldsmith:

"And still we gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew."

This small article would not be complete unless we expressed our thanks to our other untiring, cheerful instructor, P/O Francis. We hope that he has enjoyed instructing us, as much as we enjoyed his instruction. Strange it may seem, we used to look forward to his interesting lectures. Our very best wishes to you, Mr. Francis.

Also we would like to express our thanks to our Armaments, Signals, Meteorology and A/Rec. instructors. Best of luck to you all.

Now we shall try and let you see some of the characters that make up the notorious 104B.

CLASS 104A

O. J. DALDREY

This is Hail and Farewell from us who will have departed from Rivers by the time this appears in print. Like every other contemporaneous course we found the going hard, as is evidenced by our high proportion of casualties—exactly 33 1/3 per cent.



Now that one of us has found time at last to submit a contribution to M.T.B., we find it exceedingly difficult to think of something fresh to say as others have already made all the comments of which we can think. When we arrived in June we were horrified by the dazed expressions and glassy eyes of the senior course men, and amazed to discover the endurance limits of the young, human male. Now we, ourselves, have taken and passed the finals, still retaining (I think all will agree) our good spirits and

acquiring no more than the appearance of being moderately fatigued.

With us we carry away memories of scrubbing the classroom and/or the barracks when we wanted to do some studying and (more vivid) memories of changing our beds and barrack block at all too frequent intervals. But, more important, we carry away memories of all the good times we have had, not only after duty hours but also during classes and air-exercises. We unanimously agree that any praise at all should go to our instructors, F/O Moen, F/O Ferguson and F/O Cross, and to all those whose efforts contributed to our ultimate graduation.

CLASS 108A

Dear Joe,—You remember, of course, that in my last letter I told you about a few of the characters in our class. You have heard of "Fur-piece" Weiss, of "Just Six More" Anders and "Shaky" Morris. In this letter I want to tell you about a few more of the solid senders.

To really find out the character of a fellow you have only to live through several quickie briefings at noon. Tempers are frayed and the whole room seems to ask in quick succession, "What did you get, George?" Say just what did you get, George—or more to the point, "What have you got that gets them?" The gals really go for the old masterful brush-off.

You should drop into the classroom some evening, just to hear our choir give out on the old songs—Doc Ponsart is the key man in the organization. With a voice like his he should go far—and the farther the better. But real music lovers are ecstolic about the deep (you could call it that and many other things) voice of Julius "The Voice" Weiss. We hear that Sinatra is really worried about this new threat to his popularity.

I could spend just hours and hours writing about the instructors, but one of them is the editor of this scandal sheet—or publication if you will. They really are good fellows, it says here. F/O Ritchie and F/O Stephen—both are basketball sharpies and they're going to lead us (108A) right up to the top of the Basketball League. We'll moider dem bums in the league—won't ya fellahs?

So-long, Joe, will write next week and tell you why the fellows go West on their 48's, and what she really looks like.

Yours hopefully (exam time you know),
LAC D. JERK.

CLASS 110B

This most disillusioned course is in its 8th week at this writing. After a hectic start, wondering about the various rumours concerning the C.T.ing of Navigators, we figure that we are over the "hump" and will continue to go "batty" for another twelve weeks.

There is really nothing to report as far as the personal side of our class is concerned, the main reason being that we HAVE no personality. We do have an aspiring Nav. that can set course by converting T.A.S. to Co.C. and arrive at his turning point on E.T.A. There is also the gent who found it easier to use Q.C. in the S.D.R.T., rather than M.C. But the best is the brave fellow who ventured to ask, during a D/F lecture, why it was not possible for radio waves to pass THROUGH the loop without touching the actual aerial. On the serious side of the class we believe we have the only two trainee members of the championship baseball team in Don Metz and Bill Tyre.

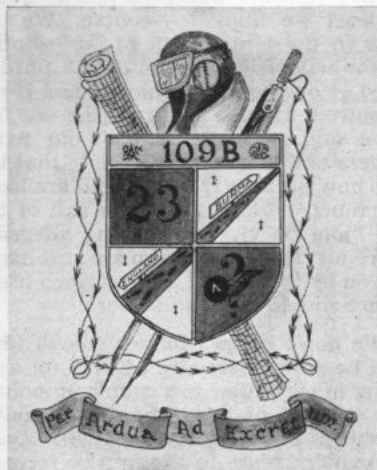
Most of us have enjoyed our stay at Rivers (did I say that?) especially the 48's. At the commencement of the course F/O Giesbrecht instructed us to take advantage of the 48's and get away from it all. We found that we couldn't, though, for two of us, at least, have been shadowed. It so happens that these two go to Winnipeg, as most of us do, and what happens? At the Guard House they meet P/O Kinley (Ass't Instructor), at Rivers station they bump into P/O Kinley, and at Winnipeg they hit him once more. After all this, they decide that they'll go to the Cave at night just to forget Rivers. So what, our noble instructor is a Night Hawk and "the Shadow's" beaming countenance is seen moving around the dance floor. Get away from Navigation they say!!

In closing we give you a motto suitable to our morale—"NILS BASTARDO CARBORUNDUM." The translation of this will be given in confidence. Would you like to shoot on a star?



CLASS 109B NAV.

A little bit of Canada, of Canada so fair,
Was found out on the prairie, many miles from anywhere.
Then came the Air Force Brass Hats, who viewed it from the air,
And said "Now this is just the place, We'll put our Trainees there."
So they stocked it up with Ansons, Built Barrack Blocks and rooms
And brought out lads from England To slave in living tombs.
To try and learn to navigate—
Take sun and star shots too,
No wonder Churchill said we owed,
So much to just a few.
Then came, one day, a bunch of boys from 31 P.D.
Who started out in G.I.S. as Course 109B.
The Squadron Chief gave them a talk,
And then when he'd got through,
He handed them into the care of one F/O Leroux,
Who said that they were there
To learn the fundamentals few
But forgot to mention lots of things
That wanted learning too.
So taking as objective,
A little private place,
Owned, it seemed, by one John Jones,



Tho' we never saw his face
They started drawing tracks and winds
And courses by the score.
As time went on the fundamentals
Piled up more and more.
Then came F/O Mike Michaelson
With his mysteries of D/F
And made it seem so easy
To all and each B/F.
But with laughs and jokes and stories,
Sometimes near to tears
They did their level best
To calm our growing qualms and fears.
They've now almost succeeded
And the lads have settled down
And when the course is finished
Then they'll really go to town.
Forget computers for a while
And P.T., Sigs, and Drill,
And drown their cares in rye and beer,
And end up really ill.

For making their appearance
In M.T.B. so late,
They humbly apologize
To readers on this date
And in a moment taken off
From compasses and nav.
Wish them all the luck that they,
Wish they themselves could have.



CLASS 110A

Since our last effort appeared in M.T.B. much "gen" has flowed in one ear and out of the other, progress exams have been scraped through and generally the outlook is bright. We mourn the loss of Mike Bond who unfortunately always managed to lose his 'dinner' during steep turns. Personally we think it was a put-up job, between the instructor and the pilot as the only way to get C.T.'s among this really brilliant course. F/L Gourlay denies there is any truth in the rumour that he has bet a brother officer twenty bucks he'll have the flight whittled down to three members by the fifteenth week—he says it's four!

Here we must hand a bouquet to the bomb aimers of Course 111 who so magnificently brought us back alive from our first night trip this week. They certainly did a great job and our only disappointment was when they failed to produce the coffee and sandwiches

halfway down the second leg!

Incidentally, the real highlights are the soccer and basketball 'international' between the Canucks and the Limeys during P.T. "scives." The former profess no knowledge of the rules of soccer and always win; the English (and Taffy) play basketball to the rules of all-in wrestling and always win; so how about the station team taking a tip from us and making SURE that they win their games! !

REWARD: Will anyone who found a whopping Jackson in G.I.S. last Pancake Thursday return same to F/O Hando and be suitably rewarded.



CLASS 107B

A monthly catalogue of our doings would prove a very dull affair were we to adhere to the navigational curriculum. As individuals, we all have moments when we feel that our pent-up emotions must break forth and spread themselves about. Undoubtedly, such experiences are common enough and at the time one feels that his particular brand would make an interesting story. That's how "line books" originated. The most stirring tales of the "ops" types must often be dwarfed when compared with all the wondrous stories of the U/T division. And so, with this in mind, we present our monthly contribution.

The desire, so common earlier in the course, to throw everything out of the window when the navigational outlook was none too clear is gradually diminishing. This may be due to greater self-confidence but, more likely, we are beginning to know our pilots and thereby realize that home is never unattainable. Home may be a futile name to apply to a sprawling pile of buildings with an airfield attached—not to mention the beacon that keeps going round—but many a sigh of real relief goes up when it hoves into view. The happiest moment of any flight is when you hand the pilot the little chit bearing the inscription "s/c BASE."

Keeness is a very desirable virtue. We have always looked on it as such and admired it profoundly in the other section of our course. In fact, we have often gone to the limits of discussing it and we feel that something must be



done about it within the next few weeks. It takes a long time for a great idea like that to hatch out, but it will—even if it takes the whole twenty weeks.

At last we are beginning to like P.T. This may be an astounding statement but it is perfectly true. Of course, it is not the old type of P.T. we mean, oh no, that still rancours, but the new idea that now seems to have come to stay. At last, the powers that govern these things have realized that football provides plenty of exercise. Without exception we approve, and congratulate the P.T.I.'s for their assistance.

From this another suggestion comes forth. Why not have one afternoon a week for games only? This worked pretty well in our former stations and there is no reason to believe that it would fail here. Organized games provide an opportunity for all to participate in their favourite sport, thereby proving more beneficial than the conservative routine of press-ups, etc., which no one wants.

★

CLASS 109A

We are trespassing on your time again, trusting that there are some among you who will be at least slightly

interested in the doings of this unique—at least we think so—course. We are now in the tenth week of our sojourn in the wilderness and to coin a phrase, most of our heads are bloody and if not unbowed, at least still hanging on. We have said adieu to three of our pathfinders and it is worthy of note that the two now usefully(?) employed are looking much perkier and more full of the old "joie de vivre" than the allegedly more fortunate types who are still hanging on by the skin of their various teeth. There should be a moral here.

We don't know whether course 109A will be remembered by 1 C.N.S. for anything in particular in a couple of months but several of the exploits of sundry members of our select band will have a permanent place in the murky recesses of our memory. The most notable to date is that of our keen Welsh type, Ron Bicknell, who on his sealed orders trip was gaily climbing on track until he saw the tail-end of his computer vanish leisurely into the bowels of the ship. He did not take note of his mental reaction but we are sure it would have afforded extremely interesting data for any psychologist. We skip the rest of the lurid details only letting you know that we have it on the authority of his air-plot that he completed the trip under the influence of that quaint old I.T.W. custom, the triangle of velocities, plot-

ting his multiple drift winds—reciprocal, of course—on the compass nose of his topo. map.

To this we add the tale of young Eric Birch, S.I.M. (Soon in Moncton) who, on the same day, on making his first tentative attempt at taking a drift, discovered that he had been anking along minus an L.D.R. This, very naturally, distressed him considerably, but had a different effect on his slap-happy second Nav., Barney Jansen, who immediately made with the suggestion that he use the wet-finger-cum-open-door method of drift estimation. Hardly the thing one expects from a "pukka gen" R.C.A.F. type, Barney!

Our usual diatribe on the subject of P.T.I.'s and their doings is missing this month as these upstanding young gentlemen seem to have undergone a considerable change of heart of late. With our fingers crossed we are throwing a horseshoe over one shoulder, some salt over the other and with our other hand we are vigorously touching wood. Keep it up, boys, we didn't think you could possibly be as black as you were painted.

As a parting shot, we note that Ray Chidley has been appointed chief cook in our sextant shot department in the face of severe opposition from Gordy Baulcomb.

Free French at Rivers

The twelve Free men pictured here trained under the flag of the Free French Air Force at Casablanca and Marrakech, under the flag of the R.A.F. at Filey and Sywell in England, and of the R.C.A.F. at Picton Ont., Rivers, Man., and now they are headed for St. John, Que. After mastering English well enough to train under the British Commonwealth Air Training Scheme it was decided that they should learn French Technical Terms as well. Hence their posting to Quebec.

Their spirit is keen, their outlook happy, their road—one to victory. We extend to them every wish for full success in adventure and through them our salute to all who fight for France.



Back Row (left to right)—Rene Louis Brra, Denis Vincent, Emile Louis Piolet, Jacques Bellot, Christian Rufin, Yvan Eugene Rofidal, Jean Gardrat, Jean-Jacques Dampetrou.
Front Row (left to right)—Georges Jean Jacques Ritter, Robert Maurice Loysel, Paul Edouard Bourrillon, Paul Heptrouse Abribat.

Honour Graduates



Left to right: Sgt. J. W. Mantle, 102 Navs. and Sgt. J. C. McKersey, 110 Bombers.

Promotions

Cpl. J. A. D. Nolon to Sergeant (A.F.M.)
 Cpl. H. F. White to Sergeant (Inst. Mech.)
 Cpl. G. Y. R. Allen to Sergeant (Elect.)
 Cpl. J. Hamilton to Sergeant (Elect.)
 LAC D. Baird to Corporal (Chef)
 LAW E. Trail to Corporal (Clk. Gen.)
 LAC T. Kennerley to Corporal (M.M.M.T.)
 LAC J. R. Pratt to Corporal (Arm.) (B.)
 LAC L. E. Anderson to Corporal (S.P.)
 LAW H. I. Christianson to Corporal (Clk. Gen.)
 LAW E. S. Beecham to Corporal (Op. Tel.)
 LAC E. M. Westmacott to Corporal (Inst. Mech.)
 LAC F. A. Bannerman to Corporal (S.P.)
 P/O D. S. Bell to Flying Officer (G.L.) (Nav.)
 P/O J. H. Sim to Flying Officer (G.L.) (Pilot)
 F/S D. J. McKinnon to Warrant Officer Class 2 (Pilot)
 P/O R. C. Becker to Flying Officer (Nav. Officer)
 P/O L. G. Thibodeau to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O E. S. L. Jackson to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O J. B. Cunningham to Flying Officer (G.L.) (Nav.)
 P/O D. M. Clark to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O A. E. Macaulay to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O J. F. Lowe to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O F. T. Oldershaw to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O W. B. Morrison to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 WO2 P. Smiley to Warrant Officer Class 1 (Pilot)
 F/S M. C. Petasky to Warrant Officer Class 2 (Pilot)
 F/S C. E. Potter to Warrant Officer Class 2 (Pilot)
 P/O W. H. Hamilton to Flying Officer (Admin.)
 F/S W. G. Dulmage to Warrant Officer Class 2 (Pilot)
 P/O T. J. Derbyshire to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 F/S H. E. Welton to Warrant Officer Class 2 (Pilot)
 F/S W. F. McMahan to Warrant Officer Class 2 (Pilot)
 F/S D. H. McNeil to Warrant Officer Class 2 (Pilot)
 F/S J. H. Huffman to Warrant Officer Class 2 (Pilot)
 F/S D. E. C. Merner to Warrant Officer Class 2 (Pilot)
 F/S J. A. Callin to Warrant Officer Class 2 (Pilot)
 Sgt. D. S. Porter to Flight Sergeant (Pilot)
 F/S J. R. Jones to Warrant Officer Class 2 (Pilot)
 F/O D. L. Aiken to Flight Lieutenant (Nav.)
 F/O D. E. J. Collyer to Flight Lieutenant (G.L.) (Nav.)
 F/O C. C. Gourlay to Flight Lieutenant (G.L.) (Nav.)
 F/O F. L. Stevens to Flight Lieutenant (G.L.) (Nav.)
 P/O J. J. McCormick to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O W. R. Dew to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O B. C. Edwards to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O D. S. Francis to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O J. A. Michaelson to Flying Officer (G.L.) (Nav.)
 P/O D. L. Lindsay to Flying Officer (G.L.) (Nav.)
 P/O E. G. Arndt to Flying Officer (G.L.) (Nav.)
 P/O A. Nusbaum to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O E. J. Panchysyn to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O C. E. Hoyt to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O J. M. Simpson to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O B. C. Dineley to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O M. W. Mooney to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O J. C. Watson to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O N. S. Staynor to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O J. J. Lambert to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O J. E. B. Jolly to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)
 P/O J. S. Marchington to Flying Officer (G.L.) (P)

Marriages

P/O M. A. Perrson, to Martha Barrowman Smith, on 16/Sept./44, at Port Alberni, B.C.
 Sgt. C. Cormier to Bernice Smith, on 27/Sept./44, at Winnipeg, Man.
 LAC E. W. Tabor, to Jean Lindsay Mitchell, on 28/Sept./44, at Michel, B.C.
 LAC E. C. Wilson, to Joyce Gladys Buchanan, on 26/Sept./44, at Burnaby, B.C.
 LAC J. Balasko, to Anne Wozniak, on 30/Sept./44, at Winnipeg, Man.
 F/S C. Labey, to LAW V. M. Ionson, on 6/Oct./44, at Station Chapel, Rivers, Man.
 LAC E. Smith, to Edna May Skelton, on 30/Sept./44, at Long Branch, Ontario.
 F/S H. E. Welton, to LAW F. M. Wright, on 19/Oct./44, at Calgary, Alta.
 LAC D. A. Archer, to Ida DiGenova, on 23/Sept./44, at Winnipeg, Man.
 Sgt. J. D. Burton, to Anita Marguerite Burnie, on 5/Jan./44, at North Bay, Ont.
 LAC A. H. Prodanuk, to Bertha Louise Sheepish, on 30/Sept./44, at East Kildonan, Man.
 Sgt. H. H. Beauchamp, to LAW E. L. Sturgeon, on 14/Oct./44, at Station Chapel, Rivers, Man.
 AC1 G. W. Breden, to Pearl Edna Olson, on 10/Oct./44, at Vancouver, B.C.
 Cpl. A. J. Wodyga, to Ellwn May Hoskovich, on 4/Oct./44, at Cranbrook, B.C.
 Cpl. D. F. Golder, to Ellen Hortense Hodgson, on 4/Oct./44, at Toronto, Ontario.

Births

To F/O and Mrs. D. R. LeFluffy, a son, Robert Craig, on 13/Sept./44, at Vancouver, B.C.
 To Sergeant and Mrs. J. S. Sangster, a son, Garth Stanley, on 13/June/44, at Brandon, Man.
 To P/O and Mrs. D. E. Palmer, a son, Donald Lawrence, on 24/Sept./44, at Strathroy, Ontario.
 To LAC and Mrs. B. A. Stevenson, a son, James Arthur, on 25/Sept./44, at Gimli, Man.
 To Cpl. and Mrs. C. A. Armitage, a daughter, Elinor Fay, on 16/Sept./44, at Hamiota, Man.
 To Sgt. and Mrs. H. M. Jackson, a son, James Ronald Hugh, on 2/Oct./44, at Toronto, Ontario.
 To LAC and Mrs. C. W. Jahns, a daughter, Carrolyn Barbara, on 24/Sept./44, at Stonewall, Manitoba.
 To Cpl. and Mrs. H. L. Fuller, a daughter, Gwendolyn Frances, on 23/Sept./44, at Winnipeg, Man.
 To Cpl. and Mrs. J. R. Drew, a daughter, Sandra June, on 3/Oct./44, at Winnipeg, Man.
 To Cpl. and Mrs. R. G. Fern, a son, Raymond Keith, on 21/Sept./44, at Winnipeg, Man.
 To LAC and Mrs. W. H. McBurnie, a son, Donald Frederick, on 25/Sept./44, at Brandon, Man.
 To Sgt. and Mrs. T. M. Lenaghan, a son, Thomas Michael, on 5/Sept./44, at Montreal, P.Q.
 To P/O and Mrs. B. E. Joinson, a son, Kenneth Aibert, on 27/Sept./44, at Tisdale, Sask.

SLIPPERPUSS:



SEP. 1939 - Enlisted as Aero-Engine Mechanic
 JUN. 1940 - Overseas on Coastal as Flight Engineer
 JAN. 1941 - Remuster to Pilot
 NOV. 1941 - Washed out at EFTS, reselected to Nav.
 MAY. 1942 - Grounded at AOS
 DEC. 1942 - Kiska as Radar Mech.
 MAR. 1943 - Remustered to Navigator again
 JUN. 1943 - Returned to Canada to ITS
 MAR. 1944 - Washed out at AOS
 JUN. 1944 - Reselected Air Bomber
 NOV. 1944 - Washed out at AOS

