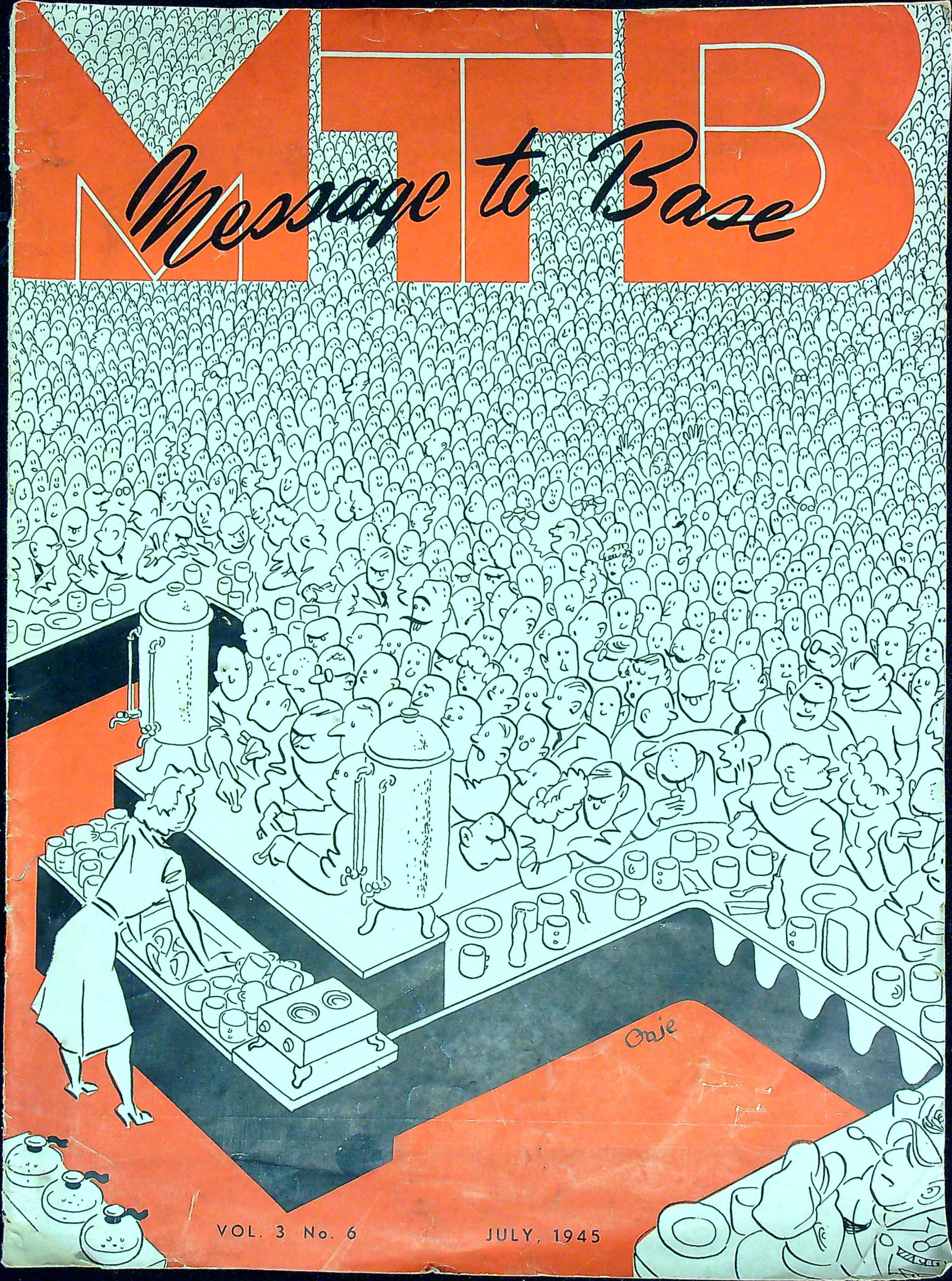


Message to Base



Onie

Unfit!



"Nothing Doing?"

"What?, nothing doing—have a heart, Sir.
It's the same tale everywhere.

"Sorry we can't use you—you're UNFIT."

"Unfit eh, well perhaps you're right,
Yet not so very long ago

I was young and strong and fearless.

Then there came the call to go

To the aid of outraged Belgium

Sacked and plundered by the Hun.

So I left my home, my country; was such fun

Smartly uniformed and marching to the music of a band,

Making eyes at all the ladies; Gee, that life
was simply grand.

But the picture quickly changed, Sir

When slit trenches loomed in sight

With their liquid fire and gases

Out on No-Mans' Land at night.

I've lain on listening duty

While the shells burst overhead;

Heaps of dying all around me

Yes, heaps of dying and of Dead.

Crying out to God in frenzy and in my fear

While some dirty sniping Hun got me here—See!

Ain't it lovely, that's what Fritzie's bullet done

And there on No-Mans' Land I lay

While the days and nights went by

Bleeding, weak and nearly starving

My throat all parched and dry.

Well, they found me nearly dead, Sir

Patched me up and sent me home

This little German trophy running right across my dome.

Hurrah, a Hero people called me; Yet it seems

a funny thing, after fighting for my Country

After fighting for my King,

I can't get an honest job, Sir.

Me that's been and done my bit.

And the wife and kids must suffer

Just because their Dad's UNFIT.

J. W. Ross,

Adj. No. 1 C. N. S.



EDITORIAL

VOLUME 3, No. 6

JULY, 1945

M. T. B.

By kind permission of GROUP CAPTAIN W. A. MURRAY

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	{ SGT. SIBLEY
Photographer	F/S MELROSE

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

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EDITOR'S CORNER

Welcome Home!

Phase 1 of the war is over. Now the men who spent long years overseas, in some cases since 1939 and 1940, are coming home.

We of the R.C.A.F. are proud of our share in helping to win this war. To the fighter pilots who shot the Luftwaffe out of the skies, to the bomber crews who blasted German cities into heaps of rubble, to the Coastal Command crews who patrolled the seas for many gruelling hours to beat the U-boats, and certainly to the ground crews that worked all hours that our men might fly, we offer our thanks. Canada offers her thanks. Well done and welcome home.

We in Rivers have envied you. A training scheme had to be kept going and someone had to do it. Many a mechanic and many a pilot and navigator have been "brassed off" on the Prairies, hoping against hope for overseas postings that never came. But now that Phase 1 is over, we are proud of the job you did and we are glad to see you back.

However, we can understand the impatience of the ground crew and the Army men, who, after a long separation, find that they cannot get home right away. Repatriation involves problems, too — shipping space, rehabilitation and release machinery at home, and, not least, deciding who shall stay behind to help police Germany. On top of all this, Phase 2 is far from being over. Some of us will be "joed" for duties which involve neither glory nor adventure, but patience and infinite endurance for some time yet.

In This Issue

For the first time in twenty-three months, we did not go to press in June. Part of the copy intended for last month

M.T.B. for JULY

has gone into this issue, but we trust our readers will not find much of it out-of-date.

Each issue of M.T.B. involves the collecting, reading and editing of twenty-five thousand words of copy, which is published in Winnipeg. Our staff do all this work voluntarily, in addition to their normal duties. Postings regularly cut into our numbers and, when copy is not forthcoming, deadlines are hard to meet. Anyone interested in writing or any other phase of publishing a magazine is urged to get in touch with a member of our staff. We can use "bodies" at the present time.

Your present editor-in-chief regrets that he does not expect to be able to carry on his duties after this issue. However, there remains a number of experienced members of our masthead who we hope will be able to continue publication for some months yet.

For this issue, we have cartoons by Ozzie, Sgt. Sibley and F/O "Wally" Bick which are as good as ever. Mr. John Moe has produced a piece of humor that we know you will enjoy. For articles of general interest, F/O McCorquodale's story of his flight to Eskimo Point, North West Territories, extracts from S/L Hutchison's history of the station hospital, and the article on Argentina by L.A.C.'s Shoo'bridge and Cunningham, are good reading. In addition, there are Section Shots and Classroom Highlights of particular interest to those concerned.

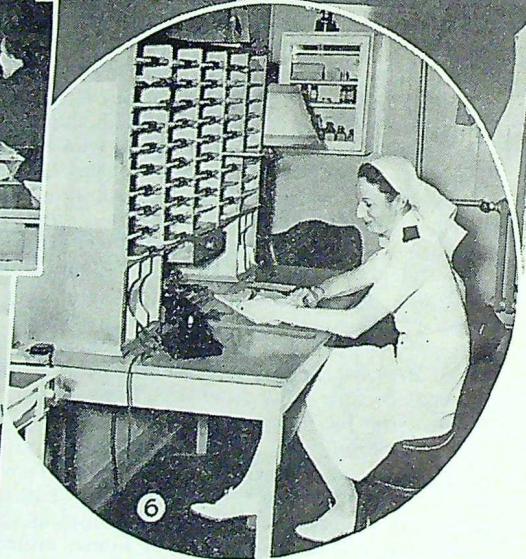
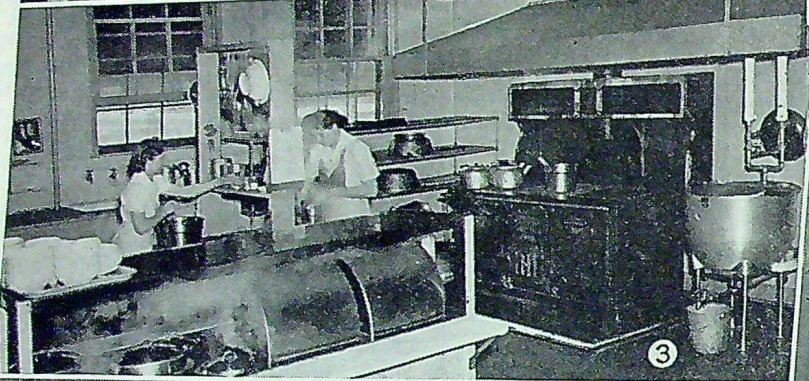
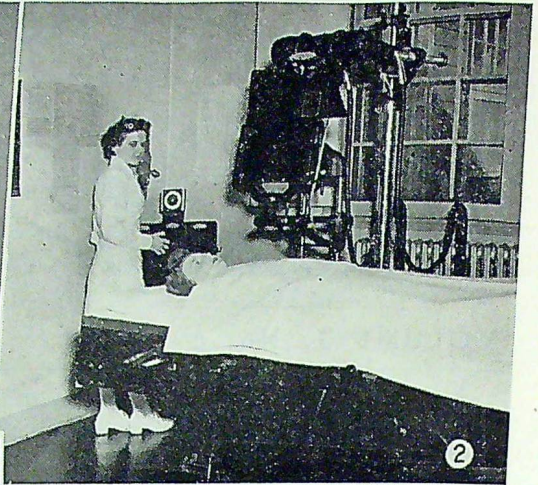


Good-Bye, Ozzie

M.T.B. has been particularly fortunate in having the services of F/O "Ozzie" Wright, whose cartoons have been outstanding in the field of Canadian service publications. His strips have been reproduced in Canada and overseas and his characters have become well known to everybody.

To say that we are sorry to lose him understates the case. "Ozzie" contributed much to our magazine, both in actual cartoon work and in make-up. He goes back to "civvy street" (like his character, Aboddy) with the respect and admiration of all those who knew him and worked with him.

Good luck, "Ozzie." Some day we will literally "see you in the funny papers" and tell our friends that we "knew you when," back in the days at Rivers.



(1) Patients taking special treatments.
 (2) X-Ray machine.
 (3) Hospital Laboratory.
 (4) Dispensary.

(5) Hospital Orderly Room.
 (6) N/S Leggett, Matron, at work.
 (7) General View of Station Hospital.

Station Hospital . . .

By S/L HUTCHISON

IN THE beginning there was just a dreary, lonely, isolated, drab, forbidding, dismal, scrubby, unproductive, God-forsaken, bleak, snowbound, barren, fog-encompassed, mud-slopped, arid, sunscorched, windswept stretch of limitless wasteland nestled deep in the heart of beautiful Manitoba. And from distant shores came pioneers and they gazed upon the land and they shuddered and no man would claim it as his own. But then it came to pass that far across the boundless sea the drums of war were sounded and ere their echoes had died away there came to this vast expanse of nothing men who saw beyond the horizon and the sunset, and they paused, and their eyes looked in fascinated horror upon this land of enchantment. And when the night was full with moonshine (courtesy of Rivers Board of Trade) they made solemn ritual and they wrote strange hieroglyphics upon their charts and thrust pins in mad abandon and they offered the taxpayer as a living sacrifice; and they conjured up a vision. No longer was this desert land to be scorned and shunned by man; in the mystic future they saw fertile fields, a great air school darkening the sky with its mighty Ansons and erks without end being moulded into world travellers at twenty-one.

The men of vision and hallucinosis departed whence they came and once again the buzzards kept lonely vigil in the skies. But the die was cast and there came other men with hammers and clanking machines and like worker ants they labored in unity of purpose, undaunted by location, undismayed by climate and unperturbed by the looming threat of liquor rationing. And so in the fullness of time the wilderness was transformed by the hand of man and in November 1940 a pitiful band of travellers groping their way through the swirling snow paused to blink away the tortured tears that hung as icicles upon their frostbitten cheeks and saw before them the outlines of buildings where none had been before; and they knew that this was it, and so were they. Thus did the advance party, immortal now in folklore, legend and song, open one of the great air schools of the B.C.A.T.P.—No. 1 Central Navigation School, Rivers, Manitoba.

Among those who were present at the transition of Rivers from fantasy to fact were W/C Miller (the first Commanding Officer), one S.W.O., thirty-nine airmen, Captain Weber (the S.M.O.) and the latter's entourage of two R.C.A.M.C. personnel. When they arrived, what was then No. 1 A.N.S. consisted essentially of one building, for the guard house functioned as mess, post office, dining hall and canteen.

Since then things have moved on. G/C Lewis arrived as C.O. about April 1941, to be succeeded in January 1943 by G/C Murray who still holds that position. In June 1942 two Air Navigation Schools were consolidated and this became the Central Navigation School. With the projected discontinuance of the B.C.A.T.P., this unit has been designated as a permanent station. Insofar as the hospital is concerned, it has played an important role from the beginning. As a thirty-five bed surgical unit equipped with x-ray, it was a focal point for referred work from other units. Through the peak periods of 1942 and 1943 it handled much more than its capacity of patients and work. By January 1944 it had expanded to 80 beds and its prospective future as a convalescent hospital should add greatly to its importance in this command.

Organization Station Hospital

Captain Weber arrived at No. 1 C.N.S. as the first S.M.O. on November 3rd, 1940, accompanied by a couple of orderlies. During the next few weeks he gathered about him a group of refugees from the R.C.A.M.C., finally acquiring a Dispenser (Sgt. Stewart), and Orderly Room Clerk (LAC Chappell) and six Nursing Orderlies (one Sgt., one Cpl. and four other ranks). Captain Boyd arrived either with the advance party or very soon afterward.

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Drill, P.T., etc.

On checking through the files one wonders when the staff of this hospital ever did any of their own work. There are folios of notes and memos to the effect that the following list put in so many hours of organized physical activity, please excuse so and so for not turning up on Monday as he was on his annual 48, the following are on night duty effective this date, LAC Schultz is on evening shift but if the PT & D Officer will arrange a class we can have him out between two and three a.m. to run around the drill hall a few times (LAC Schultz has probably just spent a few hours tramping up and down hospital corridors and his feet hurt but that doesn't matter).

There were no sick parades in November. The M.O. went around his station daily and picked up any illnesses en route. On November 9th a hernia from this unit was admitted to the Brandon Hospital but by November 25th the hospital here was in sufficiently good order that three patients could be admitted.

The hospital kitchen was not completed in November. Meals were brought from the airmen's mess (which opened on the fifteenth). In December a cook was obtained and the hospital began to prepare its own meals. Being now self-contained, it was pronounced fit to accommodate nurses and Nursing Sisters Lyons and Anderson arrived early in January.

X-ray, operating room, etc., came into use during the next few months. Personnel transferred from the R.C.A.M.C. to the R.C.A.F.

In April, 1942, the hospital acquired laboratory facilities. The omnipotent Flight Sergeant Stewart in addition to his other duties now became laboratory technician.

In December, 1942, the Nursing Orderlies noted the first signs of dark days ahead. AW2 Anderson, Clerk Steno Medical and AW1 Bathgate were the forerunners of a deluge of feminine pulchritude that became a tidal wave on January 16th, 1943, when there were posted to us 17 Hospital Assistants, 3 Hospital Cooks and 2 Clerks General Medical.

The enlargement of the station, the influx of personnel and the epidemics of infectious disease in 1942 and 1943 strained hospital accommodation. In July 1943 work was started on a hospital addition, planned so that a projection of the main hospital corridor back through the large ward ran to the airman's canteen which was converted to a 32 bed ward.

In March 1945 it was announced that we would receive convalescent patients and were to make preparations for them.

In December 1944 the S.M.O. felt obliged to object to the physical fitness test as it was being performed, in accordance with instructions, at this station. Investigation convinced him that it was not a test of fitness but a precipitator of cardiac overstrain. Of 398 trainees who took the test, 398 failed. This included men from other units who had been marked as passing it with flying colors at their previous stations. Finally in March it was arranged to witness one of these tests at an adjacent unit (other units had denied that the procedure was too much of a strain) and the reason for the high score elsewhere became evident—other stations were dividing the test into sections separated by rest periods whereas our boys were completing it in one uninterrupted spasm.

Ground Accidents

1943 was a bad year for propellers and airmen. In January there were two cases, in March, May, August, September and November there was on each month. In October the monthly total was three, all struck on the right arm. This series concluded with the November accident in which the right radius was fractured. One man in February 1943 decided to be a little different from the others; he got tangled up with the propeller of the snowmobile. And in May there was the more timid soul who was content just to get his fingers in the flywheel of a jeep. Apparently by the end of 1943 the boys were being more careful, for no cases are on the list for 1944.

Some thoughts on Instructing

By JOHN GORDON MOE

(Illustrated by W. Bick)



OF prime importance for successful instructing is the establishing of rapport between the class and instructor. Rapport is a subtle thing; its presence or absence is not always immediately apparent. A quick glance around the class, however, will often reveal evidence of lack of rapport. A trainee seen throwing beer bottles (or alternatively coke bottles) through the window at objects outside is almost always an indication of insufficient rapport.



FIG. 1 LACK OF RAPPORT

There are a number of little things that the trainee can do to assist in establishing rapport. Here is a short list of suggestions:

- (a) Focus an intent gaze upon the instructor—a look which says, "Incredible that one man should know so much!"
- (b) Laugh at the right places. (Doubly important because invariably used by instructors to estimate students' intelligence.)
- (c) Assume a look of pained reluctance when an 11.30 lecture is dismissed at 12.07.
- (d) Be generous in offering small tokens of appreciation for all the hard work and love the instructors put into their work. (Indeed, where marks are low this is almost imperative.)

Similarly, there are a number of things the instructor can do to establish a satisfactory relationship:

- (a) Avoid excessive use of derogatory remarks such as "Why, you dull clot, you!" or, "Listen, lame-brain . . ."

- (b) Do not strike the students any more than is absolutely necessary. (Besides being bad form, it is positively dangerous.)

An instructor should remember that it isn't what he teaches that counts, it's how he teaches it. The main purpose of education is the development of personality and character, to which a knowledge of sordid facts about Browning guns and airplots is distinctly secondary. Put first things first.

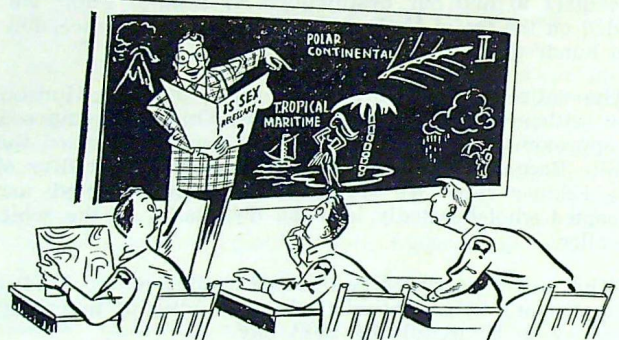


FIG. 2 — PUTTING FIRST THINGS FIRST

The actual content of a lecture is of trivial concern. Indeed, almost any subject will do for a lecture. Some good topics for discussion are: The Highball Versus the Cocktail; Some Practical Aspects of Bootlegging; Marriage Customs of the Ozambis. Any broadly cultural topic will suffice.

Then, too, the instructor should bear in mind that most subjects taught on an Air Force Station are academically stodgy and should be livened up with a little humor. Do not drag jokes in arbitrarily, however; introduce humor subtly. For example, suppose you are giving a lecture on clouds and are describing altocumulus. You might say that altocumulus often gives the sky a mottled appearance, in fact resembling the mottled effect on the shell of a tortoise or turtle. "Which reminds me," you add with a leer, "of a poem of Ogden Nash's. It goes like this:

The turtle lives twixt plated decks

- (1) However meditatively.
- (2) Often with the window in the OPEN position, making detection more difficult.
- (3) There are variants, e.g., drawing cartoons of the instructor, playing the harmonica or shooting craps.
- (4) e.g., 26 oz. Canadian Club Rye (\$4.50 at all liquor stores)—a paltry thing in itself, but amazingly effective in establishing rapport.
- (5) The three first things are sex, liquor and food, although the order varies from one person to another. (Occasionally it is just sex, sex and sex.)
- (6) Cf. Clarence Day (1874-1935) who said "Almost any subject will do for a lecture." (in "This Simian World," IX.)

Which practically conceal its sex.
Now, I think it clever of the turtle
In such a fix to be so fertile."



FIG. 3—MYRTLE, THE FERTILE TURTLE FROM BIRTLE

Notice the facile way in which this poem was introduced—a natural development rather than a forced or contrived situation. Notice, too, the element of surprise or unexpectedness, always the key to spontaneous humour. Of course, extremes should be avoided. There might be an element of surprise (and hence humour) attendant upon your appearance in class in your underwear, but the situation would be rather forced.

Great care should be taken with blackboard work. The enormous effect of the appearance of the blackboard is all too frequently ignored by instructors. Sloppy diagrams and illegible notes subconsciously produce the same effect in the students' work, whereas the class will automatically emulate attractive blackboard work.

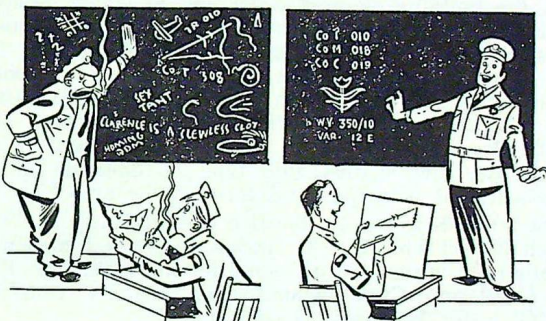


FIG. 4 (a)—BLACK BOARD EFFECT

One final word of advice. You cannot walk into a classroom and simply talk for an hour with any hope of your words of wisdom being remembered. Dramatize your lecture. Enter the room forcefully. (Before pulling this, however, ascertain beforehand whether the class is in the room or not. Attempting to impress an empty room usually has results distinctly prejudicial to emotional stability.) There must be a feeling of anticipation at the beginning of the lecture, a keen awareness, an expectancy; in fact, if you can work it up into an atmosphere of tension, so much the better. Then pour every ounce of your dynamic per-



FIG 5—THIS SIDE OF FRENZY

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sonality into developing your theme with unassailable logic and ineffable clarity, working up to something just this side of frenzy. (If anyone interrupts kick his teeth in). Drive on to a smashing conclusion and then sweep out of the room before some mug thinks of some picayune little question.

- (7) Lascivious if possible.
- (8) The forced effect might be mitigated somewhat if you are intoxicated at the same time, thus introducing at least a slight semblance of reality.
- (9) If not, they are either (a) on a 48 (Surprise!) or (b) merely not yet back from P.T.

FINIS



THE PERSONNEL COUNSELLOR'S *Question Box*

All personnel are again reminded that a Personnel Counselling form R307 must be completed before being cleared from the Station on posting to a Release Centre. See the Personnel Counsellor immediately and avoid delay in being cleared.

Training Benefits

During the month of February 1945, 4,822 ex-service men and women of this war received benefits under the Post-Discharge Re-establishment Order. Of this number 2,527 received benefits for Vocational Training while 779 were assisted while continuing their education. 969 received grants while seeking employment, 77 for temporary illness, while \$21,792 was paid to ex-service personnel awaiting returns from private enterprise.

* * *

★ Q. I intend taking advantage of the educational scheme offered by the government. Will income for summer employment affect my training grants in any way?

A. Money which you earn during the summer months, when you are not in receipt of any continuation-of-education grants from the Department of Veterans Affairs, will not affect in any way the grants you received during the period you are attending university. Furthermore, during the months when you are receiving the grant, your wife may also earn a limited amount of money without affecting the amount of your grant. However, if she earns enough to be considered as self-supporting, you will be treated as a single person, receiving only the \$60 a month grant (plus additional amount for children, if any). All such cases must be judged on their individual merits. There is no hard and fast rule. During this period you may yourself earn up to \$40 a month in part-time employment without your grant being reduced.

★ Q. Is a veteran eligible for training grants while continuing his education and also for benefits under the Veterans' Land Act?

A. Yes. A Veteran may take benefits under P.C.5210 and later apply for a small holding or full-time farming.

★ Q. A chap has made a saving of \$2,500.00. Will this prevent him from obtaining the University Training Grant if he is eligible in all other respects?

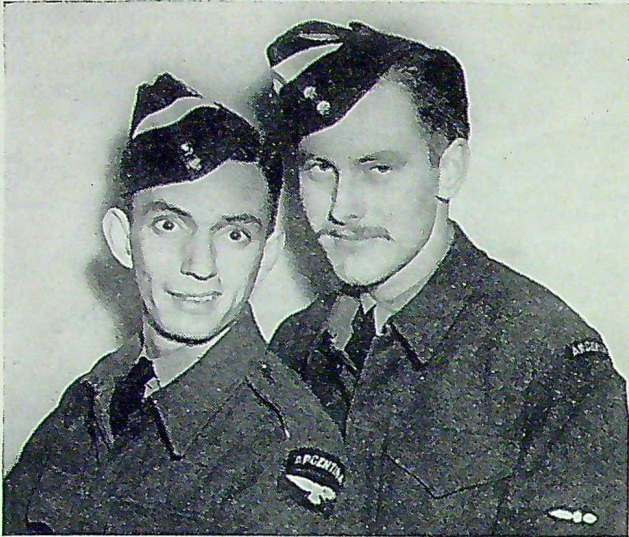
A. No. Personal savings have nothing to do with a person's eligibility for training grants.

★ Q. Is there a course in Airport Traffic Control available for women under C.V.T.?

A. No. Training along this line would be on-the-job with an organization such as T.C.A.

★ Q. If an ex-serviceman were to be married after leaving the Services, or some time during training, would he receive the \$80.00 benefit for married men while attending university or undergoing vocational training?

A. In cases like the one outlined above the man would receive \$80.00 per month provided his wife was not in full time employment which paid her more than \$50.00 per month. Any married man whose wife is so employed and paid will receive the same maintenance grant as a single man, i.e., \$60.00 per month. And remember too, that the grant is payable for the academic year only—not the calendar year.



Good Neighbors In Deed

By IRENE WELCH

PERIODICALLY our news reports contain glowing accounts of visits made in the interests of the "Good Neighbor Policy" by one of the glamorous male or female movie stars from Hollywood. While this is commendable enough, their efforts leave us unmoved, since we cannot but feel that "good neighborliness" consists of more than flowery speeches — after dinner, at that.

A more definite and constructive example of the Good Neighbor Policy is given by our two Argentinian student-navigators, Eric Shoobridge and Robert Cunningham. Both of the boys enlisted in the R.A.F. with the belief that in doing so they might make their "contribution to the better cause." Many people in Argentine share their feelings, since that country has maintained in England three squadrons of fighters — a Mosquito, a Whirlwind and a Typhoon squadron. Civilian war-work takes many forms — the women knit for the woollen comforts organizations; the Red Cross there is as busy as our own; and as a special instance, a Polo club raffled a "crock" and realized £1000 for war relief. Eric's father is chairman of a group who operate a salvage pool, called the "Melting Pot" to which all sorts of things, useful to some people but superfluous to the owners, are donated, sold and the funds from the sales turned over to the war effort.

ERIC SHOBRIDGE

Now a bit about personalities. Both boys are of British ancestry, but are native-born Argentinians. They tell me that Canada and Canadians are in many ways very like Argentina and Argentinians, so that they feel that our country is their "Home away from home."

Eric Stanley Shoobridge of Rosario, a city situated on the left bank of the Parana river, is slender and dark, with a fine, aristocratic appearance. His serious approach to the world is tempered by a not too-infrequent, flashing and altogether disarming smile, invariably accompanied by a glint of humor in his very dark eyes.

Eric began his educational career in an English school in Rosario and then attended a private school for boys. He explained that all education in Argentina is carried out under the supervision of the Ministry of Public Education, comparable to our Departments of Education, and that, regardless of what type of school one attended, the curriculum is the same—that is, a student attending a school supported by public taxation receives the same education as a student attending a private academy. All private secondary schools are affiliated with the National

College of Argentina and all education, with the exception of a private school, is free. Another advantage in the system is, that after completion of National College work studied in any province in Argentina, a student is eligible for entry into any faculty of any university in the country, providing, of course, that he has attained the necessary academic standard for university entrance.

Eric attended the "Universidad del Litoral" in the faculty of mathematical sciences, to study civil engineering. The English translation of the name of the university is roughly, "The University on the Left Bank"—its origin being the fact that the city, as we pointed out before, is built on the left bank of the great Parana river.

After completing two years of study in civil engineering, Eric was offered a job with a British railway system in Argentina and discontinued his university work to become an apprentice traffic inspector. The apprenticeship should have required five years, but at the end of three years and a half, our friend was appointed assistant traffic inspector and held the job until he became a recruit in the R.A.F.

Although he volunteered for service in 1942, through the British Consulate in Argentina, Eric was not called until a year later when he went to England as u/t aircrew under the P.N.B. scheme, and was selected there as a "Navigator type." After fifteen months in England, where he did the usual joe-jobs of trainees, explored the countryside nearby, and sampled fish and chips in his off-duty hours, Eric was sent to Canada for training.

His peace-time hobbies were music—Chopin, mostly, whose works comprise a good part of his record library; radio—the building of short wave sets, at which he spent a great deal of his spare time; and carpentry. Tennis is one of his favorite outdoor sports and although he is a lover of music, he considers dancing among the social obligations. It is interesting to note here that while jitter-bugging is done at private functions in Argentina, it is prohibited at public affairs by the government which justifies the law against this type of dancing on the grounds that it is an immoral form of the art.

Robert and Eric met on the trip over to England. When I asked Robert what the "G" in his signature represented, he obligingly wrote his full name for me—"Roberto Eduardo Guillermo Cunningham," then blandly remarked "the 'G' is for William!" Good old Bill!

ROBERT CUNNINGHAM

Bob's home is in Buenos Aires, the most beautiful and modern city in South America. As a bit of local color he mentioned that the city was named "Puerto de Santa Maria de Buenos Aires," after St. Mary of "the Good Airs of Winds." Having grown up in that romantic atmosphere, it is natural that Bob should take to the air and choose as his career aeronautical engineering. In preparation for his work, he attended the National College in Buenos Aires, studying Sciences and Languages—English, French, Italian, and Spanish. In the middle of his college days he was interrupted by his call to arms in the service of his own country. In Argentina all boys when they reach the age of 18 have to submit their names for military training—a system somewhat similar to our National Registration at the age of 16. There, however, the similarity of systems ends, for when a chap is twenty in Argentina he contributes an entire year to this training, regardless of his own personal pursuits at the time. Because of his scientific and mathematical training, Bob was selected to do his service in the Navy and sailed the seas for a twelve-month. After this training all university graduates and students are automatically in the Reserve Officers Corps with the rank of First or Sub-Lieut., according to the branch in which they trained.

Instead of returning to university at the completion of his sea-going tour, Bob took a job as a trainee Control Officer with Pan-American Airways. In this work he did a great deal of flying on inspections of airports, had much to do overseeing placement of passengers and doing customs duties inspections as well as learning control of

GOOD NEIGHBORS (Continued)

actual aircraft movements. Upon reaching England after his enlistment, Bob tried to join the R.A.F. in Flying Control work, feeling that he had some experience in that line, but he too was looked upon as a potential navigator and here he is.

In speaking of his travels between airports, Bob recalled that at one time he had flown over the famous South American Monument—The Christ of the Andes. This symbol of peace is at the 12,000 foot height on the mountains and is in the direct path of the air lines. Close to the monument is a meteorological office, one of the most highly elevated offices of its kind in the world. Travelling by air in Argentina is considered the most practical means of communication. Even in the transportation of vegetables aircraft are used to great extent—no spoiled apples for the Argentinians!

A mere pencil word-sketch of Bob could not possibly do him justice. He looks the adventurer type—tall, well-proportioned, sparkly eyed, curved moustache, strong featured; imagine one of Queen Elizabeth's pirates (with a dash of Rhett Butler added) striding along with a sword in his belt and a scarlet cloak swinging from his shoulders and you have Bob if these were "the good old days." If you are looking for him in these old days, spot him in the no-less fitting adventurers garb of the times—Royal Air Force blue, with "Argentina" on the shoulders of his tunic.

Bob and Eric are most insistent that something be said here of their appreciation of Canada and Canadian friendliness and hospitality. They think Canadians are "tops" and say sincerely "DESEAMOS A TODOS AQUI BUENA SUERTE Y FELICES ATERRIZAJES!"—"We wish everyone here Good Luck and Happy Landings."

★



"I'm calling from the Duty Watch parade. We have the Senior Duty Officer, the Orderly Officer, the Orderly Sergeant, the Orderly Corporal, the Trainee Orderly Officer, Trainee Orderly Sergeant—but NO Duty Watch."

M.T.B. for JULY



Fine and Commercial Art Classes

By LAC L. J. SMITH

Every Tuesday and Thursday evening from 7.00 to 9.00 p.m., art classes are being conducted in Barrack Block 10B (which is opposite the Airmen's Mess Hall). Anyone interested in studying fine and commercial art will be most welcome.

LAC Smith, graduate of the Ontario College of Art, Toronto, is the instructor. A wide variety of subjects including such diversified phases of art as colour and composition, figure drawing, elementary perspective, pencil, charcoal, water colours and pen-and-ink drawing, layout and commercial illustration, lettering and allied subjects as required, will be covered.

Special subjects, such as interior decoration, architectural sketches fashion drawing, etc., will be dealt with individually for anyone interested in these particular branches of art.

Lack of training and experience need not be an obstacle to anyone wishing to join these classes; as every opportunity for each student to develop individually will be offered.

Art materials, easels and other equipment, including books on various branches of the trade, are being provided so lack of equipment is of no importance. Willingness to learn and to try to apply one's newfound knowledge is all that is expected of each student.

In addition to the classes held each Tuesday and Thursday evening, sketching groups will be organized during the summer evenings for expeditions down the valley.

Anyone interested may apply either to F/L Comfort at the Education Office during the day or to LAC Smith in Barrack Block 10B Tuesday and Thursday evenings for further details.

★

MY SHATTERED NERVES!

Sunday Night Show

I wonder why they do it?
We're always out of luck—
They wait till just at bus time
To show the Donald Duck!

F/O "Fred" Ibey.

"PUKKA GEN"

. . . About Argentina

By ROBERT E. G. CUNNINGHAM
and ERIC S. SHOBRIDGE

LITTLE is known of this country abroad and lack of space and time does not enable us to write much about it. It is the second largest South American country, covering an area of 1,079,965 sq. miles, with a population of nearly 14,000,000 inhabitants, which gives a density of 12 inhabitants per square mile. Most of the population is in the east and centre of the country and the predominating races are of European origin, mainly Spanish and Italian; Indian tribes are found in the north and extreme south in very small numbers, and, contrary to the belief of many people, there are no negroes. In general, the physical aspect is similar to that of Canada, with large prairies and ranges of mountains.

The Andean range, a continuation of the Rockies, runs along the whole of the western side of the country, forming the border line with Chile. In it is found the Aconcagua peak, the second highest in the world. This range is crossed by several highways, linking the two countries. The Andes has great influence on the weather conditions over the whole of the country, and this has necessitated the installation of a meteorological observatory, one of the highest in the world, which is of great value to the commercial airlines. Other ranges of lesser importance are found in the north, centre and east. The most important river is the River Plate, nearly 100 miles wide, formed by the junction of the Parana and Uruguay, which rise in Brasil.

The climate varies from tropical in the north to polar antarctic in the extreme south.

The capital city is Buenos Aires, which, translated from Spanish means "good airs," with a population of 2½ millions, situated on the banks of the River Plate. It is a very large city with wide avenues, bordered by trees and many beautiful parks and gardens.

The picture-palaces and theatres are numerous, the former ranking amongst the best in the world. The Colon theatre has seen the most famous representatives of the musical art, and names like Caruso, Gigli, Galli-Curci, Toscaninni, Stokowsky, Kreissler, Elman, Heiffetz, Kleiker, Bachaus, to mention only a few, are well known in Argentina.

The city is served by an extensive subway system, to which is added a very fast bus service known as the micro-omnikus, because of their small size, intended for speed.

Night life in Buenos Aires is very active. Cafes, restaurants, night clubs, beer parlours and gardens, are open practically all night, and are always crowded.

Other cities in order of importance are Rosario, a river port on the Parana, with a population of over half a million, a big grain exporting centre; Cordoba, with its many holiday resorts, surrounded by beautiful hills and valleys; La Plata and Bahia Blanca, Atlantic ports, cattle exporting centres; Omar del Plata (the Argentine Monte Carlo) with its famous beaches and Casino, where most Argentinians spend their summer holidays.

Nearly every known sport is played there, football being the most popular, followed by basket-ball, tennis, golf, polo, rowing and yachting. Professional foot-ball attracts thousands of fans and huge stadiums have been built for it in Buenos Aires, accomodating up to 120,000 spectators.

Horse racing is one of the main attractions in every big city. Buenos Aires alone has three race tracks. Winter sports take place in the south-west in the lake district, at the foot of the Andes, a region of beauty comparable to those in Switzerland.

Argentina also has its own Niagara, the Iguazu Falls in the north-east on the border with Brazil, surrounded by thick tropical vegetation.

The influence of the original Spanish population is still noticed in many parts of the country, especially in the

centre and north, where some of their ancient customs still prevail. As an example, young ladies are not allowed out with their boy friends unless accompanied by a member of her family, usually her mother.

Education in that part of the world is well looked after by the government. All schools come under the Ministry of Public Education. It is divided into Primary, which is compulsory, Secondary, and University, based generally on European methods, principally Spanish and French. The percentage of illiteracy is about 20%, in fact, by far the lowest in South America. The cost of education is also low, this accounting for the great number of university graduates there are. Military service is compulsory at the age of twenty, every citizen having to undergo two years' training in the Army or Navy, forming thus the permanent strength of each one.

The government system is Democratic Federal Republican, similar to that of the U.S.A.

Argentina depends largely on its agriculture and cattle-breeding. Wheat, maize (corn), and linseed are the main productions, the country being the world's largest exporter of this latter commodity.

Amongst other products that it exports, beef comes in first place, Great Britain being the principal buyer. Sugar and livestock are exported on a smaller scale to other latin-american countries, wines (especially after the entry of France and Italy into the war), fruit, wool, cotton, and hides. From the point of view of industries it is not greatly developed, the war having prevented the importation of new machinery for factories.

Organization of transport is well developed and there is a large railway system, mainly of British capital. The airlines extend all over the country, principally over long distances. The normal trip to New York takes four days and to London in peace time seven.

THE ARGENTINE PEOPLE AND THE WAR

This is a very delicate subject to be dealt with in few words, but in order to give a general idea of the feelings of the Argentine people towards the Allies, we will refer to the main events in the past few years.

Since we left our country, which was not long ago, we have had the opportunity of reading quite a number of articles in North American and British publications referring to nazi-fascism in that country. The said articles have dealt solely with pro-nazi activities in the Argentine, not taking into account the other side of the picture, namely, that of the anti-nazi activities, creating the impression in the reader's mind that the great majority, if not all, of the population is on the axis' side. This is a grave mistake. A country cannot be judged only by its government, as is the case of the Argentine during the past few years in which its authorities had not been elected by the people, but risen to power by force or fraudulent elections. Until 1938 the Argentine Government was a product of free elections and we used to take pride in possessing one of the most democratic systems in the world, based on the Argentine Constitution, so similar to that of the United States of America.

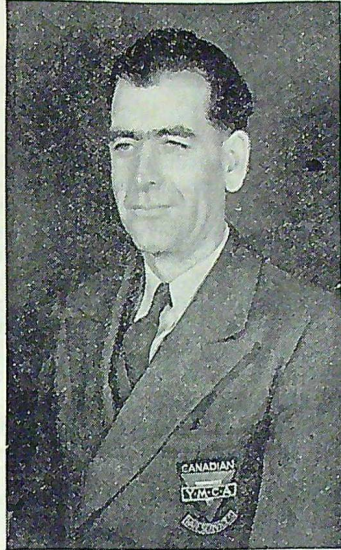
It was then that a small party seized power, by means of fraudulent elections. When war broke out it adopted a policy of neutrality, continuing to maintain diplomatic and commercial relations with the totalitarian nations, which indirectly permitted the development of certain activities of pro-nazi elements. In spite of the indifference of the then President Dr. Castillo, these nazis never had the chance of causing any serious trouble, which proves that they did not have the people's support, to which is added the creation of numerous anti-nazi organizations of marked numerical superiority which undertook the task of combating them.

A result of this government was a corrupt internal administration which saw its end with the coup d'etat of the 4th of June, 1943, organized by Army officers. The new military government began a campaign of reorganization of internal administration, intervening in all the departments and dissolving the Congress and all political parties until such time as a new election could be arranged. With regards to foreign affairs it expressed its inten-

Y. M. C. A.

By GORD TULLEY

AS I sit down to write this I find the "Y" staff much depleted. LAW North or rather "Jeanne" as she was known, was posted to the west coast during the third week in May and then on the 29th "Lou" McFarland left us rather suddenly for Saskatoon and later the Broadview



Branch of the Toronto "Y" where he will work before going to University this fall. Jeanne's chief job was looking after your incoming and outgoing telegrams and taking care of the Office routine generally and believe me she is sorely missed. We wish her the best in her new Station. Lou did a splendid job while here, his chief concern was sports and I am sure you will all agree with me that he did keep the schedules going. We wish him all the best in his new job and in his University work this fall.

One of the interesting features of the past month was the visit of Doug. Street, Y.M.C.A. Handicraft Supervisor. Approximately ninety people attended the classes and got a good start in learning to tool leather. We hope those who attended the classes will continue to follow this hobby and bring more with you. We are increasing the stock of materials and equipment and the leather room is always ready for you to work in.

The summer sports seem to have got away to a good start, and we hope you will keep up the enthusiasm. Our Station teams all look good and I am sure Rivers will give a good account of themselves in the Inter-Station schedules. We would like to see a good crowd of supporters out there every time our teams play. They always do better when you show your interest and are there to give encouragement. A new sport more especially for the girls will get underway this month. The "Y" has sent bows, arrows, arm guards, finger guards and targets, so shortly we hope to see the ancient sport of archery in full swing.

"PUKKA GEN" About Argentina (Contd.)

tion of collaborating with the rest of America in accordance with the principles laid down in the Pan-American Conferences. The first step in this respect did not occur until the beginning of 1944, when the government issued a decree declaring the break of relations with the Axis powers.

This did not satisfy the other American countries, especially the U.S.A., which insisted that Argentine should join the United Nations by declaring war. The government, determined to remain non-belligerent, provoked a certain amount of friction with the U.S.A. with the consequent movements of diplomatic representatives and the exchange of memorandums which ended with the recent declaration of war. Thus the Argentine Republic after so long has joined the United Nations and, in consequence, has been admitted to the San Francisco Conference.

To return to the feeling of the Argentine people, there is another interesting aspect to consider, and that is the enormous help given since the beginning of the war to

Here 'n' There

By CPL. T. A. TODD and CPL. VI. HEINRICH

FIRST OF ALL we'd like to bid adieu to Anne Johnston, who did such a good job on this column, and who left us to go to Ottawa. We're going to miss her around here, but our loss will be Ottawa's gain. Good luck, Anne.

They say that your first station is always the best, and it is rightly proven because LAW Doreen Fox is back again after spending 22 months with the R.C.A.F. (WD) overseas. Cpl. "Red" Cameron is also back after having spent 12 months overseas. We're glad to see you back again girls, and we hope you'll like Rivers as well now as you did before.

Badminton—A big round-up of winter sports has been "The Thing To Do" lately. Each club has had a social evening and it certainly was enjoyed by everyone. When they start having weiner roasts down by the river, I guess spring is really here. The Badminton Club had their party down by the river and there were about fifty members present. It was a good night, and a sing-song and hot-dogs were enjoyed by all.

BOWLING — The Bowling Club had their wind-up party in the Community Hall in Rivers, with dancing and refreshments. S/L McLellan presented the captains of the winning teams with prizes. Many thanks to S/O Laidlaw for the excellent job she did as president of the club.

Sports Banquet—A banquet was held in the Airmen's Mess for all those who took an active part in sports such as hockey, bowling, volley ball, basketball and boxing, etc., during the winter months. Group Captain W. A. Murray presented each member of the teams with crests, and the members of the "B" Flight Basketball Team were presented with a shield, as the winners of the Inter-Section Basketball League. Nice going, fellas, you sure earned it. The evening finished up with a floor show and sing-song.

The fastball games are in full swing now. The season started off with a bang-up parade of all teams on the station, and the Station Band led the parade from the Drill Hall to the sports field. There was a good turn out to watch the games, and there were 15 games played the first night and six the second night. It looks like there's going to be some pretty stiff competition before the season is over.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." Right? Right. LAC A. J. Neal and LAW "Mac" McCarter were married in the United Church in Mossbank, Sask., on May 3, 1945. I sure hope you get your posting out to the West Coast now Mac.

Bye for now, you'll be hearing from us again next month.

the Allies in the way of voluntary donations. The allied communities in that country, principally the British, which is only fifty thousand strong, organized themselves at the outbreak of war to collect funds for institutions like the Red Cross, Prisoners of War, Relief for Bombed-out people in England, etc. The public, in general, gave these organizations unanimous support. Their success was immense and resulted in the dispatch of enormous quantities of foodstuffs, millions of eggs, clothing, the purchase of aircraft for the formation of three R.A.F. squadrons, etc., etc., that the Allied communities by themselves could never have achieved. The great public manifestations organized in the Argentine cities to celebrate the Allied victories, attended by hundreds of thousands of people, also show on whose side our people are.

With these few lines we hope we have made this question a little clearer.

When we return to normal life and enjoy once again a government of the people, by the people and for the people, as we always have in the past, the Argentine Republic will be able to prove that it is a democratic nation in the full meaning of the word.

The Sounding Board

No. 1 C.N.S. INSTITUTE OF PUBLIC OPINION

(By kind permission of Group Captain W. A. Murray)

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PERSONNEL QUIZZED RE FEDERAL ELECTION AND PACIFIC WAR

AT THE end of May, with political debate hot and clamant, the Sounding Board decided to sample station opinion on Canada's federal election and a few related political issues. Due to loss of personnel and lack of time, the questionnaire drawn up had one or two defects as will be pointed out. However interviewers were briefed to carry out the questioning so as to eliminate as far as possible these shortcomings and some 235 station personnel were approached. With the possible exception of the W.D.s the response was very good and interest ran high during the entire canvass.

The first three questions attempted to get at the degree of interest in the election itself, and the voting preference of Rivers personnel. The poll revealed first that while 92% of our personnel were either quite or mildly interested in the election. 7½% considered the political contest of indifferent consequence. The greatest proportion of persons who claimed to be indifferent to the election came from the ranks of the W.D.s and the senior N.C.O.s.

Questions two and three produced some highly interesting material. As if to confirm the popular opinion that the service vote differs from that of civilians—and tends to be slightly more radical—the results at this station showed that the C.C.F. had more supporters than any other party, with the Liberals and Conservatives trailing in that order. A breakdown of this question shows C.C.F. support to be greatest among the airmen (42%), and lowest among both W.D.s and Officers (24%.) And at the same time, the greatest body of support for the Liberals came from the Officers (32%). When asked, "Aside from your political beliefs, which party do you think will get in?" it is highly interesting to note that 69% of the station said, "The Liberals." Servicemen thus seem to show up well as political prognosticators. There follows below the full breakdown for these questions:

1. Are you interested in Canada's coming federal election?
 - (1) Quite interested 60.5%
 - (2) Mildly interested 32 %
 - (3) Indifferent 7.5%
2. What political party would you like as a majority in the next House of Commons?
 - (1) Progressive Conservative 19%
 - (2) Liberal 28%
 - (3) C.C.F. 34%
 - (4) Other 7%
 - (5) Immaterial 12%
3. Aside from your political beliefs, what party do you think will get in?
 - (1) Progressive Conservative 11%
 - (2) Liberal 69%
 - (3) C.C.F. 7%
 - (4) Other 6%
 - (5) Don't care 7%

The fourth query on the poll attempted to ascertain whether station personnel thought they had been supplied with sufficient information on the election to cast an intelligent vote. Some three quarters of those interviewed

answered this in the negative, in contrast to 20% who seemed to feel that sufficient information had been provided. Suggestions offered as to how servicemen might be better informed included, "Make printed matter on the various parties available," "Have special meetings in Rivers for service personnel," and "Provide non partisan lectures on political issues right on the station." It is worth mentioning that overseas personnel were provided with literature on the platforms of the various parties, as the first suggestion requests. The exact percentages follow:

4. Do you think that service personnel have been sufficiently informed about elections and the platforms of the various parties so that they can cast their vote intelligently?
 - (1) Yes 20.5%
 - (2) No 72 %
 - (3) Undecided 7.5%

Since the government's family allowance scheme is to be implemented starting this July, it was decided to sample service opinion on this new social welfare measure. Interviewees were invited to check one of four attitudes to this proposal. The results indicate that while 43% believe this measure is of some help, and 25% of decisive help in raising a family, some 30% of the station contend "it is purely a political manoeuvre to gain votes." It may be pointed out that these results coincide closely with those of a recent official Gallup Poll of all Canada. The exact results of this question are below:

5. In regard to the Liberal Government's Family Allowance scheme, to be put into effect in July, do you consider it:
 - (1) A move of decisive help in raising a family 24.5%
 - (2) Of some help in raising a family.. 43.5%
 - (3) That it makes no real difference at all 7 %
 - (4) Purely a political manoeuvre to gain votes 35.5%

N.B.—Some have checked two alternatives.

"In thinking of democracy, people have at various times made many strong criticisms." This preamble to the next question was followed by six different often voiced criticisms of democratic government, and each interviewee was asked to mark those he or she considered valid. It was pointed out to us that some individuals tended to put their check mark against some of these criticisms without really giving the point in question adequate consideration. This may account for the large percentage who supported practically every one of the six criticisms. None the less it is felt that those comments which received the largest measure of support probably are a fair representation of service opinion. The criticisms are listed below in their order of frequency of mention:

1. Moneyed men dictate the actual policies of the government 57%
2. The best men do not go into politics 47%
3. Since many people do not exercise their franchise the party in power often does not represent the people 41%

4. Party platforms are put up as vote catchers and cannot be relied upon 39%
5. It is often highly inefficient 30%
6. We must get back to the two party system; three or more parties make the system unworkable 11%

It was felt also that the wording of question number seven was somewhat unfortunate. This query tried to find what percentage of station opinion considered that the government should assume the responsibility of providing full employment. The question was put in a very direct fashion, and probably was not sufficiently clarified. Hence one must regard the results of this question, namely, that 70% of the station believe the problem of providing full employment should be the government's responsibility, with only 15% putting the responsibility on private enterprise, with a certain amount of caution. If provision had been made for an answer which suggested that this problem was jointly the responsibility of government and private business, it is felt that the percentage of those who laid this matter at the door of the government would have been considerably reduced. The breakdown follows:

7. Do you consider that the problem of providing full employment in a democracy should:
 - (1) Be the government's responsibility 70%
 - (2) Be left to the planning of private business 15%

- (3) Not sure 7.5%
- (4) Other 7.5%

The Poll's final two questions dealt with the Pacific War. The answers revealed that station opinion was rather evenly divided on the question of the voluntary enlistment system for the war against Japan, with the affirmative group possessing a slight majority. A breakdown of the answers shows the officers and senior N.C.O.s as slightly against the voluntary system, while the W.D.s and especially the airmen favor it. Finally, when asked to estimate how long it would take to defeat Japan, half of the station favored the 1-2 year possibility, a third, six months to a year and only 6% said it would take over two years. The full results of these questions follow below:

8. Do you approve of the voluntary system of enlistment as representing the best way for Canada to fight the Pacific War?
 - (1) Yes 55%
 - (2) No 43%
 - (3) Undecided 2%

9. How long do you think it will take to obtain unconditional surrender from Japan?
 - (1) Up to 6 months 8 %
 - (2) Six months to a year 34.5%
 - (3) Year to two years 51.5%
 - (4) Over two years 6 %

C.O.'s Parade

By CPL. JACK R. BERESKIN

- "Say, Shortstuff, we're on C.O.'s parade, to-morrow."
- "Again? We were on a day or so ago."
- "Slow down, chum."
- "Well it was last week, wasn't it?"
- "Last week?"



- "Two weeks ago then?"
- "Sure it wasn't three weeks ago?"
- "My compressed carbuncles! Is it three weeks already? Why don't pay days come around that often?"
- "They come around more often, you know."
- "Ah, don't be such a damned Polly-Anna."

Variations of this scene are enacted throughout the camp every Thursday night. To assist all and sundry concerned to derive the greatest possible amount of pleasure and satisfaction out of this

morale-building, regular, unflinching get-together, we herein outline a few simple and reliable rules.

Before retiring, remind the homo-sapiens who makes use of the upper portion of your floating-comfort bunk, to rock same gently, hammock fashion, just before he dis-embunks. Then caution whose-its, the lucky fellow who sleeps in the bunk alongside you, to give you a nudge the moment his alarm sends forth its disheartening call, because the mechanical gadget has, as yet, not been invented that has any effect on your eardrums. With these stalwarts pledged to see that you get an early start, you can quite safely sleep the sleep of the innocent and perhaps even the tired.

Next morning, when you find yourself sleepy-eyed, grotesquely and unceremoniously spread in a heap on the floor, denuded completely from the warmth-giving blankets, it's time to realize that you are contending with greater forces than you can master in your Morpheutic state, and so you had better succumb to this silly business of getting up. Besides, those heels that sleep around you are by this time, probably threatening to use great quantities of freezing H₂O and it never pays to argue with mortals

who are utterly non-cognizant of the value of ten extra minutes in the morning.

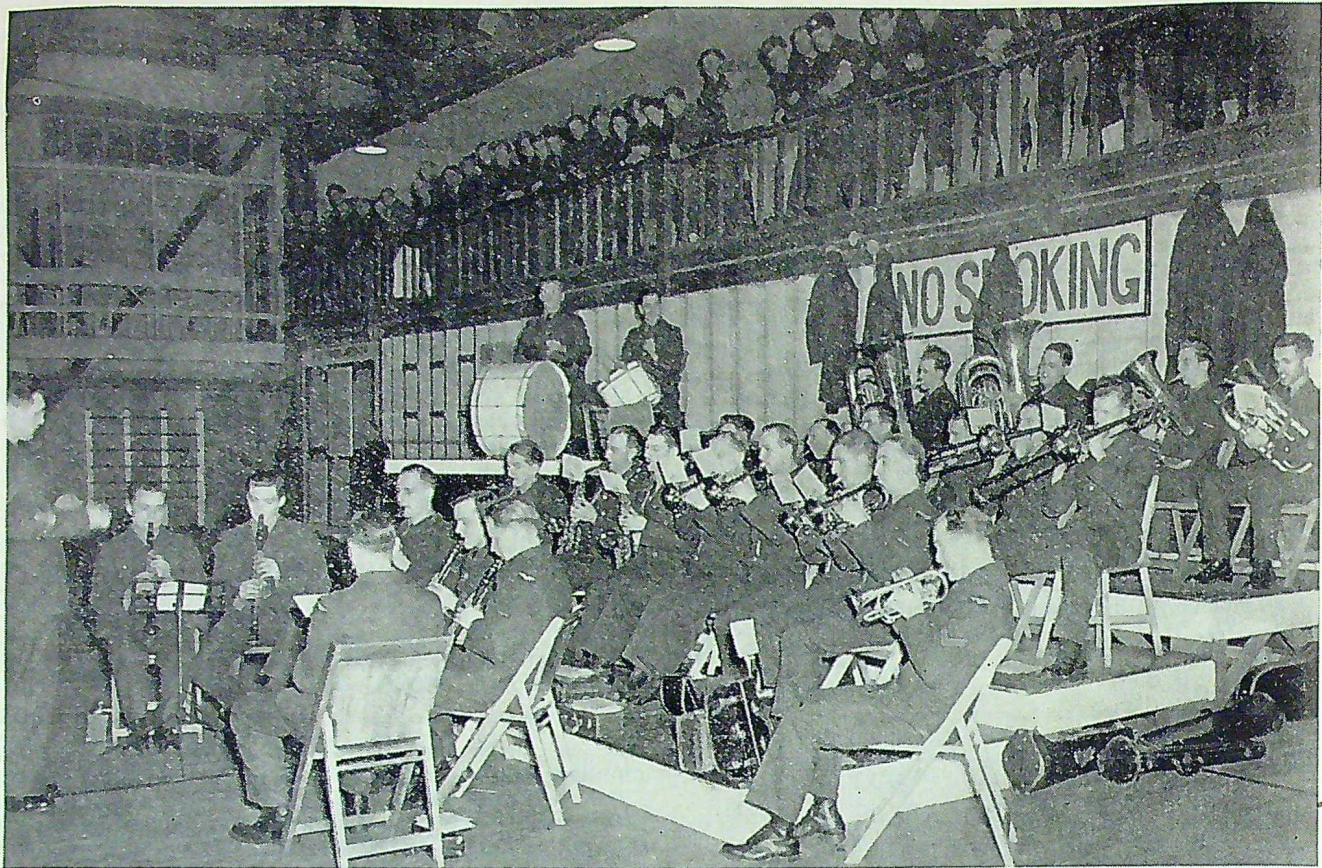
The wash basins will, no doubt, be obliterated from your view by the hordes that are crowding around them. Do not let this deter you. Employing message-to-Garcia and rugby line plunging tactics, knife your way in, even if it necessitates kicking a shin or two. That's the only type of subtle innuendo that some people understand. If after about five or six minutes of scraping you cannot detect any visible signs of accomplishment on your tender cheeks, it can mean only one thing—in the general confusion and crowding you've been shaving the chaps at either side of you. Barbering may come in darn handy after this fracas, so fret not. Just insert another blade and start in again.

Back at your bunk, dig the toes of your boots, alternately, under the mattress and proceed to rotate foot, concave style, until all the dust is therefrom removed. If you cannot see your face in the "shine"—well, there's no mundane reason why you should feel any worse than you do already. As for the buttons, Breathoand Elbogreaso were good enough for those chaps in the Boer war and you're hardly the type for revolutionary changes.

You should reach the Drill Hall just as the "Squadron Advance" is given. Make for the centre rank. Of course, if you're so easily led, that the others ooze you into the front rank where you will constantly be under the scrutiny of the powers-that-be and the cynosure of all eyes generally, I can only refer you to Chapter XI⁷, Section 71 in the volume on mob psychology entitled "Stepping Into Rank" or as it is popularly called, "Slumming." Ouch.

During the march past kick the fellow ahead of you a few times in the heels or lean upon the man at your side, so that one of them will be forced to guide you, in self-preservation. Should they not show the least desire to be co-operative and even go so far as to become pugnacious, you've unfortunately fallen in with the anti-social types who wouldn't even help their own mother-in-law to pay her income tax, and all you can do then is to stumble along on your own.

Once the parade is dismissed, hie yourself off to some secluded nook or cranny where you will be, both undisturbed and undetected and catch up in that much needed shut-eye for the rest of the morning. That's the only way to wind up a perfect parade. However, if you're given to qualms of conscience and in consequence may suffer the tortures of the damned, or if you're susceptible to "digger-fearitis," you had no business reading this treatise on the finer aspects of the C.O.'s parade, in the first place.



The Station Band

By CPL. JACK R. BERESKIN

WHETHER it be Franz Litz's "Hungarian Rhapsody" for an evening concert, Alfred's pulsating "Army of the Nile" for a C.O.'s March Past, or, the lilting jive of Count Basi's "One o'clock jump," the Rivers Station Band can be counted on to give a top notch performance. Composed of twenty-seven first rate musicians, under the able directorship of F/S Lehman, the band is ever present whenever things musical are required at our own airport or at surrounding districts—up to a radius of 140 miles.

The Band was first organized in May, 1941, at the Brandon Manning Pool where they remained until coming to the wide open plateau of Rivers, in May, 1944. Six original members—Sgt. Fairburn, Cpl. Lazenby, and LAC's Kimmins, Holme, Ackroyd and Erickson—are still doing their bit to keep Station morale at the high level that it is now. (In rare moments of depression, they lament "who keeps ours up?") Many a "repat." recalls a familiar face in the band from his now far off days of Manning.

About 50% of the men are married and practically all of these have been married since becoming bandmen "to maintain their sanity" as they put it. However, they're not really that bitter, but they do get a little tired of answering the most asked of questions: "What do you guys do all day?"

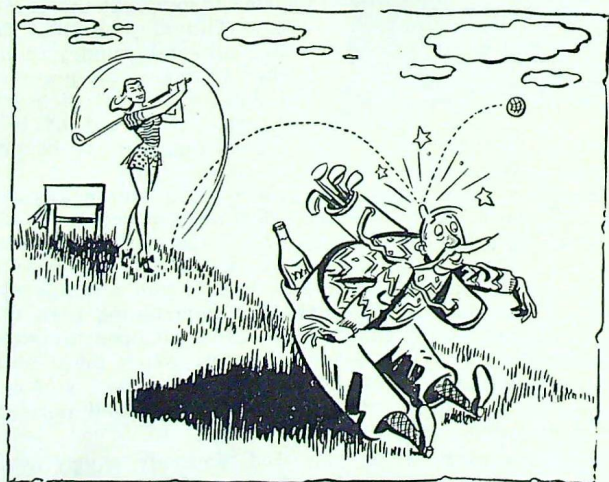
Besides concerts, dances and clean-up of the "rec" hall, they have a morning ensign hoisting parade daily at 0745 hours. They then practise from nine to eleven thirty and again in the afternoon from one to two-thirty and then they visit the various sections "to entertain." Of course, too, they must get their P.T. and their drill to keep in trim.

They're very proud of their Victory Loan record, for not only have they done their bit for the drives of all neighboring small towns, going on "tour," for as long as 19 days at a stretch, playing for hours daily, but each and every man has always been a bond purchaser.

The band has done a grand job for Rivers as any person will vouch who has ever attended the winter Wednesday evening concerts, or any of the many dances or merely gone on parade with the boys (and who hasn't?). Whether they realize it or not, Rivers is a better place for their being here.

The bandmen are eagerly awaiting the day when they will play the final victory march. Almost all are studying hard at various courses for post war livelihood and to the question as to whether they aspired for a post war band career, there was a unanimous, loud but rhythmic "no!" GOOD LUCK, Fellas.

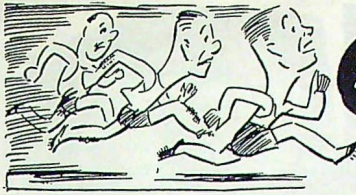
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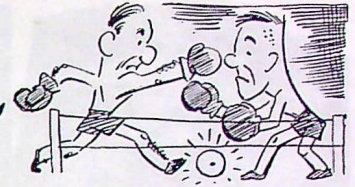
"THE NINETEENTH HOLE"

She took a ball from her bag and socked it,
But an odd sort of hazard sure blocked it,
For as the pill onward sped,
It landed right on the head,
Of a gent with a crock in his pocket.

F/O "Bard" Bates.



Sports



By FRED IBEY

The last boxing meet of the season was held at the Drill Hall on May 9th last. Congrats are due to the hard-working Sgt. Hutchinson for the excellent job of organization he did to put the show over. Before the actual boxing got underway a musical troupe from Command gave the overflowing crowd a very good half-hour's entertainment and then several gorgeous gals circulated among the audience selling tickets to a Victory Bond raffle. The battling started about seven-thirty.



F/O IBEY

The first bout was a three-round affair between LAC Clifford and LAC Hrechuk. Both boys came out fast in the opening round and boxing was the order of the day, only two really solid blows being landed, a left smash by Clifford and a hard right hook by Hrechuk. Round even. In the second stanza Clifford went to work in earnest landing several terrific rights. He had Hrechuk's nose bleeding and almost floored him with one powerful blow. Clifford's round. In the last round Hrechuk came back steadily and fought Clifford off for the remainder of the fight. The bout was given to LAC Clifford by a decision.

* * *

The second bout of the evening brought together two little ring titans in the form of Donnie and Paddie MacArthur. These youngsters put on an excellent performance Donnie showing a sparkling left hand which shook Paddie a couple of times. Paddie, however, showing footwork which would have put Tunney to shame, danced out of the way on each occasion, and stopped Donnie up with a short right jab. This

was a very even battle with very little to choose between the fighters with the result that it ended in a draw.

The third fight of the card in the lightweight bracket was a three-rounder between LAC Butler and LAC Tepeshyn. This was a very fast bout, both boys showing lightning footwork in the initial two rounds. During the final Butler seemed to tire and for the most of the round tied Tepeshyn up in clinches. Butler displayed a rather peculiar style, coming in very fast in a low crouch so that most of his opponent's punches in the first round landed on his forehead. Tepeshyn stood straight up and seemed to be wishing that Butler would try standing up and slugging it out with him. The first two rounds were fairly even but in the last one Tepeshyn caught Butler with several hard punches and slowed him down to a walk. Tepeshyn, by a decision, was pronounced winner.

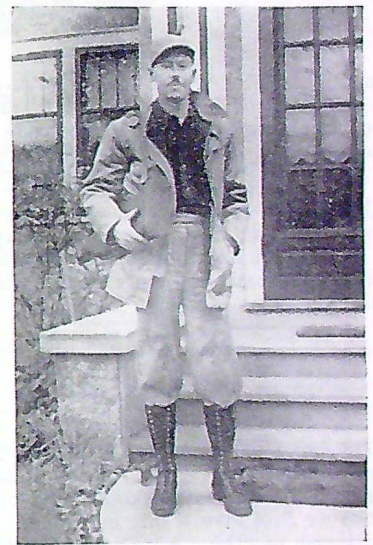
* * *

In the Welterweight division Cpl. Howitt met LAC MacDonald in the first tussle and was a battle of defense against offence and defense came off second best. Howitt had a powerful roundhouse right which looked like it would tear MacDonald's head off if it ever connected. MacDonald displayed a deft defense and a lightning left hook which, however, didn't seem to carry much weight. The first and last rounds seemed to be quite even but Cpl. Howitt landed several good punches in the second and on the weight of this carried the fight on a decision. This was an extremely exciting fight and the boys really finished it up with a grand flourish in the final round, giving each other quite a going over in the clinches.

* * *

The second fight in this division (with all due respect to the main bouters and everyone else on the program) was by far the best bout of the night. It was between two RAF boys from Course 118 Navigators. They were LAC Mayhew and LAC Rowe. Rowe is a magnificent boxer and on top of that has a stinging punch in each hand. Mayhew, while he would have probably looked better fighting anyone else but Rowe, looked completely unable to do anything at all against the dynamic boxer who opposed him. Rowe had a superb and very pleasing style to watch. Always with a smile on his face he gave and took some hard blows in the first round. At one time in the

round he had Mayhew hanging on for dear life and then had the misfortune to have the tape on his left hand come loose and his opponent enjoyed what looked like a very welcome respite from the storm. Within twenty seconds of the opening of the middle round Rowe had Mayhew down for a count of three. Rowe took this round by miles. He seemed to be able to back his opponent to just where he wanted him and then cop him with short, powerful uppercuts. The third was a repeat of the second except Rowe had Mayhew down for a count of eight this time and if he had retreated to a neutral corner a little faster this observer thinks he would have scored the only knockout of the night. As it was Mayhew had about seven or eight seconds before the referee could start counting.



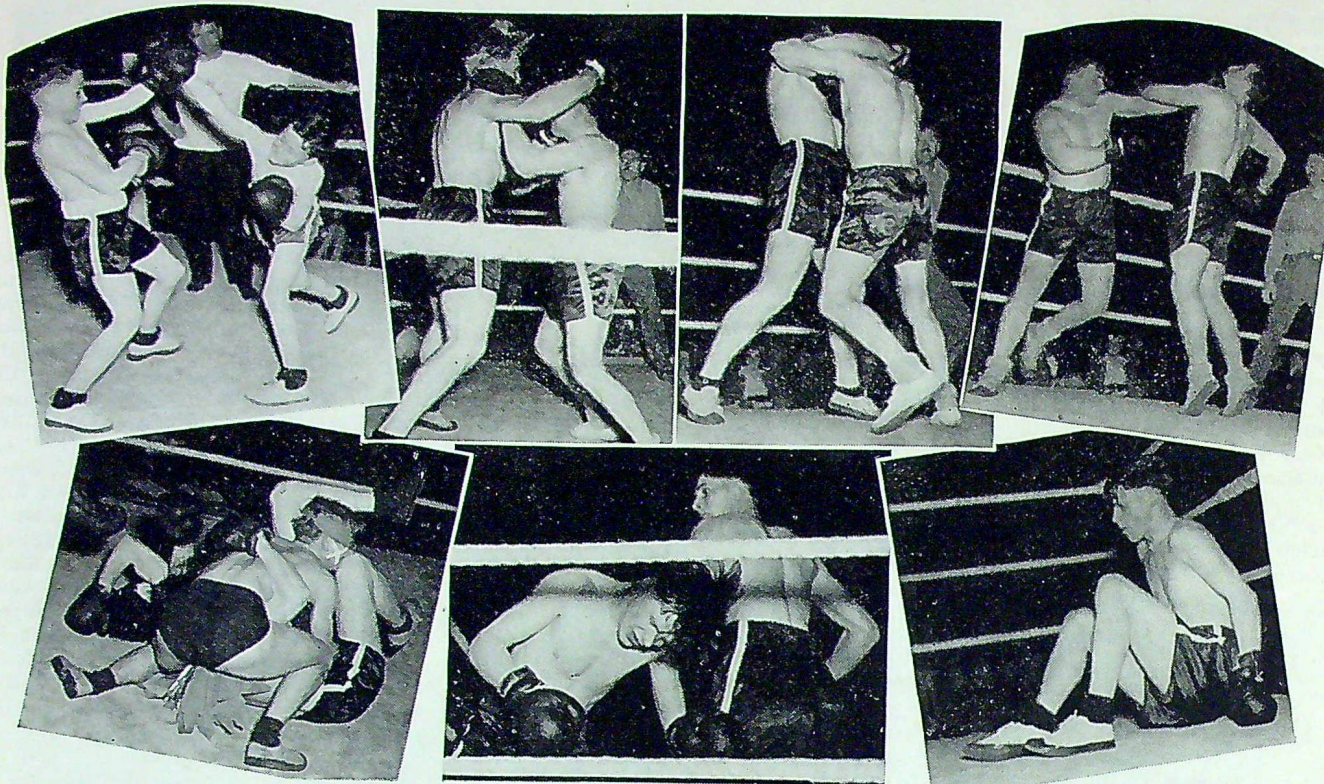
F/L O'Meara, our new P.T. & D. officer, in one of his lesser moments.—Ed.

★

The next event was a blindfold battle between LAC's Allen, Marcus and Clark. It turned out to be a mighty fracas in which no one got hurt but everyone had a lot of fun. During the intermission the crowd was entertained by our excellent station band.

* * *

The seventh bout of the card brought together LAC MacAllister and LAC Figgins. It was very hard fought with Figgins laying back, playing a defensive game for the first two rounds. In



Some action shots from the boxing meet in May at Rivers.

the last, as MacAllister began to tire, he came out of his shell and built up enough points to take the fight on a decision.

* * *

The next was between the two heavies of the night, Sgt. Jampolsky, at 185 pounds, and LAC Marcus, at 183 pounds. As might be expected this was a fight in which both men landed plenty

of good solid blows. The bout was fairly even however until the final round when Jampolsky cut loose with several really tremendous right uppercuts and had Marcus hanging on the ropes on a couple of occasions. Jampolsky took the decision.

* * *

The last and main bout almost seemed

an anti-climax to some of the others preceding it. It was a very even fight between Cpl. Lester and LAC Trekofsky. Because it was so very well and so evenly fought it was quite natural that no little few of the fans disagreed with the final verdict. Cpl. Lester was named the winner. Not wishing to take the laurels from the Cpl.'s head but we thought it was a draw.

CLASS 122 A N

Time and we stagger on. The "we" also, embraces fewer than it did. Sickness and the axe have taken heavy toll. When we first moved into our haven of quiet and rest by "A" Flight parking line, overcrowding was a problem. In the heat of a controlled plot the panting breath of one's rearward neighbour came down like a chinook. Now we are a scattered community in an unfriendly desert of floor space.

Stan, who has quite an eye for feminine pulchritude (as who hasn't), started the riot when he returned from S.S.Q. with a very favourable report. Temperatures rose alarmingly on receipt of this, the lapse rate became high and with convergence developing towards the hospital, the situation deteriorated rapidly.

It is usual for a senior course to tender advice to freshmen, but what could we tell them that they would find credible. Those who have witnessed

marvels must be chary of telling lest they endanger disbelief. To give useful hints, such as which drill hall door is the only one without a notice, "Use other entrance," would only spoil the fun.

We feel we ought not to close without rendering a few thanks. So thank you: to those really kind people who have made us welcome on our visits to Winnipeg; to our instructors who managed to take an interest in the progress of such a shower; to F/O Nixon's friend, for providing the basis of so many "lines," to the pilots who cooperated and to the WOG (name kept secret to protect him from union action) who once got us a loop bearing.

In conclusion we offer our sincere condolence to course 131.

Cpl. C. Beebe.

★

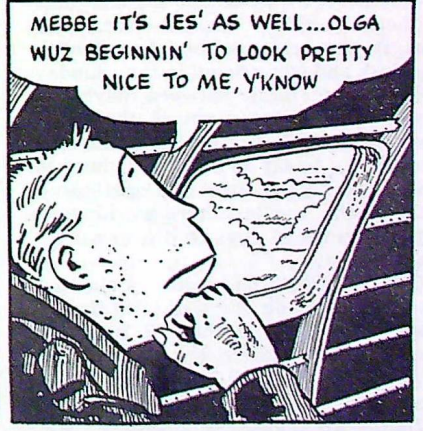
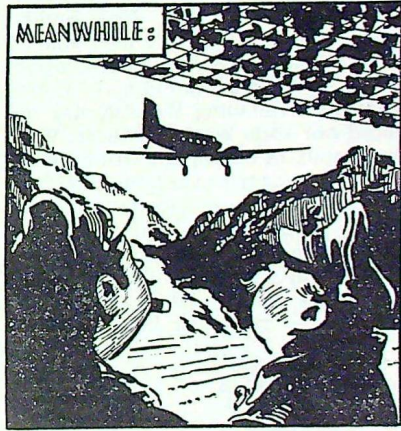
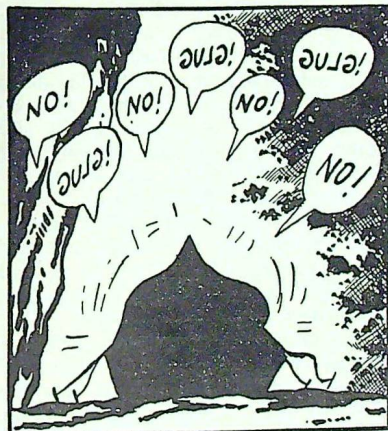
TO PAUL

Where the sod kneads the soil beneath
the continuing rain,
Here will he lie forever.

The yews will observe his silence in
their own time,
Then the clouds shall part, and the
sun burst forth,
And the breeze creep in from the sea.
Learned was he: of knowledge beyond
his years,
Of academic halls, and bitter lessons
of life.
Brave was he: witness his deeds, his
hopes and his fate.
Those blue-gray eyes and the dimpled
chin
Knew the fears and the pleasures of
men.
He does not lie alone in his English
grave,
Nor will six feet of clay keep him still.
In the rich ancient earth will his blood
infuse
With that of untold generations who
died, that a world
That ever climbs upward its torturous
path
Shall be free . . .

C. L. F.

No. 1 C. N. S.



Section Shots

"B" Flight

"THE YELLOW PERIL"

or

"SHALL WE TRADE THEM IN"

The Anson V is a rugged ship,
As any pilot will agree;
Even the Wogs will back me up,
As well as the Nav's and Navies "B."

They fly by day, they fly by night,
They're at our beck and call;
Except some frosty winter morn
They just won't bark at all.

But recently they've had to take
The proverbial "back-seat" place
To the big gray ships with belly tanks
Which along the tarmac race.

The pilots of these famous Vents
Are rather indifferent to our plane,
And as they taxi by on high,
Regard them all with much disdain.

They've gone so far as to give them
the name,
Now mark this pilots all;
The "Yellow Peril" they've dubbed our
plane,
Someone is riding for a fall.

Perhaps our V's are out of date,
And way behind the time;
But they take us out and bring us back
With only an odd murmur or whine.

So what do you say we send them down
To the hangar that houses those Vents
And have them painted a different hue

Do you think this poem makes any
sense?

For obvious reasons—
author unknown.

★

Charlie Flight

By LUKE McGOOK

(With apologies the DIRK McGIRK)

Were you ever on the dusk to dawn
patrol? If so, you must be either a
pilot or a wireless operator. Surely no
one else ever stayed up 'till 6:30 a.m.
without a better reason. Romantic?
Yes, it was romantic to take off with
the dusk and come down in that Sunday
morning quietness between daybreak
and sun-up, but a night in the air is
comparable to a life on the ground. I
should like to say a word of tribute to
the pilots' best friends (his operators).
They're the swellest hard-workingest,
loyalist bunch of guys that ever a man
could know.

The "C" flight ball team is starting
under the able direction of "Big Germ"
Bailey. Our ace pitcher (3 hr. Ted)
Hennessy is a real twirler and we have
a good team to back him. Just watch
our smoke.

Dinnie Williams still wears that
young fatherly smile. Fort William is

a long way to go on a 48, isn't it,
Dinnie?

Art Foot has gone home on leave to
visit his wife and son. Ted Fairbanks
(the permanent P/O) has gone home to
visit his mother. Benny Marchant will
be all over his appendectomy and away
to Portage (no doubt) before this
reaches the press.

We are very glad to have F/O's Matt
Mathews and Bill "Bathless" Bates
with us to help the little Chief.

Guess that's about all for now, folks.
But you might ask Jimmy Watson what
he gave his girl for her birthday, or
Nick Harkas how he spends his 48's, or
Chubby Metcalf why he quit drinking,
or Bill Bates what book he is reading,
or Al Perry "Who is Doreen?" or
George Smith about landing at Virden,
or the Little Chief "Why and the hell
he can't stay out of the Adjutant's
office."

Bye now, I'll see you in Sing Sing.

★

W.O.G. Section

By SPARKS

The staff of the Central Receiving
Station was reduced to a shadow re-
cently with the posting of our Wogetts
to the East Coast. To Betty Paul,
Betty Boulton, Mavis Bartholomew,
Fran Rogers, "Jonny" Johnson, Ruth
Jaques, "Willy" Willis, June Smith,
Olive Melesko, "Stew" Stewart and Vi
Tall we say au-revoir and thanks again
for the grand job you did here. Cathy
Seed, our remaining Wogette, has re-
placed our little bundle of cheer, Win-
nie Chapin, in the Signals Office. Win-
nie took a long trip over to the T.W.O.R.
Our air Wogs are now taking their
turn at flying with a GR 10.

A certain Wog who has just finished
a tour of op's at North West Air Com-
mand (his initials are R.M.) is now
doing his circuits and bumps with a



"Well, it's good training for civvy
street, anyway."

GR10 and brother, can he bounce.

To our new arrivals, Cpl. Rose Hold-
way and Janet Mooney, we say wel-
come and hope you enjoy your stay
here at No. 1 C.N.S. For Janet it is a
return engagement, having been here
16 months before. Our "Torchy Peden"
F/O Brownhill, is also back with us
after a month sojourn in Toronto.

To F/S Hogle and Sgt. Martin, two
lucky guys who have returned to civ-
vie street, we say, "all the best, fel-
lows."

Training Wing Orderly Room

By CPL. JUNE EDMONDSON

Well, Well; here it is M.T.B. time
again, but with the writer's mind occu-
pied mostly with thoughts of an im-
pending furlough in the great metropo-
lis (yes, I mean New York) it is prac-
tically impossible to concentrate on
the usual comings and goings of G.I.S.
Besides which, what we have gone
through in T.W.O.R. the past three
weeks just doesn't bear thinking about
—let alone talking about.

For almost a week, if you had taken
a peek in our Orderly Room door, you'd
have thought the place had been des-
erted. It was positively lonesome in
here and the silence was eerie.

If you were to pay us a visit now, you
would see some new faces among our
staff (and miss several of the old ones).
AW1 Winnie Chapin was the first new-
comer and as you probably know, she
came from the Signals Section. We
doubt that Winnie was even a little bit
pleased about joining our happy
(sometimes spelled with an "s") family,
but we welcome her nonetheless and
hope that she will get used to us and
maybe even get to like it here. (The
place does sort of grow on one.)

We also wish to welcome into our
group AW1 Grace Jones, formerly O/C
rations and 48-hour passes in the
S.W.O.'s office. Grace is not a stranger
to G.I.S., having spent some time in the
S.D.R.T. office, and consequently our
"mad navigators" are no novelty to her.

With this feeble effort to report on
the latest happenings in T.W.O.R., we
will leave you. Tomorrow, "yours
truly" is off to New York. See you
about June 7th.

★

Hospital Highlights

Considerable interest is centred on
the arrival of our Convalescent Patients.
Already five patients who come in this
category have arrived as a fore-runner
of the many more expected. These Blue
Boys can be seen about the station
leisurely riding their bikes, bathing in
the sun, and seeking amusement in the
many other activities we have to offer.

But alas, there is another story to be added to this El Dorado within our midst—as rain or shine, our convalescent patients find no escape from the P.T. classes and organized sport. As a part-time occupation the boys may be seen mowing the lawns and caring for the grounds surrounding the hospital. Occupational Therapy offers an interest during the spare time—and too, our patients have regular rest hours included in their twenty-four hour routine. Our boys are happy and are thriving in this environment—which is a bright prospect for future guests who may come to our midst.

We hear many sympathetic and understanding murmurs and groans from our softball fans as they limp painfully about the hospital performing their many and varied duties. Scottie Stewart is working overtime massaging the unfortunate victim. Determination gleams in the eye of each player—which is a good sign for what is yet to come. Practice makes perfect.

We have added three new Medical Officers to our staff in the last month. S/L Caldwell, S/L Blair and F/O Hemmenway. We welcome you to our midst. After four years of happy association we have had to part with Sgt. Carl Berg and Cpl. Kruch who left last week for A.F.H.Q. and No. 8 R.D. respectively. They take with them our very best wishes.

No. 6 Convalescent Home, Victoria, called Freddie Confrey from our midst, while Leo Tetroutt has gone to the wilds of the North West Command.

Eric Moss has at last returned from his annual leave and extended "Sick in Quarters" leave in Toronto. Eric reports that weather conditions in "Canada" haven't kept to the traditional reputation of fine weather. Perhaps some of our Eastern friends won't have quite so much to talk about now when comparing the West to the East.

Congratulations and best wishes are extended to Wayne Reed and his happy bride, married at Alameda, Saskatchewan, on May 14th.

★

Equipment

By SNOOPY

Say, if cupid doesn't soon stop flipping those arrows around at our W.D.'s we won't have any left. Go way, cupid, pick on some other section for a change. The month of June will see Marg. Potter become Mrs. Don Innes and Ruthe Kinsella will become Mrs. Jack Laing. If hoping and praying help at all and we think they do, then Helen Uhrich will become Mrs. Eric McLellan. Eric is with the Royal Canadian Engineers and has been overseas for the past four years. Four years is a mighty long time, and we do sincerely hope that Eric makes it for home on one of the first boats. To all of you we wish the very best this life has to offer for always in all ways.

Just when it looked very much as

though there wouldn't be any more promotions to celebrate, up pops a little piece of paper with words that went, "Auth. is hereby granted, etc." and our N.C.O. i/c. Sec. became a Warrant Officer II. Now isn't that swell. Heartiest congrats, Major G. F. Fruce.

* * *

"Say, Matey, it's raining out. There'll be no flying, so lets go over to clothing stores and see if we can make that little fat guy mad."

"O Kye! C'mon, the rest of you blokes . . . Hurry there Shorty."

So off to stores they go.

"Keep banging on the door, Shorty, they'll get tired of the noise and open up. Besides, if they don't open up soon these uniforms will shrink and they'll have to exchange the whole blooming works."

And inside:

"It's no use, Hammy, we might just as well get out from under the counter and see what they want before they break the door down."

"No clothing parade today, fellows, we're stock taking."

"You were stock taking yesterday."

"Yup, and we're stock taking tomorrow. Good-bye."

"I say, F/L Tellum told us to come over today." (A little white lie won't hurt.)

"Alright, come on in. What would you like?"

"Well," says the five-foot midget, "I have a shirt-cotton-winter-under-long-sleeves sec. 22B Ref. 5016 that's a little big—in fact it comes clear down to the floor like me other night shirt and I was wondering if I couldn't get a better fit—I don't need this now that summer is here."

"Where did you get it?"

"I got it in England. You see I was standing on a bit of a box and the chap in Stores thought I was that tall and he throws it at me. 'Here ya are, this will fit,' he says just like that, and I couldn't argue with him, I was standing on the box, you see."

"Yes, we see . . . Who's next?"

"I wanna new uniform."

"Why?"

"This one's too sloppy."

"How long have you had it?"

"Two years, I think."

"How long has it been too sloppy?"

"Two years, I think."

"Why worry about the fit now if you've worn it that way for two years?"

"I think I'm getting a discharge next week and I want to look smart."

"Now he wants to look smart!"

"I think I should have new boots, shirts, short and, trousers service too—maybe a black tie too in case I have to go to a funeral some day."

Undoubtedly the great thinker is under the impression that the clothing allowance is to be used for beer money, not for clothes.

Meteorological Section

By I. SOBAR

We said, "Hush! pray silence! Our cloud-filled mind is about to compose for M.T.B." Whereupon a deathly lull fell upon our little office; broken only by the radio blasting the weather, the teletype jerking out the same, the forecasters discussing staff shortages, a panic-stricken telephone ringing frantically, and at least six Ansons with engine trouble.

Our quill had written this much, when we heard someone say, "Lovely day for a balloon. No wind worth mentioning and not a cloud in the sky." Which remark was ignored by all. Seconds later came the same voice in wheedling tones, "Wouldn't someone like to send a balloon?" only to fall on deaf ears. Then, peremptorily and, we thought unnecessarily, "C'mon, get cracking. It's balloon time."

Our game of chess, our letter-writing, our debate and our tea drinking were hastily abandoned. We ripped over to radio range and turned on the hydrogen after weighing an empty piece of rubber—genus, pilot balloon; abbreviated form, pibal—by which we determine the direction and speed of the wind at various levels. Now it isn't that we don't like hydrogen, but we do have a horror of being blown up. We carefully quell the impulse to dash upstairs to the comparatively safe "powder-room" by remembering that "England expects," meanwhile hoping that she doesn't expect too much. When the scales have balanced, the hydrogen is turned off and we find our respiratory organs are operating in a normal fashion. The balloon is tied and, holding it carefully to the rear—we would rather have the back of our head blown off than the front—we edge our way back to the section to collect earphones and mouthpiece, and thence to the top deck where the theodolite—genus, instrument whereby two angles, elevation and azimuth, are determined—is situated in an edifice which, upon closer examination, resembles nothing so much as an outhouse without a roof. (Of course, as an outhouse there are other things it is without, but that's neither here nor there.)

The balloon is released and followed visually through sights. Every minute, of which the observer (a) is informed by a series of raucous buzzes from downstairs, readings are taken from a 360° scale and relayed to the plotter (b) in the office. (a) continues observing and (b) plots.

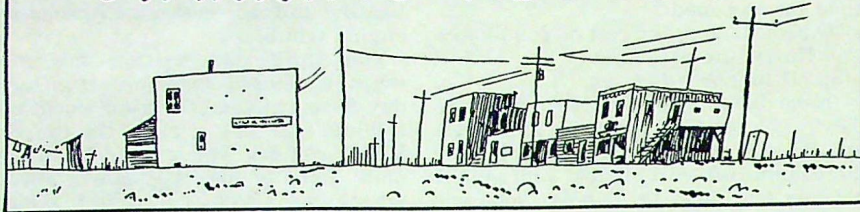
The day is sunny and clear—rare conditions—and the wind is variable. The observer is wearing a path around the theodolite and sunstroke is impending.

Meanwhile, downstairs, (b) is becoming rapidly blind from tables and graphs, arrows and pencil marks. To our great joy, the balloon "disappears" and (b) codes up the readings; the eventual result being something like

(Continued on Page 24.)

Civvy Street

STARRING ABODDY



I S'POSE NOW YA DISCHARGED YA GOIN' BACK TO DAT TANK TOWN YA CALL HOME AN' BE A JEEZLY APPELKNOCKER DA RES' OF YA MIZZUBLE EXISTENCE?

NOW YOU TAKE TORONTO... OPPITUNITY... \$200 A WEEK ... AIN'T SEEN CANADA TILL YA SEEN TORONTO ... INNISTRY... TORONTO... FYNANCE ... TORONTO... BEAUTIFUL WIMMEN... TORONTO... ART... TORONTO... MOICHANDIZIN'... TORONTO TORON

TRAINS IS SURE LONESOME FOR CIVILIANS

NEWSPAPERS

CLASSIFIED

QUIET

I SEED YA AD ... ABOUT YOUNG MEN WANTIN' TO GIT AHEAD ... I DON' WAN' A HEAD BUT I C'D SURE USE SOME ARMS

I'M ONLY TOO HAPPY TO DO SOMETHING FOR ONE OF OUR BRAVE BOYS ... PUT MANY OF YOU ONTO A VERY GOOD THING ... THE YOUNG MEN'S CHAPTER OF THE CANADIAN CHAMBER OF JUNIOR EXECUTIVES IN INDUSTRY IS MADE UP OF KEEN YOUNG FELLAS LIKE YOURSELF...

INVALUABLE CONNECTIONS... WEEKLY MEETINGS ... BEST YOUNG MINDS... EMPLOYERS COME TO US ... GREAT PROSPECTS ... CIVIC IMPROVEMENT GROUPS ... MARVELOUS CONTACTS ... MEMBERSHIP... JUST SIGN HERE...

YOU ARE NOW A FULL MEMBER OF THE YMCOTCCOJEII ... THE DUES ARE A MERE \$50 ... DON'T THANK ME, ONLY TOO GLAD TO DO ANYTHING FOR ONE OF OUR YOUNG HEROES!

WEEKS LATER

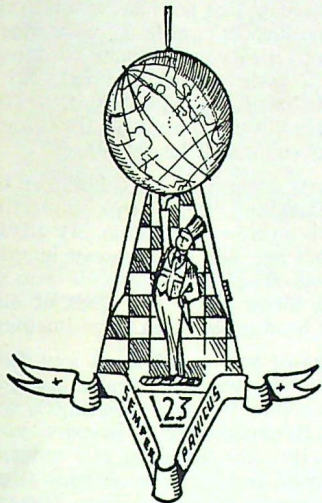
SPENT ALL YA REEDY-BILLY-TASHUN MONEY GOIN' AN' JERNIN' DIS PHONY 'SOSYASHUN AN' NOW YA FLAT BROKE AN' NUTTIN' TO SHOW FOR IT! WILL YA NEVER LOIN?

WELL, I LEARNED SUMP'N... I ARE GONNA START DA MUDLANDS BRANCH OF DA YMCOTCCOJEII... AN CHARGE 50c MEMBYSHIP!

Classroom Highlights



CLASS 123, NAVIGATORS



SEMPER PANICUS . . .

The prize this month for the best example of sheer unadulterated panic goes, as usual, to a trainee of 123 who, whilst D.R.ing ahead in 24 minutes on a night trip, felt so hot under the collar that in his frenzy he tore that offending article of apparel from his throat and consequently lost it—"Some say they saw it by dawn's early light, floating down to Lake Manitoba, whereon a mystic arm appeared from the depths of the lake and caught it, wielded it and exclaimed, EXCALIBUR . . . My COLLAR! Personally I favor the other explanation, that it fell into one of the numerous nooks and crannies under the 1st Nav's table. The same bod is scheduled (or should I say skeduled) to render "Don't Fence Me In," in 33a tonight.

As one meatball was overheard explaining to another meatball in the mess today, "Don't you see its the **only** rational solution to the problem anyway?"

We were sorry to say good-bye to "Wedgey" and "Plato" this week, two victims of airsickness. It's tough on them and us, as what shall we do now our Left Wing has gone?

A fellow is standing at the opposite side of the classroom, holding his Mk. I sextant and staring at it fascinatingly; cautiously he tries to operate the conglomeration of controls in turn (he's seemingly got bubble trouble). Undaunted he trips to the window and with his protractor and a pencil obtains a reading on the sun—his pencil firmly gripped between his dentures to form an artificial horizon.

The "49th Parallel Club" is rapidly

increasing. Membership is restricted to those trainees who can conclusively prove that on night trips they have ventured into the States, or south of the border. Their airplot must also be in evidence so that the chairman can drop the necessary D.R. position to prove that the applicant has really crossed the 49th parallel and is not just claiming cheap popularity or vice versa.

Here's to the fellow who defined Skip distance as the amount of space left in a 1st Nav's log while he has time to go "aft" and check at what time the 2nd Nav. sent his M.T.B.'s!

Yes! Rivers, now that spring is here! what a glorious sight, clear azure skies (with only 9/10 altosax cloud in evidence), surrounding us and somehow living in this isolated place we feel apart from the rest of the world. (How true).

Statistics prove that the number of suicides due to the Course is decreasing daily. This may be due to, first, the 7.45 parade every morning, which undoubtedly permeates good leading among the trainees; second, the fact that "visits" are once more established; third, the increase in calorific value of the grub since V-E Day.

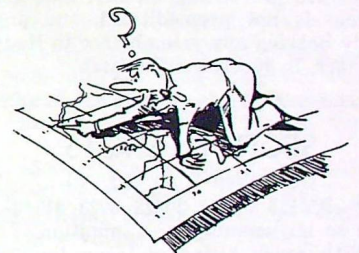
The flight photograph has been taken for the second time—on the first occasion the lens naturally couldn't stand the strain and consequently took the easiest way out. At the second sitting, however, a super-duper sensitive plate

was used and now the flight can be viewed any afternoon in print in Rivers museum. This week's installment of our latest thriller concerning 9B3060662 (Fred Dalton to you) the "genman" of Course 123.

. . . They were flying through 10/10 C.B. Fred maintained a comprehensive cloudplot and systematically, between playing Noughts and Crosses with the W.O.P., took a series of mean drifts on the trailing aerial. Suddenly the plane banked crazily—Fred hurried forward shouting, "Dinghy Dinghy!" but no one answered. Dalton's computer had fallen off the table, rebounded against the fuselage and knocked the pilot unconscious — alone (apart from the WOP and 2nd and 3rd Navs) in a pilotless plane and diving in a thundercloud.

WHAT WILL FRED DO NOW? Will he continue his airplot despite the changing TAS? (Your guess is as good as mine . . . (To be continued.)

★



"L'homme n'est jamais perdu."

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CLASS 126

Under great pressure from the editor of our first article, I was conscripted into writing these notes for the archives of No. 1 C.N.S. In the last few weeks our course has grown out of the "Sprogg" stage and we are keenly awaiting the sight of the next course in the creased battle dresses that earmark the newly arrived course and we think to ourselves—"Did we also have that lost and bewildered look about us when we arrived here?" We really pity them when we realize how much Duff Gen is shot at them. E.g., "At least 25% of you will be C.T.'d on the third week Squadron Commanders. We've got a few grouses about the course though. Does anyone agree with us in that there should be one P. T. I. to two students? Surely it will be better than a mere six P. T.'s shouting: "Hup, hup, hup ! ! ! ad infinitum. Is the standard C exercise push ups or



"Shut up, or I'll knock yer cap strite."

CLASSROOM HIGHLIGHTS (continued)

has the P.T. staff a contract with the laundry?

We've now embarked into the studies of Astra. Today we had a bit of practice in shooting the sun. Personally, I'd rather shoot it with a shovel—ha, ha!! We're still trying to get that bubble in the huddle and put the sun there at the same time. It's bad enough on the ground—woe to us and to whosoever has to go with us on a trip if we have to get our fixes that way. Do they issue us with U.S.A. visas before our Astro Hops? At the moment, however, the main problem is trying to find what correction should be used when using the Douglas protractor; one of the "groaners" has been allowed time off for research into this most engrossing subject. Anyway, amidst the chuf, chufs of the Yorkshiremen and the somewhat hearty ejaculations which come from the back row, we have had a most interesting poem instilled into us: "East or West, Beer is Best."

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HEAVENLY BODIES or "VENUS, YOU'RE IN A FIX"

By L.A.C. K. CULLEY

(Author of such well-known worst sellers as "The Stars Look Brown," and "Or Would You Rather Be a Pig.")

IN the public interest, I should mention before proceeding further, that this article is not premeditated, and any Body bearing any resemblance to Hedy Lamarr, is purely coincidental.

My aim is to give some encouragement to that work-weary, colourless, more-than-slightly screwy character, the u/t navigator. At this stage of your earthly existence, Jupiter may fill your soul with black loathing, and Altair may only conjure up gloomy reflections on your last NN. But, pray, gentle reader (with acknowledgements to G. K. Chesterton), do not be too hasty in dismissing Jupiter and his cronies with a shrug of the shoulders, or two hastily chosen words.

Think of the future, when you may be back in dear old England (notice I do not let myself in for criticism on that point). On some such occasion, you may decide to take that chic blonde in the next road on a nice long ground navigational trip into the country. I do not inquire as to your motives . . . that, I leave to your own sense of honour. As all good navigators do, you may get lost . . . if the fair member of the crew is at all promising, you'll make damn sure you get lost.

At any chosen time, (preferably when the lady has given up all hope, and is sobbing gently on your shoulder) you will play your trump. "Fear not, fair maiden," you will exclaim or words suitable to her temperament and sanity. Then you will point out that the H.B. Vega lies yonder, and her abode is the length of two thumbs (held at arm's length) to the right. If your bones are subject to the cool of the evening, quarter time it took to walk out, and on E.T.A. you will land slap-bang in the creek leading up to her garden gate.

For beginners it is advisable to use the creek as a leading line, until practice makes you as perfect, (and I say this with all modesty) as I.

The exercise should be carried out no more than three times with the same filly, and care must be taken to ensure that the same H.B. is not used on any two successive trips, as this arouses suspicions in the more wary of the species. If, after the third expedition, the fair one does not bestow upon you all the favours which go with hero-worship, then you can come to one or both of these conclusions: (a) she is troubled with a sluggish liver, or (b) she is a little red-head on the knick-knacks counter at Lewis' Store.

It may happen, in the middle of the familiarization (first) trip, you find there is no crew cooperation. My advice is, ditch her, and paddle away in your one-man dinghy. You can, if you so desire, throw one or two clods of clay at her head to show you mean business.

Some of you (and I mean you fool-hardy jerks who go to first house pictures before 9 o'clock briefings) will think it unnecessary to prepare your flight. But take the advice of a veteran, and spend an hour or so on your flight plan. Listen to the weather forecast after the six o'clock news (if overcast, cancel the exercise, and take her to a show); study the surrounding countryside for a suitable route (Chorley Wood and Hampton Court Maze are not recommended for learners); last, but not least, refuse to have anything to do with an Air Almanac . . . it only complicates matters.

SECTION SHOTS

Continued from Page 21

this—RY118 00910 20922 0923 41118— and so on, seemingly ad infinitum.

With much biting of lower lip and exhortations to "please shut up. I'm trying to concentrate," the message is typed out on the re-perforating machine—a device which operates in a manner resembling a film cutter crossed with a player piano. The "ticker" tape is threaded and run off on the teletype, thereby informing the outer world of the nature of our winds.

So much for that balloon! Again our quill is lifted, but we still have nothing for M.T.B. which will obviously have to wait. Tearing our hair, we depart to our divers tasks, the while chanting the met. prayer.

THE MET. OBERVER'S PRAYER

(With apologies to A. A. Milne and Christopher Robin)

Little girl kneels at the foot of the bed;
Drooped on the inky hand's weary old head.

Hush! hush! whisper who dares.
Met. obs. "B" group is saying her prayers.

God bless the low cloud and keep it low,

For thou knowst a pibal's my greatest woe.

I hate the H 'cause it might explode.
But, God! give me strength to bear my load.

God give me strength to identify
Cumulonimbus from cirrus so high.
Let not thy wrath on my head descend
If I boob on the forecast I have to send.

God give me grace to hold up my head
When the pilots and navs. say they're fed

To the teeth with the duff met. reports.
Please teach we control of my rude retorts.

Little girl kneels at the foot of the bed;
Drooped on the inky hand's weary old head.

Hush! hush! whisper who dares.
Met. obs. "B" group is saying her prayers.

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Flying Squadron

An evening in town — well, let's get started. A call on the daughter of the MILLER or the COLEMAN, then WALKER around for a while, and to appease her thirst, a bottle of 3 Star HENNESSY from the BROWN shop of

the BREWER, who is really a SQUAIR MERCHANT, tho' hard as FLINT. He won't stand for anyone OWEN him money.

Thus begins such a LOVESY-dovesy evening. She GREAVES that these hours of BLISS cannot last forever. However, it's a fairly poor show, as it turns out this deMUIR little girl is married — first we meet her YOUNGSON BUD ANDERSON CHARLEBOIS, and even HER-BERT turns up in our travels. We'll GRANT we had a nice time, but, lose IRWIN, a HERREM and several HOLMES would be a better bet, tho' we wouldn't say so LESTER feelings be hurt.

Yes, an evening of STIRLING quality, but tomorrow is another day, and the weather check to fly.

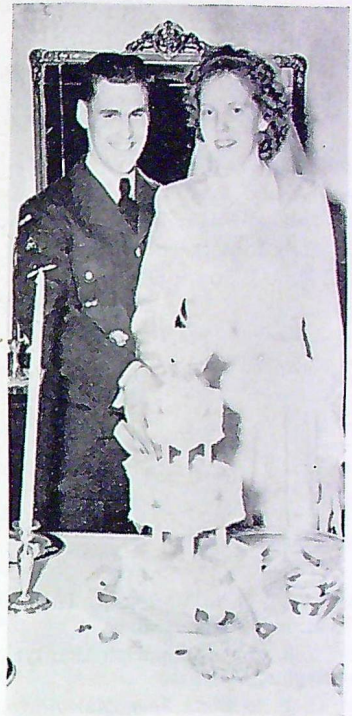
Feeling as low as a CLAYBOLT and having to be DOUG out with an AUGER, one pilot at least must be up for the morning weather check. CORKY, WALLY or even DICK is not as EAGER as a HUNTER on the trail of a MALLARD.

HAMON eggs or maybe cuCUMBERS at the mess on the way to the hangar, and we're off. It may be raining like old NICK, but one HLOOKOFF into the clouds and this JOLLY JOE makes a RUSH for his Anson.

Wedding Bells



KINSELLA—LAING
 (Right) LAW Ruthe Kinsella and Cpl. Jack Laing who were married in the Station chapel on May 11.
 (Left) Best man Cpl. D. Adams and bridesmaid Lila Horne.



We had this picture taken, and a plate made; but when we got to Press in Winnipeg, we didn't have the names of this lucky couple. Their many friends on the Station will recognize them and wish them, as we do, good luck! —Ed.

POST OFFICE

EDITOR'S NOTE: This is "filler."

By "FERGY"

This is a story about some Americans touring Canada. You know how the Americans are great souvenir hunters. Well, when this party arrived in a small Indian village, way up North, they found out that the Post Office there was the most northerly and the smallest Post Office in the world.

One of the ladies told her husband to go to the Indian chief and buy the Post Office from him so that she could take it home as a souvenir. Next morning, when he went to do so he found that the male Indians were out in the woods, building a Totem Pole, so he went out there. He asked the chief to sell him the Post Office, but all the chief would say was, "No sell the Post Office." The next day the same thing, and the American's wife was even more insistent that they buy the Post Office, so the American went and talked for an hour or so with the Indian chief, but with the same results, "No sell the Post Office."

This went on for a whole week and always "No sell the Post Office." Finally the Americans were ready to leave and they still hadn't succeeded in buying the Post Office, so the American went out to make one last try. As he approached the Indian, he saw that they were finished

with the Totem Pole and were just pushing it up in place. However, he wouldn't wait until they had it up, but went and grabbed the Chief by the arm, and said, "It's the last offer, chiefy, I'll give you a thousand dollars for the Post Office."

Well, it seems that when the American grabbed the chief's arm, the chief took his weight off the Totem Pole and it fell down, pinning the chief and all the other Indians under it. The Indians immediately started yelling in a chorus, "Take the post off us"—so the Americans took the Post Office and all the Indians starved to death underneath the Totem Pole.



SEWING CIRCLE

By LAW GRAY

SPONSORED by the Canadian Legion Educational Services, scenes such as these above have been taking place in the W.D. Barrack Block all winter.

Miss E. Warren, of the Singer Sewing Machine Company, Brandon, is the very skilful instructress who travels

by M.T. to Rivers every Wednesday evening through fair and foul weather.

Miss Warren is seen in the picture on the right showing the girls the initial stages of dressmaking.

Under Miss Warren's experienced eye, the W.D.'s have been learning the art of dressmaking. Several trousseaus have been whipped up in no time at all with her willing help.

Promotions

F/O Merrett, J. E. to Flight Lieutenant (Nav. NI).

Cpl. Leblanc, D. B. to Sergeant (P.D. & I.).

F/S Peace, G. N. to Warrant Officer Class II (Pilot SG).

WO2 Swadden, H. B. to Warrant Officer Class I (Pilot SG).

WO2 Ridley, W. J. to Warrant Officer Class I (Pilot SG)

P/O Palsson, H. M. to Flying Officer (Educ.).

F/O O'Mara, P. J. to Flight Lieutenant (SS).

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Marriages

Cpl. Rougeau, J. A. H. to Marguerite Diane Birks on 13th April, 1945; at Winnipeg, Man.

Sgt. Johnson, J. R. to Eileen Marion McIntyre on 7th April, 1945; at Regina, Sask.

P/O Beddis, G. F. to Ethel Jean Malcolm on 29th March, 1945; at Toronto, Ont.

LAC Cormack, C. D. to Mary Catherine McKenzie on 3rd May, 1945; at Winnipeg, Man.

Cpl. Barr, K. D. to Mabel Lillian Benn on 19th April, 1945; at Toronto, Ont.

LAC Waldman, H. to Toley Goldwasser on 1st May, 1945; at Toronto, Ont.

AC1 Kitchen, J. M. to Sarah Louise Annis on 7th May, 1945; at Orillia, Ont.

LAC Johnstone, S. S. to Margaret Isabelle Hanlon on 10th May, 1945; at Rivers, Man.

Cpl. Ramey, N. E. to Eleanor Aloina Streamer on 15th May, 1945; at Calgary, Alta.

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Births

To LAC and Mrs. R. L. Pritchard, a son, Edward John, at Winnipeg, Man.; on 15th April, 1945.

To LAC and Mrs. W. E. Thompson, a daughter, Patricia Sharon, at Brandon, Man.; on 21st April, 1945.

To LAC and Mrs. H. E. Bratton, a son, Brian Edward, at Rivers, Man.; on 24th April, 1945.

To Sgt. and Mrs. J. C. Barron, a son, Lawrence Murray, at Calgary, Alta.; on 17th April, 1945.

To F/O and Mrs. E. G. Petrie, a son, Fredrick Ernest, at Toronto, Ont.; on 7th April, 1945.

To LAC and Mrs. J. D. Lee, a son, William Terrance, at Vulcan, Alta.; on 17th March, 1945.

To LAC and Mrs. H. B. Carnegie, a son, Gordon David, at Brandon, Man.; on 7th May, 1945.

To Cpl. W. H. Greenhalgh, a son, at Oxbow, Sask.; on 24th May, 1945.

To P/O and Mrs. E. M. Williams, a daughter, Laurie Ann, at Calgary, Alta.; on 25th April, 1945.

To Cpl. and Mrs. T. Ciaccio, a son, Kenneth Richard, at Montreal, P.Q.; on 15th April, 1945.

To Cpl. and Mrs. N. Settee, a son, Burke Steffen, at Winnipeg, Man.; on 20th April, 1945.

To F/O and Mrs. J. M. Simpson, a son, John Michael, at Winnipeg, Man.; on 31st March, 1945.

To WO1 and Mrs. E. W. MacEwan, a son, Donald Neil, at Saskatoon, Sask.; on 25th April, 1945.

To WO1 and Mrs. P. Smiley, a daughter, at Rivers, Man.; on 11th May, 1945.

To LAC and Mrs. P. Sharp, a son, Terrence Charles, at Rivers, Man.; on 16th May, 1945.



SILLY BOY!