



*Radio*

VOL. V.

## Afloat on Red River



A familiar sight to frequenters of the banks of the Red River and Assiniboine are the boats manned by Sea Cadets who thus learn much of the arts of rowing, sailing, and navigation.



The Sea Cadet Corps, one of the many activities of the Manitoba Division of the Navy League of Canada, was first formed as the Boys' Naval Brigade in 1920. Its present strength is 325. More than 200 ex-Cadets and 65 boys from the Corps have enlisted with the R.C.N.V.R. since the outbreak of war. Under Sea Cadet Lieutenant-Commander T. W. Baird and a staff of competent officers, the Winnipeg Sea Cadets have established for themselves a very warm place in the hearts of our citizens. Marching smartly with their band to church parades and numerous public functions in which they have participated, the boys have won the admiration of all who have seen them.

### OUR COVER

*The young man with the bugle is Leading Seaman Pat. A. Landsley of the Winnipeg Sea Cadet Corps. The picture was specially posed for "Manitoba Calling."*



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## Ahoy!

The nautical flavor of this month's cover may cause some wonder in the minds of many readers who hitherto have regarded Manitoba as a "prairie" province, a land of vast stretches of flat farm country whose only waves are wind in the ripening wheat.

Actually, we in this part of Canada have a distinctly maritime consciousness. Apparently far from the sea, we are not so far in fact. The salt waters of Hudson Bay roll in upon more than 400 miles of Manitoba sea coast. Churchill, ancient trading post named in honor of him who became the Duke of Marlborough and ancestor of Britain's present Prime Minister, has been developed as a modern port for trans-Atlantic traffic.

Our fresh water lakes are numerous and expansive. Lake Winnipeg is larger than Lake Ontario. In addition to the angling, sailing and boating attractions offered to sportsmen, we have a considerable commercial fishing industry which in 1940 handled more than 28 million pounds with a market value of nearly 2 million dollars. Our whitefish and goldeyes have a wide popularity as epicurean delicacies.

Most remarkable is our training of men for the Royal Canadian Navy, the Naval Reserve and the Merchant Service. Manitoba's sailor men are on the seven seas, serving King and Country in battleships and destroyers, transports and little cargo boats. Numbers of them obtained their introduction to seamanship, signalling, wireless telegraphy and naval discipline in the Winnipeg Sea Cadet Corps. Thence they passed into the Winnipeg barracks of the Royal Canadian Naval Volunteer Reserve and so to sea.

At this time, when ships and trained personnel are of such vital importance to the cause of Democracy, Manitoba has special reason for being proud of its contribution to the maritime might of the Empire.



"Manitoba Calling"



## Riding Mountain National Park

By George B. Poole.

Perhaps the main factors that contribute to the choice of a holiday resort would be accessibility, scenic beauty en route and in the resort itself, and local attractions and conveniences. If to these can be added that other mysterious charm that comes from an indefinable sense of communion with nature—of being one with the many vibrant forces and influences that hover over and around you, the call is likely to be the more pronounced.

Riding Mountain is itself of pre-glacial origin, and the imagination of the tourist is at once captured and captivated as it is thus carried back to those days when the world as we know it today, was still young.

The Park is approached on three sides by picturesque roads that wind their way up the Mountain, to the graceful undulating plateau at its top which constitutes the Park proper. Here its 1,150 square miles of wooded upland, interspersed with glistening lakes, nestles snugly between ridges and valleys that were carried out by the giant forces of those ancient glories.

The south entrance opens the door to that vast territory which converges more or less naturally in the sequestered city of Brandon in the valley of the Assiniboine River. A drive of some sixty-five miles follows, over a hard surfaced highway, and through rolling plains and verdant hills and valleys. The quaint and historic little town of Minnedosa is encountered on the way, and the equally arresting Minnedosa Valley. The steep but gradual ascent of the southern slope of the Mountain finally lands the now thrilled and expectant traveller at the gate, where a courteous official welcomes him to all that the Park has to offer in the way of rest, recreation and pleasure.

The eastern entrance is by way of the rugged Norgate Highway. With Winnipeg as the focal point from this direction, the 170 odd miles are again traversed over well gravelled highways Nos. 1 and 4, over half of which is hard-



On the intriguing and picturesque golf course — Clear Lake.

surfaced. Portage la Prairie, Gladstone and Neepawa offer the traveller glimpses of Manitoba's thriving rural centres. Portage Plains and Beautiful Plains, through which this route passes, acknowledge no rivals as wheat-growing centres. From Neepawa the Norgate Highway is reached by a swing of some thirty-five miles north along No. 5 Highway and west again from Norgate. The ascent up this eastern escarpment of the Mountain entails a climb of over 1,000 feet in a distance of some three miles, and brings with it a thrill that is not soon forgotten. An alternative route from Neepawa is another eighteen miles west on Highway No. 4 to Minnedosa, and north again as outlined above to the southern gate.

The northern entrance opens its inviting arms to the tourist from Northern and Western Canada. It is situated eight miles south of the thriving metropolis of Dauphin, and scales the northern slope of the Mountain in a steep ascent whose every turn and winding reveals vistas of interest and delight. This route leads over the summit whose altitude is 2,600 feet, and down again to the level of the Park, 2,100 feet in altitude.

The townsite itself (Wasagaming — Indian for Clear Water), has been carefully and wisely chosen, and nestles tranquilly on the shore of Clear Lake whose crystal clear waters gush from springs and fountains far below its surface. It has been designed on lines of



*Manitoba Calling*

modern technique, and boasts an up-to-date system of water works, and a government owned electric light plant. About three miles from the townsite on a high elevation at the eastern end of the Lake is situated the Government Golf Course, whose complete circuit of eighteen holes challenges the skill of the most experienced player. The player is further encouraged and rewarded by wonderful vistas of emerald lake, verdure-covered hills and enchanting glens and hollows. Nearer at hand are ample and well kept tennis courts, baseball diamonds, children's playground with sand boxes, swings, etc., an open-air checker square, panels for quoits and horse-shoe pitching, dressing rooms and lockers for bathing, and shaded grounds with benches for reading and lounging. A wide pier runs far out into the glistening water against whose sturdy sides scores of boats find safe and convenient anchorage. A sandy and gradually sloping beach offers a safe challenge to thousands of bathers old and young, while an indulgent but rarely extreme sun, dispenses his genial smile in rays guaranteed to give the maximum of health, together with the required shade of bodily tan. Boats are available for hire at the pier, and sight-seeing trips around the Lake are regular features. Ponies may be hired at the Riding Academy, and bicycles may be rented at the local garage. Picnic ground facilities include open-air but covered kitchenettes, community stoves, tables, benches, and an ample and convenient supply of fresh water. For camping purposes an extensive shaded area under supervised control has been provided replete with numbered streets and blocks, toilet facilities, centrally located ice houses with individual lockers for the storing of perishable supplies, and convenient all-purpose kitchenette units for each block or square.

An immense rustic dancing pavilion of natural logs, and an equally arresting and architecturally beautiful motion picture house, make their generous contribution to the life of the resort. The Museum, centrally located on a commanding eminence is not only a structure of rare beauty, but houses innumerable unique and interesting specimens

characteristic of the flora and fauna of the Park and of its geological formation. Here also the craftsmanship of man has supplemented the beauty of nature, in the making of rustic seats, articles of furniture and panels for the countless array of exhibits that are on constant display. An assembly room in the building answers the need of public gatherings, and becomes the sacred "Place of Worship" on Sundays, where both the work of man and the monuments of time become hallowed and sanctified in the Presence of the Eternal.

The creature comforts of the visitor are well taken care of by a picturesque chalet facing the Lake, and by rustic bungalows, designed to meet alike the simpler tastes of the less exacting, or the more de luxe tastes of the wealthier tourist. Then too there are cottages either on the lake front or on one of the many streets running perpendicular to it, no cottage being more than a short walk from the Lake. Lodges with single and double rooms, and with running water, modern plumbing and hot and cold showers are also available. Numerous cafes and restaurants on the main thoroughfares supply every form of refreshment from the humble hot dog or sandwich to the full-course turkey dinner. Cool, inviting and artistically designed tea rooms add greatly to the zest and spice of a meal enjoyed under these conditions, and usually result in that happy frame of mind where "Good digestion waits on appetite".

★ ★ ★

SUMMER RADIO — "The party responsible for the editorial on Summer Radio (June issue) is a real friend. Every word of it is as true as can be. The writer did not go far enough, however. How about those who will turn up the volume to hear a radio program at a distance from the set when with little or no effort they could cut the volume and hear the radio in comfort sitting near it? Then, too, there is the party who puts the radio set next to the neighbor's wall when you live in a suite, and lets the radio go as if they were playing dinner music for a pack of hungry cannibals. . . ."—Regina, Sask.



# Fort Prince of Wales

. . . Link with a picturesque past

Monument to an intrepid pathfinder and the unswerving loyalty of an Indian Chief, this famed fort of the far North beckons to all with the spirit of adventure in their hearts.

By PHILIP H. GODSELL, F.R.G.S.

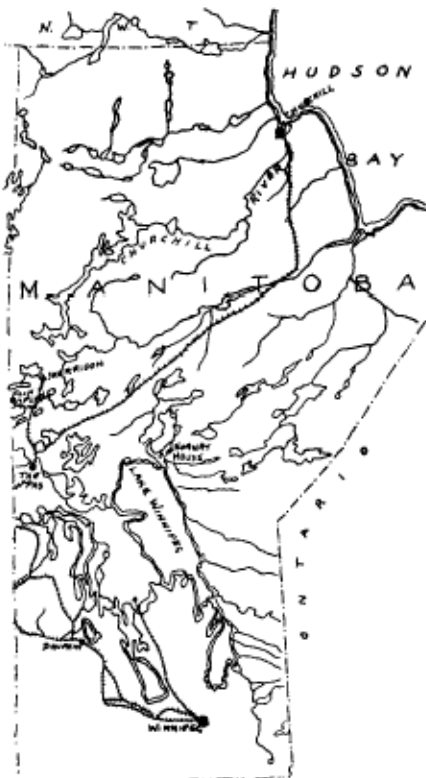
Noted Arctic Traveller and Explorer, author of "Arctic Trader", "The Vanishing Frontier," Etc.

Situated within sight of the modern sub-arctic port of Churchill, overlooking the white-capped waters of historic Hudson Bay the ancient fortress of Fort Prince of Wales that once rivalled Quebec and Louisbourg in strength beckons to any traveller in whose blood pulses the love of romance and adventure. And to enable sight-seeing American visitors to see a cross section of Canada's historic hinterland and rub shoulders with Mounted Police, traders, Indian hunters and Eskimos in their wilderness setting with all the comforts modern railroads can provide the Canadian National Railway is arranging another August excursion from Winnipeg to this picturesque and storied spot.

The story of Fort Prince of Wales opens on the cold grey afternoon of November 24th, 1714, when an emaciated Athabaskan squaw staggered through the frost-rimmed palisades of York Fort, fur trade capital of Rupert's Land, two hundred miles south of the Churchill River. To James Knight, Governor of York Fort, her arrival seemed propitious for he had long wished to open trade with the Northern Indians who roamed the blizzard-swept barrens north-west of the Churchill River.

Early the following June, Knight called the Swampy Crees to council, gave a feast, and as the rum warmed the cockles of their hearts called for volunteers to visit the country of the Northern Indians, make peace with the tribes and induce them to come down to the fort to trade.

Up to this time the Crees had carried on a desultory warfare with the Chipewyans to keep them from the white man's fort so that they, as middlemen,



could derive the profits and charge exorbitant prices for goods bartered for their furs. But the promise of a substantial reward of tobacco, shot, powder and rum wore down their resistance and on June 27th the expedition departed headed by William Stewart with the squaw as guide and a plentiful supply of red-cloth, paint, beads and other presents.



White Whale on Manitoba's Sea Coast — Hudson Bay

A year later loud whoops and volleys of gunshots announced the return of the party, while Cree scouts sneaking through the willows announced that ten dusky ambassadors from the Northern tribes accompanied them.

The story told around the mess room at Fort York was a strange one. For days at a time Stewart and his party had subsisted on lichen scraped from the rocks and pieces of their skin clothing. Through the frosty mists they glimpsed at last the squat tepees of the Chipewyans. But their elation was short lived. Among the lodges lay the mutilated bodies of nine Chipewyans. A Cree war party had been there before them. Fearful of reprisal Stewart and the Crees were considering a hurried return when the squaw intervened. Let the white man and his party camp where they were; she would follow the trail herself and if in ten days she failed to return they could turn their faces homeward.

On sundown of the tenth day—just as Stewart was ordering the baggage packed for a retreat, the squaw was seen approaching. Her mission had been crowned with success. She had come across a camp of four hundred Chipewyans, told them of the white chief's desire for peace among the tribes, and of his offer to build a fort

at the mouth of the Churchill River. So hoarse was she from her efforts on behalf of the white chief that she could hardly speak. Finally Stewart's party had met the Chipewyans, smoked the peace-pipe and returned with ten ambassadors.

As he held council with the delegates from the land of the caribou and the musk-ox Governor Knight was delighted. The following summer there arose the first Fort Churchill, a square of log buildings enclosed in a palisade. To this oasis in the wilderness journeyed motley Chipewyans and Caribou Eaters, Dog-Ribs and Yellowknives from far off Athabasca; some by birch-bark, others toiling afoot across the blizzard-flailed tundra to barter beaver-skins for muskets, powder and paleface treasures.

Though peace had settled on the embattled shores of Hudson Bay with the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713 and the Cross of St. George had replaced the Fleur de Lys above the palisaded fur forts returned by France to England the recollections of d'Ibberville's cannon and of former forts looted and burned had made a lasting impression on the English. And in the summer of 1733 there commenced to arise from the barren rocks of Eskimo Point overlooking Churchill harbour, only a few miles from the first wooden post, a massive

fortress of quarried rock. Built to the plans of Marlborough's engineers, Fort Prince of Wales was to give the Company control of the only harbour in that region and protect the Churchill River which gave access to the rich fur lands of the interior.

When, fourteen years later, the last massive block of quarried rock had been put in place the lonely fort compared favourably in strength with Quebec and Louisbourg. Three hundred feet in length and forty-two feet thick, the walls were curtained with corner bastions of stone, the grim muzzles of forty-two cannon peering menacingly through the embrasures. At one side of the courtyard facing offices, stores, bake-shop and hunters' cabins arose a massive building of quarried rock furnished with trophies of the chase and imported rugs and tapestries from England. Within were housed the garrison, while the place was alive with the usual picturesque frontier gathering: "home guard" Indians, as the Crees were called, in fringed leggings, gaudy sashes and bright capotes, fur clad Chipewyans from the Land of Little Sticks; young clerks from England and dignified chieftains, stalking about among a rabble of squaws and coppery youngsters, puffing solemnly upon their long, stone-headed pipes.

When the annual ship dropped anchor before the grim grey walls in the summer of 1768 she brought an unlooked for commission from London. A search was to be made for the Neetha-san-sandazey—the Far-Off Metal River of the Chipewyans—and for the elusive North West Passage.

Round the mess table gathered traders, officers and clerks. Old maps scrawled on reindeer parchment by Indian chiefs long dead and gone were brought from ancient cassettes and the course of the Far-Off-Metal-River traced with pipe-stems and tobacco-stained fingers. Somewhere—possibly a thousand miles across those deadly blizzard-swept barrens—coursed this mystical river where Chipewyans and Yellowknives were said to obtain the metal for their knives and axes.

Dominating all about him stood the swarthy figure of the half-breed Gov-



Schooner in Hudson Bay

ernor, Moses Norton, discussing with Samuel Hearne, the youthful captain of the brig *Charlotte*, the proposed journey assigned to him. Moses Norton received just enough education in England to intensify the worst traits bequeathed him by his aboriginal ancestors. Unscrupulous and overbearing, he affected the airs of a European monarch attired sometimes in a quasi military uniform and sometimes in ancestral beaded buckskin, while within his sub-arctic seraglio he had gathered the pick of the women from the surrounding tribes; poisoning without compunction those who refused him their wives or daughters. Inordinately jealous of his harem, this wilderness despot adopted to all beneath him a tyrannical insolence. Yet by a strange dispensation of nature his youthful daughter, Mary, of unusual charm and beauty, had all the refinement of a girl of culture and was the admiration of all behind those bleak stone walls.

In the grey dawn mist of November 6th, 1769, the wooden gate swung protestingly on its frost-rimmed hinges. Through the snow-drifted passage swung four snowshoe-shod Indian





## Flin Flon . . . Gem of the North

A visit into the hinterland of Manitoba will well repay the tourist, for here he will find incomparable scenic beauty pregnant with the eternal lure of the North. Here is a great unsullied expanse of territory, the last of its kind on the continent. . . It invites the tourist by motor, by rail, or by plane, to visit the fringe of civilization, where he may enjoy the comforts of modern life, or within a few hours be transported to primitive haunts, where Indians trap and trade.

In summer the scenic beauty of the myriad lakes, nestling between the hollows and ridges fashioned by ancient glaciers, is unsurpassed. Thousands of miles of shoreline, of little lakes like myriad gems of the firmament, and majestic bodies of water, stud the entire landscape.

Lake Athapapuskow stretching for nearly forty miles, between Cranberry Portage and Flin Flon, and the railway skirting its shores, provides a scenic route hard to surpass. Three miles from Flin Flon, at Channing, one may step into a boat, travel south through Schist Lake with its towering copper colored cliffs, and into Lake Athapapuskow. Here trout fishing lures the sportsman and beautiful sandy beaches make the lake a campers' paradise.

Beaver Lake, 14 miles south-west of Flin Flon, on a government highway, offers every attraction to the tourist. Here at beautiful Denare Beach cabins or hotel accommodation are available. Boats and fishing supplies may be rented as well as guides provided, for a

guides in hooded parkas urging on their slant-eyed dog-teams, two European servants muffled in caribou-skin coats and the slim form of Samuel Hearne. Stars twinkled coldly and the damp cold from the open sea bit through furs and clothing. The dull boom of seven cannon reverberated through the frigid air. Hearne waved his cap and was swallowed in the ghostly mist.

(For the conclusion of Mr. Godsell's story, see our next issue.)

thrilling venture into real wild country and the roll of "big water" in the open lake, or the peaceful trip down the well protected channels.

You may travel by boat anywhere in the north country, through beautiful lakes and rivers, to outlying trading posts, favorite duck marshes, or the spot where you catch the "big ones", or you may just travel enjoying and marvelling at the rugged beauty of rocky shorelines or thrill to the pull of the paddle as you nose your canoe into a rapid for that king of thrills when you "shoot the white water".

For those who prefer winter in the Northland, is the "big rifle" thrill when the sportsman decides to go out on the trail of Moose, Caribou, Deer or Timber Wolves. For those hardy individuals, travel may be provided by plane, snowmobile or dog team. Here in winter may be seen huge caterpillar tractors transporting freight swings into the outposts of civilization, returning with loads of furs or frozen fish from the new industries in the outlying territories.

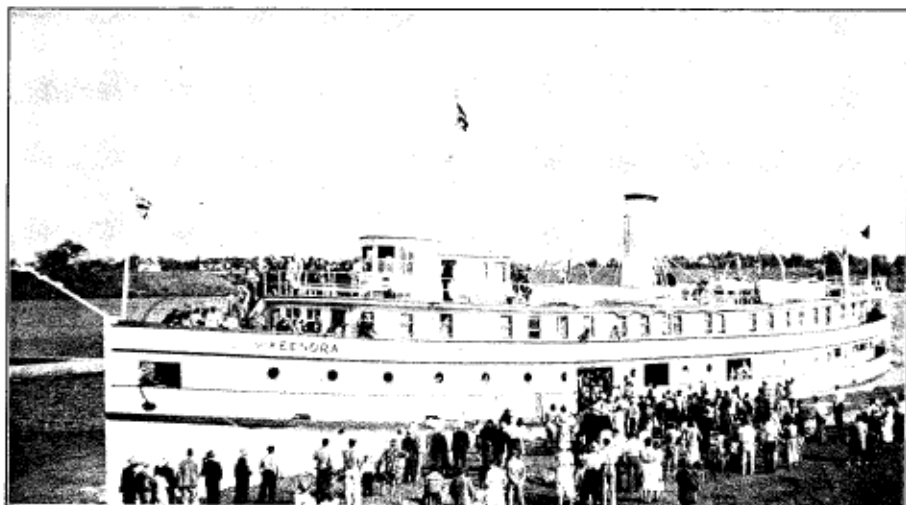
Add to this a huge mining industry where copper, gold, silver, zinc, cadmium, selenium and tellurium are produced on the outskirts of a modern city of 8,000 people, who enjoy all the conveniences of electricity, water system, up-to-date educational facilities, everything in the realm of sport including boating, golfing, tennis, baseball; every form of indoor sport; boasting a championship hockey team and the second largest Bonspiel held in the Dominion of Canada.



### BING AND BOB ON VACATION

The sponsors of "Kraft Music Hall" announce that Bing Crosby and Bob Burns will be away on their vacations from July 10th to September 25th. During their absence the programs will include Connie Boswell, Don Ameche, the Music Maids, Ken Carpenter and John Scott Trotter. Crosby and Burns will return to "Kraft Music Hall" on October 2nd.

## Northward Ho!



S.S. Keenora at Lockport

Every Monday, throughout the summer, the gallant little steamship *Keenora* lets go fore and aft and heads from her dock in Winnipeg down the Red River to Lockport, Selkirk, Warren's Landing and points north, including the historic Norway House, reached by way of Lake Winnipeg and the Nelson River. Tourists enjoy a glorious trip on the lake and return refreshed from an interesting voyage, arriving back in Winnipeg on Saturday. The Selkirk Navigation Company are operators of the good ship *Keenora*.

### WORDS ABOUT WORDS

*When you hear a radio announcer or other speaker use a pronunciation which seems to you to be incorrect, write the word down. Make a list, and mail to "Manitoba Calling."*

We do wish radio people would not speak of the AGED Marshall, as if the adjective rhymed with PAGÉD. It is correct to say that a man is AGED 80, but when AGED simply means that he is old, it should be pronounced AGE-ed. Otherwise, AGED suggests that he has been made to look old by some process of smoking or pickling, or, like wine, "aged in the wood".

Why, we wonder, is At-TACH-ay (at-

tache) now pronounced AT-tach-ay by the microphone manipulators?

There were some dark moments grammatically during the recent broadcast of Winnipeg's "blackout". The excitement of such occasions sometimes makes the microphone men careless and forgetful of the rules of speech. Lapses in normal times, however, as in the calm of a commercial spot announcement, are not so easily excused. It was shocking to hear, for instance, this paraphrase of a familiar sentence:—"Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of THEIR SELVES!" One wonders how such errors manage to reach the listener.

### "EASY ACES"



**Mr. and Mrs. Goodman Ace**

The following items of gossip will interest the great number of readers who enjoy listening to Anacin's popular "Easy Aces":—

The Easy Aces are a far cry from the fidgety type of radio performers who pace the floor tensely before broadcasts or nervously insist on silence before going on the air. Jane and Goodman usually chat with friends and colleagues outside the studio until a minute before their program starts. Then they meander in and sit down before the mike as easily as if it were the dinner table.

Goodman Ace, the better half of the "Easy Aces" team, used to read the Sunday "funnies" over the radio in Kansas City.

Ann Thomas, who plays Goodman Ace's brittle-voiced amanuensis, still likes to play with dolls. Her apartment is jammed with over 200 of all sizes, shapes and descriptions from more than 20 foreign countries. The little remaining space is occupied by two dogs, two cats, Ann and her mother.

\* \* \*

**LIKED BLACKOUT BROADCAST—**  
 "Would you be so kind as to thank all the announcers who did such a grand job of describing the Winnipeg 'Blackout' . . ."—St. James, Man.

### CKY PROGRAMS

*Radio programs are subject to change without notice. The following items are listed as a guide to some of the most popular features. For more details see Winnipeg daily newspapers. Daily programs are shown in heavy type. Those marked \* run on weekdays. Those marked † are on weekdays except Saturdays.*

#### SUNDAY

- 9.00—Anzac News Letter—CBC.
- 11.00—Church Service.
- 12.25—News.
- 1.00—British Bands—Burns & Co. Ltd.
- 1.30—C.B.S. Orch.—CBC.
- 2.30—Church of the Air—CBC.
- 4.00—Silver Theatre—CBC—Int. Silver Co.
- 5.45—CBC News—CBC.
- 6.30—Carry On, Canada—CBC.
- 7.00—"We Have Been There"—CBC.
- 7.30—American Album—CBC—Bayer Asperin
- 10.30—Rocky Mountain Melody Time—CBC.

#### MONDAY

- \* 7.00—Reveille.
- \* 7.45—News.
- \* 8.00—CBC News—CBC.
- \* 8.25—Manitoba Calling.
- † 8.30—Woman in White—CBC—Oxydol.
- † 8.45—The Right to Happiness—CBC—Crisco.
- † 9.15—John Harcourt—United Radio Advtg.
- † 9.30—Big Sister—CBC—Rinsco.
- † 9.45—Story of Dr. Susan—CBC—Lux.
- 10.00—BBC News—CBC.**
- 10.30—Peggy's Point of View.
- † 11.45—Singin' Sam—CBC—Coca Cola.
- † 12.00—Story of Mary Marlin—CBC—Ivory.
- † 12.15—Road of Life—CBC—Chipso.
- \* 12.45—News, Messages and Weather.
- † 1.00—Against the Storm—CBC—Ivory Bar.
- † 1.15—Ma Perkins—CBC—Oxydol.
- † 1.30—The Guiding Light—CBC—Camay.
- † 1.45—Pepper Young's Family—CBC—P. & G.
- \* 2.00—CBC News—CBC.
- † 4.15—Backstage Wife—Sterling Products.
- 4.45—BBC News—CBC.**
- \* 5.45—News.
- † 6.00—Amos 'n' Andy—Campbell Soup.
- 6.30—Durham Dollar Day—Bee Hive.
- 6.45—Easy Aces—Anacin Co.
- 7.00—Lux Radio Theatre—CBC—Lux.
- 8.00—Contented Program—CBC—Carnation Milk Co.
- 8.30—With the Troops in England—CBC.
- 9.00—CBC News—CBC.**
- 9.15—Britain Speaks—CBC.**
- 9.30—BBC News Reel—CBC.**
- 10.00—Tunes for Today—CBC.
- † 11.00—Behind the Headlines—Wpg. Tribune.
- \* 11.45—News.

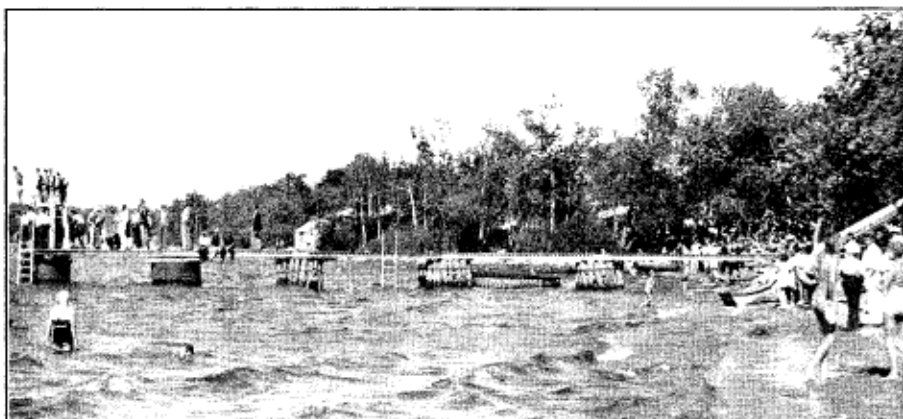
#### TUESDAY

- 9.15—The Voice of Memory—United Radio Advtg.
- 10.30—Peggy's Point of View.
- 10.45—Voice of Inspiration—Young Church.
- 6.30—Durham Dollar Day—Bee Hive.
- 6.45—Easy Aces—Anacin Co.
- 7.30—Haphazard—CBC—Johnson Wax.
- 8.00—Treasure Trail—CBC—Wrigley Co.
- 10.00—Theatre Time—CBC.
- 10.45—Recital Series—CBC.

(Continued on Page 11)



## By Manitoba's Killarney Lake



Adjoining the town of the same name, Lake Killarney is regarded as one of Manitoba's delightful recreational spots. Situated twelve miles from the North Dakota boundary and 150 miles southwest of Winnipeg, it is easily accessible by road and railway. Fishing, boating and bathing are popular pastimes, and there are plenty of other sports—tennis, dancing, pavilions, golf, etc. There are first-class hotels, garages, stores, lakeside cabins and restaurants. Killarney is the centre of a fine farming and dairying country.

**The SPOKEN WORD is the most  
intimate Method of Communication**

**To reach your Distant Friends  
use the VERBAL Medium**

*Long Distance*

Rates are Lower after  
7 p.m. and All Day  
Sunday.

USE THE TELEPHONE TO MAKE  
YOUR SUMMER RESERVATIONS

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**MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM**

## Four Jolly Radio Men at CKX



Snapped by our perambulating photographer one afternoon recently outside the studios of CKX at Brandon, these gentlemen appeared to be very pleased with the prospects of meeting large numbers of visitors there this summer. From left to right they are:—Professor E. A. Birkenshaw, who had just been broadcasting a talk on Manitoba's tourist attractions; Humphrey Davies, who announces at the microphone or operates the transmitter, according to the exigencies of the service; Eric Davies, baritone announcer, singer, and producer of programs; and "Bill" Seller, veteran broadcaster and manager of CKX.

### WEDNESDAY

9.15—John Harcourt—United Radio Advtg.  
 2.45—Drama—"The Stones Cry Out"—CBC.  
 3.00—CKY Studio Strings—M.T.S.  
 6.30—The Family Man—CBC—Lever Bros.  
 7.00—Big Town—Lever Bros.  
 7.30—True or False—J. H. Williams.  
 8.00—Serenade for Strings—CBC.  
 8.30—New Homes for Old—CBC.  
 10.00—Music from the Pacific—CBC.  
 10.30—Tales of the Plains—CBC.

### THURSDAY

9.00—Eddie Allen—United Radio Advtg.  
 9.15—Voice of Memory—United Radio Advtg.  
 10.30—Peggy's Point of View.  
 10.45—Voice of Inspiration—Young Church.  
 3.45—Manitoba Impressions.  
 6.15—Voices of Yesterday—Public Finance.  
 6.30—The Aldrich Family—CBC—General Foods.  
 7.00—Kraft Music Hall—CBC—Kraft Phenix  
 10.00—Drama—CBC.  
 10.30—John Avison's Orchestra—CBC.

### FRIDAY

9.00—Eddie Allen—United Radio Advtg.  
 9.15—John Harcourt—United Radio Advtg.  
 11.30—Shamrocks—Martin & Co.  
 3.00—CKY Studio Strings—M.T.S.  
 6.30—Durham Dollar Day—Bee Hive.  
 6.45—Easy Aces—Anacin Co.

7.00—Waltz Time—CBC—Sterling Products.  
 7.30—Canadian Theatre of the Air—CBC —  
 Ironized Yeast.  
 10.00—Drama—CBC.  
 10.30—The Banff Trio—CBC.

### SATURDAY

9.15—CBC News—CBC.  
 10.30—Peggy's Point of View.  
 11.00—Prof. V. W. Jackson.  
 12.30—Calling All Cars—Breen Bros.  
 2.02—Club Matinee—CBC.  
 3.30—Messages from Sandy MacPherson  
 —CBC.  
 7.00—Quiz for the Forces—CBC.  
 7.30—NBC Summer Symphony Orch.—CBC.  
 8.30—Don Turner's Orchestra—CBC.  
 10.00—Musical Mirror—CBC.  
 10.30—Red River Barn Dance—CBC.  
 11.00—Mart Kenney's Orchestra—CBC.



Cer-E-BREE-al it sounded to us as we heard it on the radio recently, a queer mispronunciation, surely! We thought, and our dictionary agrees, it should be CER-e-bral, but one never can be sure in these days when radio announcers and commentators are setting new fashions in speech.

## "PEGGY'S POINT OF VIEW"



Photo, Meyers Studios Limited  
**Peggy at Home**

A program rating high in popularity with CKY listeners is "Peggy's Point of View", broadcast on Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 10.30 a.m. In private life Mrs. Wilton Quinn, Peggy has acquired much of her knowledge of child psychology and home management by her own experience in bringing up her two fine children, Wilton and Brenda. Her readings of inspirational verse, her hints on domestic problems and her recipes for good things to eat are very helpful to her wide circle of listeners. She receives considerable mail as evidence of her success at the microphone.

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## Our Essay Contest

Visitors to Manitoba and residents of the Province are invited to write essays describing "A Holiday in Manitoba". Prizes of \$100, \$50 and \$25 are offered for essays entered in the senior section (contestants over 16 years of age) and of \$25, \$15 and \$10 for entries by juniors under 16. The contest closes September 30th, 1941. Write to Public Relations Dept., CKY, Winnipeg, for particulars. Spend your vacation in Manitoba. Write your experiences.

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## FAMOUS VOICES TO BE HEARD

With the title "Voices of Yesterday", a new program on CKY is reviving memories of many great persons of the past by presenting recordings of their voices. As long ago as 1878, Thomas Edison wrote "It will henceforth be possible to preserve for future generations the voices as well as the words of our Washingtons, our Lincolns, our Gladstones and others, and to have them give us their greatest efforts in every town and hamlet in the country upon our holidays".

Now, through the reproduction of recordings made long ago, the sponsors of this program remind us in a dramatic manner that the phonograph is not merely an instrument for popularizing current personalities, but also has special interest and value from an historical viewpoint.

Among the voices of famous people to be heard in the series are these:— Thomas Edison, William Jennings Bryan, Phineas T. Barnum, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, Theodore Roosevelt, Sarah Bernhardt, Andrew Carnegie, Florence Nightingale, Joseph Jefferson, William Ewart Gladstone, Sir H. M. Stanley, William McKinley, Rudolph Valentino, Ellen Terry, Robert Green Ingersoll, Leo Tolstoy, General William Booth, and E. H. Sothern.

It is amazing to think that the Battle of Balaclava, which seems to have happened so long ago in the dim past, is to be recalled in "Voices of Yesterday" by the bugler himself, who, speaking into one of the early phonographs, addressed a vaster audience than he dreamed of, through the magic of re-recording and radio broadcasting.

"Voices of Yesterday" is sponsored by Public Finance Corporation, and is on the air at 6.15 p.m. on Thursdays.

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**WANTS WOODHOUSE AND HAWKINS**—"We are very disappointed at not hearing more of Woodhouse and Hawkins. When they went east we expected to hear them broadcasting more frequently. Let's have them back again, and in a show by themselves, not mixed up with modern music and blues singers. . . ."—Winnipeg.



## Adventures in Radio - 20

By D. R. P. COATS.

### AIR RAIDS IN '14 AND '15

Bombs over Britain are big in the news these days, which reminds me . . .

My native home is a town on the Thames, some twenty odd miles below London and famous for luscious shrimps, coppery-leaved watercress, succulent periwinkles, and peculiarly optimistic citizens. It is, therefore, eminently attractive as a target for German air raiders. There were numerous aerial happenings in the vicinity during the first great war. My radio duties indirectly introduced me to two of them—five months apart, curiously enough the only visits in that period, and staged shortly after my arrival each time. It seemed that my record as something of a Jonah afloat was to be extended to include unpleasant events coincident with sojourns ashore.

#### Reconnaissance Flight

The first was a lunch-hour caller on December 25th, 1914. My ship, the *Jacova* had been in collision in the Humber the day before, a lucky circumstance which beached me at Hull on Christmas Eve and enabled me to reach Gravesend in the early hours of Christmas Day. Back in the old homestead we were at lunch and had scarcely disposed of our almonds and raisins when we heard the drone of a plane. A lone machine was seen heading towards London, flying at perhaps a couple of thousand feet. We watched it till it passed beyond our vision, not knowing its nationality. A few minutes later it returned, followed by another, evidently British, the latter firing rattling bursts with his machine gun. It was a simple chase, with the Hun well ahead, bound for the Thames estuary, the North Sea and the Fatherland. The incident couldn't properly be called an air raid and certainly wouldn't be today, but it was one of Britain's earliest experiences of a visit by enemy aircraft—a novel sight then and therefore unforgettable. A few hours previously a bomb had been dropped in a cabbage field near Dover. The new war in the air had begun.

The next reception at which I was among the hosts was in June, 1915. I had been rescued from a ship torpedoed on May 26th; had rested a few days with the survivors in a sailor's Bethel in South Wales, and here I was again on short leave in Gravesend. The town arranged no firework display for my return, but Fritzie did, on one of my first nights home. I had not been long asleep, dreaming of ships and minefields, when I awoke in what seemed like a super-thunderstorm. Brilliant flashes lighted my bedroom and terrific concussions shook our foundations. In the darkness between the flashes the door of my room was elusive, till I realized that this was not my cabin nor the explosions an attack at sea. The voices of my folks somewhere shouting "Zeppelins!" brought me to full consciousness. A Zep was overhead, unloading his cargo of bombs in shrieking crescendos and shattering blasts which, as a funny man once said, "made you feel as if every minute would be the next".

#### No Air-raid Shelters

Though thrilling enough, it was a mere curtain raiser to the succession of dramatic performances by planes and airships which grew in violence as the war progressed. Compared with present examples of murder and demolition from the sky, the Zeppelin's activities which destroyed half-a-dozen homes in our community that night were a tame affair indeed. Air-raid shelters being non-existent, the inhabitants poured into the streets and a stream of pedestrians and vehicles flowed towards the outskirts of the town. There was no panic. Rather, those who left their homes went off to a distance to get a better view. They moved in good order, joking with their neighbours and stopping occasionally to look at a darkening patch in the murky sky and exclaim, "Blimey! There 'e is! —See 'im?—Up there—the blighter!", or to catch the receding drone of his motors. Feared as much as the possibility of injury by bombing were the



fluted steel darts which the Zeppelins were said to drop in hundreds. They measured five or six inches in length and were reputedly capable of penetrating the thickest skulls, and even transfixing people upon whom they fell from a sufficient height. We heard of none descending that night, however, nor do the darts appear to have been a lethal success, for little was reported of them later in the war. As the airship moved across the town on its way up the Thames, those folks who had been taking their unusual nocturnal walk returned to their homes and, when daylight arrived, went visiting in search of damaged premises. A detailed description of what we found would seem trivial in these days of gigantic scale destruction, but a few impressions are recorded as a reminder of British reactions to the first coming of aerial warfare.

#### Incendiaries

Our air-raid precautions at that time amounted to little more than the extinguishing of lights and turning off the domestic gas supply at the meter to reduce the fire hazard. When the initial shock of bombs had passed, the noticeable state of mind was one of curiosity. It was too bad there were no searchlights to let us view the wicked streamlined beauty of the Zeppelin. What were these incendiary bombs that burned such a perfectly circular hole through the room, ceiling and sawdust covered floor of our family butcher's shop without setting fire to the premises? The job couldn't have been better performed with a keyhole-saw for the installation of a ventilator shaft. The incendiary had gone through everything, consuming only sufficient to permit its passage to the basement. In some parts of the town incendiaries had failed to fizz, we were told, so we went and inspected parts of them on Windmill Hill. The general idea seemed to consist of filling a bucket-like vessel with the inflammable material, inverting it on an iron plate, and lashing it thereto with wire. The bucket was wrapped around with windings of oakum.

#### British Calm

There were better examples of German ingenuity, no doubt, but I was shown some of those cruder specimens



A Zeppelin falling in flames over the Thames district

which had proven to be "duds". Sang a local poet, in verses of defiance to the Kaiser:—

"Your Zeps which you declared would give us fits  
"And tumble all our homes about our ears,  
"Have left us calmly searching for the bits  
"Of broken bomb, to keep as souvenirs."

There were two or three human casualties that night, if my memory is correct. Some horses were killed, numerous houses were damaged and some demolished. There were, then as now, examples of the fortitude under aerial bombardment so characteristic of the British people. A woman being exhumed from the pile of bricks which had been her home expressed concern only for her chickens, her faithful hens which being laid forever low would lay no more. Some villas had walls stripped off, exposing cross sections of the various floors and looking like dolls' houses. These are familiar sights to millions in Britain today, but were objects of wonder in 1915. My grandmother's home





## Manitoba Memoranda

Supplied by  
**WILLIAM E. SHEETS**  
Department of Mines and Natural  
Resources

**Brandon**—the largest city in western Manitoba. Has fine hotels and good tourist facilities. Just two miles out is the Dominion Government experimental farm. Brandon is a friendly city and well worth visiting. It's only fifty-five miles from Clear Lake.

**Churchill**—Manitoba's great seaport on Hudson Bay. It is the terminal of the Hudson Bay Railway which begins at The Pas. There is more history attached to Churchill than to most places in Canada or elsewhere. See Fort Prince of Wales and other monuments of Canada's early history. Try white whale fishing with friendly Eskimos to show you how.

**Clear Lake**—in beautiful Riding Mountain National Park, must be seen to be appreciated. A natural playground maintained and controlled by the Government of Canada. An area of 1,148 square miles of rolling woodland with crystal lakes on the summit of Manitoba escarpment. Excellent tourist accommodation at Clear Lake, a superb golf course, tennis and water sports. The rates are reasonable. Roads are good.

**Duck Mountain Forest Reserve**—adjoining the western boundary of the

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suffered slight damage. We had invested sixpence in an insurance coupon published in "John Bull", however, and Horatio Bottomley settled with us for twenty-five pounds. I wonder what the premium is today! I missed the doubtful pleasure of witnessing the numerous raids on the old town after my return to sea. There were some spectacular pyrotechnics in subsequent attacks upon the Thames district when the superiority of aeroplanes over Zeppelins was demonstrated by bringing down several of the visitors in flames.

(To be continued)

Province, contains some of Manitoba's best timber. There are limited camping facilities at Singoosh Lake. Although not highly developed as a tourist centre, it offers much in the way of scenery and wild life for those desirous of getting off "the beaten track".

**Flin Flon**—Manitoba's largest mining community and the fastest growing town in the Province. If you travel north don't miss seeing Flin Flon. There are fine lakes and streams nearby with plenty of good fishing!

**Lac du Bonnet**—a part of the mighty Winnipeg River—where one can enjoy good swimming, boating and fishing. Much of the mining territory to the north is served by air from Lac du Bonnet. North, by highway, are McArthur Falls, Silver Falls and the lovely town of Pine Falls with its large pulp and paper mill.

**Lake Dauphin**—is well known for its commercial fishing. Dauphin Beach is just a few miles from the town of Dauphin and provides an interesting stop on the way up to The Pas and points north.

**Lake Killarney**—adjoining the town of Killarney is a delightful recreational spot. Situated only twelve miles from the International Boundary in southwestern Manitoba it is easily accessible from all points. Fishing, boating and bathing are popular pastimes with tennis, golf and dancing to lend variety to the enjoyment of holiday seekers. There are good hotels, restaurants, stores and lakeside cabins.

**Lake Winnipeg**—is the largest body of water contained within a single Province or State on the continent. There are several excellent resorts upon its shores, including Winnipeg Beach, Grand Beach and Victoria Beach. All the romance of a coastal fishing village is there for those who visit Gimli. No finer summer excursion is provided anywhere than that from Winnipeg to Berens River or Norway House at the upper end of the Lake.

**Morden Experimental Farm**—situated just outside the town of Morden. Here there are apple, plum, crab-apple, cherry and other fruit trees, shrubs,

plants and flowers of all descriptions in one of the loveliest settings in Manitoba. Visitors are courteously received.

**Portage la Prairie**—just an hour's drive west of Winnipeg on a paved highway. Portage has an excellent public park with accommodation for both tourists and picnickers. Delta Beach on Lake Manitoba is only a few miles distant.

**Rock Lake**—is just a few miles east of Killarney in the beautiful Pembina River valley. In this area you will find some of the best chicken and duck shooting in the West.

**The Pas**—on the banks of the Saskatchewan River. The focal centre for those who seek fortune in the far north. Important as a fur and lumbering centre. Now served by a fine highway which opens up an entirely new tourist country with excellent fishing, duck and goose shooting. Atikameg Lake is only 18 miles away on a good road—it has excellent trout fishing and good, safe bathing beaches.

**"The Whiteshell"**—Nowhere is Canada's great northland so easily accessible as in the Whiteshell Forest Reserve in south-eastern Manitoba. A land filigreed by crystal lakes, wandering streamlets, rapid waters and the mighty tumbling flood of a great industrial river. Host to the summer adventurer, sportsman, student of nature—or to the vacationist seeking only relaxation. Reached conveniently and pleasantly over paved roads and woodland trails. Camping grounds and tourist cabins are located at several lakes in this area. The fishing is good!

**Winnipeg**—Manitoba's largest city. The centre of Canada's vast grain trade. There are many points of historic interest, good hotels, stores, tourist camps, golf courses and everything that goes to make up a really modern city. Some of Manitoba's best resorts are within two hours' distance by motor from Winnipeg.

#### Hunting and Fishing

For the hunter, Manitoba provides excellent hunting grounds within easy reach. Open seasons are set yearly for big game and game birds and allow

#### CKX OPERATOR



**Harry Donagh**

Mr. Donagh started as relief operator at the CKX transmitter and is now taking a full shift. In our picture he is seated at the panel, facing the microphone which is used for emergency announcements.

ample time for a hunting trip long to be remembered.

Manitoba waters contain varieties of fish that will test the skill of the most ardent angler. These include northern pike, yellow perch, mooneye, lake trout, pickerel (wall-eyes), goldeyes, fresh water drum, rock bass, grayling, Arctic charr and speckled trout. The speckled trout, peer of all fresh water sport fishes, abounds in many of Manitoba's northern waters. In the Nelson River and tributaries its size and abundance will hardly be equalled on this continent. This field, almost untouched, is reached by railway, air or canoe routes.

For details concerning Hunting and Fishing regulations, seasons, license fees, etc., write to,—

**The Department of Mines & Natural Resources,**  
**Province of Manitoba,**  
**Winnipeg.**

# *Fishing*

with Rod and Line

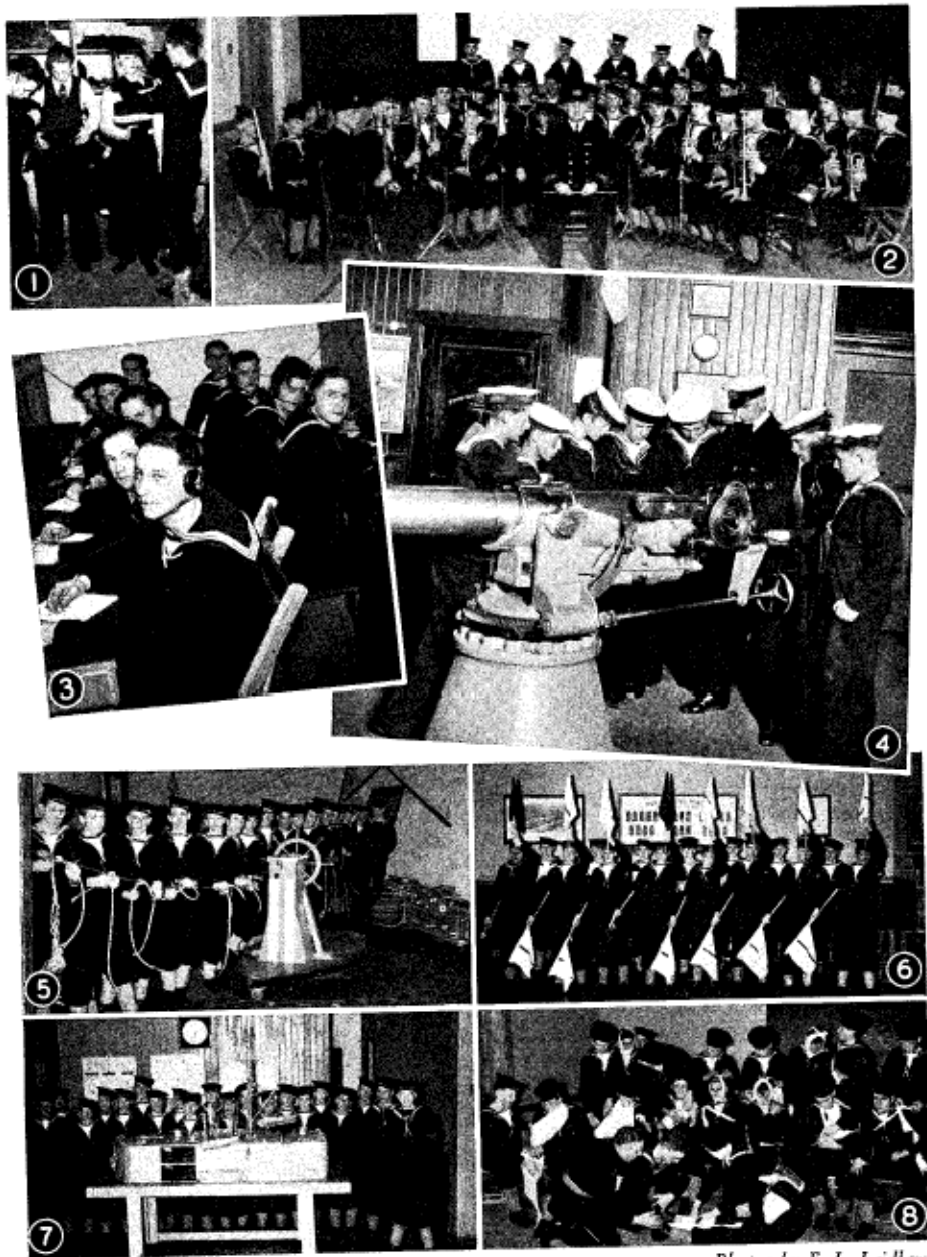


Five and Six Pounds of Speckled Trout from the  
Nelson River



Manitoba waters hold countless varieties of fish. The most important which rise to the hook include: Northern Pike, Yellow Perch, Mooneye, Catfish, Lake Trout, Speckled Trout, Pickerel (or Wall-eyed Pike), Goldeyes, Fresh Water Drum, Rock Bass, Grayling, Arctic Charr or Trout.

## Winnipeg Sea Cadets in Training



*Photos by F. L. Laidlaw*

(1) Recruits being fitted with uniforms. (2) The Band, with Bandmaster W. A. Cramp. (3) Wireless Telegraphy class. (4) Receiving instruction on one of the naval guns. (5) Knotting and splicing. (6) The boys become expert signallers with lamps and flags. (7) A model warship teaches the parts of a ship, deck machinery, etc. (8) First Aid is an important part of the Sea Cadet's training.