

Manitoba Calling

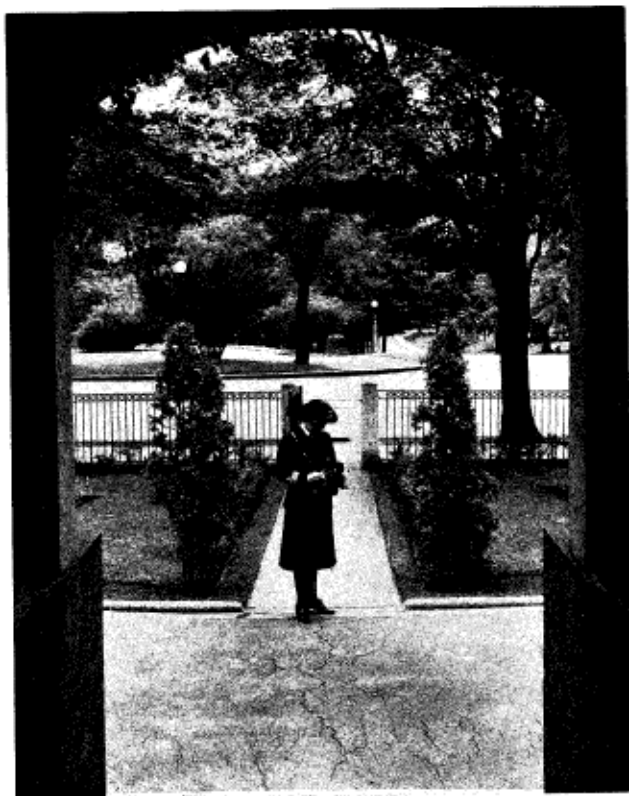


VOL. VII, NO. 2

FEBRUARY 1943

RADIO BRANCH
CKY-CKX

MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM



**A view from the entrance to Kingsmill House, Ottawa,
home of the Wrens employed in Naval Service
Headquarters.**



Address all communications to Public Relations Department,
Vol. VII. No. 2. Radio Branch, February, 1943.
Single Copy Manitoba Telephone System, 12 Issues, 60c.
5c Winnipeg. Post Free.

Of late we have heard and read of "clubs" being formed to "purify the air waves"; to rid radio of "plug-uglies", a neatly-turned phrase describing objectionable radio ads.

While there is a case against certain types of so-called "plug-uglies", radio is by no means unique in asking the occasional forbearance of the public.

When you go to a newsstand to buy a magazine you are faced with row upon row of all types of publications. From these you select the one or ones which meet your reading requirements,—the rest are left for other tastes.

You attend a movie and have to sit (patiently or otherwise) while "trailers" describe scenes from a coming attraction, (not the one you came to see, but one to follow at a future date).

The newspapers we subscribe to do not contain just the news, "funnies" or features we are interested in reading; there are ads, announcements and other items that do not hold interest for us,—but we take what we want from our paper, and that's that.

And so with radio, — you tune-in your favorite programme, and for a short period you are asked to listen while the sponsor (the man who pays the talent you wish to hear) tells about his product or service.

We like the attitude of an advertising executive who summed up his feelings on the matter in this way, . . . "I've done my share of griping in the past, but I'm signing-off. When dialed with discretion, my radio is a source of great knowledge, pleasure, relaxation and very little annoyance. Once in a while my hackles stiffen at a "plug-ugly"; but in spite of this occasional jolt from the blue, I'm still not joining the Plug Shrinkers to 'purify the air waves'". . . .



Lois Zarley, who is heard as "Sylvia Bertram in "Road of Life"

★

When we buy War Saving stamps and certificates and Victory Bonds we are helping ourselves to meet the future, and our government to meet the present.

★

TWENTY YEARS AGO

A press item from a radio column of twenty years ago reads, in part, as follows. . . "CKY's regular broadcasting schedule until further notice is as follows: Mid-day programmes of music and news reports, daily except Sundays, from 12.30 to 1.30 p.m. Evening programmes are broadcast Tuesday, Thursday and Friday of each week, from 8.30 p.m. to 9.45 p.m., or later, as may be found practicable. Lectures by professors from the University of Manitoba will be delivered on various subjects every Thursday evening."

Another clipping, dated March 31, 1923, announces that . . . "Easter services of Fort Rouge Methodist church will be broadcast by CKY, marking the first transmission of church services by a Manitoba station. . . ."

Personnel-ities

Its "anchors aweigh" and "bon voyage" to CKY announcers Maurice Burchell and Tom Benson, who enter active service in the R.C.N.V.R. on February 15th. P.S.L. (Probationary Sub Lieutenants) Benson and Burchell signed-on as Ordinary Seaman some months ago, and were recently promoted by the Naval Examining Board to Probationary Sub Lieutenants. Good luck, and a speedy return to Maurice and Tommy!

★ ★ ★

Congratulations to ex-CKX announcer "Peggy" Fyfe and L/Cpl. Wm. F. McCreary, who were married in Brandon on Friday, January 8th. Mr. and Mrs. McCreary are now residing in Chilliwack, B.C.

★ ★ ★

Beth Lockerbie has joined the CKY announcing staff, combining this phase of the industry with a successful career as radio dramatist in Calgary and Winnipeg, where she played leading roles in many CBC productions.

★ ★ ★

Another new voice on CKY is that of Maurice Bedard, also familiar to radio through his work with the CBC's dramatic day-time serial "The Kirby Family" and other productions.

★ ★ ★

Russ Carrier, popular CKX announcer, leaves the "Wheat City" on February 1st to join the announcing staff of CKY.

Russ came to CKX in the summer of 1941, following announcing assignments in his native Prince Albert, Saskatoon and Yorkton.

★ ★ ★

At CKX, Brandon, listeners are becoming acquainted with three new voices. These recent additions are Dwayne Johns, who joined the staff late in 1942; Bob Churcher and Wally Grigg—all three are Brandon-ites. Bob and Dwayne have long been "radio-fans" and are keenly interested in the profession. Wally came to CKX after being invalided out of the Army, following two years' service overseas.

THE RED CROSS BLOOD DONOR CLINIC

On Monday, January 11th, Winnipeg's new, enlarged Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic was officially opened by Mr. H. W. Manning, President of the Manitoba Division of the Canadian Red Cross. The ceremony was recorded, and broadcast the following evening over CKY, to further acquaint listeners with the splendid work being accomplished at the Clinic.

The new Clinic is designed to accommodate the great increase in the number of blood donors needed to double the output of blood serum. This serum is shipped overseas after processing to help save the lives of the wounded.

Amidst new, cheerful and well-equipped surroundings an efficient staff of trained personnel, under the supervision of Dr. J. Lederman, sees to the comfort and welfare of the donors. While the Clinic is equipped to take 500 donations weekly, the present campaign aims to increase donations to 250 weekly.

The Clinic is open from 9 to 12 o'clock in the morning, Mondays to Thursdays. Appointments are made ahead of time to avoid time-loss. Nevertheless, out-of-town visitors (men, age 18 to 55 in normal good health) wishing to make blood donations will be accommodated without previous appointment. It is necessary, of course, to observe the regulations concerning meals beforehand,—viz. no milk, cream, butter, eggs, bacon, etc. in the meal previous to attending the Clinic, to prevent the serum from being too fatty.

Scenes from the Blood Donor Clinic broadcast: (1) Mrs. C. S. Riley and Mr. H. W. Manning chat at the refreshment booth. (2) Announcer Wilf. Davidson interviews Nurse B. Topper of the Clinic staff; R. H. (Herb) Roberts and Mr. Manning watch with interest. (3) Dr. D. Nicholson describes the method of processing blood donations. (4) Dr. J. M. Lederman, in charge of the Clinic, answers some questions about the new quarters. (5) Following blood donations refreshments are served to (l. to r.) Hon. Eric Willis; F/O Dick Stone, R.C.A.F.; J. R. Stuart, chairman Blood Donors' campaign, Young Men's Section B. of T.; Dr. R. Sternschein and Reg. Threlfall. Mrs. H. Scarrow, nurse in charge of the Clinic, looks after the needs of the smiling group.





HEROES OF CANADA

The story of David Stewart—Fighter Against Disease, will be told in the "Heroes of Canada" series on Friday, Feb. 19th (3.30 p.m. CKY; 11.30 a.m. CKX). In April, 1903, David Stewart helped to care for the victims of a landslide at Frank, Alberta, and as a result of that experience determined to devote his life to the relief of human suffering.

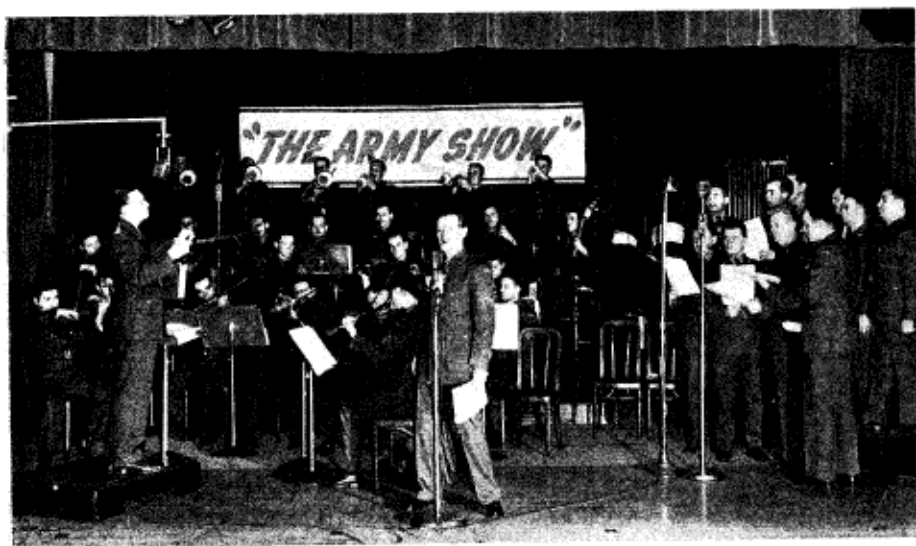
Following an interview with Dr. Koch, the discoverer of the bacillus that caused tuberculosis, Dr. Stewart was appointed medical officer of the first sanatorium for the treatment of tuberculosis, at Ninette, Manitoba. From then until his death in 1937 he spent his time fighting the "White Plague", and he lived to see the death-toll reduced from 94 to only 35 deaths from tuberculosis in every 100,000 of the population

When he himself passed away, one of his admirers wrote: "Dr. Stewart always turned a defeat into a victory. This was the miracle of the man."

"VICTORY PARADE" AND "FIGHTING NAVY"

In the first week of February two new programmes take-the-air. "The Victory Parade", featuring the music of Mart Kenney and his Western Gentlemen, will be heard twice weekly, Mondays and Fridays, at 7:05 to 7:30 p.m. (CBC—CKY—CKX). "The Victory Parade" is sponsored by the Coca Cola Company.

In the Thursday evening schedule commencing February 4th, "Fighting Navy", a programme produced through the co-operation of the Department of Naval Information, will bring listeners exciting, authentic stories of our gallant Canadian sailors. The British American Oil Company is sponsoring this new programme series, to be heard at 8:30 to 9:00 p.m. Thursdays (CBC—CKY—CKX).



"The Army Show" in action, with Capt. Geoffrey Waddington conducting; L./Cpl. Russ Titus (at microphone); the orchestra and chorus.

I Hear . . .

That on November 9th, 1872, the Manitoba Free Press made its appearance as a weekly.

That prices in Winnipeg in 1872 for farm produce were: Wheat \$1.25, Oats \$1.00, Barley \$1.10, Potatoes 62c, Onions \$2.00, Carrots 75c, Turnips 50c, Beets 75c per bushel; Hay \$8.00 per ton, Butter 30c lb., Beef 12½c lb., Lamb 12½c lb., Veal 20c lb., Pork 20c lb., Fresh Fish 5c lb.

That the first shipment of Manitoba Wheat, direct from Winnipeg to Europe, took place on Wednesday, October 17th, 1877,—the consignors being R. Gerrie, the consignees Barclay and Brand, Glasgow, Scotland.

That on November 23rd, 1887, the Winnipeg Grain Exchange organized in the Board of Trade rooms.

That on December 7th, 1887, the Winnipeg Grain Exchange opened.

That the first game of curling ever played in Manitoba took place on Monday, December 11th, 1876, at the rink of the Manitoba Curling Club, Winnipeg, when the following sides were chosen:

Hon. A. G. B. Bannatyne
 Geo. D. Northgraves
 A. P. Denholm
 James Barclay (skip)
 A. McMicken
 W. D. Taylor
 Hon. T. Howard
 Alex. Brown (Skip)

Mr. Barclay's rink won and the prize, a barrel of oatmeal, was sent to the hospital.

That on July 26th, 1892, the first Electric Street Cars operated in Winnipeg, succeeding Horse Drawn Cars.

That William and Ross Avenues were named after William Ross, and that Elgin Avenue was formerly Jemima, who was Ross' wife.

That the streets running into Notre Dame Avenue from the north are named alphabetically; for instance, Charlotte, Dagmar, Ellen, Francis, etc.

"LUM AND ABNER"



In spite of the turmoil around us, things down in Pine Cone Ridge seem to go along oblivious of the outside world. In that fictitious village Lum Edwards and Abner Peabody find much to keep them occupied. In fact, their escapades often become so involved that the "Jot-em-down Store" has to fend for itself, while "the boys" devote their time and energies to community affairs!

Sponsored by the makers of Alka-Seltzer, "Lum and Abner" are heard on CKY at 6.45 p.m. every Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Friday.

"Aid to Russia" Contributions

Contributions received at CKY for the "Aid to Russia" Fund now amount to more than four thousand dollars. Due to the late date at which the campaign was launched in Manitoba, contributions will be received up to February 15th. Address them to the "Aid to Russia" Fund, in care of CKY, Winnipeg.



"Calling All Nations . . ."

The following information on the development of the BBC Overseas Services in wartime is gleaned from a BBC publication "Calling All Nations".



BBC Broadcasting House, London, in peace time.

It was in December, 1932, from the newly built Broadcasting House, that the first words of the Empire Service went on the air. Six days later it was known throughout every part of the Empire that there had arrived a new instrument of almost unimaginable power; one which could give a new expression to the intangible yet vital sense of the Empire as a whole.

On the sixth day of its life, the Empire Service broadcast the first Christmas Day "link-up" in which voices from every part of the Empire joined in quick succession; and in which the culmination was a message spoken by King George V. In the next few days cables, and in the next few weeks letters, came

pouring in from Canada, the West Indies, from every part of Africa, Malta and Gibraltar, from India, Australia, New Zealand and the Pacific Islands. And so, from this historic beginning grew the BBC's Empire Service that is today a true bulwark in our war against the Axis powers.

At first the Empire Service ran for ten hours out of the twenty-four, and was divided into five transmissions of two hours each. Many problems, such as the time-differences around the globe; the direction of appropriate programmes towards the right zone at the right time; and the listening habits in the various zones; kept engineers and organizers occupied in those early years. With the help of thousands of letters and reports received, however, these men were systematically solving these problems and building the Empire Service into its present state of efficiency.

From the moment that Mr. Chamberlain told the Empire that Britain was at war, broadcasting across the seas began to play a more important part than ever before. With the arrival of Dominion troops in Britain, their fellow countrymen at home needed news of them. Figuratively all eyes were on the centre of the Empire's war effort, and in actual fact all ears were listening to the words "This is London Calling".

The days following the outbreak of war brought new emphasis to the need for broadcasting throughout the Empire. The speeches of the Prime Minister not only inspired each individual, but set in an instant the course of imperial action. A New Zealand paper wrote: "A speech by the Prime Minister is as good as a new battleship." News from Britain was of almost hourly urgency; and not only news, but information, personal stories and eye-witness accounts of those actually engaged in the struggle; and night by night as the notes of Big Ben rang out and were heard throughout the world, they brought an immense

and gradually growing sense of assurance.

Many thrilling stories have been told of the gallantry and perseverance of the members of the BBC in maintaining broadcast service throughout the dark days of the "blitz" (see "The BBC at War," *Manitoba Calling*, June, 1942), but through it all, for every hour of those months, the Overseas Service broadcasts went out by day and by night without a break.

All the time people all over the world were asking for more specialized services, for more news bulletins and for more languages. Throughout the "blitz" period the overseas service grew at break-neck speed in response to these requests; and from broadcasts in nine languages in September, 1939, the BBC now speaks in forty-seven.

It is not possible without going to very considerable length to give a full account of the variety and scope of the

present BBC service. Too, wartime censorship makes it impossible to tell the whole story. Some idea of the enormity of the broadcast schedule may be gained from the following: until four years ago all broadcasts were in English. The first foreign-language broadcast took place in January, 1938, in Arabic. Since that time, language after language has been added — each necessitating a new department, and additional special personnel—until, in the winter of 1942, transmissions are going out from Britain in no less than 47 tongues.

An amazing increase is shown in the daily output of the BBC in its overseas services. From 1932 to 1938, a period of seven years, the total broadcasting output rose from 10 hours to 19½ hours daily — an increase of approximately 100 percent. Between 1938 and 1942 the daily output has increased from 19½ to 71 hours daily—over 350 percent. It is still rising.

Right: A talented group of artists broadcasting one of many such programmes on the BBC's shortwave overseas service. Cecil Madden (wearing glasses) head of the Overseas Light Entertainment Unit, stands beside BBC announcer Betty McLoughlin.

Lower right: Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt addresses a world-wide radio audience via the BBC during her visit to Britain.

Below: Clifford Lawson-Reece, BBC's Supervisor of Overseas Planning.





Eric Wild, arranger and conductor of the 15-piece "Blended Rhythm" orchestra.



Charles Jordan, baritone, whose songs are a feature of the Buckingham show.



Maurice Rosenfeld (standing) of MacLaren Advtg. Agency, with engineer and timer, produces the show.



Alan Young rehearses a skit with Louise Grant, who portrays "Miss Clydesdale" and "Tangerine".

The Alan Young Variety Show



Announcer Herb May takes a turn at the mike with M.C. Alan Young.



"The Four Blends"—(L. to R.) Doris Scott, Pauline Rennie, Doris Old and Betty Morrison, with Charles Jordan.



Alan Young, Doug Master and Alec McKee get going in a bit of horseplay.

A credit to Canadian radio, the "Alan Young Variety Show" presents a happy combination of music by the "Blended Rhythm" orchestra and songs by Charles Jordan and "The Four Blends", with the antics of Alan Young, supported by comedians Louise Grant, Alex McKee and Doug. Master.

With this galaxy of talent the Buckingham Show has fast become a headliner in radio entertainment; and largely responsible for this is the brilliant comedy of Alan Young, that young man from Vancouver, and formerly of "Stag Party".

Presented every Tuesday evening at 7:30 to 8:00 (CBC—CKY—CKX) the "Alan Young Variety Show" is sponsored by the makers of Buckingham cigarettes.



Sgt. Henry Larsen, skipper of the St. Roch, in Eskimo Clothing.

Sea-going Mounties Cross Roof of the World

Epic voyage of R. C. M. Police patrol ship, St. Roch, through fabled Northwest Passage rounds out stirring story of Arctic pioneering.

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

Fur Trader, Arctic Traveller and author of "They Got Their Man," Etc.

trail of Klengenberg's Cognmollock Eskimos. And five years after the Sea Wolf ate quok and ookchuk in their snow igloos Stefansson encountered these Tartar-faced savages on the icy floor of the Northwest Passage, and word of the "blue-eyed, blonde" Eskimos was headlined in every newspaper around the globe.

The rush was on! Soon trading posts and police detachments of galvanized iron, sailcloth, skins and lumber mushroomed from the icy reaches where Klengenberg had pioneered.

First to fall before the copper snow-knives of these "blonde" barbarians were Radford and Street of the Smithsonian Institute. The trouble broke when their Eskimo guide refused to leave, and Radford raised his dog-whip. Sailing through the air, Ameringnak's barbed harpoon impaled the wrathful Radford and sent him squirming in his death throes to the ice. As Street leapt for his sled to grab his rifle the shaggy arms of Otikok closed in a vice-like grip around him. Ameringnak's copper snow-knife flashed in the sun, and Street lay dead beside his companion.

While a Mounted Police patrol sailed north from Halifax to Hudson Bay to investigate their disappearance two more whites were reported missing somewhere along the Northwest Passage. Leaving their log mission at Fort Norman, Fathers Rouvier and LeRoux headed across the polar divide to carry the Cross to Klengenberg's Cognmollocks. Two years later a grease-stained note signed by D'Arcy Arden at Fort Norman, telling of Eskimos arriving at his Great Bear Lake post wearing a crucifix and a bullet-riddled soutane, reached

When Sergeant Henry Larsen, Danish-born skipper of the eighty-ton R. C. M. Police auxiliary patrol ship, St. Roch, and his bearded crew put the iron-barked prow of their white-painted craft into the harbour at Sydney, Nova Scotia, in the murky twilight of October 8th, they added a new and stirring chapter to the history of Arctic exploration.

Sailing from Vancouver in June, 1940, the scarlet-coated Argonauts spent twenty-eight months of icy hell thrusting their way through ice-filled waters atop the continent, cut off entirely from the outside world save for their two-way radio. And in completing the west-to-east conquest of the Northwest Passage, and pushing their red-roofed detachments across the top of America, Canada's Scarlet Riders have rounded out a stirring saga of high adventure against a background of eternal ice, unregenerate whalers, buccaneering sea captains and blood-crazed "Blonde" Eskimos.

The opening chapter in this conquest of the Northwest Passage began with the voyage of the buccaneering Captain Klengenberg in the stolen Olga to the shores of unexplored Victoria Land, and his discovery of the "Blonde" Eskimos up on the Arctic's rim. Intrigued with the stone pots, musk-ox horn bows and skin garments that formed part of the Olga's cargo, Stefansson set out on the


"Manitoba Calling"

Mounted Police headquarters at Edmonton, sending Inspector LaNauze on a ten thousand mile patrol to the roof of the world to arrest the killers and bring them back to Calgary for trial.

But the malign gods that guarded the Northwest Passage were not yet satisfied. Next to lay down their lives on its blizzard-swept reaches were Otto Binder of the H.B.C., and Corporal Doak of the Mounted, who fell before the bullets of a youthful Cogmollock arrested for participation in a blood feud that had stained the ice-fields scarlet.

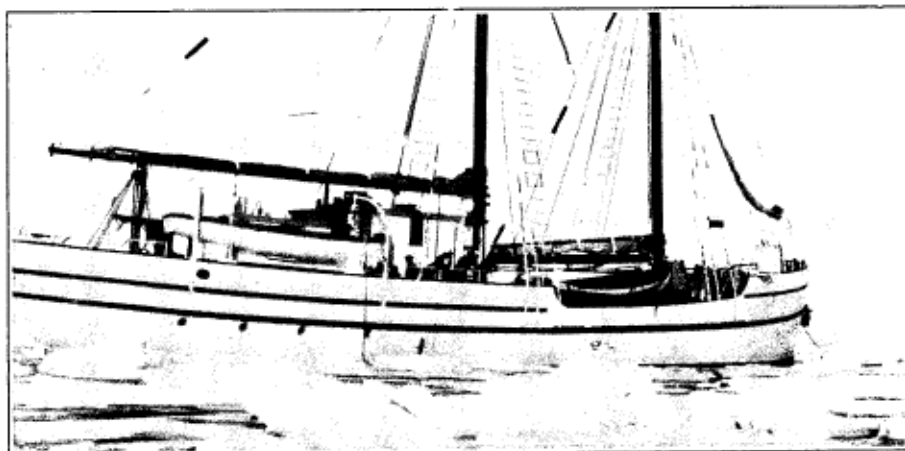
When I stepped ashore at Herschel Island in the summer of '23 the trial of the Eskimo murderers was in full swing. From Edmonton Judge Dubuc with lawyers, police escort and hangman had travelled two thousand five hundred miles through the wilderness to bring the white man's law to the land of the midnight sun. While bemused Eskimos stood in the dock, wondering what it was all about, I headed east aboard the *Lady Kindersley* to push a string of Hudson's Bay posts into the heart of the Northwest Passage.

As the sun dropped behind the rock-walled inlet of Tree River I despatched Pete Norberg and Otto Torrington in the 20-ton *El Sueno* to rear still another post on King William's Land, graveyard of the 129 men of the Franklin Expedi-

tion. Not till a year later did I hear from Pete again. Then a trail-worn note, that reached me in Winnipeg, told me how he'd located 400 unknown Eskimos in the shadow of the North Magnetic Pole, discovered relics of the lost Franklin party, reared a trading post of sailcloth and lumber in the heart of the Northwest Passage, and done a thriving trade in white fox skins.

With the Cogmollocks finally tamed, and red-roofed Mounted Police posts scattered across the roof of the world, the last link in the west-to-east conquest of the Northwest Passage was forged when the 80-ton *St. Roch* thrust her way through the graveyard of the Arctic and berthed in Sydney's harbour.

Heading north from Vancouver two years ago the copper-sheathed and iron-barked patrol ship followed the abandoned route of the Yankee whalers; headed past the fog-haunted Aleutians, now threatened by the slant-eyed sons of Nippon; on through Bering Straits, where Soviet Siberia and America face each other across the narrow fifty-six mile channel, and, ploughing through the ice-pack around Point Barrow, pulled into Herschel Island's harbour. Picking up Dad Parry as cook, and the genial Constable "Frenchie" Chartrand to round out his eight-man crew, Skipper Larsen headed east along the icy



The *St. Roch* battering her way through the ice-choked Northwest Passage.



"Manitoba Calling"



sea trail blazed by the prow of the stolen Olga.

Caught in the ice-pack off the west shore of Victoria Land, their round-bottomed ship lifted bodily out of the sea, the marooned Mounties ate their first Christmas dinner in a fantastic world of bottle-green ice near Fort Collinson which, as Fort Brabant, I established back in '23. Cut off from the outside world save for their two-way radio, with knife-edged blizzards howling their unending refrain, and the mercury freezing in the thermometer, the Mounties relieved the dark monotony of Arctic night hunting polar bear, trapping white foxes, and by dog-team trips to take census of seal-hunting Eskimos huddled in their blubber-lit igloos along the rim of the Polar Sea.

In the Shadow of the Pole

Rounding the southern shore of Victoria Land, Larsen headed the St. Roch over the sunken hulls of H. M. S. Frebus and Terror, lost with the ill-fated Franklin Expedition—hulls, the Eskimos tell me, which can still be seen on the floor of the Polar Sea when the storm-tossed seas are free of ice.

"It was hell at times," admitted Captain Larsen, telling of the next eleven months when his crew were marooned for their second winter only twenty-six miles from the Magnetic Pole, and a hundred and forty miles north of the post Pete Norberg had reared on King William's Land. "Often," he added, "we never expected to get out again."

Here in the shadow of the Magnetic Pole Constable Chartrand, life and soul of the trip, succumbed to the hardships of the voyage. "We buried him silently in the Arctic night among the blizzard-swept rocks of Pasley Bay," Larsen recalled with tightening throat. "The boys gathered rocks and raised a large cairn in his memory overlooking the ice-locked bay."

Under a black cloud of despondency the St. Roch shouldered through a lead on the last lonely lap of her long voyage. It's a part of the trip Larsen doesn't care to dwell on. Through polar mists they espied the ghostly carcass of Captain Ross' Victory, abandoned 110

years before; long the mecca for Stone Age Eskimos who'd travel a thousand miles to load up dog-drawn komatiks with barrel hoops and scraps of wood and metal. But the sea-going Mounties didn't confine themselves to hunting, and taking an Eskimo census. They combed the frozen, indented coastline by snowshoe and dog-team, probing Eskimos' memories for suspicious ships, strangers, or aeroplanes that might have been seen prowling the Land that God Forgot.

Pushing through this blizzard-flailed land of eternal ice, where prehistoric musk-oxen still roam, and gaunt Eskimos are often driven to cannibalism, they met the portly first lady of the land. Politely licking the grease from the seal meat ere handing it around, Atakutaluk explained how she'd escaped starvation that had destroyed the rest of her tribe. She'd simply knocked her husband and three children on the head, consigned them to the meat pot and devoured them.

On to Baffin Land

Buffeting through icy reaches strewn with the skeletons of ships and men where explorers, since the days of Columbus, have sought the storied Northwest Passage to the Orient, and only Raold Amundsen succeeded, the crew of the St. Roch nosed at last into Pond's Inlet on the peak of Baffin Land. The gap in the Northwest Passage twixt west and east had been bridged at last!

Thence Larsen headed the ice-battered prow of the little ship south on her last 3,000 miles between glacial Baffin Land and Greenland across the way, where President Roosevelt's prompt action had spoiled Hitler's hopes of using Denmark's war orphan as a base to blast at Canada and the U. S. A.

To Nova Scotians who watched the ice-scarred St. Roch nose quietly into Sydney's harbour the moment was historic. But to those who've traversed these Northern trails it merely rounded out the work of foot-slogging Mounties, priests and traders who sacrificed their lives to blaze that trail across the roof of the world.

WOMEN'S ROYAL CANADIAN NAVAL SERVICE



Upper inset: A members of the W.R.C.N.S. (Wrens). Upper left: A group of W.R.N.S. (Royal Navy) and Canadian Naval Officers who took part at the first graduation of the W.R.C.N.S. in Ottawa. Upper right: W.R.C.N.S. Training Establishment at Galt, Ontario. Inset: Two Wrens at ease in their cabin. Lower left: Probationary Wrens in the galley at Galt Training Establishment. Lower right: A group of Wrens relax in the foc's'le.

A number of women are being accepted in the Royal Canadian Naval Service to replace various categories of naval personnel in shore establishments with the object of releasing men for active service at sea... With the exception of women with special qualifications, volunteers must be between the ages of 18 and 45. Accepted candidates enter the service as Probationary Wrens, and following a period of four weeks basic training, are either posted to Naval Establishments in Canada, or begin a period of extension training for specialized categories.



Impressions from London

John Kannawin, former Regional Representative of the CBC in the Prairie Region and now in charge of the Corporation's Overseas Unit, with headquarters at BBC, London, reached his new post some weeks ago, and has been heard over short and long waves on several occasions since then, broadcasting from the heart of Empire. In a letter to a CBC associate Mr. Kannawin described some of his experiences and impressions during the trans-Atlantic flight.

Writing shortly before Christmas, Mr. Kannawin said:

"My crossing was at one and the same time uneventful and thrilling — with thanks for the former and never-ending gratitude for the latter. Probably the stern censorial eye would not approve my saying too much about the trip, but I see no objection to informing you that I crossed by air, that I lived on oxygen for a goodly number of hours because of our altitude, and that I got one of the biggest thrills of my life when we flew overland. The country is a crazy quilt of twisting roads and fences from the air — a fantasy of blues, greens, and browns blending into a perfect sunlit sky. When we landed a charming little girl who drove our car said it was the sixth nice day of the year. I felt it a good omen.

"I have found London the city I expected to find, and have felt no disappointment. There are stories here by the thousand, and given the time I hope to write some of them. In some sections the city has received a bad pasting, but one need simply walk about and talk to the people to realize that Hitler can never win the war by bombing this country.

"With something like strange good fortune, many of London's famed old landmarks are almost, if not completely intact. I have visited most of them and will visit them again. Picadilly, Trafalgar Square, and Charing Cross are just where they were before, and St. Paul's stands forth in defiance like a

scarred old veteran. Jerry got almost everything else but the Cathedral in that district, but Wren's masterpiece defied him to the end. Even the buildings themselves in this old town seem to have guts.

"BBC is located all over the city now, and the manner in which they have re-organized for wartime operations is something to be wondered at . . . Our overseas broadcasting is a view of the whole picture from a somewhat oblique angle. The home job here takes up a good deal of our time. Naturally, we've been busy with Christmas programmes during the past couple of weeks."



NORMAN LUCAS



Photo courtesy CBC.

Senior producer in CBC's Prairie Region, with headquarters in Winnipeg, Mr. Lucas has been for some years attached to CBC's Toronto studio staff as producer, and previously had wide experience on both Canadian and American stations. He served in World War I, and subsequently spent ten years in English and Canadian hospitals with a serious leg injury. His hobbies are singing and golf, at both of which he has earned a considerable reputation.



*John
and Judy*



In response to many requests we present these informal pictures of the popular Tuesday evening stars "John" and "Judy"

NATIONAL REGISTRATION

There are 8,500,000 cards in the files of the National Registration offices at Ottawa, representing the persons 16 years of age and over who live in Canada. Every person, alien or otherwise, who is resident in Canada for more than six weeks must be registered.

Seventeen thousand certificates (the little cards which every registrant must carry at all times) are lost every month. A quarter of a million new cards are issued every year, nearly all to boys and girls reaching their 16th birthdays. In addition to lost certificates, 500 new certificates are issued every day because of the many which become defaced or worn out from handling. About 114,000 cards are removed from the records every month—persons who have died. And there are 71,000 changes of address or of marital status recorded each month.

Many persons do not recognize the importance of the changes described in

that last sentence: changes of address and marital status, yet it is an infraction of the law to fail to report such changes within 14 days. Forms on which the changes may be reported are available at any Post Office. If certificates are lost or defaced, an affidavit form may also be obtained at the Post Office and the Postmaster is a qualified person to accept the affidavit and send it to Ottawa.

Each person reporting a change should use his or her own full name—no initials. He or she should also list the electoral district and polling subdivision in which the original registration was made. This information is on the original certificate. Married women should not use the husband's names. For instance, National Registration does not record Mrs. J. B. Blank; the registration is Mary Elizabeth Blank.

★ ★ ★

Time is the important factor in victory—anything that can be done today must be done today.



Are You Listening?

It takes all kinds of people to make a world, and it takes all kinds of listeners to make a radio audience. Many interesting views on radio listening come to light as we scan our mail.

Probably the two most contentious features on the air from the listeners' view-point are the Metropolitan Opera and the Hockey Broadcasts. This divergence of opinion is no doubt due to the length of these programmes, one, the opera, occupying at least three hours in the Saturday schedule; the hockey, approximately one and a half hours.

The Listener Writes

With the return of the opera broadcasts we receive many letters similar to the excerpt quoted below. . . "My joy is complete with the return to the air for another season of the Metropolitan Opera. To sit by my radio, with my book of opera, as I listen to the world's famous artists interpret these masterpieces, is a thrill beyond words. I shall always be grateful to the marvel of radio for this one feature alone . . ."

In the same mail we received this one . . . "Why, for most of a Saturday afternoon when I could listen to my radio, we have to suffer hours of one performance (the opera) is more than this indignant writer can bear . . ."

The same feud exists between hockey-fans and those for whom the game holds no interest. Letters, for and against, arrive with clock-like regularity at the commencement of each hockey season,—some overjoyed that once again they can follow their favorite sport through the eyes of Foster Hewitt; others who feel the radio world has deliberately turned against them! As we said earlier, the uncommon length of these two programmes in particular brings them more "under fire" than features of fifteen, thirty or even sixty minutes duration. But these, too, sometimes give rise to indignant outbursts from a "long-suffering" radio audience.

The daily dramatic serials are a constant subject for argument. Rarely do you hear of listeners actually admitting they listen to these sketches, but the fact remains (and surveys prove beyond

any doubt) that the affairs of "Susan" or "Mary" or "Jim" or "Pepper" are followed avidly from day to day. Mostly, the objections to these programmes come from our male audience, and rightly so, as the day-time serials are designed primarily for the housewife. Another interesting sidelight becomes apparent from our mails dealing with these programmes—in most cases our housewife has one, sometimes two, favorites — the others are lightly tossed aside as "sentimental drivel". But let any one of these sketches be interrupted and immediately a flood of telephone calls comes in, enquiring as to the cause of the failure to provide them with their daily chapter.

Programmes of a musical character and quiz programmes are less subject to criticism than others, that is as programmes generally, but the quiz-show must be prepared for attacks on answers given to questions,—an error or oversight is soon brought to the attention of the producer!

Letters Welcomed

These letters of criticism and approval are a healthy sign, and are welcomed by the stations. Constructive criticism often results in schedule changes for the betterment of programming generally. The irate writer, however, who would cheerfully "cut-our-throat" and writes his letter of complaint while in that belligerent mood, rarely accomplishes anything. He has not considered other listeners' preferences, nor does he stop to think that radio programmes are broadcast as a result of public preference, not against. How much wiser were he to think-over his grievance, look at it from other than his own angle,—then write a letter of constructive value,—one that will deserve consideration.

If you are driven to writing a letter of protest, or if you feel you can offer an opinion, by all means please do so,—but remember first that some listeners must want that particular feature to which you would object or it would not be on the air!

این خبرهاں ملایو 'HERE IS THE NEWS' اینک اخبار روز

ကဗပဝရဗယဘွဲဘူမိဒိဂ်တံဝါဠိ 'Hier, Radio België' தந்தகலியு சுலுதககர திபுடு

'A estação da BBC. Vai transmitir o seo 3 boletim'

'Englannin yleisradio Lontoo. Suomenkielinen lähetys alkaa'

«
»

'Šimdi Havadis bültënimizi okuyorum' 'Hier volg die Nuus in Afrikaans'

'Aici este postul de Radio Londra. Buna dimineața! Veți auzi acum primul buletin de știri în limba română'

ಇಲ್ಲಿ ರೇಡಿಯೋ ಬಿಬಿ ಸಿ 'Ici Radio Belgique' এই হচ্ছে সব খবর।

'Estación de la BBC. Vamos a radiar nuestro boletín de noticias en castellaño'

'Ici Londres.
Voici notre bulletin
d'informations'

'Po apim buletinini e
lajmeve
në gjuhën Shqipe'

'Parla Londra.
Prima trasmissione serale
in lingua italiana'

'Se nxandru issa, it-Tahdida ta' Ahbarijiet bil-Malti' 'He aquí las noticias'

ഇവിടെ റേഡിയോ ലണ്ടൻ നിങ്ങളുടെ അറിവ്

'Volá Londýn . . . Vyslechněte
dnešní zprávy'

'De hører BBC's
aftenudsendelse paa dansk'

'God Morgen. Dette er London med morgennyhetene'

आता आपण आमचे मराठी बातमीच ऐकाळ

'Dobár den dragi slushateli' 'Aqui estão as noticias' 'Íðóu af eiddáseis

'Radio London: dajemo prenos poročil
ki ga oddajamo vsaki dan v slovenščini'

現在
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'Hier ist England. Hier ist England. Hier ist England'

'Hireket mondunk'

أيها المغاربة والجزائريين والتونسيين والليبيين اليكم نشرة الاخبار

'Dzieńdobry Państwu.

Nadajemy drugi dziennik Radja Brytyjskiego w języku Polskim'

'Goeden middag . . .
Nu volgt het nieuws'

'Detta är London med
nyheterna på svenska'

'So iomradh ann
an Gàidhlig'

'Dyma'r Newyddion'

'Radio London daje svojim slušaocima Jugoslovenima vesti'

به خبرین آپ لندن سے سن رہا ہیں

والآن اليكم نشرة الاخبار

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That familiar phrase "Here is The News" is reproduced above in the forty-seven tongues in which it is broadcast daily in the BBC Overseas Services.



HANG ON TIGHT—

we're all listening hopefully to the news these days. But there's a good way to relieve nerves on the stretch—and to have a share in the making of that news.

It's a way of taking definite action . . . of making your own life a private "commando raid."

It's simply to deny yourself every possible expenditure to buy War Savings Stamps. It's hard work—but good work.

Start today—with Stamps.

Buy WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
Every Week!

**RADIO BRANCH
MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM**