

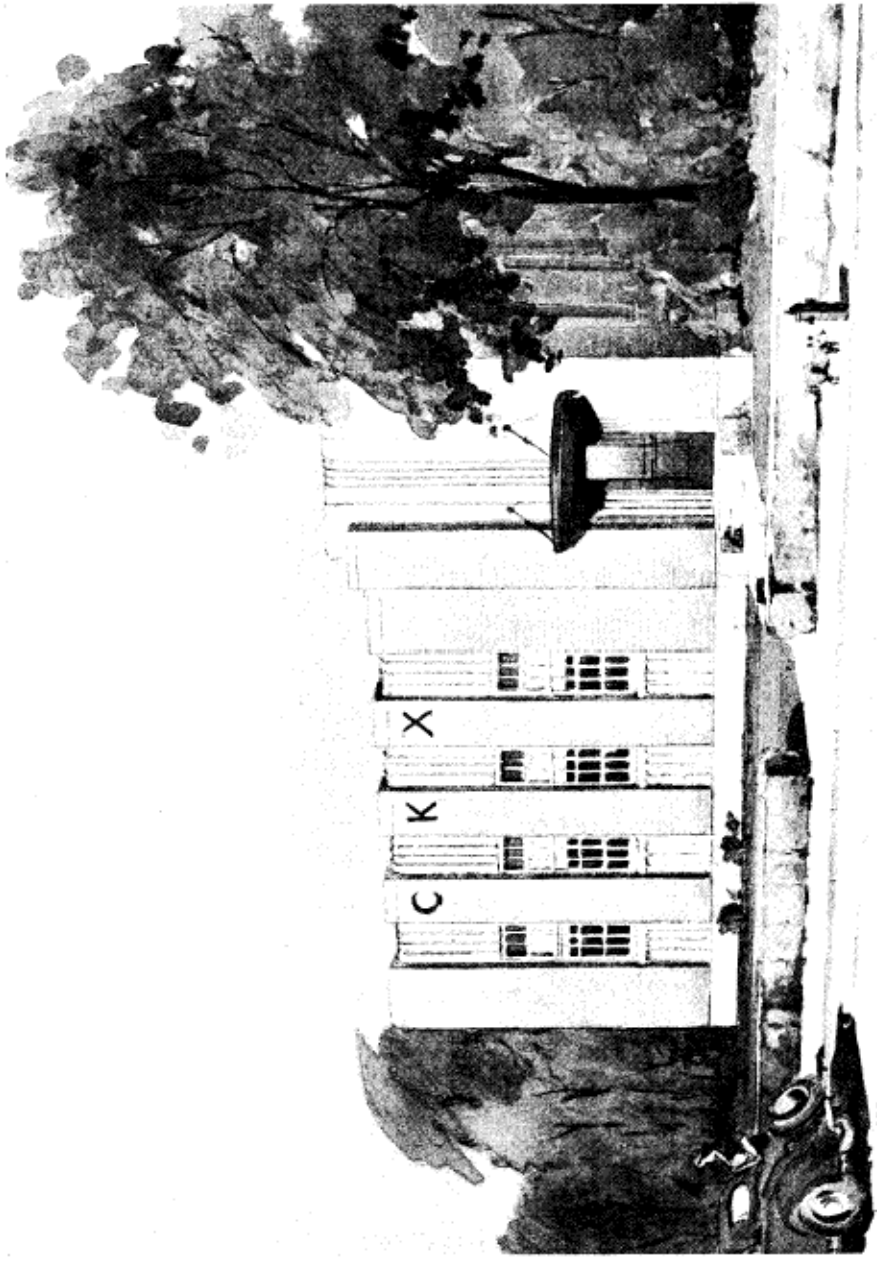
Manitoba CALLING



Radio Branch, Manitoba Telephone System

VOL. V., NO. 8

AUGUST, 1941



1929/1930



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Single Copy
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Address all communications to Public Relations Department,
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New Studios for CKX

Opposite this page we publish a sketch of our new studios shortly to be built in Brandon. Thoroughly modern in every way, the structure will be erected near the site of the present studios, close to the City Hall and most conveniently situated for tourists and other visitors.

Interest in both CKX and CKY has been greatly stimulated by the wide distribution of our automobile and mail stickers and by thousands of invitations sent to prospective visitors in all parts of the continent. Radio studios are recognized as being among the features drawing tourists to towns and cities. In this respect they rank with parks, scenic look-outs, museums, art galleries, and other items on the "must" list of things to see.

The new home of CKX will be a notable addition to Brandon's many attractions and will provide improved service to radio listeners in western Manitoba.

Our Cover

Husky dogs are a familiar sight in historic Churchill, Manitoba's seaport on the western shore of Hudson Bay. Our cover shows a fine fellow, typical of the noble canines which have contributed so much to northern transportation. For the photograph, acknowledgments are due to the Canadian National Railways whose annual excursion to Churchill, by way of Dauphin, Flin Flon, Sherridon and The Pas, will leave Winnipeg on August 15th.



Happy Gang Return to CKY and CKX Monday, September 1st



When music rehearsal is over, this is what you're likely to see in Studio B, where the Happy Gang "play" every day—and we do mean play, in more than the musical sense. They work hard enough where music is concerned, but the rest of the program is pure fun for them. No lines are ever rehearsed—or even thought of, before they go on the air. They are guided only by their own motto—to "keep happy". In the above picture, it was Bob Farnon who "killed" them with his inimitable clowning, as they finished polishing up the words and music of "Shut the Door, They're Coming Through the Window". Left to Right, they are: Eddie Allen, Producer George Temple, Blain Mathe, Kathleen Stokes, Bob Farnon, Announcer Hugh Bartlett, and Master of Ceremonies, Bert Pearl, at the piano. We wish we had space to show you such pictures as: Hugh Bartlett, hands in pockets and pencil behind his ear, reading from his Little Black Book—or Kathleen Stokes, looking very petite at the console of the

studio organ but handling the three key-boards and foot pedals with no more effort than it takes her to giggle at a joke—or Blain Mathe as he plays both swing and classical solos on his fiddle like the master musician that he is.

The Gang have just celebrated their fourth birthday on the air. September 1st will see them back from vacation in full force, ready for their five-a-week round of fun and favourite music.



FROM FAR AWAY NEW ZEALAND

—"It is with pleasure that I report reception of CKY on 990 kilocycles, on Sunday, May 4th. I heard your announcer say 'You have heard the midnight broadcast of the news by courtesy of the British United Press. This is Harry O'Donnell speaking.' He then announced 'CKY the voice of Manitoba' and said that CKY would return to the air tomorrow at 9 o'clock. Sunday here was Saturday night in Winnipeg.

BBC COMMENTATOR



Vernon Bartlett

Vernon Bartlett, one of the voices most often heard in the BBC's "Britain Speaks", knows more about the European scene than most men. He is not only a member of the British House of Commons, and an ex-London Director of the League of Nations, but also a newspaper correspondent of long standing and wide travelling. As, among other things, Diplomatic Correspondent of the London "News Chronicle", he has lived and worked in France, Switzerland, Germany, Poland and Italy. Now, he gathers his material in two of the best places for news, the House of Commons itself and the Press Room of the Ministry of Information. At the latter he is surrounded by foreign journalists, who help to supply and check his facts. From there he comes to the BBC and listens in to one of the overseas news bulletins, in order to make still further alterations to the script he has prepared. He is usually still altering it up to four or five minutes before he broadcasts.

RE-ENTRY TO UNITED STATES MADE EASY

Canadians living in the United States need have no fear of difficulty in re-entering that country after a visit to the Dominion. The United States government has now arranged for Canadian residents to be provided with border crossing cards on application and without charge. All the tourist has to do is to present three photographs of himself at any American Immigration office, in return for which he will be given a card guaranteeing his re-entry into the United States. The photographs should be of the usual 2"x2" size.

United States citizens coming to Canada do not require these cards. They are advised to carry with them their birth certificate, a receipted tax bill, or some similar identification. On showing this to United States Immigration officials at the border, it will prove American citizenship and permit re-entry.



NO LONG WORDS

One of the results of having the Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill as Britain's prime minister in time of war is the rapid rediscovery that the English language is capable of expressing great thoughts and inspiring world-saving action, says *The Printed Word*. And few of Mr. Churchill's words are long words. It might be argued that Mr. Churchill would be a great man even if his speeches were unreadable. But this might not be the fact, for the mind which is capable of stripping thoughts to simple words is a mind which can grasp great problems by casting away non-essential detail. The power of Mr. Churchill over the free peoples of the earth is the power of forthright honesty of purpose which probably would not be as great if he ever succumbed to the temptation, apparent elsewhere, to use words for concealment, rather than the expression, of thought.

—Brandon "Sun".



Fort Prince of Wales

. . . Link with a picturesque past

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

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

(Continued from July issue.)

Deserted by his guides two hundred miles in the treeless barrens he was forced to return. On February 23rd he again plunged into the unknown. This time no cannon boomed, they were buried deep beneath the drifts. Five hundred miles out his quadrant was destroyed in a gust of wind and he was forced again to turn his steps towards the fort. Trudging wearily through the swirling snow he came unexpectedly on a giant figure on snowshoes swinging along in the same direction. It was Mattonabee, straight as a lance and lithe as a panther, the Company's ambassador to the nameless redskin hordes of the Northwest. Behind him trudged his slave wives bending low beneath their packs of furs, food and caribou-skin bedding. That night around a crackling campfire the Chief listened to Hearne's story and explained the cause of his misfortunes. He'd taken no women with him!

"When all men are heavy laden," remarked the tawny philosopher, "they can neither hunt nor travel, for who is there to carry the products of their labor if they meet success in hunting? Women," continued the chief, "were made made for labor. One of them can carry as much as two men. . . they pitch our tents . . . keep our fires alight at night and mend our clothing. Women," he continued, "can be maintained at trifling cost, and as they always act as cooks the very licking of their fingers in scarce times is sufficient for their sustenance."

When, on December 7th, 1770, Hearne again left Fort Prince of Wales he adopted the Chief's advice. Headed by Mattonabee and a long line of heavily burdened squaws he hit out in a north-westerly direction, only to discover that the caribou meat caches made

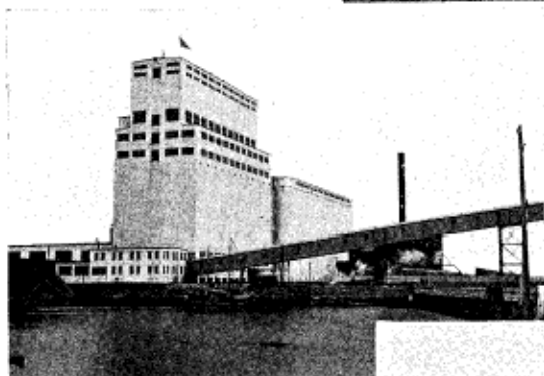
by their guide had been rifled by other Indians. Tightening their belts they hurried onward. For days they subsisted on snow and pieces of skin clothing, but Mattonabee, always imperturbable, swung silently on day after day like a man of iron. In January they emerged on the barrens and made a kill of caribou. In April they camped to await the break-up, built canoes of birch-bark, met two hundred tawny Chipewyans and headed towards the Land of the Midnight Sun. Damp mists hung like curtains over the sub-arctic moors and glacial rocks scored with runnels of water. Progress was slow and toilsome; dried meat rotted with the dampness and moss became unfit for fuel. On June 21st the declining sun brushed the horizon only to circle the sky again — the Arctic Circle had been reached. On the morning of July 14th Hearne reached the end of his gruelling journey. From a high rock he gazed out over the turbulent Coppermine — the Far-Off-Metal-River of his search. In the distance he beheld the scintillating line of ice that marked the Polar Sea—his dreams of a North West Passage were at an end.

Meanwhile the expedition had taken on the appearance of a war-party. Enscenced behind boulders the Indians daubed vermilion on their faces and drew protective designs on their shields. Spies, divested of clothing, slunk from rock to rock, reporting a sleeping Eskimo encampment just downstream. Like savage dogs the Indians pounced upon their ancient foes. A sobbing Eskimo girl pursued by blood-crazed savages cast herself at Hearne's feet imploring mercy only to be impaled on a redskin spear. In vain Hearne pleaded. They were like men gone mad and only laughed at the explorer's tears.

Eleven months later Hearne again en-

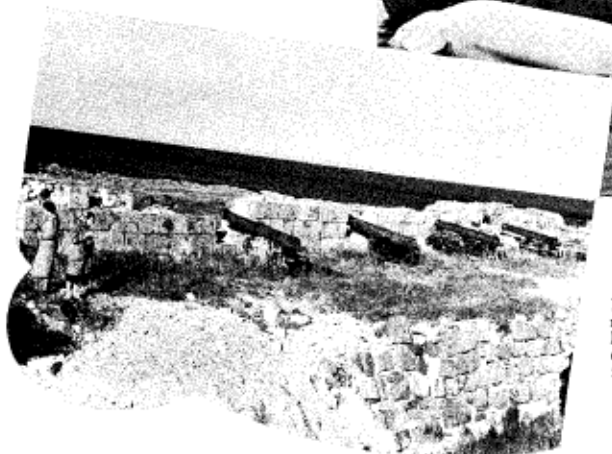
Churchill . . . Manitoba's Seaport

Inscription on rock at Sloop Cove. Hearne came from England to serve as a midshipman in one of the Hudson's Bay Company's fleet. He made an expedition to the mouth of the Coppermine River in 1771.



The 2,500,000 bushel grain elevator at Churchill

White whaling is a favorite sport in this region.



Fort Prince of Wales, at the mouth of the Churchill River. It is a well preserved example of European fortification dating back to the 18th century.

Photographs by Canadian National Railways



"Manitoba Calling"



tered the frowning portals of Fort Prince of Wales. Without realizing it he had gazed upon the North West Passage to be navigated first in 1905 by Amundsen in his little Gjoa; while the Coppermine region was destined to attract world attention over a century and a half later by the discovery there of large deposits of radium ore.

Within a year Moses Norton went the way of all men, cursing from his death-bed a soldier who had looked at one of his wives, threatening to blow his brains out when he got on his feet again,—and Samuel Hearne assumed the role of Governor.

On the afternoon of August 8th, 1782, while the garrison were hunting geese the peaceful calm was disrupted by a startled cry from the sentries that three large men-of-war with bellying sails were entering the harbour. At six in the evening they swung at anchor five miles away, their pierced sides facing the fort. Daybreak saw the strangers disembarking and the morning's clear air revealed to the thirty-nine defenders four hundred troops with gleaming bayonets above whom rippled the Fleur-de-llys of France.

As Hearne waved a tablecloth above the ramparts Fort Prince of Wales, attacked for the first and only time, surrendered. Quickly La Perouse transferred the wealth of furs to the holds of his ships along with the supplies, then turned his cannon on the fort.

Returning from a hunting trip Mattonabee found the fort in ruins; the English, whom he'd thought invincible carried off prisoners, and with them Hearne his friend. That night Mattonabee passed to the Happy Hunting Grounds of his forefathers. But the journey was of his own taking. The dauntless old chief, overcome by grief, had died by his own hand. The Indians had fled to the woods and with them Mary, the gently nurtured daughter of Moses Norton. Unused to the squalour of Indian life her soul soon followed Mattonabee's along the dim trail to the Unknown.

A few years ago I journeyed to Churchill—this time aboard a fast-speeding passenger train, "The Muskeg Limited" and gazed again upon the

massive ruins of Fort Prince of Wales. At the remains of the stone building that had housed Moses Norton and Samuel Hearne; at the battered, but since reconstructed, ramparts and the forty-two cannon sprawling exactly where Admiral La Perouse's soldiers had thrown them over a century and a half ago, and the days of Samuel Hearne seemed very close indeed. Even his name with the date 1767 can still be seen where he carved it on the rocks of Sloop's Cove. Recently the ruins have been restored and visiting tourists can form a clear conception of what this massive link with the storied past looked like in its heyday, while nearby arises the smoke from the encampments of Indian and Eskimo, and porpoises flash whitely through the blue waves as they did when Hearne looked across those waters. Only the modern port of Churchill and the two million bushel elevator rising from the rocks across the bay recall the passing of the years.

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WOODHOUSE AND HAWKINS IN "FUN TIME"

The ever popular Woodhouse and Hawkins, with their retinue of numerous imaginary characters, are on the network again, in a series sponsored by General Foods and entitled "Fun Time". The program replaces "The Aldrich Family" during the month of August. The night is Thursday and the time 6.30 p.m. C.S.T. It is carried by both CKY and CKX.



CO-OPERATION IN U.S.—"I received your 'Manitoba Calling' and have placed it on file for reference. I was very much interested in the auto stickers and poster stamps which you enclosed. I could use some of the auto stickers for tourists en route to Canada to place on their cars. I also have quite a few business and professional men in this city who collect such poster stamps, and would appreciate it if you could spare me some to give out. . . ."—Elkhart, Indiana, U.S.A.

NEW SOPRANO



Margaret McFadyen

Daughter of Arthur M. McFadyen, well known musician and founder-conductor of the "Vesper Choir" which had several years successful run on the C.R.C. and C.B.C. networks, Margaret made her radio debut on CKY with Pelham Richardson's orchestra last June and has since been heard in a number of broadcasts. Possessing a pleasing voice, she is a pupil of Mrs. P. J. Fowler of Winnipeg and is a member of Grace United Church choir.

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WORDS ABOUT WORDS

Not many complaints of mispronunciation have reached us since our last issue. Several listeners have remarked on the curious wording of some recruiting announcements in which the eligible prospects have been assured "You can enlist EVERY day at the Orpheum Theatre". Some wags have suggested that this looks like impersonation. One observes that, judging by the very efficient appearance of the recruiting sergeants, he doesn't think many applicants will be free to enlist more than once.

The Listener Writes . . .

TRIBUTE TO PROF. JACKSON — "We should like to express our keen appreciation of Professor V. W. Jackson's nature talks. They are a constant source of delight. This is education in a very intimate and informal way. Although we were born and brought up in the country in England and loved the English countryside, and although we spent some time in country districts of Saskatchewan, Ontario, New Brunswick and Manitoba, it remained for Winnipeg to admit us to the lovely fellowship of bird and flower and tree, of butterfly and moth, and all the fascinating wonders of the great out-of-door world. These delights have come to us largely through Professor Jackson's nature talks on CKY. . . ."—St. James, Man.

(Note: Professor Jackson's talks, first of their kind ever broadcast in Canada, have been running regularly on CKY except for summer vacations, since their introduction in the spring of 1923. Although now retired from the staff of the University of Manitoba, V. W. Jackson will always be the "Professor" to his host of radio listeners. He rarely uses prepared script, but speaks from a few brief notes. His manner at the microphone is unique, entirely free from affectation. He makes a friend of the "mike", gesticulates, wags his finger at it, and generally treats it as if it were a human being to whom he is addressing his remarks. We are very pleased to publish this one of many tributes.—Ed. "Manitoba Calling".)

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OUR AUTO STICKERS

The automobile stickers distributed by CKY and CKX are appearing in ever increasing numbers on cars visiting Manitoba from all parts of the continent. The stickers, handsomely printed in three colours, bear the Stars and Stripes and the Canadian flag, the maple leaf, and the arms of Manitoba. Beneath the design are the words "EN ROUTE — MANITOBA". Free supplies may be obtained by writing:—The Public Relations Department, Radio Branch, Manitoba Telephone System, Winnipeg.



Exploring in the Whiteshell

By W. H. RAND,

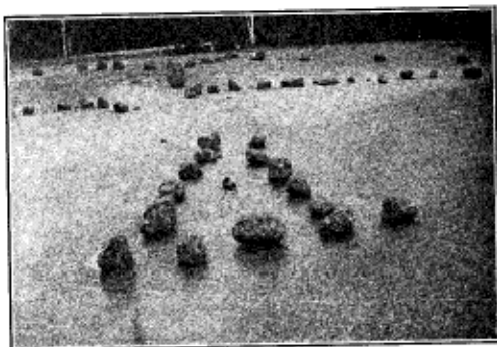
Museum Keeper — Manitoba Museum,
Civic Auditorium, Winnipeg.

Each of us has his own idea of a perfect holiday. One likes fishing, another big game hunting, a third duck shooting and there are those who enjoy riding about the country in cars above everything else. But if you are fond of nature and wish to see it unspoiled by the hand of man, go to the Whiteshell. Take a canoe and if you can, a guide who knows his way about. Go for a week or better still for a fortnight and in exploring its waterways I guarantee you an adventure which will stand out in your memory for the rest of your life.

Several times before, I had been to the Whiteshell and had found the greatest interest in studying the old landmarks, the ceremonial sites and mosaics of the Ojibways found there in many places, so that when a friend who lives at Lake Jessie told me that the lakes were very low and invited me to visit him and to make use of his boats I accepted with alacrity. My object was to hunt the shores of various lakes and rivers for Indian relics.

The ideal time for a trip of this nature is early in September when it is not too hot, the insects have gone, and the wild life as yet unscared by the hunter's gun is at its best and will allow one to come within close range.

It is a ninety mile drive to Pinawa which I made on Friday, August 30th. As arranged, my friend Harry met me with his speedy little outboard motorboat and we started on the 20 mile trip to his cabin on Lake Jessie which we intended to use as headquarters. The first eight or nine miles took us through a man-made channel which supplies the Pinawa Power Plant from Lake Dorothy. There is a thrill in fighting the swirling, rushing waters which rage against the on-comer so that at times one appears to be standing still. As we passed through the channel we saw our first wild animal, a huge timber wolf who eyed us with dislike and took to



Ojibway Ceremonial Mosaics in Whiteshell Forest

In 1935, a trapper brought out word of peculiar designs laid out with boulders on smooth granite outcroppings along the Whiteshell River. A small party from the Manitoba Historic Society investigated and found a number of Ojibway ceremonial mosaics, perfect examples of Neolithic art. As far as is known this is the only occurrence of these ceremonial sites in forested country, and these are also thought to be some of the most perfectly preserved on the North American Continent.

the bush unhurriedly.

Eventually we came out of the channel and into Lake Dorothy. What a view, with the poplar and sumac taking on their autumn tints of gold and crimson! There we saw five jumping deer and flocks of cormorants, ospreys, heron gulls and other wild fowl.

At last our boat eased past the tricky Barrier Reef and through more fast water into Lake Jessie in sight of Harry's camp. Ahead of us lay a glorious week of hunting for the Red man's artifacts with no women about to distract our attention. No better guide



"Manitoba Calling"

could be found than Harry who has hunted and trapped in the district for fifteen years and who knows it better than I do Portage Avenue. So, some more gas in the kicker and away we go to Cemetery Point, a jut of land between Shell River and the lake. Here for many years was an Ojibway camping ground. Now it is the burial place of those massacred by the Sioux perhaps a hundred years ago.

Here many relics have already been found and here we began our collection with a stone axe, two arrowheads and some bits of pottery. Half lying in the sand, too, were a rusted steel hunting knife, an old lock from a flint lock gun, two of the steels and a flint used for making fires and traded from the Hudson Bay over a hundred years ago.

The next sandy beach where last year we found a fine stone axe proved barren so as we were now quite near Sturgeon Falls, we threw our fishing lines which we had had the foresight to bring and were rewarded with two fine pickerel. Returning to the cabin we ate with the ravenous appetite acquired by a day of exercise in the open. Dishes washed, we sat on the shore rocks and swapped yarns until with "a hair of the dog" we decided to call it a perfect day.

Sept. 1st.—A dip in the lake while Harry cooked breakfast, the heat of the day making us decide not to venture forth until the temperature cooled at which time we hunted four miles off shore, finding only a poor stone axe. Our reward was, however, in the sight of wonderful wild creatures. Nine jumping deer were counted, a flock of Canada geese and seven turkey vultures, those marvellous masters of the air that can float for hours without flapping a wing. The water of the lake has not been so low in 74 years and when it went down it was with such suddenness that millions of clams were left to die.

Sept. 2nd. — Got a good start and systematically hunted the west shore of Lake Dorothy. Although there were goods signs of the ancient race, nearly all the shores were spoiled by drifting sands; but we found one good stone knife and two arrowheads. When we disturbed a flock of ravens Harry remarked that someone had shot a deer

out of season. That was the first time I had heard the famous raven croak as one gave warning to the others. Tired again we realized on our way home how much better the chugging of the kicker was than rowing.

Sept. 3rd.—After a good night's sleep we were once more "raring to go". On the east shore we followed our usual system. It is surprising the queer things that appear; logging chains, broken axes, wire cable, pike poles, a miner's drill, spikes and nails, tin billy cans all of course too rusted for use. The wild life was wonderful, we rounded a point into a small bay and there up to his belly in water stood a grand old moose. He did not see us for a minute or so and when he did was in no hurry to go. It was worth going a long way to see this lord of the forest in his native wilds. Time was when I should have liked a rifle in my hand to turn that magnificent beast into carrion.

But instead I shot him with a camera and left him for another nature lover to see. As Harry paddled me into this bay we saw a fine sturgeon, I should think all of thirty pounds. They seem to feed in these quiet bays and especially towards evening their habit is to jump clean out of the water.

The next bay led into a creek and there swimming about were fifteen Canada geese, great handsome fellows. What a chance for a picture! The camera alas was in the boat; after that I carried it for the rest of the trip.

Sept. 4th.—Another lovely day. Taking our lunch with us, we proceeded with our usual routine, hunting all the likely places as we went. We stopped for lunch at a pretty spot on the rocks where our fire would be safe, and after a good rest went at it again. In about an hour we knew we had struck it rich by the signs as soon as we stepped ashore: bits of broken pottery, quartz basalt and flint chips. Indians must have camped there for hundreds of years. I soon had four nice arrowheads, two flint knives, an iron tomahawk, some scrapers and odds and ends. When I worked back to Harry he also had some good specimens.

Then a power boat coming along proved to be the game warden. After en-



quiring what the heck we were doing there and finding us innocent, he decided to come home with us for supper. He stayed that night and proved to be a most interesting talker. I learned a lot from him about the game and resources of the Whiteshell.

Sept. 5th.—We had intended to continue hunting where we left off yesterday but the lake was too rough to attempt it. As Harry had work to attend to I searched some of the nearby shores on foot, finding one arrowhead and another implement. Late in the afternoon we crossed to Sturgeon Falls and while Harry fished I hunted some likely spots above the rapids. His luck proved better than mine and we had pickerel for supper which was late. Looking out before we went to bed we saw a glorious display of Northern Lights.

Sept. 6th.—Our last day so we used it to continue our search of Wednesday. I found three more arrowheads and a flint knife and then came the greatest thrill of the trip for almost covered by the sand a small black end appeared. It proved to be an Indian pipe. Made of soapstone it is of the tube pattern and the finding of it in this spot establishes a record for this district. A few more odds and ends were picked up when a thunder storm coming on put an end to our work. We took refuge in one of the Winnipeg Electric camps and when it ceased had to make our way home.

On one of the beaches we passed we made our last find, a beautiful quartz implement.

So ended a glorious week in the open air. Its memories are preserved in the fine collection of Indian tools and weapons on display in the Manitoba Museum, Winnipeg.



MANITOBA PLACE NAMES

WAWANESA means in Algonquin "Whip-poor-Will". The birds are numerous in these parts. NEPAWA is Chippewa Indian for "abundance". MINNEDOSA is from the Sioux words

NETWORK STAR



One of the loveliest performers on the Columbia network is 19-year-old Lynn Gardner, raven-haired songstress of the recent "Silver Theatre Summer Show", starring Ed. Sullivan, noted Broadway and Hollywood columnist, and Will Bradley's orchestra. Bradley gave Lynn her big start when he discovered her singing in a night club in her native Union City, N.J.

MINNE, meaning "water" and DUZA, meaning "rapid". The very beautiful name BEAUSEJOUR is of French origin, so called because it is a good camping place, it being on rising ground. HEADINGLY, near which CKY's transmitter is located, was named by the Reverend Griffith Owen Corbett, who reached the Red River in 1851, after his former parish of Headingly, in Yorkshire, England.

BRINGS LISTENERS MANY SPONSORED PROGRAMS



A. J. Messner

Manager of the Commercial Department responsible for many sponsored items heard from CKY and CKX, Anthony J. Messner wrestles with many problems relating to the difficulty of satisfying all demands for space, making way for unexpected programs of such importance as to upset all preconceived schedules, and generally pleasing listeners, sponsors, and everybody concerned. It may sometimes be a headache, but "Tony" smiles his way through it all and manages very well. His radio experience dates back to the late nineteen-twenties, when he prepared and delivered microphone talks on "Trapping" for a well known fur company. Those talks will long be remembered by many who heard them, including not a few who learned much from him about the habits of the mink, weasel and muskrat. Mr. Messner is associated with H. N. Stovin, Commercial Radio Representatives, of Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg.

CKX HIGHLIGHTS

Numerous programs not carried by CKY are available to listeners who tune in CKX, Brandon. Some of these are listed below.

DAILY EXCEPT SUNDAYS

- 7.00—Morning Eye Opener.
- 7.30—Accordiana. L.S.
- 9.00—Morning Bulletin Board.
- 10.45—CBC News.

SUNDAY

- 11.00—Children Calling Home—CBC.
- 11.30—Hello Children—CBC.
- 12.15—Fiedler Conducts—CBC.
- 6.00—On the Boulevard—CBC.

MONDAY

- 8.00—Sunrise Serenade.
- 11.30—Pelham Richardson's Orchestra—CBC.
- 2.03—Rural Rhythm and Livestocks.
- 6.00—Gilbert & Sullivan Light Opera—CBC.
- 6.55—News Commentary—CBC.
- 9.30—The Enemy Within.

TUESDAY

- 8.00—Durham Dollar Day.
- 10.30—Sweet Hour of Prayer—CBC.
- 2.03—Rural Rhythm and Livestocks.
- 6.00—Drama—CBC.
- 8.30—The Friendly Counsellor.
- 11.00—Vesperale—CBC.

WEDNESDAY

- 8.00—Sunrise Serenade.
- 11.30—Common Sense and Sentiment—CBC.
- 2.03—Rural Rhythm and Livestocks.
- 6.00—Grand Central Station—CBC.
- 7.00—Canada's Answer—CBC.
- 7.30—Vancouver Time—CBC.
- 9.30—The Enemy Within.

THURSDAY

- 8.00—Durham Dollar Day.
- 10.30—Sweet Hour of Prayer—CBC.
- 2.03—Rural Rhythm and Livestocks.
- 8.00—B-A Bandwagon.
- 8.30—The Friendly Counsellor.

FRIDAY

- 8.00—Sunrise Serenade.
- 11.30—Democracy's Defenses—CBC.
- 2.03—Rural Rhythm and Livestocks.
- 6.00—Feature Broadcast—CBC.
- 6.30—Woodland Concert—CBC.
- 9.30—The Enemy Within.

SATURDAY

- 8.00—Sunrise Serenade.
- 5.00—Canadian With Wings—CBC.
- 5.15—Canada Calls—CBC.

Anzacs Enjoy "News Letter"

CBC-ABC FEATURE PLEASURES STUDENT AIRMEN



In busy camps and barracks throughout Canada, extremely busy airmen from the far Antipodes pause each Sunday morning to listen to news from home.

"The Anzac News Letter", heard on Sunday mornings at 9 o'clock CST is provided by the CBC in co-operation with the Australian Broadcasting Commission. Each week it is sent by cable to Ottawa, recorded there, and rebroadcast to the Dominion at large. A special rebroadcast for the Western Region originates in Winnipeg.

Pictured here are some of the boys from "down under" listening to the news from home. By special permission of the Commanding Officer of No. 3 Wireless School, Wing Commander H. B. Godwin, the CBC was allowed to take this picture of Australian and New Zealand student-airmen in barracks, listening at their own radio to the Anzac News Letter.

That keen interest has developed in this weekly news budget is shown in

letters received by the CBC from men of No. 3 Wireless School, which is one of the largest Anzac centres in the Dominion. Not only in their enthusiastic commendation, but in their keen and useful criticism, do these letters show the interest that is developing.

"Personally, I consider it the most interesting session on the radio," writes LAC J. W. D. Robin, of Newtown, Geelong, Victoria, "and I feel sure that the majority of Australians in this camp hold similar views. In the normal course of events it takes four to five weeks for the home newspapers to reach camp, so you can imagine how much we appreciate receiving news within twenty-four hours of the events taking place. . . The sporting events are excellent and appear to cover the main features. . . As far as Hut 5B is concerned, 9 a.m. Sunday finds us clustered around the radio."

LAC Robin also offered some helpful criticism and suggestions, which were promptly referred to the proper authorities in CBC's programme department.

LAC A. M. Greenfield, of Ballarat, Victoria, wrote: "We don't seem so far away from home when we get news that is only twenty-four hours old. . . We all appreciate this very much, and 0900 hours of a Sunday morning is looked forward to very eagerly."

"It is an innovation that the Aussie in our hut can certainly 'take'," writes LAC S. S. Brundell, of Hurstville South, N.S.W. "Lots of the lads spend their week-ends away from camp, but they unanimously vow that they never slip up on this session. Wishing the CBC every success and the thanks of the Australian personnel in Hut 5A for their enterprise and foresight in putting this session over."

The CBC has sent reciprocal good wishes to LAC Brundell and the Australian and New Zealand personnel generally in Canada.



Adventures in Radio - 21

By D. R. P. COATS.

WIRELESS MEN AFLOAT AND ASHORE

Wireless operators relating some of their experiences frequently hear surprise expressed that they should have served on so many ships in the course of only a few years at sea.

The explanation is that whereas most merchant marine personnel, being directly employed by owners of the line, spend many years or even their entire careers in the service of a single steamship company, wireless operators are usually engaged by radio manufacturers whose apparatus is leased to the shipping people on terms which provide that skilled and duly certified technicians shall accompany the equipment. These operators are on the pay-roll of the manufacturers, though for purposes of discipline and in compliance with regulations governing the status of persons not being passengers, they are required to "sign on" the ship's articles each voyage at a nominal wage of a shilling a month. Personally, I never collected the shilling, but the amount was mentioned in the articles so that I might properly be subject to the Captain's orders. There were, indeed, certain steamship companies which preferred to maintain their own wireless equipment and employ their own operators. At least one well known American line controlled a number of its own shore stations also. Canadian and British ships were mostly operated by the Marconi Company in my day and it was for this reason that I enjoyed so many transfers from one vessel to another, with numerous spells at land stations interspersed.

The introduction of the new-fangled wireless aboard ship aroused mixed feelings among sailor men. While some welcomed the latest invention as a happy improvement on signal methods limited to visual range, there were others who regarded "Sparks" (as they called the operator) with something of the contempt that many an old windjammer hand felt towards early marine engineers and their "kettles". Wire-

less operators, therefore, often found it necessary to exercise particular diplomacy in their relations with their shipmates. When friction did arise, however, it was often due as much to the operator's indiscrete behaviour as to any antipathy on the part of the deck and engine-room officers. There were instances in which a youthful wireless man, swanking in recently acquired gold braid and brass buttons, would give himself objectionable airs, to the irritation of much older men who were far more experienced in their respective professions. Any such failings naturally possessed were apt to be encouraged by the prevailing tendency for passengers — especially those of the fair sex — to regard the wireless operator as a mixture of hero and magician.

Those were the pre-broadcasting days, of course, and very rarely did one meet a passenger who knew even the rudiments of radio. The wireless man controlled invisible and mysterious forces. In case of shipwreck, he would become the man upon whom their lives would depend. Even the Captain couldn't bring distant vessels to the rescue by pounding a telegraph key and making thrilling noises with a spark. There was no doubt about it, the wireless man WAS somebody! Sometimes he was very conscious of it and occasionally he might be unwise enough to add his own persuasions to the general belief. Then he would earn the displeasure of his shipmates and some of it would be extended to his cloth in general, so that he who followed as the next operator on that boat would enter an atmosphere of coolness and frozen co-operation which somehow he must endeavour to correct. It was good training in human understanding. If he were modest by nature and properly appreciative of the deference due senior officers and engineers who had won their stripes by long apprenticeship, hard toil and the application of more than average intelligence,



he might still fall into errors of etiquette and make himself disliked.

Rats!

There was the case of an operator who relieved me once on the S.S.——. She was a fine vessel — incidentally, originally German—with many beautiful furnishings which included interior panellings of bird's-eye maple. Behind her polished woodwork, however, there lurked an extraordinary number of rats. Although the rodents spent most of their time in the vicinity of the pantry and in sampling edible items of cargo below hatches, they occasionally ventured on deck, to the embarrassment of passengers who hadn't expected exhibitions of such livestock among the amenities of life aboard ship. The sailor's explanation commonly used for preventing panic in such instances will be conveyed by the following typical conversation:—

Lady Passenger: "Oh, Mr. Officer—I just saw a RAT!"

Officer: "Did you really, ma'am? Now that's very unusual. Was he a grey one?"

L.P.: "Yes—an awful looking thing. He ran right past me!"

Officer: "Did he, though? Was he about SO big, with whiskers and a tail about SO long?"

L.P.: "Yes—or even bigger. He nearly scared me to death!"

Officer (with a forced laugh): "Oh, that's only old PETE. Don't worry about HIM!"

The inference was that this was a tame rat, wandering lonesomely about the ship seeking human company because he hated to be alone. The lady's alarm was allayed, and the officer went about his business hoping that she wouldn't observe two or more, maybe a dozen rats, simultaneously, which would have overtaxed his powers of consolation. There was actually some likelihood of such a happening, inasmuch as I once saw the bo'sun and a few sailors kill as many as 150 in a couple of hours with sticks, sending them up from the hold in baskets and heaving them over the side, a proceeding conducted when

ANNOUNCERS AT CKX



Our perambulating photographer caught this one of Norman Micklewright (left) and "Russ" Carriere (right) during a recent visit to Brandon. Some of Norman's life story was told in our June issue. "Russ" is a new member of the staff. He has had excellent training and experience at stations in Prince Albert, Saskatoon and Yorkton.

we were running in ballast and without passengers aboard.

We all knew about the plentitude of rats. The proper practice was to ignore their existence. Our relief operator, however, was uninformed. Silence in the presence of a rat meant nothing to him. The dining saloon was crowded. Soup had just been served when he espied under a nearby table one of Pete's immense family.

"LOOK! There's a RAT!" he exclaimed.

The Captain blushed and nearly swallowed his spoon. Waiters gasped, amazed at such innocence in a wireless operator. Ladies shrieked and climbed higher on their swivel chairs. Gentlemen gave swift kicks as the frightened beast leapt across their feet and made his exit by the door. It was all over in a moment, but the voyage was spoiled for a hundred tourists and, needless to say, nothing was added to the popularity of "Sparks". In calling attention to the rat he had perpetrated the thing that wasn't done. . . .

Transferring as he did from ship to

ship so frequently, the wireless operator met all kinds of men and women, saw them in fair weather and foul, joined with them in social affairs afloat and ashore, sometimes faced threat of death with them, and perhaps learned more of human nature than is disclosed to the average landsman in a lifetime. By sailing with skippers who were remarkably charming fellows he learned the relationship between weak discipline and inefficiency in crises. His experiences with "tough" shipmasters taught him that a rough exterior may conceal the heart of a hero, and that in moments of emergency good seamanship counts more than drawing-room manners. He acquired an appreciation of the dignity of labour and realized that the forces of wind and wave know no social distinctions.

There are wireless operators who have accepted ship-operating as their life work, either by choice or because, having missed opportunities of shore employment, they have stayed too long and been caught in the grip of a sea career and cannot easily escape. Others, after three or four years at sea, obeyed the Company's call to shore duties and now find themselves engaged in activities undreamed of when they wore the headphones. They have achieved their hopes of becoming radio engineers; they have trained younger men in the art of operating; they are to be found far inland, responsible for the electrical efficiency of broadcasting stations; they are selling or servicing radio receivers; if young enough, they are in the Army, Navy or Air Force; or perchance through some twist of fate they are to be heard extolling the merits of patent medicines and cosmetics to, they hope, a million listeners. Wherever the trail of radio has led them, whatever they may see ahead, their minds hark back to the most memorable days of all — when pacing the deck with gallant shipmates, they yarned of the world's affairs as seen through the eyes of sailormen. They were great days, past and gone, yet perpetuated in everlasting affection for those who, to earn an honest living, go down to the sea in ships.

(To be continued)

RADIO STAR MARRIES HER DIRECTOR



Alice Frost, Broadway actress and star of Columbia network's "Big Sister" drama serial, has decided to take direction for life from her radio director Willson M. Tuttle. They were married recently in a colorful outdoor ceremony at the home of Janet Cohn, Ebury Farm, Bedford Village, N.Y. Dr. Otto Bostrom, of the Lutheran Church of Gustavus Adolphus, New York City, officiated.

★ ★ ★

TOURIST TRAVEL UNINTERRUPTED

Although Canada is at war, tourist travel across the international boundary to Canada from the United States continues to flow freely. No restrictions of any kind have been imposed on American citizens, and both Canadian immigration and customs regulations are framed to make the entry of such tourists as pleasant as possible. Automobiles may be brought into Canada under tourist's permit without payment of duty or deposit, and visitors may bring with them such tourists' outfits or sportsmen's equipment as they may require for their own use upon reporting same to customs officer at port of entry.

—Dominion Dept. of Mines and Resources.



"Manitoba Calling"



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.
- 12.25—News.
- 12.30—Religious Period—CBC.
- 1.00—C.B.S. Orchestra—CBC.
- 2.00—Meet the Music—CBC.
- 2.30—Church of the Air—CBC.
- 5.00—Concert in Miniature—CBC.
- 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
- 8.00—Drama—CBC.
- 10.00—The Song Album—CBC.
- 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—Smilin' Jack—United Radio Advtg.
- † 9.30—Big Sister—CBC—Rinso.
- † 9.45—Story of Dr. Susan—CBC—Lux.
- 10.00—BBC News—CBC.
- 10.30—Peggy's Point of View.
- † 11.45—Singin' Sam—Coca Cola.
- † 12.00—Story of Mary Marlin—CBC—Ivory.
- † 12.15—Pepper Young's Family—CBC—P. & G.
- * 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—Road of Life—CBC—Chipso.
- * 2.00—CBC News—CBC.
- 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—Chamber Music Society—CBC.
- 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.
- 10.45—Sophisticated Strings—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.
- 6.30—Durham Dollar Day—Bee Hive.
- 6.45—Easy Aces—Anacin Co.
- 7.30—Hap Hazard—CBC—Johnson Wax.

- 8.00—Treasure Trail—CBC—Wrigley Co.
- 10.00—Theatre Time—CBC.
- 10.30—"On the News Beat"—CBC.
- 10.45—Recital Series—CBC.

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—Grand Central Station—Lever Bros.
- 7.30—True or False—Absorbine Jr.
- 8.00—Serenade for Strings—CBC.
- 8.30—New Homes for Old—CBC.
- 10.00—Tales of the Plains—CBC.
- 10.30—Irving Plumm String Trio—CBC.

THURSDAY

- 9.15—Voice of Memory—United Radio Advtg.
- 10.30—Peggy's Point of View.
- 2.45—Freedom Ferry—CBC.
- 3.45—Manitoba Impressions.
- 6.15—Voices of Yesterday—Public Finance.
- 6.30—Fun Time—CBC—General Foods.
- 7.00—Kraft Music Hall—CBC—Kraft Phenix
- 8.00—Lea Concerts Symphoniques—CBC.
- 10.00—Drama—CBC.
- 10.30—John Avison's Orchestra—CBC.

FRIDAY

- 9.15—John Harcourt—United Radio Advtg.
- 2.45—Civilians' War—CBC.
- 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.
- 8.00—Feature Broadcast—CBC.
- 10.00—Drama—CBC.
- 10.30—The Banff Trio—CBC.

SATURDAY

- 9.15—CBC News—CBC.
- 10.30—Peggy's Point of View.
- 11.30—Answering You—CBC.
- 12.30—Calling All Cars—Breen Bros.
- 1.30—Music of the Americas—CBC.
- 2.02—Club Matinee—CBC.
- 4.15—Afternoon Varieties—CBC.
- 6.00—Boy Meets Band—CBC.
- 6.30—Hawaii Calls—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.



The Merchant Service Man

There's another conflict raging and the perils of his work
Now are greater than they were in days gone by.
To the risks of sea-borne dangers have been added foes who lurk
In the clouds and do their murder from the sky.
There are bigger mines, more deadly, laid with cunning from the air;
There are submarines and raiders far at sea.
There are Messerschmidts and Heinkels to be met with anywhere,
And from these a lowly freighter cannot flee.

Now you'll have to thank the airmen, plucky fellows ev'ry one,
And the soldiers and the lads in navy blue.
Aye, and you'll include the wardens and the firemen when we've won,
And a host of noble women workers too.
You will cheer them when they're marching in the Victory Parade
With the bugles and the banners blowing free . . .
But there's one who won't be there for any tribute that is paid . . .
He's the Merchant Service sailor, out at sea.

For the Merchant Service seaman will be steaming down the bay
With the merchandise of Britain in his hold,
To exchange for tea or rubber from Ceylon or far Malay,
Or our wheat so long-awaiting to be sold.
On the Banks with fog a-dripping from his masts and funnel stays
He'll be creeping 'tween the bergs off Newfoundland;
In the tropics he'll be sweating, all unmindful of the praise
Of the few ashore who know and understand.

—D. R. P. C.

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

MANITOBA TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Prize Essay Contest

"Manitoba Calling" offers prizes for essays describing

"A Holiday in Manitoba"

The contest is open to residents of the Province and to visitors.

PRIZES

Senior Section
\$100 - - \$50 - - \$25

Junior Section
(Up to 16 years of age)
\$25 - - \$15 - - \$10

SPEND YOUR VACATION IN MANITOBA—
WRITE YOUR EXPERIENCES

Contest closes September 30th, 1941

Send entries to Public Relations Dept., CKY, Winnipeg.