

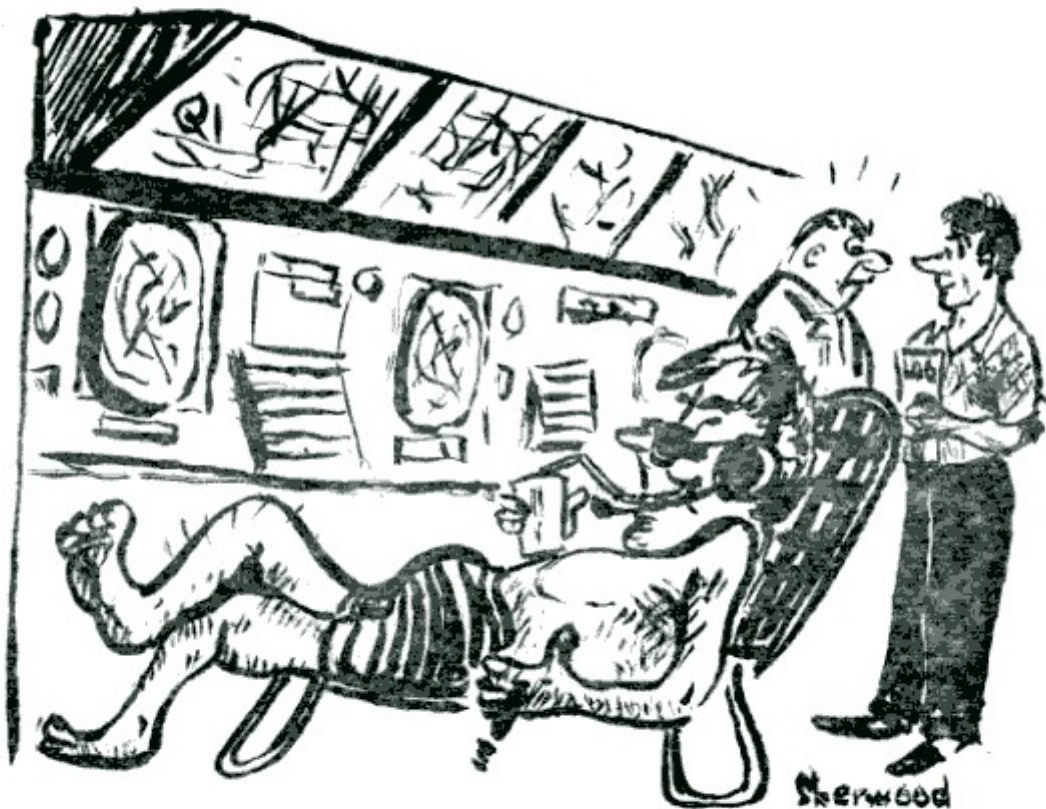
MONTREAL

'SPEAKEASY' Area Control Centre

THE NEWS OF ULFIR

No 10 Vol 3

July, 1974



So, it's 90 degrees ---
so, it's Sunday ---
so, it's only time and a half ---
So, ---?

EDITORIAL

In a little over one year the UL ATC Newsletter has come out with 10 editions. Frantic work by many of your fellow workers, helped to make it come about. George Sherwood topped off this delight with some excellent cartoons. Now the time has come for a small break.

We promise to return in September with more staff, new ideas and a new format.

From our earlier editions, we have learned many lessons, and we will try to bring you bigger and better items.

Our success is due to you, and you, and especially you. You have dug deep into your pockets, to make us financially secure.

Our success has so spread that we are wanted on the mailing lists of Chicago, Houston and C.A.T.C.A. Headquarters. And imagine all this done on our limited budget of Z-I-P.

See you in the FALL.

"THE CO-EDITORS"

FOR SPEAKEASY

C.A.T.C.A.

1. Your local executive wishes all its' members to be aware that if and when you are absent as a result of a request for special leave, it is your responsibility to obtain from the file cabinet, fill out, and return to the duty supervisor said form. Failure to do so in time will cause you a loss of salary until this form is submitted.
2. Your executive is pleased to inform that most of the information committees have their material and are absorbing knowledge soon to be available to assist you.
3. For membership education: -
When you have gone to a higher level of the grievance process automatically and subsequently receive a belated reply, from the previous level (Level 1 or 2) you should not sign the copies of the reply, return them unsigned.

NEW ARRIVALS

CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER TO MD (MURRAY DAIGLE) AND BA (AL BARNETT) WHO BOTH RECENTLY ADOPTED SONS. MD'S SON IS THREE MONTHS OLD AND HIS NAME IS PHILLIPE FRANCES ALBERT. BA'S SON IS ELEVEN WEEKS OLD AND HIS NAME IS CHRISTOPHER ALLAN.

WE WISH MUCH HAPPINESS TO MD AND BA AND THEIR WIVES.

P.S. MD SAYS HE HAS 100 CIGARS ON ORDER! (ARE YOU LISTENING AL?)

COURTESY OF (ORD) HEADSET II

It's right around the corner. All you recently checked-out controllers take note. The cumulus clouds are coming. And they don't let ANYTHING get in their way. And those 300,000 pound aluminum birds are deathly afraid and stay away from them.

To the old timers they are known as Thunderstorms. The season begins next month. Captains ask for vectors away. Sometimes they turn without asking. They're scared. It's nice and dry and calm down here on our soft chairs, and temperature-controlled air conditioning, but up there it's pure hell. It's raining and windy and bumpy and thundering and lightning -- blinding flashes -- turbulence, updrafts, downdrafts -- no smoking, fasten your seat belts please -- it's rough and we'll never know how much pilots and passengers appreciate vectors around build-ups, around cells, or through holes.

Sometimes it becomes not air traffic control; it becomes air traffic watch. Watch airplanes deviate on their own around thunderstorms, thru holes and then suddenly they turn 180 degrees and right into your traffic.

Your job is to keep calm, keep cool, keep collected, keep vertical separation and attempt to keep some semblance of order. T-Storms are coming.

R A D A R - READ AND DIGEST ALL RUMOURS

LG (Hubert Gervais) of Ed Lesage (EL) -
 "He's the Ralph Nader of ATC."

EB (Colin Blandford) - on the STOL Project:
 "It's the CORVAIR of the Aviation Industry."

Joanne - "I'm just making a file of ATC Circular
 letters out of square paper."

MK (Marcel Chartrand) - on being seen eating GREEN and
 PINK sandwiches, on the board -
 "One was heard to say, I think that the HAW lounge
 on Stanley Street called to see if anyone has found
 one of their fags lunches."

- Is it true that RH wears an 18-hour girdle.
Check with MD for the facts!

OVERHEARD ON ARRIVAL

"Descend to "my days off" 3, correction 4."

MH

SPORTS

Softball - The ATC "Les Barons" got off to a flying start in La Ligue de Balle Molle Le Marquette of Lachine. The Barons defeated Les Flammes 15 to 12 in their league opener. In their second game, Burroughs Wellcome were the victims as the Barons won 10 to 5 on the strength of DP's (Don Parrish) pitching and two homers by EB (Colin Blandford). May 31st the Barons made it 3 in a row when they routed Kenworth Motors 15 to 4. Ray Landry (RX) was the pitching hero in that effort. The Barons ended that game quite appropriately as they turned over a triple play. June 7th saw perhaps one of the best contests to date. The Barons were leading the CM Tavern 17 to 12 going into the 7th inning. The CM Tavern scored nine runs and with the Barons up for last bats, they were down 21 to 17. However, they rallied to tie the Tavern and kept their unbeaten record intact and also first place atop the league standing. DP (drove in the tying run for the Barons.)

June 14th, however, the bubble burst. The Barons came up against a fired up bunch of "Les Flammes" (excuse the pun!) and were soundly trounced 25 to 4.

"LAC DUMOINE" Excursion

June 7/74: This trip has been in the planning stages for some time now. Finally everything is settled and we are leaving today, we being - MU, XS, CH, BT. I have been in this lake before, which is approximately 200 miles North-West of UL (as the crow flies) or (250 miles as ATC sends the pilots), so I know there are many big pickerel to be caught. Now, if the fish cooperate, we should be able to bring back quite a few filets (and hang-overs).

4:25 PM: After many immoral acts with the proverbial canine we are finally gone!! "We" consists of MU at the controls (not necessarily in command) of our trusty jeep, XS in charge of entertainment (he knows the most dirty songs), CH in charge of health and welfare (he has a supply of ENO, ROLAIDS, ASPIRINS and his bible) and yourstruly BT (the big what?) who is the guide (could be interesting; I forgot the map and the compass).

5:05 PM: We have just entered Ontario. George asked Ralph how fast we were going. Ralph woke up and said, "What? Oh! Friday!". We have had a few "barley sandwiches" and Eric decided he has to go to the washroom. So he gets out and relieves himself. The trouble is Ralph didn't stop the jeep and after Eric stopped rolling he had to run 15 miles before he caught up to us.

5:35 PM: First 'pit stop'. When you gotta go, you gotta go!! While we're at it, Ralph takes on gas and Eric, George and myself get rid of some.

6:05 PM: FLAT TIRE ON TRAILER: ~~x3244?CM?*~~. MU, XS & CH try to change tire as I exert myself keeping you up-to-date (also while I enjoy a \$4.50 Cuban cigar). Troubles!!! Our wrench doesn't fit!! After a few "Hail Mary's and Our Father's", MU and XS go to a service station for proper tools. However, they leave CH and myself with a case of beer. We don't care if they never get back!!

6:40 PM: They came back! In the meantime, George had gone to a farm to borrow some tools. The only tool the farmer had he wanted to keep; something about another son. I told him to get a wrench, not a wench!

7:35 PM: Hull!! Buying a new tire.

June 8/74:

7:00 AM: After leaving Hull last night, it got too dark in the jeep to write so this morning I will try to describe what happened. To begin with, we did not have a proper light hook-up on the trailer so after it got dark, we commented as to how long we could go without getting stopped and stopped we were; the first time was getting into Pembroke. The cop was very nice seeing as he was alone and there were four of us. He just warned us to be careful and that was that. Or so we thought, we had just left town when we were stopped again. This time we were not so lucky. This cop really nailed us. We got a speeding ticket, 60 in a 45 mile zone, and we had to get the lights fixed. Needless to say, we were not too impressed, however, having had a few barley sandwiches, we did not argue too much. But you can be sure that after he left, we had a few comments to make as to the legality of his parents wedding. At approximately 1:30 AM, we arrived in Ralphton. We were supposed to drive all the way up to the lake, however, we were "tired" so we slept in some hotel on the Quebec side of the river. The Waldorf-Astoria it was not! Eric and I have been up since 5:30 AM and Ralph and George are just now getting mobile. Now for breakfast.

Left Ralphton at 9:15 AM. Have gone about 10 miles on very rough road. AXLE BROKEN ON TRAILER! Up proverbial creek! What do we do now??

10:30 AM: Finally got trailer repaired enough to go back to Ralphton. Start jeep, funny noises, stop jeep and check -- Lovely, Just F----- lovely!! BROKEN ENGINE MOUNT.

11:00 AM: Trying to fix mount so we can get back to Ralphton I don't think we'll ever get to fish.

2:30 PM: Eric & Ralph come back. They had left two and a half hours earlier to get a tow-truck. George and I stayed

at the jeep, drinking beer, telling lies and killing flies.

The gentleman who rescued us, despite it being Saturday afternoon, was a Mr. Paul Bertrand. This man was one of the nicest I've met in a long time. Not only did he volunteer to bring his tow-truck up that god-forsaken road but when he towed us out, broken jeep and broken trailer and all, he drove us to a Provincial Park, helped us unload and brought jeep and trailer to his garage to repair them. We are now camping at Driftwood Provincial Park, four miles west of Ralphton, on the Ottawa River. So much for our fabulous Lac Dumoine. One consolation: the Riviere Dumoine joins the Ottawa River $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from our campsite. By then, after those setbacks, we are not very happy and we are in various stages of pickling and internal decomposition. However, after a fierce battle with a deadly enemy, George's tent, we go up the Dumoine River for the evening. All we manage to get is a couple of small pickerel and some drunk. Back at camp at 10:00 PM and shortly thereafter we are in bed.

Sunday Morning

June 9/74: Looking like something the cat dragged in, we managed to get up, have breakfast (after mouthwash, of course, beer and tomato juice) and go out fishing. It is a lovely day but still no fish worth keeping. There are quite a few Americans fishing and they are all saying the same thing; there are lots of fish but, they just won't bite (I wish somebody had told the mosquitoes that). During the course of the day, Eric demonstrated his prowess at fishing. He lost a few lures on the bottom and one in the air, would you believe! He had just finished putting one of MY lures on his line and not being in full control of his eyesight, had overlooked the fact that the line was twisted around the end of the rod. He wound up for a great cast, had a great backswing and on the upswing released the line and I do mean released. He ended up with the rod in his hand, three feet of line dangling from the end of it and one lure flying through the air on it's own. To culminate this fine performance he asked: "Does it float?"

At one point in the afternoon, I got out

of the boat to do some fishing off shore and Ralph was going to trol. The fish were not biting except for a few small bass so Ralph decided to have a nap. You might say that was the thing to do under the circumstances, but Ralph fell asleep with his line in the water and the motor running. He awoke from his beauty rest (and he needs all he can get) when the boat nosed up on the beach. A little later on when I was back in the boat, we tried still-fishing so we needed an anchor. We headed for shore and Ralph steps out to find a suitable rock. There are many rocks and some of them are wet and slippery and Ralph ends up checking the water temperature with half of himself. It's amazing what cold water does to one's vocabulary! That evening on the way back to camp, it rained and it was foggy but we managed to find our tents. Had a few beer and went to bed.

Monday

June 10/74: Up bright and early. Well, not so early and definitely not bright! Had a good breakfast (very good breakfast seeing as I cooked it) and went fishing again. Ralph and I got a couple of small bass and then it started raining again. Got back to camp around 3:00 PM because Mr. Bertrand is supposed to bring back the jeep and trailer. As we waited, Eric had his monthly bath. When he dove in the lake, he did what Charlton Heston did in "The Ten Commandments", he parted the waters. As he was washing three fish crawled up on the beach and walked away shaking their heads in disgust.

We have been in the park for three days and we do not have any neighbours. We had a few but they left shortly after we arrived. Maybe they didn't like the colourful adverbs during our many discussions (usually late at night).

4:00 PM: Mr. Bertrand just brought back jeep and trailer. Ralph and I drove him back to the garage and picked up some ice. After supper, we went fishing and it rained again. Somebody up there doesn't like us.

Back at camp, we managed to find enough reasonably dry wood to start a fire and we had a few beer.

Some young student from Nova Scotia on his way to Calgary came over and had a beer with us. So much for today. Still no Fish!

Tuesday

June 11/74: Gone fishing! It is cold and wet and windy. We travelled up the Ottawa River about six miles and entered a small river. Got as far as a waterfall and I walked up past the falls. Surprise!! Caught two trout. One of them was very small and wasn't worth keeping; the other was about 12 inches long so I kept it being the only "keeper" we had caught in four days. Went back to camp and while I was cooking lunch, the others went to load the boats on the jeep. In the process, my trout got left behind and by now there is a very happy seagull somewhere around the park.

Twice I cooked meals and twice Eric said it was so good he was going to kiss me. I wonder about him!! I'm sure glad I wasn't sleeping in the same tent as him.

4:00 PM: On our way back! We stopped in Ralphton to thank Mr. Bertrand again. He sure helped us out. We are disappointed that no fish worth keeping were caught but we had a hell of a great time. We are pretty grubby looking and certainly don't smell like a bed of roses, but who cares?

7:15 PM: Back in Ottawa. We stopped at Eric's parents to drop off some equipment we had borrowed. Stopped at the Kentucky Fried Chicken on the way out for supper.

10:00 PM: Back home and one the worst for wear. Can hardly wait to get into the shower!!!!

BT

NEWS FROM JN

Location: St-Jean
 WX : Beautiful Spring day - X E 3 @ $\frac{1}{4}$ F
 Traffic : Two mobile homes racing on the ramp.

In the coffee room, CO - DQ - FV - UI - JA were playing a dull game of cards, (as usual, after all, what can you expect on a AI-1 salary especially with the raise we just had).

Somebody then proposed to play for the drinks (coke). UI was wiped out like you wouldn't believe.

- SCORE: UI - 5 cokes

Then JA remembered that DQ owned him a hamburger from a previous bet and offered him to play it "Double or Nothing." UI asked to join.

- SCORE: UI - 5 cokes
 - 3 hamburgers

Then the guys decided to play for who would go and get the cokes.

- SCORE: UI - 5 cokes
 - 3 hamburgers
 - Get the cokes

Now who will call to get the order (hamburgers).

- SCORE: UI - 5 cokes
 - 3 hamburgers
 - Get the cokes
 - A telephone call

NEWS FROM JN

Now if you guys think what I think, you're thinking you're absolutely right.

But we had to come out with something since we missed the first seven issues.

Anyway if your looking for a good card player call UI.

We also want to mention that UT moved his rubber ducky to Victoria Park.

If you guys plan to visit "MY" call to know if LO is working. If he is, try to find out if he has some "PROVOLONE". If he does, STAY AWAY. That cheese is terrible.

Fred is out of the hospital now. He's taking it easy for a while.

Sept-Iles,
1er mai 1974.

Bonjour Serge:

Voici, tel que promis, quelques nouvelles brèves de Sept-Iles. En passant, on a une vraie tempête de neige aujourd'hui. Il en reste encore de deux à six pieds un peu partout. Quel pays! Si encore ça se vendait...

Arrivé depuis peu à Sept-Iles, je me demandais, pourquoi les gens d'ici n'écrivaient pas ou ne donnaient pas de leurs nouvelles. C'est dans le bureau du "BOSS" que j'en ai découvert la réponse:

LE REGLEMENT DU BOSS

- art. 1. Le BOSS a RAISON.
- art. 2. Le BOSS a TOUJOURS RAISON.
- art. 3. Même si un subalterne a raison, c'est L'ARTICLE 1 QUI PRIME.
- art. 4. Le BOSS ne doit pas, IL SE REPOSE.
- art. 5. Le BOSS ne mange pas, IL SE NOURRIT.
- art. 6. Le BOSS ne boit pas, IL GOUTE.
- art. 7. Le BOSS n'est jamais en retard, IL EST RETENU.
- art. 8. Le BOSS ne quitte jamais son service, IL EST APPELE.
- art. 9. Le BOSS ne lit jamais son journal pendant son service, IL L'ETUDIE.
- art. 10. Le BOSS n'entretient jamais de relations avec son personnel, IL L'EDUQUE.
- art. 11. On entre dans le BUREAU DU BOSS avec ses idées personnelles, ON EN RESSORT AVEC LES IDEES DU BOSS
- art. 12. Plus on critique le BOSS, MOINS ON A DE PROMOTIONS
- art. 13. LE BOSS EST OBLIGE DE PENSER POUR TOUT LE MONDE.

Conclusion: Le BOSS est un DICTATEUR...il faut interdire aux BOSS de se marier, afin que leur nombre n'augmente pas.

La Devise du Patelin c'est: "Un BON BOSS et une JOB STEADY" pis on est heureux!

Sans rancune Pete, SN

Naissance: Myrianne Legault a donné naissance à un joli petit garçon le 8 mars dernier. Bravo Guy (QG)! Ça dissipe les remeurs (d'incapacité) à ton sujet. Ils l'appelleront Nicolas. Félicitations.

Mariage: AUCUN: c'est trop dispendieux à Sept-Iles.

Décès: AUCUN: c'est aussi trop dispendieux.

Rumeurs:

1. Les électriciens sont mécontents à Sept-Iles. La neige commence à fondre et ils vont devoir se rendre aux lumières d'approche pour changer celles qui sont brûlées.
2. Richard (McCool) Vigeant (VR) pas satisfait de faire des ravages chez les "femmes" de l'Hôtel Sept-Iles irait en faire à Havre Saint-Pierre.
3. MV (Gilles Mainville) serait déçu parce que son nom n'aurait pas paru sur la liste des "Heavy controllers."
4. QG (Guy Legault) aurait trouvé la formule secrète pour vous décrire une "Coffee ripple."

Ça y'est! Le dernier terrain inexploité, inexploité par les femmes a été foulé il y a peu de temps à Sept-Iles, et j'ai nommé: La Tour de Contrôle. En effet, nous accueillions récemment trois pré-A.S.T.S. dont une demoiselle en la personne de Cinthya Lachance (LA). Même le "Chef" s'est réveillé pour l'occasion. Il nous faudra l'accepter, le fait étant accompli. Le paradis masculin a disparu. Ses deux compagnons sont Mike Stubbs (MQ) et Georges Cabral (CA). Nous leur souhaitons un bon séjour à Sept-Iles.

MONTREAL REGIONAL SCHOOL NEWS

Course #32 has graduated, and are now attached to the Montreal Centre staff. Of the seven graduates, three went EAST, 1 WEST and 3 went terminal. And all their instructors went 5-3, 5-4 happily ever after.

The 3 EAST guys are Regis Richard, Bob Dion and Armand Gaudet. The lone Westerner is Ian Scrimshaw. For terminal we have Guy Ruel, Robert Choquette and Pierre Senay. Congratulations to all of you, and may you all check-out soon.

Course #33 has started with nine students. They have as instructors Larry Jobin, Luc Salvador and George Sigston.

As for other news, the Centre has received back Barry Downing, Murray Gareh, Al Hunter, Guy Michaud after various time stints at the School.

For all interested, the following people are attached or will be attached to the School staff:

Foster Richardson - Chief Instructor
 Steve Wells - Instructor - IFR & PREASTS
 Steve Doherty - Temporary July to November
 Bill Woods -
 George Sigston -
 Larry Jobin -
 Luc Salvador -

THE CONTROLLER'S LAMENT

Pity the poor controller for his troubles are many and the transgressions against him number unto the thousands.

Therefore, show thy mercy unto him, for he is sorely tired. He acteth as Guardian Angel to poor misguided birdmen, and in return receiveth harsh words and unkind looks and hath all kinds of evil happenings bestowed upon him.

His every act be guided by the manual called MANOPS and should he transgress therefrom, even to the extent of one misapplied portion of phraseology, all hands revile him and make light of his prowess.

Therefore, I say unto you, honour the poor controller lest he turn thee final for 06 whilst clearing another for take-off on 24.

Turn from thy appointed way hurriedly when instructed by him lest thou find thy propeller making merry with thy fellow birdman's rudder; for the controller seeth things which thou cannot, yea even in thy wildest dreams.

When the controller sayeth unto thee with a voice of urgency, "Hold", holdest thou with the greatest expediency, and without argument, lest this be the last time thou holdest.

Should the voice from the air which is the controller's clear thee for take-off, go thou like the wind for perchance there be a machine of flight on short base which planneth to use the very surface upon which thou sitteth, in a very short while, yea, even unto seconds.

Use him as a brother lest he become excited, looseth his wits, and giveth thee a right turn out when a left turn befitteth the occasion, for he loveth a calm wind and a courteous pilot above all things.

18
HUMOUR

1. Meat is getting so expensive that one housewife bought a Swiss steak that had a secret bank account number.
2. "Good news, dear", called the controller as he came into the house. "I picked up two tickets for Place Des Arts on the way home from work."

"Oh, that's wonderful", said the wife. "I'll start dressing right away."

"That's a good idea", he said. "The tickets are for tomorrow night."
3. "You won't catch me getting ulcers", one controller was saying to another. "For one thing, I just take things as they come. For another, I don't every hold a grudge, not even against people who have done things to me that I'll never forgive."

THE THOUGHTS OF PM

LIFE CONCEPTION AND PHILOSOPHY

TAKE A LITTLE AND GIVE A LITTLE,
TO LOVE AND BE LOVED,
CRY A LITTLE AND LAUGH A LITTLE,
COMMUNICATE AND UNDERSTAND,
PARTICIPATE AND SHARE,
ADD TO YOUR KNOWLEDGE AND BUILD
CONSTRUCTIVELY YOUR FUTURE.

FOR SALE

TWIN LENS ROLLEIFLEX CAMERA (F2.8)
 WITH SPORTS VIEWFINDER.
 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ " x 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ " PICTURES (120 FILM)
 INCLUDES - 2 PAIRS CLOSE-UP LENSES
 BLACK AND WHITE FILTER SET
 LENS SUN SHIELD
 LEATHER CASE
 INSTRUCTION BOOK

\$75.00

ARGUS C-260 INSTANT LOAD CAMERA
 (126 CARTRIDGE LOAD)
 AUTOMATIC LENS AND SHUTTER SETTING
 BUILT-IN FLASH
 VIEWFINDER 'LOW-LIGHT' INDICATION
 LEATHER CASE - INSTRUCTION BOOK

\$25.00

WESTON 'MASTER' EXPOSURE METER
 LEATHER CASE

\$10.00

CONTACT JH - ACC OR PHONE: 626-9301

"TELEFUNKEN STEREO CONSOLE"

WALNUT FINISH - SCANDINAVIAN STYLE AM-FM-STEREO RADIO
 SHORT WAVE BANDS 1 AND 2
 TELEFUNKEN "DELUXE" TURNTABLE
 DIAMOND STYLUS - ALL CONNECTIONS FOR TAPE PLAYER, RECORDINGS,
 HEADPHONES, ETC..... ROOM FOR 100 RECORDS ON FRONT SLIDING
 DOORS -

REG. :\$595.00 SALE PRICE :\$350.00

FOR MORE INFO. CONTACT B. LEVESQUE.

YOU ARE CORDIALLY INVITED TO ATTEND.....

THE 4 TH ANNUAL
AIR TRAFFIC CONTROLLERS' REUNION

GRAY ROCKS INN ST. JOVITE, QUE.

SEPT. 26 THROUGH 29

ORGANIZED BY PAT TURNER & AL CUNNIUS --UL ACC
COCKTAIL PARTY - FRIDAY - SEPT. 27 - 5:30 PM

THIS YEAR'S REUNION IS PLANNED FOR LATE SEPTEMBER
SO THAT YOU MAY ENJOY THE COLOURFUL FALL SPLENDOR
OF THE LAURENTIAN MOUNTAINS.

RELAXATION IS THE GENERAL IDEA AND GRAY ROCKS INN
IS THE PLACE TO DO IT.

ALTHOUGH GOLF IS PLAYED ON MOST DAYS, THE
COMPETITION ROUND IS SCHEDULED FOR SATURDAY.

SEE YOU AT GRAY ROCKS ...

PAT & AL

ADDRESS INQUIRIES TO...

ALLAN CUNNIUS

1745 WILSHIRE AVE.

DORVAL QUEBEC H9P 1S3

EDITORIAL13 juinRELACHE

A l'instar de la télévision, les éditeurs de votre journal ont décidé de faire relâche pour la période estivale. Cette période de repos est plus ou moins imposée par les nombreuses absences de vacances durant cette saison et de la difficulté de produire le journal quand même avec du personnel limité.

Le journal, qui l'automne dernier avait faillit de ses cendres, s'était fixé des buts à atteindre dès la première saison. Ces buts étaient: la parition aussi régulière que possible, éveiller les lecteurs aux problèmes qui nous concernaient comme groupe, tendre vers le bilinguisme dans son contenu, s'assurer la participation du plus grand nombre possible.

Il n'est pas présomptueux de dire que les buts furent assez bien atteints, c'est grâce à la bonne participation de nos lecteurs (Montréal surtout) que celà a pu se produire. Nous voulons remercier tous ceux qui ont fourni du matériel de façon régulière; je pense notamment à F. Ager de C.A.T.C.A., à R. Lemay et M. Chartrand pour la série "Le Contrôleur du Mois."

Ce temps d'arrêt nous permettra de faire le point sur le trajet accompli et de réajuster le cap sur des nouveaux buts pour la rentrée.

D. Boyce

LA PETITE NATION '74:

Il est parfois de ces actions qui une fois posées, s'enracinent et deviennent coutume, pour ne pas dire tradition. L'excursion en canots d'A.T.C. en est une de celles-là.

Les débuts de cette tradition remontent à quelques années déjà où un petit groupe de pêcheurs et amateurs de canotage se donnèrent rendez-vous pour une journée de plaisir. L'excursion de canots a pris beaucoup d'ampleur en '73 quand un grand nombre s'y rendirent et que les participants y vécurent des émotions très fortes, trop fortes au dire de certains.

Cette année, la journée du canotage fut officiellement consacrée comme activité annuelle du Centre de Montréal. Depuis plusieurs jours les préparatifs allaient bon train, locations de canots, formation des équipages, conseils et exhortations, choix de la victime (Rivière), etc.

Par une belle journée pluvieuse et froide de mai, les valeureux participants se présentent sur les lieux, la rivière en pleure la bière coule, la pellicule tourne. Tout va bien au départ, les équipages s'évaluent, on apprécie, la rivière, puis c'est le même désastre; les premiers rapides, un rameur hors de combat, un canot chavire, plusieurs sont transits. Sous un pont accueillant on fait le bilan et après quelques dissensions on repart, là l'imprévu se produit dans les eaux calmes d'un méandre; un autre canot chavire, cette fois l'équipe de cinéastes fixe sur pellicule l'événement.

Le voyage se termine au village et d'un commun accord on se rallie à la taverne la plus proche, avec du linge sec et chaud quelques consommations et quelques histoires, l'équipe poursuit le retour, puis arrêt dans un autre village, autres consommations, leçons de "snooker" servies aux gars de la place, on perd son chauffeur, on le bénit, la relève est trouvée et voilà c'est déjà de l'histoire.

Cette année l'excursion a été filmée et le film sera montré aux intéressés dès sa complétion. Il nous a fait plaisir d'en faire parti, cette fois, du "SPEAKEASY" et, certainement,

que les récidives seront alléchantes. Signalons en terminant le beau travail de G. Champagne, pour son organisation et ses talents de guide, et le courage de tous les participants ainsi que la participante, Nicole.