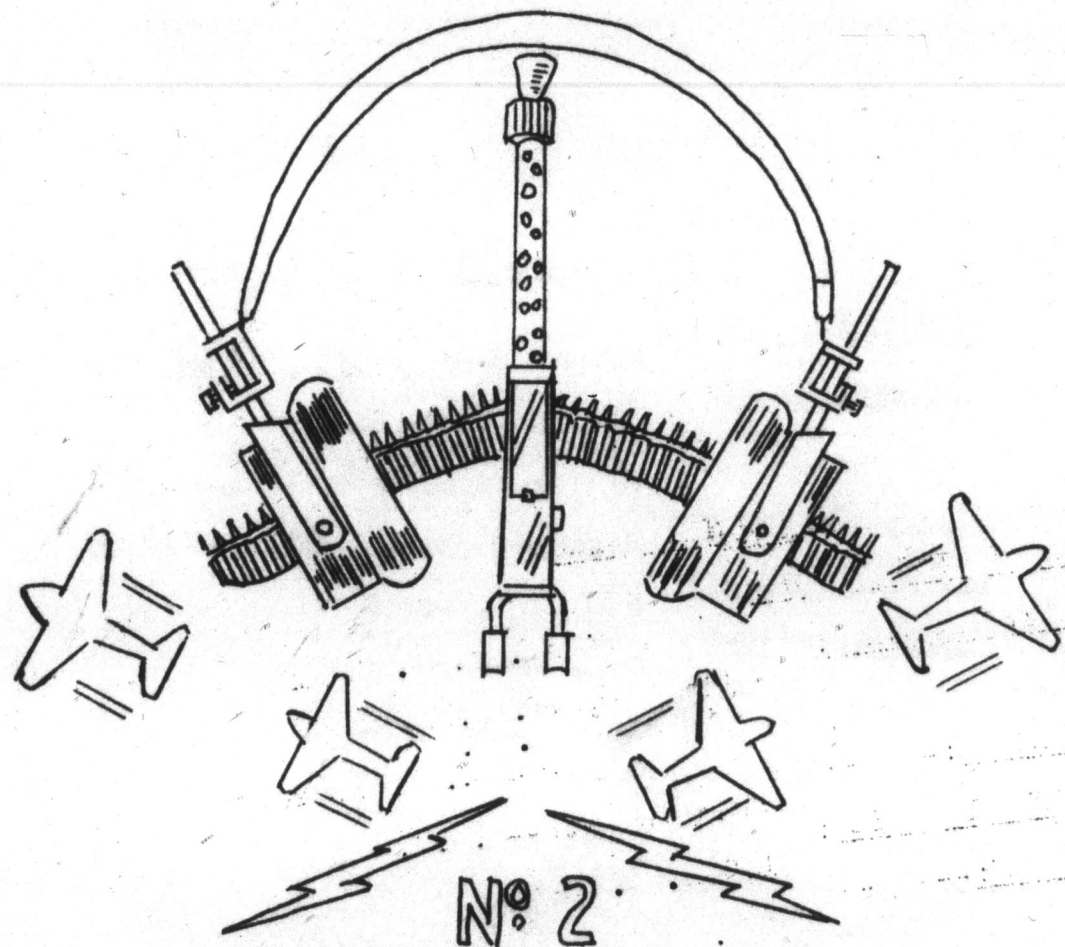


~~11/22~~

THE W.A.C. SIGNAL



No. 2
WIRELESS SCHOOL

PUBLISHED IN INTERESTS OF TRAINEES OF

NO. 2 WIRELESS SCHOOL, CALGARY

BY KIND PERMISSION OF GROUP CAPTAIN E.R. OWEN

PRICE

✓ 000 =

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EDITORIAL

FAREWELL PADRE

The Calgary Technical school has always reminded me of an old country castle as it stands sentinel on the North Hill overlooking Calgary. If this was the impression it conveyed in peace time it is all the more true now. Today it has become a centre of great activity, for each month it graduates scores of Wireless Air Gunners. These are the men from whom we shall hear in the future when they strike their blow for freedom of all liberty loving people -- and what men they are: strong, lithe, cheery, willing, and eager to do their part when the time comes. It is not too much to say that the happiest moments of my public experience have been spent among the Officers and men of No. 2 Wireless School.

However, the time has come when I must labor elsewhere, for we can say of the R.C.A.F., as Tennyson said of the brook, men come and men go, but the work of the Wireless School goes on. My best wishes go to the boys of the various huts and barracks; to the Officers; to the civilian help; to the Sports Officer and to the Y.M.C.A. Director (both of whom are doing a splendid work well) and to the undefeated volley ball team, with the hope that the Sergeants team will improve now that they can more fully express themselves when they miss the ball. Here's hoping F/O Pilling takes his hands out of his pockets when he next plays.

Au Revoir
M.S.B.

WELCOME PADRE

Welcome to Flt/Lieut Ashford. The new Padre has seen service in many countries and many climes. He was last stationed at McLeod, Alberta in the R.C.A.F.

By far the larger part of his experience has been with the Army in various parts of the world.

He has already shown us that he is a regular fellow. His work on the Sunday night Sing-songs has proven him a definite asset to the station. By that we mean that he is on the right foot and on the right track.

Being, like many others, slightly awed or afraid of a new padre we are always anxious to take a look see for ourselves. We're satisfied. Welcome Padre.

It is with regret and a certain amount of sorrow that we say Au Revoir to F/L Blackburn. We have come to know him well, to love him and respect him.

Our sorrow is tempered to an extent by the fact that he isn't far away, having only gone to No. 10 Equipment, the other side of town. He's not ours any more though and we had come think of ourselves as owning him.

The padre has done a very fine job, while on the station, and we wish him all success in his new position.

A penny invested in sunshine
Beats a dollar invested in gloom.
A dollar invested in moonshine
May hasten the day of your doom.
Be wise when investing your treasure
Or spending your surplus pelf;
Get the market quotation on pleasure
And then be good to yourself.

We are creatures of habit.
We succeed or we fail as we acquire
good habits or bad ones; and we
acquire good habits as easily as
bad ones. Most people don't
believe this. Only those who find
out succeed in life.

EDITORIAL

We have at hand a newspaper report of the death of Flying Officer James Robinson and L.A.C. Gravelle. It is a prosaic account and probably familiar to all of you. There is no complaint about the account. It is very good reporting. So much was necessarily left unsaid, the saying of which will not help F/O Robinson nor will it bring Karl Gravelle back to life, yet those things should be said.

The accident, so far as we know, was one of those unavoidable things that do happen to people who are active in any line, whether it be fishing or golfing. Those things do happen.

We express our regrets at the loss of a well liked officer and a popular airman. We would like to offer respectful sympathy to the bereaved families, but words can say so little and at times it is better to say less and think more.

Karl Gravelle was able to walk away from the wreck. He moved off a few paces and then went back to try to extricate his friend and instructor. While attempting so to do the gas tank blew up and burned him so terribly that he died a few hours later.

Men don't walk back into such danger for no reason at all. Of all the things that may be said for F/O Robinson, the fact that a pupil would take that risk for him is perhaps the finest thing that could be said.

Karl Gravelle showed the absolute ultimate in bravery in going back to what he knew was danger. Would that we were all made of the same stuff. This world would be a finer place to live in. We can well imagine the kind of airman that he would have been had he been spared for the task he was being trained for.

A word must also be said for Mrs. Frances Walsh. Her bravery in attempting to save the two men should not go unrecorded. She too knew of the danger she was facing, and in facing that danger, she was herself seriously burned.

Who can say that a people, endowed with those of such fortitude, could ever bow to a foreign oppressor.

Flying Squadron
22nd Entry,

IN MEMORIAM

Farewell, farewell our worthy friend,
The fate decrees that we must part,
And life for you has reached its end,
You still shall live within each heart,
Long as our airmen still may fly
Your memory will never die.

We miss your unassuming ways,
The greeting of a friendly soul,
You did kind deeds thru all your days
And nobly played in airmans role,
Tho we shall never meet again,
Within our hearts you shall remain.

We sympathize with those bereaved,
Our thoughts of him are linked with theirs,
For in his passing all are grieved,
Their sorrow every airman shares,
And many their sadness and their tears,
All vanish with the coming years.

Farewell good friend of humankind,
The base is reached, your flight is o'er,
The great airways are left behind,
Forever gone the engines roar,
But from above there echoes still,
Your kindly voice, and long it will.

J.M.M.

General News

The Station Band

Have you noticed how much easier and how much more interesting the parades and route marches have become lately?

Have you noticed any queer sounds emanating from the Annex at noon and in the evenings?

Have you noticed the distracted, get a straight jacket quick, look on the faces of some of the corporals and other fellows who live in the annex?

But really, have you noticed how much easier it is to march?

It's the band, late of Currie Field. Boys we really have something, or should I say they have. It's one of the finest bands we've been privileged to hear. The boys in the band and their leader Sgt. Ford can well be proud of their organization and the arrangements, the Sarg is getting out for them to play.

We, too, can be proud, of our appearance, as we march to the strains of their music, for marching with them, has become a pleasure rather than a task.

We have to register a complaint, though. That is that they are not with us often enough. We're not sure that we want to share them with anyone else.

Do some more band, we like it.

Don't kick a man when he's down. He may get up.

Passing By

By S. Coffey

I used to see him passing by,
And if I chanced to catch his eye
He'd nod and pass the time of day
And smiling, hurry on his way.

A stranger, yet how strange that he,
Should linger in my memory,
I never knew his name and yet
His smiling face I can't forget.

Today I watched for him in vain,
He will not pass this way again,
His steps no more will echo here,
His smiling face no longer cheer.

For Death has snatched him from my sight,
Yet sometime in the fading light,
When twilight deepens in the sky
I seem to see him passing by.

Chemistry of the Fairer Sex

Symbol--Wo.

Specific Gravity--Member of the human family.

Molecular Structure--Exceedingly variable.

Occurrence--Can be found wherever man exists.

Physical Properties--All shapes and sizes. Generally appears in disguised condition. Natural surface rarely free from extraneous covering of textiles and films of grease and pigments. Melts readily when properly heated. Boils at nothing and may freeze at any moment. Ordinarily sweet, occasionally sour, and sometimes bitter.

Chemical Properties--Exceedingly volatile, highly inflammable, and dangerous in the hands of an inexperienced person. Possesses great affinity for gold and precious metals.

9th, 1944

OR XMAS SHOPPING

General News

THE DOWN UNDER SHAG

On Wed. Oct. 29th the Aussies opened their seasons ballet at the Halloween carnival at No. 2 Wireless School. Judging from the plaudits for the huge crowd of merry dancers the act was a great success, but in the words of the Manager you haven't seen anything yet. Bouquets and Boomerangs go to producer Vol Locker, who put in a tremendous amount of work with the "girls!"

The star of the show was our little Bill Lawrence who put in a truly remarkable exhibition, considering the nervous state she was in.

We wish to thank Grahamo Watt for helping in inimitable style, to relieve a couple of the Ballet who had rather heavy engagements in town.

Claude Saunders, manager of the show, was approached by a young lady, who wanted his girls to give a performance downtown. So watch out for the next showing of the "Down under Shag".

Tit Bits about the Girls (28th)

Bert Romes--The redheaded beauty from Sydney.
Laurie McForley--From the sunny beach of Stanly.
Vol Locker--Goulburnes wonder producer.
Bill Lawrence--The star of the show. He hails from Melbourne.
Ross Taylor--The keyboard master from Sydney.
Frank Jones--Pocket Hercules from Sydney

Bill Ritchie--The long legged fellow from Sydney.
Charlie Spitt--Nice but certainly not dainty.
Paul Kaiser--No relation to old Bill.
Joe Davis--Another from Sydney. His greatest ambition is to be a card player.
Freddy Marsh--The international star from England.
C. Tait--Ask him anything about politics.
John Webb--A very keen student of the ballet.
Roy Davies--One of the original dead end kids.
Bob McRae--Rooting, Tooting cow cocky from N.S.W.
Claude Saunders--Manager and the Billy Rose of Australia.

Some R...F. Slang

Ropey means unsettled weather.
Cheesed means depressed.
Confetti--Ammunition for machine guns.
Control chasing--Low flying.
Dirt--Anti-aircraft fire.
Duck Bin--Retractable under turret for gunner.
Go to the movies--Go into action.
Greenhouse--Plastic cover for cockpit.
Hip flask--Service Revolver.
Mouse trap--Submarine.
Mickey Mouse--Automatic lever releasing bombs.
Roller Skate--A tank.
Scrambled eggs--The gold oak leaves on an Air Marshall's hat.
Shot down in Flames--Reprimanded by a superior officer or crossed in love.
Squirt--Machine gun burst.

Well come new

General News

HIGHLIGHTS OF REMEMBRANCE DAY PARADE

Perhaps the most noticeable and most talked of occurrence during the parade was the bulldog who insisted on staying with us. After he had been around long enough to be termed an acquaintance, and the boys had tried every way they could think of to learn his name, it was learned, quite by accident of course, that he cocked his ears to "Flight" and came running to the name of "Bozak". Quite a coincidence is it not?

It was very noticeable that the smartest looking parade of all was put on by No. 2 W.T.S. Apparently we can show them up when we want to.

We can't claim all the laurels for our fine show though. We had a band. In fact we had the finest band in the parade. In fact I'm not at all sure that we didn't have about the finest band it was possible to get anywhere. Congratulations are certainly due to Sgt. Ford and his boys.

While we're on the subject, of remembrance day it might be well to mention that about \$60 was collected on the station for Poppies. If we count those that were bought elsewhere we have a very creditable amount and we can be sure that practically everyone on the station donated and sported one.

HOW ABOUT
Some Flight
NEWS.

The station Peacock is dead--
"who killed cock Robin"
?????

EXAMINATION BONERS

Strictly Theory And Procedure

R/t distress call---PAY-DAY PAYDAY PAYDAY--some W.A.G. must have been broke on examination day.

Voltage on an aerial 50 miles from a transmitter--2000 volts--Trv connecting an aerial to your receiver sometime. WOW!

Before sitting down to take over watch, an operator should be sure to have a good supply of Call signs on hand--carry a box or two just in case.

The Neutralizing unit shows when the PA and MO are in residence Just married--will be at home to our friends after Thursday.

A Loop aerial in an aircraft is used to take a bearing on our own transmitter to find its position. Nice work, but what a big ship it must have been to lose the transmitter.

What is necessary in an aircraft to take D/F bearings?
.. loop aerial and a competent operator.

Inductance is when you have a voltage applied to the circuit and it induces current through the coil. Now the voltage we do not want we simply do not accept it, and it is put through a condenser where it is smoothed to the desired signal you want. It acts just like you wanted to condense milk from a cow, you have to purify your milk. A W.A.G. straight from the farm, pasteurized R/F, a '41 feature in aircraft radio.

NOTE TO PERSONNEL

This is not a one man news paper. It's continuance and success depends on the interest, appreciation, and cooperative help of all the personnel on the station. In order to publish an interesting, informative and up to date paper, regularly, a great deal of work is involved and the editors invite literary contributions.

Submission of technical articles, general articles of interest, either serious or humorous, and poems, all will be welcomed by us.

This issue we have a lamentable shortage of flight news, and flight news must, necessarily be the body of a paper of this nature. Please, Seniors appoint a man in you flight who can use a pen or pencil even a little bit. We can't do it all alone.

All articles will be accepted with proper appreciation. If they're good, so much the better, if they're not we'll do our darnest to doctor them up so they will be.

If you can't do anything else then give us ideas of what you would like to see in this rag. We'll appreciate that too.

The idea we're trying so hard to get across is that we need a hand. How about it?

DO YOU LIKE IT HERE?

It is a strange thing that few men come to this station liking it, and few men leave it not wishing that they could stay. Whether we like it or not is more or less up to ourselves as individuals. I think that the following anecdote illustrates this point rather well. A new comer to a little town approached one of the town's wise old men.

"What kind of a place is it here; what are the people like?" The wise old man thought for a minute and then parried with this question. "What was the town like that you just came from? What were the people like?" "Well" said the newcomer, "You never saw such a place in your life, it was miserable, and the people were rotten suspicious hypocrites." "Well", was the answer, "This is just the same kind of town and it has the same kind of people too."

A short time later another newcomer approached the wise old man. He asked the same questions as the former. When the old man asked him about the place he hailed from, he replied, "It was a dandy place, with friendly, homey, people. They were the salt of the earth." "My friend, said the old man, "This is just the same kind of place and the same kind of folk live here."

"CANTEEN JOES"

Well, boys here we go. Don't crowd or push, ask smartly for what you want, there's a million men behind you. Did you say crushed orange or cream soda? Oh, I beg your pardon, orange crush you want. Thank you. May we at this time suggest a few nice Xmas gifts which may help you in your selection of presents, such as: Cushion covers, shirts, watches, sweaters, socks, ties, chocolates, lighters and many others too numerous to add. If we can be of any assistance to you, we will only be to glad to help you in anything you may want to get up town or otherwise, after all that's what we are here for. Right!

S. B. J.

W.L.P. QUESTIONS

Flying Squadron News

Why do some crave for war in time
of peace,
and strive to fan the smouldering
fire aflame?
Will this strange spirit within
men ever cease,
and love instead of conflict
be their aim?
Why should they urge their
fellow men to fight,
when brotherhood is still a
living theme?
Do they believe they are more
just or right,
Or greater than all men, supreme?
and for what purpose is such sacrifice?
If it be land or wealth they
would acquire,
who, with their blood must pay
the awful price,
Demanded by this most ruthless
desire?
It is not fame or glory that
they seek,
For such rewards belong unto
the brave,
Bloodthirsty men like those of
whom I speak,
are such as deem each man to
be their slave.
Revolt all men against needless
bloodshed,
Life is more precious than
mere land or gold.
The spirit of true friendship
around you spread,
The brotherhood of all mankind
uphold;
and woe betide whoever will
dictate,
That men shall be as fodder
for the guns,
And give the life each holds
inviolate,
To satisfy the lust of soulless
ones.

Jas M. Moir.

It seems that we, the
flying squadron have been left
out in the cold during these
advancing winter days. Won't
you please spare us some space
for a few lines?

The Air Operating section
had a clean up week when there
were no Wags around. A general
overhaul of the wireless equipment
was made with the result that
all W/T is in perfect working
condition, and what a pity to
let the Wags be the first to
operate the sets.

A rumour has been floating
around the hangar of a
coming wedding. We wonder
whether we'll be invited or
not. How about it Baker?

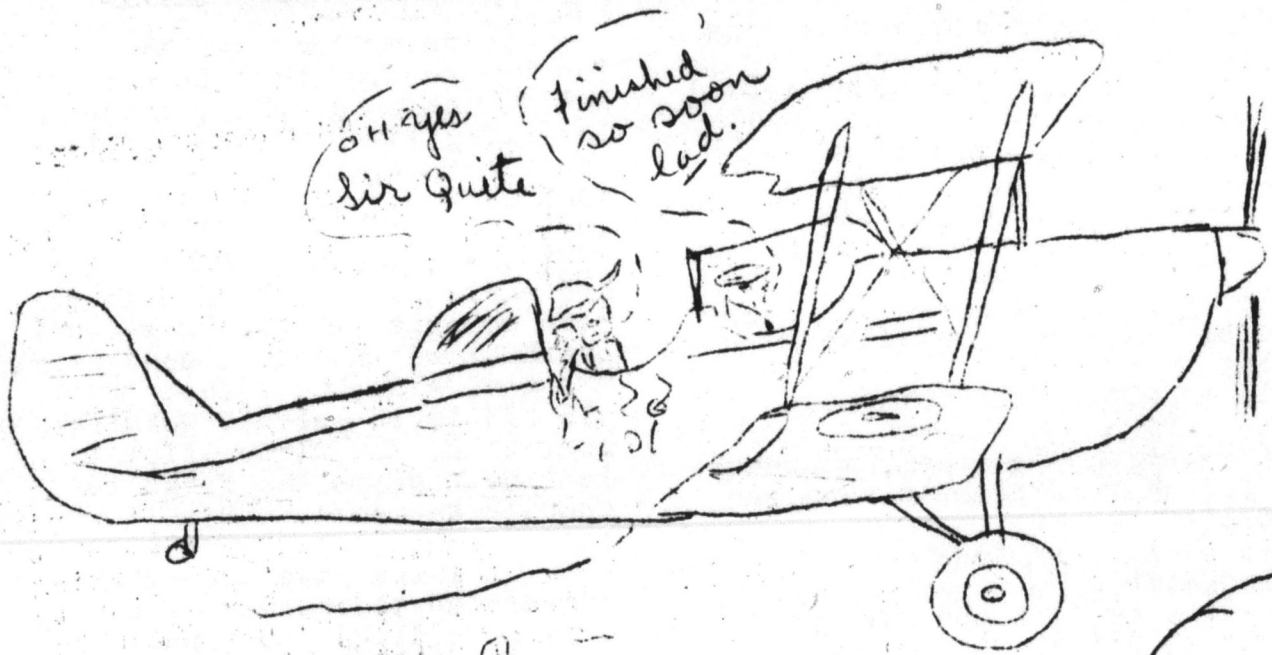
The No. 3 annual party,
seemed to do wonders for the fly-
ing squad personnel. Cigarettes,
refreshments, and enjoyment
were given scot free. If
you really want to know the
happenings of the evening, ask
Rod. He might know.

Pinky, finding a pair of
head phones, tried all the
sets on G. coils for standard
broadcast frequency. Wonderful
oscillation, he states.

We conclude with, "We'll
keep em flying". The wags
have our best wishes at air
hops. The best of luck to you
all.

Meet the new staff member.

For the past week or so a new face has been seen around the
office of the Y. Who is he? Well--his last name is Runnells and
his first is BRUCE, call him Bruce. He hails from Edmonton and
has been with YMCA for a number of years. Grahame is now Senior
Supervisor--With two live wires, things will really happen around
the station. By the way, congratulations to Whymark who is now a
Corporal.



Flying Squadron Caspers

Garrison Hockey

FLASH

League

Mon. Dec 8 - # 35FTS-2 = #4TC-0
 # 13 DIST Dep. - 3 = #13RCOC
 2

Thursday night Wireless School
 Plays # 10RD - 1900 hrs victor arena
 Business and ... after

FLIGHT NEWS

24N

Here we are again bringing you the doings and misdoings of 24N, better known as the X-20 flight as most of us have come from the 20th entry, which, to our sorrow has gone to B.andG. and is about to go overseas.

Now that the big night of Oct. 29th is over (Ed. note that was months ago, but it's our fault this time) and we have settled down to work again, we find that several of our number are back in the 26th entry. We're having quite a time keeping track of things.

We wish to apologize to L.A.C.'s Tuttle and Wood for not mentioning that they have taken the fatal steps and have joined the ranks of the Benedicts.

The majority of our class received invitations to the 20th graduation dance, and though a little greeneyed, we had an enjoyable time.

We have lost L.A.C. Yake. He received a discharge the first week in November.

At this point we wish to welcome, better late than never, the Aussies and Newsies and hope that we may help to make their stay with us an enjoyable one.

With these few items we may have reminded you that there still is a 24N and though our signal has grown weak of late we hope it will be longer and stronger next time.

Shopper to floor walker who has just given a well aimed kick at her dog:--But my dog wouldn't bite anyone.

Floor walker:--Maybe not madam but he had his leg up to kick me.

"26Q" sounds off (loudly)

A battle royal was the result of a meeting of 26Q and the R.N.Z.A.F. in the road between their huts some time ago. That it was really all in fun is attested to the fact the only weapons used were pillows, or almost the only weapons. L.A.C. Mortimer (Snerd to you) was sporting a shiner the next day that did not look to be the result of anything as inoffensive as a bag of feathers. We'll have to assume that the man that hit him forgot to bring a pillow. We trust that this battle had no connection with the fact that there were about 14 men in the hospital from this flight. At a meeting, later held by the two factions, the main sentiment, seemed to be the mutual regret that they had not availed themselves of the opportunity which presented itself when a certain Flt/Sgt. stepped in to put an end to the battle. I think you know who and what I mean.

A word of sympathy to the man who, having pawned everything he owned that was pawnable, still finds it necessary to drink hair tonic and after shave lotion. These pavs are so far apart.

L.A.C. Davey has asked me to express a wish to the rest of the class to make less noise during lectures. He is a light sleeper at best so use a little consideration eh. We hope, while we're wishing him a speedy recovery, that he'll have caught up on some sleep while in the hospital.

"Oi" says Pat, "Don't come down the ladder now I've just taken it away."

26a cont'd

The man on my right, I won't mention any names but his initials are R. Chisolm, who has, as a rule, three days C.B. twice a week, was seen the other day, writing letters to various people and places, inquiring as to whether there still is a foreign legion. If he is thinking of transferring, we can tell him that there is one but it's not that foreign.

28Y

28Y is no longer the baby class of the school. We know you will pardon us if we look down on the 30th entry with a slight, just a very slight, feeling of superiority. After all, we have been here a whole month longer than they have. (It seems like a year). There are some of us who know Ohms law and how to punch a key so the sender at least, sometimes, can understand it.

We have a class who seem quite able to look after themselves when it comes to arguing with and questioning the instructors. I'm not at all sure that the answers sink in and do any good but at least there is a glimmer of intelligence showing in places.

We have been augmented to the extent of some 14 men from the 26th entry. Apparently the 26th has suffered from a great amount of sickness and these are the unlucky ones. We think that they are really lucky to be in a class with such a fine bunch of fellows as we are.

We have the makings of a basketball team that is going to be hard to beat. The team, at present, is comprised of most of the flight, but time and experience should cut it down a little we hope.

We have a complaint to register in that the Newsies are being issued with fatigues just the same as ours and just as soon as they learn to talk English we won't be able to tell them from White-men.

Our Flight Senior is doing very well at his job of trying to get us to classes on time and generally mothering us. He's Bill Day, that long, redheaded, rather good looking fellow, (in a repulsive sort of a way of course).

'Bye for now.

A mother loves her child,
And it's natural that she should.
A cowboy loves his horse,
And always treats him good.

But the only love in this old world,
To compare with the love of a mother
Is the infinite, lingering, passionate love,
Of one dead drunk for another.

Ain't it a fact.

How about some flight news fellows. The showing this time isn't so hot.

Whether you like the effort put in this paper or not, the only way it can be improved is with your help.

What's wrong with
Flight News ???

F. REWELL 22nd ENTRY

You are leaving us. You are in a spot where you can look back and laugh at a lot of things you cursed at during your course. You've had a long, tough pull but you've done at least part of what you set out to do. The rest, the main part, is yet to come, and while it may be more strenuous, at least it won't be more arduous.

We, whom you are leaving behind have an idea what you've been through and know you've done a good job.

You are on the threshold of probably the greatest experience of your lives. You have a much bigger job ahead of you than you realize perhaps. That job makes necessary the intensive training you've shown here will carry you through and make us proud to be able to say we know you.

Your class seniors deserve a hand for doing a tough job well, and you too for cooperating with them as you have done.

Good luck and happy landings follows. We hope to see you 'over there' soon.

Lady Reformer: You notice, I place a worm in a glass of water, it lives! I then place it in a glass of whiskey. Notice it dies a sudden death. Does this, Ladies and Gentlemen, mean anything to you?

W. L. G. in audience: Yes, it means I'll never have worms.

WELCOME THE 30TH And 32nd.

You boys are finally started on your course. In many cases it isn't the course you thought you were going to take when you enlisted. Cheer up you're not alone. There are many more of us in the same boat. We came here, many of us with a chip on our shoulder, but we found, if we settled down to study that we were rather pleasantly surprised. It's not a bad course at all, in fact we learned to like it.

Most of you have been through I.T.S. and are not raw recruits. You know what you can and what you can't do in the service. We're glad to have you with us and hope you feel the same way.

To the Australians and New Zealanders we'd like to offer a special welcome. We know that you are a long way from home and are almost strangers in a foreign land. We'd like to make you feel as much at home as it is possible for you to be. In that we're sure we echo the sentiments of all the people of Canada.

Your brothers and friends and country men have been here before you, so while we may be strangers to you, you are not strangers to us. We wish you a pleasant stay with a fairly certain knowledge that you will have it.

Welcome Anzacs.

The size of the bottle brought into camp is governed only by the size of the guard gate.
No inferences.

*Sgts - no news
next issue eh!!*

Displacement current is the current that is generated when E.M.F. is connected to an insulator. Although there is no appreciable movement of electrons there is a certain amount of bulge at the ends of the insulator.---What unruly electrons the Airforce have.

What does the letter Q signify in the subject matter of a procedure message?

That the operator has been interrupted for a few seconds, has to blow his nose or was tapped on the shoulder or some other excuse for stopping in the middle of a message.

That the controlling station wants the receiving party or parties to wait one minute. (They serve tea every half hour).

That the receiving station is to wait until the transmitting station has finished some short time job.

The above are guaranteed by the wireless department to be actual answers to exam questions. Before you laugh too hard, are you quite sure that you're not responsible for any of them?

Conductor: Did you get home all right last night, Sir?

Passenger: Of course; why do you ask?

Conductor: Well when you got up and gave that lady your seat last night you were the only two on the car.

No personal aspersions are being cast but there was a certain airman.

Today's Poem

I wish I were a kangaroo of bulge
Despite his funny stances,
I'd have a place to put the stuff
The girl friend brings to dances.

Peeking into the private lives of some of our Corporals we find Corp. Cox ill, "Oh nothing serious", just one of those things, probably from holidaying in Edmonton; or is it the enjoyable trips he has going? We all wonder.

There is a smart young Tech. Corp. who is having love troubles, complains of slow progress. Could it be that he is not polished in languages or too much beer?

Who might the Corp. be who holds two paydays and is always on the receiving end? Heaven help us if the cards go against him, we would spend a quiet and sober time between paydays.

The Pudgy twins have been making quite a name for themselves in the world (of setups). They are forsaking Calgary for Red Deer for their weekends, supposedly to visit friends, but why incognito? To the mothers with daughters in this fair town keep your daughters off the street after dark.

Corporal Crawford has been blessed with a baby girl. Nice going old Chap. He expects to be out of the hospital and back on instruction soon.

The corps have given an ear to music. A party is to be arranged at which it is hoped to find Bezaks lost Chord.

"Who are those people doing all the cheering?" asked the recruit as the soldiers marched to the train.

"Those", replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."

NEW ZEALAND SECTION

The boys from down under have arrived in Calgary, after a long and interesting cruise of the South Seas. At ports of calls, the boys were made welcome by all. Their stay in Hawaii, will be long remembered, they being the first British troops to ever land there.

The ladies of the American Red Cross and Canteen Corps, entertained the lads to a motor tour of the Island, and then to lunch on the sands of Punaluu Beach.

A very pleasing and novel feature of the day was a hula dance, staged by a young native girl to the strains of a Hawaiian string band.

At Vancouver the boys were again accorded a hearty welcome, and were taken on a motor tour of the city. Just as the train was about to leave, a lady came through the cars and distributed cigarettes to the lads---Just another example of the kindness that the Canadian people are so noted for.

When the boys arrived at No. 2 Wireless they were disappointed to find themselves in quarantine, but were compensated, for through the kindness of F/IT., Richardson a chartered tour of the city was made, and steps were taken to see that the boys were kept busy with recreation.

Graham Watt of the 'Y' played a great part, by establishing a Post office in the quarters and arranging special showing of "talkies", while F/O Passmore introduced sports.

Once more the boys are free, and may now be seen, after their day of "sparks" taking an active interest in sports and the social life of the city.

An interesting feature of the social life of the New Zealanders is it's Maori Haka which is more or less a tradition to all New Zealanders. The Haka team, which consists of more or less raw recruits has, up to the present been born of what is known in the Airforces of the world as "Esprit de Corps". The team consists of:-

Buddy Baker---Who organized and led it.

Sid Taurima----W. Flavell

D. Thorburn----R. Wroblinski

E. Noble-----R. Price

J. Williams----L. Slatton

N. Collins-----G. Owens

R. Rowley-----G. Enright

S. Marks-----A. Hutchinson

Every single action in a Haka has a very definite meaning. The boys of the N.Z. section of the R.C.A.F. are of a very happy go lucky disposition and, can be relied upon to create a happy diversion under any circumstances. On the evening of the No. 2 Wireless School's Halloween, the boys from down under endeavoured to aid the cause by erecting a booth, a model meeting house, which in New Zealand is called a 'Whare'. Also on their list of entertainment was the above mentioned Haka. The Whare was made under the direction of W. Flavell while the decorations were in the capable hands of S. Goldsmith and T. Ganley.

Congratulations Newsies, we enjoyed your Maori Haka and your Whare. We like your spirit of go.

Not long ago Winston Churchill hired a taxi to drive him to the B.B.C. for a broadcast. The driver didn't recognize him. As the Prime Minister got out he said, "Will you wait for half an hour?"

The driver replied, "I'd like to Mate but I want to listen to the Churchill broadcast."

Churchill, gratified, gave him ten bob.

The driver took the money saying, "Thanks Guvner, I'll wait. To hell with Winston."

NEWS FLASH

Another squad of boys have arrived from down under at No. 2.
HAERE MAT!

WE WELCOME EM IN.

Friday, Nov. 7th was a day of great excitement for it was learned another batch of Newsies and Aussies would be arriving here.

When, at last, the station bus's filled with happy, singing, ANZACS drove up in front of the drill hall, there was a wild scramble to greet the new arrivals and learn the latest doings from home.

Upon setting foot in the drill hall the boys were accorded a traditional welcome of their own country, a Haka led by Buddy Baker.

With the kind hospitality that has been showered upon the former entires of Newsies the new lads will find No. 2 Wireless School not a bad place to be in.

KIA ORA

In our next issue we will publish an account of "The New Zealanders Night in Hollywood. Watch for it.

We have on hand an interesting account of the trip over of the Newsies and aussies in the 30th entry. It is well and interestingly written by Derek S. Hall of the R.N.Z.A.F. Owing to short age of space and it's length, and incidentally, a certain amount of laziness on the part of the editor we are saving it for you for the next issue.

We are the boys of the Wireless School.

All out to see this old war through

We'll show the Nazis right must rule

And give no quarter in a duel
From us they'll get their due.

Chorus

When we go up in the air

When we go up in the air

We'll show this Adolph Hitler
guy

He'll have no air fleets in the sky

and he will know the reason why

When we go up in the air.

We'll help our pilots to do their stuff

The navigators to do likewise
Prove to the Germans we are tough

With Mussolini's gang be rough
And blast them from the skies.

When we go up in the air etc.

We aren't no thin blue heroes,
We aren't no blackguard too.
We're aircraftsmen in barracks,
Very much the same as you.
and if at time our conduct,
Ain't what your fancy paints,
Why Aircraftsmen in barracks,
Don't grow into Plaster Saints.

COULD BE

Now that he has settled down,
And knows the joys of marriage,
I guess the first thing he will do,
Will be to buy a carriage.

RAIAF - R.N.Z.A.F.

lets see you on
SKATES.

SPORTS

SPORTS

Rugger: The Anzac boys of #2 Wireless school have been doing big things this fall in their rugger games, in fact they have been undefeated and untied this year. Not a bad record. In the first game the Newsies from the school took on the R.A.F. boys from #37 S.F.T.S. and won handily the score being 25-9. The next week two games were played, the first between the Newsies of #2 and the Aussies from #3 S.F.T.S. after a real battle our team won. In the second game the Aussies of #2, not to be out-done by the Newsies took on the R.A.F. again and defeated them 13 to 12. It has been a most successful season and we are very proud of our Anzac rugger teams.

Hockey: The big news in hockey to date, is the unexpected victory of the Inter-equipment boys over the Motor Section Transport. By some queer quirk of fate the "Tiny Dinks" lived up to their boast and won the game by a score of 7 to 3, but it was a hard game and lady luck was with them or so the M.T. boys say. It was real thrilling to see the boys skating madly up the ice with or without the puck then pancake to the ice, rest a while and slowly return to their own end of the rink, calling for a substitution. The big guns for the equipment team were Kirkwood and James scoring six goals between them (the seventh goal by Pattison, is now History we hope), for the M.T. boys Jenkins was the high scorer with 2 goals.

It is understood that, ice permitting, the undefeated "Tiny Dinks" will be playing the Discips. Sat. Dec. 6th. This will be the game of the season as the Discips are out for blood and the Equipment team, while a little nervous are fairly sure they can carry their winning streak along for another game.

Congratulations are due to Cpl. Oullett for his great work in getting the ice ready.

Representative team: The first practice of the team was held in the Victoria arena Sun. morning with about thirty fellows trying out for the team. After an hours skating the fellows were slightly tired but confident that the team they ice in the league will be more than able to hold their own. With such proven stars as Bozack, Middelton, Tiller and Kraeling the team is confident that we again this year will carry off all the honors. The first game for #2 Wireless will be Thursday, Dec. 11th. and the team asks that a large number of the fellows on the station be on hand to give them moral support.

Inter-Section: Just as soon as the weather cools off enough to get our station rink in shape the inter-section league will be started and teams are wanted from every flight, as well as several H.Q. teams. By the way our rink was the first one in the area to be opened. Fellows wanting equipment and skates may get them from the Y.M.C.A. office.

Badminton: This game is very popular with a number of the fellows on the station and to date three YMCA tournaments have been held in the drill hall. E.L. Smith has been victorious in each contest but he has had some tough opposition and his reign as champion is being seriously threatened by Clearwater, Williams, Rolingher, and others. Any fellows wanting to play Badminton can obtain rackets and birds at the sports room.

Rifle-Club: Several of the members of the club have now completed enough targets to get their first award from the Dominion Rifle Association, and it wont be very long until a number of fellows on the station will be sporting their bronze medals. For the fellows, not already in the club, and who wish to join, entry forms may be obtained from the Y.M.C.A. office.

PORT 2

Rifle-Club (cont'd)

It is probably unwise to mention it but a team from our club took on a team from the Calgary Girls Club and the result was not flattering to the boys. From #2 Wireless. However as usual our team had several alibis, such as, strange range, strange rifles, the type of their competition took their minds off their work, etc, and etc. The boys are looking forward to a return engagement soon and promise to win next time.

Basketball: Representative team

Our station team has not fared so well to date, losing both their first two games, the last one to #4 T. C. by only two points. The boys are practicing hard every night and we don't think they will lose any more games this year, J. Johnson, Pringle, A. Johnson and Cpl. Shiles along with the new team certainly proved that they did not intend to be on the short end of the score anymore when they soundly trounced #10 Dist. Depot last week by the score of 47-16. Nice work fellows.

Inter Flight: "Y" house league is now under way, and it looks as though there will be some mighty tough games before the schedule is completed. To date the results of the games played are as follows:

30 a 8 pts.	vs 30 b 6 pts.
30 d 30 pts	vs 30 c 16 "
26 t 22 "	vs 26 s 15 "
26 q 2 "	vs 26 r (default)
28 v 6 "	vs 28 w 3 "
28 y 2 "	vs 28 x Default)

Sgts. vs Officers: On Monday Dec. 1st. the Officers felt it their duty to teach the Sgts. the finer points of basketball and when the smoke had cleared away after the game the result was a win for the Officers by the score of 31 to 20. F/o Pilling and Flt. Sgt. Bozack carried on a personal scoring battle between themselves and F/o Pilling won by scoring 13 points to Bozack's 11. Grahame Watt wiggled through to score 10 points for the Officers while Flt. Sgt. Knox was right be-

Y.M.C.A. DOTS AND DASHES

Y.M.C.A. "Friendly Hour"

Every Sunday night in the Auditorium the Y have a program of music, sing song, movies and refreshments. To date the gatherings have been very successful and with the cold winter nights ahead a bigger crowd is expected. If you have any suggestions for this evening of fellowship, see Bruce Runnalls at the "Y".

Christmas Program.

Already the YMCA is preparing it's program for the Yule Tide Season: concerts, kiddies Xmas party, outings, etc.

Any airmen who wish a Christmas Dinner at a home in Calgary, be sure and leave your name at the Y.M.C.A. R.A.A.F., R.N.Z.A.R. and R.C.A.F. men that would like to spend their Xmas leave at Banff, register at the Y. Special rates are being arranged.

Carol Hour

Sunday night, Dec. 21, a special Christmas musical hour will be held on the station. Look for further information.

Join a Group:

Remember you can be active in a Rifle Club, Badminton, Camera, Glee Club, by contacting YMCA office.

DO YOU KNOW.

1. F/L Ashford and Grahame Watt have secured another 500 books for the library. Your favorite book is waiting in the Y library for you to read.
2. F/Lt. Ashford is doing a real job at the YMCA Friendly Hour.
3. Christmas writing paper is available at the Y office.
4. Special Christmas telegram messages should be sent early--let the Y help you.

THE AIRMAN'S LAMENT

By LAC D.J. Smith

Twas the night before payday,
And all thru' the huts,
Not an airman was stirring,
They were nearly all nuts.

The Corporals were ornery,
The Sergeants were mean,
And a guy with a smile,
Just couldn't be seen.

They all lay on their bunks,
With a scowl on their face,
And wished to high heaven,
They were some other place.

They thought of the girls,
That were waiting in vain,
Of the shows and the dances,
And cursed once again.

They had read all the papers,
And seen every book,
They'd tried to bum money,
By hook and by crook.

They layed there disgusted,
And down in the dumps,
Things couldn't be worse,
If they all had the mumps.

So muttering and cursing,
They took to their beds,
Said, "Dammit" once more,
And covered their heads.

A clear conscience doesn't mean a thing
if you haven't a conscience.

The champion athlete, in bed with a cold
was told that he had a temperature.
"How high is it Doctor?" he wanted to
know.
"A hundred and one."
"What's the world's record?"

"Here's a nickel, Porter, I declare I
don't know why I put up with this tripping
evil.

PROGRESS

By LAC S. Coffey

For the sake of greed a nation is lost,
A civilization waned;
Gone all the brave and fine ideals,
That a thousand years have gained.

A sacrifice to the God of Greed,
A symbol of Vice and Lust,
A stricken world and a broken creed,
And a race bowed in the dust.

This is a tale of a blighted age,
Of a people ruled by fear,
Of a wasted youth and a world wide scar
That will last for a thousand years.

Men with their reason blurred with blood,
In a savage, senseless fight,
Ruled by the will of a single man
Whose only aim is might.

And when that man is claimed at last,
When his ill spent course is run,
When he's gone to whatever reward he's
earned,
And his last vile deed is done.

When the last flag's down and the last
man's dead,
And the last vain missile hurled,
A blood red sun in a war torn sky,
Will rise on a shattered world.

DAWN FROM THE SKIES

By LAC R.H. Coulter

A world of cares and worries gone
As up into the cold grey dawn
We lift our plane, and fly till the new
day breaks, and sky

Aglow with golden sunrise, drops it's
shrouds

Of night behind the fleeing clouds
All you not born on wings of morn
Have seen the dawn, but we with scorn
Can say we've seen it in a different
light;

This dawn that comes at close of night.
We see it as a sea of golden fire
Without a building, tree or spire
To break our view of that, which old in
story
Is but a blazing symbol of God's glory.

I remember the first time I tried it;
I was only a kid of sixteen;
And even though she was much older than I,
She was far more composed and serene.

It was out in the barn, I remember,
At the close of a lush summer day;
And the evening was scented with clover
in bloom,
And the fragrance of newly mown hay.

I was eager, yet awkwardly backward,
Uncertain of how to proceed;
But she seemed not to notice the hesitancy,
With which I prepared for the deed.

I remember she made no objection,
Showed no sign of alarm;
For I loved her, and she-I am sure-had
loved me,
Since she first came to live on the farm.

I remember, I spoke to her softly,
As I cuddled her face in my hands;
And I saw in the depths of her wide
blue eyes,
She was one who understands.

I remember she moved a bit closer,
And the touch of her body was warm;
As my fingers moved awkwardly over her
throat,
While she nestled my head in my arm.

Looking back on it now, I remember,
How I stood while my head seemed to spin,
With the thought of the thing I was going
to do,
Yet reluctant, somehow, to begin.

Long later, I stood up uncertain,
Of whether to stay or to run,
A-tingle with pride, and yet shaken and
awed,
As at last I knew it was done.

I remember (it seemed hours later),
How my heart hammered under my blouse,
With the joy of a boy that's turned into
a man,
As I made my way back to the house.

Twenty years have gone by since that
evening,
But I've never forgotten, I vow,
The thrill, and joy, that I felt as a boy,
On that day when I first milked a cow.

You are the fellow who has to decide
Whether to do it or cast it aside,
You are the fellow who makes up your
mind
Whether you'll lead or linger behind
Whether you'll try for the goal that's
afar
Or be contented to stay where you are,
Take it or leave it, here's something
to do!
Just think it over, it's all up to you.

What do you wish? To be known as a shirk,
Known as a good man who is willing to
work
Scorned for a loafer or praised by your
chief
Rich man or poor man or beggar or thief?
Eager or earnest or dull through the day
Honest or crooked, it's you who must say
You must decide in the face of the test
Whether you'll shirk or give it your best.

Nobody here will compel you to rise;
No one will force you to open your eyes;
No one will answer for you yes or no,
Whether to stay or whether to go.
Life is a game but it's you who must say,
Whether as cheat or as sportsman you'll
play.
Fate may betray you but you settle first
Whether to live to your best or your
worst.

So whatever it is you are wanting to be
Remember, to fashion the choice you are
free
Kindly or selfish or gentle or strong,
Keeping the right road or taking the
wrong
Careless of honor or guarding your pride,
All these are questions which you must
decide
Yours the selection, whichever you do;
The thing men call character is all up
to you.

LAC M.W. (Tommy) Thompson tells us
that all of Saskatchewan is not dust
bowl, and further that, Prince Albert
is not in the prairies.
Would there, by any chance, be an
expert on the subject hiding behind
one of the trees around here?

SHORT CIRCUITS

Cpl. Jenks: You oughtn't to charge me but half price for cutting my hair when I'm half bald.
Barber: Sorry Corp we don't charge for cutting your hair-- we charge for the time we spend hunting for it.

Student: I used to wonder about the great instructors until I saw they were men with about the same brain power as mine and then I lost confidence in them.

MILITARY WEDDING

Miss Bernice.....became the bride of L...C.....at an imperative ceremony last week in.....Church.

Love is like an onion,
You taste it with delight,
and when it's gone you wonder,
Whatever made you bite.

Two airmen were having an argument over a game of cards. "My three aces win," said one. "Ain't you ashamed of your dishonesty?" demanded the other, "I only dealt you two aces".

CONGRATULATIONS!

FLASH!

Corp. Ring forgot his trait as a "WEM". On Friday, Dec. 6, he became what is known in the upper circles, as a loving husband. The lucky bride happens to be a girl by the name of Miss Jean Wilson, who for many months has been working at the Central Registry Office at the station. Congratulations to both with our best wishes. May all your troubles be little ones.

Flt/Sgt.: Nurse, honestly I'm in love with you. I don't want to get well.
Nurse: Well the doctor is too so you won't get well.

and just because the fair young thing told him he could be a pebble on her beach of Love, he got a little bolder.

He kissed her in the garden it was a moonlight night,
She was a marble statue,
He was a little tight.

Who was that lady I saw you out with last night?
I wasn't out I was just dozing.

"That's the guy I'm laying for" muttered the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.

I fainted so they brought me to, so I fainted again.
Why?
Well, they brought me two more.

"I had a date with a general last night".

"Major General?"

"Not yet".

NEWS

WANTED

Checks from the check book.

Abie: "Cohen, I've been to the bank to borrow some money, and they say all I need is that you should sign to this note your name, then I shall have all the money I need. Ain't that fine?"

Cohen (reproachfully); "Abie you and I have been friends for many years, and yet you go to the bank when you need money. Abie, you just go again to the bank and say that they should sign the note, and then Cohen will lend you the money."

Thank goodness we live in a free country, where a man may say what he thinks if he isn't afraid his wife, his neighbors or his boss will criticize him, and if he's sure it won't hurt his business or his reputation.

"Well, Joey," remarked the descip., "I'm sorry to see you leave the works. Aren't the wages satisfactory?"

"The wages are all right," returned Joey, "But I keep having a guilty feeling all the time."

"About what?"

"I'M all the time thinkin' I'm doin' a horse out of a job."

Don't kick a man when he is down--He may get up.

MAKING IT HOT

Tillie: "But, mother, I can't marry him. He's an atheist, and doesn't believe there is a hell."

Mother: "Go ahead and marry him, dear, and between us we'll convince him he's wrong."

"It's my one hope to see my girls safely married before I die," said the old man to the visitor. "There's Betty, she's 25 years old and a good looking girl. I'll give her \$1,000 when she marries. Then there's Anne who is 35. Her dowry will be \$2,000. Lizzie is next and only 40 and her share will be \$3,000. And the man who takes Minnie, who is 45, will have \$5,000 with her."

The visitor, a sharp young Lussie, thought a moment and then inquired: "You haven't got one 50 or 55 have you?"

MAN APPRAISED

A man's no bigger than the way, He treats his fellowman. This standard has his measure been Since time itself began.

He's measured not by titles or creeds, Nor by gold that's put aside; High sounding though they be; Nor by his sancity.

He's measured not by social rank, When character's the test; Nor by his earthly pomp or show, Displaying wealth possessed.

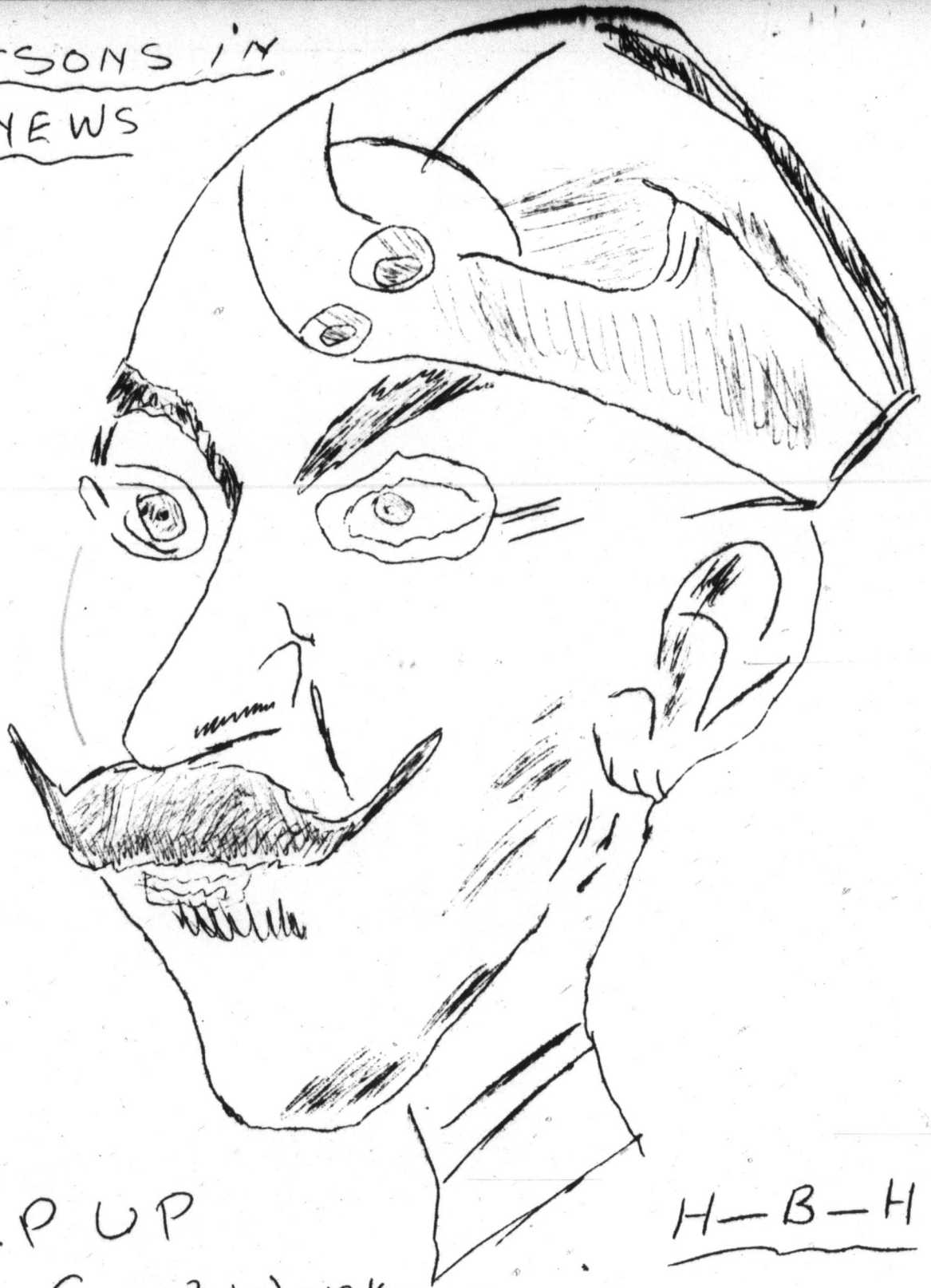
He's measured by his justice right, His fairness at his play, His squariness in all dealings made, His honest, upright way.

These are his measure ever near To serve him when they can; For man's no bigger than the way He treats his fellowman.

Circus-Manager: - Go on in Rastus that lion was brought up on milk.

Rastus: - So was I boss but I eats meat now.

PERSONS IN
THE NEWS



KEEP UP
THE GOOD WORK
HAD!!!!

H-B-H

By courtesy
10th ENTRY