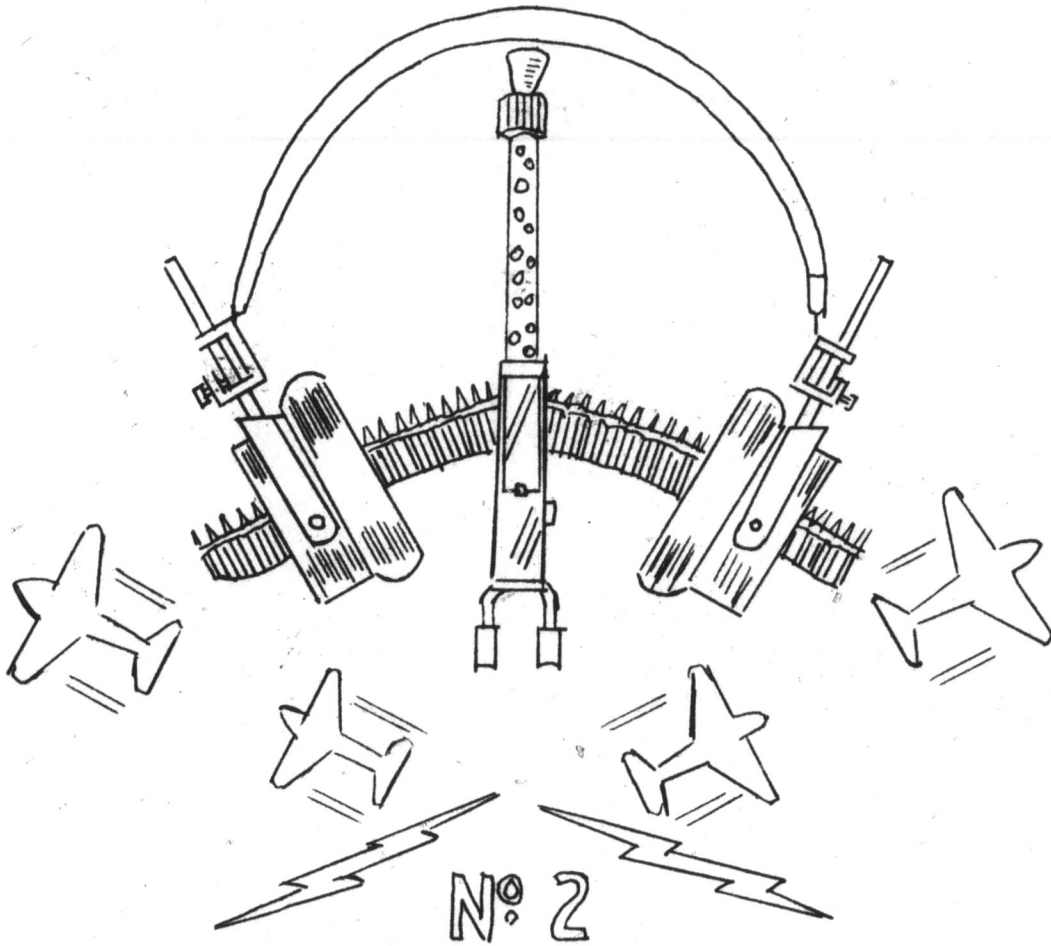


THE W.A.C. SIGNAL



Nº 2 WIRELESS SCHOOL

PUBLISHED IN INTERESTS OF TRAINEES OF

NO. 2 WIRELESS SCHOOL, CALGARY

BY KIND PERMISSION OF GROUP CAPTAIN E.R. OWEN

4/10/55
Vol. 2 No. 1
PRICE

V 000 =

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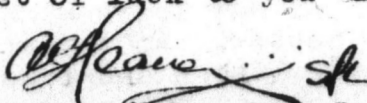
COMMANDING OFFICER'S MESSAGE FOR 1942

Acting in the capacity of Commanding Officer during the absence of Group Captain E. R. Owen, I would like to take this opportunity of wishing the entire staff and trainees of No. 2 Wireless School the very happiest of New Years.

We can proudly look back on the year of 1941 as a year of very definite achievement. From the birth of this School, late in 1940, it successfully passed through the teething period and blossomed forth into adult stage early in 1941. Month by month we watched it grow in stature until it attained a full and vigorous manhood.

Many of our trainees are now overseas and 1942 will see an ever increasing stream flowing through the School. However good our efforts have been in the past we must continually improve on them until final victory has been won -- nothing but dogged determination and patience coupled with an unswerving will to win, can enable us to overcome all the terrific obstacles in the path that leads to this end. We must turn our backs on the past and steadfastly face the future.

Happy landings boys and the best of luck to you all.


(A.C. Heaven) Squadron Leader
Commanding Officer
#2 Wireless School, Calgary, Alta.

CHRISTMAS EVENTS AROUND THE STATION

Under this heading could be mentioned many evongs - - - - - as there was something doing every minute of the time.

CHRISTMAS DINNERS

Through the kindness of the people of Calgary and the activity of the Y.M.C.A. all personell remaining on the station for Christmas, mainly New Zealanders and Australians, were well looked after. Over one hundred men went to private homes for dinner on Christmas Day. Thanks are due to the "Y" for making the arrangements, to the boys for living up to their obligations and getting there on time and in respectable condition, and especially to the good people of Calgary, who made it possible for these men, who were so far from home, to enjoy Christmas as it should be enjoyed.

CHRISTMAS PARTY FOR THE KIDDIES

A Christmas tree and party for the children of the station personel was arranged by the Y.M.C.A. and from all accounts, was a huge success. The girls, who work for a living among us acted as hostesses to the kiddies and kept everything moving smoothly. The officers and Sergeants donated the necessary wherewithall to make the affair a reality, while the "Y" arranged for special movies and the Airmens Canteen looked after the decorations. Santa Claus was very ably done by S/L Black and he has our permission to continue in that role this year for the benefit of us airmen. Santa saw to it that all the kiddies got presents. The girls looked after the refreshments and the children did away with a quantity of ice cream, candy, cakes and nuts, etc.

A first class Marionette show was put on by F/O Cohen and Mrs. Cohen, which Corporal and Mrs. Wilson helping them. Corporals Schultz and Shortreed supplied the musical effects.

F/O Pilling's two young daughters rendered a tap dance routine which was well received and very well done.

DECORATIONS

Decorations were purchased by the Airmens Canteen and Sgt. Jeffels of the Dry Canteen superintended the decorating of the Auditorium, Mess Hall, Dry Canteen and the Hospital. There were also a pair of Xmas trees at the main gate to remind us of the season.

CHRISTMAS DINNER ON THE STATION

Compliments are due to Sgt. Ingram and his staff for the fine Xmas and New Years Dinners. The Savo in London could not have done better. At the Xmas board the Airmen were honored by the shining lights and faces of the waiters. Suffice it to say that the highlight of the meal seemed to be the amount of beer that was quaffed and the number of autographs that were swapped. Everyone present enjoyed themselves immensely. Copying from the menu we give you the following and hope you can understand it: F/Lt Lynch asked the Grace. Sqd/Ldr. A.C. Heaven, M.C. was Maitre d'Hotel,
(cont'd)

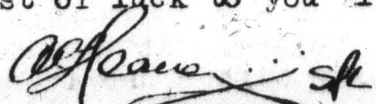
C O M M A N D I N G O F F I C E R ' S M E S S A G E F O R 1 9 4 2

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(A.C. Heaven) Squadron Leader
Commanding Officer
#2 Wireless School, Calgary, Alta.

CHRISTMAS EVENTS (cont'd)

Flt/lt W.E. Gower, M.C. acted as Chief Epousonneur, while Flt/lt J.S. Black was Faisseur De Brow, whatever that may be. F/O J. Passmore was Chef "Joe" and I hear he took it quite seriously. Premier Garcon, Sgt. Ingram, has already been complimented so we'll skip him for now. Grahame Watt is still scratching his head and wondering whether he should be pleased or offended with his title for the evening. The called him "Laveur de Vaisselle" Confidentially, it means dish washer if my high school French hasn't let me down. That high school French doesn't take me quite far enough to figure out the imposing titles that were tacked to F/O Cohen and F/O Leviqueur. They were Premier Tueur, and Fournisseur de Corbillard, respectively.

The menu included everything from soup to nuts and then some. The Orderly Officer couldn't find any one with a complaint.

SKI PARTY TO BANFF

Some fifty Newsies and aussies spent five days at Xmas at Banff, supposedly skiing. We have heard stories, however. The trip was arranged by the "Y" but I think they'd soon have their name left out of it. We understand that, practically speaking, the skis were stuck upright in the snow, in experienced Skier's style, on arrival, and in most cases first changed from that position on departure. The few that did get out to try the contraptions did very well by the selves and the skis. There were only ten pairs broken. We'd like to ask Mr. Morrison of the Norquay Ski Club how he enjoyed having the boys up there, but we're a little afraid to venture the question for awhile yet. We'd like also to ask the boys how they enjoyed themselves (the part they can remember) and what they think of our Canadian Mountains and Winter Sports.

THANKS TO Y.M.C.A.

The Y.M.C.A. is to be thanked and congratulated on the numerous things that were arranged by them or done by them to make our Christmas more enjoyable. For those remaining in Barracks there was a special matinee movie show each day, and a movie every evening for those in the Hospital. They went out of there way to provide a wrapping service for those of us who need it, supplying paper, string, stickers and all the necessities, even, in many cases to the actual wrapping. Thanks. For those of us who were sending parcels it was a real help.

SCARBORO UNITED CHURCH

A special Christmas Choral Church Service was held in the Auditorium on Dec. 20th, with Flt/Lieut Ashford leading. The choir was from the Scarboro United Church and was really something. They also supplied hampers for those in the Station Hospital. Thanks very, very, much.

CORPORALS JOTTINGS

We wonder if "Alicia" enjoyed himself on that little journey to the Coast lately. It must have been pretty heart-breaking for that Grass Widow to have been left in Vancouver for a few days, while our second edition of Robert Taylor slipped over to Victoria to pay his respects to his family. Rumour hath it that he even kissed the lady on the train before it reached Field. He never did waste much time, but I'll wager if I was 5 years younger, I would have done it before the train left Calgary.

There is a lot of curiosity among us regarding what happened to "Esther's" straight affair with the little Mademoiselle who works behind the counter at Kresge's. Personally I think he is too darn particular, and I wouldn't mind prophecying he will end up by getting himself tied up with one of those "bags" he dances with down at the Elks Dance Hall. I would also like to know if he ever returned that ring he borrowed from the girl who works at the laundry.

Applications can now be received from all the Corporals for membership in the "Sixty Percent" Club. The annual fee is one dollar, and we positively guarantee, there will be no dividends for the next three years. The only thing we must insist on from all members, is an abiding faith in the future, and the ability to see a silver lining in a cloud as dark as a "Blackout". Nil Desperandum is our motto.

There is a certain instructor among us, and he comes from Angleterre, who spent his Xmas leave with the parents of a girl friend he has been stringing along with in Calgary. My information is that when the train

arrived at Bassano, her old man was there to meet him, and instantly asked him what his intentions were. As our tall friend has a "Tart" in the old Country, the question must have been a very embarrassing one. He is having an awful job trying to give away some Xmas cake that was wished on him by the girl's mother.

It appears to us that there must have been a serious shortage of chairs in the wet canteen on New Year's Eve, because we distinctly remember seeing two Corporals sitting on the floor during the course of a very hilarious evening. After all N.C.O.'s should try a little to uphold the dignity of their rank.

Maybe it is only our imagination, but we notice that some of the Corporals who have joined the ranks of the Benedicts lately, are looking very subdued these days.

We miss their smiles and care free ways,
A reminder of their happy days,
A little poker now and then,
Would maybe make them smile again.

It is about time we arranged that Hockey game between the married and the single corporals. Speaking as a married man, I can promise a big surprise to the other team when we take the ice, personally, I expect to take plenty of it, but I am all set to bounce a certain muscle bound opponent over the netting if I get half a chance. However, just to play safe, I am arranging for the carpenters to build a little door in the boards for a quick exit, in case I don't like his looks, after I do the bouncing.

(cont'd)

CORPORALS JOTTINGS (cont'd)

Who is that elongated corporal from the East, who, under the guise of receiving free French lessons, frequently visits an educated female called Edna. Right now he is suffering the tortures of the damned, in exorting the lady around a certain ice rink in an obscure part of the city. As I know he is no champion on the steal blades, perhaps he finds other compensations in her company besides learning French.

We welcome the addition of several members of the R.A.F. to the Instructional Staff, but certain of their expressions, such as "Browning off", "Tart", "Hit the deck", etc. are a little puzzling to the average Canadian. Good Fellows All.

Well Cheerio fellows, until the next issue, and by that time we will have scraped up some more dirt.

-----oOo-----

BINGO

Every Friday evening in the Dry Canteen Bingo games are held by the Y.M.C.A. Prizes are given to the winners. This game is getting more populare than ever and everyone has a good time. Corporal Whymark makes all the noise and hands out the winning prizes. The game is free, so drop in and get a card and pass a couple of hours of real fun. Nothing to lose, prizes to win.

-----oOo-----

THE 24th HAS GONE

It seems that we never quite get caught up with wishing good luck to the graduating entries.

In this issue we manage a report on the 22nd entry graduation dance and neglect to wish them well.

When our great mistake, which would probably have gone unnoticed anyway, dawned on us, it also came forcibly to mind that the 25th had also graduated.

They didn't make much of a fuss about it. The sum of the Official parties etc. was one beer party in the Wet Canteen and the graduation excercise, which was held in the Auditorium. They slipped out, practically unnoticed. Now that they are gone, though we do miss them.

Add to the 22nd and the 24th the large number of old timers that have been C.T.'d and we find a lot of the old familiar faces are missing.

To them all we say Good Luck and Happy Landings.

-----oOo-----

Perhaps you haven't heard about the mama kangaroo who took her two little babies out of her pouck, banged their heads together, and shouted, "How many times do I have to tell you to stop eating crackers in bed."

She was working her way through college selling Colliers but all the boys wanted to take Liberties.

-----oOo-----

WATCH YOUR MUSTACHE!

There is a queer game, occupation, pastime, hobby or something going on around here. Call it what you will it's still queer.

It seems that there are some anzaacs on the station with an apathy for anything in the line of hirsute decorations.

They go around in gangs or bands; perhaps packs would be the better word. They swoop down on their unsuspecting victims with whoops and hollers and bloodcurdling war cries. The victim is paralyzed with terror and the rest is easy for them.

It is easy to understand, after hearing them in action, why these anzaacs are so dreaded in actual warfare.

The result of these attacks is noticed in the number of shy, mournful airmen sneaking around camp.

Why shy? The answer is simple. They feel naked and indecent without their prized and often carefully and painfully raised mustaches.

In line with our policy of service to the station this paper has called in a psychologist to observe and study these queer Anzaacs who commit such sacrilegious, and who will even attack their own kind.

His observations have led him to land down a carefully prepared report to the effect that these fellows really suffer from an inferiority complex of the worst kind.

They are very jealous and envious of a certain F/Sgt. who has proved himself capable of raising the super mustache.

Knowing their own inability to ever rise to his level, they hope to cut him to theirs and thereby regain their lost self-confidence and feeling of equality with all mankind.

The attacks to date have been merely to gain confidence and to gain familiarity with various methods of approach and attack.

Lest this strike terror to the hearts of all the mustached Flights we hesitate to mention names. In this way we hope to allow all of them a certain degree of freedom from apprehension.

However, with no feeling of inferiority ourselves we'd like to warn our very good friend H.B.H. that in future he must be very careful. These men mean business and, according to our psychologist, will stop at nothing to gain their foul end.

MICROFILM

British forces in Near East now get letters on microfilm at the rate of 20,000 letters a day. Process for photographing letters and pictures can deal with 1500 units an hour. Reel of film, when developed, is flown to destination. Service was opened by a letter from Queen Elizabeth to General Auchinleck in the Middle East.

THE CREW THAT FINDS ITSELF

If you've read your Kipling you may remember a story called, "The Ship that Found Herself." A new ship set out on her maiden voyage and all the time the different parts of her talked and frumbled among themselves, each complaining that it was doing all the work, each considering it was more important than the rest. Then as she reached port at the end of the journey a big new voice was heard. It was the Voice of the Ship. All the parts had at last reached a harmonious co-operation, each still indispensable, but each now only a small portion of an infinitely greater whole, the Ship Herself.

That is what has got to happen to every Bomber Crew. There is no other way. Imagine on their first trip together the pilot saying to himself "I am skilled at flying by day and by night. I can steer an accurate course in rain, cloud, bumps--any weather. I'm the only chap that can handle this ship under all conditions. Without me it cannot even leave the ground, much less reach its target. I'm the cat's whiskers in this outfit."

Meanwhile the navigator and bomb aimer is thinking, "I am the fellow who knows and handles the maps and charts. Laying off courses, allowing for varying winds, plotting fixes, logging positions by knowledge, skill or instinct, even when the ground has been out of sight for an hour--why, without me the aircraft cannot even reach its target, much less return safely to its base afterwards. And that's not the only thing I do, either. Who is it that, with care and skill, makes all preliminary bombing calculations? And then releases the bomb to hit the target at the correct split-second of the whole flight? Me, of course. Frankly, I'm the cat's whiskers in this crew."

And during this the Wireless air-gunner is saying to himself,

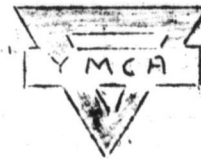
"Without a wireless operator where are these chaps, any way? They must have fixes and I got them. Without these half the time they were in the air they wouldn't know where they were within thirty miles or more. They'd lose themselves and wouldn't get back to the aerodrome at all. Yes, where would they be without Regional Control in thick weather? Just cruising around wondering where to go instead of knowing. I'm the cat's whiskers."

And at the same time the air-gunner part of him is thinking, "But that's only half my job. Without my guns, and what's darn sight more important, without me behind them, they'd be flying a-long feeling completely flaked and undefended. Most of the time they wouldn't even know if there were fighters on their tail, let alone be able to deal with them. I've read the war manual, and I notice with great pleasure that a fighting force must first secure its base before it can operate freely. Well, when one comes to think about it, the bomber is a base for the pilot and navigator, but it is my skill, resource and tenacity that gives that base security. Look at it how you will, I'm definitely the cat's whiskers in this kite."

Thus the individual members of a crew might reason to themselves as they take the air together. And what have you got? Four sets of cat's whiskers, but no cat. Yet soon they must discover, as did the component parts of Kipling's S.S. Dimbula, that without each individual the whole simply does not exist. The co-operation of each member is essential to unity. By those who train and make our bomb crews, and who are responsible for getting the bombers over their target, each member of the crew is considered equally important.

Constant efforts are being made to improve the already high standard in the training of pilots. They are the men who have to fly those aircraft, and the flying

(cont'd)



THE CREW THAT FINDS ITSELF (cont'd)

qualities of those aircraft are being brought to greater efficiency every minute that passes.

The navigator and bomb-aimer's maps, instruments, charts, navigational aids, training and other requirements are also untiringly studied; old methods and devices are being continually improved, new methods and devices continually brought out. A few years ago the bomb-aimer had a manual bomb release and a bomb sight that was used during the last war. Now he has the electro-magnetic bomb release and the automatic bomb sight.

Nor is the wireless-operator air-gunner left out of it. His radio sets are the best that can be produced, and when better sets come along he will get them. The single Lewis gun, mounted on the open air gun ring is a thing of the past: instead he has the powerful, hydraulically operated batteries of Browning guns, which the gunner can control by a touch of a lever and swing himself and guns in one movement to command any sector of the sky. Side by side with this the air cannon is being developed to provide him with an alternative and powerful long-range weapon.

All, you can see, are being equally well looked after: all are considered equally important, yet none is so important in himself, as the blended harmonious whole of which he is a part.

Remember that:--

The Air Crew without the Wireless Operator Air-Gunner cannot succeed. The Air Crew without the Navigator Bomb Aimer cannot succeed.

The Air Crew without the Pilot cannot succeed,

And these together make THE SUCCESSFUL TEAM without which nothing can succeed.

-----oO-----

Movies:--

Every Monday and Thursday, 2000 hours in Auditorium.

Library:--

A number of new books are now on the book shelves. Spend your odd leisure hour reading a good book.

Friendly Hour:--

Remember the fine program in the Auditorium every Sunday night commencing at 1930 hours. Sing-Song, movies, visiting talent and a real night of fellowship.

Ping Pong Exhibition:--

Information has been received that some outstanding Ping Pong players--no less than Provincial championship holders are now residing in Calgary. Arrangements are being made to have exhibition matches Friday, January 23rd in the Dry Canteen.

Madri Gras

A night of real fun and high class entertainment. Saturday, January 17th, Victoria Arena. Our own Aussies and Newsies are putting on some real "Down and Under" entertainment. The Station Orchestra is playing for the big Dance---yes dancing on ice. Tickets at "Y" office.

Do you know?

Hoop Night
 Friendly Hour
 Rifle Club
 Movies
 Bingo
 Physical Fitness Class
 Skating
 Concerts

Inter Flight Sports
 are all for your enjoyment. Join an Activity now.

-----oO-----

SEASONS GREETINGS

The Holiday is over and if we haven't settled down to work again we should have.

... We neglected to wish you a Merry Christmas in these pages while that greeting was seasonal. It was hoped to have this issue out before you left to go home. The editor having a couple of other things on his so called mind and being inclined to be lazy any way, just wouldn't settle down and get at it.

It's not too late to wish you a happy New Year, we hope. By Happy New Year we mean everything that goes with a contented feeling of well being. By that last splurge we mean that we hope you don't break those resolutions quite as quickly as you did last year and the year before. (Most of mine have gone by the board already.) We also mean that we hope you'll be happy in the service and that all your troubles will be so small as to be unnoticeable.

During the last year most of us have changed our mode of living to such an extent that world changes, to us have been almost unnoticed. The change from civilian to military ways of living and doing things has come hard to a lot of us. We're seasoned old timers now though and the worst should be over. We hope it is.

In wishing you the Season's Greetings we hope that for all of you the hump is passed and that from now on it will be all clear sailing and Happy Landings.

HAPPY NEW YEAR!

SEASONS GREETINGS
FROM
THE NEW ZEALANDERS

To the Commanding Officer and all Personnell of No. 2 Wireless School, we extend our heartiest wishes for a

May the dawn of 1942 lead us to final victory, and crush for all times, an enemy who has tried to conquer an empire built on peace, love and freedom.

Our successes so far are due to the 'Esprit De Corps', Services, and the fine understanding existing between all ranks.

KIA ORA

-----oOo-----

WE SAY THANK YOU

We take this opportunity, through the medium of the W.A.G. to express our appreciation to the Canadian people for the fine hospitality showered upon us, since our arrival from "Down Under."

Judging by the number of invitations that were around, all of the lads must have found a home to go to during the Yuletide season, thus, bringing home a little nearer to many, who have experienced their first Christmas away from their home and loved ones.

In wishing you all the compliments of the Season we say, Thank you again.

200 New Zealanders.

THE MECHANIC

The Lords of the air they call
us,
They speak of our growing fame,
The front page of every paper
Is adorned with the Pilot's name.

Connected with deeds of valour,
Performed in every sky,
The usual Dorniers and Heinkels
Crashing to earth to die.

But there's one chap who gets no
medals,
You've never heard of his name,
He doesn't fly in the pale blue
sky.

Or pose for the news in a plane.
His job can't be called romantic,
So he's not in the public eye,
But your heroes can't do without
him,
And I'll tell you the reason why.

He inspects the ship every morn-
ing,
He fills the tank every night,
He keeps the motors ticking
sweetly,
And keeps the spark plugs tight.

He's up at the break of dawn,
He's there when the twilight fades
Pulling his weight to keep the
crate,
Ready to spread the raids.
So next time you see a picture
Of a pilot and smiling crew,
Remember the guy who keeps it
aloft
Though it may be an A.C.2.

And whenever you praise a pilot
As the enemy falls a wreck,
Give a thought to the guy you
didn't see,
Yours truly.....a humble meck.

ANTHEM AUSTRALIS

Fellers of Australia.....
Blokes and coves and coots...
Shift yer.....carcasses,
Move yer.....boots,
Gird yer.....loins up,
Get your.....gun,
Set the.....enemy,
And watch the.....fun.

Chorus

Get a.....move on,
Have some.....sense,
Learn the.....art of
self de.....fence.

When the.....bugle
Sounds ad.....vance,
Don't be like a flock of sheep
In a.....trance,
Biff the.....foeman
Where it don't agree,
Spiffler.....cate him
To eternity.

Have some.....brains,
Beneath yer.....lids,
And swing a.....sabre
For the missus and the kids,
Chuck supporting lamp posts
And boozing up at nights,
Support a.....family
Strike for yer.....rights.

Fellers of Australia,
Cobbers, Chaps and Mates,
Hear the.....enemy
Kicking at the gates!
Blow the.....bugle,
Beat the drum,
Uppercut and out the cow
To Kingdom.....come.

Dear Mother:--

I am sending you twenty
out of my pay, but not this time.
Please send change.

Your son.

PEOPLE WE'D LIKE TO SEE LESS OF
in order of unpopularity.

1. The "apple polisher" - We have another name for him.
2. The slacker, the fellow who disappears when there's a job to do.
3. The talker and know all.
4. The big shot - He tells the sergeants where to get off at.
5. The perennial grouch - the guy who's unhappy in the service and tries to make every one else the same.
6. The fellow who always has an excuse for himself - who never gets the breaks.
7. The practical joker, the fellow who thinks he is quite a card but can't take a joke himself.
8. The guy who borrows soap and razor blades and never pays you back.
9. The fellow whom you can never keep quiet or still, who has more energy than sense.
10. The guy who gladly shares what you have, but not what he has, who believes that "what is mine is mine and what's yours you should give me some of."

-----oOo-----
A local L.A.C. has been noticed wandering morosely around camp lately. On being questioned as to the whv of his sad puss he gave out with the following story, which I'm sure you will agree would be enough to give anyone the blues.

It seems his lawyer has informed him that he can get him a divorce on the grounds that the bride's father didn't have a licence to carry a gun.

Now he's married he'll never have money enough to get it anyway.

-----oOo-----
THE FIGHTERS OF THE SKY

We owe a great deal to the boys
who man our fighting planes;
They have their troubles and
their joys,
Their pleasures and their pains;
But when they carry on the fight
Above Hitler's domain,
With bombs and guns they smite
the Huns,
The victory to gain.

To meet them in their quarters
when,
From air raids they have returned,
One learns they are the sort of
men,
Who honors all have spurned:-
They never talk about their part
In deeds of great renown,
But of the Blitz and Messersch-
mitts,
Their squadron has shot down.

Here is a tribute to them all,
For each amazing feat;
They'll never let the Empire fall
Or from the foe retreat:-
And when there's peace on earth
once more,
We'll see as years roll by,
Their dauntless name, undying fame,
Clear written in the sky.

James M. Moir
-----oOo-----

Personal

Wanted, some kind person to look after one buck rabbit, while owner is on vacation. Feed and water provided.

Apply J. Boswell
Hut 10A
-----oOo-----

Dog Catcher: Little boy, do your dogs have licences?
Boy: Yes Sir, they're just covered with them.
-----oOo-----

TO THE W.O.A.G.

Boys, I'm walking around in
civvies,
Like a sheep lost from the
flock;
Sleeping late every morning,
Till nine or ten o'clock;
Tan thirty every evening,
I'm probably at a dance;
No worry over the bunk check,
No need to take a chance.

No jumping over fences,
Thinking everything is jake;
And reporting the next morning,
To Bozak at first break.
No more shining buttons,
And making up your bed,
Or swearing at the things we do,
Or the way that we get fed.

G.P.I. was just wonderful,
Theory just too devine,
Morse was every bit as dull;
Those watchful eyes on mine.
So what do you think I'm doing?
With all this time to spare;
Am I glad to be out of Service,
With no worrying or car?--No.

Sure I've got a discharge,
Chance for a good soft job.
So when this war is over,
I'll not be in a workless mob.
But you can have my civvies,
You can have my good job too,
You can take away my freedom,
For my good old suit of Blue.

The stores got all my clothing,
But something else also,
There's something that I've lost,
What it is I do not know.
So boys, forget your worries,
Take the good breaks with the bad
But for cripes sake, don't take
civvies,
For you'll wish you never had.

To the boys of No.2 Wire-
less Training School with all
the luck in the world, and a
hope that we meet again.

10 LITTLE MESSERSCHMITTS

10 little Messerschmitts
started from the Rhine,
One lost his bearings and
then there were nine.

9 little Messerschmitts sang
their hymn of hate,
One warbled out of tune and
then there were eight.

8 little Messerschmitts soared
up into heaven,
One hit a "beer beer" and then
there were seven.

7 little Messerschmitts started
monkey tricks,
One stopped a short burst and
then there were six.

6 little Messerschmitts tried
to do a dive,
One crashed near Dover and
then there were five.

5 little Messerschmitts crossed
the Kentish shore,
One met an "Ack Ack" shell and
then there were four.

4 little Messerschmitts turned
again to sea,
A Spitfire claimed one and then
there were three.

3 little Messerschmitts bombed
a lightship's crew,
But they had a gun aboard and
then there were two.

2 little Messerschmitts fairly
on the run,
But Hurricanes are faster,
then there was one.

1 little Messerschmitt landed
in his drome,
He was damned lucky, now per-
haps he'll stay at home.

-----oOo-----

SPORTS

A REVIEW OF SPORTS FOR 1941.



HOCKEY

We look back over the past year with a great deal of pride on the many accomplishments of the athletes from this station of ours.

Our 1940-41 hockey team walked away with top honors in the Garrison Hockey League. Bozak and Middleton were two of last years stars. From all indications our present team will carry on from where the 1940-41 left off. Yes we have a winning hockey team again. Members of the team are: Kraeling, Mollard, Bell, Cook, Tiller, Kirkwood, James, Stewart, Kelly, Scott Hull, Megson, Livingston and Olsen. Nice work fellows. Here is the standing to date.

	w	l	pts.
#2 Wireless	3	0	6
#13 District	2	0	4
#3 S.F.T.S.	2	1	4
Navy	1	0	2
#13 R.C.O.C.	0	2	0
#4 Command	0	2	0
#10 Depot	0	3	0

Baseball

Our baseball carried on as expected from this powerful school and after leading their league most of the year, they carried right through and won the Foothills Baseball League. Of our team Boutton, Hodgson, Stirling, Lewis and Mitchell made the first and second all star teams and this speaks well of the quality of our team.



Rugger

As baseball passed along we came into the rugger season and here our friends from "Way Down Under" took over. One Aussie

and one Newsie team to the field to do or die for #2---they both "did". Yes Sirce, the Anzac teams blasted all obstacles in their path, both ending the season undefeated and untied. We wonder what would have happened if these two teams of ours had been pitted against each other. What a game it would have been!

Basketball

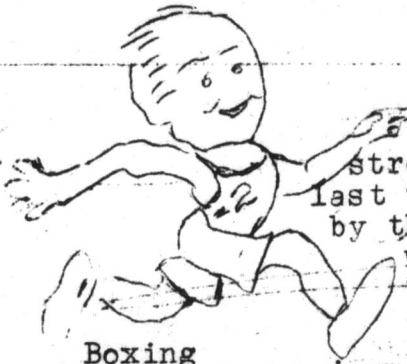
1----2----3 major team championships in one year. Nice going. Our basketball team, while not winning the top honors, were right in there fighting all the time, and only lost out in the playoffs after a hard struggle, in the 1940-41 series.

The team of 1941-42 is just holding its own but the second series which started this week will see a better and stronger #2 team. Those in action will be F/O Pilling, LAC Pringle, LAC A.J. Johnson, LAC Rosencrance, Bruce Runnals, Grahame Watt, LAC Cox, LAC Lindsay, Sgt. Johns, and LAC Mortimer.

Swimming

Last fall a #2 Wireless swimming meet was held at Newata Pool and the boys did their best to out swim each other. Vidal was the leading Narrator in this meet.





Softball

Softball was strenuously played last year, especially by the officers, who, we understand were the only undefeated team!!!

Boxing

Boxing had its share of the sport spot light last year too with many good matches being arranged. The highlight of the boxing last year was the Inter-Service Meet and here #2 Wireless was ably represented. Sauva winning his division.

-----oOo-----

Track

The biggest and best field meet ever arranged in Calgary was organized for this station by the Y.M.C.A. and Sports last September. There were 835 contestants for the many events scheduled. The 22nd entry were the champions of the meet.

-----oOo-----



We have engaged during the past year on this station:----

The fine horse-shoe pitches, the deck tennis courts and above all our very own, private, exclusive, magnificent nine hole golf course. The golf course was enjoyed by all of us last year, and was one of the favorite recreational spots on the station--thanks to Commanding Officer.

-----oOo-----

Skiing

Last winter many of the fellows on the station took advantage of the skiing facilities arranged for them at Banff, (the skiers paradise) Some what similiar arrangements have been made this year and anyone interested can obtain information from the "Y" office.

-----oOo-----

Rifle Club

Steady progress is being made by the club and very soon the range will be improved to accomodate the increased membership. Service members have already sent forward their applications for Dominion Rifle Association medals. Rifle competitions are being arranged for the members.

-----oOo-----

To F/O Passmore, #2 Wireless Sports Officer, we regret that we must at this time say Au Revoir, till we meet again. Our popular officer is leaving soon to take up new duties and we are very sorry to see him go. He and the Y.M.C.A. have certainly made our sports life on the station most happy and we will miss him, but realize these things will happen and we all wish you the very best.

-----oOo-----

Basketball Games.

January 12--Adman's vs #2 W.S. Station Gym.
January 14--#3 SFIS vs #2 W.S.

Hockey Games:

Sat. Jan. 24--#4 TC vs #2 W.S. Victoria Arena.

-----oOo-----

Coming Events!

.....Mixed Skating party on our own rink----

:::::The forming of the Anzac Hockey League.

xxxxAnother big Hoop night for all those interested in playing basketball!!

///More Physical Fitness Classes

Mon.-Wed.-Fri.-

1800 hrs. to 1900hrs. Gym.



About now it should be time to acknowledge to an extent the help we have received from other R.C.A.F. publications in putting out this one.

In every case the help has been just taken without a please or thank you.

These publications are received here as is this one at other stations.

When we are short a little copy it is usually easier to steal it from one of them than to think it up ourselves.

Being of an unusually humorless nature ourselves and getting very little turned in from our own station, most of our jokes are stolen from them also.

The list of these papers is too long to publish in full, but we would like to mention some of the most noteworthy.

The R.C.A.F. Western Air Command Review is the official organ of the Western Air Command and is published monthly. It is a magazine size paper well worth reading. It deals, mainly with the technical side of things but doesn't neglect the lighter side. So far we haven't used any of their stuff, but are very likely to do so soon.

Another interesting paper is the Canadian Airman, published by a private concern in Montreal. We have stolen from them--plenty.

There is the Contact from Mossbank, which is no slouch, and Foothill Fliers of No. 3 S.F.T.S., Calgary. It is a paper to be proud of, and the editors put in long hours and lots of work from the look of things.

This rag at times, looks like all the good parts are stolen from it.

The Flypaper from Jarvis, the Airman from Uplands, Reconnaissance from Saskatoon and other publications have all done their unwitting share to fill up the pages of this, our supreme effort.

We'd like to thank them all, apologize for our thievery and wish them all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

-----oOo-----

SEPARATION

Your country calls you from me,
I cannot bid you stay,
Oh! how I dread the lonely hours,
When you are far away.

Even now, the time appears so long,
When you are not with me;
Even now I almost count the hours
What will the months then be.

"Cheer up", I think I hear you say,
"And brush away those tears,
With faith and hope to guide us
Times passing holds no fears."

I'll try to keep my courage strong,
With fondest thoughts of you,
And pray God will restore to me,
My boy in Airforce Blue.

-----oOo-----

The above, by the way, was not stolen, at least not to our knowledge. It was handed in as "original."

-----oOo-----

WHO'S GOT MY MAIL

The grand shuffle that we've been warned about and threatened with for so long has taken place.

We've been placed by the powers that be where they think we belong in the local setup.

Some of us have had our toes stepped on and have been put back an entry or two; while others feels fine, they've been shoved ahead.

Whether you and I, individually, believe that you and I as individuals have been placed where we belong or not, the fact remains that the idea is right and is long overdue.

We now start our with a clean slate and it's up to each man to do or not to do for himself alone.

There are three flights to an entry, approximately 45 men to a flight. There has been an extra entry, 24A tucked in for good measure.

The setup should be much better for all concerned, including instructors, disciplinarians and trainees. It is to be hoped that it pans out as planned.

Let's hope that we stay in the same bunk or hut for awhile now though to give our mail a fighting chance to catch up to us.

This airman has had five moves to as many huts in about as many weeks. He doesn't know whether his girl still loves him or not.

His mail is always one hut behind.

FAREWELL TO F/SGT BOZACK

We are about to lose or, by the time this sees light may have already lost one of our best know descips.

Flight Bozack is leaving for a post in Yorkton, Sask.

We've cursed him, but what disciplinarian hasn't been cursed. Those who kept their noses clean have had no trouble with him or from him.

Bozack, to speak of him, as he's known, rather than by the way he should be addressed has always been noted for looking after his men. If there was ever anything in the way of privileges that could be secured for his squadron he was sure to get them.

He has been very active in sports on the station and has been behind the organization of many sports activities here. We remember him as a member of last year's basketball team, the hockey team, and other sports. We can also remember him as the Barker in the side show at the Halloween frolic here last fall.

We regret to lose a man who played the game hard and straight from the shoulder, who played it fair and above board all the time. What is our loss is to be the gain of Yorkton. We'll warn them now that his bark is worse than his bite and he's not nearly as hardboiled as he would like you to believe.

We wish him all possible success at his new station with a feeling that he will have it.

-----oOo-----

-----oOo-----

LIQUOR AND LONGEVITY

The horse and mule live 30 years
And nothing know of wines and
beers.

The goat and sheep at 20 die
And never taste of Scotch and
Rye.

The cow drinks water by the ton
And at 18 is mostly done.

The dog at 15 cashes in
Without the aid of Rum and Gin.
The cat in milk and water soaks
And then at 12 short years it
croaks.

The modest, sober, bone dry hen
Lays eggs for nogs, then dies
at 10.

All animals are strictly dry
They sinless live and swiftly
die.

But sinful, Ginful, Rum soaked
men

Survive for three score years
and ten.

And some of us, the mighty
few,

Stay pickled till we're 92.

-----oOo-----

One of the wings of the plane
had broken and the pilot, after
crashing through a mass of planks
and plaster, found himself rest-
ing on a concrete surface in
utter darkness.

"Where am I?" he asked
feebly. "You're in my cellar,
came an ominous voice out of the
blackness, "but I'm watching you."

-----oOo-----

Cheer up--even if auto-
mobiles are going up. German
aeroplanes are coming down.

-----oOo-----

In a traffic jam remember,
even a golf ball stops and looks
round.

-----oOo-----

TEACHING THEM TO DRIVE

(First the sweetheart)

To learn to drive the auto dear,
First put the lever into gear,
Then push your left foot in
like this,
That's fine! Now teacher gets a
kiss.

Now step upon the starter, so,
That makes the precious engine go.
Now let your left foot back
like this,
Good! Teacher gets another kiss.

Upon the gas you now must step,
That fills the engine full of pep.
That's great! Here teacher gets
another kiss.

Now change to second, now to
high,
You do that just as well as I,
Now stop the car right here and
then,
We'll do the lesson once again.

(Next the wife)

First see your car is out of gear,
How? by this gear shift lever here
How can you tell? Why feel it, see,
The thing is as simple as can be.

Now step on that to make it start,
Great Scott you'll tear it all
apart,
If you don't take your foot off
quick
The second that it gives a kick.

Now throw in your clutch for
goodness sake!
Your clutch! Your clutch! no not
your brake.
Why? Cause I tell you to, that's
why,
There now you needn't start to cry.

Now put this lever into low
Step on the gas and start off slow,
Look out! You almost hit the fence,
Here, let me drive, you've got
no sense.

-----oOo-----

MOSS BANK

THE BEST INVESTED PLAN

This bloody town's a bloody cuss;
No bloody train, no bloody bus;
And nobody cares for bloody us;
Oh Bloody, bloody, bloody.

The services we render our
fellow man,
Is truly the best invested plan,
The kind words spoken and deeds
we do

No bloody sports, no bloody games
No bloody fun with no bloody dames
Won't even give their bloody names
Oh! Bloody, bloody, bloody.

Come back to us in friends who
are true.
For the things that really make
life dear,
Is filling other hours with cheer.

If it isn't dust it's bloody snow
The bloody winds they bloody blow
They take all your bloody go
Oh! Bloody, bloody, bloody.

There would not be so much to
living,
And, it is not so much the cost
of things,

All bloody clouds, all bloody rain
All bloody mud, no bloody drains;
The ministry got no bloody brains,
Oh! Bloody, bloody, bloody.

As the message of love we strive
to bring.
For neither wealth, nor fame, nor
power,
Can soothe the heart in its
darkest hour.

And everything's so bloody dear
Twenty cents for bloody beer,
And is it good? No bloody fear
Oh! Bloody, bloody, bloody.

A pleasant word and a kindly deed,
Are things of life that people
need.
And though we serve for love or
gold,

The bloody flicks are bloody old
The bloody seats are bloody cold
You can't get in for bloody gold
Oh! Bloody, bloody, bloody.

The good we do comes back tenfold.
And the services we render our
fellow man,
Is truly the best investment plan.

A certain guy, a bloody sarge,
A bloody menace at bloody large,
We're always on a bloody charge
Oh! Bloody, bloody, bloody.

-----oOo-----

F/Sgt. McCallum says the
only time he ever saw a discip-
linarian faint on a parade ground
was once, just once, when every-
one answered the roll call.

The bloody dances make me smike
The bloody bands are bloody vile
They only cramp your bloody style
Oh! Bloody, bloody, bloody.

-----oOo-----

The bloody planes they bloody
roar,
Can't even get a bloody snore
It's time this bloody war was o'er
Oh! Bloody, bloody, bloody.

A Medical Journal tells us
that man is slightly taller in
the morning than at night. We
have never tested this theory,
but we have noticed the tendency
that airmen have of becoming a
little short at the end of the
month.

Aussie.

-----oOo-----

-----oOo-----

One for Rypling

Out of the thousands of R.A.A.F. Hampers arriving in
Canada, LAC Webb, R.A.A.F., of this station in receiving one
of the hampers, opened it and the enclosed card was written
by his brother in the home land--What a coincidence!

"TAPS" FOR THE JAPS"



"GREY FLYER KANGAROO"

AUSTRALIA'S NEW DEFENCE PLANE?
A SQUADRON OF THESE WILL BE FORMED
BY THE W.A.G.'s NOW TRAINING IN CANADA,
WHEN THEY RETURN HOME (we hope)

NOTE RETRACTABLE
BELLY TURRET

Above photo by courtesy of

NUFFIELD 30N