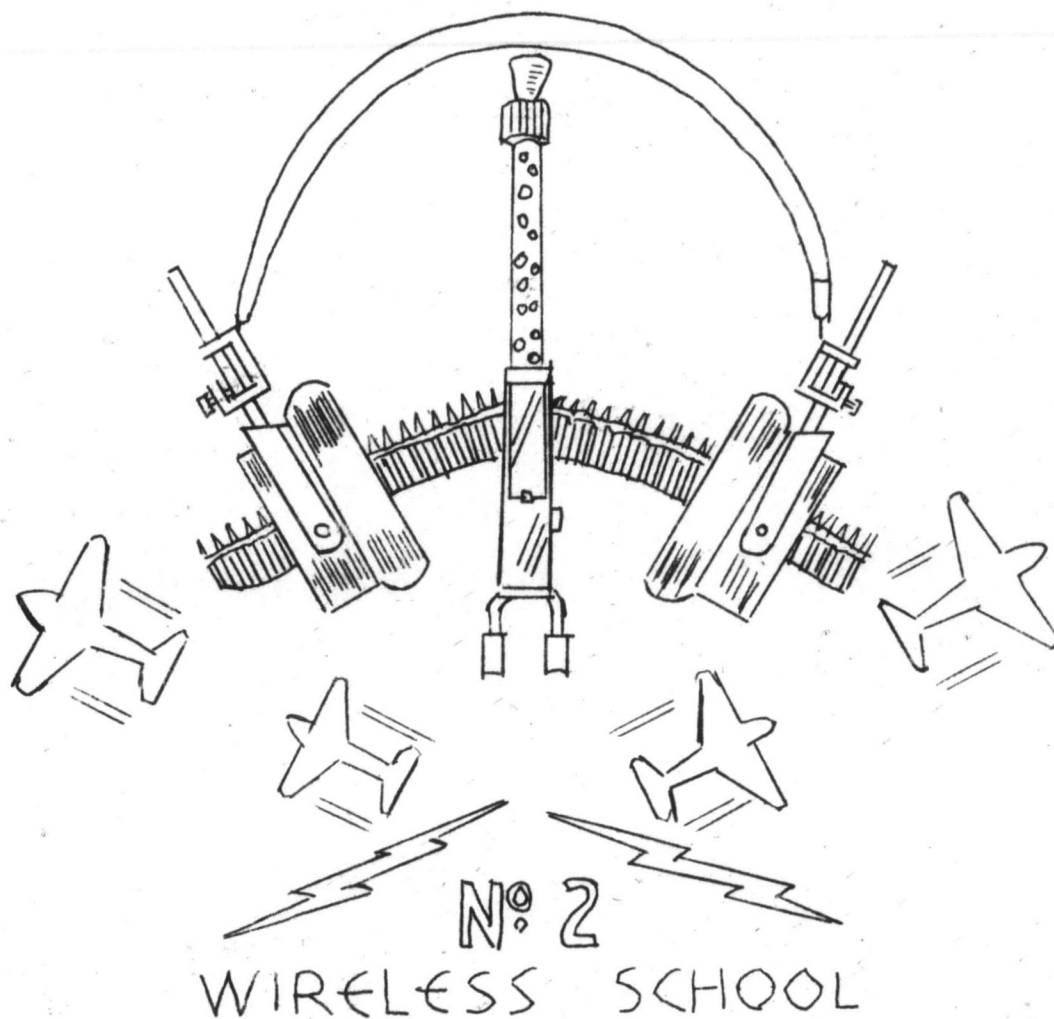


THE W.A.C. SIGNAL



PUBLISHED IN INTERESTS OF TRAINEES OF

NO. 2 WIRELESS SCHOOL, CALGARY

BY KIND PERMISSION OF GROUP CAPTAIN E.R. OWEN

Vol 3 No 1

PRICE

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Issue January 30, 1942.

Volume 3.

EDITORIAL

CONGRATULATIONS CONTACT TRENTON

We have on hand a copy of the station paper of Trenton. It is Volume one, Number one, and hot off the press.

It is a magazine size, smooth paper publication, that is well edited, well set up, and well illustrated.

The cover design and mast-head is the work of a master artist, and really sets the paper up.

It deals mainly with station news and items of interest to personnell on that station. It rates, in our opinion, as one of the finest station papers we have seen.

Far be it from us, running a mimeographed sheet, to offer advice to the Editors of such a paper, or even to make suggestions, but it strikes us that, as Trenton is more or less the hub of the Air Training Scheme, and as they appear to have the ability and the services of a first class printer, perhaps here is the start of a Canadian Air Force paper much like the New Zealanders are so proud. In other words a Station paper to do away with station papers and take over the task that the multitude of others are attempting.

It worked very successfully there, why not here.

We'll let Trenton take over this job too, with the idea of centralization to make for a real publication, to be paid for by subscriptions.

What do you think?

-----oOo-----

SABOTAGE IN BLUE

No long haired intellectuals; no fiercely bearded assassins; no lean and hungry Nazis are these saboteurs who steadily and relentlessly tear away to destroy the Air Force effort. No Master Spy directs their operations, no secret radio tells of their destructive power to the enemy High Command.

THESE ARE SABOTEURS IN BLUE

Every minute of the day, in Air Force stations from coast to coast, their incessant gnawing goes on at the war effort like the persistent bite of the beaver. Their cumulative, combined destruction means more to the German than the blasting of a refinery, the sinking of a convoy. The dragons of defeat, clad in Air Force blue, camouflaged in a careless smile, a bantering word, or the mask of nonchalance, tears away at the vitals of Victory.

WHO ARE THESE SABOTEURS IN AIR FORCE BLUE?

They are the men who waste the Air Force time; the petty thieves of gasoline, metals, parts and equipment; the men who daily fritter away the valuable moments of the day and let the effort languish. The Saboteur in Blue is on the scrounge. He converts supplies and stores to his own use. He destroys his own effort by late hours and dissipation. His careless attitude is an infection, spreading like rot among his fellows. He fiddles while a figurative Rome burns and he dances in the red glare of the holocaust.

ARE YOU A SABOTEUR IN BLUE?
IS HE? AM I?

Copied from Contact
Trenton.

ACT YOUR AGE

EDITORIAL

You've been through Manning Depot, guard duty, and sundry other trials and tribulations, and now you're settled down for a stay of a little longer duration.

When you were at Manning Depot you were issued with a brand new uniform and all the things that went with it. You stepped out that night a new man and gave the girls a chance to look you over. You were proud of that uniform. You were also proud of the fellow that was in it.

You probably got a little over exuberant about that time, found out that as an Airman you had a few privileges that you hadn't had as a civilian and, if you're like most of us, proceeded to take those privileges and for more that you figured out for yourself. You could make passes at the girls on the street and in the cafes, and, contrary to your previous experience with them, they appeared to like it.

A uniform is a wonderful thing to be inside of. When you first put it on, especially if you were fresh out of school as many of us were, you probably assumed, for the first time, the responsibilities of a man. The trouble is that most of us did not realize those responsibilities, and made it a one sided show.

When you were on guard duty the time dragged and when you got out in the evenings you were still the raw recruit even if the girls did believe you when you peddled that line.

Now you've started your course. You're on your way. Shortly after you leave here you'll be a senior N.C.O. or if you're lucky and smart, a Commis-

sioned Officer. It's not too soon to start acting like you can handle the responsibilities and privileges that go with those ranks.

Remember boys, your conduct, on the street or in any public place reflects on the R.C.A.F. as a whole. If you are seen acting up and playing the damn fool, the stranger on the street doesn't gain an impression of you, **particularly**, but he does change his opinion of the Airforce, for he knows it and does not know you.

Joe Public is always ready to accept you as he finds you. You have been treated like gentlemen by the people of Calgary. You have been invited to their homes and they have done all in their power to make you stay an enjoyable one.

It's up to you to decide whether the welcome sign stays up or comes down, for you and those who will follow you here. The same people who will make you welcome if you act the man will condemn you if you don't.

Let's be proud of the Service ourselves and govern our conduct so as not to give others a chance to find fault.

Play the game. Act the man.

It's entirely in your hands whether you (and we) are to be accepted or rejected. It's all in the way you look at it and whether you believe it worth while to go out of your way to be pleasant and, above all respectable.

How about it?

-----oOo-----

Sports

VOLLEYBALL

Although conceit might be considered, the last characteristic attributed to the members of our station band, they certainly blew their own horns on Friday, January 23, at the YMCA Volleyball Tournament held in the Drill Hall.

Of the teams fielded by the Officers, Sergeants, Aussies, Newsies, Headquarters and Bandsmen the latter proved themselves just a wee bit better than the others although in the final the Officers gave them a stiff battle, resulting in victory for the Tooters.

Mention should also be made of the Sergeants' team (although why any Airman mentions Sergeants unless absolutely necessary your correspondent cannot comprehend) who fielded a strong sextette which carried them through to the semi-finals only to lose to the Officers.

-40-

TABLE TENNIS

"Ping-Pong as she is played". The Shakespeare in me revolts at such obvious misuse of the King's English, but these are the only words which could fittingly describe the exhibition games put on by Ray Horne, R. Marshall, T. Hicks and C. Scott, all who are members of the Calgary Table Tennis Club.

To the uninitiate, this game appears to be comparatively simple, but those in the know, realize only too well it is one of the most difficult of games in which to achieve any measure of proficiency.

PING-PONG (cont'd)

That these boys know their stuff, however was evident in the way they slapped the little white pill around. Seemingly impossible shots were made with unusual skill and dexterity and proof of the brilliance of their play was apparent by the ovation they received from the spectators.

As a feature of the eveningsome of the more venturesome of the airmen present challenged ten or more points received cigarettes as a reward for their sportsmanship. The lucky airmen were L.A.C. Jackson, who scored ten points against R. Marshall, L.A.C. Hamilton, who scored fifteen against T. Hicks and Corporal Cox, who managed to collect fourteen points from C. Scott.

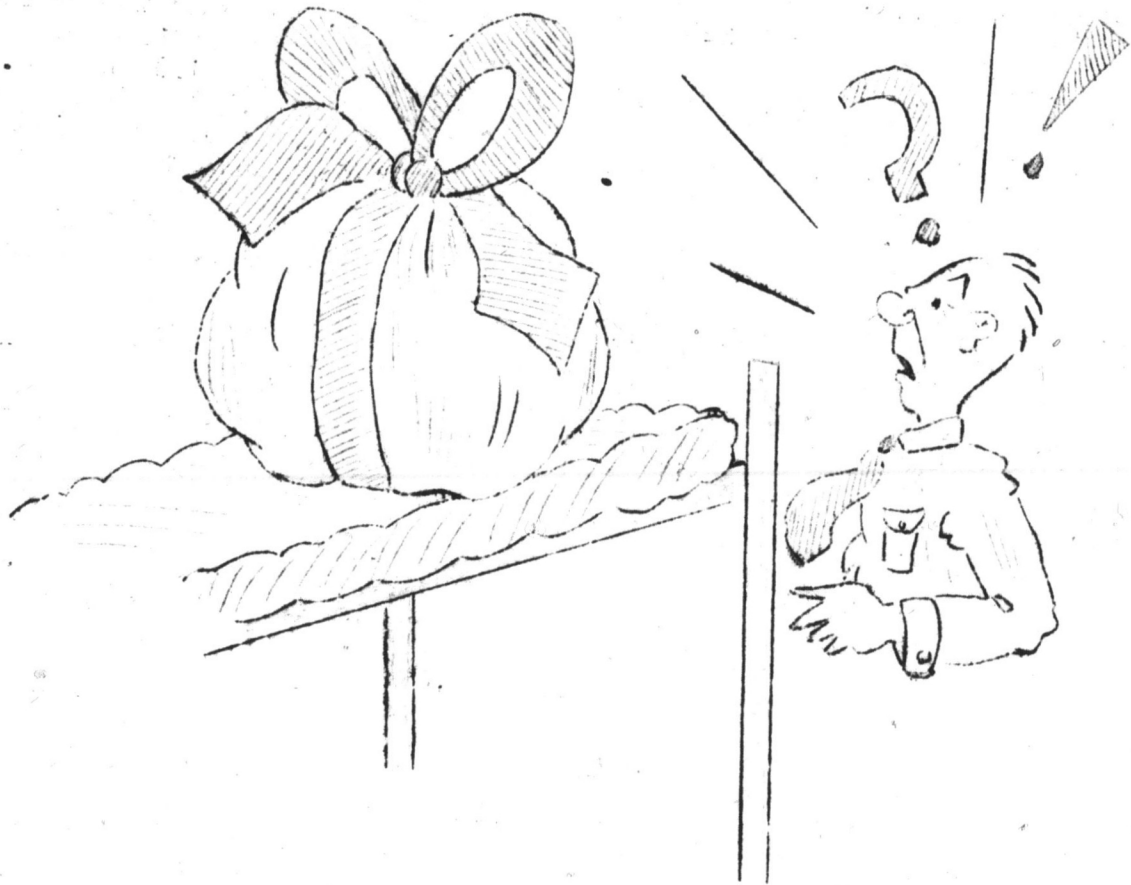
HOCKEY

Since the first game of the season, played on December 11, #2 Wireless School hockey team has proved itself a combination equally as good if not better than the team of last year which incidentally, took the league championship,

No game, whether exhibition or league has been lost to date. This is an enviable record considering that players are constantly coming and going owing to graduating of trainees and transfers in the headquarters section.

Among recent losses are two players, Kraeling and Middleton, who were outstanding in their respective positions. Kraeling has graduated with the twenty fourth entry, and has gone to Bombing and Gunnery School, while Middleton has

(cont'd)



" ALL HANDS TO THE BUNKS "

According to a very unreliable source, we understand that the above method is the next new way that the Air Force will have to fold their blankets!

Each man will be issued with a ten foot red ribbon, and the sheets and blankets are to be done up in a neat ball shape. The diameter not to exceed $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches, and not to be less than 17 inches! The bow of the ribbon to be 29" across, and the entire ball to weigh not more than $16\frac{1}{2}$ lbs.!

Here's how you do it.

Take a blanket in each hand and stand in the middle of both sheets. Got that? Well, then you put both hands behind the back, lift the left foot three inches from the floor and bring the right foot up beside it. So far so good. Now take three paces forward, about turn, kneel down on the floor and bring both hands in between the knees from behind. Next make a right incline, and at the same time tie a granny knot in both ends of both blankets. Now you tuck in the two sheets at an angle of 39 degrees, hide the pillow under the bed, smile sweetly at the Sergeant when he comes along..... and then just trust in God.

L.A.C. Smith D.J.

Sports

HOCKEY (cont'd)

gone to Number Four I.T.S. at Edmonton to commence training as a potential pilot or observer. Middleton, up to his departure held top place in team standing with six points while Kraeling and Kirkwood were right in there with five points each.

Standing to date:

Middleton	6	points
Kraeling	5	"
Kirkwood	5	"
Stewart	3	"
James	2	"
Kelly	2	"

L.A.C. Cook deserves praise for the way he has handled the all important job of net-tender. At the start of the season he suffered from lack of experience but with each game he has improved to an extent where now he can stop 'em with the best.

When discussing a hockey team a correspondent is liable in his enthusiasm to overlook the one person who deserves a major share of the credit for the teams performance. Harry Scott, scout for the Chicago Black Hawks and coach for No. 2 Wireless team deserves this praise for his untiring effort to organize a successful team. Thanks Harry.

While talking hockey there is another angle too, that should be discussed and that is TEAM SUPPORT. Here a contrast might be drawn. The game between #2 Wireless and R.C.A.S.C. at Red Deer drew a large crowd among which were FIFTEEN HUNDRED supporters for the army team. Admittedly this was a home team playing at home and naturally the balance would be in their

favour, but proportionately is our support anything even approaching this. Rumour hath it that it's more like one hundred and fifty and this is a generous estimate. The value of support to bolster team moral cannot be underestimated, so it's up to you. You've got a grand team at the top of the league, show them you appreciate their efforts and c'mon out.

This may be a good opportunity to introduce to you the new Sports Editor (for this issue anyway) of the Wag Signal. I take great pleasure in introducing to you one and all, Mr. (he insists on it) John P. Scott.

Scott has been well known on the station since September as that rather simple looking Senior of 26Q.

I remember him when--he was practically a cub reporter in the Sports department of the famous Vancouver Sun--No it wasn't he who made it famous, it was a couple of other fellows.

He has something, even if it is only under arm odour, and we hope you'll like his light and breezy Sports reports.

We had an idea that having his name on our editorial staff might increase our circulation, but after reading his stuff, we're not at all sure.

Here he is. Take him for what he's worth, take him at any price, only for God's sake take him. We don't want him.

SPORTS (cont'd)

BANFF CARNIVAL.

From February 12 to 15 inclusive, King Winter will play host to thousands at the Banff Winter Carnival through his personal envoy Pat Whiting, otherwise known as "Miss Winnipeg", Queen of the Carnival.

No. 2 Wireless School, consistent with its reputation as a sports conscious unit has made efforts to be well represented and as a result has a hockey team both sponsored by the station as well as many of the personell entered in the various events.

This carnival offers real entertainment covering numerous fields of sport, winter and otherwise, and it is intended to make an event which will linger long in the memories of both participants of both rail and bus fares has been made possible and a list of accommodation compiled.

PHYSICAL TRAINING

Under the personal supervision of Grahame Watt our genial Y.M.C.A. Director, physical fitness classes are being held on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays of each week. These classes are conducted with a view to giving those men on the station who wish it, the opportunity of getting into shape. (Joe Rook, the little man on my left shoulder suggests that I take 'em up.) There is a good turn-out now, but there is always room for more.

PERSONAL VIEWPOINTS

Your correspondent suggests that L.A.C. Nelson, 24 A choose a more fitting place for his naps than a certain church in Calgary. Especially after he has been worshipping for a greater part of

the night at the shrine of Bacchus.....

It is rumoured that L.A.C. Thurgood (he of the spotless record) is seriously thinking of going in training for a jockey, if he has one more night of wassailing.

L.A.C. Hetherington,.....
Swing High, Swing Low,,,, Nuff Said...

L.A.C. Hubbs, from an authoritative source, I hear that he is damned forever. He had one mistake in his finals.

L.A.C. Anderson 'Abbie to his friends' life can be so bitter, especially on Sunday mornings.

Corporal Frechette, he of the Discips tells your Correspondent that his section is running low on defaulters.

Ed. note: The age of miracles has not yet passed.

-----oOo-----

"The Old order changes giving place to new"--was again exemplified in the departure for the "Devil's Island of the Americas" of Warrant Officer "Ronnie" Knox, one of the most popular N.C.O's in the Station. Truly, man that is born of woman has but a short stay in Calgary.

It is common knowledge that "Ronnie," contrary to the usual order of things (VIDE-PADRE any Sunday morning) exchanged his "crown" for a "Bar"--Presumably his familiarity with the latter quali---however, to repeat, "Ronnie was popular and deservedly so, and the commissioned ranks of the R.C.A.F. may be assured that he will do them honor.

The best wishes of the Sgts. mess go with him to whatever field of endeavor he may next be called. (even if sowing wild oats in field)

DEAR LORD

I appreciate getting my "A"
group,
But I'm not going to settle
for that,
I still want to be a corporal,
Tho' I don't want to seem like
a rat.

You have done many a miracle,
Like walking on the sea,
Won't you please do just one
more,
And send two hooks to me.

Can it be that I'm not popular,
No friendships do I bar,
Then how do others get them,
For instance Corporal Carr?

So this request I'm asking,
As I finish off my prayer,
If you have any hooks around,
Please send me down a pair.

P.S.--

Just one more word in closing,
I almost forgot to say,
If it's all the same to you,
Dear Lord,
Could I please have mine with
pay?

-----oOo-----

Sixty fliers reported at
the pearly gate one morning.
"Who are you?" asked Saint
Peter.
"Germans brought down last
night," was the reply.
Saint Peter consulted a
paper. "Well only three of you
get in," he said, "That's all
your official report admits."

-----oOo-----

One of the latest examples
of wasted effort is telling a
hair raising story to Corporal
Jenkins.

-----oOo-----

REMORSE

The cocktail is a pleasant
drink,
It's mild and harmless, I
don't think,
When you've had one you call
for two,
And then you don't care what
you do.
Last night I hoisted twenty-
three,
Of these arrangements into me;
My wealth increased, I swelled
with pride;
I was pickled, primed, and ossi-
fied.

Those dry Martinis did the work
for me,
Last night at twelve I felt
immense;
Today I feel like thirty cents.
At four I sought my whirling
bed,
At eight I woke with such a
head!
It is no time for mirth or
laughter--
The cold grey dawn of the morn-
ing after.

If ever I want to sign the
pledge,
It's the morning after I've
had an edge;
When I've been full of the oil
of joy,
And fancied I was a sporty boy.
This world was one kaleidos-
cope,
Of purple bliss, transcendant
hope,
But now I'm feeling mighty blue,
Three cheers for the W.C.T.U.

I think that somewhere in the
game,
I wept and told my maiden name,
My eyes are bleared, my coppers
hot;
I try to eat but I can not;
It is no time for mirth or laughter
The cold grey dawn of the morn-
ing after.

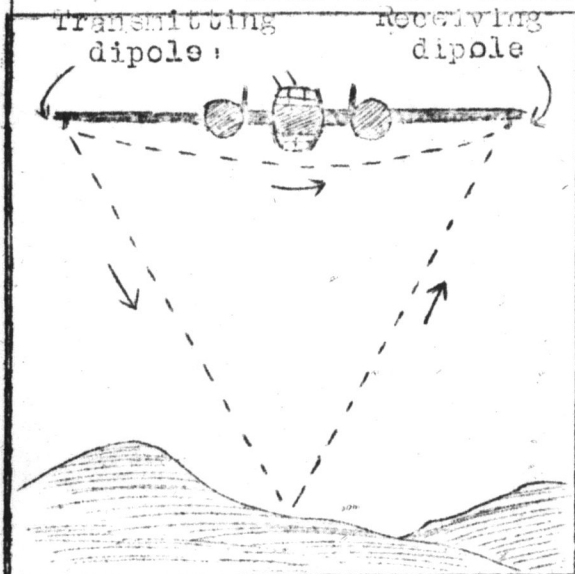
-----oOo-----

This is the first attempt to introduce to the "W.A.G." Signal something in the Technical field. However, it is hoped that in future this column will be expanded by further ideas from the instructional staff.

It is believed that this new invention should prove very interesting to those whose job it is to fly in some capacity or other.

Since flying began, pilots have had but one quantitative indication of their height above ground, that is barometric pressure. Barometric pressure serves to indicate height above sea level, and is subject to variations with the weather. Consequently it is necessary to inform the pilot of changes in barometric pressure arising from the latter cause (one of the principal uses of radio communication) and in addition the pilot must know how far above sea level the ground under him happens to extend. If the pilot is lost under conditions of poor visibility, therefore, he might easily fly into the side of a mountain, with his altimeter indicating a safe altitude in terms of height above sea level. The moral is, don't get lost.

An altimeter was obviously required to indicate height above the ground.



Such an altimeter (called "terrain clearance indicator") came into being at the hands of the engineers of the United Airlines and the Bell Telephone Laboratories, and was demonstrated for the first time in October. The demonstration plane was fitted with two tiny dipole antennas, one for reception and the other for transmission mounted under either wing. The transmitting dipole (about 12 inches long and separated 6 inches from the metal surface of the wing) is fed with about 5 watts at 500 Mc. The wave, directed to the ground, is reflected therefrom and received by the receiving dipole. At the same time the receiving dipole receives some energy directly from the transmitting dipole opposite. Thus the receiving antenna intercepts two signals, one an "under-wing" signal, the other a "reflected" signal. If the two signals can be caused to interfere with each other, the interference may be

used to indicate the time of reflection, between transmission and reception. This time, multiplied by the velocity of the wave, gives the distance of reflection, which is twice the altitude of the plane.

In practice the altimeter will indicate heights from a minimum of 20 feet to a maximum of about 4000 feet, the latter limit being determined by the available transmitter power. The dynamic response of the indicator is very rapid. In the demonstration when the plane passed over the George Washington Bridge, proceeding north along the Hudson River, the indicator jumped down (indicating lower terrain clearance) momentarily passing over the bridge.

The utilization of the ultra high frequency of 500 Mc. is based on three important factors: the high degree of directivity obtainable with simple antenna structures; the high degree of reflection from any solid or liquid surface, regardless of electrical characteristics; and the large changes in absolute frequency which may be obtained from small percentage changes in the frequency-determining source.

TECHNICAL

Once again we are saying goodbye to a graduating entry. This time to me, at least, it's more like saying goodbye to friends of long acquaintance, many of them are like brothers.

They know that we all wish them the best of luck, and that we wish we were with them, yet to make the score even we'll come out and say that we're sorry to see you go and that we wish you all the best.

Again, they've heard all the advice and suggestions before so we needn't go into that again, but once more, just to make the record clear, we'll go into that.

We can tell them that the longest and toughest part of their course is over and that the rest of it is fairly clear sailing.

We can tell them too, that the job they are going to do is one that any one could be proud to do and that they have a real job on their hands.

No. 2 Wireless School, Canada, the British Empire, and the Allied Nations are banking on them and expecting them to do their utmost in this struggle that's ahead of them. We know that they will.

The best of luck boys and Happy Landings.

-----oOo-----

We understand, although it is a little too early to report it, it not having taken place yet, that 24A is going to put on the dog one night this week at the Poliser Hotel. If the party lives up to the arrangements-it's going to be a very large affair.

-----oOo-----

From this date on this paper has ceased to be a one man affair. If you're interested in having a station paper come out every once in a while, you and you and you will have to do your bit towards making it worth while and readable.

One man can put out one or two or even three or four issues of this kind and possibly make them all interesting. Eventually, however, he is bound to come to a stop. This little fellow is milked dry.

The Wag Signal is not particularly interesting to me as reading matter, because I wrote ninety percent of it and dug up the other ten percent from other publications. The interest must be shown by the same you and you I mentioned a few lines back.

If this is to be interesting and readable, and I believe it can be made so, you'll have to help with contributions and suggestions.

You must be either interested or hopeful that there might be something in this for the copies disappear off the rack almost as fast as they are put out.

In future issues we would like to have an increase in coverage along all lines. By that we mean Flight news, poetry, jokes, that you like and think someone else might enjoy, scandal, anything. If you happen to run across a choice bit that you're not sure can be put in print please send it in and let us be the judge.

-----oOo-----

Flight News

CLASS 30 0

Here we have a real mixture, mostly Newsies, one lone Aussie, and a few Canucks, which, all blended together, make up a very lively class.

Headed by Tommy Robson we merrily go our way through school---holding the record I believe, for getting caught reading comics during class. (Michell, Mathews, Northcote, please note.)

At least when the boys are reading comics, they're not making a noise. We haven't found out yet whether the instructors are more partial to the one or the other. They give us the impression that neither are received in any favourable light.

We don't claim to house any champion basketball, football, hockey, badminton, volleyball teams, but we do claim to have a flight made up of all round good sports, fellows that anyone can get along with, except perhaps descips and instructors.

-----oO-----
28 L NEWS

That heading fooled you I'll bet. There isn't any news from 28L. Our flight is so small now that there aren't enough of us to make news. The Roll Call lists 15 of us, but forgets to mention that we are in outstations and are slowly, in some cases, quite fast in others, going crazy. We can only hope that when we do crack we won't become too violent, and that the rest of you fellows will excuse us when we start wandering around the station picking up papers or else get to the paper doll stage. You'll

know that it's the incessant stream we are under at this time.

After all the complaints we've been hearing from the Editorial Staff of this paper we've made a resolution that we'll do our best to be with you a little more regularly in the future. 'Bye now.

-----oO-----
HOME WING THIEVES

THE CASE OF THE LOST PANTS

THE AIRMAN

GRATITUDE

The following is true and it's very true, in our mind makes it worth telling.

It seems that way back in November an Airman on this Station had a pair of pants taken from his hanger and an old pair with several holes and showing considerable wear were put there in the place of his new ones.

The day that 24A got their Sparks, they also got a parade for new uniforms, where necessary. That day the aforesaid Airman's pants were returned to him, while he was in classes, the old ones taken away.

The pay-off is the note that was left in the pocket of the wandering trousers-----
"Thanks a 10000,000! Per Ardua ad novem pants!"

-----oO-----
S.A.I.---"There's a student in this class who's making a jackass of himself. When he's finished I'll commence.

-----oO-----



"No. 2 Wireless Goes To Dinner"

Promptly at noon when the dinner bell rings,
There happens a number of violent things.
The "Thundering Herd" all sprint for the stair,
Scattering bodies here and there.

They all race down the stairs,
They all squeeze through the door,
They all kick and they push,
They all cuss and get sore.

At last that's all over, you're safely inside,
'Cept for bruises and bumps, and chunks off your hide
You grab up your hardware, get back in the line,
and right there you stay for a hell of a time!

D.J.S.

WHAT TO DO IN CASE OF AN
AIR RAID

1. As soon as the bombs start dropping run like hell--(it doesn't matter where, as long as you run like hell).

(a) Wear track shoes if possible. If the people in front of you are slow, you won't have any trouble stepping over them.

2. Take advantage of opportunities offered you when air raid siren sounds the warning of attack. For example:

(a) If in a bakery--grab some pie or cake or something.

(b) If in a tavern--grab a few beers.

(c) If in a movie or a taxi-cab grab a Blonde or Brunette.

3. If you find an unexploded bomb, always pick it up and shake it well (maybe the firing pin is stuck).

(a) If that doesn't work heave it in the furnace. (The Fire Dept. will come later and take care of things.)

4. If an incendiary bomb is found burning in a building, through gasoline on it. (You might as well have a little fun, you can't put it out anyway.)

(a) If no gasoline is available, throw a bucket of water on it and lie down (you're dead). That is the properties of the bomb react with the hydrogen of the water causing rather rapid combustion (in fact it will explode with a helluva crash-----).

5. Always get excited and holler bloody murder (it will add to the fun and confusion and scare hell out of the kids).

6. Drink heavily, eat onions, limburger cheese, etc. before

entering a crowded air raid shelter (it will make you very unpopular with the people in your vicinity---eliminating any unnecessary discomfiture that would be more prevalent if people crowded more closely).

7. If you should be the victim of a direct bomb hit, don't go to pieces. Lie still and you won't be noticed.

8. Knock the air raid wardens down if they start to tell you what to do. They always save the best seats for themselves and their friends.

The foregoing was sent to an airman here by his aunt in San Francisco.

In keeping with our policy of keeping up with the latest developments, we print it in the hope that you may be able to cull some wheat from the chaff.

It is quite apparent that our friends and Allies across the line are already fully conscious of the hardships of war, and are cognizant of the latest developments in modern warfare.

BLAME IOWA

When an airman doesn't answer,
To his name at morning call;
You can bet your life that
Iowa,

Is the reason for it all,
What! You've never heard of
Iowa,

Who makes trouble for the
men?

Well just spell the letters
backward,

And you'll recognize her
then.

CORPORAL'S JOTTINGS

Who's the "Joe" who needed help from 4 Wags and a Taxi Driver to put him to bed Saturday night. Ask the fellow with the scratch on his cheek.

"Esther" is at present recuperating from a severe cold. All "cigs" and flowers for him should be addressed to the Cpl's quarters. Please hurry and get well Esther, we miss you so.

"Welcome back" to Johnny Drayton the "Nightingale of Headquarters" although he hates to admit it he has a lovely voice. Johnny just returned from a nice rest with the mumps. Welcome Back Johnny.

Cpl. Middleton called home recently, only to find his son had been rushed to the hospital. Here's hoping for a quick recovery for him.

The Hammy's have been very quiet lately. What's wrong boys, not enough variety in the city of Calgary?

Cpl's Butt, Colwell and Douglas have taken their physical fitness seriously. There was to be another member to this happy three but, Colwell got rough.

Cpl. Anderson could answer a few questions as to the reason for a cut on a certain Cpl's cheek. Too much Brandy, eh.

Come on Buchard, give out and tell the awful truth about your forehead. Could it have happened at the Palliser? We wonder.

What two Corporals went into the Airmens Mess to scrounge tea and had to polish the steam tables and coffee urns first.

A rage of marriage seems to have captured the corporals quarters. Congratulations are in order for Cpl. Shortreed and Cpl. Henderson. Loads of Happiness fellows.

Don't light too many matches in the movies. Cpl. Russel or Cpl. Quillette (Little Chum) couldn't stand a fire in this nice weather.

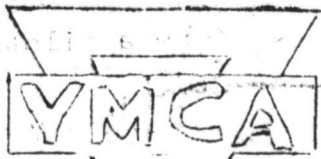
A certain corp. was caught making petty excuses to the girl of his dreams on the "Y" phone. What about it Walter??

Thanks are due to Corporal Stannah for making the F.A. in the auditorium as good as it is. That's the old co-op spirit, keep it up.

Since Christmas, three new Sargeants have sprung from the pool of prospective Sargeants. Congratulations to A. Davies, Time Illingsworth, Dean Sharp. More power to you fellows.

Corporal Gough put on quite a show at table tennis. A champ in the making. Keep it up Jimmy.

One of the Corporals was pretty miserable a few months ago with the loss of \$25.00. Recently on putting his summer uniform in mothballs for the winter, he carelessly went through the pockets. He swears that he had looked in every possible location at the time of the loss, but there it was in the pocket, just crying to be spent. We didn't hear just how he celebrated the find, but will chance a guess. What would you do in a similiar situation? That's what I'd do too.



DOTS---DASHES

RIFLE CLUB

125 airmen meet every week in the indoor range practicing, the art of rifle shooting. The club is affiliated with the Dominion Marksmen competing for their awards.

- 10 targets score 80---Bronze medal
- 10 " " 93---Silver medal
- 10 " " 98---Gold medal
- 10 " " 100---Silver spoons.

Thirty five members have already completed their bronze medal targets. Join the Rifle Club, for further information see Bruce at the "Y"

BRIDGE & WHIST

A very successful card tournament was held in the Dry Canteen. For those that are interested in this highly skilled card game "Bridge" will have the opportunity of playing once a week. Watch for the notice on the board.

Y.M.C.A. LOUNGE

Before the next issue of the Wag Signal the Y.M.C.A. will be in its new quarters. Where? in the new building adjoining the Dry Canteen. The "Y" are furnishing a lounge room, which will be "just like your living room at home." The Y.M.C.A. will be moving the library and sports over in the new quarters. It is worth noting that our Padres will at last have a real office. They will also be in the new building.

FRIENDLY HOUR

The Sunday night gathering in

the auditorium are becoming better every week. Why? Because the programs are first class, and more men are attending. Sunday, January 25 saw over 300 airmen, officers and N.C.O.'s be entertained by Doreen Darling, violinist, Verna White, India Club swinger, Miss Mary England and her two, Cpl. Shortreed and Ross Kraeling, our own boys gave a fine piano and trumpet duette.

See you every Sunday night in the auditorium 1930 hours.

BINGO GAMES

Friday night in the Dry Canteen the old game, under the B--4, I---23, N---34, G--49, O--64 is played. Join in the fun and win a prize.

Y.M.C.A. MOVIES

From the comments received everyone is enjoying the new movie set-up. A new turn table for records has been purchased by the "Y" so that a little "swing and sway" can be heard. Also a microphone has been secured and installed, so that announcements can be made between reels. How do we like the Saturday Matinee Program?

TO BE SHOWN AT "WAG THEATRE"

- Tin Pan Alley--Alice Faye, J. Oakie.
- If I Had My Way--Bing Crosby.
- City for Conquest--James Cagney.
- Happy Landing---Sonja Henie.
- Santa Fe Trail.

Question: Where is Cpl. Whymark?
Answer: On leave. He needed it.

-----oOo-----

ON THE MORNING WHEN THE C.O.'S
ON PARADE

When the roosters are all crowing,
And the siren loud is blowing,
And the lovely dream you had be-
gins to fade,
Show a leg and make it snappy,
Let the others see you're happy,
On the morning when the C.O.'s on
parade.

REFRAIN

On the morning when the C.O.'s
on parade,
Is the time when good impres-
sions should be made,
So Airmen mind your step,
Show that you have vim and
pep,
On the morning when the C.O.'s
on parade.

When the band has started playing,
And commands you are obeying,
Is no time to be downhearted or
dismayed,
Don't look tired out or weary,
Have a smile, be bright and
cheery,
On the morning when the C.O.'s on
parade.

REFRAIN

James K. Moir.

-----oOo-----

A young lady with a touch of
hay fever, took with her to a
dinner party two handkerchiefs,
one of which she stuck in her
bosom. At dinner she began rum-
maging to the right and left of
her bosom for the fresh handker-
chief.

Engrossed in her search
she suddenly realized that the
conversation had ceased and
people were watching her fascin-
ated.

In confusion she murmured,
"I know I had two when I came".

-----oOo-----

A GUNNER

If I must be a gunner,
Then please God grant me grace,
That I may leave this station,
With a smile upon my face.

I may have wished to be a pilot,
And you along with me,
But if we all were pilots,
Where would the airforce be?

The Pilot's just a chauffeur,
It's his job to fly the plane,
But it's we who do the fighting,
Though we may not get the fame.

It takes guts to be a gunner,
To sit out in the tail,
When the Messerschmitts are coming,
And the slugs begin to wail.

But there's a war on boys,
And a job that has to be done,
So let's forget our personal feel-
ings,
And get behind the gun.

And before we leave number two,
Let's all make this a bet,
We will be the best damn gunners,
That have left this station yet.

(Author unknown)

-----oOo-----

Dear Pa:--

If you want me to come back
to the farm, when the Airforce
says it don't need me any more--
here's what you'd better do. Buy
two of the meanest mules you can
find. Name one of them "Corporal"
and the other Sargeant. I'll
be glad to spend the rest of my
days just telling them two jack-
asses why I made a mistake when
I didn't join the Navy instead
of falling for this flying stuff.

Your loving son,

A.C. (No class)
Jasper Higgs.

-----oOo-----

V A L E B O B

We, of the 28th entry, Australians and New Zealanders, alike, are heavy of heart and more than a little shocked.

Our pal of the sports field and classrooms, Bob McRea has passed away and left us to carry on, without the benefit of his cheery nature to help us.

Bob succumbed on the 24th of January 1942, just one week after contracting double pneumonia, and it is terribly difficult for us to realize that he is with us no more.

Always cheerful and with a perpetual smile, Bob endeared himself to all of us as a 100% MAN -- a man any one of us would have welcomed as a staunch comrade and companion in any tight situation where courage and tenacity were essential.

Poor Bob has passed, he's run his race,
And he is mourned by all,
We miss his cheery, smiling face,
And his figure, strong and tall.

He tried his best to do his bit,
To help defeat the Hun,
But God stepped in and claimed his soul,
God Bless Australia's Son.

To tell what we thought of Bob,
The words cannot be spoke,
So in good old Aussie Slang, we'll say,
He was one "Fair Dinkum Bloke"!

And so "Old Man" we say goodbye,
Until we meet again,
We'll always have you in our hearts,
God Bless you Bob, Amen!

We, the Canadians on the station, had come to know Bob, and to like him as well, perhaps, as his Buddies. We regret his passing every bit as much as do the Anzacs, and join with them---God Bless you Bob, Amen!