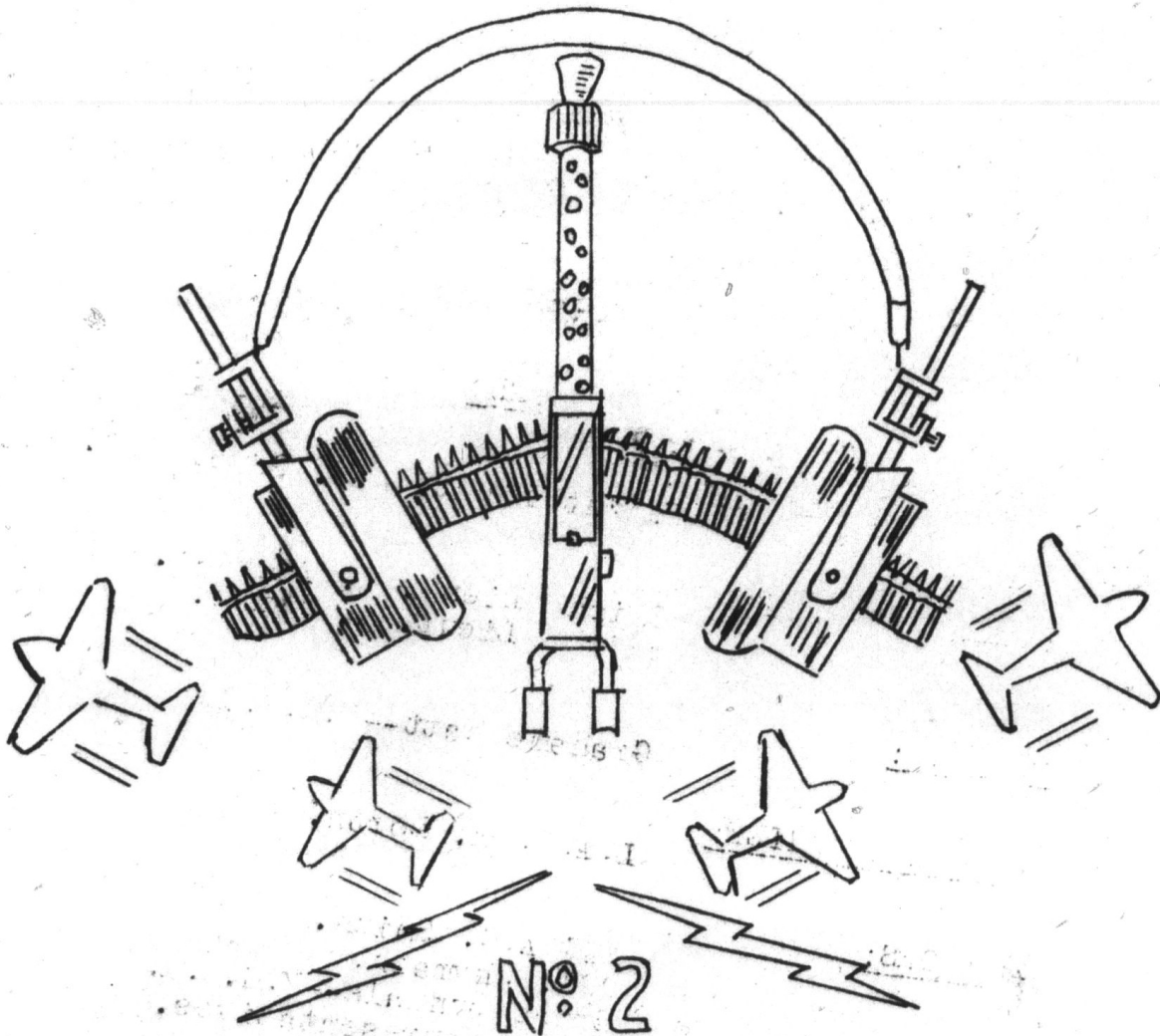


THE W.A.C. SIGNAL



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

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Issue: February 26, 1942.

Volume 3.

EDITORIAL

Extracts from a letter received February 2, 1942, by a Senior N.C.O. from a former Trainee at this school.

Somewhere in England,
Dec. 17/41.

Dear-----,

"During these past few months I have, of course, been engaged on operations and have come into contact with many of the chaps who were at Calgary the same time as myself. I have only completed ten operational trips, although I have been on a squadron for some six months now. Bad weather has caused a great deal of delay lately and things generally have been held up.

At present I am temporarily off operations having been posted to an entirely new squadron as an instructor. --Its rather a binding job, as you well know, but I might get a little assistance from my position later and perhaps a little promotion. I am at present N.C.O. in charge of Signals on an Australian squadron and it is my job to organize the whole show and assist the recruits as much as possible.

There is no doubt that the extra bit of study that I did at Calgary has proved of immense value to me and I'll bet there are others wishing to hell that they had done the same. Lots of the boys had to return to Wireless Schools, etc. and is a poor reflection on them for when it is known that fellows had to have refresher courses, they are not actually in demand when it comes to the stage where bomber crews are formed.

The ground work covered in the study of the old 'G.P.' sets was of very great assistance.

I have been flying in Wellingtons and they are a great machine and have borne the brunt of the work for these past two years.

Several times on operations we have been very grateful for Wireless and on at least one occasion it was the means of saving our lives for we were absolutely lost in a pea soup fog, and very short of petrol, but, thanks to W/T were able to land safely. If any of your present pupils doubt the benefit of W/T, you can tell them from me that good Wireless Operators, command plenty of respect on operational squadrons - (especially good ones). - and Pilots are very grateful for a Wireless Operator in whom they can trust, for assistance in times of emergency.

A thorough knowledge of the loop and the method of obtaining loop bearings is most essential and should be very forcibly impressed for most navigational assistance is derived from this source. On one of my trips I had a total of 78 loop bearings in my log, so you can judge their importance from that.

W/T procedure too is very important for with ever increasing numbers of aircraft coming off the assembly lines and on to operations, the air is rather inclined to become very full of Morse and unless the operators know their stuff, they'll merely get 'no place fast'.

(cont'd)

Editorial

Life on an operational squadron is a grand prize for those who wish to work hard whilst training, for every minute is packed full of interest and the scope to obtain knowledge is tremendous.

Any fellow who holds back and takes an unnecessarily long time in training misses an opportunity to enter into an adventurous and interesting life that has few equals."

THINK THIS OVER

You've heard this before, but from the mouth of the powers that be. We're a little inclined at times to scoff at things official as just another way of getting our goats, official or not, it is about time that we were settling down and taking stock of ourselves.

A couple of weeks ago we were complaining of being treated like children, I was kicking as loud as any one else, I believed then that the atmosphere on this station was not all it might be. Now I'm not so sure that I was right.

Paydays there is invariably a certain amount of vandalism on the station. Lately it hasn't been confined to paydays.

When you put on a uniform the Military and Civil authorities granted you the status of a man, those of you who are under 21 years of age, and they assumed that you were already a man if you were past that age.

My point is just this. If you can't drink and still retain some of your senses, if you can't get that happy glow without reverting to your childhood days and smashing things, if you can't drink like a man and act like a man when you do drink, don't you think it might be a good idea, if only to retain your own respect for yourself to quit drinking until you can handle it.

There is nothing particularly funny in watching a man who is drunk, or more particularly a man who is pretending that he is really enjoying himself, kicking things around.

The man who can't drink and still be a man can't hope to hold the respect of his fellows, nor can he expect to hold the respect of himself for very long.

Think it over.

CARIBOU IS DEAD

The single seater Bell P/39, known in America as the Airacobra, was originally given the name of Caribou for the British version ordered for the R.A.F. The Ministry of Aircraft Production has recently announced, however that this name has been dropped and the machine will be known in the future by its native name. The Official name of this model being the Airacobra 1. We print this in the hope that it may clear up some of the confusion the W.A.G.'s have felt about this craft.

CHARACTER SKETCHES

We are going to make an attempt to insert a character sketch or two in each issue of the WAG in future. We will try to stay with people that you all know and are interested in. Should you at some future time be "Joe" please take it as good clean fun. Your cooperation will be appreciated. We hope that you will enjoy this feature.

It is fitting that the first to be reported are perhaps the two men, best known and most responsible for the administration of the Station.

GROUP CAPTAIN OWEN

You all know him as the C.O. of the station, but perhaps a little on the man behind that figure will enlighten you.

He was born, August 30, 1894 and received his education at Haverstock High School and the London County Council School. Both Court London. Among the sports in his younger days, he was interested in swimming, football and cricket, and was an active member of the Boy Scouts, later becoming a Patrol Leader.

His sports interests seem to be more strenuous if anything now, and has within the last year added golf. He is actively interested in gardening and landscape gardening and efforts in this respect can be seen around this station.

Group Captain Owen joined the First Canadian Expeditionary Force in September 1914, and served in England, France and Belgium until 1916, when he transferred to the Royal Navy Fleet Air Arm, and was appointed to a commission as Observer Sub/lieutenant, being actively employed until the end of the war on Anti-Submarine Patrols, convoying and bombing for which services he was mentioned in dispatches for action, resulting in the sinking of a German submarine.

From there we see him rise steadily and after cessation of hostilities, returned to Canada and appointed Air Photographic Inspector, and later to numerous staff appointments, as Director

of Air Force Personnel, C.O., R.C.A.F. Records Office, Deputy Air Member Personnel, Senior Air Staff Officer, #3 Training Command, Senior Organizing Officer, #3 Training Command, and finally Commanding Officer No.2 Wireless School.

So don't let me hear of any of you questioning him on the way the station is run. If he doesn't know how, it's a cinch nobody else does.

When we asked him the old stock question, "Are you happy in the Service?" we got a very definite "Yes," for an answer, and when we asked "Why?" the answer was this: "Because it is a privilege and honour to be a member of a Force with such a glorious record in the past, and in this present war, a Force which has as its aim a high tradition of service, "Esprit de-Corps" and pride in, and devotion to, ones fellow countrymen.

Those of us who have seen him on the Rifle Range and have seen the regular 98s, 99s, and 100s he scores, know that he has an exceedingly sharp eye and that isn't confined to the Parade Ground.

He is very quiet and not given to talking about himself (we had to resort to other methods to get this interview) and is undoubtedly a man's mans man among men.

It is hoped that this may help you to know your C.O. better and to understand him, for we believe that it is upon such understanding that we can build a better and happier station.

SQUADRON LEADER BLACK (Character Sketches cont'd)

Our second Character sketch in this issue deals with the Chief Instructor of the School, the man whom most of us dread going before. It usually means trouble when we're called to his office. We find that it is not he who hunts the trouble however, but you and I, when we slip up in classes.

Sq/L Black was born in King Williams Town, South Africa, way back in 1892. He attended Dale College in that city and played Rugby and Soccer there. His spare time interest was swimmin, at which he became quite proficient. He represented South Africa on both football and rugby teams in international matches.

His business as a civilian was accounting, which maybe accounts for his ability to look after the technical and scholastic end of things here.

Among his hobbies he lists any indoor game, because he says he is getting too old for sport that is too strenuous. There was a queer twinkle in his eye when he said that though, so I'm not so sure.

His pet aversion is any person who can't make up his mind and snakes. I don't think he classified the two together, but he may have done at that. He dislike both with an equal intensity.

His ambition for the future, rather a catch question, is to live in peace until he can't want to and then to die.

He too is emphatically affirmative when asked if he is happy in the Service and when asked "Why" he says the Service is the grandest life possible.

He is interested in all sports except anything to do with ice, and in that I think he neglected to tell of another pet aversion. Aversion

or not he has a very definite dislike for ice.

He enlisted in South Africa at the beginning of the last war, and served there, and in South West Africa under Gen. Botha as a scout. He rose to the rank of Sgt. and was sent to Italy, Egypt, France, and Belgium.

He transferred to the then Royal Flying Corps in July 1917 and served for the duration as a Pilot.

When asked for a word of advice or counsel to the boys he offered the following, which need not be enlarged upon:

First--Be honest with yourself. Second--Remember your instructors are trying to help you. They don't want to be instructors.

Three--There are wonderful opportunities in the Service for advancement and there are wonderful chances to get thorough training in any line you wish to fit you for a good position in civil life, if you so desire. YOU must go after it. It's there for the taking.

The advantages offered you by the Service are there. It is up to you to take advantage of them.

You are fighting for your country and under these circumstances don't have the attitude of "What can I get out of it", at least until the war is over.

Play fair, be a good sportsman, act as you all are gentlemen, and you will have a grand time in the Service.

The above sounds like good advice, and coming from a man of Sq/L Black's experience and integrity, it is worth heeding.

HOSPITAL BLUES

Alone and forgotten, devoid of a friend,
Sadly and grimly you wait for the end.

Cirrhosis of liver and stones in your spleen,
Gangrene of the leg and bats in your bean,
Rust in your lungs and kidneys that whine,
Boils and stricture, T.B. of the spine,
And Mastoiditis that makes living a dread,
And Sinus trouble that splits open your head,
Hernia, lesion, and lock in your bowels,
You lie like a mummy and listen to howls.

You lie and you rot and you wonder the while,
What in hell there is left that is worth half a smile,
With speculum, scalpel, forceps and knife,
And that heathenish bed pan, the bane of your life,
With vile salts and pills they flush you inside,
While the ravage of bed sores is tearing your hide,
And your friends come around and they look and they nod,
And they say to themselves, "He'll soon be with God".

And the doctors and nurses all file by your bed,
And go away saying, "Why isn't he dead"?

So they give you the ether till your brain gets lame,
Then with hacksaws and chisels make holes in your frame,
They steal your appendix, gizzard and gall,
And give your intestines a full overhaul,
With mashie and niblick the surgen wades in,
You are bludgioned from forelock to kneecap and shin,

With horse rasp and cleaver he plies his great art,
And removes all your vitals save liver and heart.

You think of yourself, but what hurts you much worse,
Is to see some poor victim hauled off in a hearse,
While of course you have suffered, it is nothing at all,
Compared with some poor devil right down the hall.
You feel strength returning to your joints and frame,
And you're glad after all that you tried to be game,
You're sorry as hell for your moaning and squealing,
As you'll soon be alright, it's a glorious feeling.

-----oOo-----

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN

In line with our policy of the best for less, we hereby announce the innauguration of an advice to those who should know better column.

In order to qualiff for our decidedly beneficial advice here is what you must do.

Tear the top off the nearest Calgary Street car (that should not be hard), write your name and address clearly in Chinese characters, enclose an old, soiled fifty-dollar bill, or two old laundry tickets, and we'll answer your queries on Love, Matrimony, Finance, Etiquette, Business, Trade Tests, Calgary or Kalamazoo, and what's more we'll guarantee that our advice will be every bit as good as you could get elsewhere for half the price. Try us.

-----oOo-----

Flight News

THE LOWDOWN ON 28L

You have no doubt seen us around the Station. We wander around at our own discretion in a small pack and half the time nobody knows where we are (how about the descips, you're not putting anything over on them or are you?)

You may know us best as 28L, the smallest flight on the Station. Here is just a little of the low-down on a few of the fellows in our outfit.

One of the boys has started to make a habit of sleeping in the hallway of the Annex during the early hours of the morning. We hope you found the floor comfortable Kehoe.

As for Roach, he claims to have sworn off women, but judging from the latest communique--we wonder.

And of course, we must remember the boy who put the black stripes down our blankets.

We are very proud of our Senior, who seems to be making top marks in his night classes. What makes the flight appear smaller is due to third member of our Newzies--the shortest man on the Station. We call him Curley, but we do wonder why so many of the men of 28L go East nearly every night. Are there special attractions over there? Perhaps it's the scenery (in the form of figures) We won't mention any names.

OUR MOTTOE: Quality rather than quantity, if you doubt our word look at the hockey team line-up. We have contributed Hull and Hunter, two very able puck chasers.

We are always ready to accept challenges (especially officers.) We may not have beaten the Officers in the Rifle Shoot, but we sure scared them for awhile. They have not seen the last of us yet.

Our powerful Pucksters, Hockey team to you, innitiates has been doing alright by itself and us. Nice going boys.

I hear the Instructors are soon going to challenge us to a match of wits and memory. This time we are afraid of the overwhelming score against us, but we can take it.

So-Long.

-----oOo-----

ODE TO 30P

Too bad boys we are leaving,
Sorry we have to go,
We surely liked our classmates,
And our Corporal Instructors
also.

Morse was a wonderful session,
But Theory was a tough test,
We also liked Lab and Procedure,
But armaments we loved best.

Our Corporals were all fine fellows
Better could never be found,
They bawled us out quite often,
But their reasons were very sound.

Here's wishing the boys the best of
luck,
Better days may they see,
Here's hoping they get their course,
And sorry are we to C.T.

10 C.T.s of 30 P

-----oOo-----

We have it on first class authority that an Aussie in the 26th, we can't tell his name, but Clyde is the first one, has gone and got himself engaged to a lovely little lady. The name, so we understand from the same unimpeachable source is Mary Jane.

Congrats!!!!

-----oOo-----

FLIGHT NEWS 28 K

We wish you all a cheery good-day from the "Riff Raff" of 28 K, but we wish more, that this course was ended.

Thanks to the powers of our betters we have a few brainy specimens amongst us. Hallo everyone, Baboon (28K) calling. We hope we're not cramping any one's style around here and if we are it's just too bad. The Corps in outstations know that.

There are a few things that we don't know everything about yet, and this may be an opportunity to get some of them straightened out.

First of all--Where did Freddy get the nickname of Bunny? And what can't that boy do on Roller Skates?

Secondly--Where does S.S. Saunders get to at nights and what keeps him late? We can Guess Claude "Kapai to Wahine ehou."

Thirdly--Why does the flight specialize in redheads? You tell us Rosie.

Fourthly--Why does Ginger object to being teased about his Tomatoe blonde? Be a Brick and tell us Gin.

Fifthly--After hearing Peter F. Telling us about all the places he worked and how long he worked at each, we want to know why he isn't in his grave or in the Old Men's Home. We figure that his age must be at least 110 years, and that doesn't account for his childhood. And yet he joined the Airforce for Aircrew. Boy, what a man!

Sixthly--Listed in D.R.O.'s of 19/2/42--A \$50 bond may be procured by paying in \$7.21 a month for 7 months. Our mathematician figured it out and got this for a result: \$7.21 times 7 equals \$50.47. Now where in H---does the extra 47 cents go to--to buy a Spitfire?

We have one of the best Rifle teams on the Station--if not the best, and we openly challenge all amateurs, including Officers, to a duel. Anyone feeling safe or better than us has only to try us to find out.

So until they cancel all leave, passes, we'll see you in any "pub" in town. QUESTION Do you need a chit for that one too? Rosie would like to know and so would we. So-long until next time.

-----oOo-----

30Q POPS OFF AGAIN.

We don't have a devil of a lot to say for ourself this time, maybe it's the weather, maybe it's the Morse, maybe we've just been talking too much and are all tired out and there's nothing left to say.

We're still more or less the forgotten class in the 30th entry, having been added to it pretty much as an afterthought when it comes to duty flight parades and Joe jobs. At such times we are foremost in everyone's mind. We certainly get our share of Guard duty and the flight always looks darn small after the Orderly Sgt. has done his duty on Duty Flight Parades.

We have a class of fellows who seem well able to get along with anyone--they'd have to to get along with themselves, and the biggest part of their troubles are getting up in the morning and getting that necessary shave and breakfast as well.

By the time this sees print 30Q will be no more. Some of us have been C.T.'d, some transferred to other entries, and the remainder to other classes in the 30th.

Since you can't hear from us again as 30Q, we will be sure that you hear from us from other classes

BELIEVE IT OR NOT
(about 30-0)

CLASS 32 R

Paul Davies is suffering from a severe attack of sleeping sickness, we mean of course during classes!

Frost has feet that are big enough to qualify him to be a Canadian, or so his mates say! Rouse gets into more verbal battles over radio theory than anyone in the school!

Webb sounds more like Andy Devine than Andy himself. "Just a cold says Webb".

Judging from their ruthless and sudden attacks on each other, Lore and Pointon ought to be with the Commandos.

Foreman is campaigning very vigorously to have only Plain Language used in the Air Force from now on.

Jenkenson is our new senior, and we think he'll fill the bill pretty well. Just imagine that voice of his rasping out the roll call!

Michell has more trouble with his earphones!!!! Sometimes we wonder!

Tom Robson, our former senior, leaves for Trenton in the near future. We'll miss you Tommy, at classes, and at the sing-songs! Goodbye, good luck, and we hope to meet again.

Brother Pointon also leaves soon for Trenton. Now Smith won't have anyone to argue with! Adois, and good luck Leo!

Beaton has the cutest way of wearing his winter cap. Just ask Sergeant Dickie!

And then there is the story (we won't vouch for the truth of this of the A.C.2 who had the run in with the P/O for failing to salute. "Didn't you see this uniform young man", said the P/O. "What are you kicking about," shoots back our intrepid hero, "You did O.K. look at the fit they handed me."

We are the only class satisfied with the station. We love the desips, and, boy do they love us. Having a class infected or rather afflicted by a bunch of rowdy Aussies, it's got so that one can't get any sleep anymore in Morse classes, and on top of that we have one or two fresh air fiends who insist on having the windows wide open in spite of the daily blizzards.

There is a certain Aussie (no names mentioned) who has a devilish desire to be our right marker (drunk or sober). You'll probably know him by his mania for wasting other peoples boot polish to plaster certain portions of other peoples anatomies, and we don't mean boots. Gus--will you take a pull.

The other day our Senior went off sick (we think it's lovely.) Guess who was Senior in his place---none other than our honourable Gus. We haven't had a sheet change for some time and we were lucky to get our 23.59 passes at all. Boy, are we glad to get our own Senior back.

-----oOo-----
Recruiting Sgt.--"Well mister are you brave in battle?"
Joe--"No suh, I run away at the first gunfire."
R. Sgt.--"Why man that's a coward's trick."
Joe--"I know sir, but someone has to be around to pick up the brave men after the battle."
-----oOo-----

CONFUCIOUS SAY: At first Airman not get idea of these transparent dress, but soon he see through them.
-----oOo-----

DO YOU HAVE ANY IDEA OF THE SCORE?

Do you realize that Canada's war effort, indeed the war machine of the United Nations, is geared to a certain speed, that every portion of training is figured out to the most minute detail, and that you are part of the detail that is figured out and depended on.

Do you realize that the periods you waste in classrooms, or even the short snatches that you miss in classes may be throwing that machine out of gear?

Do you fully understand that there are a definite number of Pilots, Observers, and W.O.A.G.'s slated to graduate in any given period, that the proportion of each to make up the whole is a definite quantity, and that you, when you fail a course get set back an entry or two, or cease training, seriously hinder the war effort of all the Allied nations?

Did it ever dawn on you that every plane that goes on an operational flight must have a full crew, or it just does not fly?

Of course you know that a plane crew comprises a certain definite number of men and that each man must be trained for a certain definite job. You know too, that a Pilot can't take over the Navigators job and expect to handle it successfully, nor can the Navigator take over the Pilot's or either of the two take over in place of a W.O.A.G. and be expected to do the job as it should be done.

What then if the necessary number of pilots, Observers, or Wireless operators are not on hand to make up a crew?

Let us try a more or less concrete example. As an instance we'll say that this month the R.C.A.F. plans to graduate 500 pilots, 500 observers, and 800 W.O.A.G.'s to complete Bomber squadrons. 500 pilots and 500 observers do graduate, but only 600 W.O.A.G.'s make the grade. There is a serious shortage of one of the integral parts of Bomber crews, with a result that need not be explained to you.

It is my impression that very few aircrew joined the R.C.A.F. just to get a job. Practically all of you were working, and a lot of you held good jobs before you joined this outfit. It must be presumed, then that you joined up to fight a war. Are you doing your best to fight it?

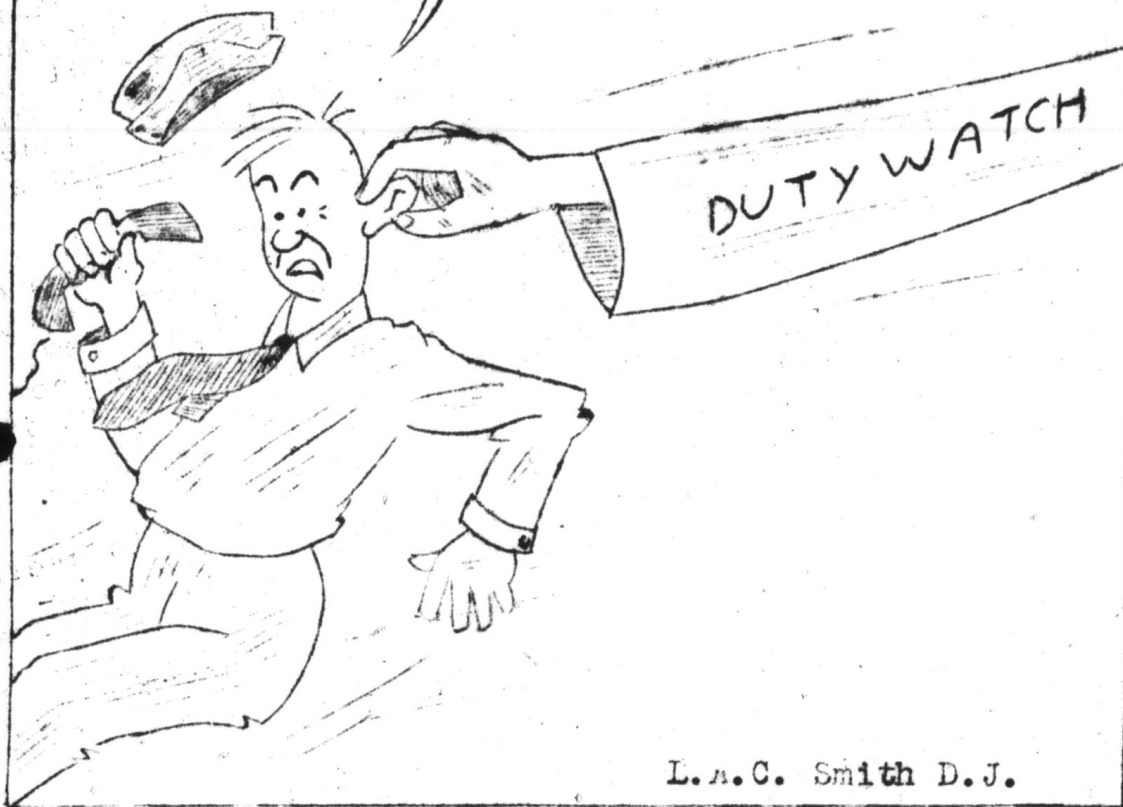
Wars are won and lost just as surely in the classroom, as in the air, after the classroom work is done with.

-----oOo-----

A W.A.A.F., asked to define a bolt and nut, received 100% for the answer: "A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal, such as iron, with a square bunch at one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similiar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron sawed off short with wrinkles around the inside of the hole.

"AIN'T IT THE TRUTH"

"Honest Mabel!...
I really can't
come!..



L.A.C. Smith D.J.

DUTY FLIGHT

The bugbear of the Air Force! Just when you've finally wrangled a date with that nifty blonde on her night off... along comes duty flight!

You phone her up... you try to explain... but oh no!... she's heard that one before. She knows how the Air Force boys use duty flight for an excuse! You can't pull the wool over her eyes... goodbye!

But don't forget boys...there are times when it's not so bad. Think of the nights it saves you money! And then it keeps you in so you can study(?)

And if you do have to use it legitimately for an excuse, why take the damn D.R.O's and nail 'em to the gal. That'll prove it.

Muff said!

MUSTACHE NEWS

Now that H.B.H. (the mustache king) has departed---the field is open for a new champ! Quick to seek the coveted honor were Paul Davies of 30 O and Ray Tarling of 30 P, who are at present reported to be doing there damndest to encourage a hirsute adornment on their upper lips.

The contest is on and the Aussies sit back licking their chops over what they are going to do--to the winner. You know how the Aussies look after mustaches, so keep your eyes open.

You see Davies and Tarling have a little bet on as to who can grow the best crop. Davies is using a mustard poultice every night, an attempt to draw his out, while Tarling combines a vigorous massage with his button brush, with the old rescription of rubbing salt on the upper lip and having a pail of water at the head of the bed--of course, the whiskers get thirsty and come out for a drink of water. The idea is to catch them quickly and tie a knot in them so they can't get back. Both contestants report very satisfactory results and recommen their methods to anyone with similiar ideas.

And so the race is on, and may the best man win. We are quite keen on the contest, but we have heard whispered threats that mustache growers are to be given a couple of hours razor drill every day, until they get them off.

THE NEW LOUNGE ROOM

During our wanderings and meanderings around the station we have come to be quite an explorer.

The other day we came upon some thing in the way of a discovery that seems too good to keep to our-selves. Way off where you would never happen to be unless you were looking for the new wet canteen I came upon what looks to be as close as a fellow could get to home without actually going there.

Behind the Dry Canteen and next to the New Wet Canteen there may be found a spot that I'm sure you'll like if you take the trouble to hunt it up. We're going to call it the new Lounge Room, for want of a more fitting name.

There, in a few days you will find the new quarters of the YMCA with all the facilities of the present establishment, minus the Sports section. It is to remain in the present quarters because it will be handier there. In the new building will also be found adjoining offices one for each of the Padres. They will be in a much more accessible spot than heretofore. There will also be a Committee room with tables and chairs for small meetings.

By far the largest part of the section will be taken up with writing tables and lounge chairs. You have perhaps noticed that the big leather chairs are already missing from the Auditorium. Now you know where they got to.

Plans are for rugs on the floor, a fireplace, and perhaps indirect lighting. There will be a radio with remote control, to be operated from the "Y", so that everyone won't be trying to get a different program at the same time.

The "Y" library will be situated in their office where it will

be handy to everyone.

The lounge itself will be large and roomy and without a doubt comfortable, a real place to relax and forget your worries and cares, or an ideal place to do some studying if you are so inclined.

It is the finest setup of its kind that we've seen in our travels covering quite a few R.C.A.F. Stations. It can be a second home to us if we use it properly and look after it the way it should be looked after.

Drop over and look it over. It's worth seeing and investigating.

-----oOo-----

HOW'S YOUR BRAIN?

This is a trick so don't say we didn't warn you. Read this sentence, "FEDERAL FUSES ARE THE RESULT OF YEARS OF SCIENTIFIC STUDY COMBINED WITH THE EXPERIENCE OF YEARS."

Now count the F's in that sentence--only once--don't go back and count them again.

Here's the answer, and it will tell you something about how good your brain is.

There are six F's in the sentence you read. An average intellect recollects three of them. If you spotted four of them, you are above average. If you got five, you can turn up your nose at most anybody. If you caught all six you're a genius, and a lot too good to be wasting your time on foolishness like this.

-----oOo-----

WE LOSE THREE SENIOR N.C.O.'S.

Before this sheet sees the street (anyone would think from that, that it was a paper) we will be the poorer for the loss of W.O.2 Hodgkinson, F/Sgt. McCallum, and F/Sgt. Maley.

It is easy enough to say that we are going to miss them, but, if it is understood that we really mean it, it won't sound like just another stock phrase.

W.O.2 Hodgkinson has come to be well known and well liked by all of us on the station. As N.C.O. in charge of the Disciplinary section, most of us have had dealings with him in one way or another. We hope that with you it was another. However, if you knew him you had to like him.

F/Sgt. McCallum had the reputation of being about the best liked N.C.O. on the Station, and probably one of the best liked men. I believe he also rates as one of the real old timers on this station. I think he'll regret leaving as much as we regret seeing him leave.

F/Sgt. Maley has become well known as the neatest man here, and has made himself a host of friends that won't like his leaving.

We can wish the three of them the best of luck in their new jobs and stations and hope that the men that take their places will be as well liked and as capable at their jobs as these fellows have been.

Some day we'll meet again. Until then, you have our best wishes and all the luck we can wish you all.

-----oOo-----
"Perhaps its symbolic that in the honeymoon the groom is usually taken for a ride."
-----oOo-----

ORCHIDS

Many unsolicited remarks have come our way regarding the behavior of the men of this Station at Banff last week.

You're wrong. That's not what we were going to say at all. This isn't a lecture nor is it an editorial.

The fact of the matter is that the remarks were aimed at the very good behavior of the boys. These were mainly in regard to the Band, Hockey, and Swimming teams, but included all of the airmen present.

That's the spirit boys, and that is also the way to get more opportunities of the same kind. As we have said in previous issues, the public will take you as they find you and if they find you O.K. you can be sure that they'll take you.

Keep up the good work Lads and you'll find, perhaps, that this isn't such a bad spot after all.

-----oOo-----
No publication can survive without a mess of support from its advertisers. We will have to load the dice to survive with ours. If you patronize the following it's your Hard Luck.... fore-warned is supposed to be fore-armed. What could you do with Four Arms?

OTIS-FENSOM ELEVATORS-----
"Good to the Last Drop."

F.W. WOOLWORTH CO.---"Our store is as busy as a Hive---- Come in and get Stung."

GENERAL MOTORS---"When Better Motor Cars are Built, We will be out of Luck."

TORONTO GLOBE AND MAIL---"All of the Late News Events--Sometimes a Day Late, Usually a Week Late."

RIFLE CLUB

Membership in the #2 Wireless School Rifle Club has increased to roughly 200 members. This membership increase indicates the interest of the fellows on the station in obtaining their Dominion Marksmen Awards. Already 17 members have obtained their bronz medals and two have got as far as their silver. Bronze and silver medal winners are: L.W. Dornbusch and T. Hennessey. Fourteen more applications have been mailed for medals and these should be here in a few days.

A competition was arranged between our club and #3 S.F.T.S. and after the smoke had cleared we had defeated the boys from #3 by a margin of 11 points. Further challenge matches are being arranged, the next one will be against the Calgary Girl's Rifle team, (the same team that defeated us a short while ago). We'll do better now. Several 100s are being recorded and a steady improvement is being shown by all members.

Of great interest to the fellows on the station is the challenge by the officers to any flight, Cpl. or Sgt. team. The challenge was readily snapped up and last Thursday 30N and 28L were the officers opponents. 30N won by shooting 584 to the officer's 580, out of a possible 600. 28L ran up against tough luck and were defeated 586 to 534 by the other officer team. In the first clash, Group Captain Owen, and Squadron Leader Black were tops for the officers with 99s. For 30N LAC LeMaitre was high with 99. In the second contest F/L Pilling banged a perfect target. (It is rumored he is having a frame especially built for the target). For 28L LAC Evans and Lambert were tops with 93. The next two teams to challenge the shooting ability of the officers will be the Corporals and Flight 32S.

These challenge competitions

are held every Thursday night. If your flight is not entered, turn in your entry to the Y.M.C.A.

By the way Group Captain Owen has shot five perfect targets out of his last seven tries, can anybody beat it?

HOCKEY

Our station hockey team has run smack into old lady luck and its all bad. They play their hearts out, and do everything but push the puck down the opposing goalies throat, but no, they have had to taste the bitter pill of defeat. Last Thursday, against #3 S.F.T.S. they lost 2 to 1 in the first game of the playoffs. It was a tough game to lose, but the boys are out for blood and fully expect to win the next two games, thus going into the league finals, against the Navy or #13 District Depot.

The members of the station team wish to take advantage of this space of the Wag Signal to thank Group Captain Owen, all the Officers and the many airmen who gave their support at last Thursday's game. Your support helps alot.

Next game, Thursday, February

BASKETBALL

At the completion of the basketball schedule, our team is tied for second place with #4 T.C. #3 S.F.T.S. won the league playoffs. Our team defeated them the last time we met and they are confident they can do it again. Your support for the time will be more than appreciated.

VOLLEYBALL

The band team seems to be just about unbeatable these days. The rest of the school will have to do something about it. If any of the flights, Cpls or Sgts feel that

(cont'd)

(SPORTS CONTINUED)

VOLLEYBALL (cont'd)

they are good enough, the band boys will be only too willing to prove otherwise. Challenge matches, especially from the Sgts. can be arranged through the Y.M.C.A.

INTER-FLIGHT HOCKEY

Inter flight hockey is going full blast (when the snow lets it.) To date several games have been played. If any two flights are anxious to do each other in, on the ice, arrange your games with the Y.M.C.A. One important point in connection with inter-flight games is--each team must appoint one man to arrange and be responsible for the return of all equipment. On the days of your games the equipment can be picked up at the sports section. Flights, 30Q and 32S are playing on the next good day we have.

PING PONG

The ping pong players on the station got an eyeful of some championship ping pong "Fire".... when the expert players from Ray Hornes Calgary Club kindly consented to come up and play some exhibition games. They are definitely good. Congratulations are due to LAC Jean Rolinger, he not only played some fine games right in the exhibition games, but went through to the finals of the Calgary and district ping pong championships. Nice work Jean.

SWIMMING

No. 2 Wireless School Swimming team consisting of Burleigh, Leatham, Jackquest, Moore, Bell, and Lindquest defeated a team from #3 S.F.T.S. at the Banff Winter Carnival. This exciting contest took place in the famous Cave & Basin at Banff, and was very interesting and enjoyable to all.
Nice work boys!

BANFF WINTER CARNIVAL

Our swimming team and our band were both outstanding at the Banff Winter Carnival 1942.

The group that really brought home the bacon was the Station Hockey team--Yes Sir, they won the Carnival Championship--1942. Gold medals were presented to all the players---congrats boys.

They defeated R.C.A.F. #7 S.F.T.S. Mcleod team, total goals were 7-2.

Outstanding players for our team were L.A.C. Cook, Bell, Stewart, Kelly, Kirkwood, and especially our new "pony line" St. Jean, Johnson and Warren. Harry Scott, Cpl. Ouellette, Cpl. Hadow and Grahame Watt (Y.M.C.A.) travelled with the team.

Ask the players what kind of a time they had during their stay in Banff-----? ? ?

Register at
Y.M.C.A. Office
For The
Physical Fitness
Class.

The swimmers from #3 S.F.T.S., which our boys were competing against were LAC Williams, LAC Burton, LAC Dinning, LAC Stevenson, LAC Francis, LAC Gilpin, and LAC McDonald.

These boys are all very fine swimmers, and all made a wonderful try.

-----oOo-----

HOCKEY A LA ANZAC

~~As mentioned~~ was omitted from the last issue due to the fault of the writer or someone.

The arena is hushed. Gone is the noisy, gay chatter of the usual hockey crowd and in its place there is a tension which presages an event about which much has been conjectured but nothing decided. Little advance information has been released and this air of mystery has the crowd intrigued completely.

There is a slight commotion at the team entrance and the crowd realizing the long awaited moment is at hand, rising to their feet in a spontaneous burst of cheering.

Slowly, magnificently, but it might be admitted somewhat shakily the two teams come onto the ice. These are the lads from "down under", New Zealanders and Australians come to give their all if necessary, in an exhibition of ice hockey a la Anzac. Amid many cheers from the crowd the puck is put in play and with grim determination the teams clash.....

Then followed fifteen minutes of the most hilarious, the most energetic hockey that Calgary fans have been privileged to witness, for what the boys lacked in skill they made up for in vigour. All the team were on the ice and it seemed a few more just for good measure.

For the full fifteen minutes it was a wild scramble of arms, legs, sticks, and bodies, some players prone on the ice with the exception of frantically waving sticks, other players in the process of falling and still others in the process of getting back on their feet. However, the little matter of the inability to skate well didn't phase these lads. Regardless of their positions, whether they were horizontal or vertical each man played like he was possessed with the energy of some superman and the tenacity of a bulldog.

Thus hockey, Anzac style was introduced to Calgary, and it will be long remembered. The winners were New Zealand, but the Australians, although defeated are undaunted, and are itching for another crack at the "Blokes." We who know predict that if the Aussies and Newsies keep plugging the way they do it will only be a short while until the Stampeders are faced with heavy competition.

Teams were as follows:

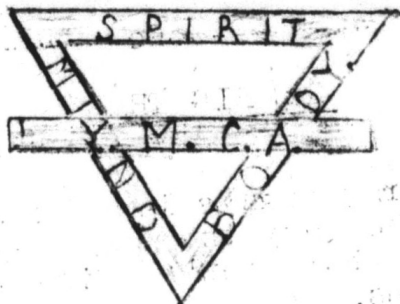
R.N.Z.A.F.

L.A.C. Ash H.
L.A.C. Sheehan F.
L.A.C. Jenkins F.
L.A.C. Thompson L.
L.A.C. Himkley M.
L.A.C. Mathews F.
L.A.C. Marks H.
L.A.C. Noble T.
L.A.C. Shore T.

Michel J. Williams O. Silver N.
Baker, Turner, Blaylock J.

R.A.A.F.

L.A.C. McGorley L.
L.A.C. McCrindle H.
L.A.C. Taylor R.
L.A.C. Sorenson H.
L.A.C. Hugonnet J.
L.A.C. Marsh T.
L.A.C. Locker I.
L.A.C. Smith C.
L.A.C. Davies R.
L.A.C. Kell A.
Bettington M. Johnson K.
Saunders C.



---DOTS AND DASHES---

CONCERTS

The station have had their share of good concerts during the past month--Elks "Jamboree", and Farguharson "Town Tonies" gave the men some real entertainment. We sure appreciate these groups coming from town to amuse us with songs shows and dances. The month of March will see Murdock Dancing School Party and the Canadian Corps visiting this station.

The most outstanding group to date though has been the Mount Royal College Junior Symphony Orchestra. These young artists, 68 in number sure won the hearts of the men with their splendid music as "London" (Suite for Orchestra) by Eric Coates; "Andante Cantabile" by Tchaikovsky; "Intermezzo" by Heinz Provost; "Promp and Circumstance," by Elgar.

Mr. Jascha Galperin, the director and conductor of the group is to be complimented on such a fine organization--Here's hoping we have them back soon.

-----oOo-----

INDOOR GAMES

The new "Y" Lounge Room lends itself to such well known games, as chess, checkers, bridge, whist and crib. So remember gang, anytime you are in the mood for a night of relaxation at "home" ask Cpl. Ny-mark for cards, checkers, chess, etc. Lessons will be given to those desiring same.

Y.M.C.A. FRIENDLY HOUR

Remember the Sunday night Friendly Hour in the Auditorium each week. Why wander a round town

with no place to go?--Stay in barracks and enjoy the Sunday night program of sing-song, educational movies and special town artists--even refreshments are served.

Some real talent is booked for the coming Sundays.

BINGO

We know our new quarters are very popular, but the old two ducks and clickety click is still in the race. Bingo is held each Friday at the Dry Canteen, 2000 hours, and many good prizes are given out. Call in and win yourself a large packet of cigs and a pair of socks--no charge--and lots of fun!!

DO YOU KNOW ?

1. Library will now be found in the new lounge room--also a technical library.

2. Stamps, telegrams, banking services and all the other small services of the "Y" will be carried on from the new quarters.

3. Sports equipment will remain in the old "Y" quarters.

4. B.R. is going to be a Pop in a couple of weeks.

5. Be sure and sign the Club book in the "Y" Lounge Room, so we know who you are.

6. That the Y.M.C.A. furnished the new quarters for the comfort of the ~~sermen~~irmen--let's keep the place as nice as it was on the opening day.

7. YMCA Movies at "Wag Theatre" (we mean Auditorium).
Mon. Mar. 2-Lloyds of London.
Thur. Mar. 5-It's a Date.
Sat. Mar. 7-(Matinee) South of Suez.
Mon. Mar. 9-Hudson Bay Co.
Thur. Mar. 12-Adventure in Diamonds.

-----oOo-----

THE MORSE BLUES

I'm sick and tired of taking
Morse,
I'm not so sure I want this
course,
My brain has gone into a
whirl,
I wish that I'd been born
a girl.

"Oh England", things I've
done for thee,
I left my home and crossed
the Sea,
And now I struggle all day
long,
Because old Adolph done us
wrong.

My fingers sore with pounding
keys,
My eardrums playing symphonies,
And every nerve cries shrill
protest,
At endless Morse, that gives
no rest.

I look with envy at the
sight,
Of those who rest, both day
and night,
They seek not Peace, nor yet,
Peace terms,
Their only worries are the
worms.

Just like a sheep, I stay
for more,
As other Wags, who did before,
This doesn't prove that I am
brave,
It proves I've one foot in
the grave.

I like to dream of "Civvy"
days,
When men were men and girls
ablaze,
With passion, love, and all
that tripe,
That helps to keep your moral
ripe.

I guess I'll have to grin and
bear,

This awful life of woe and
care,
Next time they raise the batt-
le flag,
They won't get me to be a Wag.

-----oOo-----

THE BIG THREE

By J. Moir.

The Army fights land battles
And the Navy those at sea,
While above war's noise and
rattles,
Men of the Airforce be:-
But together and united
Their honest word is plighted
That the wrongs will all be
righted,
And they'll win to Victory.

The Army has a story
That has won world wide Acclaim,
The Navy shares it's glory
And has an immortal name:
And the Airforce aggregation
Has a worthwhile reputation,
As a bulwark of the Nation,
It has won undying fame.

When they all work together,
In the, on land and sea,
The storms of war they'll
weather
As they guard our Liberty
And will sing and be light
hearted,
When the big push has been
started,
And the foe will be down-
hearted,
When it meets Britains Big
Three.

-----oOo-----

Mother can the maid fly? I
heard Daddy say she is an angel.
Don't worry dear, she will to-
morrow.

-----oOo-----

IF YOU'VE HEARD THESE BEFORE, DON'T BLAME US, WE HAVE TOO.

My wife ran away with my best friend.
Was he good looking?
I don't know. I never met the fellow.

-----oOo-----

A young lady went into a drug-store. "Have you any lifebuoy?" she asked.
"Set the pace lady" said the clerk. "Set the pace."

-----oOo-----

Girls, when they went out to swim,
Once dressed like Mother Hubbard;
Now they have a bolder whim,
They dress more like her cupboard.

-----oOo-----

"Is he fresh?" "Why I had to slap him three times before I gave in."

-----oOo-----

He, "I think I have a flat tire."
She, "That makes us even."

-----oOo-----

Given the proposition: I love you, I am to prove: You love me.
Alright here's the proof:

1. I love you.
2. I am a lover therefor.
3. All the world loves a lover.
4. You are the world to me.
5. Therefor you love me.

Simple ain't it?

-----oOo-----

"F-E-E-T." What does that spell Johnnie?" said the teacher.
Johnny didn't know.

"What is it that a cow has four of and I have only two?" persisted the lady.

Johnny's answer was as surprising as it was unexpected.

-----oOo-----

"No", said the centipede, crossing her legs. "A hundred times, No!"

-----oOo-----

"Do you know Solly Rand intimately?"

"Sure I'm one of her fans."

-----oOo-----

Twenty--"Give me a man that's good, and kind, and true."

Thirty--"Give me a man."

-----oOo-----

Judge--"You are accused of shooting squirrels out of season. Is there any plea?"

Him--"Yes Sir, Judge, I plead self defence."

-----oOo-----

Everybody is crazy over me said the inmate of a first floor cell in the insane asylum.

-----oOo-----

There's monkey business somewhere when a man comes home and gives his wife a bear hug.

-----oOo-----

Mary had a heart of gold,
But stealthy as a fox,
The Government snuck up on her,
And stuck it in Fort Knox.

-----oOo-----

My boy friend in the R.C.A.F.
bombs Taprooms and Night clubs.
That sounds strange.
Yes in his letters he says he's a dive bomber.

-----oOo-----

Voice in the dark, "Sofa so good."

-----oOo-----

"That beautiful girl goes out with every Tom, Dick and Harry that comes along."

"It would be my tough luck to have the name of Joe."

-----oOo-----

Airman--"Here's a wire from my wife saying that I'm the father of twins."

Second Airman--"Well I guess congratulations are in order."

Airman--"No, but I believe an investigation is."

-----oOo-----

--A U S T R A L I A--

There's a land down in the southern
sea,
A land of world wide fame,
For it's a land that is so free,
Australia is its name.

With stately gums and iron banks,
With blackbut and tea tree,
With beautiful beaches and beautiful
parks,
That's the only place for me.

With fertile land and climate that's
grand,
With wheat and sheep and hay,
With cattle that stand near the
Golden Rand,
At the close of a summers day.

On the beaches you'll find all the
prettiest of girls,
Each trying to woo their man,
With beautiful teeth and golden curls
Adore them! sure you can.

Through the verdant bush where the
gums sway high,
The ring of an axe is heard,
And the crack of a whip on a horses
hip,
And the sound of a teamster's word.

Then out of the gully the lead horse
comes,
For he's driven by only word,
And he's never felt a whack or a
whelt,
As he does his job superb.

At the break of dawn on a cool grey
morn,
Just before you hear the birds,
The blare of a cow and the grunt of
a sow,
As they're milking the dairy herds.

Far out in the sticks are the men,
with the picks,
Into the bowels of the earth they go,
Brave men and bold, both young men
and old,
Who seldom see the sun's glow.

For a miner's life is all hell and
strife
As he struggles to reach his goal,

And to keep up the steam for the
boats in the stream,
With his beautiful sparkling coal.

Then the old abo, who hasn't much
go,
And works his gin like hell,
Sits smoking his clay at the close
of day,
Outside the local hotel.

Every summer's night when the
moon's shining bright,
There's a crowd down lovers lane,
Each boy and his Miss sit and love
and kiss,
To the swing of some sweet refrain.

Then up through the trees comes a
southerly breeze,
With the scents of the flowers and
gum,
That every Australian can tell 'fore
he sees,
It's his home land to which he's
come.

L.A.C. Woods T.G.
R.A.A.F.

-----oOo-----

Our honorary news hound
F/Lt. Lynch reports that F/Lt.
P-----was more than mortified one
evening recently when, while
standing under the Marquee of
the Palliser, a slightly inebri-
ated person approached him with a
command to call him a cab. What
won't a uniform do for a fellow?

We also understand that the
aforementioned F/Lt., while
holidaying in Seattle last fall
and sitting in the lobby of the
Benjamin Franklin Hotel with a
brother Officer, was approached
by a couple of Americans with
the request that they take their
bags to the rooms.

And then we're expected to
work hard in order to get a com-
mission.

It's the uniform that pays
off.

-----oOo-----



L.A.C. Smith D.J.

Yessiree---it was quite an event (to you) the day you arrived at No. 2. You were all eyes and ears! You gaped at all those industrious trainees dashing around with books under their arms, and bags under their eyes. 'Member how mystified you were at those mysterious phrases you heard in the mess hall! ("So I give the corp an IMI"--"My neutralizing unit went haywire"--"George finished his GPI labs today.") And then your eyes bugged out like golfballs when you got a glimpse of all the labs!

Holly--you thought, I'll never learn all that! (You were right too)