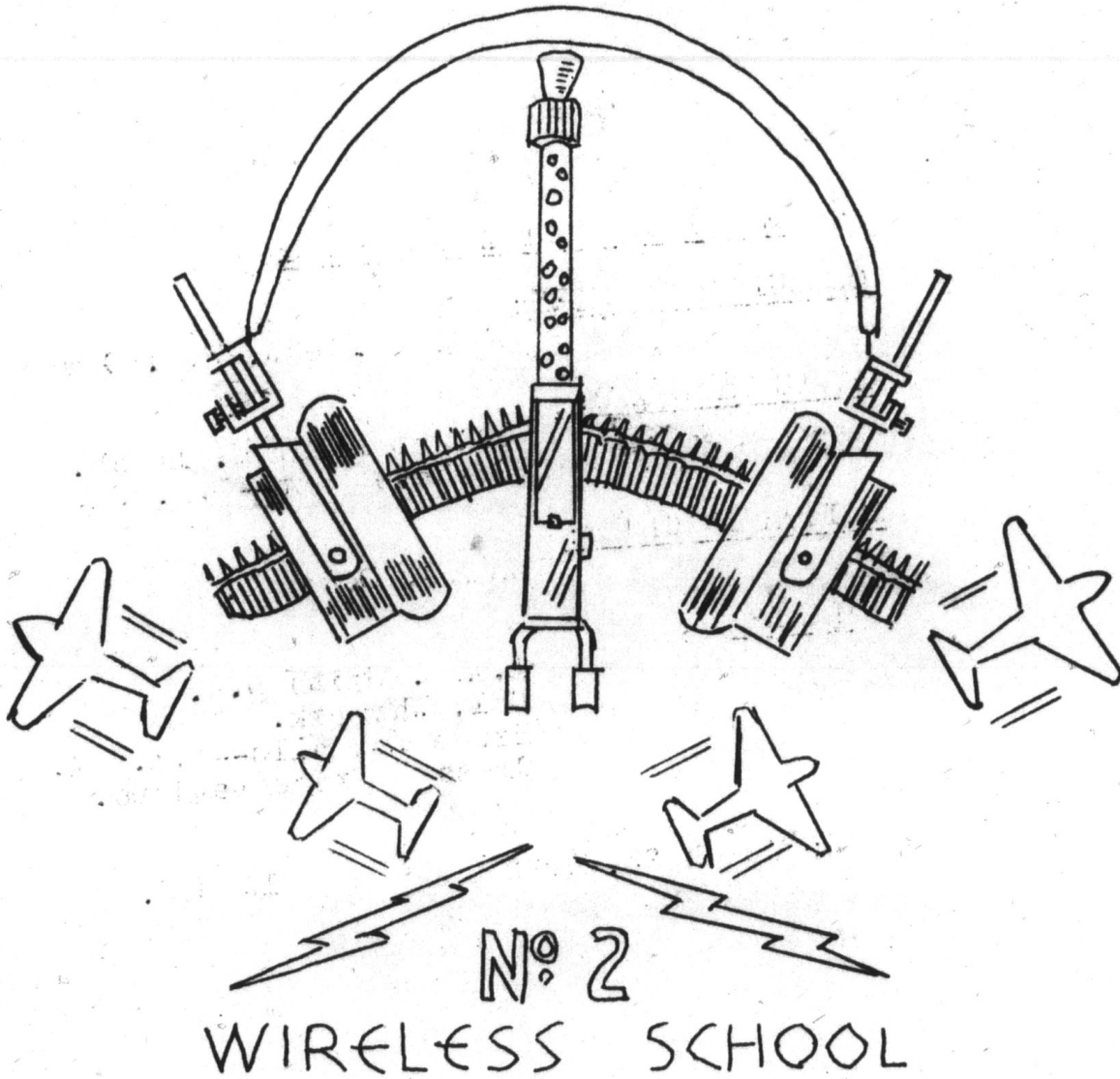


THE W.A.C. SIGNAL



No 5

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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E D I T O R I A L B O A R D

CONSULTING EDITOR:

Flight Lieut. W.M. Gower M.C.

ADVISORY STAFF:

Flight Lieut M. Lynch.
Grahame Watt--Y.M.C.A.

EDITOR IN CHIEF:

L.A.C. Doran L.

EDITORS

L.A.C. Smith D.J.
Cpl. Whymark.
Bruce Runnalls--Y.M.C.A.
Class Representatives.

Issue: March 23, 1942.

Volume 3.

EDITORIAL

WHAT IS WRONG WITH OUR MORALE?

After seventeen months in the Air Force may we have the privilege of recording some of the impressions we have gleaned.

As we question ourselves we sometimes wonder what has become of the high ideals and the spirit of sacrifice with which so many of us entered the Service. Then we had not the thought of self advancement, but the desire to serve to the last of our ability. Has that all gone? Do we now think only of what will benefit us personally, as a little less work, an extra leave, or another promotion?

Somewhere along the path we have perhaps lost something which should have been our most treasured possession. Let us see if we can discover where it was lost and why.

The recruit first comes into contact with realities when he enters the Manning Depot. In all probability he believes that ability and willingness are the prerequisites for success in the Service, but not for long. Volunteers are called for and those who have some particular qualification, for example, a chauffeurs licence, are asked to respond. "Now's my chance," he says to himself, and steps forward. The unsuspecting recruit is then ordered to report to the M.T. Section to wash cars, after duty. When he laments the obvious injustice of such a procedure, his comrades inform him that this is quite the usual thing and that if he volunteers for anything he is crazy.

When he goes to a training school, he finds that little if any encouragement is given to the fellow who tries to uphold his ideals. He asks for leave, telling the truth as to why he wants it and doesn't get it, while his less truthfull, but wiser companion sends himself a telegram, saying, "Mother is dying,

come at once." He gets the leave. When he seeks the advice of others who have been in the Service for a longer period, he discovers a discouraged, self-seeking attitude.

Fortunately, however, this is not the whole truth. There are those who still hold fast to a high standard of unselfish service, through whom gleams a little brightness, lighting up the surrounding gloom. Were this spark fanned by an encouraging breeze, we believe it would spread so as to fill us all with it's warmth.

We might suggest a little closer, more definite contact between officers and men. The seeming friction between sections might be overcome by having a well trained officer for each entry, in charge of both physical and technical training. This officer as well as every N.C.O. under his command would then feel a responsibility toward, as well as for that entry.

The recruit should be made to feel that while he is accountable to his own officers, they in turn are vitally interested in his welfare. Willingness, cheerfulness and ability should be remembered as well as mistakes recorded.

Contributed

-----oOo-----

The 26th Entry has left us and we have neglected to say good by to them through the WAG.

As if that were not enough, the 28th Entry is due to leave and we have neglected to give them a writeup. We're sorry.

The best of luck to all of you fellows. Hope to see you soon.

A PLEA FROM THE EDITOR

As all things must, my stay at the school is coming to an end. I have hopes of graduating and getting some sparks sewn on my arm next month. I haven't w/c Black's permission to leave yet, but I have hopes of getting it. In order to do so, I find it an absolute necessity to settle down and do a little studying.

I am firmly convinced that the Wag Signal has become an institution on this station, and if publication were to cease, a service to the Airmen on the Station would be lacking.

The Wag Signal is nothing to write home about, but, from the number of enquiries for it and about it, I am convinced that it is read and enjoyed on the Station, and that, believe it or not, there are a few copies sent away in the mail.

We have, in a comparatively short time, been able to start from nothing and get this far. There is a need for a man, or preferably several men, to take over from here and possibly build the Wag into a paper to be proud of.

This, then is directed more particularly, to those who are in the 36th or 38th entries or to someone on the instructional staff or any one who is likely to be here for awhile.

I might say that, while there is a lot of work to this, there is too, a lot of fun and a certain amount of satisfaction, and some experience to be gained that cannot possibly do anyone any harm.

I will do all I can to help the person or persons who take over, while I remain on the station. My experience has been limited though so you must not expect too much.

Come on, somebody try it. You can always quit if you don't like it. I'll guarantee, though that you'll be interested enough to stay with it once you get going.

If it's worth reading now, it's worth keeping going.

-----oOo-----
SPARKS NO. 4 WIRELESS
SCHOOL.

We have Volume 1, Number 1 of Sparks, the paper put out by No. 4 Wireless School at Guelph, Ontario.

It is a printed sheet, 10 by 13 inches, on news print. It is well written, well edited, and well printed.

It is much more on the serious side of things than we attempt to be, but that is natural, we were serious too in our younger days. The only trouble is that we never did graduate to a printed paper.

They are well blessed with advertising, which is an absolute necessity for a paper of that kind.

All in all it is a first rate publication and with my years of experience, I can find only one fault.---They haven't any jokes I can steal for the Wag.

Congratulations "Sparks" on a fine effort and a fine paper. Either the world turned some Newspapermen into the R.C.A.F. or the R.C.A.F. is going to turn some out to the world when this affair is over and done with.

Keep it up!

-----oOo-----

C H A R A C T E R S K E T C H E S

FLT/LT N.E. GOWER M.C.

Flt/Lieut. Gower is known to all on the station as the Station Administration Officer. He is that little fellow with the twinkle in his eye and the Observers Wing on his breast.

He says merely that he was born in the "good old days". We presume that was before 1929 or 1939, according to our views on when the "good old days" ended.

The place of birth was Derby (Pronounced Darby) England. Several other people of note originated there too, so it must be quite a town.

His education consisted of a stay at Derby Grammar School and a degree from Nottingham University. From the time of his graduation until now he has been very busy getting an education.

As a youngster he was interested in most sports, with the emphasis chiefly on Motorcycling, Golfing and Rowing. At present he is too interested in winning the war to have time for a serious interest in any particular sport.

Flt/Lieut. Gower was a Lt. in the Nottingham and Derby Regiment in the First Great War and transferred while in France to the Royal Flying Corps, No. 20 Squadron, as an Observer. He was flying in the old P.E. 2D's commonly called Flying Bedsteads. While in France he was shot down, but apparently lived through it for he ended up in Palestine as a Staff Officer at Flying Corps Headquarters with the rank of Captain.

While in France Flt/Lieut. Gower had a Sgt. Pilot who was the only noncommissioned man in the R.F.C. to win the Victoria Cross. There is, I'm sure a story there, that would be worth telling, but we don't have it to tell right now. Suffice it to say that if his pilot won

the Victoria Cross, the pilot's Observer must have seen a little excitement too. He did win the M.C. on the same occasion, and was mentioned in the official publication of the Royal Flying Corps.

When asked his pet dislike, there was no mention of cold porridge or snakes or things of that nature. He states plainly that his dislike is "The man who always wants to do it tomorrow." That, at least, of the information we gleaned from him, needs no enlarging. It seems like a pretty honest dislike.

His ambition for the future the dream he has in the back of his mind, is to own a Country Estate and to travel the Globe. That too seems like a pretty natural ambition.

He says he is happy in the Service and will continue to be so, unless he is transferred to some mudhole on the Prairies. Well, at least this isn't a mudhole anyway.

That catch question, why? That always follows, brought the rejoinder "every little helps and he hopes he is doing a little.

Before this war he was a Grain Broker in Winnipeg, at which he made money. Poker, though, is his hobby, so I imagine that is the way he spent it, if he's anything like I am at that game.

He has a son in the Royal Canadian Navy, one of the youngest Sub Lieutenants in the navy. He was on board the Rajputana when she was torpedoed off Iceland recently.

For a word to the boys F/Lt. Gower has this to say: Don't forget that ninety percent of us joined with only one purpose in mind, and we can achieve that purpose only if we all pull together. Discontent and grumbling about small matters only delays the job. We must win--so play the game with yourself and every one else.

C H A R A C T E R S K E T C H E S

Flt/Lieut. Pilling.

Flt/Lieut. Pilling is one of the three Officers now at No. 2 Wireless School, who saw the birth of this Station over a year and a half ago. Being drafted into the Airforce the day after the Declaration of War, he has been a tower of strength on the Station and has contributed much to the development of the Wireless School as we now find it.

Mr. Pilling first saw the light of day in Cardston, Alberta. He attended high school in Shelby, Montana, and graduated from the University of Utah in 1930 with the degree of Bachelor of Science.

He is an accomplished athlete in all branches of sport, and was Western Conference All-Star and for four years. He was kept from All-America stardom in football due to his unruly golden curls falling over his eyes when trying to draw down passes through the air. This handicap still follows him on the rifle range, although it is overcome by the prudent use of a hairnet.

His favorite hobby is bareback riding. Many a night he can be seen riding Midget, the Station Mascot, around the officer's quarters. In these nocturnal escapades, he was seen to be thrown only once. He is the proud owner of Jewel Midget's boy friend on the station, a vicious little animal that once kissed the Padre.

His pet diversion is to be so consistently beaten in Ping-Pong. His main ambition is to own a horse that will win a race. His most famous saying is, "A coke says you can't."

A resident of Calgary for many years, Mr. Pilling is the proud

Loran, junior is a chip off the old block and shows every likelihood of equalling the attainments of the old

man.

His beautiful home is set in a horticultural surrounding of rare taste that evidences the artistry and genius of the owner.

Flt/Lieut. Pilling is O.C. of No. 1 Squadron and has proven himself a fine leader of men. A real friend of the Airmen, they come to him with their trouble, and they find in him a real refuge of comfort and help. His justice is tempered with kindness, and sound common sense always found in his advice and admonitions.

As Officer in charge of drill and sports he has done a great deal in sponsoring sports and healthful recreation for the men on the station. His guiding genius and playing ability have been responsible for the popularity of basketball in the school.

A great Canadian sportsman, patriot, and a gentleman, he has enriched the lives of all those who have come in contact with him. The Poet once said, "Worth makes the man" He meant Flt/Lieut. Pilling.

-----oOo-----

The recent revelations of the Japanese atrocities in Hong Kong and Singapore should make us stop and take stock of ourselves, and find out if we are all doing our utmost.

The Japanese have enacted their horrible acts on Divilians as well as captured soldiers, on women as well as men.

It is up to us to put a stop to these kind of things. That means for each and every one of us to settle down and do our utmost to speed up our War Effort.

Are you doing all that is

possible for you to do? Do you really have your shoulder to the wheel?

Now that we have stopped worrying about IMI's and electrons and such secret information we can put in our "two cents worth" to the WAG Signal.

This may not be written in the best interests of literary advancement but it may serve to let the rest of No. 2 Wireless know that there is a 34W around these parts. "We" consist of a 50% Canuck and 50% Newsie outfit, and apart from the regular post lights out battle of orange peel and the arguments between the "upper sleepers" and the "lower sleepers" as to how much fresh air we shall have, we get along O.K. (Ask Jordan who nailed the windows shut.)

There are signs of a higher moral outlook on life from the boys in our outfit. We found this out when a certain Kilby from B.C. swore off the booze. For how long? Well, until payday anyway, is our bet.

We offer a prescription for arousing the late risers in other parts of the camp. It's very simple but it works wonders. Just yell in a loud whisper; here comes the Orderly Sergeant. Even Lindsay and Hume jump at the call.

- We also noticed in Hut 13B---
1. A certain large object, brought to this country by a Newsie called Ginders. It has a remarkable appeal to the fair sex. What about it Ginders?
 2. Another N.Z. who calls for lights out from 9.30 on and has them on in the morning around 0500 hours.
 3. A few marksmen with elastic bands and a lead slug and also a few equally as good with an orange segment.

Well that's all till next month. Will see you here again then.

Flight news came in fairly well this issue fellows, but nothing from the 38th entry. How about appointing a reporter and putting him to work?

by our reporter

They're off! a thrilling cry that, but one which we never fully appreciated till we went to out-stations, where the first man to get his "vic-eddy" in, get's control station priority and his message through.

So we can observe on any working day, six or seven starters all lined up with form sense, eye and ear alert, and Morse finger extended. Suddenly the last sending station sends finished and-- they're off!--seven hands slap keys as one, morse crashes like a machine gun gone mad. "Fich" Sheldon is in there, as is "Speed" Sharpe, "S.O.S." Randall, "Get your foot off the key" Johnson, "O-U" Bell, "Priority" Peachey and others. The one with the most patience generally wins, only to have his victory snatched by "S.O.S." Randal, who had highest priority till stopped by the Corp., but "Big Dick" Hotchkins, coming in fresh from control, is now on the same game.

What a headache! And they said it was nice to be in out-station.

Wouldn't it-----?

-----oOo-----

A British Cruiser captured a Nazi ship and sent the prisoners to the hold. The Captain addressed his Sailors: "We will maintain International Law. We will treat these Nazis as prisoners of war. No rough stuff with them."

A few days later, one of the prisoners, sporting a black eye, complained to the Captain that one of the Britishers socked him. The assailant was summoned. Before he could be reprimanded he cried, "Captain, I didn't mind it when this Nazi cursed you, me and the King and Queen, but I couldn't take it when he spit in our ocean."

CLASS 36A

We hope that this issue is going to be big enough to handle all of this report. Here it is, we'll keep going until we run out of paper.

Class Senior Lester (Jesse) James--A New Zealander who is quite adept at herding his flock, having grown up with a shepherd's crook.

George Gardner--Railroaded in N.Z. for New Zealand Railways.

Roy Cain--Mined in Geraldton, Ont., some good stories can be told of that town.

Ken (RED) Harkness--Machinist from "Toronto the good".

Alf Carpenter--A farmer from North Island, N.Z.

Gerry "Happy" Nathan--Lingerie salesman from LeMontreal.

Campbell Moules--On light bulb plant, also from Montreal.

Ernie Carr--Worked in print shop, Auckland N.Z. (procedure expert)

Wyn Bradshaw--Post Office Dept. N.Z. (Liked by visual instructors.)

Robbie Keith--Pushing pencil for N.Z. Air H.Q. Wellington. (A man of intelligence.)

Ron Zellman--Cream Separator expert in Hamilton, N.Z.

Don Martin--Sliced Bologna in Auckland meat market.

Vic Horsley--Came from the mines at Sudbury, goes on maneuvers with the C.W.A.C.

Wilbur "Porky" Parkinson, a typical farmer from Codette, Sask. (Has a cute sister too).

Bert McKnight, from N.Z. admits he was a bum in civil life.

Eric Turner--A dairy farmer from Auckland N.Z. (Canadian butter and milk can't compare.)

Walt Reiser--Wood Butcher from Sask. Wheat Pool. (Working for an elevator company he should know

the ups and downs of life.

John Dellala--A school boy from Vancouver, a whiz at armaments.

Bernard Easden--Farmed and mined in the North Bay, Ont. Dist. (That's Quintland.)

Toby Flanagan--Two and a half years in R.N.Z.A.F. but graded wool in civil life.

Harry Clark--Shipping clerk from Winnipeg, you know, the gateway to the west.

Fred Johnson--Drove a lorry in Tekuitoa, N.Z. (whatta mouthful)

Norman Collins--Grocer's Assistant from Ch.Ch. N.Z.

Bruce Barton--Merchant Sailor from N.Z., He's good at piling flays for the visual instructors.

Ian "Bud" Todd, pushed a pen at Ocean Fall, B.C. They took his fishing pole away.

Bill Partridge--Farmed in Swift Current, Sask., the dried out area.

John Carr Lawton--Worked in Hollinger Gold Mines at Timmins, Ontario. (Another three months and he'd have been an Al Driller.)

Ken Perrett from Vernon, B.C. an old timer at No. 2, having come with the 22nd entry.

Jack Huntington--From Kelvington, Sask., where he was a suds slinging artist.

Stan Ellis--A civil servant from Auckland, N.Z. (a modern Casanova).

Jack Finlow--A carpenter, also from Auckland. (He hits the nail on the head in everything he does.)

Jerry Dawson--A butter maker from Tarawaki (or something like that), N.Z.

Cassandra Shauekk--A junk dealer from the same unpronounceable place, an old timer here.

Bob Stewart--A shepherd from the Southern Island, N.Z. (One of the best natured fellows we've had the pleasure to meet).

Eris Wilson--Commercial Artist from Auckland, New Zealand. (His hobby is the Morse Code.)

Johnny Quick--A mechanic from Vernon, B.C. (Does he know Gordie Rutton?)

Bob O'Kane--Another Mechanic but from N.Z. (The steering gear on the right hand side you know.)

36A (cont'd)

Orval Hodgins--Packed shingles at hatzic B.C. (A nice fellow).

Johnny Hooper--From Battleford Sask., where he peddled telegrams for the C.N.R. (He distributed mail for 36A.)

Max Burns--From Auckland, N.Z. (A cabinet maker, so should know the different joints.)

"Alfalpa" Etheridge--A shop clerk from N.Z. (He should know his L.D.)

Joe Haberfield--A Fisherman from Wellington, N.Z. (The name will go well with a Commission.)

Roy Henshaw--A storeman from Auckland. (A long distance track runner.)

Through this medium may we of 36A wish a speedy recovery to our classmates in hospital. They are-- W.E. Wright, R.A. Huth, and J.Quick.

-----oOo-----

Overheard at the Corps Dance-- "Wait right here for me Bill, I want to powder my nose."

Three dances later, the same gal, the same guy, "Have you been waiting long?"

"No, but I've been looking all over for you to give you your compact.

-----oOo-----

Overheard at the same place--

"Your husband must be a brilliant man, I suppose he knows everything."

"Don't fool yourself, he does not even suspect anything."

-----oOo-----

AIRMAN'S LAMENT

Little bank roll ere we part,
Let me hug you to my heart,
All the year I've clung to your,
I've been faithful, you've been true.

Little bankroll, some sweet day,
You and I will go away,
To some place where sands are hot,
I'll come back but you will not.

-----oOo-----

This, written by a member of the R.A.A.F. in training in Calgary, we print for the sentiments in it.

We came across in September,
And admired the Pacific's blue,
We crossed your Rocky Mountains
And we think that they're grand too,
And then one day we ended,
At Wireless School--No. 2----
But, because of the mumps, 'twas a fortnight,
Before we began to meet you.

We've met your, and we'd like to thank you,
For the handshake, aye, and a smile;
We're strangers here, but we're treated,
Like brothers, come home for awhile.
We've been in your homes and we like them.
Your people are kindly, we know--
And though some, maybe, don't understand us,
We just laugh when they go for the blow!

Of course we have work, and must do it--
You know, there's a job to be done,
And the sooner we're through we'll be ready,
For our date with a Jap or a Hun.
While we've been here we've enjoyed it,
In your homes you've regaled us with jokes,
And all of us now have decided,
You're a "Mob of Dinkum Blokes."

We've worshipped with your in your churches,
Some have sung in your choirs too,
"May the Good God shed His blessings here,"
Is an Aussies prayer for you!

-----oOo-----

Adam and Eve in the garden had had a hard day naming the animals.

"Well Eve," says Adam, "Let's call this one a hippopotamus."
"But Darling, Why call it that."
"Well, Hell, it looks like one doesn't it?"

-----oOo-----

CORPORAL'S JOTTINGS

If you heard music echoing out of the dry canteen, and a song or two drifting loose from the wet, it was just a sign of the good time being had by all the instructors at their dance on Wednesday night last.

The success of the dance is chiefly due to the hard work of Sft. Jeffels and Cpl. Rawnsley who were in charge of decorations and arrangements. Sgt. Ingram deserves honourable mention or something for his arrangement of the wonderful dinner. He did nobly. The Y.M.C.A. is to be thanked for the use of the lounge. We enjoyed showing it off.

We wish to extend our thanks to the above and to the Corporals who scrubbed the Dry Canteen and helped put up the decorations.

The music supplied by the Station Orchestra was good enough to keep everyone going strong until the last note was played.

Let's hope it isn't long until we can hold another dance just as good.

-----oOo-----

Cply. Jimmie Cox, now Sgt. Cox has left us for No. 3 Manning Depot, Edmonton, where he will make our job easier by preparing the boys there for their training here. He will be instructing the rudiments of Morse to the Recruits. Lots of luck Jimmie.

Has the 60% Club clicked at last?

Should you see a Cpl. with S.O.C. on his arm for a long time, don't ask him why. He blows up every time he thinks about it.

Corporal Ouilette wishes to extend his thanks to the boys of No. 2 Wireless Hockey Team for their gift to him. The boys made a presentation at a small ceremony recently.

We heard an interesting story recently which, owing to our completely neutral political position, we cannot publish. It goes something like this, however, you can figure out the moral all by yourself.

A worried mother was overburdened with a pair of identical twins. One she called MacKenzie King Brown and the other Winston Churchill Brown. You know, children, in these trying days some people will go to any length to show their loyalty. Mrs. Brown's chief worry was that she could not tell her children apart. Finally, in desperation, she called in the family Medico and put the question to him. After looking the two over he lifted the one and then the other. "This is Winston Churchill, Mrs. Brown" was the final decision, "He's done something."

-----oOo-----

THE BUTCHER'S LOVE SONG

I never sausage eyes as thine,
And if you butcher hand in mine,
And liver round me every day,
We'll seek some hamlet far away,
We'll meat lifes frown with
life's caress,
And cleaver road to happiness.

-----oOo-----

MILITARY WEDDING.

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

-----oOo-----

We've a nice little column of news on the doings of the Corporals this issue.

Now why not something along the same line from the Sergeants? Come one fellows, see what you can do for our next issue.

HERE THEY ARE AGAIN---THE JOKES YOU'VE HEARD BEFORE

Rag Merchant - Any beer bottles lady?
Lady - Do I look as if I drank Beer?
Rag Merchant - Well, vinegar bottles
 lady?

-----oOo-----

She - That brother of yours kissed
 me last night.
She No. 2--"hat cheek?
She--Cheek Hell, it was smack on my
 lips.

-----oOo-----

Husband--For heaven's sake, Mary,
 why did you tell your mistress
 what time I got in last night
 when I told you not to?

Maid--I didn't. She asked me what
 time you came in and I told
 her I was too busy getting break-
 fast to look at the clock.

-----oOo-----

She--I'm Hungry.

He--What?

She--I said I was hungry.

He--Sure I'll take you home. This
 car makes so much noise I thought
 you said you were hungry.

-----oOo-----

We work
 To-gether
 God and I
With much the
 Most of ease
 For while I
 Keep making poems
 He keeps
 Making trees.

-----oOo-----

A man wandered into a tennis
game the other day and sat down on
the bench.

"Whose game" he asked.

A shy young thing sitting next
to him looked up shyly and hope-
fully.

"I am" she replied.

-----oOo-----

The Blonde--Don't you know that
 there are germs in kissing?

E.J. Thompson--Say girlie, when I
 kiss, I kiss hard enough to kill
 the germs.

-----oOo-----

L.A.C. Smith said the Corp,
how far were you from the correct
answer? "Only three seats Corp."

A widow is the most fortunate
woman in the world. She knows
all about men but all the men who
know anything about her are dead.

-----oOo-----

She--When we get married I'M
going to cook, sew, darn your
socks and lay out your pipes and
slippers. What more could a man
want than that?

He--Nothing unless he is evil-
minded.

-----oOo-----

That sounds like a gun and
I've been afraid of firearms since
birth.

Was your mother scared by a
gun?

No but I think my father
was.

-----oOo-----

Waiter, there's a fly in my ice-
cream.

Let him freeze and teach him
a lesson. The little rascal was
in the soup last night.

-----oOo-----

There's a Flight Sgt. hanged
himself over in the drill hall.

Well, did you cut him down?
Hell no, he wasn't dead yet.

-----oOo-----

The thoughts of a rabbit on sex,
Are practically never complex,
A rabbit in need,
Is a rabbit indeed,
And his actions are what one ex-
pects.

-----oOo-----

The girl I left behind me,
I think of night and day,
If ever she should find me,
There would be hell to pay.

-----oOo-----

Are you dancing this Waltz, Miss?
No Sir.

Good hold this cigar for me while
I dance it.

-----oOo-----

"Here comes the parade, where's
Auntie, she'll want to see it."

"She's upstairs waving her hair."

"What the heck! Can't she afford
a flag?"

SPORTS

Hockey

The #2 Wireless Hockey Team has bowed out of the Garrison hockey League play off. After a luctic season during which the team lost through postings and graduations no less than eleven members of the team. They lost in the playoffs to #3SFTS the score being 5 to 3. The boys gave their "all" in this game and it certainly wasn't far back of the old spirit, that they lost. It just was not in the books and after two over-time periods, they were forced to accept defeat and call it quits for 1941-42 season. It was a tough game to lose fellows. And so hockey is through for another season, but before we write finish to hockey we would like to thank Harry Scott for his untiring efforts in coaching our station team, Cpl. Haddow for his excellent first aid work, Cpl. Ouillette for his handling of the equipment and Grahame Watt for his managership and guidance. It was a successful season even if the championship avoided us-- we are at least Banff Carnival Champs.

-----oOo-----

The Newzies and Aussies have something to say about our national game--they like it--and it is rumoured that some of them are planning on staying over until next season so that they can become still more proficient in handling the steel blades. The Canadians hand it to you "Down Under" fellows for the very fine way in which you went after the skating and took your bumps in good fun. While the Canucks, of course, can't see any "Down Under" guys beating them at skating or for that matter any other sport, they do concede that given a little more practice the Aussies and Newzies would be able to hold their own.

So until next winter, that's all for hockey.

-----oOo-----

Y.M.C.A. Rifle Club--More and more

medals are finding their way to #2 Wireless School as the club members complete their targets. Another batch of winners received their bronze and silver medals, Monday, March 16. In the competitions we regret that it is still necessary to report that the Calgary Girls Team is too good for us, but not by much, the last match they won by only 6 points and we hope to get that cut off the next time. The officers had a little more trouble and lost their last match to the girls by 31 points. Could it be that aim is bothered a bit? In the #2 Rifle Club competition the officers are still top dogs, only three classes have been able to beat them so far and no team have been able to equal their high mark of 586 out of 600. Come on you chaps get your team into these competitions and see if you can't defeat the officers. Entries can be made at the "Y".

Softball

Now that spring weather is here you can see the old softball game going full blast over on the sports field. The first challenge game of the season will be Tuesday, March 24 when the officers take on the Sgts. The betting of course favours the Sgts. as the officers are a year older than they were last year and they couldn't win then, so what chance have they now. But they did the challenging, so all the Sgts. can do, is make them eat it and they will. We hear an ugly rumour to the effect that G.W. is going to do some pitching, providing the pitching rubber is moved 10 feet closer to home plate, so that he can get the ball at least up to the plate, because it will never go over. "Home Run Ball Watt" he was knowed as in his younger days. On the other side of the fence Sgt Dickie claims he can cover all the ground from third to within 5 feet of first base, and all he asks is for some one to take over that last five feet. (What a Man). It should be quite a game with the following stars, Sgt. Bibby

(cont'd)

F/Lt. Pilling, F/Lt Lynch, Oh Yes! second base player for Sgts. "No Hit No Run" B.R.

Tennis is next fellows. Entries in now are, 32nd Entry, 34th, Cpls, Officers, and Sgts.

Basketball

The bitter basketball feud between #3 S.F.T.S. and #2 Was settled Thursday nite, when the Garrison Basketball finals were played at the Memorial Hall. It was the golden Anniversary of the game of basketball which was invented by Dr. Neismith, a Y.M.C.A. physical director. The game has come along greatly since then, as was witnessed in the airforce battle Thursday. #2 W.S. won the title and the glory, but while losing #3 S.F.T.S. put up a very good scrap. The final score was 32 to 21. Yes sir, we are the basketball champions of the airforce in Calgary. The team had their troubles during the schedule, but when the chips were down came through with flying colours and so that's one more hard won championship for our school. The team that defeated #3 S.F.T.S. in the finals was composed of Cpl. Cowie, LACs J.L. Schmus, H. Ward, F. Hutchings, A. Rosencrance, J. Lindsay, B. Foreman, A. Anacimo, A Wilson, J. Clarke and J. Arloff. F/Lt Pilling handled the team from the bench.

Ping Pong

The airforce ping pong championship will be held in the Dry Canteen, March 27. Entries are coming in from #37, #3, #10 Repair Depot, and #31. So it is up to the ping pong players here to get busy, get their game up to snuff and make sure that #2 Wireless wins the championship.

Boxing And Wrestling

The boxing and wrestling club is really going ahead in leaps and bounds now. There are 35 fellows out regularly, working out, on Mon, Thurs. and Friday in the Gym at 1830 hrs. under the capable handling of P.T. Cpls Gordon Thompson, Jenkins,

and Riddle. It's good exercise and lots of fun, so be on hand for the next meeting. By the way our G. Thompson has challenged the winner of the Beadon-Lust fight and is training now in our Gym. Gordie is a very capable man with his dukes and the whole station will be pulling for him. There will be more said about this coming fight later.

-----oOo-----

Golf

Any day now the exclusive #2 WS golf course will be opening for another season. We hear that Cpl. Cowie is willing to take on anybody, and is prepared to back his claims too, being the best man. Who will be the first to show him that he is off the beam.

Lacrosse

The game originated by the Canadian Indians, will be making its debut at #2 W.S. this spring. Lacrosse is a whirlwind game and very exciting to play and watch. If you want to play call around to the "Y" and leave your name.

Another new game to the school is "Borden Ball" which will also be started this spring.

What a busy spring and summer we are going to have, softball, hardball, tennis, rugger, Borden Ball, boxing, wrestling, golf, miniture golf and lacrosse. Games for everybody, so lets get going. Information regarding any of these games can be obtained from the Y.M.C.A.

Rugger

The well known game of rugger which is so popular in England, Australia, N.Z. and of course British Columbia, has once again hit the station. The debate now is which is the best game Canadian Rugby or Rugger--the answer is both, but anyway anybody can play rugger.

Last year our teams were undefeated especially the N.Z. group. We are fortunate to still have some of the original players on the station so another big year is expected.

-----oOo-----

SPECIAL NOTICE!

The following changes in Station Lying Down Orders are effective at once!

All Hut windows are to be painted black immediately to eliminate the necessity of washing them!

Any Airman getting up before 9.30 in the morning will be put on charge!

Breakfast will be served in bed (in the huts) from 9 to 11.30 a.m. by hostesses from the Red Triangle Club. Kindly advise your Corporal as to whether you desire a blonde or brunette.

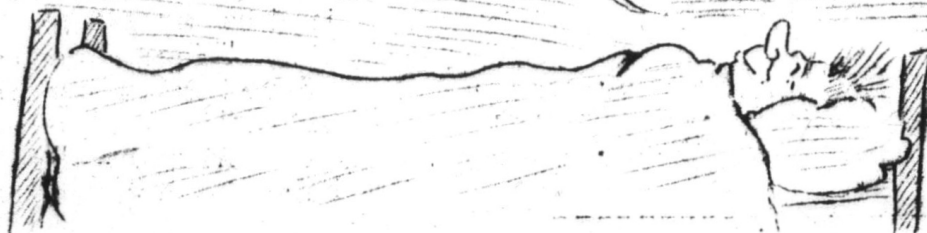
Dinner will be served from 11.30 a.m. till 3.30 p.m. Supper from 3.30 p.m. till 7.30 p.m. and late lunch from 7.30 p.m. till 2 a.m.

All personnel of the station will receive three 36's and three 48's each week. Two week's furlough will be given each month... and if you desire extra leave all you require is a slip signed by five of your friends. (if you've only four friends you're outa' luck Bud!)

Night classes are hereby abolished and those failing in tests will instead attend Y.M.C.A. movies, concerts and dances to help cheer them up from their failures!

Instead of the C.O.'s parade on Thursdays, the entire station will be guests (free of charge) at the Palliser Hotel for a banquet and dance. This will not be compulsory, however!

Handwritten signature



THE AIRMAN'S CREED

Now that I am an A.C.2;
I promise faithfully and true,
Long as this school I may attend,
It's best traditions I'll defend,
I will not borrow, steal, or lend,
While wearing Airforce blue.

I'll always try to play the game,
And bear a good and honest name,
Will cause no trouble, nor incite,
An Airman to desert his flight
Nor deem that I have any right,
His best girl friend to claim.

All officers I will obey,
Salute them in the proper way,
From liquor too, I will abstain,
No language use that is profane,
About the food will not complain,
Or gamble on payday.

The held high in my estimate,
No nursing sister will I date,
And unto all let it be known,
The Operator on the phone,
With charming voice I'll leave alone
While others on her wait.

My shoes and buttons will I shine
Until all Airmen envy mine,
When from the city I may come,
No auto driver will I thumb,
Nor in my class will I chew gum
And candies will decline.

I will observe the Sabbath day,
No basketball or hockey play
Will read and write there in the Y
Where all materials they supply
No Scot could tighter be than I
When there's no need to pay.

Of course I'll have a bit of fun,
Whenever my days work is done,
Will have my women and my wine,
Go to the movies, dance and dine,
At parties others will outshine,
Until the war is won.

James M. Moir,
No. 2 W.T.S.
Calgary.

THE GREATER CHOICE

The frailer path of infancy,
Rides up so straight and true,
The ones that cannot make the
grade,
Slip down, then start anew
Diverging at a higher point,
A choice is there for you:
One path dusky, gray as steel
Curves out of sight in jungle
veil,
Temptation and stupidity,
The rulers, ruthless reverie
Uprooting honour from our race,
And as a substitute--disgrace.
Take this road, then you'll
find,
What bliss a man can leave be-
hind.

The other road climbs o'er the
hill
And heads straight for the sun,
Take this road because you know
There's something to be won.
There are rocky vales and cliffs
to scale,
There are barriers more than one,
But when your weary sole has
crept,
O'er the last dark jagged cleft,
Then to last you'll top the hill.
When you've gone right through
the mill
You'll throw these troubles to
the winds,
And face the others with a grin,
Then in the sun you'll take your
place,
And be a credit to your race.

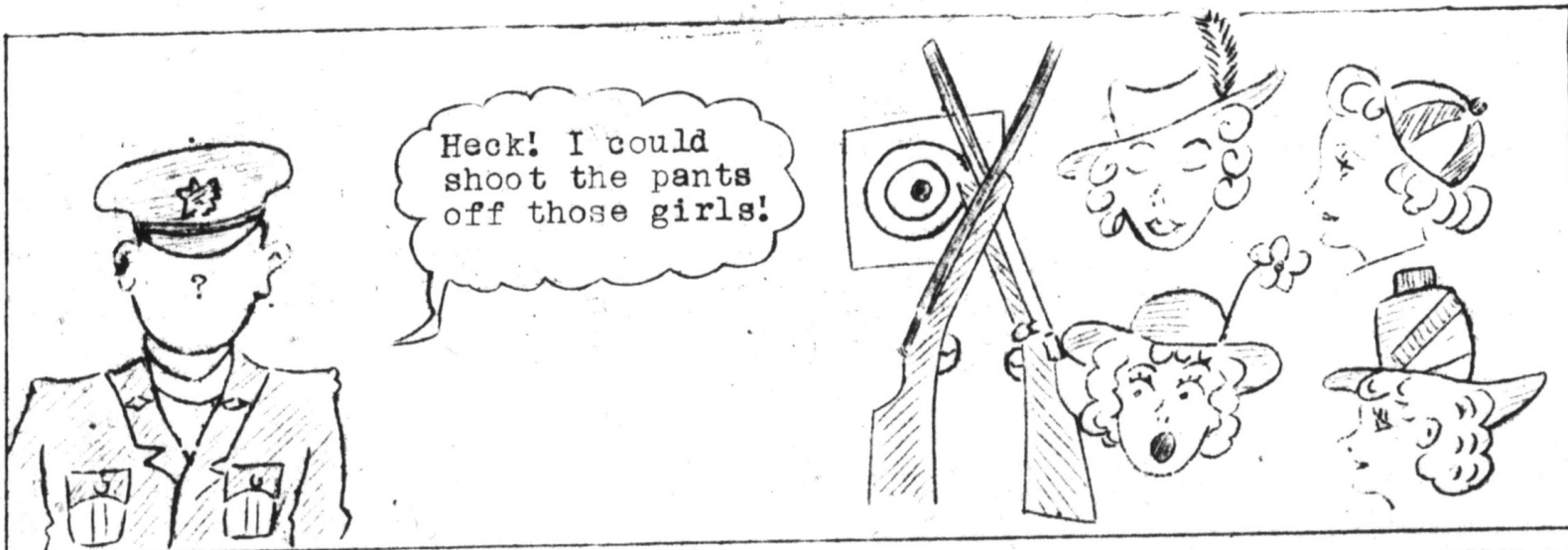
Art Crowe
McLeod, Alberta.

-----oOo-----
Irate father to airman return-
ing his daughter home at five thirty
in the morning.

"Young fellow, what's the idea
of bringing my daughter home at this
time?"

Airman--"But Sir, I have to be
back in camp by six thirty.

-----oOo-----



"OH HAPPY DAY"

"Gee whiz..we're Sergeants..at last! Thus spake many long-suffering Corporals last Monday when the DRO's came out.

Broad smiles, stealthy winks, and sly whispers indentified the lucky ones. And then too, they could be seen lined up at the tailor shop, battling tooth and nail to get in and get those THREE brand new hooks sewn on! Oh well, who could blame 'em?

It's funny you know, but just last week when the Corporals had their party they were doing a bit of beefing about their lot in life. Even had a little sketch on a sign about "unpaid" on it! And now this!

It just goes to show you fellers, don't grumble too much. You never know what's in store for you!

" OH UNHAPPY DAY "

Here we are... still on the subject of Corporals! Last week some of our radio instructors were over at Currie doing a few air operations.

Now far be it from us to be a squealer... but this is really too good to hold back.

The low-down on the whole affair is that some of the boys got mighty, mighty sick up in thos Moths and Norsemen. They heaved up their dimers and all that sort of nasty thing!

The pay-off on the whole affair is of how one squeamish Corporal, seeking sweet music to subdue his rebellious gastric juices, tuned in to CFCN.....

and, of all things, picked up a commercial that ran like this. "Aren't you feeling quite yourself these days? Do you suffer from upset stomach and indigestion? You do? Then why not try our Tummy Tablets for instant relief!"

IN THE THEORY ROOM

Cpl. Stannah: "Thompson, what does "resonance" mean?"

Thompson: "That's where a fella lives ain't it?"

The mustache duel between Tarling and Davies is all over. The winner was something that just didn't seem to be very definite.

At the present moment LAC Horn of 32-U is far in the lead of any of the other contestants. Boy! He's really got a crop. If H.B.H. was still here even he would be getting jealous!

Huts 8A and 8B have hot water twice a day. When we're in classes and when we're sleeping!

Sweet young thing: "Why are you running the harrow over that field?"
Young Farmer: "Oh I'm raising shredded wheat this year."

Did you ever notice that a hard-boiled egg is yellow inside?

PADRE ASHFORD LEAVES

It seems only last week that we welcomed Flt/Lieut. Ashford to this Station and here we are saying Farewell to him.

He has been granted his most sincere hope, a hope that he might be drafted for Overseas Service. He will be going where he believes his place is, where there is action and things for a man to do.

The Padre came to us from MacLeod last fall. Prior to that he was Minister at Scarborough United Church for some time.

He became immediately popular here for his whole hearted interest in the men and the vigour he showed in leading and organizing the Sunday night Sing Songs in the Station Auditorium.

Apart from his more or less routine activities on the Station he became known for his Vim and Vigour in connection with Sports of almost any description and his interest in anything that interested the boys.

No one ever took a trouble to him without at least feeling that he had had an interested audience, and many personal problems have been ironed out with his help.

Flt/Lieut. Ashford is spending a few days at home before going to his new post.

We wish him all possible luck in his new task and hope that he will find the boys "over there" as cooperative as we wish we had been.

As a rule one doesn't appreciate a good thing until it is lost. This is one time when a good thing has been appreciated ever since it came on the Station. The best of luck, Padre.

Flt/Lieut. Ashford served in the last war and earned his Com-

mission at that time. After the Armistice he went to India where he served as an Officer in the Army Service Corps and also as a Missionary for ten years in the interior of India. Missionary work seemed to be a part time job for him though as he quit twice to rejoin the forces in India. He served as Chaplain in the King's Own Scottish Regiment on the Indian Frontier.

He recalls as his biggest thrill was the occasion when he was made a blood brother of an Indian Mountain Tribe called the Menas. That unique honour came his way for having saved the life of the chief of the tribe.

He returned to Canada shortly before the outbreak of the present conflict, and after a short time as Minister at Scarborough United Church in Calgary, he joined the R.C.A.F. and served as Chaplain at McLeod.

He has devoted himself to the well being of the boys and has earned the liking and respect of airmen who are now scattered all over the globe.

When asked what his opinion of the fellows of this war were in comparison to those of the last one he says that the fellows in uniform today are of higher quality and that any misdemeanors must be placed to their desire to be more actively engaged in the prosecution of the war. At the same time he quotes and wishes it pointed out, "He also serves who only stands and waits."

Flt/Lieut. Ashford left home at the age of 16 and since then has been everything from a lumberjack and fisherman to his present position.

His education was at Queens, Kingston and the Union Theological College at Vancouver.

He has a burning desire to see the war over so that he may settle down to a church in Canada. in

THE FUERER'S DREAM

The following is a piece of verse sent to England from the Dardanelles during the First Great War. It referred, of course to the Kaiser, but only slight changes were necessary to make it timely.

There's a story now current tho
strange it may seem,

Of the Great Adolph Hitler and
a wonderful dream.

Being tired of the Allies, he
laid down in bed,

And among other things he dream'd
he was dead,

And in a fine coffin was lying
in state,

With guard of brave Belgians
who mourned for his fate,

He wasn't long dead till he
found to his cost,

That his soul, like his sold-
iers would ere long be lost.

On leaving the earth to heaven
he went straight,

Arriving up there, gave a knock
on the gate,

But Saint Peter looked out, and
in a voice loud and clear,

Said "begone Adolph Hitler we
don't want you here."

"Well" said the Furer, "That's
rather uncivil",

So he turned on his heel and
away he did go.

At the top of his speed to the
regions below.

But when he got there he was
filled with dismay,

For while waiting outside, he
heard old Nick say,

"O his imps, "Now look here boys
I give you all warning,

I'm expecting the Fuhrer down
here in the morning;

But don't let him in for to me
it's quite clear,

He's a very bad man and we don't
want him here.

If once he gets in there'll be
no end of quarrels,

In fact I'm afraid he'll corrupthave
our good morals."

"Oh Satan, dear friend", the
Fuhrer then cried,

"Excuse me for listening, while over in his grave."
waiting outside;

If you don't admit me, say
where can I go?"

"Indeed", said the Devil, "I
really don't know."

"Oh do let me in, I am feeling
quite cold,

And if you want money, I've
plenty of gold,

Let me sit in a corner, no
matter how hot."

"No, No." said the Devil, "most
certainly not,

We don't admit folks here for
riches or pelf.

Here are sulphur and matches,
make a hell for yourself."

Then he kicked Adolph out and
he vanished in smoke,

And just at that moment the
Fuhrer awoke.

He jumped from his bed in a
shivering sweat,

And said, "Well that's a dream
I shall never forget,

That I won't go to heaven, I
know very well,

But it's really too bad to be
kicked out of Hell.

-----oOo-----

A woman approached the pearly
gates and spoke to St. Peter.

"Do you know if my husband is
here? His name is Smith."

"Lady we have lots of them
here you'll have to be a little more
specific."

"Joe Smith."

"Lots of those too. You'll
have to have more identification."

"When he died he said that if
I were ever untrue to him he'd turn
over in his grave."

"Oh, You mean Pinwheel Smith."

-----oOo-----

CESSATION OF STRIFE

There are faults in every nation,
Some Nations take the cake;
These Nations stop the progress,
Of the others rightful stake.

What Hell is this in that domain,
From beast to man to beast again;
Dictators rise and slaughter them,
Scarlet war o'er dale and fen.

Make vast armaments and then,
Make money--kill your fellow men,
As dogs enclosed within a pen;
God, what is this, the devil's
realm?

Win the world--kill the folk,
By one ruthless, bloody stroke,
Those who falter at the yoke,
Those too weak to start revolt.

It's things like this--Hitler's
scheme;
That mad, ruthless devil's dream
That keeps us from our rightful
deem,
To help all people of the stream.

Grow less grain as people die,
From hunger--lack of wheat and
rye;
Dump food in the ocean blue,
While you are lacking--you and
you.

When wars exist upon the land,
When we have both foe and friend,
How can we help the other out,
Without some tragic turnabout?

What vast fortunes, found in
war,
To build arms for sea and shore,
And in peacetime are no more,
And let some people lack the
more.

When ruthless nations are in
bands,
We have to arm to save our lands,
We have to spend these fortunes
here,
To save our countries--much more
dear.

Some day in that future gleam,

We'll wake from out this horrid
dream,
We'll rise and live as human
beings,
We'll throw all yokes as Nazi
schemes.

-----oOo-----

The foregoing and another
poem in this issue under the
same name are the work of an 18
year old Air Cadet of McLeod,
Alberta.

He is Art Crowe, and these
comprise but a very few of the
poems he has written.

The poems are good, but
they should be of more interest to
us in that they show us how the
youngsters of this so called for-
gotten age are thinking.

There can't be much wrong
with boys who can create things
such as this, and the boys who
have such things in their mind,
seem certainly to be headed in
the right direction.

-----oOo-----

A group of negroes were
lying on the floor in front of
the fireplace, when one of them
spoke up, "Is it raining out?"

"Ah don't know", replied
another.

"Wal git up and look," in-
sisted the first voice.

"Ah rats", said the persec-
uted one, "Call the dog and see
if he's wet."

-----oOo-----

THE FIFTH COLUMN
By the fifth Columnist

They say that "Keggy" Collins of 36A had his engagement announced over the P.A. system at Penley's Academy. Some speech he gave in response to the applause eh?

Ed Turner of 36C was seen in the Ladies Beverage Room of a downtown hotel one night last week. Tut, tut, do they have Barmaids in those places Ed?

Little Ned Steele of Nanaimo B.C. get around too. How is Mary Lou, Ned?

King Kong Kelly of 34X and Fort William, Ont., has some interest in South Calgary. Horrors!

36A has a novel way of greeting Cpl. Coburn to class. How about it Corp?

Ian Todd was seen sleeping in room 314 during the first period one Tuesday. Better get an absentee Chit, Todd.

Pat Patterson of 29L spends a lot of time with sweet little thing from Banff and Calgary. Gonna take her home with you on your fur-lough, Pat?

We were wondering where F/Lt Lynch got the decorations for his desk and the walls of his office, a couple of weeks ago. Some nice pictures eh Padre?

Why not institute a lost and found department? It would help those who have been unfortunate enough to lose valuables etc. We remember when Doran of 30P lost his tonsils. That's not very long ago either, and they say that the nurses at the Col. Belcher Hospital were very sorry to see him go, especially Nurse Chobituk. We can't blame her because Doran is such a very refined and gentlemanly person.

Jimmy Car of the 36th gave quite an exhibition of how to Rhumba at Penley's a week or so ago. Had a few too many we think.

Was it Barton from Hut 9A that became slightly inebriated, and when found, was giving a very vivid account of fighting a bear on eight Ave. His audience was very beautiful too.

Oh how Cpl. Hamilton pines for St. Lawrence St. in Montreal.

In the last issue we printed some information on first class authority. I might even say first hand authority. It had regard to the engagement of a very popular Aussie then here, now at B. and G.

A day or so after the paper came out the following was found under the door. We'll try and reprint it as is.

t
THE WAG SIGNAL
I wish to state that I do NOT know anything about a certain girl named Mary Jane being engaged to a certain chap called Gillette the 26 entry and I ought to know. What I want to know is how ~~ix~~ did you ever get such a silly idea in your head. So please ask me next time ~~ix~~ eh? Mr. ~~DORAN~~ Doran or MR. Jennings. I hope I guessed right.

Aussie in 26 ENT.
G.C.T.

It looks very much to Ye Ed that it's a case of "if the shoe fits wear it." We didn't give you away, you did it yourself.

Law suit or no law suit we are sticking by our guns. Our evidence is irrefutable. Surely you must have heard of that old British institution called Licence of the Press, Clyde. Just try to sue us. We're broke to start with.

THE AIRMAN'S HYMN

When the last long flight is over,
And happy landing are past,
When my altimeter tells me
That the crackup comes at last,
I'll point her nose at the ceiling,
And I'll give my crate the gun,
And I'll open her up and let her
zoom
To the airport of the sun.

And I think of the God of flying
men
Will smile at me kind of slow,
As I stow my crate in the hangar
On the field where flyers go
And I'll look on His face as He
greet me,
The Almighty Flying Boss,
Whose wingspread fills the heavens
From Orion to the Cross.

Then I'll look around me in wonder
As their greetings fall on my
ears,
Those who passed unafraid to the
twilight.

In the mist of forgotten years,
From the battle shocked airways of
Flanders,

From this ocean's cold merciless
breast,
From the pole, or the glare of the
Southlands,
Flyer's voices bidding my rest.

There'll be Hinchcliffe, Nungesser
and Coli,
And brave little Eva McKay,
Who flew to the west in the sunshine
Of a sleeping yesterday.
There'll be Riechhofen chatting with
Barker,
With young Rossevelt and Ball
standing by,
And they'll welcome me home in the
morning,
To the Airport of the sky.

There'll be others who will wave me
a greeting,
Maybe Alcock or Hawks, who's
just gone,
Perhaps Amelia will say, "Hello
Flyer",
As I stand in the glorious
dawn.

Kingsford-Smith, with McCudden
and Andres,
Will be laughing o'er days
that are past,
And they'll give me the wave
"Happy Landing",
When I come to the crack-up
at last.

There'll be Amundsen, Post, and
Will Rogers,
There'll be hangars that glitter
like gold,
There'll be hangars that grease
never enters,
There be motors that never grow
cold,
There'll be ships there for Ed
Rickenbacker,
And for Bishop when days work
is done,
And I'll join the the welcome
we'll give them,
To the Airport of the Sun.

G. Blackstone Field,
Captain, Canadian Engineers,
Saskatoon, Saskatchewan.

-----oOo-----

We aren't no thin Blue 'eros,
We aren't no blackguards too.
We're aircraftsmen in Barracks,
Very much the same as you.
And if at time our conduct,
Ain't what your fancy paints,
Why Aircraftsmen in Barracks,
Don't grow into plaster saints.

-----oOo-----

"Have some peanuts?"
"Thanks."
"Wanna neck?"
"No."
"Gimme my peanuts back."

-----oOo-----

Little spaces like this are
about the hardest in the world to
fill, while setting up a paper.

-----oOo-----



Dots-----Dashes

Y.M.C.A. Lounge Room

It is very satisfying to see so many airmen taking advantage of the new lounge room. We sure want to compliment the airmen for the way they are taking care of the new quarters, and boy! does this help the staff who have the job of cleaning it.

The study room is filled to capacity every night with WAGs catching up on a little night work. Remember the complete Reference Library available for men desiring technical information. These books are for your use, just ask for one, some books on hand are Diesel Engines, Air Navigation, Radio, Aircraft Identification, etc.

Relax in your new "home"--- write letters, study, play cards, chess, checkers, read a thriller, magazine, newspaper, call on the Y.M.C.A. staff--R.C. Padre, Protestant Padre. In other words your home, so the doors are open.

Airmen's Log Book

Have you signed your name, home address, etc, in the Y.M.C.A. Airmen's Log Book. Remember do it the next time you come in.

Concerts

The last concert was really a good one eh? Alice Murdock's entertainers made a hit with our Airmen. March 24 will see the Canadian Corp group in our Auditorium, so another fine concert will be in store for us. April 14 and 28 are the two nights for next month concert parties to be announced.

Friendly Hour

The Sunday night hour in the Auditorium each week, well attended by the "shut ins". The program to date have been very popular especially the night the "Eight Notes of

Melodys" sang their way into the airmen's hearts. Cpl. Shortreed really tickles the ivory during the sing song, and the refreshments after the night's entertainment--hits the right spot. If you know of any good entertainer around town let us know so we can invite them up.

Bingo

Don't be bashful if you have a full card calls Cpl. Whymark last Friday, as two winners crashed the table with their winning tickets. Yes Sir! it's tops, and the prizes are bigger and better than ever, so while you're having a coke pull up a seat and cover a ticket and win a packet of blades or a can of tobacco or a haircut ticket, and don't forget it's free and we will be seeing you next Friday at the "BINGO" game.

COMING !--Y.M.C.A. Movies to be shown in WAG THEATRE---Auditorium.
Monday, March 23.

Slave Ship--George Saunders and Mickey Rooney.

Thursday, March 26

Wagons Roll At Night--H. Bogart.

Monday, March 30

In Old Chicago--Don Ameche, T. Power.

Thursday, April 2

Flying Hostess--Andy Devine.

Do You Know?

1. "Y" has remedy for bald heads, come in and ask for "P & L".
2. All sports equipment such as softballs, rugby, etc in the Annex Building office.
3. Library books are loaned for one week only now--cooperate with us.
4. Postal, Telegraph, Wrapping services in new YMCA Services offices.
5. If your are unfortunately quarantined for sickness let the hospital orderly know and we will send a letter to your relatives.
6. Suggestions wanted for miniture golf course.

FORLORN FALCONS
TIE MILLIONAIRES
DUTCH CAIN LEADS BIRDS IN
RALLY THAT OVERCOMES
THREE GOAL LEAD.

The above is a set of headlines from March 15, 1928 issue of the Toronto Globe and Empire.

The story is a half column relating the wizardry of "The Silver Haired Defenceman's" leading the Falcons from a three nothing loss to a three all tie.

Apparently they thought a lot of him in those days. We think of him more as the almost perpetual Orderly Sargeant here, but we have seen him play a couple of games with the No. 2 Hockey team and it is not hard to detect, 14 years later, the playing spirit that helped him in them thar days.

He was, at that time, a veteran according to the paper, if he's not careful we'll be getting an idea of his real age.

The publicity is free Dutch, but we expect a Press Agent's Commission on all future engagements.

For awhile we were afraid that the new "Y" set up was going to be a little out of the way, that their "business" would suffer for that reason.

We've found that the contrary is the case. Whether it's the "Y" services that are the attraction or the neat new Lounge room, there is certainly no reason to go crazy from enforced solitude around there.

The Lounge is a very definite asset to us and is appreciated by all. The fact of the boys taking such good care of it and it's furnishings makes the Editor think

that perhaps, after all, there is such a thing as a Wag and a gentleman.

Nice going boys. That's the way to get more things that we like.

The following is part of a notice posted in one of the huts in camp. Lest you run into trouble take heed.

To anyone who enters this hut 11, a permission must be obtained from Monket. If he does not do this he will be dealt with by the BOSS himself. This will be very foolish as the GANG only warns once.

This is final
Signed:
The tough Gang.

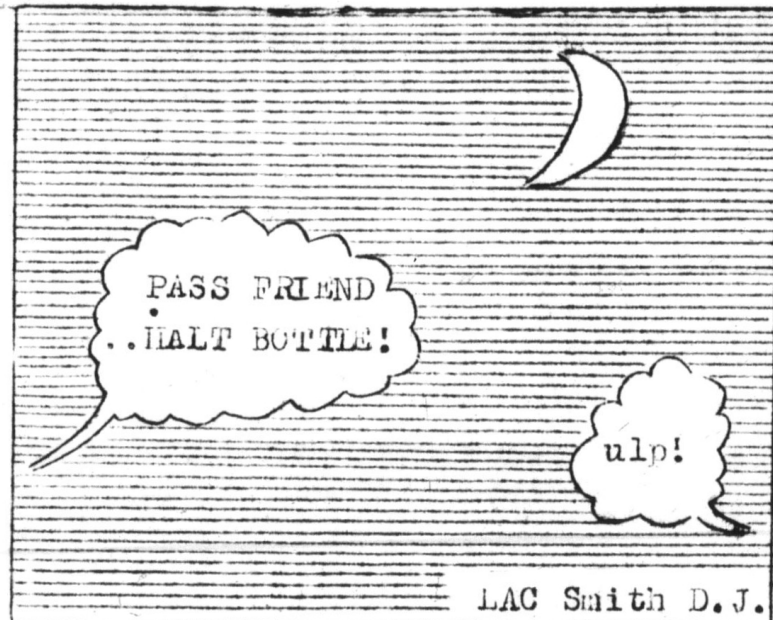
It seems there was a raid or something.

The local Press carries an articles under the title, "Unofficial Ambassador", referring to one of the Newsies that was on this Station until recently. It is a compliment to the Airman in question and a bouquet for all the Newsies on the Station.

It merely gives an idea of the author's vague understanding of "Down Under" until this lad came along. The family took him to their heart and learned of New Zealand and New Zealand cities and towns.

The articles finishes "From now on--Whether or not Tom returns--There'll always be a welcome sign on our door for the "Cobbers from down under."

"GUARD DUTY"



LAC Smith D.J.



"DEAR SIR"

I'm fed up doin' guard duty in a cold windy old dog kennel! I want sumpin' better.. see!

Say how about a radio..to keep me up to snuff on the news. Holy smoke.. I gotta right to listen to the war news ain't I?

And how about a stove too! It's no bloomin' joke trying to sleep in a cold room. Gee whiz!.. if I had a stove I could make tea 'n everything!

I like curtains and flowers around the place too. Gosh, Maw always had curtains in my room back on the farm!

And the little boids are so friendly I'd like to fix up a little shack for 'em too. Gol dum it..I gotta have sumpin' to keep me company.

Then there's those damn peddlers always a'pesterin' me. I can't run away from 'em so lemme stick up some signs to skeer 'em off.

Shucks.. I gotta tough job sir... I just gotta be looked after!

Joe (Security) Guard

LAC Smith D.J.

← The "ideal" sentry box