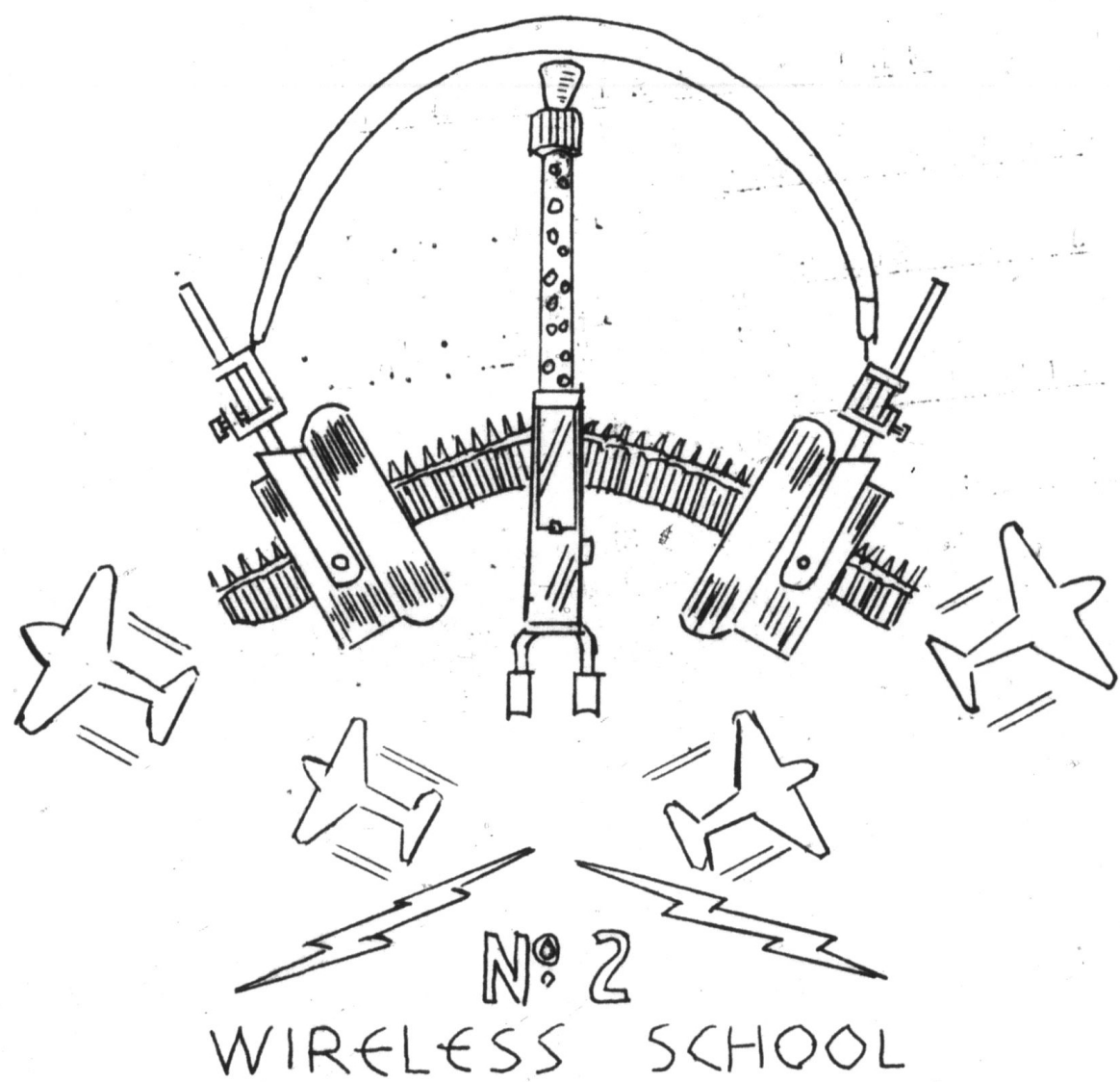


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THE W.A.C. SIGNAL



PUBLISHED IN INTERESTS OF TRAINEES OF
NO. 2 WIRELESS SCHOOL, CALGARY
BY KIND PERMISSION OF GROUP CAPTAIN E.R. OWEN

PRICE

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

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Issue: April 23, 1942.

Volume 3.

F A R E W E L L T O O U R C H I E F I N S T R U C T O R

A much respected gentleman is our Wing Commander Black,
But he's been bothered lately with an itch upon his back,
So to relieve the wear and tear on the corners of the School,
I'll venture to present him with this little scratching tool.

And when in Good Old England our 'Blackie' does arrive,
And if the ocean voyage this scratcher should survive,
When his back gets itchy and he applies this tool,
He'll have fond recollections of the Good Old Wireless School.

These above two verses, we think speak not only for the staff of W/C Black, but for all station personnell. It is very hard for us to realize that our friend W/C Black is leaving #2 Wireless School. Yes, our Wing Commander has been here since the station opened, arriving August 26, 1940. He has seen this school develop through all it's stages, until today it is one of the biggest and the best Wireless School in Canada.

W/C Black was fair to us all---a real golfer, and we are sorry we won't see him on our course this summer. His fellow officers called him "Champ" and we feel that not a better word can describe him. He was a champion in the truest form.

So to our chief instructor we say farewell--happy to have met you--sorry to see you leave us--hope we shall meet again soon.

Best of luck from everyone.

Station Personnell.

-----oOo-----

H I G H F L I G H T

Pilot Officer John Gillespie Magee, Jr., an American citizen, was born of missionary parents in Shanghai and educated in Britain's famed Rugby School. He came to the United States in 1939, and, at the age of 18 yrs. won a scholarship to Yale. But he felt he must aid the cause of freedom and instead, enlisted in the Royal Canadian Air Force in September 1940. He served overseas with an R.C.A.F. Spitfire Squadron until his death on active service on December 11, 1941. His sonnet, composed in September 1941, as the exultant freedom of soaring 30,000 feet made a word-pattern in his mind, was scribbled on the back of a letter to his mother in Washington, shortly after he returned to earth.

--- H I G H F L I G H T ---

Oh! I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the rumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds---and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of---wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there
I've chased the shouting wind along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.

Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, nor even eagle flew---
And, while with silent lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sancity of space
Put out my hand and touched the face of God.

Now that we've got in the groove and have time to think of other things besides protons and electrons, we'll try to contribute our share to make up this issue of the Wag Signal without any fear of being put on charge for plagiarism.

The 38th is an all Canadian outfit, except for a couple of Yanks and half dozen Newzies who were transferred to our class through no fault of their own. After 6 weeks at No.2 Wireless School, the majority of us have come to this conclusion: We will graduate as wireless operators or first class chambermaids. Can anyone tell us why the instructors are not posted on indefinite leave so that we can make beds and wash floors without the daily 2 hour interruption of going to classes?

As a rule, discipis have never been very popular with any airmen, but that does not apply to Cpl. Schultz. Could some influential person use his influence in having him transferred back to #3 Squadron? We might even be persuaded to trade two Cpls. and a Sergeant in return for Cpl. Schultz.

This reporter has no wish to be charged with libel so he will make no mention of the airmen from this entry who spent their last 36 in Calgary and came back in the small, wee hours of Monday morning, in a very exhausted condition, and it wasn't from hepping the fence either, because they had a lot of practice at that back home on the farm.

-----oOo-----

Twinkle, Twinkle little star,
We went riding in a brand new car,
But what we did I ain't admittin,
But what I'm knittin,
Ain't for Britain.

-----oOo-----

Who sent Harry Newell of 32R the Ester Egg?

-----oOo-----

May we here and now, extend a welcome to F/Lt. Ross, our new Protestant Chaplain.

While serving as minister of the United Church in Red Deer, Alberta, F/Lt Ross gained widespread popularity. He was well liked by all in that district who came to know him.

Some time ago he was requested by the church to accept an appointment in the armed forces, but until he received a call to the R.C.A.F. in Calgary, he didn't know to what branch he would be assigned, Army, Navy or Air Force. He says though, that he's well pleased it should be the R.C.A.F.

He received his call to the air force on February 27 of this year and was sent to #1 Manning Pool at Toronto. By a strange coincidence, he was in the same place he was stationed during the last war, namely Toronto. Although he failed to see overseas service during the first great conflict, he nevertheless donned the uniform of the 1st Depot Battalion, 1st Central Ontario Regiment, enlisting as a Private. He was ended before he had a chance to start his journey to where the Hun was taking a licking.

With the R.C.A.F. from Toronto, he went to #4 Wireless School at Guelph, Ontario, but only for a very short time, then came to #2 Wireless School on March 20th.

When asked his opinion of #2 Wireless School, he told us that his first impression was that it was a very fine place, and like particularly well his office in the new "Y".

In closing, we say to F/LT Ross "We're glad to have you with us, sir, just as glad as you are to be with us."

-----oOo-----

"OUTSTATIONS ---FINAL STAGE."

Huish screaming ZZ JJ in his sleep. Baker hunting protons, Small dangling from a rafter, scratching and screaming "I'm an aircraft". Coker and Reid writing poetry (not printable) and Billings getting lost in a fog of beer. To you who follow the 32nd---leave a standard of insane stupidity--a goal to strive and work for. We're all "Balmy"--32T--I mean. We only speak for ourselves. We are getting that balmy that we are beginning to accept, Lore's pipe, Duty Flight and Night Classes as necessary and pleasant institutions. In fact there is an organized insane section consisting of Billings, Huish and Lore, who wish to put on a play to dramatise their innermost feelings--particularly when one cuts in on them when in the middle of a 'ZZ' approach. So far there have been no volunteers to act in it, but someday--somewhere--in some 'Hut House' Billings, Huish and Lore, may have their way.

"ZZ" "JJ" "Crash"

32 T. Adjourns.

-----oOo-----

40th ENTRY

No doubt there are many in the 40th entry who have for many weeks been anxious to get away from guard duty, or Manning Pool, and get at the course.

We are glad to have you here 40th Entry. And may we wish you all the best of every thing on your embarkation for this new period of training. You'll find everything and everyone here just tops, as long as you play the game. You will of course wish to enter into the different social and sports activities of the station, so let us see just what you have and just what you can do.

Like the rest of us, you are no doubt anxious to get a crack at a Jap, Jerry or a Wop. The only way to do it is to buckle down to business fellas, and besides that, those sparks too, look pretty swell.

Once again we wish you all Good Luck.

-----oOo-----

TO THE GIRLS

Beware of the boys in Airforce Blue, Yes, and beware of those in Khaki too, They'll tell you they love you---it won't mean a thing.

For they never follow it up with a ring.

They'll call you up and ask you to go, To a thrilling dance, or maybe a show, But when the time comes it is sad to relate

They phone you up and cancel the date. They'll tell you that Duty Watch always comes first,

And to keep them tied down, Duty watch is the worst,

But don't let them kid you--it's only a stall

They don't have to go on Duty Watch at all.

As a matter of fact they are out on a bender

With some pretty thing of the opposite gender,

They've forgotten you for the moment it seems

You are no longer the girl of their dreams.

Or maybe they'll take you to a swell affair,

Tell you you're grand, admire your hair.

But just as you're thinking, "Home was never like this."

They must inspect the Guard and leave with a kiss.

They'll tell you the C.O. is the meanest of men,

He has told them they have to be back at ten.

But it's the same old line, they don't want to be late,

For Duty Watch???--No--For some other date.

You can't trust the men girls, they're all alike.

I'm telling you Casanova was tame.

They call up and say "Do you love me," and you,

Just have to say yes--they know damn well you do.

-----oOo-----

What we want to see is a movie in which the bed throws itself on the heroine when the hero gets up and walks out.

-----oOo-----

"LOOKING AT THE PICTURE"

LUCKY??

It is characteristic of human nature to allow the true nature of things to become confused and obscured in one's mind. As one routine-laden day succeeds another, the pattern of life itself seems to become engulfed in the ever growing torrent of petty annoyances until we find ourselves traversing that deeply worn path known as the "rut".

However, once we realize this we are saved. It is the ability to stand away from the picture and see the whole panorama as an onlooker that saves men.

In this present period of unheavenly it is most essential that we look at the picture. Only by a realization of the full portent of the war and the part we are required to play in winning it can we set our course straight and true.

VERITAS

-----oOo-----

"D.P.D."-(Department of Personal Defense).

With so many newly arrived "first aiders" looking for some one to practice on, and with all the talk of pressure points, tourniquets, tension and splints, I've reached the conclusion that the safest place to be is standing on both feet. Once you're down you're exposed to attack from a squad to a corps of "First Aiders" ready to resuscitate you to the LAST breath. Which reminds me of the young lady who had just completed the course. On her way home she saw a man prostrate on the pavement by an open man-hole. Stopping her car, she rushed over and in the most approved manner began artificial respiration. In spite of her ministrations the man was able to turn his head, and this is what he said: "Hey, lady, what's the idea? I'm just talking to my buddy down in the sewer."

-----oOo-----

The average person doesnot pay any attention to the handwriting on the wall, until he's up against it!

-----oOo-----

Sambo and Nigger were taking their first solo flight, but being rather frightened at the thought of being in the air alone, decided to accompany one another on their first flight, so accordingly, took off with Nigger at the controls....Some time later the plane returned..minus Sambo. "Hey!". where's Sambo?" called out the airport instructor to Nigger. "Well sir" said Nigger, "it's like this--unfortunately, Sambo fell out while I was looping, but fortunately for Sambo he had his parachute on, unfortunately for Sambo his parachute didn't open, but, fortunately for Sambo there was a haystack underneath him in a field, unfortunately for Sambo there was a pitchfork sticking up in the haystack, fortunately for Sambo he missed dat pitchfork, but unfortunately for Sambo, he also missed dat haystack.

-----oOo-----

When every pool in Eden was a mirror,
That unto Eve her dainty charm proclaimed.

She went undraped without a single
fear or thot;
That she had need to be ashamed.

'T was only when she'd eaten of the
apple,

That she became inclined to be a
pride,

And feel that evermore she'd have to
grapple,

With the much debated problem of the
nude.

Thereafter she devoted her attention,
Her time and money to her clothes,

And that was the beginning of con-
vention,

And modesty as well, I do suppose.

Reaction came about in times just re-
cent,

Now girls conceal so little from the
men,

It would seem that in the name of all
that's decent,

Some one ought to pass the apple
round again.

-----oOo-----

MY FRIENDS WHO STAYED AT HOME

The author of this remarkable piece of verse is believed to be a man now dead. He was a member of the A.I.F. believed to have been a truck driver, who was killed in action at Tobruk shortly after he had scrawled the stanzas on the wall of a dugout. They were later copied by another A.I.F. man, Driver J. Nightingale, and sent to Australia. The poetry which has not been "touched up" but is published exactly as it was written, is not technically perfect, but it reveals a remarkable sense of feeling and power of expression.

"MY FRIENDS WHO STAYED AT HOME"

I'm pulling down my colours, I'll sling away my web,
I'm going down to Cairo to buy myself a bed.
I'm tired of being a soldier, so help me bob I am,
Of getting bully and biscuits and of eating bread and jam,
Of fighting dirty Dagoes and Jerries on my own,
When I think of dear old Aussie and my friends who stayed at home.

I'll bet they're walking down the street, their cheeks puffed out
with pride,
And skiting to their cobbors how I saved their worthless hide,
While here's me in the desert, afraid to show my head,
For fear some dirty Dago will fill it full of lead.
I'm just a nerve-wrached soldier, a heap of skin and bone,
But still I'll do the fighting for my friends who stayed at home.

When I told my dear old dad that I'd volunteer to fight,
He said "God bless you, son, and bring you back alright,"
They called us chocolate soldiers and five bob tourists too,
They said: "You'll never see the front, or even get a view,"
They said: "You'll have a picnic over there across the foam,"
But they're not too game to join us, my friends who stayed at home.

They are not such bad shots either, along the rabbit track,
But then they're out of danger, for a rabbit can't hit back;
They shine before the barmaid, they brag, they're full of strike,
But on the corners of the street is where they have their fight,
A billiard cue for rifle, a bar their fighting zone,
But there ain't no bullets there for my friends who stayed at home.

So now I'll pick my rifle up and buckle my web about,
Though I'm only a flaming driver I'll see this business out,
And if I stop a bullet I'll die without a moan,
For they put the kybosh on it my friends who stayed at home.

Sent from the Middle East by Lance-Corporal A. McArthur.

-----oOo-----
CARTONS — NEWS — SCOPES
WANTED

FLIGHT NEWS 32S

This is our first appearance in the Signal. As we have been waiting for an opportune moment to make ourselves known to all and sundry, we think this is the moment.

have some news. Good Luck!

-----oOo-----

FLIGHT NEWS FROM 32R.

According to the natives of these parts, such as Atkins and Connor this is a lovely spring, but even two great prophets like these cannot explain away the blizzard on Friday night.

The Scandal Corner:-----

Harvey Newell would like to know who sent him an Easter Egg.

Len Dornbusch would like to know who sent him X602.

A tip to the orderly sergeants: If you see a light shining after 2245 in 11B, don't come a-running to extinguish it, it's only Vine's beak talking about beaks. Acheson's seems to have recover from the alterations, that he had done to it some time ago. It was very artistic--sluner and all.

The whole class would like to know how long Laurie Byrne's sore leg is going to keep him out of P/T periods. It's rumoured he was at a dance. And who walked into our new Y.M.C.A. with muddy boots?

Our boy soprano, Tonge by name, is very interested in a 1940 Chevrolet. It wouldn't be due to the fact that a certain gal goes with the car, would it?

Our Senior would like to take a runout powder on a fair maiden, but she's got all his will-power.

Our Aussies are quaking in their boots at the sight of a certain Cpl. or so says the corporal.

So he sticks Jack Byrson, says that he belongs to the Womens Association, but he got an anonymos Easter Egg too, but it wasn't any of the boys or was it---"Nuff Said."

Polding Stevens has made quite a name for himself as a magician. He can turn a five dollar bill into a ten, just by making a few mysterious passes. Messrs. West, Raison and Raynolds have been taking lessons, but so far have not mastered the art.

It is rumoured that "Casinova" Cammell is straining on the knot-- who knows, it might pull tight one of these days. Here's hoping Ken. We'd like to celebrate something. Well, s'long till next issue. E/ACK-ARE.

Bob MacAdam threw a birthday party a week or so ago. Verily 'twas a great success.

-----oOo-----

OUR STEW STORY

How about all the baseball fans on the station getting warmed up. We have quite a number of would-be-players.

"Washagotna package?"
"Sabook"
"Whassanaimuvit,"
"Sadickshunery fullanaims, wife's gonna get a pleecdog, anagottaget-anaimferim."

Crowe and mcInnes woke up on Good Friday morning, feeling not quite up to par. (OLD).

-----oOo-----

That's all there is this trip fellows, but before next issue, get going and do something, so we'll really

No wonder the Japs took such an interest in baseball. They're hit and run experts.

-----oOo-----

This little class is well known on this station, especially by the instructors, who have known us as far back as the first 26th. We have a very bright outlook for the future, since they have insisted on putting us in the well known "D" Barracks, where they can keep an eye on us.

They often talk about people being bent and worn, what happened to Bergen?

Oh Yes, Lack claims he hurt his thumb on the guard house door, but we know what a poor climber he is.

Another certain member has spent most of his nights on the east side of the hill, what is the attraction anyhow? Miemziner is being swept clean, he has lost his ping pong title and is slipping in African Dominos.

Diplomatic matters are thoroughly discussed during the late hours of the night by the keewee's. We understand that back home these strange creatures have to climb trees when the tide comes in.

Attention Wags.

We the veterans of 30P, otherwise known as Dirty "P" have drawn up a petition. When future Sgts. leave this station they are usually given a good farewell party. Well, this time we want to start something new, so give us a (C.T.) "Coming Trenton" party, that is the only party some of us boys will be able to attend. In this class we have had the greatest variety of faces you ever wanted to see. S.F. Hulls "Worry" Oh, my Code I'll bet the girls can't understand him because they don't know the code or do they?

W.H. Hallding is going to sling hamburgers in the Tec Coffee Shop, when the war is over. Unless, some dark haired beauty quits the shop or another luscious blonde decides to take care of him.

-----oOo-----

".....and then all of a sudden it seemed as though the whole universe had lit up"

"Aurora Borealis?"

"Nope, I hit the jackpot!"

-----oOo-----

Somewhere in some book it is wisely written "There's an end to all "Good" and all "Evil", and in the last word of that phrase we of the 30th entry must say farewell to #2 Wireless, as this is the last Wag Signal we will have the pleasure of contributing our little bit to.

We are happy and proud that we have completed our course, but sad when we realize we must leave behind all our friends, whom we have met since coming here last fall.

We give special thanks to our Y.M.C.A. and their very efficient directors, Grahame Watt and Bruce Rannalls, who have made our stay here at #2 just like home sweet home.

We apologize for our boys who got "wanderlust" which took them away from their work. So boys don't you get that spring fever, because every time a student goes A.W.O.L., Wing Commander Black has one more grey hair, and he is getting along in years.

So until we meet again this is 30N, 30O, and 30P saying, "Hurry Boys, come fly the skies with us."

-----oOo-----

ODE TO A WAG

Why do I feel so dizzy, What can the reason be? Just hark unto this little tale, And maybe you will see. It's not because I'm batty, or perhaps a girl I've met, It's not because the spring is her, or liquor, you can bet. I've thought it over fellows, And as far as I can see, There's only one good reason for the dizziness in me. It may seem rather foolish, yet I know you'll all agree, 'Cause I'm sure you must feel dizzy too, and sympathize with me. O.K. then chum, I'll tell you, The cause of my sad plight, Just what it is that haunts me, from morning until night. So fellows come in closer, and lend an ear this way, here is the reason fellows, and 'tis all I have to say - IT'S MORSE!

-----oOo-----

32 R---"THE ANZAC CLASS"

We've come nine thousand miles or more, across both land and ocean,
To do our bit, to learn a job, and maybe earn promotion,
And we have found, in this great land, a host of new found friends,
Of whom we'll think, and cherish still long after this war ends.

We've had some fun as well as work in this, our present station,
And though we want to travel on there'll be no jubilation,
When we leave here because we feel there's something left behind,
Some darned good folk who brightened up, a dull and dreary grind.

Among the men who teach us here, and those who run this school,
A few express concern and scorn at the way we play the fool,
but those who understand that we mean very well at heart,
Will probably be sorry too, when the Anzacs all depart.

I know that we are wild and rough, and cause a lot of strife,
But we intend to do our best, for the Empire with our life,
And so to those who do not like our funny little ways,
Remember this, that after all, we're just a passing phase.

I guess we're much the same today as Anzacs ever were,
We play up every now and then and drink and fight and swear,
We're considered hard to handle and we moan about the stew,
But you'll always find the Anzacs where there's dirty work to do.

-----oOo-----

32R NEWS

The most popular class in the school is still plugging along in and out of trouble, as usual, led by that sorely-tried senior Don Strong.

Things have been rather quiet in Hut 11A lately, though, the "Tiki" gang was put down for keeps by the "tough gang", who in turn were ruthlessly suppressed by "El Cocko" and his "fowl" friends.

And now, since "Ghandi" and his right hand man "Abdul" have "El-Cocko" right where they want him, everybody's happy. That is all except poor old Dave and I really think the worries of a family are pressing heavily upon him. Although I keep thinking that his present cares are nothing to the one's that he is going to have when that little daughter of his is about seventeen or eighteen.

32R recently challenged all and sundry to competitions in all sports and pastimes. Well, practically all, anyway! We were badly defeated at our first contest, on the Rifle Range, by the off cers, of all people!

It's going to be hard to live this down, although 32R's defeat was largely due to the low score of one Aussie who once thought he could shoot.

One thing is certain however, that if any other flight wants to challenge us to a drill competition, we will really stand out on our own.

I've seen drill, lots of drill, but when Gus, Monket, Butch, Inky and company decide to put on a show, I can't find words to describe the spectacle.

A well known Flt/Sgt. and Corporal were also at a loss for words recently.

There is no other Flight in this school that can install as much fun and good humour into a monotonous existence as we can, and although the hilarity isn't always appreciated, I have often noticed our instructors having a surreptitious laugh before they reprimanded us.

(cont'd)

32R NEWS (cont'd)

It has been heard said, that in the opinion of the Instructional staff, there has never been a class like ours in the history of the school.

We are proud, indeed, deeply touched by this rare compliment and will endeavour to be always worthy of this high praise.

As this will probably be the last chance we will have of appearing in the Wag Signal with any further news, this I would like to say. Our instructors have been pretty patient and sporting, and we appreciate this, and we are agreed that they are a decent lot of blokes, and that's fair dinkum!

32R "NOTES" FOR THE GUIDANCE OF WIRELESS AIR GUNNERS ON THE ART OF BLUDGING IN A MEAL LINE.

During the last five months on this station I have observed a deplorable lack of skill and tact on the part of trainees trying to "bludge" in the meal line. Now, as an Aussie who has attained a high degree of perfection in this time-honoured sport, this appears to be both uncalled for and unbecoming in the modern young airman. The following few remarks are intended to help restore some of the dignity and respectability to the almost lost art of "Bludging."

First of all, the approach, which, after all is one of the most important points. It must be absolutely quiet and insidious, if possible from the Annex door nearest the Guard-house. Then, if you're lucky enough to get by Dutch Kane without being caught, all you have to do is go quietly up the line about a dozen steps and sidle gently into the nearest gap. When you have been thrown out on your ear, you just look at the line and say indignantly, "For Gawd's sake, stop shovin, and pushing!" and Dutch will probably say, "Get back in that line and cut out that ,,,noise!" It's as easy as that. Whatever you do, don't hang about the door of the mess, you are far too conspicuous there.

Another popular method is to come in from the entrance facing the Administration building, and after surveying the position carefully, finally decide to hang your over-coat near the head of the line. Then if you can't find a friend on the way down, who will let you in, you are damned unlucky. Should you ever happen to see a pal just about to enter into the mess-hall, rush up to him and exclaim, "What did you want me for Bill?", and this often works. Usually the bystanders are so taken back by the audacity of the move that they forget to abuse you for a few seconds, and by that time you are safely in, anyway. When you are finally in the mess, on the inside line, there is always a slight chance that you can advance yourself a bit further. Mind you, I said slight, because F/Lt. Lavigueur has very sharp eyes, and it's awfully humiliating to be sent to the back of the line after progressing so far.

Well, since my time is limited I will conclude with this last caution if you want to succeed as a "bludger" and enjoy some of the many benefits that may be enjoyed, then you must have initiative and a certain amount of ability. But all this will avail you nothing unless you apply them in the proper manner. You must be quiet, polite and gracious at all times, and if you fail once, then try again. Be prepared to stand a fair amount of violence and abuse, but do not resort to such crude Canadian tactics yourself, except as a last resort. If any trainee wants further instruction, the author may be persuaded to give private tuition on free evenings at 50¢ per hour.

S. Lem.

Another couple of weeks will see us wandering about the station with the depressed look, characteristic of the inmates of the Outstations. (at least some of us.)

The mention last month of the "Pride of New Zealand" has brought about a series of arguments as to what Canada can produce.

There is one member of the Noble Order of 34W's who is proficient in the art of salting beds and remaking beds of tired boys, who have just come in from a hard night's work downtown, expecting to find their beds as they left them. Haynes says that he will find the guilty one.

We are bound that we shall find out just what Jordan uses that can for, which he keeps in his locker. There are numerous suggestions, but none which look well in print.

This may serve to give notice that practical jokes are not appreciated in the least. (Haynes please note.)

Further proof that the old boys are weakening was given when a J.H. from Kenora, Ontario, went out with a Sheila for the first time since Christmas. He returned at a very desrespectful hour and his mood has been quit unpredictable ever since. A little explanation please, Jackie.

On the serious side of things we would like to congratulate a future father. Mr. Colpitts (no relation to Drange) has taken unto himself a wife. Congratulations Don, and treat her well.

There is not very much left to report around here except that Hume is doing a lot of cramming and Kilby is off the wagon again. Gauthier never has been on it and Jordan still pulls the wagon.

Well, we'll see what we can gather for next month.

-----oOo-----

The weaker sex is really the stronger sex because of the weakness of the stronger sex for the weaker sex.

-----oOo-----

Who was the airman who gave Scrooge, well known bacon server, in our Mess, a shock the other day. As you know Scrooge's system is-- get a big forkful of bacon, (airman looks on expectantly), then put one piece on the plate, shake three back into the dish, put another piece on the plate and airman thinks he has got a nice large serving.

As was his custom Scrooge had a nice big forkfull ready when this airman (who has an embarrassing nickname) came along, but what a surprise he got when the airman, not waiting for the 1 and 3 process, ran his plate along, the fork collecting about 6 slices of bacon! Scrooge was left speechless! Johnson our flight senior still swears he had to have his overalls laundered after the morse exam. It seems he was shaking or something.

30N's last shoot against the officers resulted in a loss by 3 points. However we beat them before and can do it again, we hope.

Was it Bettington who upon receiving about seven parcels from the post office, including one about 3 ft. by 2 ft., said "Is that all." "My.....noive" as one popular Sgt. here would say.

Brick stoner is out of hospital, bad luck Brick, sickness is a fair cow! Look after him 32nd entry.

Who is the airman who left a job, fitting Berlei corsets to fit himself for an air gunners job---- pretty well too.

This is the last time 30N will be in the Wag Signal, as we finished finals and most of us will be leaving for B & G shortly. The Canucks did not do so well, we hear, bad luck, you've got to admit Aussies are hard to beat at exams, love affairs and stringing a good line.

We've had our troubles and our fun, stuck together and always managed to do fairly well, despite the despairing wails of our instructors, to whom we extend our congratulations. Goodbye F/O Spalding, officers and men. To all we extend our best wishes.

-----oOo-----

Here is the lowdown on the mystery class of #2 Wireless--30P.

This consists of all the selected ones of the dear old 28th, who have been given the extra month. We believe it is because we are all going to get commissions, so hence the extra sweat. And here are a few things that we would like you to know about some of our boys, and also a few that we would like to know ourselves. For instance did you know that Bruce can not beat our Hickmont at drafts. Tass better known as "48 hour," has actually learned some radio theory. In our flight we also have such well known figures as Hosken, "the Great Lover," Marsh, "the Mad Drongo", Erickson, "The Blond Senior", Cute little Gil Clotworthy, who besides breaking girls hearts can fly the fence like superman now. Ansin "the little Angel", almost. Hoppus and Sykes who have been answering each others names so much that they have forgotten who they really are. We wish Leo would tell us why a certain girl, who gave Arthur a swell lecture on "Broken Dates" at the Avenue.

It would also be nice to know where Esmay and Dempsey were over Easter--or would it.

As they are going to send us to B & G soon, we wish to take this opportunity to say so-long to a swell bunch of chaps, the boys at No. 2 Wireless. It has been swell being here inspite of Morse theory or discipline.

And thanks a lot to the lads of the "Y" you have been swell. So-long, see you in the soup.

30P.

MY FRIEND

A friend is one who takes your hand,
And talks a speech you understand,
He's partly kindness, partly mirth,
And faith unfaltering is your worth.
He's first to cheer your success,
And last to leave you in distress,
A friend in constant, honest true--
In short, old pal, he's just like you.

All Westerners, and all Canadians, with one doubtful exception. The "exception" packs a pair of U.S. shoulder titles--but that's as far as his Americanism goes--must have been his better-than-two-years in the "C.A.S.F." that made him "human". 40J can't boast of one outstanding athlete, but they can brag of an allround sportmanship. There should be room for good potential wireless operators in 40J as they have a brace of ex-C.P.R. Telegraphists to set the pace.

JOTTINGS FROM 40L

We don't expect to come into the limelight on our first appearance in the Wag Signal. But here is a little about us. Few of us did guard duty, but instead spent a considerable time in Manning Pool. Our class Senior is Dick Gray, a cowboy and a hockey star from Lethbridge. There's Mike Fedorchuk from St. Frances, Ont, and Johnny Allan of Vancouver Island, men from Northern Alberta, and a lone New Zealander, Archie Cooper. He hails from Featherston N.Z., and from just below the equator comes Ernie Marshall. He worked in a mine in Bolivia

You'll hear from us again very soon.

JOTTINGS OF THE MONTH FROM 36B

At long last, our Senior has been JOED. On Sunday, he made two separate donations to the collection plate. Must have had that blonde on his mind.

No wonder the mirror broke, eh, Jack? With the face you had, after the night before, it's a wonder it didn't melt.

Has Dinty Moore found his hat yet? Some women are so deceptive Dinty. Vercoe states that if the ring-sight smells like geraniums, the relatives speed is NIL.

We ask the drill instructors to remember that Ernest Brown has for 20 years been looking down at a furrow. How can he hold up his head?

SPORTS

36B TRIUMPHS IN Y.M.C.A. ATHLETIC MEET.

The athletic meet held on the station by the Y.M.C.A. Tuesday night was such a success that the airmen who participated are anxious that another meet be held in the very near future.

SOME OF MEET HIGHLIGHTS

The half-mile race went to LAC McInnes, of Auckland, New Zealand, after keen competition from LAC Reed, a former marathoner from Kelowna, B.C. In the mile event LAC Reed showed a clean pair of heels to all others, winning by 75 yards. Prior to this event there was a special competition over the half-mile route, between F/Lt Nelson and Bruce Rannalls of the Y.M.C.A. As far as the spectators could see, the two were running abreast, but it was reported that they covered the next 500 yards in an auto, and then got out and ran the last 100 yards. Rannalls won by an eyelash.

One of the outstanding achievements of the event was the scoring of a possible 110 in the rifle shoot by LAC Gimm of 40L. The tug-of-war was won by 36C after a five minute pull against 40L.

The results of the meet were as follows: with 36B carrying off championship honours with a total of 156 points. 38E was second with 147 points. 40K third with 145, and 32T fourth with 138.

There were 393 contenders in this meet representing no less than 20 flights. The tug-of-war had the biggest entry with 130 competitors. Obstacle race was next with 24 competitors.

The meet was as hard to follow as a Ringling Brothers circus, as there were as many as three competitions being run off at one time. Efficiency of the officials is demonstrated by the fact that the 17 events were completed in exactly one hour and 45 minutes, despite the fact that

a disagreeable dust storm was in progress.

SOFTBALL

The inter-section Y.M.C.A. softball games played this week brought the 34th entry against the 32nd. The former defeated the 32nd lads 14-2. In the other game the Corporals lost a tough battle to the 40th entry by a score of 17-15. The next games to be played will be Friday night when the 40th entry will meet the Sgts. and on Saturday afternoon the 38th entry plays H.Q.

The station softball team will commence its season next week with the first official practice. The officials in charge of sports hope there will be a Calgary Garrison Softball League in which their team can enter. To date the inter-section games have brought to the fore such players as LAC "Pop" Wilson, Corporal Cowie, Sgt. Dickie, all of Winnipeg; Cpl. Ouellette, popular hockey team manager; Sgt. Johns, tyro of the wing orderly room, and LAC Rubenstein who will assist in the infield.

Scheduled for the early part of the next week is a special softball game which brings the Administration Officers in battle against the officers of the Flying Squadron. F/Lt Pilling, manager of the Administrative officers, will field such players as F/Lt Ross, F/O Donohue, S/L McConnell and Grahame Watt--Y.M.C.A. The officers of the Flying Squadron will be under the direction of F/O McLeod, fielding a team composed of F/O Hayes, F/O Millar, F/O Geiger, F/Lt Taylor, F/O Brown and F/Lt Mainguy. This game has been the talk of the station for some time, and should be very closely contested all the way.

SOCCER

Soccer players will report for
(cont'd)

SPORTS (cont'd)

spring training next week with Sgt. Sharpe, last year's coach, once again at the helm. He will be assisted by Sgt. Downey who has had considerable experience in the Old Country.

As the "Y" here is very short on golf equipment, it would be appreciated very much if any of the station personell know the whereabouts of any old clubs.

-----oOo-----
TABLE TENNIS

In the last two Y.M.C.A. table tennis tournaments, LAC H.T. MacDonald, R.A.F., has won the evenings match. Once a week in the dry canteen a tournament is held with very good attendance. MacDonald defeated A.F. Dunstan two out of three games in the final of the first tournament and he defeated D.G. Richings three out of five in second tournament.

MEET RESULTS
(giving first winner)

Mile Road Race: Reed--40J
Potato Race: (tie) Campbell 36B and Morris 38B
Obstacle Race: Campbell--36B
Half-Mile Road Race: McInnes--32S
Relay Race: Class 40J--Hall, Tomshak, Kent, Norlan, Reed, George, Shimell, Linning.

SWIMMING MEET

LAC Burleigh, LAC Jaquest and LAC Lesuk are eagerly awaiting another swimming gala such as that which was held at the Crystal pool Monday night. Although No.2 Wireless School did not come out on top of this meet, a future swim should see them well in front.

Congrats Boys, I guess you all have bought extra copies of the Calgary Herald, April 22. You fellows certainly take fine pictures!

Standing High Jump: Orloff--38E
Standing Broad Jump: Tyler--36C
Baseball Throw: Levasseur--38E
Football Throw: Stanger--40K
Basketball Free Throw: Foreman--32T
Shot Put (16 lbs) Kingston--36B
Pull-ups: Chiga--40K
Push-ups: Pilkey--38E
Rifle Shoot: Grimm--40L
Tug-of-War: Class 36C--Forbes, Marshall, Tyler, Brown, Taylor, Bothwell, Smith, Baker, Campbell, Jarvis.

CRICKET

Although the weather has not been the best for cricket, the lads from "Down Under" with a few Canadians have been working out in the station drill hall. Among the R.A.A.F. such players as LAC's Hartwig, Bruce, McCabe, LeMaitre, Mills, Kershaw, Allen, Cochrane and McCarthy will help to make a smart team.

GOLF

Within the next couple of weeks the station's "golf and country club" will open for a very busy season.

Remember to always return your sports equipment as soon as your through. Give the next guy a chance.

RIFLE CLUB NEWS

News from the Rifle Club is the fact that our Commanding Officer, Group Captain E.R. Owen has won the Dominion Marksmen's highest award, the Expert Shield. This competition is a "stiff" one, requiring twenty targets of 100; prone position--20 targets of 98 or better sitting or kneeling and 20 targets of 95 or better standing. The Commanding Officer's total score was 5902 out of a possible 6000, which is very nice shooting in anybody's league.

Due to war difficulties the Dominion Marksmen cannot give Group Captain Owen's shield for another six weeks, so instead of resting on his laurels he is now trying to improve his total score by re-shooting the sitting and standing targets--to date he has been able to pick up another 11 points.

Congratulations sir, for your very fine shooting.

The following officers, NCO's and airmen have been successful in winning Dominion Marksmen medals for shooting while at #2 Wireless. Congratulations and let's keep up the good work until we all have won every award possible.

LIST OF WINNERS AND MEDALS WON.

Group Captain Owen--Bronze, Silver, Gold and Expert Shield. F/Lt. Bell--Silver, Gold. SQ/Ldr. Finlawson--Bronze, Silver, Gold. P/O Christelaw--Bronze, Silver. F/O Moss--Bronze, Silver. F/O Geiger--Bronze, Silver. F/O Lawson--Bronze. F/O McArthur--Bronze. F/O Simpson--Bronze. F/Lt. Pogue--Bronze, Silver, Gold. F/Lt. Pilling--Bronze, Silver, Gold. F/Lt. Lynch--Bronze, Silver, Gold. F/Lt. Lazelle--Bronze, Silver, Gold. Cpl. MacKay--Bronze, Silver. Cpl. Haddow--Bronze, Silver. Cpl. Lancaster--Bronze. Cpl. Latter--Bronze, Silver, Gold. LAC Atkins--Bronze. LAC LeMaitre--Bronze, Silver. LAC Hockhins--Bronze, Silver. LAC Blanchard--Bronze. L.A.C. PEDERSON--Bronze. LAC Marshal--Bronze. LAC Mailman--Bronze. LAC MacAdam--Bronze. LAC Humm--Bronze. LAC Hosken--Bronze. LAC McCaughey--Bronze, Silver. LAC Sheehand--Bronze. LAC Insall--Bronze. LAC Neville--Bronze. LAC Johnson--Bronze. LAC Enright--Bronze. LAC Burton--Bronze, Silver, Gold. LAC Hennessey--Bronze, Silver. LAC Chapple--Bronze, Silver. LAC Ballantine--Bronze, Silver, Gold. LAC Bryson--Bronze. LAC Dornbusch--Bronze, Silver. LAC T. Fowler--Bronze. LAC Cullen--Bronze, Silver. LAC Attree--Bronze. LAC Byme--Bronze. LAC Bell--Bronze. LAC Buckley--Bronze. LAC Cammell--Bronze. LAC Dawson--Bronze. LAC Evans--Bronze, Silver. LAC Forbes--Bronze. LAC Ginders--Bronze. LAC Hoppe--Bronze. LAC Henshaw--Bronze. LAC Henderson--Bronze. LAC Insall--Bronze. LAC Johansson--Bronze. LAC Jenninson--Bronze. LAC Kingston--Bronze. LAC Litts--Bronze. LAC McNichol--Bronze. LAC Maria--Bronze. LAC Morgan A.H.--Bronze. LAC Moore--Bronze. LAC Newell--Bronze. LAC Owen--Bronze. LAC Opie--Bronze. LAC Power--Bronze. LAC Parker--Bronze. LAC Russell--Bronze. LAC Simper--Bronze. LAC Switzer--Bronze. LAC Strong--Bronze. LAC Stevens--Bronze. LAC Smith--Bronze, Silver. LAC Turner--Bronze. LAC Tyson--Bronze. LAC Vine--Bronze. LAC Vercoe--Bronze. LAC Vesty--Bronze. LAC Western--Bronze. LAC Williamson J.A.--Bronze. LAC Carr--Bronze. LAC Blagborne--Bronze, Silver. LAC Wood L.W.--Bronze. LAC Moss--Bronze. LAC Hartwig--Bronze. LAC McHugh--Bronze.

In the Thursday night, officers vs airmen rifle shoots, the competition is very keen and the officers are definitely not having it their own way any longer.

(cont'd)

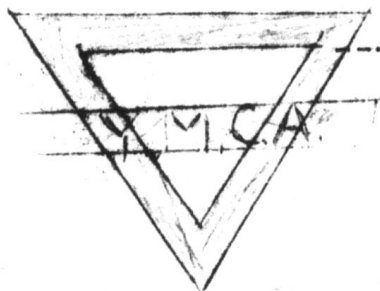
RIFLE CLUB NEWS (cont'd)

Last Thursday the Cpls. defeated a very strong officer team, the score being 592 to 591.

With Sgts., Cpls., and airmen offering very stiff opposition and the next time they meet the Sgts. with F/Sgt. Rowley, Sgt. Black, Sgt. Shortreed leading the way expect that they can turn the tables on the officers. Time alone will tell.

Keep entering your class team in this weekly competition and enjoy the fun. Entries can be made at the "Y" office.

To Rifle Club Members:--It is very important to contact Bruce at the "Y" regarding your membership dues as these must be brought up to date immediately.



Y.M.C.A. SPARKS

Table Tennis:

There is a rumour around, that in the early part of May we'll see the R.C.A.F. Calgary Table Tennis Championships at #2 Wireless. All station players wishing to enter the competition, please register at the Y.M.C.A.

Library:

The station library committee has received a small grant from station funds to secure current magazines for library and lounge room. The magazines should arrive shortly, so anytime you want to read--Popular Mechanics; Aeor Digest, Popular Photography, etc., just ask at the Y.M.C.A. desk.

Lounge Room Notes:

If you like the flowers in the lounge room, now about passing on comments, we would appreciate them.

Have you registered in the Airmen's Log Book--we would like to have your name in the book--do it the next time you're in the office.

Requests have been made for photos of the lounge room, those desiring to let their friends see a

picture of the quarters can secure same. Now at the Dry Canteen a very excellent postcard is on sale.

Y.M.C.A. Movies:

With the floor refinished in the auditorium the shows will return to the "Wag Theatre". One thing lets help keep the floor new by refraining from smoking etc. during movie nights.

Coming Pictures:

Monday, April 27--The Rains Came--
Tyron Power.
Thursday, 30th--Back Street--Charles
Boyer.
Sunday, May 3--San Francisco Docks.
Mon., May 4--Tall, Dark & Handsome.

Bingo:

Quite often we hold Bingo in the Hospital. Oranges, smokes, etc. as prizes, but one doesn't have to be off the beam to enjoy a game of Bingo. Any Friday at 2000 hrs. in the Dry Canteen Bingo is being played and cans of tobacco and cigarettes are being given to the winners, haircut and cleaning tickets are also given. Be there and get in on one of these prizes, no charge, good prizes, and lots of fun and laffs!

I'll be seeing you at the Bingo Game, --Cpl. Whymark--LAC Pedersen.

SIMON LEGREE.

We have an instructor called Simon Legree,
 A peculiar guy as you will see,
 We often wondered if he could smile,
 To see it, we'd walk many a mile.
 His job at the Wireless is to teach
 us procedure,
 But to put us on guard he finds much
 easier.
 He is very adept at tossing the chalk,
 But we'd rather watch that than hear
 him talk.
 He paces the floor from window to door,
 And all the while he's moving his jaw,
 He gladly drags us up to the board,
 To see how much our brains have stored.
 His favourite class is 36A,
 He pines for them both night and day,
 He recently entered with a very pleas-
 ed look,
 For on his arm was an extra hook,
 He seemed so happy, but we cannot tell,
 Just why since then, we've been getting
 hell,
 No more Corporal for it's now Sarge,
 When into room 207 he does berge,
 It's D3W from LAX,
 What in hell will he teach us next?
 In our dreams we hear him bawling,
 Hullo Snooker, Baboon calling,
 Oh 36A, the boys in blue,
 Barton, James and Collins too,
 The only class, in the whole darned
 school,
 That according to Simon "Act the fool"
 But there's one chap that he takes
 pride in,
 A Montreal lad, Geny Nathan,
 And to mention Vic Horsley from #2
 Provost,
 His stock answer to Simin, "Sarge, I
 don't know."
 In our dreams we hear him bawling,
 Hullo Snooker, Baboon calling AR.

SOMETHING WRONG SOMEWHERE.

An airman asked his commanding officer for leave. He said that he wanted to go home and help his wife clean the house. "Now", said the officer, "I just don't want to refuse you, but I have received a letter from your wife saying that you never were any good around the house."

The airman saluted and turned to leave. "Sir there are certainly two persons in this flight who are careless in the handling of the truth, and I'm one of them, I'm not married."

-----oOo-----

It has been learned by us that Sgt. Dickie has a new job now. He was overheard the other night doing his best to provide a girl friend for none other than Flt/Sgt. Rowley. Maybe that accounts for the radiant smile seen on the Flt's. face lately. Was she that good Flt.?.

-----oOo-----

Then there was the Sgt. who, knowing of that lunch time gue, stood up before his class and said, "Beat it boys, be at the head."

But being wags so staunch and true, they did not want to lead the gue, so volunteered to stay behind, to do some morse in their own time.

Then the Wag, sad to say, opened his eyes at break of day, and turning over in his bed, found his dream had gone and fled.

-----oOo-----

HOW TO WIN A GAL

(according to 2,386 movies we've seen)

- Meet her on Sunday.
- Make fun of her on Monday.
- Slap her on Tuesday.
- Insult her family on Wednesday.
- Laugh at her on Thursday.
- Spank her, Deride her, sock her, sue her, criticize her, accuse her, and punch her on Friday.
- Marry her on Saturday.

-----oOo-----

SONGS THEY NEVER WROTE

- Winston Churchill: "Let's call the whole thing off."
- Rudolph Hess: "I'm going home again Kathleen"
- Adolph Hitler: "I don't want to set the world on fire."
- Joe Louis: "I saw stars."

-----oOo-----

AN AC2 REFLECTS

He joined to sail the azure skies,
And give A. Hitler fits,
To jump JU's and Dorniers,
And mess up Messerschmitts,
But now he mops up muddy floors,
And learns to scrub them too,
Gets "nocs" for scarlet fever, dip
But nothing for the flu.
Perhaps he trudges icy beats,
And finds the going hard,
But not as hard as the Double O,
Or the Corporal of the guard,
A starry-eyed recruit he came
With glory in his eyes,
But now he's disillusioned,
About those azure skies,
The winged shapes which fro and to
Flit up and down the Airs,
Don't mean much to that AC2,
He has to sweep some stairs,
Why should we change to chamber-
maids,
Will this give Adolf fits?
Will this down Dorniers, JU's,
And mess up Messerschmitts?
England, Oh England,
'Tis there that he would fly,
With a row of shining spitfires,
Against an English sky!

-----oOo-----

L.A.C. Smith was walking down eighth Avenue, with one of Calgary's bright young ladies, when whom should they meet but Flt/Sgt. Rowley. The young lady asked what the three stripes and crown stood for. Smitty obligingly replied that the crown showed that he was a married man and the stripes showed the number of children he had. They went on a few more blocks and whom should they meet but Corporal Gray. "My", exclaimed the young lady, "Isn't he a naughty man."

-----oOo-----

A young munitions worker was lavish with his cash. "You kids of today get too much money", his uncle told him. "Do you know what I was getting when I married your aunt?" "No." he said, "and I bet you didn't either!"

-----oOo-----

APPRECIATION

We think it about time to acknowledge the existence of two very essential members of the huge staff responsible for the production of the Wag Signal. They are LAC Bruce McWilliam and LAC Chester Westby. These gentlemen are responsible for the actual printing of the paper. Maybe you don't think this is a whale of a job. Any doubters are invited to risk sticking their neck into the mimeograph room in the Administration building, when the Wag is rolling off the presses.

Besides this monthly activity these lads are responsible for an equally well read publication, namely----D.R.O.'s.

By the way, McWilliam and Westby are a fine example of East and West collaboration. Bruce hails from Ontario and Ches from Saskatoon.

-----oOo-----

PUT YOUR HEART IN IT

No matter what may be your duty in this great war effort, do it with the true spirit of service--always putting your heart in your work that you may do it with interest and with a lofty purpose.

We are all cogs that must mesh properly. One defective cog will jam the works. The spirit of duty will keep us all keyed up to our job.

-----oOo-----

F/Lt Lynch, R.C. Chaplain, of #2 Wireless School, has for some time been confined to the Holy Cross Hospital. You seem to be very conspicuous by your absence, Father Lynch. In other words, we miss you. Hurry and get well, eh?

-----oOo-----

Sandy McPhairson has got a little boy called Angus. On the street the lad had a piece of dry bread in his hand.

Asked what he was doing, he said he was waiting for some jam in the traffic.

-----oOo-----

AAHH!
NO!
LESS
NOISE!



YIIII!
AAHH!
YES!

CHECK YOUR
SWITCHES!

GET OFF
THE KEY!

"A TYPICAL
OUTSTATIONS
CORPORAL"

Quack

WIT AND HUMOR

A bride and groom went on a camping trip for their honeymoon, and unfortunately the first night they set their tent over an ant hill. The bride was so badly bitten that she had to go to hospital and her husband decided to telegraph the news to her mother. Being a little shy on cash he made it as brief as possible, with the following result: Mrs. Jones, Okotoks Alta ANACIN HOSPITAL ADAMANT BITTER ASSININE PLACES.

Bill.

Old Maid: I can't decide between the divan and the armchair.

Clerk: Lady, you can't make a mistake on a nice comfortable chair like this

Old Maid: O.K. I'll take the divan.

"I hera Joe had a very odd accident last night"

Is that so? What aw's it?"

"He called on his girl and had his hand removed above the knee"

And then there was the young man at the dance who was pouring out a drink for an attractive looking damsel, "Say when" he said. "Oh, after this drink" she replied.

1st LAC: "A woman's greatest attraction is her hair"

2nd LAC: "I say it's her eyes".

3rd LAC: "It's unquestionably her teeth"

4th LAC: "Why should we stand here and lie to each other!"

Darling... I saw the cutest little baby carriage in town that would just do.....

On pity the Stork, for it ain't fun getting blamed for things some other bird done.

"Roast beef" said the restaurant customer to the waiter. "I want it well done"

The waiter brought a plate of red underdone beef.

"Did'nt you hear me say "Well done?"" protested the diner.

"Yes Sir, thank you very much sir. It is'nt often a customer proises us nowadays.

If you lose your temper--count 10. If the other chap's bigger--count 100.

"Amapola" said the black bear, as he fell into the barrell of flour.

A youngster came home from school late and told his father he'd been kept in.

"What for?"

"I couldn't remember where the Amazon was"

"Well, in future just remember where you put things."

The difference between learning to play golf and learning to drive a car is that when you're learning to play golf you just can't hit a thing.

Heard at St. Georges Island Zoo.

"Tell me keeper" if one of these lions escaped what steps would you take.

"Long ones".

.....for my married sister's little baby!!!

Application for date with a member of the
R.C.A.F., R.A.A.F. or R.N.Z.A.F.

Answer all questions fully and please write plainly. If you can't write print carefully.

Name.....Street.....Suburb.....

Colour Hair.....Height.....Complexion.....

Figure.(place x beside correct one). Good.....Fair.....Poor.....

Do you Dance?.....How Often.....

Do You Drink?.....How Much.....Pass Out.....

Do You Smoke?.....Favourite Brand?.....

Have you got "OOMPH",.....Have you got any money?.....

Are you married?.....(If so does your husband travel?.....

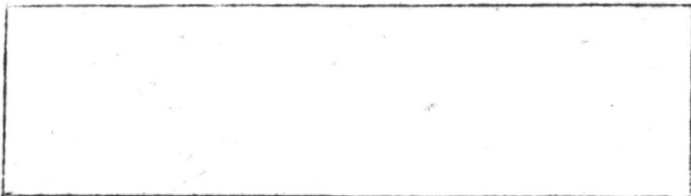
Do your parents object to your going out with airmen.....if so why?.....

Residence: House?.....Flat?.....Hotel.....

Can you Cook?.....What?.....

Do you rise early.....Why?.....

If you live at home, indicate on Diagram exact position of:--



- Parents Bedroom.
- Light Switch.
- Settee in Lounge.
- Back Door.
- Nearest Open Window,
(How high.....ft.)

Will you try anything once?.....More than once?.....

What is your capacity for the following:--

Beer.....Rye.....Chocolates.....Malted Milk.....

Grilled Steak.....Hamburgers.....Hot Dogs.....

(You're not getting any champagne or caviare--You are'nt Garbo or
Ginger Rodgers, and I'm not drawing a Group Captain's pay like the C.O.)

What is the approximate fare from your home to the G.P.O. by taxi?.....

Street-car.....Bus.....What?.....

When may I have this date?.....

Time.....Place.....

Fill in the answers to the best of your ability, and without cheating,

then return to.....

#2 Wireless School, Calgary, Alberta.

THANK YOU.

This form by courtesy of 30 N.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH

Your uncle has a job at last, the first time he has worked in over 48 years.

We are rich now--\$17.25 every Thursday, so we sent up to Sears Roebuck for one of them there new "angled" bath rooms like you rich people have up north. It came and we hadher all put right. You should see it.

Over on one side of the room is a big long white thing like the pigs drink out of only you kin get in and take a bath all over at once. Over on the other side of the room is a little white gadget hanging on the wall called a zink. This is for light washing like hands and face. They also sent a roll of writing paper, but it's kind of cheap I think - it rips easy.

But over in the corner - wow! They got a thing there you put one foot in and scrub it till it gets clean. Then you pull the chain and get fresh water for the other foot.

Yours truly,
Cousin Abner.

P.S. Eye lids came with the damn thing and we ain't had no use for them in the bathroom so Ma is using one for a breadboard and we framed grandpa's pictures in the other one.

Airman--Don't you think the engagement ring I gave your sister was a lovely one?

Sister--It is a beauty alright, but she has trouble taking it off when her other boy friend comes to see her.

I'm sure you've heard about the London chambermaid, who got the V.C. You haven't? Sure she went up and brought down nine Jerries.

A ten year old London East End boy who had been evacuated to the country recently, wrote an essay in which he described a cow as follows:

"The cow is a mamel. It has six sides: front, back right and left and upper and below. At the back it has a tail on which hangs a brush. With this he sends flies away so they don't fall in the milk. The head is for the purpose of growing horns and so his mouth can be som'where. The horns are to butt with and the mouth to moo with.

Under the cow hangs milk. It is arranged for milking. When people milk, milk comes and there never is an end to the supply. How the cow does it I have not yet realized but it makes more and more. The cow has a fine sense of smell and one can smell it far away. This is the reason for fresh air in the country.

A man cow is called an ox. The cow does not eat much but what it eats it eats twice so that it gets enough. When it is hungry it moos and when it says nothing at all it is because it's insides are full up with grass."

"I have never seen anything as intelligent as my hunting dog."

"Yes, I notice he gets behind a tree when you shoot."

Some women are called Amazons because they are so wide at the mouth.

When a man has an edge on there is never a dull moment.

COME ON
GIMME A
"ZZ ZZ"

EEHH! I YAM
NUTS!

IT IS

NOT TATI-NITI!

PLEASE DONT
CHEW FONE
PLUGS

"ZZ" BARRAH
TDPVMK-D
MYK JZ P-HY-YA
JDPVMK-GUMME
A"ZZ"
MYK JZ P-HOKHY
JDPVMK-NOW
MYK JZ P"ZZ"
J.P. CRASH

F. A. H. H. K.
T. A. T.

DA DA DIT MIT
DADA DIT
DA DA
DIT

