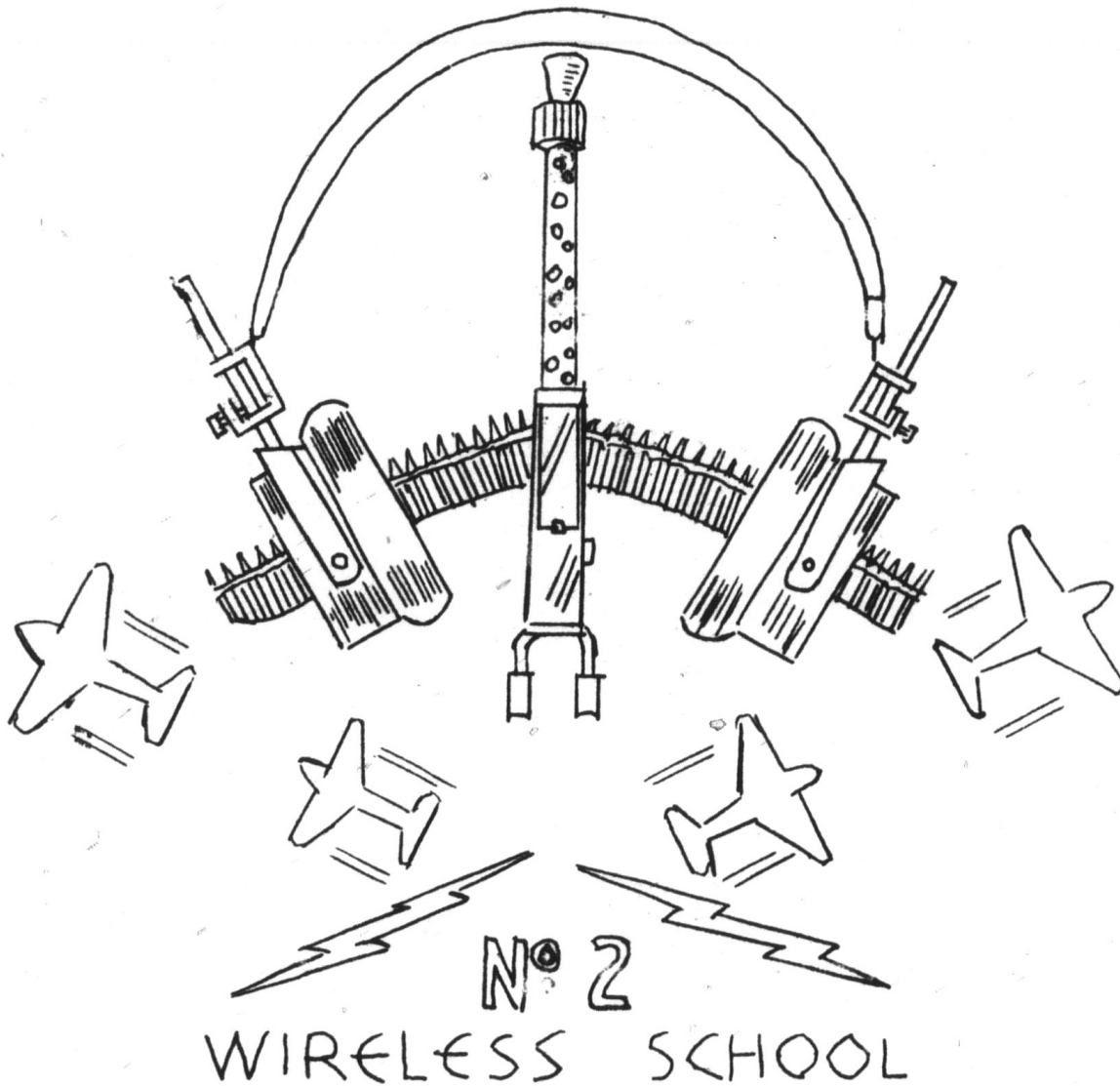


THE W.A.C. SIGNAL



PUBLISHED IN INTERESTS OF TRAINEES OF

NO. 2 WIRELESS SCHOOL, CALGARY

BY KIND PERMISSION OF GROUP CAPTAIN E.R. OWEN

PRICE

JUN 20 1942

V000-

Editorial

A Message by Air Marshal Bishop

When I was in Britain I had the opportunity of visiting a secret "ops" room where the officers immediately directing the strategy and tactics of Britain's war in the air were in constant communication with their squadrons over France, itself. And I can tell you that I marvelled. In my day of battle, we had little or nothing of such modern help. If a "Jerry" was on my tail, it was impossible for my comrades to shout through my earphones, "LOOK OUT BEHIND!"

This is but one aspect of the terrific role wireless is playing in this war and in order that we may employ this new aid to its maximum efficiency, I urge everyone of you not to relax a moment in your effort to attain the greatest possible proficiency in the trade for which you have been selected.

Probably as a carry-over from the last war, a good deal of glamour seems to be attached to the pilot in this conflict. But every day it is becoming more apparent that it is not pilots alone who will win our war in the air but our teams of efficient aircrew. I can assure you that the Wireless Operator is certainly not the least important player on the team.

There will come a day when, upon your accuracy and skill will depend, not only your own safety but the lives of your teammates and the success of your mission. So I suggest to you lads "swat away at your code. And don't forget that when you are in a jam, you can't send by remorse code.

RECOGNITION OF BRAVERY

In the awarding of the first George Medal to be won by a Canadian woman, Mrs. Frances Walsh of Calgary, and the posthumous award of the George Cross to the late L.A.C. K.M. Gravell of Vancouver, No. 2 Wireless School takes a deep sense of gratification, and feels indirectly honoured that one of its students should win this high award, and also in that our Commanding Officer has been largely responsible in bringing the courageous actions of these two young people to the attention of the King with the resultant recognition of their heroism and the inclusion of their names in the King's birthday honours list. No. 2 Wireless School is the first R.C.A.F. station in Canada to have one of its members honoured by the George Cross. The citation accompanying Mrs. Walsh's award which was announced in the King's birthday honours list described the crash of the aircraft in the yard of Big Springs school which killed the pilot and fatally injured a student flier.

The pilot was F/O J. Robinson of Jasper, and the student was LAC K.M. Gravell of Vancouver. Gravell is posthumously awarded the George Cross for his efforts to drag Robinson's body from the plane.

The student was attempting to pull the dead pilot from the burning wreckage when Mrs. Walsh rushed to his aid. She displayed personal courage and coolness in circumstances that were entirely strange to her, but she managed to get the pupil out of the plane, with some injury to herself and extinguish the flames on him.

The crash occurred on November 10, 1941, when Robinson's plane, on a routine training flight, crashed within a short distance of the school. Robinson was killed instantly. But, Gravell, not knowing the fate of the pilot, ignored the burning of his own clothing and tried to save his companion. Had he not considered his pilot before his own safety and had he immediately proceeded to extinguish his flames on his own clothing he would probably not have lost his life, said the official citation.

-----oOo-----

KNOW HIM?

Continuing with our character sketches of personnel of Number 2 Wireless School, we make a slight deviation in this issue by presenting that of a man other than a commissioned officer.

You have all seen him around the station, especially during the C.O.'s Parade.

It's not so very long ago that W.O. V.C. Cruikshank received a promotion to that of Warrant Officer, 1st class.

Born December 8th, 1899, at Darlington, England, he progressed quite favourably during his younger days, attending Board School and College. He must have made a fine appearance at the recruiting depot, when at the age of 16 years and three days (he told the recruiting officer that he was 18, as did many another man who was anxious to get into the battle and the mud just over the Channel). At his first enlistment, he applied to and was accepted in the ROYAL NAVAL AIR SERVICE, and served throughout as an air gunner. At the cessation of hostilities he was discharged from the R.A.F., and at that time held the rank of Sgt. Major.

Throughout the years he has been quite active in numerous sports. Such as cricket, soccer, rugby, tennis, swimming, golfing and boxing--just to mention some of them. As a hobby, he has particular interest in small arms, and is no mean shot with a revolver.

It wasn't long after we decided to teach those fellows over there that they can't cause a disturbance just whenever they wish, that Mr. Cruikshank again donned a uniform. He enlisted in the R.C.A.F. on September 6th, 1939, and to do so, left a position he held as Health and Dairy Inspector in the City of Saskatoon, Sask.

We asked him his pet dislike, and received an answer without the slightest hesitation: "Anything, or anyone, in a dirty or untidy condition. People who cannot obey orders smartly--and with a smile."

As for the future, he says he is quite happy in the service, and certainly wishes to carry on with the R.C.A.F. He firmly believes that the Service is just what you make it, and that there is no better life for a man anywhere.

Asked as to what advice he wished to pass on to men in the service, he thought for a moment and said: "There is only one way to get on in the Service and to better oneself. That is to be a good soldier, and a good sport. Do your own job well, and leave the other chap to do his, but always be ready to give the other man a helping hand. Respect your officers and N.C.O.'s---and hate the station Sgt/Major.

In closing here, may we say, you're a regular guy Mr. Cruickshank! Allow us to wish you further success!

At the present time Mr. Cruickshank is in the hospital and we all wish you a speedy recovery and hope to see you back on the station soon.

THE LAWS OF THE AIR FORCE

Now these are the laws of the Air Force descended from Barrack and ship,
And he that is wise will observe them, lest his foot on the ladder slip,
As naught must outclimb us in fighting, even so with the law and its span,
For the strength of the man is the Service, and the strength of the Service
vice the man.

Take heed what ye say of your Rulers, be your words spoken softly or plain,
Lest a bird of the Air tell the matter, and so shall ye hear it again,
If ye labour from morn until even, and meet with reproof for your toil,
It is well--that the gun may be humbled, the compressor must check the re-
coil.

On the strength of one link in the cable dependeth the might of the chain,
Who knows when thou mayest be tested? So live that you bearest the strain.
When the 'plane that is tired returneth, with the signs of the air show-
ing sore,

Men take herein heed for a reason, and her speed she reneweth once more.
So shalt thou, lest perchance thou grow weary in flying from morn until
eve,

Pray for rest--for the good of the Service and wend thy way softly on leave.
Count not upon certain promotion, but rather to earn it aspire,
Though the sight line shall end on the target, there cometh perchance a
missfire.

Canst follow the track of the Dolphin, or tell where the sea swallows roam
Where Leviathan taketh his pastime? Wat ocean he calleth his Home?
Even so with the words of thy Rulers, and the orders those words shall
convey,

Every law is as naught beside this one--"Thou shalt not criticize, but
obey."

Saith the wise: "How may I know their purpose?" then acts without where-
fore or why.

Stays the fool but one moment to question and the chance of his life pass-
eth by.

If ye win through an over-seas bomb-raid, unmentioned at home in the press,
Heed it not, no man seeth the piston, but it doeth its work none the less.
Do they growl?--It is well. Be thou silent, so the work goeth forward amain
Lo, the engine revs up to two thousand and shouteth, yet none shall com-
plain, growl and the work be retarded? It is ill, be whatever their
rank.

The engine may miss but still shouteth, but can a missfire turn the crank?
Doth the fabric make war with the cowling? Do the wings to the engine
comp^l ain?

Nay, they know what a clean and polish unites them as brothers again.
So ye, being heads of Departments, growl, but smile as a matter of course;
Lest ye strive and in anger and in anger be parted, and lessen the might
of your force,

Dost deem that the station needs paintwork,, and the stores forbear to
supply,

Put they hand in they pocket, and purchase, there by those who have risen
thereby.

Dost think in a moment of anger, 'tis well with they Seniors to fight?
They prosper who burn in the morning the letters they wrote overnight.
For some there by shelved and forgotten, with nothing to thank for their
fate;

Save that, on a half-sheet of foolscap, which a fool had the honour to
state,

If the homeway be crowded with buses diving downward the hangar to win,
It is meet that, lest any should suffer, each pilot pass cautiously in.

(cont'd)

THE LAWS OF THE AIRFORCE (cont'd)

So thou, when thou nearest promotion, and the peak that is gilded is nigh,
Give heed to thy words and they actions, lest others be wearied thereby.
It is ill for the winners to worry, take thy fate as it comes with a smile
And when thou art safely gazetted, they will envy; but may not revile.
Uncharted the bumps that surround thee, take heed that to meet them thou
learn,
Lest thy name serve as mark on a tombstone or else the Court Martial Re-
turn,
Though the wires may escape from the Archie; the fabric shows scars on
the side,
It is well if the court shall acquit thee; 'twere best hadst thou never
been tried.
As the cloud rises over the wind screen, flashes past and is lost in the
wake,
So shall YE drop astern, all unheeded, such time as these Laws ye forsake.

-----oO-----

C L A S S 3 2 F A R E W E L L

There never was in any land,
A wiser or a more learned band,
Than met each morning rain or shine
In Class 32, right down the line.
We were up in the morning at half past
five,
Slipped on our pants, then make a dive
To get a pail and mop to scrub the
floor,
Then shave and wash and hurry out the
door.
Over to the mess hall and eat like a
turk
Then by heck we were ready for a full
day's work.
In class you would hear the strangest
things,
That truth allows or fictions brings,
For we were just as good to blow,
As any rooster that could crow.
Of course, amid the conversation,
A few would indulge in exaggeration,
But that's been done in every clime,
Ever since Father Adam's time.
We worked all winter and didn't make
a thing,
Have less cash than we had last spring.
Some people say there isn't any hell
They never tried to learn morse so
how can they tell.
Now spring's rolled around, we will
take another chance.
As the fringe grows longer in our old
fatigue pants.
We'll give our suspenders a hitch and
our belt a jerk.

Then we'll be ready for another years
work.
We all regret that our stay in Cal-
gary is over,
We enjoyed it so much we are anxious
for more,
We sigh when we think, never again,
not even next fall,
Will we all meet again in the Wire-
less hall.
Of the R.C.A.F. schools we know the
kinds are two,
The ones we'll forget and the ones
like No. 2.

J.A. Williamson 32T

-----oO-----

A live man pays 25 cents for a shave.
It costs \$5.00 to shave a dead
man in the morgue.
A woollen overcoat costs \$40.00.
A wooden one costs \$400.00.
A taxi to the theatre costs \$1.00
for the round trip.
But one to the cemetery costs \$10.00
for one way.
Stay alive and save your money.
It's easy--Drive Carefully!

-----oO-----

Why does a traffic light turn red?
You'd turn red too, if you had to
change in the middle of the street.

-----oO-----

42D (42nd Entry)

I am taking it upon myself to speak for Class 42D of the 42nd Entry. This, as most of the fellows are aware, is a class of Distinction. Our Morse may not have been too good as I suppose we "did", when we should have "dowed", but nevertheless we aren't down-hearted. All we can say for that part is that the 40th Entry will never be the same. They won't have near so much to laugh at. We brought the wits with us, not the "half ones" either. Such fellows as our Senior L.A.C. Ackron, Frazer and Velinoff, I've picked those three specifically, as they go from the long to the short, Ackron who gazes with a fatherly glare from his 6 ft. 4 in. to Velinoff who peeks up from 5 ft 3 in. or thereabouts. One consolation is when we can't see Ted our ears never fail us. Possibly that can be layed to the fact that he hails from Toronto. The night the Leafs came through, those three goals were record all through that short night.

Frazer, as he is our midway in size, is our never failing source of wise cracks. What with trying his best to avoid that ever present possibility of C.B., his is a 24 hour day. The rest of the boys can always be relied upon to do their share of barrack entertainment. Our one love lad from down under, who many of the fellows of other entries are well acquainted with is none other than L.A.C. Burleigh. But due to his sense of humour and never failing good spirits, he's one of the gang.

The boys all feel that due to their various virtues, they have been rewarded to a certain extent in that if they can't show the fellows the slow march now, some other flight is welcome to show us they can do better. What with being selected for two down town parades. In nearly as many days, we should feel we have accomplished something. Our friend in the stores never before saw so many thin shoe soles. Of course, we didn't take into consider-

ation that we were the newest flight on the station, it never entered our heads that that might have been the cause for our being selected for the extra parades.

What with only five more months to go we feel justified in saying that #2 will be aware of the fact that we won't always be the infants of the school.

So with this little introduction to 42D, we all say "more of that morse" or do we.

G.S. Auld
(sec.)

-----oOo-----

42 nd ENTRY

Here is a note about the new entry. They arrived from N.Z. via New Orleans, Chicago and Toronto. We have been here a while now and are all settling down to be good WAGS, we hope. Settling down, if the row that goes on at night before lights out is anything to go by. It's a wonder the beds do not run with the language used between the Newzies and Canucks about when lights should go out.

Here are a few personalities:
Ray Jones--Exbarber is doing well backing morse. Still got that 20 bucks Ray?
Jack Pearce--Our Senior was our Flight leader in Levin and can still do a great job of work. Help him all you can boys.

Slim Rood--Rude by nature at times is our marker. He marked for Course 30 at Levin. McNamara West Coaster where they drank beer in schooners. Our Vocalist at lights out.

Eric Miller--is our one and only Mae West.

Barney Leyland--is our Table Tennis Champ.

A word to our boys in hospital. We are all thinking of you and hope to see you all soon. More about them all next time.

-----oOo-----

The ~~Water~~ Ham.....Knox B. "Hartley" Haddy.....Hadleton R.
 Little Jack Homer.....Madore G. A Hyphenated Wag.....Walker-Redmond
 A Tithket, A Tathket.....Fink J.F. King of Bag-Fillers?.....Richmond
 King of Blue and White.....Dudding K.Wag of Agincourt.....Red Harrold
 A "Prairie" Flower.....Longley R. The Performing Mouse.....Moore R.
 A "Lovely" Wag.....Heath L. A Super Wag?.....Lee J.
 Ace of Harmonics.....Downey A.

GREAT BLANKET MYSTERY 34W

Silent Knight.....Parkinson
 Little Bo-Peep.....Red Arthurnight
 A Mystery Wag.....Tucker B.
 Little Napoleon.....Courmier
 A Dark Horse.....Luscombe
 The Flying S.P.....Cooper H.
 Love (TT) in Bloom.....Lovett J.
 Interference Unlimited.....Maria H.
 Antenna Tammy.....Murphy P.
 The Flying Cat Skinner....Blagbourne.
 Mr. Chips (on ops).....Blackwood A.
 Lady Make Believe.....Hamilton J.
 The Flying Rigger.....MacLean R.
 Pegasus of Currie.....Steed J.
 The Flying Orator.....Harris R.J.
 The Flying Pastor.....Sawyer C.E.
 Taurus, the Bull.....Ackroyd J.
 The Flying Pencil.....Curruthers
 Odour-the-Turk.....Oderkirk V.
 Man-of-the-Clyde.....MacArthur H.
 Senior of Wales.....Viggers V.

It was one bleak wind-swept night in the latter part of April that a long, gangling, bleary-eyed ex-Edmontonian came home from his nocturnal prowlings to snatch a few hours of hard-earned repose. But upon reaching his bed he discovered to his wild-eyed dismay that his sheets, pillow and blankets were missing!

After hours of intensive search he found them carefully concealed in a garbage pail, in the wash room and suspended from the roof.

The next morning a thorough investigation was launched by the outraged victim. Many suspects were cross-examined, but finally the amateur detective had to admit failure and was forced to engage the services of a competent sleuth.

The mystery was solved in a few minutes by the budding Sherlock Holmes and the guilty party was proven to be an ex-Boy Scout from Innisfail.

And that is the story of how a city slicker was outsmarted by a yokel boy in the almost perfect crime.

-----oOo-----
 Said the doe as she came out of the forest: "I'll never do that for a buck again."
 -----oOo-----

Last Graduates

THE LAST (but not least) NEWS of 32S.

Loud and prolonged cheers !! As this issue of the "Signal" goes to press, the 32nd entry will be gladly on their way from their prolonged stay here. And from all indications its not a bit too soon. We extend our sympathy to all remaining entries.

What enterprising Newsie has entered into mass production of the new blister gas (very persistent) called Hinkleyite? 'Tis rumoured that "stench" power will assist in it's production.

Some of the lads showed their artistic abilities while on air ops. They produced colourful patterns of half digested lunches, guaranteed to blend with the floor coverings of any Norse, Moth or Fleet aircraft.

The champion of the Canadian cause--Coates--is a man of few words--!!?#@!;--you've heard 'em.

P/O (Post Office) Parker has received confirmation of his commission, nice work Charlie!

"Porky" Russell has been asked by the Bacon Board to date up "Salomey Hammus Alakomus". Perhaps his caveman tactics will achieve greater success with her than with the local damsels.

An elder brother of the above Pop by name and Pop by night, is conducting a most platonic friendship with a kit of frill. Russ says "X702".

We can picture it now. In a very short time, we'll be walking towards the exit, past the table where the commissions are handed out. However, a commission was not our objective when we enlisted, but rather to do a job.

The Venerable Young will absorb the Lethbridge rejuvenation treatment on finishing the course.

The majority of our Canucks are like Eddy Matches--Strike anywhere. Why doesn't someone smarten up?

"Baldy" Brew has capitalized on his luck to stay with us to date. Keep up the good work!!

Curreen, Show, Wallace, Wakely and Bede, confess having secret sorrows and have taken to solace in private.

Shipway salaams fervently to a photo of a charming siren called Betty. We still can't see why some blokes leave her.

To 'Mac' McInnes, a popular member of our flight, we extend our good wishes. Mac has been held over due to sickness. However, we're sure he'll catch up to us, before long. Here's hoping.

Our last contribution would not be complete without expressing our gratitude to our Y.M.C.A. We have greatly appreciated the benefits offered by the 'Y', and have enjoyed working with and for them. So to Grahame Watt and the rest of the Y members we extend our hearty thanks for making this a cheerier place. Ahoha!

The "Component Parts" of 32S

HOSPITAL NOTES

Jock McLean hasn't been weaned yet and keeps the Canteen short of milk. The boys are thinking of chipping in and buying him a bottle, it will make him feel at home.

Jack Marshall doesn't like his corner position, as he maintains all our rubbish seems to collect there. He should think himself lucky the sisters haven't noticed it yet.

Our only "Drongo or Aussie, Doug always meets the Doctor with the same old story. "I have a nice place to stay down town, sir, when can I get out?" We all agree that he has a nice girl to stay with, but we don't think it would be good for his heart.

Sam Marks, our two minute toilet man should take lessons from "Ghandi" on the art of riding "Canoes," as up to date he hasn't made his debut. Probably it is all for the best as we still want to live for a while.

Earnest Ochwell, better known as "RED" has a vivid imagination. Periodically he thinks he is "Bennie Goodman" or "Duke Ellington" and gets into a tantrum with the furniture around the ward. Betty Lou seems to be the only person who can console his musical mind.

Pat Cater had trouble recently with a little piece of "Sunny Alberta," and told the world about it, while he was asleep. Now he is very keen to get to Vancouver. Apparently he is sick of Alberta, but on second thought we think he's scared.

What is it that Gordon Clotworthy has that the rest of us haven't? Is it his eyes or his smile? Whichever it is he makes a nurse dance to his tune and get everything his little heart desires.

Norm Carter really gets hostile when "Red" starts running Winnipeg down. After all Norm, Winnipeg is only a dot on the map and Calgary girls are just as good as the Praire Chickens from Winnipeg.

The most famous of us is the "Ape Man" alias Pop Kennedy whom the doctors have recommended to be sent back to his native haunts in the trees or secondly to be interned on St. Georges Island for duration.

An enemy of our "Ape Man" is "Ghandi" Hammond who seems to be interested in the welfare of one of the office girls on the station. He also happens to hold the championship for the "Canoe Derby".

Bill Wright seems to be able to hold and control his pains at will, as when the orderlies are about he feels swell, but let a sister come near him--boy, you should hear the groans. Have the sisters a nice touch Bill?

WHAT THE PATIENTS WANT TO KNOW:--

Who is the orderly who at the early hours of morning goes around playing knock-knock who is there, on the toilet room doors.

Who is the stamp collecting Air Commodore, second class who has never had the strength to left his big boots off the floor. And why hasn't he been issued with slippers.

Who is the bashful buttercup who blushes every time they mention his good looks, and who maintains he was framed into isolation for two weeks.

Who is the orderly that collects all the canned goods from the boys, and says he is getting married, but we think he is going to start a grocery store.

Who is the cook who can only do spuds in the mashed manner and learnt how to disguise shark flesh to look like cod, and has mastered the art of buttering toast without using butter. He ought to be promoted to AC2 (unpaid).

Who is the little chatterboy who flits around the ward like a tornado, (Nough said!)

Who is the Nurse who comes in, in the last minute to make beds?

-----oOo-----Ward 2.

FIRE IN WARD 1

A Newzie sits bolt upright in bed, "What's cooking", says he, "there is something burning somewhere". All of a sudden dense volumes of smoke started to emerge from the vicinity of one of the vents. Carrico suddenly sights the electric cable along the wall smoldering. "Its the electric cable," says he. Then there was a terrific commotion, yells for orderlies which could be heard way over the prairie attracted "Scotty's" attention, who on being told there was a fire rushed away only to return in a few minutes with a fire extinguisher, which looked more like a flame thrower than anything I have even seen before. A certain nursing sister proceeded to evacuate the ward in record time. A small majority of the lads couldn't leave their beds so a certain person decided to get a wheel chair to complete the evacuation. Carrico had terrible visions of being whirled away in said wheel chair, which could be heard rattling down the hall way as Carrico prepared to evacuate. To his delight the wheel chair was cancelled, probably to carry some more extinguishers in. Eventually the blaze was well in hand and all excitement died away. Then after the fire was out a fireman dashed up the stairs shouting "Women, children and L.A.C.'s first--Boy! what a fire!"

-----oOo-----

38th ENTRY

A few days in Hut 12B under quarantine and the boys all realize what a super "Y" representative we have on this station. A good Samaritan in disguise, Grahame Watt, is the one responsible for the bolstering our our spirits as we whiled away the time. With vim and vigour we were supplied with magazines, refreshments, music and the old stand-by, Bingo, all of which were greatly appreciated. In ending we express our appreciation to Grahame and other members of the "Y" and also to the Dry Canteen for the splendid way in which they came to the rescue, "By three hearty cheers."

-----oOo-----

OUR NIGHTINGALE

We're a happy little gang of guys abiding by the rule,
For we're up in the hospital at No.2 Wireless School.
Sometimes we get so gloomy, but now we are so bright,
For the little nurse that cheers us up is the one thats on tonight.

She really knows the ways of men and her we idolize,
And if she ever does us wrong we sure will be surprised.
She tries to help us all she can and always has a smile,
To brighten up our little home in good Canadian style.

We all like her so very much because she is so jolly,
And try to be so nice to her, "don't we now, Miss Polly."
Now she's a girl who's really seen some hospitals and sick places,
And we hope she never enters one like us rheumatic cases.

And now boys when you're asked to move, don't hang around like loafers,
For I've been told a certain nurse is good at shooting gophers.
So cheers now for Miss Polly we'll raise the rafters high,
And wish her all success we can and love her till we die.

-----oOo-----
Congratulations are in order for the following W.O.A.G.'s who graduated in the 26th Entry, #3 Squadron, who received commissions,
R105702 LAC Dickson C.A.
R110309 LAC Hopkins R.B.
A408871 LAC Lawrence W.
R107567 LAC Ceausuis G.T.

-----oOo-----
We come into this world asking Why? and go out asking Where?
-----oOo-----
To get up in the world you have to get down to earth.
-----oOo-----

1		2				3	4			5
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19	20							21	22	
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43								44		
	45								46	47

In this issue we are going to try something new, a Cross Word Puzzle, through the courtesy of the Winnipeg WAG, from where it was taken.

- 37. Wave which is caused to vary.
- 38. Phenomenon experienced in radio transmission.
- 39. Magnetic force. Analogous to E.M.F.
- 41. Position of power supply switch when operating.
- 43. Paths provided for electron movement.
- 44. Method of transmitting secret information.
- 45. Necessary operation when triodes are used as R.F. amplifiers.

Vertical

- 1. Pertaining to part of transmitter. (Abbr.)
- 2. First operation in changing A.C. to D.C.

Horizontal

- 1. Inventor of landline code.
- 4. A complete back and forth movement.
- 6. An electrical instrument.
- 7. Aerial. (Abbrev.)
- 8. Generally an insulator.
- 10. Opposes varying current.
- 11. The "heart" of receivers and transmitters.
- 13. Commencement signal.
- 14. Chief Inspector R.C.A.F. (Abbrev.)
- 15. A four electrode valve.
- 17. Engineering officer. (Abbr.)
- 18. Dit--dah dit dah dit.
- 20. Used in manufacture of valves and possessing slightly magnetic properties.
- 21. Medical Officer. (Abbr.)
- 22. Taken off instruction. (Abbr.)
- 23. Port side.
- 25. Orderly Room. (Abbr.)
- 26. . - - -
- 27. Unidirectional current. (Abbr.)
- 29. Junior ranking officer (Abbr.)
- 30. A carrier of electrical charge.
- 31. Highest ranking N.C.O. (Abbr.)
- 32. Post meridian.
- 34. Valve operating as demodulator.
- 36. Dit--dit dah.
- 3. Enlarges the R.F. produced by master oscillator. (Abbr.)
- 5. Made when current passed through coiled wire.
- 6. A phenomenon. An interesting study.
- 9. Between plates of a condenser.
- 12. Aerial possessing marked directional properties.
- 16. Radio engineer. (Abbr.)
- 17. Expresses force maintaining current flow. (Abbr.)
- 19. Field about an electron.
- 21. Unit of capacity. (Abbr.)
- 22. Most commonly used conductor.
- 24. An element. (Quite common.)
- 28. Sometimes used in binding a splice.
- 33. Can be made by stroking iron or steel with lodestone.
- 35. . . - . . - . . - . .
- 38. Part of a torpedo.
- 40. Flying officer. Abbrev.
- 41. Suffix used in electrical terminology.
- 42. Used in camouflaging ground stores
- 43. Officer Commanding.
- 46. - - . .
- 47. A signalling system.

Answers on a later page.

"Branch" Cronon of 4V must be having a wonderful time these nights. His eyes look like two burned holes in a blanket.

V....-

L.A.C. Wilkening of 33B was seen in a park on a recent evening. Believe it or not, he was holding a sheet of paper to find Miss V - Wilkens. Find my Wilke? And how about the letter she wrote?

V....-

Johnny Susak of 34X was quite excited over a letter he received from P.I. His "pal" is a member of the R.A.F. too! Good work Slugger!

V....-

For authoritative reports, we hear that "Don Juan" Barton of 36A was romancing with a cute little blonde at the dance on Sat. night. What will Bernice think?

V....-

"Lack" Nathan seems to have contracted a bad case of spring fever. Instead of sleeping in Radio theory, he now stays awake with a blank look on his face.

V....-

Congratulations to LAC and Mrs. Ken. Kirkness on the birth of a son at Toronto on March 31st. Mrs. Kirkness is the former Jay McKee of Toronto. Father and son are going as well as can be expected.

V....-

George Connor of 36C spent Easter in Chiroton.

V....-

Word from Hut Eight: "Please recruit someone with a radio"

V....-

LAC Haberfield of 36A showed a high degree of audacity a few evenings ago. He asked a lieutenant of some Highland Regiment whether he wore panties or seanties. He often wondered.

V....-

Archib Bair of 36B fell asleep while in the Capitol theatre. Must be a new life Archer. Or is it spring fever?

V....-

Howard "Ceebee" Underwood says that he doesn't see just why he should go to night classes. Says that he won't be a night - fighter anyway.

V....-

It's a wise cork that knows it's own Pop.

Did you know that the Sergeants have a bowling team in the Business Men's League of Calgary?

V....-

Its present members are: F/Sgt. King-Orski, F/Sgt. Forester, Sgt. Elliot, Sgt Moore, Sgt Stewart.

Sgt. Elliot is the only member who joined the team when it was formed. And his scores are among the 375's, not bad eh?

They are in the playoff's for the consolation prize, and some say they may lick any of the top ranking team's. But to mention "Smokey" Elliot again. During their game on April 6, he repeatedly hurled the ball down the alley and he wasn't particular as to which alley either. The Sgts say they would have won more games had they had heavier Coke bottles. We'll hear from them again.

V....-

Ain't it the truth.

Man comes into the world without his consent and leaves it against his will. During his stay on earth, his time is spent in one continuous round of contrariness and misunderstandings. In his infancy he is an angel. In his boyhood he is a devil. In his manhood he is everything from a lizard up. In his duties he is a darn fool. If he raises a family he is chump. If he raises a cheque he is a thief and the law raises the duece with him. If he is a poor man he is a poor manager, and has no sense. If he is rich, he is dishonest and is considered smart. If he is in politics he is a grafter and a crook. If he is out of politics, you can't place him as he is an undesirable citizen. If he goes to church he is a hypocrite. If he stays away from church, he is a sinner. If he donates to foreign missions, he does it for show. If he doesn't he is stingy and a tightwad. When he first came into the world everyone wanted to kiss him. If he dies young there was a great future for him. If he lives to a ripe old age, he is in the way, only living to save funeral expenses. What's the use? Life is a funny proposition.

V....-

"I feel like a two year old"

"Horse or egg?"

V....-

Optimists are wrong just as often as pessimists, - but they have a far happier time.

"WHEN PILOTS REACH THE CEILING"

"Every flier ought to be fully aware that it is easier to replace a machine than a fully trained pilot, observer, or radio operator." This quotation strikes the keynote of an interesting document: "Medical Guide for Flying Personnel", written by Heinz von Diringshofen, chief surgeon of the Luftwaffe, published in Berlin in 1939, and synopsized by F/O Roy Davis of Trenton. Because of its thorough discussion of the medical problems involved in strenuous combat and altitude flying, this work, translated into English is used as a reference by the R.C.A.F. as well as by the Royal Air Force.

The essential problem tackled by the Guide is the training of an air force superior to that of the enemy in the quality of man power. The flying personnel must know the important results of medical flying science, whose purpose is to prevent accidents arising from the inadequate adaption of the human body to the abnormal influences which accompany flying and to increase human capacities as far as possible beyond what may be regarded as normal. The Chief Surgeon of the Luftwaffe has no patience with fliers who weaken in the course of execution of difficult tasks. In general the Luftwaffe attempts to prepare the fliers for the struggle against three major enemies - low atmospheric pressure, lack of oxygen, excessive centrifugal force.

The decrease of atmospheric pressure may play havoc with gas commonly contained in body cavities. At 18,000 feet gas in the intestines doubles in volume, at 26,000 feet it quadruples, and at 49,000 feet it increases tenfold. For this reason fliers are instructed not to eat gas-forming foods and are advised prior to flights to take small quantities of gas-absorbing animal charcoal. Large frontal sinuses are often affected by the rising internal pressure accompanying rapid ascent. Aviators are advised to make use of nasal sprays, which decrease the swelling of nasal mucosa. Pilots suffering from colds in the head are prohibited from taking flights with rapid changes of elevation and men suffering from acute or chronic inflammation of the mucous membrane of the Eustachian tube are warned that the very slightest differences of pressure may lead to sharp pain and hemorrhages of the middle ear. Swallowing and yawning help frequently, nevertheless the greater the height, the greater the danger to persons with poorly permeable tubes.

Luftwaffe regulations prohibit flying above 14,700 feet without a sufficient supply of artificial oxygen, though 10,000 feet is a safer level for military fliers. Lack of oxygen affects first of all brain cells, upon whose proper activity the pilot's accurate thinking depends. Attention and judgement are affected first and at this height altitude sickness is quite similar to overindulgence in alcohol, where the first to be lost is the capacity for self-criticism. In high flying this is particularly dangerous, because the pilot loses his ability to judge the extent to which he is already suffering from the disease. Just as in alcohol, in this stage, the flier possesses an exaggerated sense of confidence. Tests have shown that at 16,000 feet persons are definitely less capable mentally and the danger of permanent damage to brain cells and death at great height without the use of oxygen is extremely great.

Equally as important as the provision of an ample supply of oxygen and the maintenance of air pressure are measures for the prevention of

(cont'd)

excessive centrifugal forces. The battering which the pilot's body receives during battle flight is tremendous. A small change in posture may frequently mean the difference between life and death. According to this authority, an airplane in a vertical dive (with cut out motors) reaches a final speed of 224 to 447 miles per hour depending on the design. At a speed of 310 miles per hour a dive bomber will take four seconds to come out of the vertical dive and the centrifugal force would be four times gravity. In a test flight, at 310 m.p.h., the centrifugal force measured was 8.2 times gravity, the pilot being pressed into his seat at many times his own weight and his blood for a period of 6.5 seconds actually became heavier than iron. Recently developed airbrakes slow the dive bombers down to 279 miles per hour. Only rarely does centrifugal force in recovering from a vertical power dive exceed eight times gravity. At 12 times gravity many a pursuit plane has gone to pieces. Whenever possible, pilots are advised to avoid centrifugal forces of more than four times gravity and are instructed to make all turns smoothly. In the case of sitting persons, centrifugal force acts with less pressure than with standing, but it is still less with persons lying down.

Sleeplessness, use of alcohol and excessive smoking have a most deleterious effect on resistance. Anyone who flies on an empty stomach after an all-night celebration is considered by the Luftwaffe to be a criminal, because the many may expect a decrease of his attention and ability to react, and under normal flying stress he will probably be unwell and may even faint. Quite obviously the sense organs are considered to be of great importance. Only men with almost perfect eyesight are accepted into the Luftwaffe, yet regulations advise every flier who can improve his vision further by the use of glasses to make full use of them. This does not yet apply to aircrew, R.C.A.F.

In order to increase the physical well being of the pilot, his resistance to the effect of altitude, to centrifugal force and to fatigue, the Luftwaffe is utilizing sports to the full. Those sports are considered most useful which develop respiration and circulations for enduring activity, such as long distance running, mountain climbing, skiing and swimming and rowing. Boxing and jiu jitsu are strongly recommended, as is tennis. Football, handball and hockey are considered superb in preparing fliers for teamwork. The most valuable sports, however, are seen in skiing and mountain climbing, for both lead to the improvement of endurance of altitude by adaption and general body development. All these games and sports, plus tumbling, also serve in teaching parachute jumping. Diving, especially from a diving board, prepares for jumping from planes and teaches the men to manage their position and posture from the air.

Aviators are advised to consume balanced and easily digestible food, avoiding voluminous and gas-producing types. Vegetables and other foods containing Vitamin C are especially insisted upon. The pilots are also told not to wash nor shave themselves before flight, so as to preserve a measure of defense against penetrating rays which can cause serious sunburn in the heights. They are taught that a tired person can accomplish little. They must have sufficient but not excessive sleep. Moderate amounts of alcohol are not considered harmful, but alcoholic evenings lasting until early hours are definitely not compatible with the proper execution of duty. The preaching of complete abstinence is avoided as leading to hypocrisy and a feeling of restraint. Naturally the use of alcohol before flights is absolutely prohibited.

Have you heard these before?

An elderly Scotchman went to a rejuvenating doctor and asked, "Can you make me eighteen years old once more?"

"Yes," was the reply, "but it will cost you \$10,000."

"Go ahead! Damn the expense!" said the Scotchman.

Six months later the rejuvenating doctor called for his money.

"You can't collect," said the Scotchman. "I'm under age; and if you say I'm not I'll sue you for fraud."

She: Do you know what good clean fun is?

He: I'll bite--what is it?

"How many beers does it take to make you dizzy?"

"Oh, four or five, and don't call me Dizzy."

Have you heard--about the goof who was so scared of a sunstroke that he hired a detective to shadow him?

She: "Why do you always keep one arm free when you pet?"

He: "Well, some day I hope to own a car."

"Mama, where do the elephants come? And don't try to tell me off that gag about the tork."

The newest form of invitation in Hollywood reads, "Admit bearer and one wife."

"I wonder why everyone laughs at marriage."

"Not everyone--some are married."

"Whenever I look at you, wifie, I think of Ginger Rogers."

"Oh, George, do you really?"

"But it don't do a bit of good--I don't get any kick out of it."

"You should be more carefull to pull your shades down at night. Last night I saw you kissing your wife."

"Ha, ha, ha! The joke is on you? I wasn't at home last night."

"I'm the kind of a girl who never laughs when a man tells a naughty story."

"No, you've always hear it before."

W R O N G N U M B E R

After examining the good-looking young lady who had just been brought to the hospital, the surgeon ordered that she be undressed and prepared for the operating room. The nurse put the patient on a table, with only a white sheet over her and wheeled the table out into the hall where she left it.

And now our story begins. Three young men, all dressed in spotless white, approached the table. The first lifted up the sheet and carefully looked the patient over, then went on down the hall.

The second lifted up the sheet and very deliberately followed suit. Then the third began to take his turn, when the young lady impatiently remonstrated.

"When are you going to operate?" she asked.

"Well, I don't know, lady, you'll have to ask the surgeon about that--we're just painters here."

J'ever hear the story of the deaf and dumb man who fell into the clutches of three old maids and wore out two fingers calling for help?

One night a burglar broke into the room of an old maid, took a ten-dollar bill from her dresser, and kissed her. Now she leaves a twenty there every night.

FINAL STAGE OUTLINATION



A N S W E R T O T H E C R O S S W O R D

Horizontal

- 1. Morse
- 4. Cycle
- 6. Meter
- 7. Ant.
- 8. Oil
- 10. Choke
- 11. Valve.
- 13. VE
- 14. I.G.
- 15. Tetrode.
- 17. Engineering Officer.
- 18. E.C.
- 20. Nickel.
- 21. M.O.
- 22. C.T.
- 23. Left.

- 25. O.R.
- 26. E T Y I.
- 27. D.C.
- 29. P.O.
- 30. Ion.
- 31. W.O.
- 32. P.M.
- 34. Detector.
- 36. E A.
- 37. Modulated.
- 38. Fading.
- 39. M.M.F.
- 41. On.
- 43. Circuits.
- 44. Code.
- 45. Neutralize

Vertical

- 1. Mod:
- 2. Rectify
- 3. P.A.
- 5. Electromagnet
- 6. Magnetism.
- 9. Dielectric.
- 12. Loop
- 16. R.E.
- 17. E.M.F.
- 19. Electric.
- 21. M.F.
- 22. Copper.
- 24. Tin
- 28. Cord
- 33. Magnet
- 35. E L N I R
- 38. Fin.
- 40. F.O.
- 41. ODE
- 42. Net
- 46. Z.
- 47. T.

LINES COMPOSED BY LAC E.C. WILSON R.N.Z.A.F. ON ANZAC DAY, CANADA, 1942.

The dawn broke forth a drizzly day,
Horizon, sky, a dirty gray,
We cherished in our hearts so deep,
A pride for heroes who lay asleep,
A brave young, of former years,
Who fought and died for what was theirs
So the name of ANZAC will always reign,
With us, who'll fight, and die, a-
gain.
With us who'll fight, and die, again.

-----oOo-----

Far away from home although we be,
In memories we lay with thee,
Shoulder to shoulder we will stand,
And you, in spirit, will lend a hand
To guide us through this time of need
Till all this world we love is free'd
So, in homage to thee we bow our heads
And rise again from soft, clean beds;
Yes, for you we rise at break of dawn,
Our tunics, in pride, we adorn,
To march the dirty wetten streets,
And place upon your grave our wreath,
So the name ANZAC will always reign,
With us, who'll fight, and die, again.

The Last Post was sounded there for
thee,
As we stood by in ranks of three,
Listening to that solemn note,

D R I L L

The subject I am speaking of
Is drill I'll have you know
The more of it you have my dear
The smarter you will grow.
The men who teach it you must know
are nice and very smart.
They have a piece of steel inside
They smugly call a heart.
They push you up, they push you down,
They take you all the rounds.
I'll tell you boy, when you are through
You've lost at least ten pounds,
But are they satisfied with that
No! No! The cry is heard
For if your brass ain't shined my boy
You'll really get the bird.
A little time on duty flight
Will make you smarten some,
And then if that don't buck you up
On charge you go, you bum.
Your hair's another specialty
Of these men big and tough.
If it's not cut above the ears
You'll really get the guff.
Now bossy, that you are smartened up,
With Air Force discipline
Your girl will think you're very smart
With her you can keep in.
She'll think that you're the smartest
man,
That ever walked the town,
In fact, my boy, you'll have her head
(cont'd)

(cont'd)

Just going round and round.
So now you see the reason for
All this guff and ----
It's all to help you get the girl
The one you think is IT!

(By Joe)

-----oOo-----

ODE TO WIRELESS OPERATOR

Have you ever thought when you saw a
plane,
Of what make up the crew?
You know there's a pilot for every
ship
And some navigators, too;
But there's also the boys who sit
alone
Behind his A.T.I.,
And he is the boy that brings 'em
back
When all their hopes are gone.

Have you ever thought how the pilot
knows
As to what the weather will be,
Or who brings him out of a darkening
sky
When he can scarcely see?
It's the wireless operator behind
his set,
That keeps his soul from crying,
It's the wireless operator behind
his set
That keeps all hope from dying.

They picture observers and pilots too,
Plastered with wings and hooks
While the wireless operator has sparks
on his sleeve
That's all that adorn his looks.

So let's drink a toast to the wire-
less operator,
To that unknown one of the crew,
Yes, let's all remember the wireless
operator,
And give credit where credit is due,
So here's to the boy that pounds the
brass,
To that unsung hero in blue;
Yes, here's to the boy that brings
'em home,
When everyone else is through.

-----oOo-----

CANADA BE PROUD!

Hark! Do you not hear,
Those mournful notes that seem
To come and go like an uncertain
Dream?
Hark! Lend an attentive ear
To those clear blasts that echo,
more
Than the thundering break upon the
rocky shore.

Do you not hear it?...T's a bugle
call...
A grim requiem for one who died
So that sacred rights be no denied
To you and me, nor freedom fall
Before the foe, Hark! the call a-
gain...
The death-knell of a brave airman.

Canada be proud of your brave sons!
Cherish them in memory in your heart
And never shall you have to part
With the happiness you give your
loved ones,
For, as sunshine always follows
after rain,
Just like the raindrops...they do
not fall in vain.

B.G.

In memory of an airman chum
killed overseas.

-----oOo-----

The most precious thing
anyone--man or store--anybody or
anything--can have is the good will
of others. It is something as
fragile as an orchid. And as beaut-
fil--As precious as a gold nugget.
And as hard to find--As powerful as
a great turbine. And as hard to
build--As wonderful as youth. And
as hard to keep.

-----oOo-----

THE MORSE CODE IN ONE MORSEL

The morse code seems to be quite fashionable at #2 W.T.S. We all know that ...- stands for V and Victory. The Radio Corporations plants are popularizing -...., which stands for B or beat the record. With things going this way, it may not be such a bad idea to say a word about the entire Morse (International) Code. In this adventurous world it may come in handy some day; or in any evening it might be fun to pick up and decipher code messages which keep barging in to your radio when you are home on leave. Learning the Morse Code can be made into an amusing pastime. What more, the whole thing can be done in 15 minutes. And in such a way that you will never forget it.

The idea is to associate a suitable word or group with each letter, and the word or group will then tell you the code combination. We start with the simple rule that any vowel, (including W and Y will represent a dot and any consonant a dash. The Code for "A" is (.-); a good code word then should be AT. Since "B" is -... how about BEAU? "C" is -.-.- which makes code just perfect. What could be easier?

There are a few complications however. Obviously it is best to have the cue word begin with the related letter. But suppose the letter is a consonant and the code combination starts with a dot, like F, which is ...-. We must be satisfied with the second best and select a word that contains the code letter, as for instance WIFE. In some cases even that doesn't work out so well and another idea is more feasible. Let us start the cue word with the code letter, but put NO before it to show that the letter is to be dropped. "J", which is .---- becomes NO JUMPS i.e. (no j)umps.

Now we are ready for the whole alphabet.

A	.-	AT
B	-...	Beau
C	-.-.-	Code
D	-..	Die
E	.	E
F	...-	Wife
G	---	Gnu

H	(No H)ooey (or 4)
I	..	We (or 2)
J	.---	(No J)umps
K	-.-	Kid
L	Olio
M	--	MD
N	-.	No
O	---	(No O)dds
P	...-	I spy
Q	---.	Club
R	.-.	Are
S	...	(No S)way (or 3)
T	-	T
U	..-	Yak
V	...-	(No V)owell
W	...-	(No W)ork
X	...-	Hoax
Y	...-	Myth
Z	...-	Z, Zoo.

Some of these phrases are quite absurd so much the better; you will find them that much easier to remember. "YAK" is a somewhat irregular word for "U". (It goes with GNU for "G").

You might find it easier to remember the dot letters by number. E I S and H are 1 to 4 respectively. Or else you might prefer our rather awkward key words.

To help interest your playmates, you can have a contest. Have each one send a sentence. Here is a sample: "Have Sgt. Dickie serve my breakfast to me in bed tomorrow" (It contains all the letters).

The numbers and punctuation marks are symmetrical and simple:

1	.----	
2	..---	
3	...--	
4-	
5	
6	-----	
7	-----	
8	-----	Period .-.-.-
9	-----	Comma
0	-----	

If you fail to understand this, try making your own Morse Code. We had a hell of a time with this one.

-----oOo-----

SPORTS

Softball

At last #2 Wireless team have broken the ice by winning a game, beating #3 S.F.I.S. with a score of 14-12. This has pepped up the players considerably. Last night they beat #4 Training Command 18-16. With Lefty Stewart, Sparks and Auld becoming more at home on the mound, and if Crossman, Cowie, Duyvejanck and Brown keep up the good hitting and home runs, there shouldn't be any reason why #2 can't make a good showing for the rest of the season. So let's keep it up.

Soccer

#3 R.C.A.F. got a valuable pair of points Monday evening when they defeated #2 Wireless 4-3 in a hard and an interesting game in the Services Soccer League at Mewata Stadium before a small crowd of fans. The #2 team has been strengthened with three new players. Sgt. Heywood, P/O Nice and Sgt. Lyon from the R.A.F., who are now posted to this station. The Wireless team is still very confident and we are sure that they will cut loose soon and be on their way.

Tennis

Saturday afternoon the tennis courts at #2 Wireless School were busy with an inter-station exhibition match. Representing the school was an all star R.N.Z.A.F. team playing against a team from #10 Repair Depot.

In the singles tournament the NZ lads defeated Repair Depot 5-3. Starting for the winners was LAC Clark. In the doubles #2 again triumphed 3-1, with the Repair lads only winning one game.

How about getting up some R.C.A.F. R.A.A.F. and R.N.Z.A.F. teams on the station and competing against each other. We hear rumours that the NZ boys will challenge any R.A.A.F. or R.C.A.F. team on the station.

Horseshoes

This is getting to be quite a thing around the station. In the late tournament, LAC Wilcox and LAC MacIntosh won by defeating LAC Cook and LAC Folster in the final round. Others entering were Hodgins-Leonard, Olson-

Robinson, Collings-Huntingdon, Polard-McAdam.

Table Tennis

Table tennis tournaments are becoming very popular. In the last tournament the following participated: LAC's Ward, Reed, Martin, Mark, Mathews, Smyth, Letog, Murtagh, Stewart, Larnach, Cook, Pederson, Webb and Moher. In the final round LAC Cook and Murtagh met each other, and Murtagh proved to be the winner.

Baseball

In the first exhibition game hard ball players lost to #10 Repair 6-4. The lads enjoyed the game and many good players were sent into action. LAC Torgenson showed good form on the mound and if a league is organized for the services No. 2 Wireless should prove a good match for any team.

Archery

The station archery club is getting more popular each day. We are also noticing many a fine bulls eye and soon a competition will be arranged with some other group.

General

For those that don't participate in any station team, remember that there are other sport activities on the station for you to get in.

Have you tried your hand at the old game of lacrosse, golf, croquet, horseshoes, etc. Remember that the equipment for these sports can be secured from the Sports Equipment issuing office.

Please help us to help you by returning your sports equipment immediately after use.

If you want to get into any of the above sports, drop in at the "Y" and put your name down.

If you have a team, with which you want to compete against another the "Y" will also help to arrange a competition.

JOIN IN ACTIVITY!

-----oOo-----

Rifle Club

The Y.M.C.A. Rifle Club has grown into a large organization, with nearly 400 members. Regular shooting nights are Monday, Tuesday, and Friday nights at 1800 hours. These nights are all very well attended by the WAGs. Thursday nights are set aside for competitions and has resulted in some very keen shooting. On June 11, Flight 42A defeated 50C by a score of 548 to 517. On June 4, the 42nd entry defeated the six men of the 34th flight.

Our shooting Cpls laid the Class 38A team low with a score of 577 to 557, while 40B showed up the Band to the tune of 528 to 480 on May 28. The Navy and our sharpshooting officers competed on May 21, the scores out of a possible 400 being: R.C.A.F. 392 R.C.N.V.R.-382.

A very keen competition was run off on May 14 when the Officers defeated the Cpls. Those competing with their scores are as follows:

<u>Officers</u>		<u>Cpls.</u>	
G/C E.R. Owen	100	Haddow	95
Geiger	99	Lancaster	100
Pilling	99	Archibald	100
Bell	100	Huyck	99
Moss	98	Baker	96
Lawson	92	Lancaster	96

At the present time the club have won 177 bronze awards, 47 silver, 24 gold and 2 Expert Shields. The Shield winners being Group Captain E.R. Owen and Cpl. R. Archibald.

-----oOo-----

LADS FROM "DOWN UNDER" STAGE HILARIOUS R O D E O.

"Wags become Cowboys" ??

With the coming stampede as the general topic around Calgary, the #2 W.S. decided to stage one of its own, so over the week-end 80 lads from "Down Under" visited the ranch of Cpl. Gordon Thomson at Black Diamond.

It was a great day for these lads to see some real western life, and what they saw was the real thing. Not only did they see cowboys in action, but they were in action themselves. Cpl. Thomson and his ranch friends put on a miniature stampede for the visitors and it was enjoyed by all. From riding steers to roping calves was all

in the day's program.

Most of the Wags in the party were on a ranch for the first time and they were taken with the popular Canadian ranch sports. So much so that LAC Maze, LAC Road, LAC Munroe, all R.N.Z.A.F., and LAC Cook R.A.A.F., took turns riding a steer. These lads put on a show "that the stampede officials would do well to book." The saddle horses were well looked after and the boys who took a hand in riding around the nearby hills were happy in the saddle. From work horses to roping mounts were in action and some of the airmen proved old hands at the game.

The airmen had lunch around a campfire to complete the day's outing, then returned to camp. The Y.M.C.A. was in charge, and the men asked for more such Sunday outings after arriving back at the station.

Those attending the meeting were Flt. Lt. W. Gower and party, Flt. Lt. Sailor, F/O Geiger, Cpl. Thomson, Cpl. Grey, Cpl. Schultz, and Grahame Watt, senior supervisor, Y.M.C.A., and 80 airmen of the R.N.Z.A.F., R.A.A.F. and R.C.A.F.

QUESTION TO BE ANSWERED

Who was the Newzie that fell into the slop?

What tall handsome New Zealander was swimming in the river with nothing on?

Which Aussie got thrown off of a work horse?

Ask "Slim" where his face went into when he fell off of the steer.

Who was the Newzie that was sneaking up on a big bull to get his picture? And then what happened?

We hope that F/O Geiger's Technical Movie pictures of the affair turn out and will be ready for showing soon.

-----oOo-----

F I S H I N G

By the time these notes appear anglers-that is those having the time and transportation-will have been trying their luck on lake and stream. Fishing for trout officially commences in waters North of Calgary May 16th, and in those from Calgary to the International Boundary the season opens June 1st. Pike or Jackfish may be caught in lakes from May 16th, but it is illegal to fish for such, in waters frequented by the game fish until June 1st, unless they may be taken in trout streams opening May 16th.

There is a rumour in circulation that persons wearing the King's uniform can fish without a permit. This is entirely unfounded as all persons from 16 years upwards must obtain the necessary permit. A husband and wife cannot fish on one permit--they must each have one. Cost of a permit is \$2.25 for the season and it can be obtained from dealers in sporting goods etc, throughout the city. A special permit for the convenience of tourists or those who may only fish a few times can be obtained for \$1.00. This permit entitles the holder to fish for three consecutive days.

The use of a gang of hooks, two way and three way hooks is illegal unless in waters where Pike (Jackfish) only are found.

The fee for a non-resident permit is the same as that for a resident, and a non-resident must have a permit to fish for Pike. Residents do not require such to take this species.

Trout and Rocky Mountain Whitefish predominate in local streams. The former provide good sport during the greater part of the season, which closes October 15th. Rockies are caught in large numbers in the latter part of the season, when they are on their way up stream to spawn.

Hard fighting Rainbows up to ten pounds may be hooked. Cutthroats, native and Montana, are not so plentiful. German Browns and Lock Levens are to be found in large numbers in the Raven and Dog Pound Creek, north of Calgary, and in recent years quite a number of these have been caught in the Bow River flowing through Calgary.

If there has been heavy rain about the time the season opens here, June 1st, the common garden worm will prove to be a good bait. A couple of shot, about 18 inches above the hook will sink it sufficiently, cast upstream and let it float down.

With clear water artificial flies on a fine gut-leader will get results. About a size 10 or 12 is big enough as natural flies on which fish feed are then small. Try a Black Gnat, March Brown or Royal Coachman. Later larger flies can be used with success, and big trout will then take Red Montreal Red Ibis, Jock Scott, and the Blue Duns. June Bugs are popular with big trout. Small Colorado Spinners, Devon Minnows, and live Minnows are always attractive to the big fellows.

Buy the best hooks as they are always sharper and stronger than the cheap ones.

D.M. Moir.

OVERHEARD ON HITLER'S LINE . . .

Hitler called the devil up on the telephone one day,
The girl at central listened in to hear what they had to say,
"Hello", she heard the Feuhrer say, "Is old Man Satan home?"
Just tell him that it's Adolph that wants him on the phone."
Then Satan came and said, "Hello". Adolph said, "How are you?
I'm running a hell here on earth and want advice from you.
I've been at it two long years, now we have several nations cowed.
Just listen to the details, it will make you laugh out loud. ,
We started out through Poland shooting both old and young
And those the planes and bombers missed were taken out and hung.
We killed off all the leaders, we starved the people too.
My soldiers grabbed the younger girls, that gets a smile from you.
We then roared through the lowlands, resistance wasn't much.
Say, you should have seen my Panzers smash the Belgians and the Dutch.
Our bombs fell on their cities like the heavy summer rains
And old and young who tried to run were machine-gunned from our planes.

We blasted through to Dunkirk, made the French and British flee.
We sunk their boats and then we shot them swimming in the sea.
My submarines are devils, why you should see them fight.
They go sneaking through the seas and will sink a ship on sight.
They chase the unarmed vessels and blast them one by one
And crews that tried to leave the boats are shot down just for fun.
I was running things to suit myself 'till a year or so ago,
When a guy named Franklin Roosevelt told me to go more slow.
He said to me, "Dear Adolph, we don't want to make you sore
But kindly tell your U-Boats to sink our ships no more.
We have told you for the last time, now Adolph, it's up to you
And if you do not stop it you will have to fight us too."
Of course, I simply laughed at him, I hate those Yankee saps
And I knew I could take care of them by rousing up the Japs
Those Japanese are easy, they are sue I can't be beat
So I told them how to use their planes and where to use their fleet.
I schemed to get America, then I watched behind the scenes
And when the time was right I had them bomb the Philippines.
They caught Pearl Harbor unawares, the United States went mad.
And the screaming of the wounded would have made your old heart glad.
The Japs attacked Wake Island to bolster up their bluff
But they couldn't get a foothold there, those damn Marines ar tough.

And now I'm really worried, my best plans went astray.
The United States is solid and the Yanks are on the way.
All classes are united and they'll battle on and on
And eventually they'll drive those Japs from here to Hellengon
And then I know that Roosevelt is coming after me
With five million Yankee soldiers from their homes across the sea.
That's why I called you up, Satan, because I know that you
Have had plenty of experience and can tell me what to do."
The devil said, "I'm sorry, sir but I can't even smile,
That Hell you're putting on up there has got mine beat a mile.
You were foolish to fight Russia, now you're crazy as a daw.
You must have known the United States has never lost a war.
And when those Yankee boys start fighting there's not much more to tell
So hang up the phone, and grab your hat, and meet me here in Hell."

Copied from "Spectator"

Heard on the Station

So many contradictory statements have been circulated on the station regarding the M2 recently taken by a certain well known senior N.C.O. that an authoritative and official review of the matter may be of some interest to Wag readers. The following is taken directly from the official station records. Quote:

"At 1415 hours 21-4-42 a medical parade was held on this station (#2 Wireless School, Calgary, Canada) a certain Sgt. Pattison J.Y. reporting at that time, being assisted into the M.I. room by two wags, (The M.I. room it is to be noted, is located on the third floor) Sgt. Pattison stated that Ottawa had finally prevailed upon him to take an M".
A Doctor was detailed for this duty and from this point the examination is given in full: (in two separate columns)

Dr. (Briskly) "Please remove your clothes, sgt."
P. "Clothes?"
Dr. "Yes, your clothes, your uniform."
P. (Staring at Dr.) "What in hell is this? a nudist camp?"
Dr. (Speaking to orderly) "Please assist this man to remove his clothing. (A short struggle ensued divesting P. of his clothing.)"
P. "I want a voucher signed for them clothing."
Dr. (To P. now completely nude) "Shut your eyes and stand on one leg"
P. (In amazement) "Stand on one leg?"
Dr. "Please shut your eyes and stand on one leg."
P. "Say, what is this anyway?"
Dr. (Patiently) "Shut your eyes and stand----"
P. "Hell, I have trouble standing on two legs if there's a wind blowing."
Dr. "Shut your eyes and....."
P. "Look Sir, let's cut out this monkey business, maybe a nurse'll come in and me dressed like this, I mean undressed."
Dr. "Oh Hell, forget it, lets try something else, here, blow in this tube for awhile."
P. "Now we're getting some place."
Dr. (Watching mercury) "Blow hard."
P. (Blowing until blue in the face) "There's something wrong maybe if I tried a bugle or a balloon-----"
Dr. "Can't you move that mercury at all?"
P. (After another abortive attempt) "Maybe its stuck or froze or something, Say I'll bet with this rubber shortage the tube's no good, I..."
Dr. (Looking slightly dazed) "Yes, Yes, Sgt., lets try something else" (Then speaking very soothingly to P.) "Lets try a visual acuity test, shall we?"
P. (Looking startled) "A what?"
Dr. "An acuity test"
P. (Suspiciously) "Is that where they stick a-----"
Dr. (Very impatiently) "No, No, that's an enema".
P. (Looking wildly about for his clothes) "Say we don't have any of them do we?"
Dr. (Violently) "Who in hell sent you up here anyway?"
P. (In a very aggrieved voice) "I thought an M2 was some sort of a voucher".
Dr. (Pulling his hair) "Whats the use Here, Sgt, shut one eye and start reading this chart."
P. "Which eye?"
Dr. (Violently) "Any damned eye."
P. "What chart?"
Dr. (After counting ten and placing finger on chart) "This chart".
P. "After long pause) "One"
Dr. (Looking at chart then at P.) "One, what?" Where do you see....."
P. (Opening both eyes) "Oh! I guess that was your finger, excuse it please."
Dr. "You Fool!"
P. (Walking up to chart and reading) "Say them letters are all mixed up nobody could read them".
Dr. "What the bloody hell is this?"
P. (Somewhat surprised) "It's a chart Sir."
Dr. "Blow me."
Dr. (to orderly) "For Gods sake give this man his clothes."
P. (Brightening visibly) "Thanks, Sir, I'll take you for a flip soon as I get my wings."
"End of Quotation."
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----- P R O H I B I T I O N -----

I had twelve bottles of whisky in my cellar and my wife asked me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink, so I proceeded to do as my wife desired, and withdrew the cork from the first bottle, poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I then withdrew the cork from the second bottle and did likewise with the exception of one glass which I drank.

I then extracted the cork from the third bottle, emptied the good old booze down the bottle except one glass which I drank.

I pulled the cork from the fourth sink, and poured the bottle down the glass.

I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and threw the rest down the glass.

I pulled the sink out of the next cork and then poured the bottle down my neck.

I then pulled the next bottle out of my throat and poured the cork down the sink, all but one sink which I drank.

I pulled the cork from my throat and poured the sink down the bottle, and then drank the cork.

I next drew the sink up through the hole, bottled the cork and drank what was left.

I then poured the hole into the cork, bottled the sink and swallowed the glass.

Well, by this time I had them all emptied and I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles with the other. There were twenty-four. So I counted them again when they came around the next time and made it seventyfour, and as the houses came around, I counted them also and finally had all the houses and bottles counted and proceeded to wash the bottles. But I couldn't get the brush in the bottles and, as I was about to turn them inside out and wash them, I noticed a bunch of snakes swishing around inside the bottles and thought it would be a good idea to let them finish the work.

I then challenged a spare galloping mud-turtle I keep in the cellar to a hundred yard dash, and after some hot argument; the race was postponed and I went upstairs balancing Mussolini in one hand and the League of Nations in the other to tell my Better Half what I had done and OH BOY- I've got the wifiest little nice in the world.

Feeling tired; I emptied myself into bed and it seems someone had put roller skates under the bedposts as I had no sooner got in than the bed began to whirl around. So I watched my chance and the next time the bed went by my wife, I asked her to take the skates off and let the bed steady down so I could go to sleep. She said the bed was not whirling around and I knew at once that she was either tanked up or had gone blind. So I called the doctor on the telephone at 3.00 a.m. and he got sore and asked me if I saw snakes. I informed him in a quiet manner that the snakes were downstairs cleaning out the bottles and that I was O.K. but there was something wrong with my wife, as the bed was whirling around and she could not see it doing so. So he got fresh and said he was not the night clerk at the Admiral Beatty and before I could get a good sarcastic crack back at him, he rang off.

I then got up for a little clean-up, washed my face and hands with some tap, turned off the soap and went back to bed again, I drew my feet up over my head, stuck my blankets out at the foot, being careful to protect the right as I have a sore toe on that blanket, and was soon asleep.

In the morning when I awoke I could truthfully say, as so many have said before, "Well, I certainly know how to handle my likker."

A great night was held at the Palliser, Tuesday, June 16, at which time the 34th entry graduation banquet was held. One hundred were in attendance--74 graduates and 26 guests. This was an evening of fun and fellowship. The station orchestra rendered excellent music. Grahame Watt, Y.M.C.A., led the sing-song and was M.C. for the entertainment.

The prominent speakers of the evening was the Commanding Officer, Group Captain E.R. Owen, S/Lt. Walmesley, three class seniors, F/Lt Pilling and S/Lt. McConnell.

In the entertainment LAC Viggers and Sgt. Shortreed gave a little Boogie Woogie music on the piano and drums.

LAC McFarlan, 44th entry, did his slight of hand tricks which proved of great interest to the grads.

We wonder how F/Lt Pilling lost his tie? Ask McFarlan.

Congratulations to LAC Viggers and LAC Walker-Redmond for topping their class. Good work New Zealander

Stage Shows--We trust the gang are enjoying the Thursday night stage shows that are put on in conjunction with the Movie program. Remember that these are put on for your entertainment, so please give the local artists support.

Outings--If any airmen wish to visit Banff or a place of riding horses or fishing, call in at the Y.M.C.A., a new information bureau has been organized.

Lounge Room--If you are trying to find a nice place to write a letter or a place to do some interesting reading, remember that the Y.M.C.A. lounge room is just what you're looking for. You can get everything you need, writing paper, envelopes, ink, pens, stamps, etc.

Library--A new list of books have been added to our library shelves. Some are "How Green was my Valley." "Magnificent Obsession." "The Northern Trails Omnibus." "Four Years in Paradise." "Disputed Passage", etc. The library is becoming more and more popular each day, with about 250 members. So why not be a member too, and read a book in some of your spare time.

Magazines--We are now getting in a regular supply of popular magazines such as Life, Liberty, Look, Redbook, National Geographic, Readers Digest, Pop. Mech., Pop. Photography, Aero Digest, Esquire, etc. Whenever you are in the lounge and want an up to date magazine, go to the "Y" magazine rack in the Y.M.C.A. office and get one.

Movies (coming)
 Monday 22-"Hound of Baskerville." Basil Rathbone.
 Thursday 25-"So You Won't Talk." Joe E. Brown.
 Monday 29-"Yank in the R. A. F." Tyrone Power, Betty Grable.
 Thursday 2-"Argentine Nights." Ritz Bros, Andrew Sisters.
 Monday 6-"You Can't Have Everything." Alice Faye, Don Ameche.
 Thursday 9-"Muting on the Black Hawk." Richard Arlen, Andy Devine.
 Remember our Sunday night Movies.

WAG GRADUATES

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|---------------|-------------|-----------------|
| Ackroyd V.J. | Heath W. | Richardson W. |
| Anderson R. | Henfry J. | Richmond R.V. |
| Ashdown D. | Howell R. | Roberts V. |
| Ashwell J. | Knox A.T. | Robb R.G. |
| Baker P. | Kostiuk H. | Sawyer C.G. |
| Ballentine | Longley R. | Smith C.R. |
| Banting R. | Lee W.M. | Souter A.J. |
| Barr W.K. | Lovett J. | Steed J.W. |
| Blagborn C. | Lloyd J.R. | Steele E.R. |
| Blackwood R. | Mack I.H. | Stewart D.F. |
| Boyd A. | Madore G. | Stoner G. |
| Brew B. | Hark H. | Susak J. |
| Bryson R.C. | Matthews F. | Sutton C.B. |
| Bullough J. | Mayhew F. | Switzer A.M. |
| Coates J.M. | McKenna F. | Thompson L.J. |
| Comier A.A. | McLean H. | Tucker B. |
| Carruthers H. | Mossman M. | Viggers V.C. |
| Cooper H.T. | Murphy P. | Walker-Redmond |
| Dudding H. | Oderkirk V. | White, C.R. |
| Dunstan A.F. | Opie D.J. | White D.F. |
| Fink J.O. | Osborne J. | Williams E.F. |
| Gauthier B.A. | Parker C. | Williamson J.G. |
| Haddleton A. | Pratt R. | Wood A.W. |
| Hamilton J. | Parkinson | Young H.R. |
| Harrold D. | | |

Best of luck fellows!

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