



# News Round-up



During her visit to this station, Air Chief Commandant K. J. Trefusis-Forbes stopped to chat with one of our girls (1) on parade. Taking the salute as our girls marched past (2) A/C/C Trefusis-Forbes is accompanied by W/C Walmsley. Highlight of her visit on October 28th was the informal gathering in the W.D. canteen with our ladies (3).

Another distinguished visitor to our midst was Air Vice-Marshal S. J. Goble, Australian air liaison officer. Our photographer caught the A/V/M as he discussed personal matters with some of the Aussies in (4) and (6). He later discussed training methods (5) with W/C Walmsley and S/L C. W. Fisher, chief instructor (standing).

F/O G. H. Currie shows F/L Caveney (7) where to sign his application for the bond which made the \$80,000 objective in the station's fifth victory loan campaign. The station victory loan committee (8) include F/O A. E. Hockley, F/L W. Spears, F/L W. Marginson, F/O F. G. Barrett, F/O G. H. Currie, W.O.2 H. G. King, Cpl. N. W. Dagg and LAC W. J. Fawcett.

(9) Rehearsing the script for "Salute to Victory" broadcast of November 2nd were Comedians LAC Bob Peach (second from left) of Sqdn. 75, and Sgt. Les Horner (extreme right) of Sqdn. 73, with Cpl. Irving Herman (in shirt-sleeves). Featured in an interview, W.O.1 Tom Sadeski (10) told of his back breaking adventures overseas on the broadcast. Producer Herman signals performers from the control room to "stand by" as F/L A. H. Walls of No. 2 T.C. (right) looks on with F/Sgt. Ted Blundell of the original Dumbells.

# W.A.G. Mag.

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No. 3 Wireless School, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

November, 1943.

## It's Up To You!

By Wing Commander A. Walmsley.

So much depends upon your attitude! Your success, or failure, in fact.

You may be happy, unhappy, healthy, ill, enthusiastic or despondent, all this depends upon your attitude, your frame of mind. If we can train our minds to analyze situations and think clearly, we can alter our attitude and can nearly always make ourselves feel that our present situation is not too bad after all. I am sure you will all agree that this topic of attitude, or frame of mind is so large that many books would have to be read before even the surface of the subject was scratched; nevertheless, it is possible that I might be able to give you a few thoughts to motivate your actions so that you will be more happier and more content with your lot whatever it might be. Sometimes one hears "Don't do that unless you want 7 days C.B.". How wrong this whole attitude is, both from the point of the one who said it and the one to whom the remark was addressed. First of all we know in practically every circumstance, what is the right thing to do, and what is the wrong thing. We should always do the right thing because it is the right thing to do, not because someone threatens us with punishment if we do the wrong thing. Control by fear is to be avoided at all costs. Control by understanding and co-operation is the only way and with such control wonders can be accomplished. A person must work with you not for you. A person who says "Don't do thus or so, or else—" will never be able to control satisfactorily. If, on the other hand, he can by word or deed convince people that he is sincere, honest, and has their interests at heart, he will be able to convince them that what he asks of them is for their own

good, thus convinced they will bend every effort to assist themselves. Disciplinary action should be used only as a last resort. Most people do analyze situations and think for themselves. Unfortunately, a minority do not think and their attitude to any situation which is new, strange, or uncomfortable to them, is one of opposition. People who do not think usually talk a great deal. So we have an annoying situation of a talkative person railing at this and that to anyone who will listen. They are not averse to spreading rumours or stretching the truth to convince their listeners. Their talk is always against something. Their usual topics of discussion are food, passes, hours of work, pressure of work, fairness of treatment, and, of course, Discipline. As their attitude is one of opposition rather than co-operation, their minds constantly review their imagined, and in the rare case factual grievances. This process of turning their troubles over and over in their minds puts them in a worse attitude. This mental cycle is repeated over and over until life and conditions appear unbearable. Something has to happen. It usually does, and it isn't good or profitable for anyone or for the war effort.

The disgruntled talker is more poisonous, more destructive to morale than anything ever known. A good loyal worker who has received his long awaited mail, or whose girl has disappointed him, is in a frame of mind that he feels mad at everyone and wants to bang someone in the eye. A wrong word to such a man at the time may blast his career. In too few cases the disgruntled talker who is egging him on, gets the bang in the eye.

(Continued on page 16)

## No. 3 Helps Speed the Victory

No. 3 Wireless and attached Schools really went to town in the big victory loan drive which was launched last month. The committee, under the chairmanship of Flt. Lt. W. Marginson, and comprising Flt. Lt. Spear, Flying Officers Barrett, Hockley and Currie did not spare itself in setting out to attain an \$80,000 objective. This figure was actually \$5,000 above our quota. Final figures exceeded the most sanguine expectations, reaching \$81,750.

For the outstanding success of the drive all committee members agree much credit is due to the work and organizing ability of F/L R. W. Spear and his department, coupled with the expert salesmanship of F/O G. H. Currie, assisted by W.O.2 H. G. King, Cpl. N. W. Dagg and LAC W. J. Fawcett.

Following is a list of contributions from the various Squadrons and Schools in the drive:

	No. of Subs.	Amount
Headquarters .....	249	\$23,100
Flying Sqdn. ....	176	17,750
Manitoba Tech. Inst. ....	135	8,950
Civilians .....	78	5,300
Anna Gibson .....	90	5,250
67 Sqdn. ....	61	4,300
73 Sqdn. ....	64	3,550
79 Sqdn. ....	46	2,600
71 Sqdn. ....	45	2,450
69 Sqdn. ....	43	2,450
77 Sqdn. ....	42	2,250
St. John's Tech. ....	37	2,000
75 Sqdn. ....	30	1,800
	<hr/>	<hr/>
	1,146	\$81,750

**STOP PRESS NEWS—**  
Final Total ..... \$82,150

### THIS IS YOUR LUCKY NUMBER

Keep this copy of "W.A.G.-MAG". It may win you a cash prize of \$10.00.

A draw will be held on Monday, November 29th, in the school auditorium before the movies are shown. The holder of the copy with the lucky number on the cover will receive the prize upon producing his copy.

Station personnel as a whole did everything asked of them, not only in actually buying bonds, but in attending city parades, at Memorial Square.

On October 23, two flights from Squadron 79 and a flight of W.D.'s under the command of Flt. Lt. R. D. Phillips paraded in Winnipeg and on Nov. 3rd another parade was held under Flt. Lt. W. Marginson. No. 2 T.C. and No. 3 W.S. bands were on hand at both functions.

### "Salute to Victory"

More than a dozen performers from No. 3 Wireless School participated in the "Salute to Victory" broadcast on November 2nd, in the interests of the fifth victory loan drive.

Arranged by the public relations office of No. 2 Training Command, the full-hour radio show featured talent from R.C.A.F. units in Greater Winnipeg. No. 3 was in the majority.

Staged at the Orpheum Theatre and broadcast through CKRC, the variety show featured comedy, music, songs and drama, produced by Cpl. Irving Herman, who wrote the script.

A highlight of the show was the appearance of W.O.1 Tom Sadeski, who told of his adventures overseas, where he broke his back while on ops.

Outstanding in the music department were AC1 Victor Klassen of accounts, LAW May Patterson of outstations and AC1 Sam Cohen of the flying squadron. Their vocal selections were hits.

Appearing in comedy skits were: Sgt. Les Horner, Cpl. Bud Ransom, LAC's Bob Peach, Roy Keenan, Don Thain and Bert Wilson.

In a letter to our commanding officer, the command public relations officer said: "Nothing but the highest commendation has been received from those who made up the visual audience and those who heard the broadcast."

Once again No. 3 has contributed to help speed the victory.

Angry Pa: What do you mean by bringing my daughter in at this hour of the morning?

Romeo: Had to be on parade at 8.

He: May I have the next dance?

She: Sure, I don't want it.

You ought to smile at these jokes; your grandfather did.

## Notes from the Officers' Mess

By Flying Officer F. G. Barrett

Three factors have recently contributed to the brightening of the mess: first, the redecoration, secondly the building of a new and modernistic bar off the anteroom and thirdly the presence of a group of W.D. Officers Cadet. We mention the redecoration first because it came first although it was not completed until after the arrival of the ladies.

The redecoration of our ante-room was commenced on the instigation of our Commanding Officer, W/C Walmsley. Our congratulations to S/L Fisher and his committee for a really pleasing "job of work".

The W.D. officers cadet, officially known as gentlemen, have come to our unit to attend the signals officers' course. To the life of the mess they have brought various talents. The most obvious is the piano playing ability of one of those who has spent the last year in "Newfy", where, it is reported, she had plenty of time to practice.

The last mess dinner was notable because of the program provided. The outstanding feature was the performance given by one of our trainees known as "Dexter", the magician. Flying Officer Marshall very graciously co-operated with "Dexter" in his effort to find a lost billiard ball. However, it was through the endeavours of the magician that the lost ball was finally found, it was never where Mr. Marshall thought it was.

Then we must not forget to mention the Saturday night parties. These get togethers have been very successful, measured in terms of sociability and friendliness. Of course the most outstanding was the Hallowe'en dance. Not only did we have the No. 2 T.C. orchestra, and plenty of good food, but F/L "Bill" Marginson stood up high and sold tickets on a Victory Bond. Mrs. Walmsley drew the winning number held by P/O Barnes.



### AIRMEN'S MESS STAFF

First row (sitting) from left to right: Mrs. K. Agerbak; LAW Stallard, C.F.; AW1 Olienick, A. E.; Cpl. Inglis, J.; AW1 Doucette, L.; AW1 McCormack, A. M.; AW1 Potharin, A.; AW1 Murray, L.; Miss A. Reitmeier.

Second row: Mr. C. Nielson; Mr. D. Stephens; Mr. A. Reader; Mr. L. Finday; Mr. A. C. Agerbak; F/Sgt. Olsen, K. L. S.; A/S/O E. C. Snow, O.C. i/c messing; Mr. G. V. Patterson; Mr. H. E. Nesbitt; AC2 Steiman, H.; Mr. McGill; AC1 Kowalski, S. M.

Third row: Mr. H. Roberts; Mr. J. Robinson; Mr. P. S. Sutherland; Mr. E. Sparks; AC2 Goodman, G. W.; Mr. J. Morgan; Mr. G. Robertson.

This picture shows most of the staff personnel. Members of another shift were unable to be included in this photo.

# The Boys from "Down Under"

By Cpl. L. H. Wilkinson

Oh, for the sight of a kangaroo or the shade of a blue gum tree. Does the Maple Leaf mean as much to you as the Waratah means to me? Who the blazes wrote that? Probably some homesick Aussie. We are homesick, too, but the mail helps things along — when there is enough of it.

Another issue of comforts was ably distributed by F/L Marginson from the Australian Comforts Fund. Means we will be able to shave again. We simply love shaving. What a glorious invigorating feeling it gives one to be forcibly ejected from a nice warm bed at twenty-five after seven (That's real Canuck that "after" business), rush madly to the bathroom, shave, shower, sampoo, etc., get regimentally dressed in collar, tie, cap and the other things which go to make us happy, and make the final dash to the kitchen by twenty four past (that's Aussie) to find that one has left his meal card in his other coat.

It only goes to prove the old adage that the early bird catches the worm. But I think the discip should at least wait till the worm has had breakfast.

By the time this goes to press we will most likely be enjoying some of Canada's winter sports. Who said "enjoying"? Still we'll be playing them. We are looking forward to ice-skating. We looked forward to roller-skating the first time but that was the wrong way. It was the other end that hit first.

Fancy the folks back home paying quids and quids to see snow, when they can come to Canada and get much better snow and ice right in the heart of big cities. Shows what a backward country Australia is. Or is it? A big city that gets snow and ice in it has no heart. We ask again, where is the o.p. rum of the good old days. Ask grandpappy, he knows.

Oh, give us a home where wild Papuans roam, and the sharks and the flying fish play, where the moon shines at night with a romantic light, and the blooming sun shines in the day.

That's what we want in Winnipeg now to make us feel really at home. However, some of these Winnipeg super-heated homes will do us. That and hospitality are the warmest things we know.

The Melbourne Cup will be over now and much money will have changed hands. We hope we see the next when the world is normal. Air Vice-Marshal S. J. Goble has paid us another visit in his duties as liaison officer. Many Aussies are interested in the Nav. W. course but we have nothing definite on it to date.

According to reports from the home front spring has arrived in most parts of Aussie. Soon Sydney Harbour will be swarming with the 16 footers, sun tanned sons of the southern climes will be adorning the beaches and butterflies will be fluttering round Rockdale, Camperdown and all those gay suburbs. Spring is there and we are here. Why worry anyhow? Are we happy? Too blooming right we are.

## The Unit Educational Officer

The U.E.O. exists on this station to help YOU.

Through him you may take correspondence courses in subjects that will help your career in the Air Force or your career in civilian life after the war. These courses are provided by the Universities, the Canadian Legion, and the Winnipeg School Board. Most of these courses are free or obtainable at reduced prices to service personnel.

On the station these courses are available to those wishing to attend; all in Room 303.

Tuesday 1800 hours—Air Craft Rec.  
1900 hours—Elementary Science  
Thursday 1800 hours—Navigation  
1900 hours—Elementary Math.

The U.E.O. is in his office every day at 1700 hours to give assistance or advice to airmen on matters relating to education and/or remustering.

Would you be interested in organizing a discussion group? . . . See Flying Officer Barrett.

Just because a little secretary uses the touch system doesn't mean she can typewrite.

Father: Who was the man I saw you kissing last night?

Daughter: What time was it?

# At the Flying Squadron

by LAC F. P. Martin

To those who are not familiar with the proceedings at the field, this writer will endeavour to familiarize readers to just what happens when a Wag finds himself ready to take his final instruction.

This wind-up of a W.A.G.'s course takes place at Stevenson Field. Here No. 3 Wireless School operates and maintains what is known as the Flying Squadron.

During the two weeks here at the field, the Wag, whether he realizes it or not, comes in contact with a large personnel. This group comprises the smooth operating team that is the Flying Squadron.

Under the able command of Flt. Lt. Killick, Officer Commanding Flying Squadron, a very important phase of a trainee's instruction takes place. Here he obtains approximately thirty-eight hours flying time, operating under conditions similar to those on active service.

Few are aware of the size of the maintenance staff. This staff numbers approximately 100, including Aero-Engine Mechanics, Airframe Mechanics, WOG's WM's, Instrument Men, Electricians, Fabric Workers, Parachute Riggers, not forgetting Orderly Room personnel.

When a Wag seats himself for the first time in an aircraft and nervously adjusts his harness, taking special note as to the whereabouts of that indispensable container, little does he realize what had to be done and the number of men required to do it, before that aircraft is made serviceable.



Right down the line of various trades, men have checked, inspected, or overhauled the various mechanism that have to be in perfect

running order before a trainee or the pilot even thinks of using the aircraft.

The minute an aircraft is up for inspection, or to put it more plainly, ready for its periodical check-up, it is towed down to No. 3 Hangar where the Maintenance Staff headed by Flt. Lt. Downes, goes into action, doing a job with a speed and efficiency that is typical of these men.



The aircraft hasn't stopped rolling before a couple of engine mechanics have commenced to remove the engine cowlings. Then before one realizes it, two airframe mechanics have placed jacks beneath it and up it goes. In jig time men are literally swarming all over it. Engine mechanics washing the engine, checking and, if necessary, setting magneto points or valve clearances; inspecting oil lines, high tension wiring, etc.

At the same time airframe mechanics are busy adjusting brakes, repairing fabric, taking slack out of control wires. In the case of a pilot complaining of the aircraft flying left wing low, which is fatiguing to him, the necessary adjustments are made to remedy this condition. Of course the same procedure is used in regard to the other trades — all doing their job with the same thoroughness,

(Continued on page 10)

## Our S.A.O.

The Honor Page for this issue is dedicated to Squadron Leader J. C. Boyd, our senior administrative officer, who acts as deputy to the commanding officer and through whose hands pass all the administrative headaches on the station. If anyone is in doubt as to a S.A.O.'s duties, curl up some week-end with a nice new edition of Admin. Orders, and take a gander at Section A33/7.

Sqdn. Ldr. Boyd is another son of the old West, having been born in Moosomin, Sask., which town also boasts of General McNaughton. Here, he attended public school, and later came to Winnipeg for high school studies at Kelvin.

World War 1 cut short his university studies, and Sqdn./Ldr. Boyd joined the field artillery and saw considerable action overseas. Upon his return to Canada, he took up light farming while convalescing, and subsequently joined the Lake of the Woods Milling Co., where he remained until 1927. In that year, the Massey-Harris Co. in Brandon was in need of a good manager, and . . . you guessed it!

In September, 1940, the S.A.O. joined the R.C.A.F. as Flying Officer, and after successfully completing the administration course at Trenton, proceeded on duty to No. 2 A.N.S., Pennfield Ridge as Flying Sqdn. Adjutant; No. 1 C.N.S. Rivers, and thence to No. 3 Wireless School.

Sqdn./Ldr. Boyd is most interested in sports of all kinds, but notably baseball, which he has played semi-professionally, considerable hockey, and is a hunting addict from away back. He is an amateur gun-smith of no mean ability, and while he is most modest along these lines, it appeared to your 'umble correspondent that he was capable of all sorts of fire-arm manipulation and construction, and that he had at least one special howitzer for every type of unsuspecting animal. (You midnight fence jumpers (if any) had better beware. 'Tis rumored he can shoot around corners.—Ed. note.)



SQDN/LDR J. C. BOYD

## RCAF's Fifty Station Mags Read by 47,000 Airmen

You mightn't know it, but when you grab your latest issue of "W.A.G. MAG" you exercise your membership privileges in a special Air Force fraternity — the 47,000 officers, airmen and airwomen who read the RCAF's station papers and magazines.

Hard plugging editors of the RCAF's more than 50 station papers and magazines get a big hand in a special two-page feature in the November issue of WINGS, which gives the lowdown on all angles of the unit publishing business — from scoops, to finances to labor problems, or how can the editor get a 48.

Says WINGS: "Probably few station paper readers have any idea the amount of off duty time that is spent over typewriters, drawing boards and galley proofs to provide them with entertainment on paper. Editors with a real nose for news often scoop the local papers. They have to cudgel section reporters to keep 'em writing copy, wrangle with the printer to get the issue out on time and draft a gang of newsboys to sell it when it appears".

Special pictures with the feature show the headline men of many stations at work on their journalistic Joe jobs.

A photo of "W.A.G. MAG's" cover is also shown among the more attractive units publications in the November WINGS.

### STOP PRESS NEWS

Another key man to leave this school is W.O.1 J. R. Gray, station warrant officer, who has been posted to Dauphin.

"Dolly" first arrived here in January of 1941 and has been active in most station projects . . . sports, entertainment and "W.A.G. MAG". His leaving will be felt by all personnel of No. 3.

Good luck, Dolly, and happy landing!

Our S.A.O. is married, has one daughter, and his brother is at present in Italy, a Lt./Col. commanding an ambulance unit.

Drunk: "Taxi?"

Driver: "Yes, sir!"

Drunk: "I thought so."

# Squadron News

79

By LAC S. Dixon

Are we men or mice? That seems to be the prime question confronting the happy, nomadic batch of airmen who were moulded together on that fateful morning October 2, '43. Well, we juggled facts, figures, joe jobs, etc. and finally came to the conclusion, after a month at No. 3 W.S. that we are neither mice nor men; we are mere guinea pigs. This sounds strange maybe. But a new system is being employed at this station and old 79 is the first squadron to experience the change.

Squadron 79 embraces men from every walk of life. We have one thing in common — none of us ever have any money. We don't make a practice of borrowing things — because nobody owns anything of note. One of the coziest points to our credit is that no so-called childish pranks are played on our fellow bunk-mates. We may make french-beds, carry away bunks, give the odd hot foot but that is as far as it goes.

We have been blessed with a certain amount of lead swingers. For instance we have that perennial barrack warden "Woody" Campbell, "Sickparade" Stone, and "Attend B" Lohnes. Cpl. McLattchy (couldn't spell when I went to school either, Mac) is our highly esteemed barrack warden and chief waker-upper for men who sleep in after 7.15. He is also king of the late risers. Cpl. MacKenzie and Aircraftman Joe Eansor are the two stalwart romeos of the squadron — when they have their teeth in.

Squadron 79 has several thrushes of mean ability. "Frank" Angus' "All or Nothing at All" make all the lads swoon. "Bing" Sweeney's rendition of "Donkey Serenade" fills the bill nicely.

#### Favorite Sayings:

Russ Sweet: "Never have so many waited so long for so little".

"Woody" Campbell: "Whip the brute".

This squadron will offer a prize to the man who can whip the brute in five minutes. Have we any takers?

Hut 4 is a lively place in the evenings, always plenty of bull sessions since the boys are better acquainted. As yet no musical instruments have found their way into the outfit, but one can usually hear the strains of

73

By LAC W. Frieson

About two weeks ago from this writing, the gang sauntered in from their mid-term. We say sauntered because no one seemed to be in a hurry, especially Shorty of D. Flight — but then a man can have the loveliest of reasons. Evidently none of us appreciated a holiday so much before, and the squadron outlook has improved about 50%. Which proves that leaves are one of the best things, both in the Air Force and for it.

During the nine days "Pancho" Forbes, the only one of his kind in captivity, found time, not only to marry the girl of his dreams, but to spend a much too short honeymoon at the Falls. Our congrats and best wishes — Pancho.

A few nights ago, "Happy" Paxton and his secretary were turning to type the Collected Works of Some Moron. "Happy" is somewhat the elite and gallant type, but his publications, well — they're different. Wags are like that though.

B Flight, of self-acclaimed intellectualism, has at last come out with an indication of its capacities. Never in the history of this school has there been performed such an alluring rhythmic right dress. You wouldn't know whether you were looking on the French Ballet or reviewing on Broadway. It was really a "doozer".

We must compliment LAC Keech of C Flight on his remarkable Morse record. Already in the 16th week and zeros all the way through. Certainly a good man to fly with some day.

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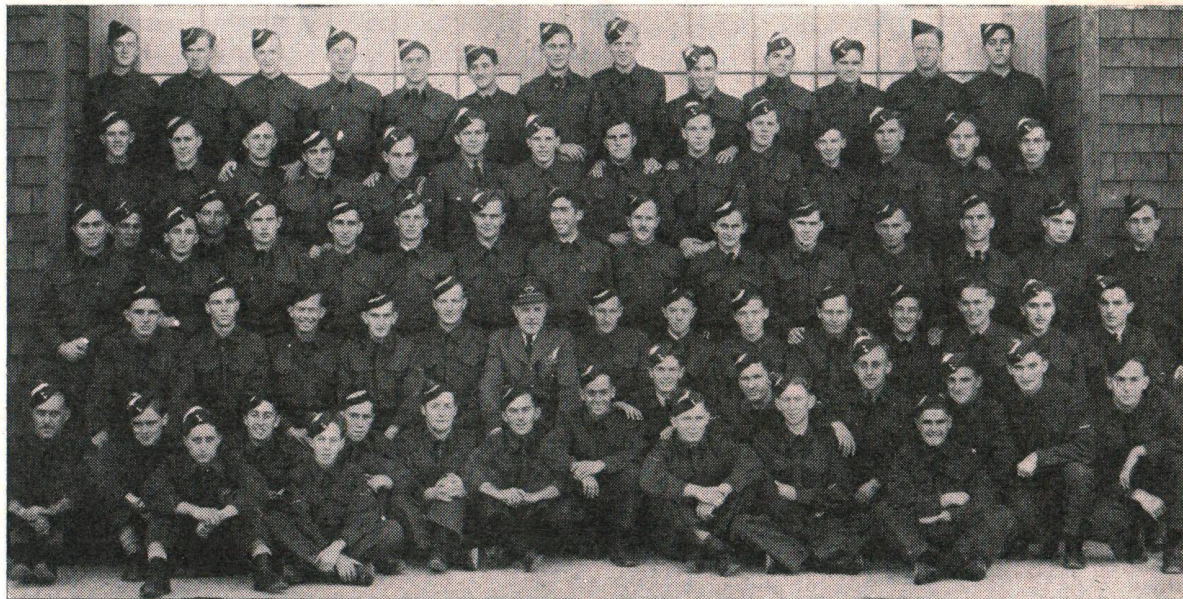
"Pistol Packin' Mama" emanating from some quarter of the hut, and an appreciative (?) audience gathered around the vocalist.

Last Wednesday we were interested on-lookers at our first sparks parade when 67 graduated. We were duly impressed by the ceremony and relieved to see the graduating class looking quite sane. We had been led to believe one went dit-batty after 28 weeks of dits and dahs. Only 24 weeks and we will be graduating ourselves.

Competition for the Wing Commander Walmsley Trophy is under way. The fighting 79th should be able to turn out some real teams in touch rugby, basketball and hockey.

Colin Turnbull  
152 Park Road  
South Brisbane  
Queensland.

## Among Next Graduates . . . .



Front Row, left to right. LAC's LeSaunier, M. J.; Jones, N. S.; Sturgeon, L. W.; Smith, F. R.; Calneck, G. W.; Donald, K. G.; Hudson, J. A.; McNeil, W. G.; Davey, W. J.; Thacker, R. D.; Edwards, C. M.; Jacobs, W. R.; Keniham, B. K.; Kyle, W. V.; Evans, I. M.; Ulrich, W. A.; LeClair, J. J. L.; Gillam, L. F.  
Second Row: MacDonald, R. K.; McNamara, R. J.; Norris, T.; Sawyer, A. W.; Cpl. Foster, L. G.; Flt.-Lt. W. Marginson; Cpl. Wilkinson, L. H.; Kelly, K. W.; Dixon, D. W.; Harslett, H. W.; McCrickard, R. V.; Marshall, D. B.; Dzick, M.; Brandys, F.  
Third Row: Miller, E. G.; Cozry, H. J.; Melock, A. L.; McLellan, V. D.; Healy, J. G.; Hopkins, L. G.; DeWitt, K. N.; Greenway, T. M.; Lavelle, N. W.; McDonald, R. A. F.; Palmer, C. L.; Olsen, A.; Bange, L. G.; Burton, J. S.; Smith, J. T.  
Fourth Row: Foster, C. R. H.; Stewart, R. F.; Jericho, L. W.; McConchie, A. A.; Cooke, W.; Lepp, G.; Earl, W. G.; Dundon, T. A.; Power, J. A.; Hamilton, W.; Pelham, F. C.; Disik, L.; Runions, K. S.; Richmond, E. A.  
Fifth Row: Royce, A. G.; McFarlane, E. A.; Charters, B. A.; Hughes, N. R.; Thorley, W. L.; Foster, W. O.; Senn, A. E.; Maki, H. A.; Bell, L. C.; See, W. R.; Eidem, H. N.; Wood, J. L.; Crossman, L. L.

## About Squadron 69

By LAC's McBride and McDonald

Now its 69's turn. Very shortly we will be the centre of attraction on the parade ground and the cynosure of all eyes as we step forward to receive our sparks.

Much has happened since we first arrived at No. 3, a little forlorn, — wondering what it was going to be like. Graduation, seven months away then, seemed as unattainable as the moon. Most of us knew a little Morse, a very few had some idea of radio but procedure was absolutely unknown in our dictionaries. Now — well, the final results will have to speak for us.

As far as the Australians in the squadron are concerned, the time has simply flown during our stay and, strangely enough, a few of them will probably have regrets about leaving. Taking it all around they really haven't had such a bad time. Out of the sixty odd Aussies who started this course in May, with very mixed feelings, a big percentage

should graduate. Of course illness had taken its toll — and Morse — and they are all sorry to leave behind their "cobbers" who have had such bad luck.

The Canucks and the Yanks who made up the remainder of the Squadron also found that the time passed very quickly. We all have a long way to go but we all know much more about our jobs than we did on arrival.

Most of the gang made a number of friends during their stay here in Winnipeg and as a result will be most sorry to leave. But every member of the squadron has a natural desire to get through the course and into action as soon as possible.

In the sporting world the squadron has contributed largely of its prowess as can be seen from the number of cups adorning the walls of the canteen — canoeing, cricket, athletics, all have been grist to our mill. Be-

(Continued on page 10.)

# Squadron 71

By LAC S. E. T. Gannaway

Our squadron is getting close now to the termination of its course and the boys are really knuckling down to work. The lads have put up a very good percentage all the time they have been here and are still a few points above average. They are now preparing for the graduation banquet with great gusto. Each flight has elected a treasurer and are putting in their subs as they are paid. We are expecting a good show that night.

Smitty, our bonny Yank, is gathering a team of boys for the shooting gallery, so watch out for a fellow with "U.S.A." on his shoulders and a pad and pencil in his hand or you'll be dragged in too. Smitty was once a vacuum cleaner salesman.

Horrible Horriban is having his usual run of injections and after about the fourth lot our ex-"one-pipper" declares he will return home just a human pincushion. (No offence, M.O.)

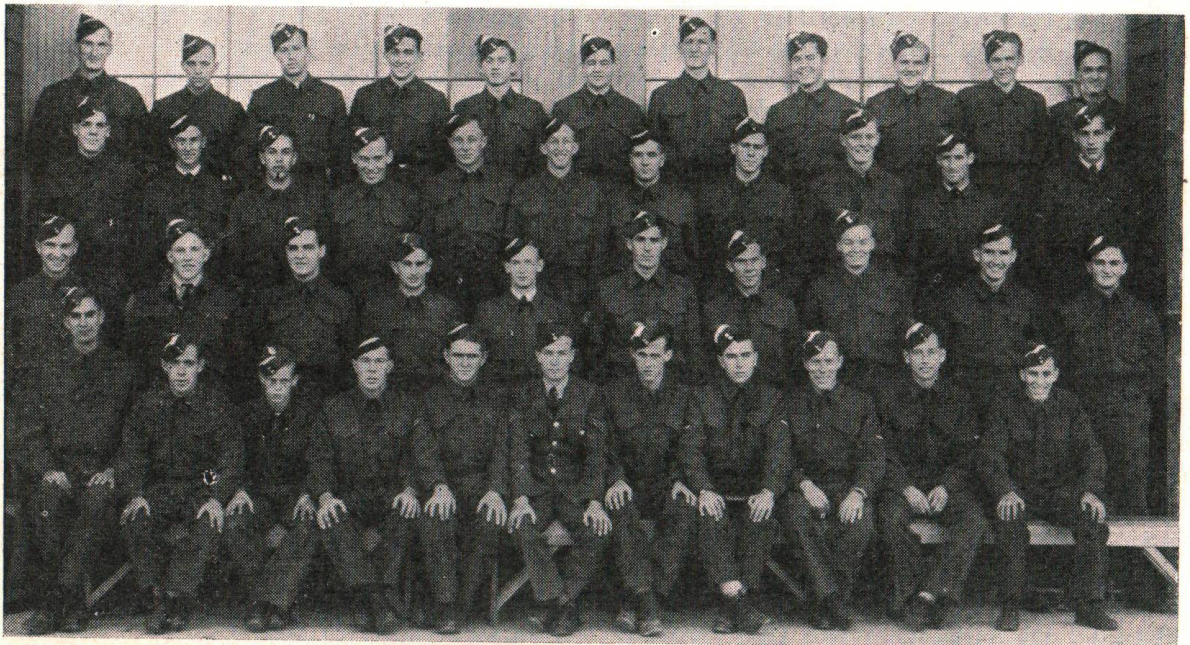
The squadron sends thanks to the No. 2 T.C. band for the jam session they gave us in the canteen one break period two weeks ago. Very good stuff and very good for morale. Good show, band, do it again sometime.

## I'M GLAD TO BE AN AIRMAN

Have you heard the airman's plea?  
Oh to remuster to a W.D.?  
With wall paper of a floral design,  
And a little table to call just mine.  
With lovely drapes that are made of chintz,  
And smart little frocks and stockings to rinse.

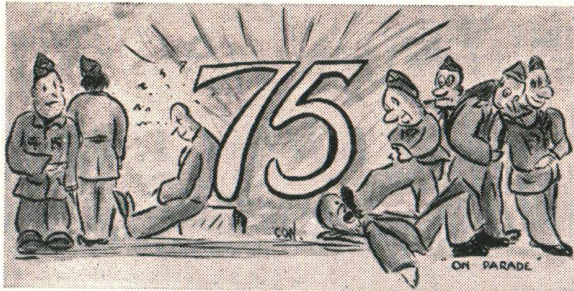
But then if I were a W.D.,  
Duty Airwoman I might be;  
And when it came to domestic night,  
I'm sure I'd scream with all my might.  
With all these things to make you sad,  
I guess being an airman isn't so bad.

. . . . . to Get Sparks Soon



PART OF SQUADRON 69

Front Row, left to right: LAC Bowers, E. A.; Lovell, O. S.; Arnold, F. W.; Bambury, K. C.; Cpl. Berrill, C. G.; Cpl. Mills, W. A.; Beatty, W. J.; Frisken, J. W.; Waller, J. B.; Hitchcock, S. R.  
Second Row: Kihl, T. W.; Bruce, B. S.; McBride, S. E.; Syddall, A. V.; O'Brien, R. F.; English, R. D.; Bowen, J. H.; Clements, W. J.; Fraunfelder, G.; Mordecai, B. J. K.  
Third Row: Tilley, R. T.; Rundle, A. B.; Goulet, R. E.; Gilchrist, W. A.; Barker, H. U.; Tarr, N. J. S.; Boler, T. J.; Johnson, F. B.; MacNaughton, J. R.; Laffey, T. F.; Tupper, M. C.  
Fourth Row: Lee-Brown, W.; Robertson, G.; Filipchick, C.; Williamson, G. E.; Woodroof, C. S.; Stryker, H. C.; Lizotte, L. H.; Daley, C. J.; Rydholm, A. E.; Fewster, R.; Prestwich, T. J.



The calm after the storm. The nightmare-ish hours of frantic last minute cramming. The hectic hunting for forgotten bits of important information, the shedding of cold sweat over the exam papers — and then the post-mortem. It's all over.

Then the rush and final preparations for those nine days. The swarming of the ticket offices, money exchanges, tickets to Chicago, Toronto, Calgary, Vancouver, Montreal and all points north, south, east and west — it's all a thing of the past.

Unfortunately some had to stay, but whether "75" stays at the hut, the "Y" in Chicago, or home in Toronto, a ripping good time is always had by all. Volumes could be written on those nine days. But just a little walk through the hut and from the expressions (and the bags under their eyes) you will realize that the boys have come back from their holiday — to rest!!!

For the Aussies, the Melbourne Cup is over for another year, a fact for which the Canucks are truly thankful. — They're well and truly tired of hearing about the form and chance of the various horses.

This, however, didn't deter them from investing in the sweepstake on the great event.

## AT THE FLYING SQUADRON

(Continued from page 5)

right to the radio equipment the Wag uses in that particular ship.

When that same glistening aircraft is rolling out of No. 3 Hangar one can be sure that not one thing, no matter how small, has been omitted in the numerous inspections relating to that ship and its equipment. Then and only then is it ready for its duty and the pilot and his passengers can fly, confident that it is a safe ship.

It would be well to mention the efficiency of the air operating sections, the department that sees to it that the Wag is given his proper aircraft, his time of flying and generally caters to his every need.

## 77

By LAC B. Braddock

The life of this squadron has been singularly uneventful over the past couple of weeks. The pick of the news concerns Hallowe'en week-end, but like most worthwhile news items these days, censorship has been busy and we're allowed to say nothing.

LAC Jack Gregg, the Monster Midget, managed to keep the squadron awake for a long long time. "Buster" Bradock and Bob Lyons, two inseparable cobbers, were observed to totter into their quarters about 5 o'clock Sunday evening. As both carried kit bags someone was heard to remark "Looks like a coupla trappers coming into camp". Incidentally, it was Bob's birthday the 25th this month and if anyone feels like coughing up, the Middle East veteran is not too proud to accept gifts.

Another birthday is Bob Wighteman's. He is still in the hospital but doing well, so rumour has it.

Don Turner once again was tops on the squadron's sports list when he went with the station rugby team to Portage and played well enough to make the team again.

The mob from "77" extends a welcome hand to Enzedders and Aussies in Squadron 81 and assures the newcomers there is always beer at the wet canteen — providing they have the money to pay for it. It is the custom for junior squadrons to 'shout' their compatriots in exile. And, if it isn't a custom it ought to be.

## 69

(Continued from page 8)

sides the first places gained, the squadron put up a really good show in the Rugby Union competitions.

The squadron as a whole, has had an interesting passage through the phases of the school. Altered systems, such as new procedure and their attendant problems, we have had to cope with. So if we feel that we have done quite well we hope it will be regarded as justifiable pride.

To all our friends left behind we wish good luck and possibly in time we will even look back with happy memories of our stay in Winnipeg.

The "fighting 69th" moves on to conquer new and greater fields.

Thus operates the Flying Squadron, doing a big job in a big way and doing it with a will that we hope is not in vain.

# About the Signalling Section

By Sgt. "Mac" Taylor

Well, a lot of morse has gone through the mill since the last issue of "W.A.G. MAG." Foremost among things that have happened is the loss of a pal and instructor, Cpl. "Tommy" Bedwell. Tommy has been discharged due to medical reasons and we know he was as sorry to leave as we were to see him go.

Since we last went to press, the 67th Squadron has graduated with better results than were expected. Squadron 69 will turn out more graduates than 67. Get in there and plug, boys.

It is the intention of your reporter to interview one instructor per month. This month we have chosen to dissect Sgt. Wells, that little man with a black mo. and a commanding voice.

Art first saw the light of day, through no fault of his own, at Grimsby, England, in the year 1910. Upon being queried as to why he was born at Grimsby, England, he said he really didn't know. In fact, he was so surprised he couldn't speak for a year, but he presumed it was to be near his mother.

Realizing that England was no place for an up and coming young man, Art caught a canoe for Canada in 1921. While roaming through the wild and wooly west he was chased by an infuriated bull and became so provoked he took over the ranch and started punching cattle just so he could get in the odd punch at that bull. Later he became an excellent marksman and we do not doubt but that he shot the bull (the one that chased him).

Art resided at his North Edmonton rancho for nearly four years. In 1927 he joined the cavalry — Lord Strathcona Horse. — From that time on, Art made his living at ranching, logging, soldiering and vaudeville. Vaudeville held quite an appeal for him so up until 1940 when he joined the Cameron Highlanders, he toured our fair country entertaining the populace. Art stayed in the Camerons



Sgt. Art Wells

for 7 months, and again realizing that he was not in the best service, transferred to the RCAF. After a few months at Brandon, he came to No. 3 W.S., where he has been in everybody's hair ever since.

He was NCO i/c Visual for quite a spell then became a morse instructor. Art lost his interest in visual when they took away his flags. He is also the No. 1 drummer in the station bugle band and beats a mean drum. Many a new drummer has prospered and learned a few hot licks from Art. In spite of his work at No. 3, Art has found time to help entertain the troops at his old passion — vaudeville. We hear he has a new show now which will really make you sit up and take notice. The main act is a 3 way adagio in which Art is the tough guy who slings two pretty gals around. You've all seen him and you all know him. He's a very versatile character. There is no wonder the Signalling Section is the best section in No. 3, with men like Sgt. Art Wells in our fold.

Well, 'nuff said for this issue. Next month we will be back with another life story for you. In the meantime make sure you keep your dahs and dits well sorted. Can't make your 20 without dahs and dits you know. AR

## Season Opens For Dancing

Off to a flying start, the dancing season opened at No. 3 Wireless School with a gala affair on Saturday, October 16th. The drill hall was the scene of colorful surroundings with many couples tripping the light fantastic. The music of Cpl. Alf. Doe's orchestra (from No. 2 Training Command band) was most enjoyable.

Impressed with the success of the first dance, the entertainment committee, under the chairmanship of Flt. Lt. W. Marginson, arranged a big Hallowe'en dance on Saturday, October 30th. Although the music was good and the floor show was fair, the crowd was not very big. But those who were present agree that a happy time was had by all.

Watch the D.R.O.'s and bulletin boards for future dates of big events in the entertainment schedule for No. 3.

# Sport Highlights at No. 3 Wireless School

## BASKETBALL LEAGUE

The Station Basketball League is scheduled to start the first week in January. Until then challenge games will be played between squadrons.

The S.B.L. will comprise three divisions: Seniors, Intermediates and Juniors. The game will be played Monday, Tuesday and Thursday evenings, the first game starting at 6 p.m. The first four teams in each league will play off in the finals.

There will be championship crests awarded the winning teams in the three divisions, also seven consolation crests for each division awarded to the team making the highest total score in their schedule games. There will also be crests for the highest individual scorer in the league and for the best defenceman in each league.

Now is the time to get your teams lined up and ready to go. Practice makes perfect — get those challenge games going. Drop in at the sports office for further information.

## THE STATION BASKETBALL TEAM

The Station Basketball Team has already had a few practices and shows definite prospects. The squad is not big but players are keen and willing.

Many have played the game in good company including LAC's Dixon, of the Gregory Price League, Vancouver; R. W. Campbell, who was with the Ontario High School Champs of '41-42, and J. H. Eanson, of the Patrick Service League of Windsor. Other experienced ball men are LAC's Morris, Lohnes, Emans, Sweeney, Bisset and Ross.

LAC Jamison, ex-jockey and now a would-be RAAF Wag, trains the team. The diminutive Jamie is only a shade over 5 feet tall but he knows more about bandages than the average nurse. It's a case of the right man for the job.

The league goes over the top on Nov. 15 by which time Jamie will have the boys well prepared.

Incidentally, there are always vacancies on a sports squad and if any ballmen want a trial run they have only to watch D.R.O.'s and turn out for practices.

## FLOOR HOCKEY

With the summer months and fall games finished, the sports section will now confine their various activities to the drill hall. The following sports are lined up for the coming winter: floor hockey, basketball, volley-ball, badminton, boxing, weight-lifting.

The first indoor sport to get under way will be floor hockey. A short tournament schedule will be prepared for each squadron with the best team (from the former schedule) representing its squadron.

This game is very easy to learn and it's a "natural" for Canadian boys. However, the Aussies and Newsies have taken to this game with great enthusiasm. So the floor hockey league should provide many a good game. Let's all get behind it and make it a real success.

## Flying Squadron Quips

Wag to Pilot after flying for an hour: "Is it OK to put my aerial out?"

Gas was leaking out the starboard gas-cap . . .

Wag: "Pilot, is it supposed to be doing that?"

The aircraft was just airborne . . .

Wag: "Sir, will you get nearer to base . . . I can't get control."

The aircraft went unserviceable in the air. The pilot told the Wag to send a message that he was having engine trouble and may have to Force land.

Wag: "What is the trouble, Sir?"

Pilot: "Lost my oil pressure."

Wag: (After a few minutes thought) "Where did you lose it?"

Pilot to himself: "Give me strength . . ."

The ceiling was only two hundred feet and pouring rain. The pilot was returning to base, flying just above roofs and telephone wires.

Wag: "Pilot, will you please fly higher? I don't like low flying".

Pilot: "Oh, but definitely . . .!"

Wag: "My girl friend lives at the Mall Hotel, will you fly lower so she can see me?"

## The Padre's Corner

By H./Fl. Lt. W. S. Macleod

I count it an honor to share with you the privileges and responsibilities of life on this station. The door of the padre's office is always open; inside a welcome awaits you and an attentive ear to your problems. But don't wait until you have a problem before looking in on the padre. Drop in at any time for a friendly chat, for the padre can do his job on the station best when he gets to know you personally.

The work of a station chaplain is many-sided, but particularly he aims to be a spiritual counsellor. May I stress the value of the service of worship each Sunday morning. The man who wings his way through the trackless air knows in a very real way his dependence upon God. In worship our minds are directed to Him who is the source of our strength, and our wills, to the realization of His purpose for us. There is a big job to do. We need all the moral and spiritual resources upon which we can draw. Plan to go to your respective places of worship on Sunday, and when you have a spare moment drop into the chapel for prayer and meditation.

As I enter upon my work on this station I do so hopefully and enthusiastically. We are part of a team which has set for itself the task of liberating the world from those who seek to enslave it. Never was more demanded of a generation; never was so much at stake. We shall do our best job if our minds are clear, our bodies strong, our purposes lofty, and our team spirit unshakable. Let's "speed the victory" by doing our best to make life at this station profitable and enjoyable. If the padre can help let him know.

\* \* \*

The R. C. Padre is now installed in his new office in the main building on the second floor at the end of the corridor directly over the west door.

He welcomes callers at any times and assures you of his desire to be of assistance in every possible way. If an appointment is desired, the telephone number is Local 5 ring 2.



Padre Macleod



An inter-unit small bore rifle club postal competition was introduced November 1st. The competing units are No. 33 SFTS, No. 17 SFTS, No. 12 SFTS, No. 3 B & G, No. 7 Equipment Depot and No. 3 Wireless School.

Form shoots are to be held each month by every unit. No. 3 Wireless School and No. 7 Equipment Depot battled it out on Saturday, November 6th. The result of the inter-unit meet for the week has not been announced as yet. In the team representing No. 3 Wireless School were LAC's J. A. Smith, G. R. Springer, W. Lee Brown, L. G. Spencer, E. C. Wright and E. A. Bowers.

The past two weeks saw two good variety shows presented in our school auditorium. There was the Hudson's Bay Beaver Club on November 4th and the City of Winnipeg Police Athletic Club on October 28th. Both of these entertainments were enthusiastically received by large audiences.

The "Y" has entertained off the station 602 members of station personnel during the last month. These entertainments were made up of house parties, dances and week-ends in Winnipeg and district. If you care to go to dances, parties, etc., just drop around to the "Y", we will do the rest.

How would you like to join our Model Aeroplane Club?

Our station library can still use more members.

How about the flight seniors who have as yet not entered their teams in the station rifle competition? Have you forgotten? The rifle league will soon be starting.

The "Y" has many personal services to offer to all personnel, so come and see us.

### News items from the Flying Squadron:

WO1 J. Juul received his commission. Congrats, John.

WO2 G. Parliament, who has been with us for a long time finally got married Friday, October the 29th. Also P/O F. Ball, a recent new-comer decided to take the final plunge. He was married in Montreal.

We wish them many happy years.

Sunday services are held in the Chapel in the annex building at 0900 and 1100 hours and daily Mass at 1720 hours.

## "Hen Gen"

By AW1 M. Gordon

The season of victory loans was upon us again, bringing with it the usual accompaniment of scuffed shoes, wispy hair and that undeniable glow that comes from marching on a sunny day behind a bugle band. We enjoyed the parades, in spite of our groans and weary feet, but what we'd really like to know is how many blondes stayed home in the month of October.

We were inspected the other week by Air Chief Commandant Trefusis-Forbes. From the primping and cleanliness in the barrack block before she arrived one would have thought that we were going to a party, which surmise was not far wrong. After the inspection Air Chief Commandant Forbes visited us in our canteen. She told us about the WAAFS and WD's in England, and made us very proud of our service.

But it seems that the excitement of the day was too much for some of the WD's. One little gal was heard to say as she crawled into bed, "Junie, even if I don't WANT to wake up in the morning, wake me up anyhow." The supreme sacrifice.

We hear that there is a little O.K. kid over at the flying squadron. That is if you consider a bird on the knee worth two in the bush.

Our corporals really seem to like this station. One of them hasn't been able to tear herself away from camp for the past five days. Perhaps she got homesick for the barracks last weekend. Or could it be a case of crime doesn't pay.

Apparently having birthdays doesn't pay either. If you don't believe it ask the gal who was thoroughly bounced up and down in the canteen a little while ago. It was quite dark when she got back to barracks that night, and she had a little trouble getting into her pyjamas. She still hasn't discovered who the Gremlin was who sewed up the arms and legs, and then hid all her other articles of night attire.

Speaking of night attire, 10:30 in the barrack block makes one homesick for Sing Sing. An epidemic of stripes — strictly not G.I. — has overcome us. The one that really shakes us is purple and green. Our only hope is that we never have to face it first thing in the morning.

We have some more hooks to boast of, too.

(Continued on page 16)

## The Key People

A few words from the almost forgotten part of the Air Operating Section — namely the radio station where each and every operator is anxiously awaiting the award of the V.C. for courage in facing the Wags on the other end of the set — known to the "in-mates" as the "section of corn" where it grows readily and has never yet failed to turn out a bumper crop. For example we have one LAC who has been working in Air Op's for 22 months and still asks what three dots and a dash mean. He is always coming out with corny remarks like — "How is your telephone — Booth?", "What's Millie's last name — Ampere?" and on foggy days that same remark, "The ceiling is so low that the birds are walking on their knees". See what I mean!

Our Blond Bomber just returned from one month sick leave and was immediately surrounded by five airmen. More sick leave coming — no doubt. P.S. — There is a sign on this station that says "Take out a BOND instead of a BLONDE" — are they insinuating?

We musn't forget our songbird "Oscar" who goes around singing, "I'm going to buy myself a paper doll" — we didn't think rationing had gone that far.

By the remarks that are heard in our section one would imagine we were a pretty religious group — the most common outburst being — "Oh, Lord, give me strength!" I won't mention what is really said when those . . . Fleets disappear into thin air and aren't heard again until the landing signal is given or to the other extreme when everyone comes in at the same time, just like a crowd of old women trying to get their two cents in. Well — that's just what it sounds like.

To make the Wags feel better I'll let you in on something. One of the fellows in Air Op's pounded away on the transmitter for ten minutes before finding out that his headphones weren't plugged in. A fine thing!

One of our best operators had the unique experience of being sent "your morse is bad" in airforce code — I wonder if it could have been the student's signal being fed back into his own receiver.

Off Watch

Air Op's

# "I Love a Parade . . . ."

## The C.O.'s Inspection

by LAC J. M. Waggy

To derive the greatest benefit and pleasure out of this morale building weekly get together, it is essentially important that one does the job properly.

Primarily, before going out the previous evening, caution "whosits", the lucky fellow that sleeps below you, to awaken you as soon as the siren goes, then remind the man on your left to give you a call as soon as the washbasins are reasonably vacated and finally ask your right-hand bed fellow to give you a shove before he goes for breakfast. With these trustworthy, human alarm clocks pulling 'at' you at regularly spaced intervals, you can, with an undisturbed mind, rumpie your recently pressed trouser, until two minutes before the last streetcar home, if you know what I mean.

Next morning, when you find yourself on the cold, damp floor, with otherwise comfortable, warmth-giving blankets out of reach at the other extremity of the hut, it is time to realize that greater forces than your sleepy condition can contend with, are at work and so you had better open both eyes and get-a-rolling.

When your 'heap' of trousers is brought into your dim-eyed view, you open up — she once called it 'tender and yet firm' — the sound producing cavity of your physiognomy, to bellow out at the injustice of it all, but quickly realize that it was your own doing. You slip into them with a sigh and a prayer.

You dig out the cleaning utensils. You look at the shoe brush, then at your boots and with a relieved muttered "gravel dust", turn away and take up the silvo. It, of course, is stuck but a half dozen hands willingly endeavour to open it, with, however, no success and you eventually manage to do so by using your trusty molars. It's empty! Just plain bone dry! Now you really break forth into the higher realms of vituperation, damning everyone — but mostly Hitler — at greater length and volume and almost feel better. You console yourself that Breathe and Elbogreas were good enough during the Boer War and would consequently have to be good enough for him.

There are only a few stragglers around and so you dash down to the wash stands, only to find them hidden from view by the crowds.

All these mugs had been at breakfast first. Undaunted, you knife your way towards the mirrors. After about ten minutes of scraping, with no visible results, you realize that you've been shaving the lugs at either side of you and so you start all over again and, in times, with the dwindling of the crowd, you're 'done'.

Back at the bunk, you get your shirt on, slip your silppers underneath the mattress, 'patty-cake' your blankets, after having pulled them over the sheets and just as you're beginning to feel proud of yourself, the sweet, scintillating, sublime sound of your beloved corporal's voice reaches your tender eardrums. "Oh well, you didn't really want any breakfast this morning". With tunic flying you reach the ranks just in time for your name, at roll call.

The rest is diabolically simple. Of course, I assume here that you're in the centre rank — for if you're the kind that lets yourself be pushed around to the extent of being in the front rank, then you'll have to keep both eyes open. In the rear rank, one open eye will be sufficient. In either of the latter cases, I can refer you to Chapter XIX, Section 11K in my book "Stepping Out In Rank" or "Slumming".

While marching to parade square, immediately begin stepping on the man's heels ahead of you (this is especially effective during the rubber wearing season) until he becomes so disgusted that he will guide or lead you, whilst you dream away. If, however, he does not react in the above mentioned manner and becomes positively obnoxious and even pugnacious, he's probably trying to 'brown' his way to the top and so I'd advise you to have nothing further to do with him. In fact, show your indifference, by hanging on to the arm of one of the men on either side of you.

At the inspection, stand perfectly still, with a pained, dejected, frowning face, as though you're nonchalantly trying to cover up your heroic effort at being here at all. You'll be passed up without comment — either cautiously, dubiously, sumpatherically, or understandingly — but you'll be passed up. (If not — well, some people's meat is other etc. etc.)

Once the B.O. (to the uninitiated — eh?

eh! Be Off) signal is given, it will be of great advantage to your tense and tired nerves to find some nook or cranny where you may, undisturbed, acquire some life restoring shut-eye. If none are available (or so you think) or if you are beset with "digger-fearitis", by all means carry on with your duties — for, frankly, your're not the type who should be reading articles like this in the first place.

Next month, your reporter, will delve more deeply into the same topic as applicable, however, to the W.D.'s, with emphasis on the preparatory stages.

"W.A.G." MAG" will probably be black-marketed at about 37c the copy.

### IT'S UP TO YOU!

(Continued from page 1)

What does happen in too many cases is that the usually loyal and good worker is talked into some devilment by the talkative saboteur.

If, therefore, you feel "fed up", for your own good find out a thinker and talk to him, you will feel better.

We all get fed up some time, the only thing is that we must not let our own little private wars with ourselves in any way detract from our national war effort.

Did you ever think what would happen at this School if we, all at one time, got fed up? Wouldn't Hitler like that!! Just glance back a few days, a few weeks, a few months, or even years, and think just how many times you have railed and groused at something, only to find later that it was for your own benefit.

Right now this School should be the prime interest in your life. It feeds you, it clothes you, it houses you, and it is trying to take care of you by teaching you to look after yourself, the whole time giving you those comforts and pleasures which are available and obtainable. To us you are the most important of things, you are human material which we must guard and keep with utmost care. Our attitude is "We have got to be mighty sure no man's ghost will ever say, 'If your training in all things had done its job.'" We hope your attitude will be "We appreciate your interest in us. We will work with you towards certain victory."

Whenever any of us are attempted to do anything that in any way will not help the War Effort I hope you will read this little poem very slowly and THINK.

"What did you do today, my friend,  
From morning till the night?  
How many times did you complain  
The rationing is too tight?  
When are you going to start to do  
All the things you say?  
A soldier would like to know, my friend,  
What did you do today?

We met the enemy today,  
And took the town by storm.  
Happy reading it will make for you tomorrow  
morn'.

You'll read with satisfaction the brief com-  
munique.

We fought, but are you fighting?  
What did you do today?

My gunner died in my arms today,  
I feel his warm blood yet,  
Your neighbor's dying boy gave out  
A scream I can't forget.  
On my right a tank was hit,  
A flash and then a fire;  
The stench of burning flesh  
Still rises from the pyre.

What did you do, my friend, today  
To help us with the task?  
Did you work harder and longer for less,  
Or is that too much to ask?  
What right have I to ask you this  
You probably will say?  
Maybe now you'll understand,  
You see, I died today."

Lt. Shatlain, severely wounded, amputated his foot with a jack-knife and thought he was dying when he wrote this poem. He was rescued after ten hours hiding and now is in hospital in England.

Read this poem again and again, then dig in and work as you never worked before.—Be worthy of the name MAN.

### "HEN GEN"

(Continued from page 14)

We're awfully proud of Corporal Mitchell,  
and the boys at the hospital are bending over  
backwards to stand up straight when COR-  
PORAL McDonald makes her entrance.

Our last minute flash is that Cupid has  
been here again, with a great big diamond  
in his pocket. They may have moved her to  
the Stevenson Field but it seems that all  
roads still lead to Rome.

We'd like to see some more people at the  
next station dance. There was some good  
music and floor space going to waste. It's  
our party so lets show that we appreciate it.  
You're sure to have a good time.

## *Here and There*

BY LAC. R. B. HOLSWICH

'Tis Autumn and the leaves of golden brown  
Upon a gentle breeze are floating down.  
Upon the gold the sun casts friendly eyes,  
And bird song lifts its gay tunes to the skies.  
'Tis peaceful with the war so far from here  
That we are left in false security.  
The people live and laugh without the fear  
Of unexpected horrors from the blue,  
Of shattering blows that only Europe knew—  
A screaming bomb, a crash and death severe.

'Tis Autumn there and leaves are falling too,  
But humans see not beauty 'mid the war.  
With tear-filled eyes they search the wreckage new  
For crushed loved ones who will smile no more.  
They never knew the meaning of complaint.  
Their faces grimed with blood and sweat, they say,  
'Tis your turn now but ours another day  
And may the Lord protect you when you're faint.

But here where leaves are falling by the score  
We do not think of horrors of the war.  
We lead our lives complaining all the while  
Without a thought for those who cannot smile.

