

SPARKS

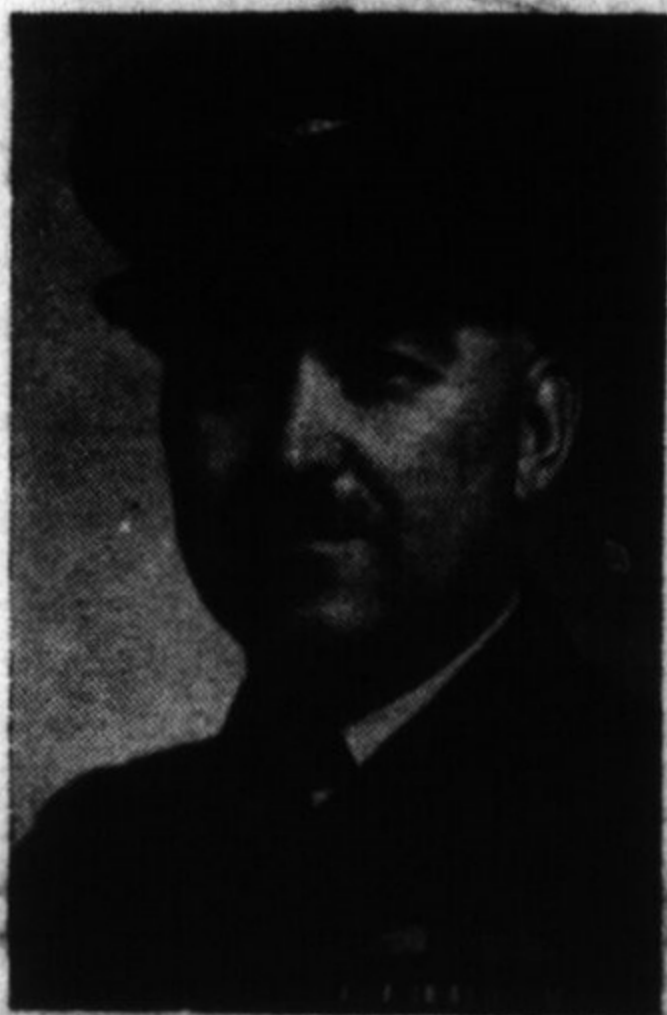
Vol. 1, No. 1

NO. 4 WIRELESS SCHOOL, GUELPH, ONTARIO

February, 1942

This Issue Is Dedicated To Our C. O.

When you first meet him you are impressed. His air of confidence, his square jaw and the glint in his



W/C. A. H. Keith Russell

eye; then after a short chat with him, you come to the conclusion, "Well, here is a fellow I would like to know, he must surely hold an important position in to-day's battle of wits and skill."

You were right in every one of your surmises. Nor is there a more popular C.O. in any station, than W/C. A. H. Keith Russell. His splendid past can only be superseded by a more splendid future.

Born in Hamilton in 1893, he lived for a while in British Columbia, then returned to Ontario to finish his education at the University of Toronto. In 1915, after receiving his Bachelor of Arts Degree, he enlisted in R.C.N.V.R. His hobby in the past seven years, amateur radio, stood him in good stead, and he was placed on interception work between the United States and Germany.

In 1917, when the U.S.A. declared war on the enemy, he was transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service. Upon becoming a pilot, he was posted to Taranto, Italy, with the 67th Wing, on anti-sub patrol.

After the war, he continued his studies, and in 1920, became a Barrister and Solicitor. He was with the legal firm of Lester and Russell at the outbreak of this war.

(Continued on Page Two)

A Message from the C. O.

As this is the first issue of "Sparks," the official paper of No. 4 Wireless School, Guelph, Ont., it is fitting that the C.O. should send it on its way with his blessing and a few words of advice, congratulation, and admonition. So here goes!

The school is occupying a large portion of the buildings and grounds formerly used for the Ontario Agricultural College. These premises are practically ideal for the purpose of a wireless school and the expenditures made on the building to adapt them to our use have resulted in extremely favourable surroundings. In addition, this school has had comparatively little of the difficulties caused by scarcity of equipment which was experienced at other schools opened earlier. Therefore little excuse exists for failure to turn out adequate numbers of good W.A.G's.

The staff of instructors have worked hard and well, and continue to do so despite overwork due to scarcity of suitable instructors in the service. They are to be especially commended because these men enlisted for overseas

service and are being kept in Canada on a hard and tedious job instead of being on active service.

The officers are earnest, hard-working and efficient, and the same can be said of the N.C.O.'s. The rule under which the whole staff works is that no man should graduate from No. 4 Wireless School who is not capable and a credit to the school. To date this principle has been adhered to, and as a result, no man has ever returned to us from Bombing & Gunnery School, a failure in Morse, and very laudatory remarks have been received from all sides on the class and ability of our graduates.

It is not too much to hope for, that this shall continue, and that constantly the knowledge and ability of our trainees shall increase to the point that the minute a W.A.G. states he is a graduate of No. 4 Wireless School, Guelph, his superiors know that he knows his job and can be depended on to do it.

Signed

A. H. K. RUSSELL, W/C.,
C.O. No. 4 Wireless School

R. C. A. F. (W. D.) FORMERLY C. W. A. A. F.

Contrary to what the name implies, the C.W.A.A.F. is a component part of the R.C.A.F., there is nothing auxiliary about the position. Its purpose is to replace men in a dozen different trades on the establishment of R.C.A.F. units, the program beginning on the Service Flying Training Schools across the Dominion.

The C.W.A.A.F. are subject to R.C.A.F. rules and regulations, and get their wrists slapped according to K.R. (Air) the same as the boys.

One very important trade in which women are replacing men is that of cookery, and that is why No. 4 Wireless School is the home, for six weeks, of hundreds of girls who have enlisted as cooks. It is here, at the R.C.A.F. School of Cookery, they receive their splendid training.

They graduate, qualified to cater to all Airforce personnel whether their caps be adorned with a bit of white felt or much gold braid.

If there is any truth in the old adage, "Heart via stomach", numerous should be their suitors.

It is agreed by all taking the cullinary course at No. 4 Wireless that they are indeed fortunate to share this station's beauty of setting and excellent facilities for instruction and recreation.

To date, approximately one hundred and thirty girls have graduated and are now serving at Uplands, Saskatoon, Dunnville, Moncton, Brantford and Toronto. Each week sees another Flight receive certificates, and these Airwomen in turn relieve R.C.A.F. personnel on the various stations for other duties.

STATION TO HOLD GALA AMATEUR NIGHT MARCH 10

\$75 in Prizes.

Feature . . . fun . . . melodrama . . . spooks . . . aches and laughs, will be on the program for one and all to enjoy, when No. 4 Wireless School will hold a huge, profitable (to the winners) inter-squadron Amateur Night.

The first prize will be \$40.00 to the winning squadron, \$25,000 (oops! \$25.00) to the runner-ups and \$15.00 for the third prize.

Here are the rules . . . simple as falling off a log:

Each squadron must present a ten-minute play, or ten minutes worth of entertainment, on the contest night. This must be a united squadron effort, written directed and enacted by the squadron. There will be eleven entries

- No. 1 W.A.G. squadron
- No. 2 W.A.G. Squadron
- No. 3 W.A.G. Squadron
- No. 4 W.A.G. Squadron
- No. 5 W.A.G. Squadron
- No. 6 W.A.G. Squadron
- R.C.A.F.W.D.
- Radio Mechs
- Sergeants
- Headquarters
- Officers

At least two weeks before presentation, the scripts must be handed into our Commanding Officer, W/C Russell for censorship. On presentation night the judging will be done by an applause meter. The squadron receiving the most applause wins. Therefore make sure that you have good representation of your squadron on Tuesday, March 10th.

Arrangements for the night are being made by our C.O. and Mr. Baldwin of the Canadian Legion. Here is your chance to show the versatility of your squad. Hunt up that hidden talent. Develop the latent possibilities, for those 40 foldin' greenbacks . . . the opportunity to hold a swell jamboree on the prize money.

Come on you thespians, live up to your name "Royal Canadians" of the Air Force.

Any airman, who wants to have his issue sweater mended, thanks to the R.C.A.F. (W.D.), please hand your name to the Canadian Legion Office.

"SPARKS"

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Printed with the kind permission of W/C. A. H. Keith Russell, C.O. of No. 4 Wireless School

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To-day is not an epoch making day. It will not go down in history as a day worth while remembering. BUT hidden amongst the set of huge buildings of the college, a group of young men, wreathed in smiles, glance down on the first issue of our paper; the ink not yet dry. The efforts of these young men have set an example; they are responsible for what you are reading now. It is not only their paper, but it is your paper as well; something for you and me to say with a chestful of pride. "yes that paper represents us, from the Commanding Officer down to the A.C.2's.

This is our means of unbiased opinion. This informs our friends and families of life in the Air Force. "Canada's Finest" at work, at sports, at recreation, and at play. People all over the Dominion will be reading what we, in Guelph, are doing; what, no doubt, will be successful attempts at whatever we endeavour.

We can let the people of Canada know, that every man, woman and child in the City of Guelph has accepted the influx of the Air Force lads in their clean little City, with open arms.

This can only be done via our present publication; one of the many things we are fighting for, "Freedom of the Press."

Guelph is an industrial town, famous in America for the manufacturing of many products. It was also the birthplace of the immortal poet, John McRae, who, after writing the beloved poem, "In Flander's Fields", died on active service in World War I.

On the city limits are a number of large buildings; the first of which was built in 1893, and was the founding of the Ontario Agricultural College. Today this College, more than ten times the size of the original university, is one of the foremost in agriculture in the North American continent.

With the coming of the Air Force, the people of Guelph gracefully relinquished, a major part of the capacious buildings, which, as part of the British Empire Training Scheme, became known as No. 4 Wireless School. The O.A.C. has still retained a small portion of the structures and is continuing, on a smaller scale, for the duration of the war.

Well, with Guelph as an example of the co-operation of the peoples of Canada, victory is a certainty!

Airmen and Airwomen of this school, help make your station newspaper a bigger and better one, and above all an honest reflection of yourself. This can only be done by your contributions and honest criticism.

Thanks again, Wing Commander Russell, for your kind co-operation and permission for the publication of our "Sparks."

The Editor

"UNUPTHROWSPONGE"

by
Flt./Lt. N. HATTON
(Padre)

Amid the unspeakable horrors of a concentration camp, somewhere in that benighted land dominated by the crooked cross, is a young Dutchman. He displeased the Nazi warlords by daring to publish a booklet based on the words of Paul: "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid in Christ Jesus." Therein he declared himself in opposition to the infamous power that was crushing the life out of his people. Thereby he deliberately set himself a life of "blood, sweat and tears."

As I was listening to the speaker tell about his brave friend, I noticed a young couple in the opposite gallery. They were miles away, wrapped up in each other. I am sure the most important fact at that moment was that his arm was on her shoulder. Then there was an emergency which he met most gallantly. One of her bracelets fell to the floor (it might have been intentional). He recovered it and placed it back where it belonged. I noticed his arm was now around her shoulder. He was probably thinking that matters were progressing very nicely. Surely he would be allowed to kiss her "goodnight" this night.

What differences there are in people! Who could imagine that two young men could be so far apart in their reaction to such a day as ours? The Nero, who fiddled while Rome burned, did not live only in ancient times. He lives again in those who fail to recognize forces threatening our way of life; in those who fail to recognize the challenge inherent in the Christian principles, which we profess.

There is a story told about a certain young foreign correspondent. He had gone out with high hopes of becoming famous for his cables. But there never seemed to be any news. Each day found him losing hope. Finally he decided that he was beaten. There was nothing to do but throw in the sponge. So he sent a

AT YOUR SERVICE

"Gimme some writin' paper 'n' envelopes." "Any more stamps left?" "Mail this for me when you go for lunch, please." "What time does the hockey game start?" "I'm taking out this library book and this magazine, put it on my card." "A hundred or so of my aussie pals want to go to the States, how can we . . . etc. . . etc." "What didja say the name of to-nights movie is going to be?" "Put my name down on the ski trip list." "What time does open house on Sunday start?"

Yes. You no doubt have guessed it. Just another day's work for the Canadian Legion personell AT YOUR SERVICE, who do everything from sending off your telegrams to depositing your money in the bank and to finding suitable quarters for the married airmen's wives.

Mr. Fred Baldwin (the energy kid in person) is in charge of the Can. Auxiliary War Services Office, and is ably aided by Messrs. Alex Murray, Charlie Hersey and Mrs. Marion MacIlwain and Mrs. Dorothy Forbes.

The above staff dish out the 25,000 sheets of writing paper every month, (not including the envelopes), arrange and procure the musical reviews that visit the station frequently and also the movies that are shown twice a week. This is just a small portion of what we have to thank them and the Canadian Legion Auxiliary War Services for.

Through the medium of expression of the "Sparks," the station personell, officers, airmen and airwomen, thank them with all the sincerity and appreciation possible.

cable back to his editor with a single word "Upthrowsponge."

But the editor, (being like our editor) was very understanding and possessed infinite patience. He cabled his answer in one word. "Unupthrowsponge."

And so say I to you, "Unupthrowsponge."

THIS ISSUE IS DEDICATED TO THE C.O.

(Continued from Page One)

In 1932, he became an officer of the newly formed 110 Squadron, of the Auxiliary service of the R.C.A.F.

He was a Squadron Leader when hostilities began and has also been stationed with the No. 1 Training Command and R.C.A.F. Headquarters. While C.O. of No. 2 Wireless School in Calgary, he received his Wing Commandership and was posted to Guelph, where he opened the No. 4 Wireless School in June, 1941, and has watched it grow from infancy to what it is to-day.

W/C. Russell, is a happily married

man with three children. Two boys of six and sixteen, and a girl of eight. His hobby, since 1908, has been and still is, amateur radio. When in form, he can receive about forty words per minute on the morse key. He can also send at a hair-raising speed . . . which is just a mark for the trainies to shoot at. He was amateur champion of Canada in Morse receiving and sending.

Good Luck, W/C. Russell, to a brilliant future, and we are all looking forward to seeing you with the gold braid on your cap.

OPEN HOUSE

Sunday, the airman's bogy, has been turned from a dreary day of dozing or a weary day of walking into a pleasant siesta.

From two to nine every Sunday for the last four months, over three hundred airwomen and men have visited "Open House" at Memorial Hall. You, being airmen, know the various ways that cookies sandwiches and tea can be spirited away with that innocent "first helping" look. The quantity of "vittles" consumed is enormous.

The Y.W.C.A. is in charge of proceeding. They see to it that the various women's clubs of Guelph act as hostesses. As you have probably noticed while visiting "Open House," those aren't legionnaires servicing the empties but very charming members of Guelph's Women Clubs.

Incidentally, "Open House" was instituted in October; sixteen clubs have each handled a Sunday and there are still a number of clubs booked for coming Sundays.

So fellows if you have a friend visiting, either sex, but watch her, a relative, or more mournful to relate, you are stuck with duty watch and marooned on the station, drop around to "Open House." You'll find the singing hearty, the tea excellent and the Waafs pleasant company.

SEEN 'N' HEARD

by W. M. T.

Squadron Leader Walmsley, Chief Instructor, "happy as a lark" on the splendid showing of the 25th entry. Congratulations, Sir. Flying Officer Carrie, looking forward to his new entry. Hoping that they will be as good as his last class. Flying Officer Danby, who recently joined the ranks of the benedicts - - "nothing like it boys." Are you still the lady's friend, Charlie? Flight Lieutenant Hatton, our genial padre who never leaves the station—much. Flying Officer Archie Mitchell, who can make anything disappear, mostly equipment; but can he get it back again? Squadron Leader Mills, Accountant Officer, hoping everyone will make their income tax returns. We will also pay it if he will pay us.

Lieutenant Walter Faulds of the R.C.A.S.C. has lost that worried look. It's a girl. Congratulations to our popular senior M.O., Squadron Leader Harry Kreiner on his recent promotion. Well deserving, we think. Nursing Sister Bisson should keep some of the boys from taking "French Leave." Is Flying Officer Bob Mooney still looking for that letter from North Carolina? They say that Cutten Fields is much warmer since Assistant Section Officer Moorhouse assumed the duties of chief stoker, breeches and all.

We welcome Nursing Sister Nillis to our school, and hope she will enjoy the work here. Another new arrival in our midst is Assistant

INTRODUCING

FLT./LT. W. M. THOMSON, M.C., D.F.C.

"Good afternoon, Sir. I am a reporter on the "SPARKS" and I was assigned the story of questioning



Flt./Lt. W. M. Thomson, M.C., D.F.C.

you, have you a moment to spare, Sir?"

Section Officer Stambourgh, who should be an asset to the staff of the R.C.A.F. (W.D.). We often wonder why so many meetings are scheduled for Tuesdays and Thursdays? Perhaps F/O. Scott knows the answer.

"Certainly, but I'm very busy so let's not make it longer than 60 seconds."

Q:—You were born, Sir . . . ?

A:—But definitely . . . in 1898, in Lachine, P.Q.

Q:—Education?

A:—Jarvis Collegiate, Toronto.

Q:—You were a pilot in the last war, Sir?

A:—Yes. Joined the R.F.C. in 1917.

Q:—I notice decorations on your service ribbons. You must have been an ace. Is the first one the Military Cross?

A:—That's right.

Q:—How did you manage to acquire it, Sir?

A:—Oh, nothing much.

Q:—Was it because you attacked four hunts?

A:— Uh-huh.

Q:—How many did you shoot down?

A:—Three.

Q:—Wow! Say, isn't that the D. F. C. right beside it?

A:—Yes, that's the D.F.C., one of the first given away in the last war.

Q:—Sir, how many planes did you bring down in war?

A:—I don't want you to publish it, if you do I'll have it censored.

Q:—You can trust me not to talk about it (just write it).

(Continued on Page Four)

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SQUADRON CHATTER

NO. 5 SQUAD

Now, the 27th course at Guelph,
Are the crowd that lead the way.
We'll challenge any other course
To any game they play;
From volley-ball to hockey
We have never met our peer,
And I've never seen us beaten
In a contest drinking beer.

We are tops at playing ping-pong,
And at morse we're on the map,
And we've yet to meet our equal
When it comes to take a nap,
At times we all seem lazy
And our posture's not "tres bon"
But you ought to see us marching,
When we're told the pressure's on.

On parade we make a picture
A C.O.'s, a perfect dream;
For our shoes are bright and shiny
And our sparkling buttons gleam.
We stride along in perfect step
Our arms swing shoulder high
With back erect and heads upheld
And a gleam in every eye.

The other squadrons think we boast,
Just because we say we're best.
But we just reckon we can prove
That we're better than the rest.
So mark my words you squadrons
Who think we really boast,
And see if we're not in the front,
When we pass the final post.

WE WONDER !!

Who is the little blonde who draws
"Chuck" Maul to Toronto each
week-end?

Who is the fifth columnist who
spoils the radio news every morning
with his electric razor?

Who yelled out, "Gas!" when Cpl.
McNair lit his pipe.

"Dusty" Lutes has not been
C.B.'d for over a week. Saw "Cap-
py" Riggs at P.T. the other day.
Also saw Ric Ritchie coming in
early on Sunday night. Heard that
Aldy Aldcorn made special arrange-
ments for a 25 word per minute
code test.

Rumour has it that the water was
still warm in the bathroom at 6:45
a.m. on Monday. Was told that
Dickie Woods was seen having a
shave one day last week. Wally
Kimmerley was not seen down at the
King Edward on Saturday after-
noon. To top it all, saw "Bludger"
Metcalf sweeping out his room one
day last week.

NO. 6 SQUAD

Here it is No. 6 Squadron! Your
column and your responsibility to
make it worth-while and to keep it
interesting. Co-operation from all
quarters is all we need to make the
"Fighting 29th" the highlight of
"Sparks."

Sports will hold the spotlight tem-
porarily and our impending inter-
squadron competition should furnish
plenty of material. Our represent-
ative in each event deserves our
whole-hearted support, so let's at-
tend so we can cheer them to
success.

Even the limited hockey practises
we've had, shows that our squadron
should be there when they dish out
the laurels, and future issues of the
"Sparks" will publish the highlights.

Work outs in boxing, table tennis
and badminton have shown us that
we will have a good bid for the
station championships.

We were pleased to see our O.C.
back at work on Monday; but the
tune of at least one wayward wag
was dampened to the tune of five
day's duty flight . . . the penalty
for that extra half-hour it took to
break away from the girl friend.

The fighting 29th are bellyaching.
It seems that they don't like to get
"her" letter after it has been sal-
vaged from the 5:45 melee at the
post office.

And the "Fielding's bus boys"
were sorta worried about having
their names taken Sunday night.
The outcome, is in the form of a
warning, that a 0200 hour pass
means just what it says . . . bus
or no bus.

With the outstations staring us in
the face, everyone is anxious to
learn the results of last week's
exams. Those of us who do not
make "A" flight, can find some
measure of consolation in the know-
ledge that the three flights graduate
at the same time. Ten weeks hence
—we hope.

Orchids to the WAGS of the 27th,
who came in with us. They've show-
ed us that 25 words per minute, is
all in a day's work.

That seems to wind it up for this
month. Any suggestions, you fight-
ing men of the 29th squadron?

NO. 3 SQUAD

The toot of a whistle, a gentle
roar of the S.P.'s voice chanting.
"Get up or you're on peg" - - and
so up we get. As all the wash bas-
ins are being used, we reminisce
over a few recent happenings.

L.A.C. Deane got married to the
now Mrs. Deane. We wish them the
best of everything, and may their
biggest troubles, be of course, "little
ones."

Mary (A. W. Loose) Johnson has
just returned from a pleasant 3-
day stay at the guardhouse. Just 3
3-day French leave . . . and the "just
deserts."

The best marching flight in our
squad is 'A' flight with 'B' flight a
hair breadth away.

Our hockey team has proved it-
self on the ice, and are clamoring
for a little opposition from the oth-
er squadrons. That's a challenge
boys!

Our corporal, "When-do-we-get-a-
pass" Pennington is goalie, and has
just been released from the station
hospital.

The fellows had their heads buried
in books for their I.T.S. . . . Gordie
"Citizen" Kaye is still looking for
one of F.O. Ritter's atoms.

The champ or Big Boy Ross, who
fought his way to the station heavy-
weight boxing championship is start-
ing to smoke like a chimney. . . .
1 cig a day.

It's a toss up who has the louder
rousing voice: in the morning, Class
Senior Buck Rogers of B. Flight,
Class Senior Wilson of "A" Flight
or Class Senior Bowen of "C" Flight
really is prompter than the rest,
though. . . . Is it because Bowen won
the lightweight boxing championship
of the station?

Barton was in a daze when he
came back from his last 36. We
wonder who the lucky girl is in To-
ronto. Rowlands has just legally
added the initials "C.B." to his
moniker. . . . Some girl in Guelph
must be keepin' him on the doorstep
after lights out. Hy Steirman,
founder and former editor of the
No. 16 S. F. T. S. newspaper, "The
Albatros" is responsible for the
"Sparks" functioning on the Station.

Who had the hoarsest throat at
the Boxing Matches? . . . None other
than our O.C., Flt.-Lt. R. F. Key
who cheered Bowen and Ross to vic-
tory. The O.C. is justly proud of
his squadron and we aim to continue
being the best squad on the station.

NO. 2 SQUAD

Some people may wonder how
you can distinguish a squad when
you see it. Often it is very difficult,
but when it comes to number 2
squad, that is a horse of a different
colour. Number 2 squadron is the
best squadron (we think) on the
station, and therefore easily recog-
nized.

As far as sports are concerned, it
is very evident where we stand. Our
basketball ability is seen in such
outstanding characters as Harry
Gregg, the star on the station team.
Moorehead and Bird are also good
at the hoop game.

We eagerly awaited the results of
the station boxing championship.
True to form, Jack Belton, our
representative in the 155 lb. class
came out tops in his weight, thus
adding points for the squad towards
the athletic award.

Our hockey team is rolling along
under the able leadership of LAC
Mahood and LAC Burton. So far
we've won most of our games.
Lever, Haye and Ellis are the high
scorers for the team; with goalie
Struke doing a creditable job in the
nets.

As yet the hockey spirit hasn't
entered in the squadron's veins, as
the cheering section for the squad
could be improved. So, come on
you men of No. 2, cheer up our
team to victory.

In our studies we have surpassed
any squadron that has gone before
us, and have set an excellent ex-
ample for the future trainees. Our
armament is reported to have been
the best average in Canada.

Our morse is also above average,
and the fellows are high scoring in
the rest of their subjects too, and
we are hoping to have the best
graduation to leave the school.

Introducing . . .

(Continued from Page Three)

A:—About 34 planes in all.

Q:—Before coming here as Ad-
jutant, where were you stationed,
Sir?

A:—Oh! Trenton, Headquarters
at Ottawa, Edmonton, Vancouver
and No. 1 Wireless School in Mont-
real.

Q:—Are you married?

A:—Yes, I'm married, happy and
Reporter—Thank you, Sir.

I have two children, a boy and a
girl. Incidentally, your minute is up.

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ADMINISTRATION Operational Experiences of a W. A. G.

by CPL. TREASURE

This evening "Administration" - 350 words: "Sparks" in original entry! Which is more practical from the standpoint of past experience? However, we shall do our best. Fundamentals or personalities? "Administration" - the direct anti-thesis of mal-discipline, chaos, a positive quantity so to speak. Mundane task-filling duties required of efficient administration - spiced only by canteen break "custard and coke."

HQ's work that WAG's might learn. With reference to "work" in the Pay Office - - if all OT there was PT - - look out Joe Louis!

Question: What would happen if 'Scoreless' Joe Hawkins came up agin' Louis - - "Floorless" Joe?

"Woolly" Wollacott: "Wait'll I get a course!" - - Can't tell yet.

"Ed." Barry: "It couldn't happen, its all propoganda, don't believe it.

St. Sergeant Major "Tony" Savage's recent favourite reading, "The Mystery of Cutten Coal," or "What Price Freedom?" by D. Faulter. What young instructional Corporal found rye and beer and rye don't mix, that is, permanently? Oh! How much more cold on the face is this Guelph snow than that of London or Regina.

HQ's sportsmen, Otis, Elmslie, Taylor, hoop aimers, Flying Officer Gibson, WO2 Savage, Cpl. Farquharson, Cpl. Penlington, Cpl. Johnson, Corbett, Black, Dagley, Mc Nenly, Darrah, Badger, Couse, Dempsey and Cowley, puck pushers.

There's a rumour "going around" that a lot of Cpl's will become Sgt's soon. Ah! how time takes off and flies as "hope springs eternal. Some picture, what? The trade tests have come and gone - - this time many of hope's springs are frozen assets until the spring thaw in another three month's hence; ask McDougall, Colston, Bridge, Saunders, Richardson, Edwards, Parsons, Munahan, Cpl. Atkinson, they laughed and laughed and said, "We know."

When cellophane swayed with a Hula hep at recent show, "No wonder Pearl Harbour Generals were a bit late in getting there. Me for a Honolulu draft. Oh! that we were the wind, we'd soon create some drafts. Don't mention cold morning starts to WO1 O'Neil or "Bob" Brooks.

"Administration!" - - well all above is at least wanderings of one humbly employed in that phase of endeavour. Yours, in hope of a smile.

by SGT. C. W. BOWERS, (R.A.F.)

This is the first of a series of true operational experiences to be published in the "Sparks." Written by a W.A.G. of the R.A.F. Sgt. C. W. Bowers has had over 450 operational hours in England, and is now attached to No. 4 Wireless School.

We all like to inspire people with our knowledge, or try to give the impression that we are smart and know quite a lot.

Wherever you go, you will see warnings posted up telling you not to talk, and also they give you the probable disasters that can occur through the stupidity of talking about what you know. But even these warnings seem of little or no use to some people. Do not tell even your best friend, or your mother, or your father, and above all keep what you know away from your girl friend because your girl friend likes to impress people about you, and great harm can be done through idle chatter.

The majority of you cannot see how anyone can find out anything from what you have said. I agree, they cannot, but you must remember that information is not generally obtained from one person, but from several. It is then pieced together, and the answer easily obtained.

Let me give you an example of what actually happened through foolishly talking. One squadron at our aerodrome had certain important coastal work to perform, work that was very dangerous if a person talked. This squadron was informed that it was to perform a certain duty, at a certain place, at a certain

time. Foolishly the crew were told and detailed for the job about two weeks before it was due to take place. One of the crew told his girl friend that he was on this certain job, his girl friend told her friend, and so it went on and on, and was eventually overheard by someone friendly to Germany or possibly by an enemy agent. The day arrived for the operation to take place; the aircraft took off with an escort of 5 Spitfire and 2 Defiants, and proceeded in the direction of enemy territory. This force had hardly left the English coast, when they were jumped on by about 50, 109's. The escorted aircraft, 5 Spitfires and 1 Defiant were shot down, and the operation was a failure.

Just think for a moment, and reason out the terrible cost of idle talk, the loss of life, the loss of aircraft, and the operation uncompleted. It is a heavy price to pay, just for a few words. If you must talk, do not talk about your aircraft, or the work you are on, or the work you are going to do. Talk of some thing that will not give any help to anyone; if necessary tell the biggest lies imaginable, but do not talk about what you are doing or what you know. Do not cause the death of your crew mates. Always keep in mind that old saying, "A still tongue keepeth a wise head."

RADIO MECHANICS

This group is a detachment of men studying the theory and practice of radio mechanics, with F/O. H. E. Sutton as their Squadron Commander. Radio Mechs Colloquially . . . were originally 75 men. Some fell by the wayside and other stalwarts carry on the ostracized trumpeting of Moskowitz and Schweitzer, leading them on . . . on . . . to the sanctuary of quiet rooms, leaving in their cannon-strewn tracks, two badly dented trumpets, scratched brass . . . and two sadly disillusioned gentlemen.

The White Owl Trust Inc., Gorbach, Harrison and Vail co-executors, with Hoey and Vaughan-Jones handlers of the card filing and shuffling systems. Flt/Sgt. Harry Adams and Cpl. Harry Flowers, disciplinary force over spirited lads, astride sprightly chargers . . . or rather charges of negative ions.

The first course of last summer had the electrons cornered in the

canteen phone booth . . . this entry just smoked them out.

Cpl. Tuke, quiet, informative brains of the unit, can easily prove that there's more to a radio than a silk draped loud speaker. Some of the lads know too, but don't admit it . . . Ash Meltzer, Mudrick, Sherk, Morris, Perry and Bush . . . even these lads are of varied opinions.

The hockey players of the lot are Reed, Rich, Martin, Gottselig, Baxter, Easter, Weeks, Langford and Jackson. The O.C. is also a hockey player in his own right.

Larry Reynolds, is a connoisseur of fine foods . . . is of a quiet nature with a deep personality . . . very deep on a cold morning . . . deep in sleep!

Rich is a basketball player of note . . . a steady current on the No. 4 W. S. station team. Well with a buzz and a crackle, the R.M.'s carry on.

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BOXING TOURNAMENT HUGE SUCCESS

by L.A.C. CARL BARTON

In the eve of February 9th at 8:15 p.m. the long awaited hour arrived when our talented young contestants donned their boxing gear and climbed into the ring to battle it out for the station championships. The bouts were held in the ring, set up in the station gym and were run off with military precision and efficiency by our ultra-capable sports officer F/O. Scott.

The gym was packed to the rafters and pushing and shoving with the rest of us, was a 101% turn-out of the officers, including our very popular and sports loving C/O., W/C. A. H. Keith Russell.

The opening bouts were packed with thrills and excitement, but the spectatorial enthusiasm ran riot

when the winners of these preliminary bouts battled for the championships. Especially in the heavier divisions did the interest mount to fever pitch. The upset of the evening came when a rank amateur, a boy who had never donned a pair of boxing gloves until arriving at No. 4 Wireless School, L.A.C. Ross, fought his way to the station heavyweight championship.

L.A.C. Dube of No. 6 squadron was crowned king of the featherweight class and proved himself a

worthy champion.

In the lightweight class I.A.C. Bowen was the worthy victor and the welterweight title was acquired by L.A.C. Presse of No. 2 squadron.

In the middleweight bouts another No. 2 squadron representative was the ensuing victor when L.A.C. Bolton defeated his worthy opponent to gain recognition as the top man in his class. L.A.C. Borthwick retained his lighthweight championship in a closely contested bout which proved to be one of the main features of the evening.

All in all it proved to be a very entertaining evening and we are looking forward to another equally enjoyable sporting event in the near future.

The awards will be presented to the victors in the near future.



BOXERS!

Next month will be the last of the boxing tournaments for the season

ENTER NOW

HOCKEY

The station hockey team is travelling along at a fast clip in the local R.C.A.F. league and is making the already prominent name of No. 4



Wireless School more apparent than ever. Most of the credit goes duly to our station sergeant, Major W.O.2 G. D. Savage, formerly with the Montreal Canadiens of the National Hockey League.

There is no lack of talent on the squad with such proficient and high scoring players as L.A.C. W. Young, formerly with Montreal Royals of the Quebec Senior Amateur League. L.A.C. D. B. Maher, late of Toronto Marlboroughs and L.A.C. Borthwick of Brantford Juniors. The goaltending is efficiently dominated by L.A.C. E. A. Morgan. The remainder of the team is made up of such fine hockeyists as L.A.C.'s E. J. Cunningham, R. Lever, A. F. Marsden, J. Ellis, P. R. Bean, H. D. Robinson, R. W. Barron, L. H. Dunseith, G. B. Langler and T. Corbett.

With such an outstanding team as this there should not be lack of enthusiastic support, so turn out all you hockey fans and get a real treat for a change at no expense other than a few words of well deserved praise.

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AIR-OPS

With our first contribution to the first issue of Number Four's own paper, Air Operating takes the opportunity of discussing very briefly just what goes on out here. The many weeks of school training, in so far as Wireless is concerned, is put to actual use in aircraft and most of the boys have agreed that there's a difference. After the usual amount of first day grief, things usually adjust themselves and at the end of the week nearly everyone is quite competent and, therefore, happy.

We, of Air Operating, think that this would be a good time to give the new entries, (and some of the old boys too) a few pointers on what to do and not to do when at the squadron. First of all, be punctual always. Fifteen minutes before scheduled time of flight you must report at the Flight Desk for instructions. This means that you are already fully dressed for flying, including parachute. As soon as your aircraft has taxied on the apron you will be ready to climb in, make a ground test, and leave on your flight. Unpunctuality on your part hold up your pilot, your instructor, your ground operator and your aircraft and 'drome crew, and qualifies you for a one-sided argument with WO2 McGuire. To date he hasn't lost a single one!

Next in line is SAFETY. Watch those airscrews like you do the station sergeant-major. Never even walk in front of one. You can get to your aircraft just as easily, and much more definitely if you go around and approach from the tail.

Another point that we would stress is that you think out everything you do while in the air. Many of the washout exercises are directly due to the pupil getting "wound-up" and trying to hurry along. The GPI behaves exactly the same in the air as on the ground—if you let it. For example, you will never be able to back-tune any 1083 with reaction full off and volume full on. Don't laugh, I have seen many a pupil do just that in the air.

With these few essentials, we will washout on the more serious side and tell you all a true story. A while back LAC Looselid appeared at Aps to do a "D" exercise. He was given a set of phones, flight instruction sheet, an X signals book, copy of CD 75, the number of his aircraft and our blessing. Some time later one lonely aircraft was left on the line and it was — you guessed right. When the instructor got there he heard the too usual complaint, "I can't hear a thing." A quick look showed the plug of Looselid's headset tucked into the leg pocket of his flying suit. So help us, it's true!

That's all for now, but if we survive and the editor permits we will see you in issue No. 2. 'Bye.

BURTCH NEWS

A Dance There Was

On the night of the 2nd of February, 1942, the airmen of No. 4 W.S.F.S., Burtch, Ont., had their first station dance. It was a very gay event and was enjoyed by all - even by some airmen who called it the Compulsory Dance.

Due to the shortage of numbers in the Burtch population, the airmen were C.B.'d as a precautionary measure to ensure enough beaux for the belles at the Ball. Some would say that they were "forced to dance with the pretty girls from the Y.W.C.A. (Just a hundred of them - - my, my. Usually there is never a woman in sight at Burtch)."

We were all very shy to begin with (aren't we always?). There seems to be a difference of opinion on that point, but the shyness wore off as the boys went hunting for the corresponding number of the pairs of numbers that had been given to the guys and gals as they entered our spacious Ball-room (the Canteen).

What a "sacrifice" for those girls to have to come seven miles into the wilderness so that some lonely airman, with their shiny issue boots, could practise the "Elephant Walk" on their toes. After all, we can't

be Fred Astaires and Aero Engine Mechanics, etc., without getting our "landing-gear" doing the wrong thing once in a while. Nevertheless, there was an atmosphere of sincere gaiety, color and music. The boys from No. 5 S.F.T.S., Burford, gave out with some swell rhythm and to them we owe a debt of thanks for helping to make the evening the success it was.

Our sponsor and master of ceremonies, Flt. Lieut. Richardson, saw that everything ran smoothly. Among who's who, we had the pleasure of our popular Officer Commanding, Flt. Lieut. Lussier and his charming daughters.

Flt.-Lieut. Hill, P/O. Robson, F/O. McLean and F/O. Pritchard seemed to enjoy themselves along with the rest of the crowd.

The doughnuts and coffee (buffet style) were welcomed by all, after which the dance became a trifle "sticky" due to the absence of serviettes. Our apologies girls.

We, of No. 4 W.S.F.S. are deeply grateful for the way in which the Y.W.C.A. helped us, and we hope that soon we shall have the pleasure again of dancing and dining with such gracious girls.

The introduction of a school paper at No. 4 Wireless School will, I am sure, do much to cultivate interest in athletic, social and other recreational activities and will in time contribute in a large measure to the welfare of the School.

The Flying Squadron is at times not unlike the Lost Squadron and through the medium of this paper it should be possible to bring this unit and the parent body into closer touch with the activities at each location. Recreational activities at Burtch are gradually taking form in regular programs, and the airmen here are keen to develop competitions in the field of sports with their co-workers at Guelph. Such competitions should be encouraged, and it is hoped that suitable arrangements may soon be made.

I wish the "Sparks" success and the best of luck.

Signed

E. J. LUSSIER, D.F.C., Flt. Lt.

Officer Commanding,
Flying Squadron,
No. 4 Wireless School
Burtch, Ontario.

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